

How Lucius Didn't Keep His Hair

by septentrion

The Dark Lord makes a request.

Ficlet

Chapter 1 of 1

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I don't make money out of this.

"I want you to shave your hair off," the Dark Lord ordered Lucius. "It will make a perfect wig for me. I cannot take over the wizarding world looking like an overgrown newborn."

The blond man, rather shocked by the command, spluttered his answer. "Certainly, my Lord." You never say no to the Dark Lord, whatever your opinion. In fact, all Death Eaters had erased the word "no" and its variants from their thesauri. It didn't mean Lucius would let his carefully layered locks take residence on another head, however. He could regrow it with a spell, true, but regrown hair never had the same shine as the naturally one variety. Unthinkable.

"However, my Lord, I suggest that you delay your actions a little. My hair has a lot of split ends and is in need of treatment. You can't notice because I'm wearing a glamour."

There was no mistaking the disgust showing up on the Dark Lord's face. Split-ends? Unbearable. Nothing less than perfection would do. While his Death Eaters waited with bated breath for their Lord's decision, said Lord was deep in thought. After a while, he made his will known.

"Draco's hair is perfect, isn't it?" he asked Lucius, who nodded. "Fetch him."

"As you wish, my Lord. My son will be happy to contribute to the cause." Draco was younger, after all. Surely his hair would regrow faster and better than his own?

"And Lucius?"

Lucius stopped short. This could not be good. He dreaded what was to come. "Yes, my Lord?"

"Shave your head. It's uncouth for a Death Eater to tolerate such neglect on his person. I am persuaded that natural growth will heed better results than any treatment."