

# The ‘End’ Justifies the ‘Mean’

*by dracontia*

For the Picture of a Man project. Because—let’s face it—a story about an arse just BEGS to be crackfic. Gen and ridiculous.

## one shot for the Picture of a Man comm

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: These aren’t my characters, and I respectfully request that their rightful owners will kindly not put **my** backside in a sling for borrowing them.

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Sirius Black was pretty much stir-crazy from his long confinement at number twelve Grimmauld Place. It was only a matter of time before he cracked.

It wasn’t until he rushed out of an Order meeting, whooping and hollering until everyone was staring up at him where he stood on the stairs overlooking the entry hall—whereupon he turned around, dropped his trousers, and lifted his robe—that anyone realized how literal the ‘crack’ would be.

For Severus, the truly unconscionable part of this display was not, perversely, the display itself—although a more perverse and unforgivable image would be difficult to conjure outside of a Death Eater meeting. Severus was certain that even if he could manage to Obliviate himself of the memory of the scrawniness, the odd droopiness, and the overall craggy, raggedness of the spectacle, the hair and that one appalling pimple would remain burned on his retinas for eternity. If ever an arse was meant to remain under robes the way Merlin intended, it was Sirius Black’s.

And Severus was not particularly bothered by Molly’s appalled scream, though it seriously threatened the structural integrity of his right eardrum. Nor did he blame Arthur for swearing in such a way that almost made Severus check to see if the twins were nearby.

He sympathized with Kingsley bellowing, “Cover up and get down from there!” though he would have added a choice expletive or two to the order, as Moody did. He could even forgive Nymphadora breaking out in funny little shrieks of laughter (which may or may not have had catcalls mixed in), though Albus applauding—of all things—was rather harder to countenance. And was, frankly, disturbing. A talk with Minerva was definitely in order once they got back to the castle.

But then Lupin, curse **his** sorry arse, had to let his face drop to his hands and mutter, “I didn’t really need another reason to object to the full moon” while he was standing near Severus’ left ear—the one that still worked.

And that remark made Severus laugh.

Which was the thoroughly inexcusable part of the affair.

Which was why he hexed Sirius off the balcony—

—necessitating Dumbledore breaking his fall with a well-timed spell—

—and giving Kingsley one more aspect to the meeting that he officially knew nothing about for all legal intents and purposes.

Even if he tacitly agreed that the end in question more than justified the means.

FIN—or, more appropriately, THE END

For making sure it all turned out right in the end, I thank you, SeverusLovesUs!