

# When you call my name I can feel that I'm alive

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*Why is Remus allowed to call Tonks by her first name?*

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**Chapter 1 - Untitled**

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Titel:Wounded

*"I'm all busted up  
Broken bones and nasty cuts  
Accidents will happen  
But this time I can't get up  
She comes to check on me  
Making sure I'm on my knees  
After all she's the one  
Who put me in this state*

*For now I'll lie around  
Hell, that's all I can really do  
She takes good care of me  
Just keeps saying, "My love is true"*

*Looking out my window for  
Someone that's passing by  
No one knows I'm locked in here  
All I do is cry"  
Pullingteeth (Green Day)*

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## Chapter I

Remus Lupin took his clothes and carefully laid them in the small cave in order not to rip them. He covered them with stones and sand; nobody would find them here, only he knew where to look. His fingers were stiff and his whole body ached with cold when he stood up. He covered the entrance with bushes and checked it. He was content that his hiding place was hard to find. He was shaking when he slowly backed away.

"Why the hell is it that cold?" He wondered when his naked feet touched the snow. He was wearing nothing but his shorts and he prayed he would remember this place the next morning.

He usually hid his clothing in the hut, together with the others. But this time it was different. Christmas was in four days and no matter what Dumbledore would order him, he wouldn't spend this time of the year with these monsters.

His plan was perfect; he had worked on it for weeks.

He would transform like always. With the help of the potion he would keep his mind, unlike the others. He was not high-ranking, but he was stronger than a lot of them anyway. And his wolf could run rather fast. He would start a fight with some of the weaker wolves, would let himself get wounded, maybe be bite or two, and then flee.

He would run to this place, cover his traces, and wait until the moon disappeared once more for another month. He would get dressed and Apparate to the Shrieking Shack, 20 kilometres away, where his wand was hidden, and after that he would finally return to the Burrow to find Molly hovering over the oven and preparing his first real, warm meal in almost three months.

He would tell Greyback in one week's time that the Ministry had caught and questioned him. Then he would give the pack unimportant information to win their trust again. This plan had to work, there was no other possibility.

Remus walked faster, a branch hit him and he tumbled back.

"Damn it!" A brief glance at the night sky told him that the moon was near. He could already feel its power pull on him. He felt the wolf inside of him wanting to break free again and he needed all his self-control to fight it.

He had to get away from here; he was still too close to his hiding spot.

He started to run, each step making him groan as pain shot through him. His already aching feet started to become sore. He stopped, panting heavily. He couldn't breathe freely anymore. He tried to calm himself with short breaths.

How far had he run? How close was he to the others?

It was over. He couldn't run any further. He collapsed onto his knees.

He hadn't made it! His wolf would find the way, but the pack would have probably already moved on. They wouldn't miss him. He rolled onto his side and closed his eyes as his body pressed into the wet, cold snow.

He inhaled the cold air. It smelled wonderful, far away from his stinking fellows, covered with their own urine and the blood of their victims.

Greyback was the worst of them, he couldn't even...

"Tomorrow then?"

Remus' body went stiff. His breathing caught in his throat. Slowly his eyes fluttered open.

He was here! Greyback! And somebody else, somebody Remus hated more than anyone else in this world. Peter Pettigrew!

He carefully crawled on his arms and knees to hide behind some tress. The voices grow louder.

"Yes, we're prepared." Greyback assured Wormtail.

"I hope you're speaking the truth, the Dark Lord relies on you. It wouldn't be wise to disappoint him." Peter's squeaking voice sounded cold and lifeless.

"Do you think I'm not capable of doing it?? Do you believe you're better, scum?"

"If I were you, I wouldn't talk like that to me! The Dark Lord counts on me!"

"Oh yes, you think you're so important. But let me tell you a little secret; the master doesn't give a shoot about you. You're just a toy that is ruled easily. If you're that important why didn't he let you do it?" Greyback growled. Remus was lying in the snow, not daring to make any sound. Do what? A mission? Maybe an attack! Who? When?

"I'm much too valuable to do such dirty work!" cackled Peter.

"Dirty work! You call this dirty work! But to clean up after Snape is not dirty, is it? Be glad I'm not about to rip you into pieces!"

Remus could see them now and he prayed they wouldn't notice, smell, or hear him. Greyback wore

nothing but an old pair of jeans and looked extremely big and dangerous compared to Wormtail, standing there in his coat with big gloves.

He was braver than Remus had ever thought.

“You dare to threaten me, you disgusting half-breed? Me? You threaten a human? You dare tell me you’re more valuable than I am? I spent my whole youth with dirt like you and you believe I’m less important than you are?”

Wormtail pulled off one of his gloves. His silver hand reflected the light of the stars. Greyback backed away instantly, his eyes wide with horror and fixed upon the deadly metal.

“Just one drop. I just need to touch one drop of your blood and you’re dead. Just to touch you would wound you severely and cause you almost unbearable pain.” Peter moved towards Fenrir. “Now listen! The Dark Lord wants you and your pack to be in Hogsmead tomorrow morning. Two aurors, members of the Order of the Phoenix, will be there. Kill the man, Kingsley Shacklebolt, take the woman alive, Nymphadora Tonks; she’s a metamorphmagus.” Remus’ heart skipped a beat. “The Dark Lord wants her unharmed. She has good connections to almost all other members. She could be handy! She’s in touch with Lupin, the werewolf who will soon feel my hand.”

Both Greyback and Remus stared at Peter in disbelief. There was horror and fear in Remus’ grey eyes and surprise in Greyback’s yellow ones.

“Lupin? John Lupin?” He asked the traitor.

Peter gave him a questionable look.

“Remus Lupin. Remus John Lupin. You know him?”

“I bit him. He’s here!” was the wolf’s grim answer.

“WHAT?” screamed Wormtail. “He’s here and you didn’t tell the Dark Lord? He’s a spy!”

Wormtail grabbed the werewolf’s neck and moved his silver hand in front of the wolf’s face.

“Find him! Find him and kill him. Then come back to me. If you won’t obey, my punishment and the one of our master will be dreadful.”

Peter moved backwards and drew his wand.

“Kill him and tell him his girlfriend will die as well. I will take care of her myself.”

Then he was gone.

“As if he would have the ways to threaten me,” groaned Greyback “as if he could make me fear him. He should know better, shouldn’t he, Lupin?”

Horrified Remus noticed that the old wolf was looking directly into his eyes. An ugly, evil smile spread across his lips as the werewolf threw back his head in pain.