

Capital Punishment

by Doomspark

Lupin goes to visit a condemned man in Azkaban. Ignores DH (obviously).

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Capital Punishment

Hello, Lupin. Forgive me for being a less than perfect host. These manacles make it difficult to rise. What brings you here, to my humble abode here in Azkaban?

Talk? By all means. You talk and I'll listen. That's not what you had in mind? Pity! Then allow me to rephrase: what do you want me to say?

What? An apology? Lupin... you want me to apologize for everything I've ever done? That would take more time than I have. I doubt I'll live out the night. I'm sorry for everything I did. Is that sufficient? Now go away.

Let's just say that the Wizengamot has a twisted sense of humor and let it go at that. Does it amuse you to know that my death will be directly caused by my greatest strength? No? You always were too gentle. All you Gryffindors are like that - always looking for the good in other people. But Lupin, not everyone has a good side. I certainly don't. I'm not going to suddenly become all soft and cuddly just because I'm imprisoned. I'm still the same cold-hearted monster you remember so well.

You're aware of the time, I presume. Moonrise is in a little over an hour. Did you take your potion as you're supposed to? Or do you plan to rip me to shreds once you transform tonight? There would be a certain rough justice in that, I suppose. And - it would be faster than what is planned for me.

Did the Aurors here take your wand before allowing you in for this little visit? You could kill me here and now. You have the proper intent to cast the Killing Curse. Say I attacked you; they wouldn't question it, not since I attacked one of them three days ago. He was careless. I doubt he'll ever turn his back on a prisoner again. He's recovering nicely, they told me this morning. No lasting effects, more's the pity.

In about an hour, I'll be screaming in agony. The Cruciatus Curse pales by comparison. By morning, I'll either be dead or my mind will be shattered. Have you noticed these shackles I'm wearing? They're spelled to prevent me from hurting myself. That's the cruelest joke of all; the Aurors don't want me ending my life prematurely.

Take another look at my chains, Lupin. See how they shine so bright? Now do you see what is planned for your old nemesis?

Ah, the dawning horror on your face is balm for my soul. Yes, they're forged with silver.

A fitting end for a beast like Fenrir Greyback, don't you think?