

# Ambitious Entanglements

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An application uncovers feelings of rejection and regret. Two people have a lot to prove. Can they drop their grudges for the Greater Good?

## Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 1

An application uncovers feelings of rejection and regret. Two people have a lot to prove. Can they drop their grudges for the Greater Good?

"Hire her," Senior Wizengamot member, Gerard Ollivander, stated as he took a seat in one of the worn mahogany wingback chairs in front of Kingsley's desk. He stuck his hand in the crystal dish filled with peppermint candies touching piece after piece before selecting one and popping it into his mouth. Kingsley scrunched his nose as he eyed Mr. Ollivander's dirty hands. He made a note to dispose of the candy. He pondered how one could have such dirty hands when a seat on the Wizengamot involved more brains than brawn. Perhaps he was tinkering with his wands again, but Kingsley was certain he'd passed that job to his son.

Kingsley sighed as he ran a hand over his smooth scalp. He eyed the piece of parchment in his hands. Clearly she was unfamiliar with a résumé. *Besides, what would she even put on it,* he scoffed. He studied her elegant script, a clear resemblance of the woman he would come face to face with in less than an hour. *This is a joke,* he thought considering chucking it into the roaring fireplace.

"Why?" he asked glaring at the graying wizard.

"We need to ensure that none of her family's money goes to fund a grassroots effort to start a third coming of another Dark Lord. Unfortunately, we have not caught all his supporters," the wizard began. His beady brown eyes bore into Kingsley as he ran a dirty finger over the light stubble on his pointed chin.

"We froze Malfoy's assets so I do not see how this is an issue."

"Yes, but we did not freeze *hers*."

"Do you really think she would start something? If so, you are an idiot."

"No, of course not. She defected after all. But, it is very possible that a former supporter could strong-arm her into contributing. She's an easy target sitting alone in that large manor. We should speak to security to make sure her wards are secure."

"They are fine!" Kingsley snapped. "Our security teams have more pressing matters to handle!"

"Oh, please! It'll only take half an hour at most. You can spare a small team for the task. Do it in the morning. She's a notoriously early riser."

"Fine," Kingsley grumbled. His brow creased wondering how he knew of her sleeping habits. He concentrated on her poor attempt at a résumé.

"Look at it this way. You offer her the job. She accepts. We keep an eye on her. No one from her past can easily get to her here. She works for a while and becomes grateful for our generosity. In turn, we ask for donations to our various organizations that require financial assistance... Hogwarts, St. Mungo's..."

"But what about her lacking credentials? Or that she's never worked a day in her pampered life?" Kingsley interrupted throwing his hands in the air.

"Trust me, she has the credentials. I am certain she will get along well with the others. Weasley runs a good team," he finished tilting his head at Kingsley.

"I don't buy it. We can just ask her. She owes us," Kingsley argued.

"No, this way is better. Besides, we must focus on the *bigger* picture."

"What's that?" Kingsley asked. He set down the parchment and gave his full attention to the wizard. Much to his irritation, he found himself mildly curious.

"I believe her husband has three years left on his sentence," Gerard began.

"Correct," Kingsley affirmed. He absent-mindedly stroked his chin.

"She can find a more *suitable* companion in three years. More importantly, she will get at least *half* their assets if she initiates the divorce. Also, enough Wizengamot members will grant it without question. She *cannot* find a companion if she sits in that manor alone all day," Gerard finished laying out the master plan before the Minister.

"This is absurd!" Kingsley exclaimed. "She *loves* the man for Merlin's sake!"

"We don't know that for certain. And, she hasn't had any other options. But, she will if we hire her," Gerard argued.

"What wizard do you have in mind to seduce her?" Kingsley asked crossing his arms over his chest. "Dawlish? Robards?"

"Goodness, no! Dawlish isn't trustworthy and Robards is far too old!" Gerard responded shaking his head.

"Proudfoot? Savage? Williamson?"

"No, they are *Aurors*! We need someone who can spend *more* time with her... someone who will *bear* around."

"Then who?" Kingsley asked racking his brain for any other potential suitors for Mrs. Malfoy.

The older wizard hid his smile with the back of his hand. He leaned forward pressing his elbows on the top of Kingsley's desk. His eyed Kingsley as if he were a fine piece of art up for auction. His upper body fell forward and he locked eyes with the Minister.

"You. After all, she seems like the type of woman who appreciates a powerful man. *You* are, by far, the most *powerful* man in all of Britain."

