

# A Wizard's Pride

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Severus discovers that women sometimes fake things. A humorous little one-shot. A bit AU.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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**Disclaimer: Just borrowing a few of JKR's characters for a bit of entertainment.**

This idea hit me while I was brushing my teeth last night after a bit of work (finally) on my on-going multi-chaptered fic. It had me cracking up just thinking about it, and I had to write it out immediately, thereby forcing me to drop the other fic like it was molten lava. This is the end result.

I don't recall ever reading a story based on this idea, but I'm sure they're out there the situation was just too entertaining to resist writing, even if it had been done a million times before.

Now, in the immortal words of my beta, R J Lupin's Kat, it's time for some *'comic relief, Severus Snape style'*. Hope you enjoy.

[illegible]

Perhaps it was because it had been so long since the last time he was in this position shagging on a regular basis, that is. Between spying and the Dark Lord and a gruesome wizarding war, he did not have much time to spare for this sort of extra-curricular activity until recently. Or perhaps he just wasn't focused enough on the task at hand; it had been a bit of a rough day, after all.

Either way, the young, nubile witch beneath him just faked an orgasm, he was certain of it.

Surely he wasn't *that* bad.

He considered the thought as he flopped over onto his back, with the young witch in question rolling to her side to put her head on his shoulder.

He never had any complaints before... well, that he *knew* of.

He understood well enough that women do not always orgasm during intercourse. No, he knew very well that most women were unlikely to do so which was the whole point of foreplay, after all. Get the witch all worked up toward climax, so that afterwards would be all about the wizard, and if she happened to come during 'the act' as well, then good for her.

But he did everything perfectly tonight, he thought. There was no reason she should have faked it.

So what happened?

After laying in supposed post-coital bliss for some time, Severus finally settled on the fact that he would never know what he did or did not do, as the case may be to lead her to fake an orgasm until he confronted her about it. Now, the question was how should he go about it?

Slytherin subtlety or Gryffindor brashness?

Leading questions or just straight to the point?

Either way, he had better make a decision quick, as the witch lying contentedly in his arms was yawning tiredly.

Ah, straight to the point it would be then.

"Hermione?" Severus murmured hesitantly, still unsure of his plan.

"Hmmm?" The witch in question purred as she burrowed under the bedclothes, closer to the warmth of his body.

"Why did you fake your orgasm tonight?"

Hermione tensed the instant the words left his mouth, and any doubts he had about the alleged faking fled his mind.

"What are you talking about, Severus?" she replied, her voice infused with innocence. He wasn't fooled.

Any deceptive abilities the witch possessed she learnt from him, and he was the master at deception, just ask the Dark Lord. Er, well, since the Dark Lord was no longer, there wouldn't be any asking for his opinion, but one could guess what it would be, considering that he was dead and Severus was, well, *not*.

Anyway, back to the point. The witch was a horrible liar. Always had been, ever since she was a wee little witch. So, there would be no fooling the wizard with false innocence.

Reaching up to pinch the bridge of his nose between forefinger and thumb, Severus replied, "You know exactly what I mean, Hermione. Do not mistake me for a fool." His tone was somewhat condescending, but his voice was silky-smooth.

A few hesitant false starts later, Hermione finally managed to make thoughts into words. "How in Merlin's name were you able to tell that I faked it?"

Ah, a confession masked in a question laden with surprise.

"How long have we been together, my dear?"

"Right. We've been together long enough for you to be able to tell the difference," she replied dejectedly.

"Precisely. So, I ask again, why did you fake your orgasm tonight?" He wasn't mad. No, really, he wasn't. He just wanted to understand what the bloody hell happened.

Each moment of silence that passed, Severus felt the old insecurities creeping in on him. He tried, valiantly, to force them from his mind, certain that there must be some reasonable explanation, but they were relentless.

Just as it reached the point where he could not possibly take another second of silence, he blurted, "Do you not enjoy making love with me any more?" The words sounded pathetic to his ears. He could not believe that he, Severus Snape, actually put voice to the traitorous words. Damn these insecurities!

Hermione bolted up to face him, meeting his dark eyes for the first time during this horrid conversation. "How could you even think that, Severus?" she whispered soothingly. "I enjoy it more than you know... I guess... I just did not portray that very well to you tonight, did I? I'm sorry, truly."

"No, you didn't. Are you avoiding the main question here, or will I be receiving an explanation at some point this evening?" Mildly placated since she was not tired of him, yet, he was still becoming impatient with her lack of regard for the issue here.

She had to know that he would not just let this go. It was a major blow to his wizardly ego. If the actual explanation wasn't executed well, it would take years of therapy for Severus to regain his pride.

"I'm sorry, I know I'm stalling. It's just that... well... it's hard to explain."

Severus rolled his eyes and huffed, but waited for the witch to continue to muddle through her explanation.

"I was truly enjoying myself... but I had such a dreadful day at work and I couldn't fully relax... you know what they say about sex being mental as well as physical... but you were trying so hard and really enjoying yourself... I didn't want you to wear yourself out... it didn't really matter if I got off too, so long as you felt good... and I was too tired to really focus... I just had such a dreadful day "

He put a finger against her lips to stop the rambling. "You said that already."

"Sorry, it's just so true. It really was dreadful." Her expression made him chuckle, and she sunk back into his arms, relieved that he was not still upset with her. A moment later, she sat up again. "Severus?"

His eyes had closed without him realizing when she leant against him as he was mulling over her jumbled explanation, so he opened them when she pulled away again. "Yes?"

"You do know that it is okay if the witch does not achieve orgasm, right? I mean, it doesn't always happen." He went to open his mouth, but she quickly added, "Even during foreplay, or after-play, or whatever. It is different for witches than it is for wizards. A lot of it is in our heads if the witch is distracted or stressed or any number of other things, it just won't happen, no matter how much she wants it to."

Hermione watched him as he contemplated her explanation. As if knowing what he was thinking, she said, "Some witches are lucky they will climax every time, without fail, whether during sex or just foreplay or whatever but most are like me: imperfect. But, just think, this was the first time in three weeks that I ever had reason to fake one with you."

Placated, Severus reached for her and pulled her down on top of him. "Well, are you focused enough now to try again? I want to make sure that I still know how to please my witch."

"I think that would be a lovely idea."

Thirty minutes and two orgasms later, one sweaty and very satisfied Hermione groaned when Severus suddenly sat up.

"Wait a minute... Three weeks? But we've been together for..."

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Just thinking about this situation makes me laugh. I mean, I'm sure many of us ladies have faked it before, but have you ever been called out on it? I never have, but this is how I imagine the guy would see it if he realized what the woman did. I just couldn't resist using Severus in this case he just seemed to be the most entertaining candidate

for the role.