

Caught in The Act

by ancientgirl

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Chapter 1

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Thanks to June for beint my beta. I could not do this without her.

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He paced in front of the four, with his hands clasped behind his back and his head bowed down. Hermione sat in his favorite chair next to the fireplace, with an angry look on her face and her arms crossed. When he was in front of the couch again, he turned to the four and then crossed his arms across his chest.

"Well, is no one going to confess?" Severus looked at the group, that had for some four years now become what most professors in Hogwarts Castle affectionately referred to as CROK. He looked at each of them. They were good; he had to admit that much. His children, Raven and Kat, who were now eight and seven, had inherited his talent for keeping a blank expression on their face, lest they give anything away. And Osiris and Crookshanks, being animals, had an easy time hiding any expression. As Severus looked at them all, he noticed his son Raven was readying himself to speak, and turned to look his way.

"Well, I for one don't know what you're talking about, Dad," he said innocently, as he looked up at Severus with huge black eyes, another inherited trait from his father.

"Neither do I, Daddy," echoed Kat. Severus looked at his daughter. Her curly mane of hair was now falling partly in her face, so that all he could see of his daughter was her deep brown glittering eyes. Osiris and Crookshanks then spoke.

"*We're clueless over here, too,*" said Osiris, Severus' cousin who had been trapped in his Animagus form as a bird.

"*Yes, clueless,*" added Crookshanks. Severus arched his eyebrow, then turned to Hermione. She stood up and walked towards the group, as Severus then sat in her abandoned chair.

"So, none of you know anything about the toilets that are presently exploding in twenty-minute intervals throughout the entire castle?" asked Hermione. The four on the couch shook their heads. "And I suppose you also do not know how Hagrid's beard began sprouting Pygmy Dragons every time he passed gas two months ago?" Again, the group shook their heads in unison. "And of course you have no idea how last month the batch of Laxative Potion for the Hospital wing turned up in the morning oatmeal for a week?" Hermione sighed, and then turned to her husband, who nodded for her to continue.

"Very well. Seeing that no one will accept responsibility, then I am afraid that I must act on the evidence." Hermione crossed her arms, and eyed the group. In her children's faces, she noticed a slight twitching of the eyes when she mentioned evidence.

