

Severus had ever seen. There were rumours of experiments, done years ago — done to make him closer to his wolf form, able to transform at will, able to infect even in his human form. Severus had no idea how much of it was true, but if even *half* was... Fenrir Greyback could barely be called a man at all.

“Yes, My Lord,” Greyback agreed, bowing his head.

“And yet,” Voldemort continued coldly, “you have *failed* to get the werewolf packs to follow you. To follow *me*. You told me you were an alpha, that none would dare go against your will, that any who would try would die at your claws. But you are *weak*!”

“I’m sorry, My Lord,” Greyback said, daring to look up. Severus wondered how he could call himself an alpha of anything when he took to subservience so quickly at the Dark Lord’s hand. “They have banded together — I am strong, but I cannot fight them all at once. The packs have formed an alliance with the Potter boy. He has promised them rights, and the choice to stay removed from the fighting. He has promised them freedom.”

Oh, the Dark Lord did not like that, not one bit. Greyback screamed under the Cruciatus, but not a single Death Eater so much as twitched. No one wanted that fury directed their way. “*Potter*,” Voldemort spat. “How can he promise them this? How can he offer them freedom and have them *believe* it? How can he offer them *peace*? I, Lord Voldemort, am the one who decides where blood is shed!”

“I believe it is Lupin’s doing, My Lord,” Greyback snarled. Severus’ shoulders tightened. “That impudent little runt is close with the Potter boy, and I know he’s visited the packs in the past. No doubt he has persuaded them that his relationship with Potter means the boy *cares* about what happens to them.”

Another Cruciatus, this one shorter but no less agonising. “Of course. Lupin,” he sneered, and Severus *hated* hearing his love’s name in that filthy mouth. “He will die, in good time. And so will the wolves who believe *Saint Potter* can convince the world to care for beasts and creatures.”

“Of course, My Lord,” Greyback agreed, voice little more than a growl after his prolonged screams of pain. It amazed Severus, how a man so proud of his creature status could bow to a master they all knew would wipe werewolves off the face of the earth in a heartbeat if he had the power. “How may I assist you in your bloodshed?”

Thin, colourless lips twisted in a snarl. “You are mistaken if you believe you are worth anything to me, Greyback, now that you come with no pack at your call. If they will not support you, I have no need for a weak, useless *pup*. Avada Kedavra!”

Greyback hit the wooden floor with a soft thud. No one dared move. Severus wasn’t sure his heart was even beating anymore.

“Mulciber!” Voldemort snapped, and immediately the dark-robed figure was at his side. “Clean this up.”

“Yes, My Lord.” Mulciber pulled his wand, levitating the body away.