

What Makes Severus Snape Laugh or How to Manipulate Your Wife.

by snitchette

My response to the "Why Snape laughs" challenge.

Chapter 1 of 1

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This is a response to the response to the "Why Severus Snape laughs" Challenge set by whysnapesmiles. You can see the rules by clicking [HERE](#).

Huge and massive thanks to Southern Witch for the quick hunting of misplaced commas.

Rating for a couple of words not suited to young children.

The classroom was quiet. Something not particularly strange, as there was rarely trouble during Potions. It was nearly the end of the class, and everyone wished to get on with it and be dismissed for the weekend.

The Potions master went back to his desk after a round in the classroom. Then he sat and, for no particular reason, burst with laughter. Not his usual cold laugh perspiring with sarcasm but a frank and genuine laugh.

Complete silence fell onto the students. They stared at Professor Snape, gobsmacked.

Nearly on the verge of tears, something that was even more shocking for the students, Professor Snape dismissed the class while clutching his belly from laughing.

The news that Professor Snape had *laughed* was spread through the entire castle within an hour. Everyone was trying to figure out what the cause of that behaviour from that particular professor could be.

Some were suggesting that after all these years, he'd completely lost it. Others thought he might have used Legilimency on a student and found some particularly embarrassing moment in said student's mind.

The weekend passed. The students were spying on their Potions professor, eying him in the Great Hall to find a clue to explain his most strange outburst.

A week after the incident, students and staff were still talking and conjecturing about the event. The Headmistress even tried to speak with him in order to get some answer, but had no success.

The subject was finally dropped after an angry seventh-year Ravenclaw was dropped by her boyfriend and she transfigured him into a rabbit because he was acting like one in certain circumstances.

Somewhere in the Dungeons

Severus Snape and his wife were lying on a bed in their quarters, recovering from a particularly hot encounter.

"Why did you do it in the first place? You haven't even told me the reason. Surely there must be a good one."

He knew what she was referring to without asking. In fact he had waited for her inquiring for almost two weeks. "Of course there is one. Have you ever seen me laughing for nothing?"

"I must admit you're right on that point. I barely managed to get a small smile from you when I told you about Ron discovering his bride actually being a guy. On his wedding night no less."

Severus smirked at the memory. He had even pitied the Weasley boy at the moment. "What would I get if I tell you?"

Hermione sighed heavily with frustration. Sometimes her husband could be such an arse. "Well, you could share a good moment with your wife, even a good laugh. One never knows."

"Haven't I just shared a *good moment*, as you put it, just a few minutes ago? Try something else. Something more motivating if I dare say so," said Severus with the faintest glint of hope in his eyes. Fortunately the dim light hid it from Hermione's stare.

"What about that book on Potions you told me about the other day?"

"Why should I tell you for a book I can buy myself? No, I want something only *you* can give me."

What could he want from me? Something he really wishes? Surely he wouldn't.. Her mouth formed a little "o" as realisation hit her.

"Okay, you win. If you tell me, I'll stop drinking the contraceptive potion. Is that enough motivation for you?"

"I would have gone for fellatio, but if you're ready for this, I'm more than okay with it. Give me your hand."

"What for?" she answered suspiciously but giving him her hand already.

"Just ensuring you won't change your mind afterwards." And with that he took her hand in his and tapped them with his wand, murmuring a soft incantation. Green and red light emerged from their clasped hands as the promise was sealed.

"So, what's the big secret?"

"I was just getting bored and thought that it would be priceless to see the students' shocked faces witnessing me laughing for no obvious reason. I was quite right and it added to my show. I needed nearly ten minutes to recover once the students were gone."

"That's all? I promised you a baby because you were bored? You will pay for this one, Severus." She was about to leave the bed when he caught by the waist and trapped her under his weight.

"Yes, but the most wonderful price is that I'll have the privilege of watching your belly grow with our child," was his reverent response while he was already making his way to kiss that sensitive spot just under her earlobe.

Hermione was a little angry at having been manipulated like that. But she was sure she could have a bit of fun, too.

"Severus?"

"Mmm?"

"I'm already pregnant."

The look on his face was first shock, then awe, and, finally, tenderness. After that, he burst with a frank laugh for the second time in less than two weeks.

Thank to those who have taking the time to read this fluffy thing. If you feel like leaving a review, I'll be in heaven.

I also encourage you to read "Snape's Laughter" by whysnapesmiles, from which the challenge and this fic are inspired. Just [CLICK HERE](#).