

A True Slytherin Chick

by Peafowled

The Malfoys. Snape. Peafowl. You have no idea.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: No peafowl was harmed in the creation of this tale. The authors may have incurred some damage.

"Lucius, where are you?"

"I'm right here, dear. I'm with the peafowl."

"You're with the what?"

"A white has hatched."

"Oh, has it now? Well, Severus has arrived."

"Bring him here, then."

"What are your plans?"

"We've discussed this already." Lucius sounded irked now.

"No, we did not."

"Were you drunk, woman?"

"I wasn't. Were you?"

"Certainly not. You're mad."

"Insanity notwithstanding, your plans?"

"Right. My plans... uh..."

"Yes? And they are...?"

Severus looked rather uncomfortable. *They've invaded my dreams?*

Narcissa smirked at him.

Lucius raised his eyebrows.

Severus smiled in anticipation.

"You're waiting for... what?"

"Work it out yourself." Lucius's expression was challenging.

"You expect me to...?"

Smiling seductively, unbuttoning began.

Severus slowly approached her.

He unlaced her back.

Lucius watched, arousal growing. A dream—suddenly reality.

Narcissa's eyes closed slowly.

The peafowl chick squeaked.

Narcissa ignored it entirely.

"My peafowl! It's unhappy!"

"Maybe it'll donate a feather."

"Will you tickle me?"

Severus raised an eyebrow. "Hasn't Lucius tried that?"

"No... No. Not that."

The peachick squeaked again.

Meanwhile, Lucius pleased himself.

"My husband needs... action."

"I want it NOW!"

Narcissa knelt before him.

Severus knelt beside her.

Together, they disrobed him.

Severus studied Lucius's erection. He grinned with appreciation.

Narcissa lasciviously touched him.

Severus claimed his mouth.

Lucius gasped, then moaned.

His hips bucked vigorously.

Narcissa very nearly choked. Watching them—most erotic.

The moaning became louder.

Suddenly, the peachick died. Nobody noticed its demise.

The voices rose simultaneously.

"Oh... oh... oh... OH!"

"Resurrection stone," Narcissa gasped.

"Resurrection... what?" Lucius asked.

"The peachick snuffed it."

Narcissa rolled her eyes.

Severus licked his lips.

Lucius cried, "I'm coming!"

So much for peafowl!

Severus noticed something shiny.

No-one noticed Lucius's climax. "Fuck you," he grumbled.

"We are," Severus muttered.

Narcissa felt so amazing. It was a first. She purred her approval. Filled like never before.

"Need the resurrection stone."

"You mean that thing?" Narcissa pointed to it.

"Quickly, let's save it."

"Save it from what?"

Severus sighed and withdrew.

"Save it from death!"

"Or from my wrath."

"Look! It was faking!"

"You wound me, dear."

"Not you, my dear."

"The bloody, passion-killing peachick!" Her expression was challenging.

"Mind your language, dear."

"I was not finished."

"Right. New venue, perhaps?"

"That's a great idea." So off they went.

The peachick watched them. *My mission is accomplished. No sex allowed here.* A true Slytherin chick.

A/N: We counted the words, and they came to exactly 400. MS Word, of course, disagrees. ;)

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