

# Dark Lords Need Love Too

*by peppermint*

Lord Voldemort is depressed and needs a hug.

## Dark Lords Need Love Too

*Chapter 1 of 9*

Lord Voldemort is depressed and needs a hug.

I don't own this. Really.

Thanks to Steddarlin for looking this over!

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Dear Diary,

Life sucks. I'm trying to be the best power-hungry, megalomaniacal Dark Wizard I can, but I'm really depressed.

I put on a brave face for my Death Eaters and make little jokes, but it's all I can do to crawl out of bed in the morning.

Being all powerful is not as easy as it seems. I have to worry about finances, public opinion, making sure nobody kills Potter before I can, evil plots, and what to feed Nagini. Also, need to come up with those witty quips in advance. Things like "Will you babysit the cubs?"\* do not just come off-the-cuff!

I'm really overwhelmed. Lucius mopes around the house, Narcissa keeps bitching about her carpets, and Bellatrix keeps trying to get into my robes. I wonder if Roddy's cock fell off in prison. Such things do not bear thinking about.

I just need a little human contact that isn't Bella trying to get laid. Snuggling with Nagini is not my idea of a good time. A hug would be nice, but everybody expects me to hex them in the back. Nobody wants to touch me. They're all afraid of me.

I guess I brought it on myself. I even put a glamour on and went down the pub, and I couldn't even get a pissed Muggle to hug me.

Off to get pissed on Lucius' French wine and cry myself to sleep.

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\*taken from the text of Deathly Hallows. Please do not make me look up chapter and verse.

Prompt from Silverdove: The Dark Lord needs a hug. Why and whom does he go to get it.

# Yule Entry

*Chapter 2 of 9*

And why do I never get the presents I want?

Dear Diary,

Yule is upon us. The season of giving.

I never get what I want. Father Christmas put me on the naughty list a long time ago, and I've never been able to move off it. The whole declaring war on the Wizarding world and hunting down innocent babies apparently pissed him off. Who knew? It's not like he's perfect, making those elves slave away to make toys for all the children of the world. Hypocritical Muggle-loving toerag.

My Death Eaters like to throw a little party every year with titbits, cocktails, and a gift exchange. They never ask me to participate in the gift exchange; they all just bring me something opulent and tacky. I tried telling Lucius that I wanted a pair of Hippogriff slippers a couple of years ago, but he just laughed and said, "Oh, good one, my Lord." It bloody well wasn't a joke! My feet get very cold, especially on these ridiculous marble floors. Narcissa is forever bitching to anyone who will listen about how the Ministry came in and confiscated all her fine Persian rugs on suspicion of them being flying carpets.

Narcissa is forever bitching about everything, come to think of it. She wasn't such a whiner last time around.

Must write to Severus at Hogwarts, he hasn't sent me a torture report lately. I do so enjoy a good torture report. It would really brighten up my holiday.

I still need a hug. All I want for Christmas is a hug. And Hippogriff slippers.

# Post-Yule Reflections

*Chapter 3 of 9*

Lord Voldemort reflects upon the DE holiday gathering.

A/N:

It's not mine. Beta'd by luvsev.

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Dear Diary,

My Death Eaters had their little Yule party last night.

It looked like fun - there was dancing, Muggle-baiting, gifts, and carols around the harpsichord. I didn't join in, of course. I just sat in that ridiculously uncomfortable and ornate chair and presided over the goings-on. There did seem to be a tin of biscuits that provoked some rather odd behavior; Bellatrix was seen sliding down the banister of the front staircase and then dancing with her husband. Yes, I am as shocked as you are, diary. I'm not sure where the biscuits came from, but it kept her away from me for an evening, and so I am thankful.

Thank Merlin Narcissa had the carpets rolled up; otherwise the Muggle-baiting in the Library would have been even messier. I'm not sure we ever would have heard the end of her bitching.

Totting up the gifts, I received a number of rare family heirlooms of various Pureblooded families, although what I'm to do with any of them, I haven't the first clue. Did I receive hippogriff slippers? I did not. I did enjoy giving Lucius a little *Crucio* for presenting me with a wholly inadequate bottle of wine when I know he has far better vintages in his cellar. That really was the highlight of my evening.

Still wishing for a hug (and hippogriff slippers).

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*Those wishing to know the story behind the tin of biscuits can read "Some Enchanted Biscuit" by Goat of Abe (aka the Slytherin House ladies) at*

<http://owl.tauri.org/stories.php?psid=14100>

# Junior Death Eaters

The Dark Lord muses on the state of the next generation.

Dear Diary,

Damnable Potter! I was *this* close to the stupid boy! At least Nagini managed to bite him on the arm. He only has one sidekick with him - the Mudblood girl. I wonder what happened to his blood-traitor? Ah, well - it makes my job easier. If he can't inspire confidence in his closest friends, how will the Order trust him to take his chance at defeating me?

Lucius's failure of a son is here, playing host to the Junior Death Eaters and their friends; Narcissa keeps bitching about how loud they are and how much damage they're doing to the drawing room carpets with their duelling practise. They're abysmal, by the way - if this is the next generation, I weep for my vision of evil. They won't be able to carry it out. Maybe I should have given in to Bella back in the old days - she would have raised a properly evil son for me to exploit.

I transfigured an ugly tapestry into some hippogriff slippers. Lucius laughed when he saw me wearing them, and I gave him a dose of *Crucio* for his trouble. Made my day. That'll teach him to not take my gift requests seriously.

## Malfoys Shmalfoys

The Dark Lord laments on the inconsistencies of the Malfoys.

Anything you recognise isn't mine.

