

Discombobulate Hiss-Cobra-Undulate

[A Steady Drip Resounds Through The Dank Crypt Of Evil]

{Muffled}

Alright, we've got this! Just remember, Confidence, Brevity, Fluff. Confidence, Brevity, Fluff!
Confidence, Brevity-

[A Large Set Of Doors Swing Open]

Hello, your most evil majesty!

I am at your service.

Of course, my liege.

(Clear Throat)

It is my pleasure to inform you that your valiant search is no longer necessary. The perfect soul for the job, has arrived!

Oh! Uh... the advisory position? With um... that you were looking for someone to accompany you during your meetings, amongst other things, I think I have the decree written down somewhere...

Yes! Yes, you, your grace, petitioned your minions and citizens with the epic burden of locating a peer to work at your side. And here I am!

{Unconfidently}

Ta-da!

Wait, no, I can do better than that-

{Strained}

Ta-da!

(Cough)

I'm sorry, is this a bad time? The very evil receptionist affirmed that your schedule was clear, but if there's a problem-!

Yes.

Yes, the position requiring a person of monstrous affiliation. That's me.

Of course, I-. Wait, pardon?

I... apologize, your evilness but, wouldn't you know, what I am, already? I mean, you ordered for someone like me, specifically. One llamaia.

Llamaia.

No, not a lamia, I'm a-

Oh! Did... did you want... a snake-person, for this role?

Ooh, gosh, well... now I feel rather silly. I um... I could have sworn that troubadour said llamaia, I was just so ecstatic to hear it, I didn't consider I could be wrong...

Hm? Ah, yes! Yeah, I'm a llamaia. Phonetically similar to lamia, but most fae taxonomists agree our closest relatives are centaurs! I'm actually quite into the study of the divergence between the various cloven-hooved monster-

My apologies, your spookiness.

Yes, I am-

(Clear Throat)

-aware of my lack of height and... less than firm appearance. I had simply assumed that you had wanted that for some sort of malicious end. The old, Good Knight, Bad Knight routine, maybe...

If that is not desirable for the position, though, I can assure you, I am as capable of destruction as any lamia! Assuming that was your concern, m'overlordshipness. My upper body abilities may be a bit... lacking, but I am quite practiced at stomping and general hoof-based crushing!

{Quietly Added}

-of pumpkins.

Yes! Should anyone be a displeasure in your most magnificent sight, I can trample them very well, no question about it.

Ooh! And, and, I can spit! Very, very accurately, and with much force! Practically venomous, my expectoration has been described. On more than one occasion!

Well, no, I'm not literally venomous, but it certainly stings! And, if I remember correctly, you had specifically requested for an aid with no venom or poison which, in hindsight, does make it obvious you had asked for a lamia...

Hmm? Um... no, I've never, personally partaken in much squeezing... but, I would be more than happy to adapt for this role! I actually have a few references here attesting to my abilities and flexibilities!

No, no, I understand that. And, I am, of course, not disagreeing with you, your dastardlyness. I just believe you should consider the opportunity that has approached you!

Well, not to disparage the competition but, do you see any lamias around here? Because I don't see even one serpentine solicitor showing an ounce of initiative around here. Not even a large worm or a particularly reptilian slime!

Quite, yes.

And I'm more than just a wooley face! I have many years of experience in fields relating to evil, magicalness, spookology, baking, and general ruffian behaviour!

Mhmm!

I- I, would even be willing to dye my wool black or maybe red to better match the motifs of your throne room here. I say, you could look quite menacing with me at your side in crimson!

My wool?

Yes, it is rather fluffy, but I think that could be a bonus, honestly! Anyone you sic me on will get a moment of plush heaven before feeling your wrath! It'll help highlight the pain.

What? Oh, um... yes. It does serve, me at least, as a very nice pillow. Warm too. I... I don't think I quite understand your meaning though, most despicable one.

Oh?

A... secondary hiring criterion, you say?

Well yes, of course, it goes without saying that if I were your loyal evil compatriot, I would be near your person almost constantly. Certainly during business hours, at least. I had

actually anticipated some sort of smaller, simpler throne to sit beside your much grander throne, another sort of enhancer for your majesty, if it wouldn't be too bold to suggest.

You... had a different sort of plan for the seating arrangement, my liege?

Ah, I see. Yet another way in which a lamia would make more sense than a llamaia, coiling around your throne and whatnot. But really, I would just like to take this moment to compare the menace of that idea against my two thrones idea to-

You, have an idea? For my physique specifically?! Do tell, your masterfulness.

Oh yes, I can come right over.

And sit... here?

Ah, um... I don't know if you realized this, your wickedness, but... you're already sitting there.

You... are aware?

Very well!

Just... don't mind me, finding my place here, um... in your lap.

Hm, this is actually quite a comfortable chair... wider than it looked from the kneeling area, I can fit sideways here quite well!

I'm not... smothering you, am I?

I am! Oh, I apologize, your cruelty, I hadn't meant too-

Oh?

Oh!

Your nefariousness, I had no idea you were into such... depravity!

Is it good? Like, as a stressball, pillow, or maybe even an erotic combination?

(Chuckle)

Well then, would now be a good time to discuss the salary and benefits of this position?

Woah! Uh, nevermind. In fact, let me just... hm, hm? Flop my ears all over you? Pretty endearing, huh?

Evily so, of course.

So... do I get the job?

I can start effectively immediately! Wouldn't even need to get up and disturb the moment!

Trial basis? I can work with a trial basis! Just you wait, I will be the most effective lap-llamaia you've ever seen! And this chair is big enough for me to spring straight onto someone! Just say the word and boom! Fluffy-doom.

Yes, yes, evil-doom. Quite.

(Giggle)

No, no, I'm ready. We'll figure out uniform and sick days later. I'm good to go. Or, bad, to go? Eh? Eh?

Oh, okay! Serious face. Fluffy-Evil-Doom.

(Quick Breath)

Ready.

[A Grand Door Opens Once Again]