

# Three down...

*by rosewood*

A Marauder meets his demise. One-shot.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**A/N:** Originally written for the LJ Death Eater Drab Evil!Snape! Challenge.

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A shrill scream was wrenched from the throat of the man convulsing on the blood-splattered stone floor of the cellar. After several long moments the sound was reduced to shuddering sobs, and the fetid smell of excrement permeated the air.

"For fuck's sake, stop this madness, Severus," Peter Pettigrew begged, his voice raw. "Else the Dark Lord shall hear of this treachery."

"You're hardly in the position to be issuing idle threats," Severus calmly replied. "Besides, the Dark Lord is quite aware of my actions."

"You lie," he rasped. "He would never allow this vile treatment of his most faithful servant."

Snape cast another hex that sliced deeply along Pettigrew's bloodied back, causing the man to shriek in agony.

"Oh, but he has, Wormtail," Severus replied. "You are part of a boon granted to me by our Master. He was most pleased with the prophecy I delivered to him all those years ago, and in return he has granted me the privilege of seeking revenge against certain of my enemies."

"How can we possibly be enemies?" Pettigrew cried. "You're the one who forcibly recruited me. Surely, we're even on all scores."

"Did you honestly think that over seven years of harassment by you and your little ragtag friends would be rubbed out by joining the dark side?" His deep baritone voice was dangerously soft. "I think, not."

"I must admit it was immensely satisfying that the Dark Lord allowed me to deliver Potter's death blow," Severus continued. "His sheer look of terror when I told him I would thoroughly enjoy Lily was magnificent."

"She was quite the little hellcat, too," he mused. "It's a pity that the Dark Lord didn't spare her, as she would have made for an entertaining pet."

Snape delivered a series of deft kicks to man's ribcage and sneered as a sickening crack was heard. Pettigrew whimpered and curled his bruised body in a vain attempt to shield himself from the worst of the blows.

"Luring that fool Black to his death proved to be deceptively simple, too," Severus said with a smirk. "Then again, the flea-bitten mongrel didn't even think twice before heading into the fray."

"Severus, please..."

"So you see, only when the last of the Marauders has drawn his final breath will the score ever be considered ~~even~~."

Pettigrew cringed as Severus raised his wand.

*"Avada Kedavra!"*

Snape stared at the broken body slumped haphazardly upon the blood-slicked floor with disgust.

Just one left.

A malicious grin crossed his face at the thought of slowly breaking Lupin.