

Wanted

by Pennfana

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Chapter 1 of 1

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WANTED: Cold-blooded killer. Has orange hair, green eyes, bandy legs and very sharp teeth. Not presumed to be armed, but known to be highly skilled in physical combat. Exceptional navigational skills. Known interests include hunting, fishing, solving puzzles, chasing garden gnomes and attacking Wizard's Chess pieces. Known aversion to rats. Extremely perceptive and intelligent. Do not approach if you are duplicitous, bad-tempered or Ronald Weasley.

Answers to the name of "Crookshanks."

Reward for capture: twenty galleons. Must be alive at time of capture and delivery to Malfoy Manor.

He knew he was going to regret changing the wards on the Manor to allow her access when she Apparated straight into his study. "What is the meaning of this?" Hermione shouted at him, practically shoving the poster in Draco's face.

"Your bloody cat was missing for a week! I thought this might get more attention than the usual 'lost cat' advertisements! It worked, didn't it? And *this* is the thanks I get for trying to help a friend!"

She sighed. "Yes, it worked. I don't know whether to feed you to Crooks for calling him a cold-blooded killer or snog you senseless for finding a way to get him home safely."

He gave her a rakish grin. "Personally, Granger, I'd prefer the snogging."

Author's Notes: This was inspired by a game of "string" with my youngest cat. I suddenly realized how odd it is that cats can be so cuddly and affectionate one moment and utterly homicidal (string-cidal?) the next. Draco's involvement doesn't really make sense to me, but somehow the story refused to work with anybody else in his place.