

# The Dastardly Perpetrator

*by magalena*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: I do not own HP, I make no money here.

AN: Many thanks to my lovely beta, sweettiff\_14.

Severus sat at his desk and immediately realized something was not right. He sat for a moment trying to figure out what it was. Then he spotted it. Someone had used his favorite quill. The nub was dull, and he always kept it sharp for making slashes and disparaging remarks on dunderheads' essays.

Then he also noticed that the jar of his best red ink was empty--used up too. He was positive that it had been at least half full last night. It was expensive too, an exclusive blend he favored that didn't fade or run on students' parchments.

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Checking further still, he found several sheets of his special stock of parchment had been used, crumpled up and discarded in the waste bin. And the very last sheet had been taken too. What the hell was going on here? Who would have the audacity to invade his desk and use his best things? He was going to get to the bottom of this immediately.

He stalked purposefully into his living quarters, prepared to wreak havoc just as soon as he was able to determine the perpetrator of these dastardly crimes against himself and his private possessions. This was intolerable!

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He was greeted there by an adorable cherub of a girl with big, brown, doe eyes, impossible curly black hair and a pair of adorable dimples. "Papa, Papa!" she squealed happily. "Look what I's drawed for you, Papa." The little girl proudly held up his last sheet of parchment, now displaying a bright red ink drawing of one short stick girl with curly hair, between two taller stick people, and a puffy furball. It's us's, Papa, you and me and Momma and Crooksie. Does you likes it? I drawed it just for you."

Aha! The aforementioned dastardly perpetrator.

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She chattered away, explaining her picture, what they were doing, and how Crooksie chased a gnome but she didn't know how to draw one of those. And how she wanted to surprise him with her present, "Cause you is the bestest papa in the whole, wide world, Papa," she exclaimed hugging him.

Hermione commented, "I'm sorry she got into your things, Severus. She used up your best ink, and parchment, and ruined your favorite quill."

"That's all right," he said. Kissing the top of his daughter's curly head, he wondered just how he'd gotten so damned lucky.