

# A Malfoy of a Different Colour

*by MuseAmusant*

Draco's getting older. And it shows.

## Oneshot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Hermione slipped off her nightie, leaving it in an elegant puddle of silvery-grey silk on the floor. Slowly drawing back the shower curtain, she slid up behind her husband... who let out an undignified, high-pitched squeak and quickly covered his nether regions with both hands.

"Draco, what's wrong?"

"Nothing!" Draco yelled as she turned him to face her. His voice gentled as he saw the deep concern in her lovely, Gryffindor-honest chocolate eyes. "I'm sorry, darling, I just, er... cut myself shaving, that's all."

Raising an eyebrow at the obvious lie, Hermione knelt down as the water cascaded over their bodies and pulled Draco's hands away from his privates.

And immediately gasped in shock at what she found.

Draco let out a low moan of pure anguish and buried his face in his hands. "I know," he groaned. "It's... horrible, isn't it?"

First came a muffled snort, then his wife erupted in helpless giggles as she rose to her feet and wrapped her arms tightly around his waist.

"It's not funny!" Draco snapped, grabbing the soap and scrubbing himself furiously, before Hermione snatched the bar back and began gently soaping and massaging his back in a way that sapped all the tension out of his body and turned him into putty in her hands.

"Oh, Merlin, that feels good," Draco moaned. "Whatever you do, don't stop."

Hermione chuckled, "Like that, do you?"

Her husband's only response was a positively indecent groan of pure masculine pleasure.

"So... care to explain, husband mine?"

Draco gave Hermione his sexiest smile and took the soap away from her, lathering up her breasts and wagging his eyebrows suggestively.

"Explain about what, my dear?"

"About this," Hermione said, smiling sweetly and reaching down to cup his manly bits, which were sporting a healthy crop of carrot-red short and curls.

"You're not going to let this go, are you?"

"Not a chance."

"Okay, fine." Draco sighed as he soaped and rinsed a long, slender leg. "Well, you know that the Malfoys have never gotten on that well with the Weasleys..."

Hermione frowned. "I thought that was just about the blood-traitor thing."

"Not quite. You've seen the portrait of my great-grandfather, Beaugard Malfoy, right?"

Hermione nodded.

"Well, his first wife was Aubrianna Weasley, Arthur Weasley's grandmother, and I understand old Beaugard was quite taken with her long, curly, fiery-red hair. He was quite partial to redheads, as it turns out... so much so that he ran around with every redhead who would give him the time of day," Draco sighed.

"Anyway, to make a long story short, just before she left him, she left a parting 'gift' for him and all male Malfoys to come. Now, when any Malfoy reaches a... certain age, instead of our hair turning grey or white, it turns Weasley red. And not just the hair on our heads," Draco added with a wry glance at his Weasley-esque groin.

"Obviously," Hermione grinned, then frowned. "But what about Lucius?"

"A Muggle wig," Draco whispered with a smirk. "No magical concealment of any kind can cover it." He sighed again, mournfully gazing down at himself.

"Obviously."

*Finis*

Prompt by **Sevibaby**: A character of your choosing discovers they are getting older by the hair on their body changing color. It can be any place on their body or any color of your choosing.