Thanks to luvsev for the beta :D

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Dear Diary,

The holidays are over and the term at Hogwarts has begun. Severus is already having trouble keeping order - I suspect he may not truly be as devoted to me as he claims, but I have no proof. Must remember to look for proof.

And then my idiot Junior Death Eaters, instead of doing something *useful*, captured the blood-traitor scion of one of the oldest Pureblood families in Great Britain, and I had to toss her in the dungeon.

Apparently Miss Lovegood is a Potter sympathiser; bad choice on her part, but the line has declined in the past few generations. The elves say she's befriended Ollivander; much good may it do them.

I told Narcissa it was too bad young Draco had gone back to school; I would have let him babysit the Lovegood girl instead. You would not believe the bitching! It was worse than her complaints about the damnable carpets! Honestly, I didn't suggest he sire the next Malfoy heir on the girl, just keep her out of trouble.

As if I'd suggest siring another Malfoy at all. They've been nothing but a bloody disappointment to me.

## Special Collectibles

The Dark Lord wonders if his special collectibles are safe

Dear Diary,

Have just had a letter from the Carrows - Severus is turning them away from torturing dissident students and is failing to keep order. He's what I've got right now - who else could I possibly install as Headmaster? Lucius has gone soft, and the rest of the Death Eaters are either too stupid or far too scary to work with children. Besides, if I sent him away, I'd have Narcissa bitching at me all day long.

Potter and his accomplices get stupider and stupider every time I turn around. They went to Xenophilus Lovegood for some ridiculous reason; Lovegood turned them in to the Ministry, hoping to get his daughter back. Well, Xeno, you can't have her. The dungeons need prettifying, and she's the only one fit to do it. Potter's motley band escaped - but your time is coming, Potter! Soon, you won't be able to escape!

Potter's blood-traitor has returned to him - it's only a matter of time before that uppity Mudblood breaks the Taboo and I finally get my hands on them. Metaphorically speaking, of course. I would rather die than touch a blood-traitor or a mudblood. Ick.

Off to torture Bellatrix and make sure she has my special collectibles under lock and key like she's supposed to. Cow.

## Bemoaning Bellatrix

*Chapter 7 of 9*

What's Bellatrix done now?

Dear Diary,

I'd kill Bellatrix with my own two hands if I didn't have this premonition she might come to an even nastier end. That might be amusing, so I'll allow her to live. For now.

Dear Bella misplaced the sword of Godric Gryffindor. Then, she, Lucius, Draco, and Narcissa had Potter, his Mudblood, and his blood traitor here, and they escaped! Escaped! Not only that, that whackadoodle house-elf Dobby took Ollivander and the Lovegood girl as well!

Bellatrix keeps offering to make it up to me, but frankly, I don't know where that mouth has been. Disgusting.

I just told her to make sure the rest of my special collectibles are protected or else. I haven't decided what 'or else' is yet, but *Crucio* will only be the beginning of it.

Hark, I hear Narcissa bitching. Bellatrix got blood on the Axminster while she was torturing someone. Tut tut, Bellatrix. Better nip out to Lestrange Manor and get a replacement before your sister decides your blood would make a delightful matching stain. She's in a mood lately. Maybe Lucius can't get it up anymore.

Speaking of Lucius! Is it just me, or does he seriously need a conditioning treatment? He used to take much better care of himself – his decline is utterly depressing.

## (Elder) Glee

*Chapter 8 of 9*

Voldy finally gets something he's been wanting for a while.

Dear Diary,

Guess what I have! You'll never guess...

... because you're an inanimate object. Anyway. I have the Elder Wand! Took months of torturing various people for information. However, a visit to Gellert (Merlin, what a diva!) was most productive. I even got my hug! Could have done without the grope, but I suppose one does what one must.

After I *Obliviated* the old queen, I went over to Hogwarts and did a little tomb raiding. Lara Croft wishes she were as awesome as me – but I digress.

The Elder Wand! Glee! I was so excited that I Apparated right into the dining hall with mud on my boots. Narcissa... well, diary, you know how she is by now. I got mud on her precious parquet floor. Have banished her to her rooms so I don't have to hear the bitching.

Lucius looks relieved. Mayhap he was also tired of her antics. I think he and I shall have to have a spa day soon. My nails are atrocious, and his hair looks like straw. Must write to Severus and ask what he's been using on that mop of his lately. I've never seen it look so fluffy.

## Rank (and File) Stupidity

*Chapter 9 of 9*

Lord Voldemort is depressed and needs a hug.

Dear Diary,

I have the worst feeling about my special collectibles. Bellatrix assured me the one in the Lestrange vault is safe, but really, it's Bella. She's the poster child for inbred

pureblood psychosis. Narcissa is just pathetically dimwitted, and the other one, Andromeda? Well, she married a Mudblood – what more needs to be said?

I'm not sure how she's going to explain Travers stumbling in here the other day, dazed and stupid (well, more stupid than usual; it's Travers, after all), saying Bella snubbed him in Diagon Alley. Then he was adamant her hired foreign thug Imperiused him in the Gringotts vaults. Then he muttered something about an albino dragon and passed out on the front hall carpet. Cue Narcissa's bitching, right on bloody schedule. Problem is Bella doesn't have a hired foreign thug. I am exceedingly anxious about my collectibles.

I did manage to get a sympathetic beautician in the other day for Lucius' hair, but it didn't make much of a difference. It must be the stress of knowing his son is a total failure that has sent him into such a decline. My nails, however, look fantastic. She put snakeskin on them. Glued it right on. Very durable. Told Nagini it was fake, of course.

There's a disturbance in the air, and I'm not talking about the gas Lucius's wolfhounds give off after he lets them hunt the garden gnomes. Off to attempt to get truth out of Bella – but I'll settle for coherence.