"Absolutely not!"

"Oh, Minister... what is the harm in a little flirtation? You look like you could benefit from some," the wizard responded letting his laughter fill the room. "Even you must admit that she's retained her figure quite nicely."

"Absolutely not! This is preposterous!"

"Why?" he challenged cocking an eyebrow up at Kingsley. "Is it because you do not enjoy the fairer sex?"

"No!" Kingsley roared slamming his hands on his desk causing the dish of candies to rattle. "I will not take part in this *judicious* plan. March back to the Wizengamot and tell them it is off."

"Just think about it," the wizard smirked at Kingsley as he exited the room.

Kingsley's exasperated sigh filled the room as he glanced at the clock. Fifteen minutes left. 9:45 in the bloody morning. *Too bad it is too early for Firewhisky*, he thought gazing longingly at his crystal decanter. He rested his head in his hands mulling Gerard's inane idea.

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"Mrs. Malfoy is here to see you," his secretary announced.

"Send her in," he replied taking a deep breath. His hands curled over the armrests of his chair.

Narcissa strode into the room, head held high and her back straight. Her eyes swept over Kingsley as she entered his office. She frowned slightly as she eyed the burly man. Clearly he did not understand the impact of his image. His worn bright purple robes hung loosely off his body. She noticed a tear mended by uneven stitching. *Was he unfamiliar with domestic spells? Or did he lack a house-elf to take care of those tasks? He must have lost weight*, she deduced, her cheeks reddening as she recalled his more muscular physique.

He was the epitome of a tall, dark and handsome man with broad shoulders and large hands. His smooth scalp drew attention to his bushy eyebrows and deep brown eyes. Nevertheless, she found him too plain. *That gaudy earring has to go* Narcissa entertained the idea of giving him a makeover and dressing him in the finest robes cut of the most expensive cloth. She thought briefly at how much admiration Lucius garnered for his impeccable fashion sense. Little did anyone know, but she created his dashing look. Her hands shook slightly as she imagined them caressing Kingsley's silk covered chest. *Quit it*, she scolded herself as she extended her hand to him.

Kingsley gritted his teeth as he eyed Narcissa's lithe figure clad in a jet-black Muggle business suit.

"Sit down," he ordered, eying the cream scoop neck silk blouse peeking out from under her suit jacket. He glared at her slender hand. His grip on his armrests tightened and his knuckles turned white. He wanted to slap her hand away.

"Good morning to you too, Minister. I'm doing well, thank you. And you?" she greeted, sighing, realizing she'd have to take matters into her own hands. She looked at his knuckles and made a small sound of displeasure. She took a seat; her back remained straight displaying her perfect posture. She crossed her legs and placed her hands on her lap, her right hand atop her left. She tried to catch his eye, but he refused to look at her. He eyed her blood-red leather stilettos that matched her fingernails and handbag.

"What's with the outfit?" he inquired frowning at her.

"Oh, this?" she asked in a soft, melodic voice that made him want to rip his ears off. She bent down to wipe away an invisible fleck of dust from her trouser leg. Her blouse fell forward. Kingsley caught sight of an expanse of smooth milky skin. He followed the path starting at the base of her neck down to her sternum. He eyed her pert breasts encased in a cream lace bra. *Sheer perfection*, Kingsley concluded letting his eyes linger far too long. He slowly brought his eyes back to her smirking face. A small smile tugged on the corners of her lips. *Does she think I'll offer her the job if she seduces me?*

"I have errands to run in Muggle London after this interview," she explained. A slender hand toyed with the thin gold chain around her exquisite neck. Kingsley imagined his lips pressed against it, nibbling at the soft flesh as her luscious lips parted in pleasure.

"Business or pleasure?" he inquired, his mouth moving a hare faster than his brain. He bit the insides of his cheeks trying to calm down.

"Could be both depending on how you look at it," she responded shrugging. She eyed the modest furnishings in his office. He could already tell that she found it too simple for a man of his stature.

"Why are you here?"

"To interview for the Dark Objects Procurer position."

"Obviously," Kingsley replied scowling at her. "Why are you *really* here? This *cannot* possibly be about the money."

"I want to help. I have extensive knowledge about the dark objects you are seeking to procure. I know their history and the ramifications if activated. More importantly, I have contacts. They either have them or know where to find them. In fact, my husband still has some in our dungeons. I can bring them to you if you like. You can cross off this, this, this and this," she responded pointing at the list on his desk.

