

# Days Of A Death Eater

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*What happens at the Death Eaters' hide out? Is it possible for Voldemort to have a midlife crisis? Can the Death Eaters help the Dark Lord? Much randomness, your favorite Death Eaters and lots of nonsense in one fic! Rated T for language.*

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# 1 - Chapter 1

**Summary:** What happens at the Death Eaters' hide out? Is it possible for Voldemort to have a midlife crisis? Can the Death Eaters help the Dark Lord? Much randomness, your favorite Death Eaters and lots of nonsense in one fic! Rated T for language.

## Days Of A Death Eater

Somewhere in a land house, far away from the presence of muggles, sat the Dark Lord Voldemort at the head of an enormous table. He was not the only person in the room for his followers and servants, the Death Eaters, were there too. They sat silently on their chairs, waiting till their Lord would begin speaking. Bellatrix, who sat at the corner of the table and therefore very close to Voldemort, bowed her head like everyone else but secretly looked lovingly to the Dark Lord next to her. Snape was sitting across her but didn't notice her silently staring as he was looking at his knees. Next to Snape sat Lucius, who looked rather nervous. The blond haired man was always nervous when Voldemort gathered his Death Eaters. Across of him sat the rest of the Malfoy family with Draco who looked even more nervous then his father and his mother Narcissa. Then there was Pettigrew, Greyback and the not so important nor smart Crabbe and Goyle.

Some more seconds past by and then finally Voldemort started to speak. His voice sounding cold and dangerous as always.

"I gathered you all here today to ask you something..."

No one said or asked something. They just waited till he would continue.

"It is very important for me and you, my Death Eaters, to answer this question honestly..." He took his wand and started to spin it around slowly with his long white fingers. "Or you will all suffer the consequences..."

Lucius shuffled on his chair uncomfortably.

Silence again.

“...Do you think I am old?” Voldemort finally asked.

Everyone was surprised of this question and Snape was even frowning behind his long black hair. Though no one dared to answer.

“Well...?” The Dark Lord asked. “What do you think... Lucius?”

Lucius' head shot up quickly by hearing his name. The other Death Eaters looked up carefully to see Lucius' expression. He looked like he had just heard he was going to die.

“M-My Lord...” He began. “I-I don't think, you are old... 68... 68 isn't that old now is it?”

“O no. It's old Lucius. Don't lie to me...” Said Voldemort softly.

“F-Forgive me my Lord! I didn't mean to lie to you!” Lucius spat out quickly. “... Okay... Maybe 68 is a *bit* old...”

“So first you lie and *then* you call me old, Lucius?...”

“I-I-I...!” Lucius screamed twitching. “FORGIVE ME MY LORD! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!” Then he fell off his chair and started to cry on the floor, with his knees close to his chest.

No one seemed very impressed of this reaction. Probably because this happened all the time.

“Can I eat him my Lord?” Greyback asked looking at the man on the floor.

“No, just leave him there Greyback.”

“My Lord,” Snape began. “In the Muggle world there is a person called “the pope”. He has a lot of power though he is even older than you.”

“Are you comparing me with some old Muggle man, Snape?”

“No, I mean that age doesn't matter, my Lord. Excuse me for not being clear with my statement.” Snape said quickly but calm.

“Why do you think you're old, my Lord?” Asked Bellatrix carefully.

“I don't have any hair... I'm as bald as a baby.”

“Some babies are born with hair.” Crabbe said.

Voldemort looked at the teen for a moment and then pointed with his finger to the door. “Get out before I kill you...”

Crabbe didn't let that say to him for a second time and almost ran out the room. In the meantime Lucius had crawled back on his chair, still sobbing silently. Snape patted him on the shoulder.

“There, there. Be happy you're not dead.”

"But my Lord," Bellatrix said above Lucius' sobbing and Snape's words of `comfort'. "There are people of 20 who don't have hair anymore."

"I don't care about those people." Said Voldemort. "It's all about me. I am old and I want hair!"

Draco did his best to listen at the conversation when Greyback suddenly poked the boy.

"Your dad sure is a wuss."

"He... H-He is not!" Said Draco as the `o-my-god-I-am-a-Malfoy-and-I-am-superior-to-you-all'-gene came up. "It's just that this... this is a ridiculous conversation!"

"What did you say there young Malfoy?" Voldemort's voice interrupted Draco's talking.

Lucius looked like he was going to fall off his chair again. Draco became even paler than he already was. Narcissa opened her mouth in order to say words of protection for her son but the Dark Lord raised his hand.

"I have an idea. How old are you young Malfoy?"

"16 my Lord..."

A sneer covered Voldemort's face. "I have a special mission for you. You are young, you know what you need to be young. Go and search things that make me young again. Go now..."

Draco blinked and then nodded. "Yes my Lord." He stood up and left the room quickly, thankful he was still alive.

The end of my first chapter of my first HP fic! I know it's short and I'm sorry about that. But you'll have to do it with this. I hope you liked it.

Are there some Death Eaters you like but I accidentally left out? Be sure to put it in a review. Till the next chapter!