

I'm Applying for the Part

by morgaine_dulac

A fan fiction writer receives a visit: Lucius Malfoy is applying for a part. And we all know that Slytherins would do just about anything to get what they want.

Those Cunning Folks Use Any Means ...

Chapter 1 of 1

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The woman looked up from her notebook. 'And you are ... ?

Lucius had to behave himself not to sneer. Or worse, to hex the woman in front of him. Who would not know *him*: Lucius Malfoy, sexiest, most elegant and most cunning man alive in the Wizarding world? *And* the Muggle world, if one thought of it.

'My name is Lucius Malfoy,' he presented himself, giving the woman his most charming smile. 'I am here to apply for a part in your newest masterpiece.'

'And which part might that be, Mr ... what was your name again?'

'Malfoy, Lucius Malfoy.'

My, my, the woman thought as she looked up from her notebook. *Look what the Kneazle dragged in: Lucius "You may fall onto your knees and worship me" Malfoy. Looks like he has finally climbed down from his pedestal and wants to join the fun. About time. But I think I am entitled to some fun of my own first.*

'Mr Malfoy,' she repeated his name, rising an eyebrow and looking at him as if his charming smile didn't impress her at all. 'Is there any special part you would like to play? Or would you do just about anything?'

Just about anything? Lucius couldn't believe his ears. Did that woman seriously not know who he was and what he could do?

'Well, Mr Malfoy,' she said and gestured for him to take a seat. 'In order for me to be able to give you a part in my newest ~~masterpiece~~, as you so kindly called it, I will need to know a little bit more about you. Who are you? What are your strengths, your weaknesses? And most of all, do you have any special talents?'

Lucius smiled and got ready to talk about his most favourite subject: himself.

He started talking about his looks: steely grey eyes, flowing blond hair, long fingers, athletic figure ...

The woman kept a straight face, but her mind had long since moved *under* Lucius Malfoy's exquisite robes. She imagined broad shoulders, muscular arms, a smooth chest, a flat stomach, perfectly shaped buttocks and a magnificent ...

'Mr Malfoy,' she interrupted his monologue and her own dirty thoughts, 'are you telling me that you would like a part where you just stand around looking pretty?'

Lucius huffed indignantly. 'Of course not!'

'In that case, Mr Malfoy, tell me about what you *cando*.'

'I am rather eloquent,' he started. 'I believe that the use of the right words can get me anything I want.'

You're rather arrogant as well, but I bet you could talk me straight out of my knickers if you wanted to.

'I am a Slytherin par excellence,' he continued. 'I am cunning, ambitious ...'

The woman shifted in her chair and then leaned forwards, tilting her head slightly to the side. 'Slytherin ... Would you use any means to achieve your ends, Mr Malfoy?'

Lucius nodded.

'*Any means* to get the part of your dreams in my next story?'

His chest was indeed smooth, his shoulders broad and his arms muscular.

The woman ran her hands down over his abdomen and then hooked her fingers into the waistband of his silken boxers. As she pulled them down, she revealed his perfectly shaped buttocks. Michelangelo's David himself would have paled with envy. As for his cock ... it was magnificent indeed.

And Lucius Malfoy *was* eloquent. His words made her shiver just as much as the touch of his long fingers. But soon she learnt that those lips could do more than talk. The same was true for his tongue.

The woman smiled at Lucius Malfoy as he left and blew him a kiss.

She would give him the part she had intended for him from the moment she had started to write her story: he would be pretty, arrogant and sexy. Exactly like he was. Exactly like he wanted to appear.

He would think that he got that part because *of his* cunning, *his* ambitions, *his* skills.

He would never know that the woman he had made scream in ecstasy was a Slytherin, too, through and through; and that she, too, would use any means to achieve her ends.

Author's Note: This is just a little piece of Sunday-silliness. I had a lot of fun writing it and hope *you* had fun reading.

I'd like to thank *star_girl* for the inspiration and the quick beta. I'd also like to beg Lucius Malfoy for forgiveness. You know I love you, sweetheart.