"Interesting," he replied peering closer at the objects.

"I'm positive that some of those reside with innocent Pure-blood families who did not openly support either side of the war. I can speak to them and recover the objects. I doubt any of the other candidates can talk to them like I can," she added.

*Shite, she is convincing,* Kingsley realized. They locked eyes causing his cheeks to redden. He immediately looked away, focusing on the bridge of her nose. He made a show of scrutinizing her résumé hoping to make her feel uncomfortable.

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*Kingsley had just spent the past hour in Hogsmeade at the florist's attempting to pick out a bouquet for the third year he intended to ask to the Yule Ball. His friends warned him that his choice was a bad idea, but he was stubborn. He saw no harm in asking her. Worse comes to worse, she says no, he reminded himself. He could easily find another date being one of the most desirable boys in the fifth year. He eventually settled on a bouquet of bellflowers, white calla lilies, white camellias and a few sunflowers. Satisfied with his choice, he paid the clerk and cast a charm on them to prevent them from the bitter cold.*

*He returned to the castle and found the object of his affections sitting at the bottom of a staircase, a brown leather journal spread across her lap. He noticed a detailed drawing covering the yellowed pages. A strand of straight blonde hair fell in front of her face. She blew it away only for it to fall back again. She blew it away once more before she remembered she was a witch. She picked up her wand, pointed it at her hair and set it in place. She covered her wide smile with her hand and looked around hoping no one had seen her. Kingsley's chest tightened and he wanted to laugh out loud.*

*He summoned his courage and walked toward her. His heavy footsteps startled her, and she looked up at him. She noticed the flowers clutched tightly in his hand. Her mouth dropped open slightly, and her eyes widened. He could have sworn he saw a twinkle in them. He finally reached her and extended the bouquet. Her hand reached out to take them.*

*"Get away from her! What do you think you are doing?" her older sister, Bellatrix, yelled startling them both. She batted the bouquet away, and it hit the ground with a soft thud. Narcissa looked at the flowers, and a blush formed on her cheeks.*

*"I was going to ask Narcissa to the Yule Ball," Kingsley explained, bending down to pick up the bouquet. Maybe he could salvage it.*

*"You will not take her," Bellatrix snarled. She stuck out her heeled foot preventing him from reaching the bouquet. Kingsley opened his mouth to reply, but she beat him to it.*

*"You... filthy..." she began pressing her foot on his hand. Kingsley's jaw clenched as he tried to ignore the pain. "Blood... traitor!" she exclaimed lifting her foot and slamming it on his hand. His bones cracked, which caused her to smile. Kingsley quickly schooled his face refusing to let the pain show.*

*"Narcissa can make her own decisions on who will accompany her to the ball," he bit out, tears forming in the corners of his eyes.*

*"No! She cannot!" Bellatrix shot back.*

*"Narcissa?" Kingsley asked begging her to look at him. Narcissa lifted her gaze from the ornate button on the strap of her leather Mary Janes and slowly locked eyes with him.*

*"Tell him," Bellatrix commanded elbowing her sister's ribcage. Narcissa winced as she glanced back and forth between Bellatrix and Kingsley. She closed her eyes, cleared her throat and straightened her back. A hardened stare replaced the twinkle.*

*"I do not associate with worthless blood traitors," she responded parroting her sister's earlier statements. Narcissa quickly looked away and placed her hand in Bellatrix's allowing her to drag her away from Kingsley. On their way out, Bellatrix crushed the flowers stomping out all of Kingsley's hopes.*

*It was not Narcissa's accusation that he was a blood traitor that offended him. He was most upset by her assessment that he was worthless. And so, from that day forward, Kingsley Shackbolt vowed to do whatever he could to prove his worth. He only hoped that one day she would notice.*

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Kingsley crinkled the edges of her résumé breaking the uncomfortable silence that filled the room. He pursed his lips and cracked his neck. Narcissa remained perfectly still, her eyes focusing on a picture of Kingsley accepting his Order of Merlin.

"Your claims are rather stimulating. However, I am not convinced," he replied putting down her résumé. "Let's move on to the practical part," he suggested hoping she would fail.

She passed his test. She even provided him with information he did not know about certain objects. She correctly identified a pearl bracelet, which contained a curse more dangerous than the infamous opal necklace. She impressed him with her spiel about countries in Africa being on the cutting edge of creating new dark objects. It was almost as if she had read his mind. He planned to have the Dark Objects Procurer travel to South Africa and Morocco to retrieve some objects.

