

# I Require Your ...

*by morgaine\_dulac*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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None of the Death Eaters dared meet the Dark Lord's gaze, not even Bellatrix Lestrange, who was otherwise eager to give her Lord whatever he demanded. She would give him her body, her life, her very soul, if he should ask for it. But this? No! No witch or wizard should ever be asked to part with the one thing which defined them. Only Snape had the confidence to look the Dark Lord in the eyes. He knew that he of all people was safe.

'No volunteers?' asked the Dark Lord for the second time, his eyes searching the faces – or in most cases the brows – of his most devoted followers. 'How disappointing.'

Then he spotted his victim.

'Lucius, I see no reason for you to have any.'

Lucius Malfoy looked up. He was just a shadow of his former self: his once blemish free skin appeared yellowish and waxy; his grey eyes were sunken and shadowed; and his hair, his once beautiful, long pale blond hair hung lank over his shoulders.

'My... my Lord?'

'Your hair, Lucius. I require your hair.'

Lucius glanced sideways at his wife. She was just as pale as he was, her eyes just as sunken, but her long, blond hair was flowing over her shoulders and down her back like molten gold. Why had the Dark Lord not chosen her?

But before Lucius could protest, the Dark Lord had grabbed a handful of his hair.

'You have been negligent, Lucius,' he declared, examining the split ends, and Lucius did not dare say anything. All he could do was pray the Dark Lord would not discover his darkest secret.

'This can be remedied, I am sure. Some potions, some draughts.'

The Dark Lord beckoned Snape to approach, and together they cast the charms that revealed what exactly Lucius' hair needed.

'I will start at once,' Snape announced after a while. 'Burdock, lime and Kneazle-mint will give strength and lustre to this hay-like mess.'

'Yes, hurry!' Voldemort commanded, and Snape was almost out of the room when the Dark Lord gasped in horror.

'Lucius!' he exclaimed, tugging harder at the hair and examining it closer. 'What is this?'

'My... my Lord, it was not my fault. The year in Azkaban, stress, age... My Lord, this can be taken care of.'

With a disgusted look on his face, the Dark Lord let go off Lucius' hair and with it of the dream of fashioning himself a wig. He, Lord Voldemort, could not walk around with a blond mane littered with grey streaks.