

All He Ever Wanted

by jennybenny2845

Fenrir seeks recognition and acceptance. A mysterious man offers him a chance.
How far will he go to prove he's worth it?

Chapter 1

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Warning: Somewhat graphic torture of a child.

Fenrir Greyback scratched the coarse hairs on his chin as he strained to hear the Dark Lord's plans. He'd been tasked to guard the door against any unwanted visitors. But he knew the real reason he wasn't allowed to sit at the table. After all, the Dark Lord only saw him as a werewolf despite his blood status.

According to Severus, the Order planned to move the Potter boy earlier than the date provided by their informant at the Ministry. The move, planned for the evening, would be conducted in the air. Thirty seemed a bit much, but no one openly disagreed.

The Dark Lord circled the table attempting to find the five others who would lead small teams during the mission. Of course, he selected his most loyal servants, Bellatrix and Severus. He added the Lestrangle brothers, former Beaters at Hogwarts, to his list. Fenrir chuckled at the sinister sneer Bellatrix shot her husband, clearly displeased to have him on the mission and in a role equal to hers. It would not shock him if a curse meant for Potter nailed Rodolphus instead.

One of the younger Death Eaters rolled his sleeve exposing his Dark Mark. Fenrir stared longingly at his forearm which remained unbranded despite his contributions to the Dark Lord's cause. He scowled at the Malfoy men, cowards in their own right. Lucius' failures resulted in the loss of his wand. Draco failed to kill Dumbledore.

Fenrir would not have hesitated had the offer been presented to him. He would have ripped the man apart and let him die a slow and painful death. He licked his lips, salivating at the taste of the old man's wrinkly flesh. Moments like this made him wish he were a man. Heck, he even wished he were a woman. That way, he could fully take part in the cause. His thirst for blood certainly rivaled Bellatrix's.

The Dark Lord selected Marcus Flint, a former captain of the Slytherin Quidditch team, as the last team captain. A collective gasp escaped the Death Eaters' lips. Clearly none of them believed a recruit so young and inexperienced should lead such an important mission. Fenrir's chest swelled as he caught Marcus' father shoot his son a look filled with pride.

He wished for someone to look at him like he was someone worthy and special.

He wished for someone to look at him the way *she* did so many years ago.

He spent his early days as a werewolf in hiding, too ashamed to show his face in public. Though, it hardly mattered since his family name was long ruined before that.

Thank you, dearest brother, for marrying that Mudblood he mused as he downed another pint. He set the glass down with the others in front of him. The bartender hardly minded how much one drank so long as they tipped well and visited often. He was too focused on his sorrows and did not notice an attractive brunette sitting across from him.

"For you. Compliments of the woman across the way." The bartender set a full pint of Guinness in front of him. Fenrir, floored by the woman's kindness, looked up at her.

The tanned woman was a rarity in the heart of London. Her deep chestnut hair hung in long waves around her slender shoulders. Her chocolate-brown eyes caused his chest to swell and his heart to beat a million miles a minute. *She's perfect.* He found the courage to approach her, and much to his surprise, they hit it off. He disclosed his condition, and she took it in stride. Later that night, she let him walk her home where he stayed the entire night and left late the following morning.

This relationship continued until a failed visit with her family who did not accept their relationship. She ended it three days later. He never imagined the pain of heartbreak. It was almost worse than his brutal transformations.

Four years later, a powerful man who promised him the world if he joined his cause approached him. He scoffed at the notion that one man could give him everything. But, the man was ruthless and extremely persuasive. In the end, the promise of many victims won him over, and he executed the man's bidding. His sanity disintegrated with every victim, bite and drop of blood spilt. Eventually, any semblance of sanity he had disappeared. He no longer cared. He merely wanted to serve and obey his Lord. He just had to get the one who would make him change his mind.

Fenrir got his chance on a winter evening. A woman, with relatively strong ties to those in power at the Ministry, had been advocating for a clean up. She suspected certain corrupt members. Worse yet, she followed the money and discovered funds donated to various organizations created to finance the Dark Lord's bidding. The Dark Lord wanted her out and ordered Fenrir accompany him on the task. His heart dropped as he peered in a window. The woman who broke his heart was playing in the sitting room with her daughter and husband.

He growled and pounded his fists against the door. *She's mine!* Her husband opened the door. The Dark Lord immediately fired a killing curse into his chest. The woman shielded her daughter who began wailing. The Dark Lord bound the woman to a chair and started his torturous repertoire for obtaining information. He grew angrier and angrier as she refused to answer. Fenrir watched, his heart aching, as he restrained her child. The girl remained oddly calm during the torture of her mother. She stopped crying and stared into his eyes.

"Fenrir?"

"Yes, my lord?"

"You know what to do," the Dark Lord said cocking his head at the child. "Drag it out. Take your time."

"*Tarantallegra*," Fenrir uttered once he removed the girl's bindings. She fell to the floor, her legs dancing uncontrollably. To his surprise, she started to laugh. She swatted her legs attempting to stop the movement. Her efforts failed. She laughed again and cast Fenrir a playful look as if she expected him to play with her. His eyes narrowed, and he growled softly at her baring his sharp teeth. Her laughter ceased.

He crawled toward her, flicked his wand and secured her to the ground with invisible ropes. His hands moved languidly over her tiny body relishing in the feel of her pristine flesh underneath his calloused fingertips. He positioned his muscular body over hers, pressing his lips on her neck. She stiffened, clearly terrified of the man hovering above her. He ran a hand through her chestnut-brown curls. He inhaled deeply, his nostrils filling with the smell of her strawberry shampoo. His smile widened. She'd be his sweetest yet.

"Stop! Please! Just stop! I'll tell you everything! Just please stop!" the woman screamed, tears streaming down her face. She started spilling everything in hopes Fenrir would stop hurting her daughter. Fenrir, completely in another world, kept on, each move more brutal than the last. The girl's cries and screams turned him on even more.

"Fenrir, please don't!" the woman called as Fenrir's teeth hovered over her neck. "She's yours!"

He glanced at the woman, startled by her admission. He looked at the Dark Lord who urged him to continue. His teeth penetrated her flesh, his mouth filling with her warm blood. He feasted on the child until the Dark Lord ordered him to stop. The Dark Lord released the woman who crawled over to attempt to treat her child. She was hit with the killing curse before she reached her.

His heart bled with regret as he reminisced about that day. Nothing good happened. He wasn't officially inducted, and he didn't earn his robes until later. Yet, the thrill of the chase and that first sinfully satisfying taste of flesh and blood kept him coming back for more.

"Fenrir?" the Dark Lord asked breaking his reverie.

"Yes, my Lord?" He removed his hand from the ornate doorknob and turned to look at his Master.

"You will lead the Snatchers. You will bring anyone who dares speak my name here."

"Yes, my Lord," Fenrir replied bowing his head. His chest swelled with hope. The Potter boy was careless, and it was only a matter of time before his luck ran out. Fenrir planned to capture the filthy brat and prove to the Dark Lord that he be recognized officially for his contributions.

A/N: First Place in the Wishes of the Dark Side Competition Lord Voldemort level on The Harry Potter Fanfiction Challenges on fanfiction.net. My requirements were to use Fenrir Greyback (Death Eater), "I wish I were a man/woman." (wish), /*Tarantallegra* (spell) and hopeful (emotion).