"What about this?" he asked tossing her a Magic 8 Ball. She caught it with the quickness of a skilled Seeker. Her melodic laugh filled the room. She ran her hands over the ball's smooth surface and shook it once. She smiled at its answer.

"Seriously, Minister. This is a Muggle toy called a Magic 8 Ball. Muggles ask it a question, shake it and an answer appears," she responded. She showed him her answer that predicted that all signs pointed to a yes to her question. He wanted to ask her what she asked, but he thought better of it.

"What about the fluid?" he pressed on wishing she'd stumble. Unfortunately, none of the other applicants correctly identified the ball.

"That's just dye and it's perfectly safe. Though, I suppose one can tinker with it to make it dangerous as witches and wizards have with Muggle objects," she said

thoughtfully handing the ball back to the Minister. Kingsley shook the ball and shook his head at the answer.

He changed his strategy and pointed out that she had not worked a day in her life, and he questioned whether she would get along well with the team. She argued that playing the role of the doting Pure-blood housewife was work. In addition, she got along splendidly with all the Death Eaters and the Dark Lord. After all, no one suspected that *she* would lie to him. She assured him that she'd get along with the team. Kingsley knew she had valid points, but refused to openly acknowledge them.

"Mrs. Malfoy, I am sorry, but this job is not cut out for a woman of your caliber. It is far too *dangerous*," he began. She frowned and cocked a perfectly coiffed eyebrow up at him. "However, I am certain our decorating committee will benefit greatly from your talents for planning dinner parties and balls. I am sure they will let you help plan the annual Ministry Ball."

Narcissa's face turned bright red and her nostrils flared. She stood up and pushed the chair back, its legs scrapping the hardwood floor. She slung her handbag over her shoulder, turned and left the room without giving him a second glance.

Kingsley growled as the door slammed behind her. His fists collided with the top of his desk breaking his candy dish. His hand trembled as he wiped the perspiration off his scalp. His eyes caught sight of his crystal decanter filled with Firewhisky. This time, he filled his tumbler to the brim, no longer caring whether it was the right time or place.

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Narcissa sat in her husband's study staring at all the objects scattered across the floor. She tucked a damp strand of hair behind her ear. Her teeth nibbled the end of the quill as she jotted down another note on the parchment in her hand. The inventory shocked her. She had no idea how many objects resided in the manor. She even found objects with which she was unfamiliar. She planned to give them to the Ministry despite her awful interaction with the Minister three weeks earlier.

*He's got some nerve speaking to me like that* she thought trying to forget his harsh words. *Of course he thinks I'm just another housewife! Why would I think otherwise?* She reached out to touch one of the unfamiliar objects, an ebony handcrafted box. She yelped and jumped back as the lock burned her. Thankfully, the burn was not serious. She quickly healed it and made another note on her list. *One more hour*, she promised herself stifling a yawn as she listened to the somber melody of the grandfather clock. She wanted the objects out of her home as soon as possible.

A loud knock startled her. *Probably the Ministry again*, she thought sighing deeply. She pulled on her robe, pocketed her wand and padded down the long, winding corridors to the front door. The Ministry developed a habit of conducting random checks on her to ensure that she was not housing any missing Death Eaters. *They really don't trust me*. It offended her to think that the Ministry thought she would let those vile people into her home again.

"Minister!" she exclaimed gasping at the sight of Kingsley standing on her doorstep clutching a severely damaged hand. She could see a series of runes imprinted on his skin. Her mouth dropped open as she interpreted their meaning.

"I had nowhere else to go," he responded doubling over in pain. He swayed a few times before pressing his uninjured hand on her door. She gave him a curt nod and made room for him to enter. He swayed once more and almost fell.

She wrapped her slender arms around him, steadying him. She inhaled his cologne, an intoxicating mix of sandalwood and spices. His hot breath tickled her neck. Goosebumps covered her bare legs and a chill ran down her spine. His surprisingly soft lips rested dangerously close to the spot that drove her wild. She closed her eyes and savored his warmth.

"Come," she instructed removing her arms from his waist. He nodded and followed her into a small bedroom off the front hallway. He plopped down on the bed grimacing as another wave of pain shot up his hand.

She thrust two vials filled with unfamiliar potions into his hand and ordered him to drink them. He downed them in one gulp and placed the empty vials on the nightstand. Narcissa sat next to him and pulled his injured hand toward her. Her hand tingled as her fingertips lightly traced the runes.

