

# Bad Dog

*by Sirius Girl 08*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**Disclaimer:** Written for fun, as I'm not JK Rowling.

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### Bad Dog

Mrs Applebottom was drinking her afternoon cup of tea as she looked out of her front window. Tiny, her Pomeranian dog, was curled up in her lap. He was such a good dog, not like that mutt next door. She gave an involuntary shudder at the thought of the big, black, shaggy-haired dog. And its owner wasn't much better. She was a woman, mid-thirties, and Mrs Applebottom knew she wasn't married or living with anyone, but every night she heard noises coming through the walls. It was scandalous as far as she was concerned, and she'd doubled her efforts to try to catch the man arriving or leaving but had never seen him.

Just then, she saw a flash of movement outside the window. Placing her cup down and scooping Tiny up into her arms, she moved closer. It was that horrid dog! In her rose bushes – *again!* The dog chose that moment to look up and stare her straight in the eye. She would swear there was something almost ... *human* about him, the way he would look at her. He stared for a moment longer before cocking his leg deliberately and *urinating*. Once finished, he scraped his back legs in the dirt and waltzed off. Mrs Applebottom suppressed a growl and decided enough was enough.

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Sophia got up from her chair at the insistent knocking on her front door. Pulling the door open, she was unsurprised to see Mrs Applebottom on her doorstep, and, once again, Sophia put on her very best smile.

'Mrs Applebottom, how can I help?'

'You can help by keeping your *mutt* under better control!'

Sophia raised an eyebrow before looking over her shoulder. Padfoot had just slinked his way into the room from the kitchen and was looking decidedly *too* innocent at that moment in time. She knew her husband well enough to read even his dog expressions. She would kill him later for forcing her to deal with the old busy-body.

'I'm sorry, Mrs Applebottom. He's normally such a good dog. I'll try to keep him under better control from now on.' She internally snorted. No-one could keep Sirius under control, dog form or not.

'Perhaps if you castrated him, he would *not* feel the need to mark his territory in *my* garden all the time! Why anyone would want such a mutt to be able to breed is beyond

me!' she sneered.

Padfoot whimpered. Sophia, however, grew angry.

'The state of my dog's *wares* is nothing to do with you, and I would like for you to keep your opinions to yourself! Frankly, I can't see why anyone would want to breed oversized *rats* such as your own dog!' At this, Mrs Applebottom let out a startled gasp. 'Now, good day!' With that, Sophia slammed the front door shut, cast a silencing charm, and said, 'Bugger off, you old fart!'

A deep chuckle resonated behind her, and she turned round to see Sirius, back in human form, standing behind her once more, his grin firmly in place. Striding up to her, he wrapped his arms around her waist.

'I could kill you for making me deal with her again,' Sophia muttered.

'Ah, but I keep life interesting,' he stated with a crooked grin.

'Yes, because the twelve years you were in Azkaban were just *so* dull,' Sophia retorted, smiling up at him.

'See, I have twelve years of trouble making to catch up on,' he said with a mischievous glint in his eyes that caused Sophia to chuckle lightly. 'Besides, you wouldn't have it any other way.'

Sophia grinned back before letting him kiss her soundly.

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**Author's Notes:** This is written as a response to the Saturday Night Drabble Chats. Hugs and thanks to sunny33 for beta reading for me. I've used my OC, Sophia, from *Amidst the Darkness* and it's set after POA when Sirius Black is still in hiding (though, he's not doing a brilliant job of being inconspicuous). Hope you enjoy!

**Prompt by ApollinaV:** Please write on the curious observations of Mrs. Applebottom, Muggle, avid gardener, dog lover, and professional nosey neighbour. Her neighbours are the HP characters of your choice.