"What does it mean?" he asked trying to ignore how nice her soft fingertips felt on his skin.

"Imminent death," she whispered, her eyes widening. She pulled a small jar containing a salve from the pocket of her robe. "Only imminent transferred to your skin." She unscrewed the jar's cap and the salve's potent smell filled the small room causing them to cough.

"This is going to hurt," she warned. "Think of something else to take your mind off the pain. Tell me what happened," she suggested. Again, Kingsley did not question her and explained the latest object he encountered. Unfortunately, the man he hired was a dud. He possessed great knowledge of dark objects, but lacked practical experience. The man was also a poor fighter and fled at the first sign of trouble. Narcissa bit her tongue as she listened to Kingsley's plight. *This would not have happened had he hired me*, she thought as she continued to rub the salve on his hand.

"Ok, I'm done. This has a powerful counter-curse. It will take at least half an hour for it to kick in. Stay here and rest." Narcissa stood up and exited the room before he could reply. Kingsley fell back on the bed and closed his eyes trying to push her warmth and soothing touches out of his mind.

Kingsley rose from the bed half an hour later. He could not take it anymore. Her presence was everywhere. He figured he could ride out the effects of the counter-curse in the comfort of his home far, far away from Narcissa. He decided to find her, tell her he was leaving and thank her for her help. He thought to apologize for his treatment toward her at her interview, but he thought better of it.

Fifteen minutes later, he found her in Lucius' study, which was on the opposite side of the manor. He noticed the dark objects arranged in piles at her feet. His eyes traveled from her feet to her bare legs, which seemed to stretch for miles. He hadn't noticed them earlier since he was in so much pain. His fingers burned with the sudden desire to touch them. *Are they as soft as her fingertips?* His mouth went dry as he watched her bend down to retrieve an object. Her extremely short emerald silk nightgown rode up giving him a glimpse of the bottom of her toned arse. Her nipples protruded through the silky fabric. It was all too much. Kingsley cleared his throat.

"It's only been forty-five minutes!" she exclaimed. She crossed the room and stood in front of him. He was so bloody tall and she only came up to his broad chest. She swallowed hard as she stared at the solid muscle. *Must be from all that Auror training* she concluded.

"You've got to rest!" she insisted. Her hand shot forward and rested against his chest. She pushed him until he sat on a chair. She quickly lowered her head hoping he did not notice the blush coloring her cheeks.

"I'm fine. In fact, I'm going home," he argued. "Thanks for your help." She huffed and returned to the objects, her hips swaying seductively as if encouraging him to follow. Kingsley meant to leave. He really did. Unfortunately, he could not take his eyes off Narcissa. He watched in awe as she handled the objects with relative ease. A wave of sleepiness washed over him, and he closed his eyes.

"Still think I'm unqualified?" Narcissa inquired startling Kingsley. A deep scowl graced her face, her eyes bore into him and she held several objects against her chest.

"Yes," he answered without hesitation.

"Really?" she challenged. "Even if I give you this, this, this and these?" she hissed dropping object after object in his lap. Kingsley's mouth dropped open. These were some of the most dangerous on his list.

"How?" he inquired keeping his voice even as not to convey the shock at the woman and objects before him.

"Contrary to what you believe, I am not a moron gliding through life on my good looks and last name. I paid attention to every word my husband uttered and then some,"

she snarled.

She thrust forward pressing her face almost against his. He could count all her eyelashes, and he noticed a deeper shade of blue that outlined her eyes. Her hardened nipples pressed into his chest. Narcissa blushed deeply no longer caring whether he noticed. Kingsley was too focused on the tightening of his trousers. He fought back the desire to capture her pale pink lips with his. His head swirled as he inhaled her sweet perfume.

Narcissa wrapped her hands around his muscular thighs. She dug her crimson nails hard into the flesh. Kingsley shuddered as she applied more pressure. The bulge in his trousers grew harder. Narcissa noticed his arousal. Her mouth watered and she nibbled on the bottom of her lip.

"Do I have the job?" she asked sweetly batting her long eyelashes at him. Her lips twitched into a small smile. She had him right where she wanted him.

"You start Monday," he growled. He broke free of her hold and quickly left the study before he lost all control.

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A/N: Honorable mention in The Unresolved Sexual Tension Competition on the Harry Potter Fanfiction Challenges on [fanfiction.net](http://fanfiction.net).