

# The Sauna

*by star\_girl*

Albus Dumbledore thinks of a novel setting for the next monthly staff meeting...

## The Sauna

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Albus Dumbledore thinks of a novel setting for the next monthly staff meeting...

Dumbledore's monthly staff meeting had rolled around once again. The teachers were huddled into Dumbledore's already-cramped office, filling every available chair and standing space. Minerva's elbow was jammed uncomfortably into Pomona's fleshy side as they stood in front of the book case, but the shorter witch had the good grace not to complain to the older, taller one.

"Another month, another staff meeting." The old wizard looked around at each and every one of his faculty, his blue eyes twinkling over his crescent-moon spectacles.

"It seems as though this is our only chance to communicate with each other, these days. Even meal times do not provide adequate socialising time. Yet, it is important for us to feel connected to each other within our work space and to nurture our friendships."

Dumbledore stroked his beard thoughtfully before continuing.

"I often think our European cousins have the right idea when it comes to bonding with one's colleagues... in Svalborgsstron, the Scandinavian school of magic, they frequently take to the sauna together, to relax, unwind, and discuss the pressing topics of the day. They are one of the happiest faculties in the entire wizarding world as a result. Therefore, I would like to propose that we continue this meeting by retiring to the Prefects' bathroom immediately, which has been transfigured into a sauna for this very purpose."

He looked around once again, noticing surprise and disbelief on his colleagues' faces.

Minerva was first to speak up.

"Surely, Albus, you cannot be seriously suggesting that we all get naked right now and sit around in a sauna together?" The woman looked scandalised, her spectacles perching on her nose and her lips set into a disapproving purse.

Albus merely smiled. "I fear we are not as close colleagues as we should be, Minerva. In our nudity, we become equal. And in our equality, we can relax and form natural bonds together."

Now it was Snape's turn to pipe up, his black eyes flashing with fury.

"Headmaster, I must object! I see no reason why we should all expose ourselves!"

Albus chuckled. "There is nothing to be ashamed of. By bathing together we will be breaking down the barriers of our perceived misconceptions of each other. We are all human, we all have flaws. And we are all friends here." He smiled around the room again.

Hagrid shifted uncomfortably, a blush rising over his bushy beard. Sinistra looked at the floor, biting her lip delicately. Lupin tried to smile, but it came out as a grimace.

Trelawney was shaking, but then that could have been the sherry. Flitwick bobbed up and down on his chair nervously. Vector cleared her throat in the awkward silence. Only Hooch and Sprout looked in any way happy with the idea.

"No further objections? Very well, follow me." And with that, Dumbledore rose from his chair and walked calmly to the door, leaving his staff to cast embarrassed glances at each other as they followed.

\* \* \*

The Prefects' bathroom had indeed been converted into a wooden sauna as Dumbledore had promised. The usual opulent white marble was now covered in pine slats from floor to ceiling. To either side, there were two doors.

"To preserve your modesty, the changing rooms are not mixed. Wizards to the left, witches to the right. You will find towels there, too." Dumbledore strolled towards the changing room as the staff loitered uncertainly. He paused at the door.

"The sooner we start the meeting, the sooner it will be over."

This seemed to motivate the teachers as they all disappeared into their respective changing rooms.

Dumbledore was first out, of course, and was already sitting happily in the hot humidity when he was joined next by an irate-looking, completely naked Snape.

"You call THESE towels, Headmaster?" he griped. "They're barely bigger than handkerchiefs!"

Albus smiled serenely. "They are to be used only to sit on, dear boy."

Snape exhaled loudly through his nose before picking a spot to sit in the corner. He hunched forwards, elbows on his knees, to obscure the view of his body.

Albus continued to smile calmly as Hooch and Pomona came in next, grinning widely.

"Ooh, this is lovely, Albus," said Sprout, her large expanse of flesh wobbling as she perched next to the headmaster. "I can see why those Scandinavians find it so relaxing!"

Snape gave her a barely-concealed glare of disgust as the headmaster replied in the affirmative, a look that did not go unnoticed by Hooch.

"Don't be such a bloody prude, Severus!" she snapped. He merely glared back at her and her boyish figure.

Next in was Hagrid, dangling the pathetic-looking towel in front of his genitals to try and preserve his modesty. The towel was woefully small, however, and covered absolutely nothing. Sprout's eyes widened as she noticed the half-giant's genitalia and subconsciously crossed her legs.

Minerva had cunningly snuck in behind him and had appeared next to Hooch as if she had Apparated there, trying to look haughty and composed.

No-one looked at Flitwick, who bounded in ahead of Lupin, who forced himself to stroll in and sit on Dumbledore's left. Both Hooch and McGonagal roamed their eyes over him approvingly, to a deeply amused smile from Dumbledore.

Vector crept in and sat beside Hagrid, shrewdly shielding herself behind one of his massive arms. Trelawney bumped in, nearly falling on Lupin, who kindly guided her to a seat, much to her mortification.

Sinistra was last in, after having a big internal dialogue with herself outside and forcing herself to step through the door. She was shy, so it took more from her to reveal herself in such a way. She stepped into the heat of the sauna modestly, her arms folded across her body, looking for a space to sit. The only place that was free was next to Snape, and so with a blush forming on her cheeks whilst tucking a strand of glossy black hair behind her ear, she gingerly made her way over and sat carefully next to him.

Snape felt a flash of desire stirring within him. Aurora was not an unattractive witch, but he had not realised what a shapely body she kept hidden under her robes. And now here she was, sat next to him and completely naked. The air was positively prickling with the tension. He sat up, in order to look at her better.

Sinistra chanced a look at him. Everyone knew Severus had been a Death Eater, but only Dumbledore, it seemed, had actually seen his Mark. She gazed at it now, fascinated. It was black against the pale alabaster of the skin on his inner forearm, and dare she even think it, it was very beautiful. She had the sudden urge to take her finger and trace the outline of it. She looked up and noticed Snape staring back at her with his impenetrable onyx eyes, and quickly looked away again.

Dumbledore looked around at his staff with satisfaction.

"There, that wasn't so difficult, was it?"

The teachers looked back at him as if they would rather tackle a herd of stampeding Hippogriffs single-handedly than to go through that particular experience again.

Dumbledore, relaxed and open, began his meeting in earnest. Soon all eyes were on him, and after five minutes most had all but forgotten the bizarreness of the current situation. All but Severus and Aurora, who kept sneaking looks at each other as the headmaster spoke. Severus had to lean forward once more to disguise his growing lust after Aurora shot him a particularly hungry gaze. The pupils had dilated in her deep-blue eyes, and the shock of desire it sent through Severus shook him to the core. His body had begun to respond to just that one look, so he crouched over, shielding his body's betrayal from view.

Soon, Dumbledore called the meeting to a close, and one by one, the faculty hurried out as swiftly as they could.

Aurora looked back shyly at Severus as she picked her way carefully out, and he smiled in return, noticing her narrow waist and the plump curve of her delicious bottom. Now it was only Severus and Dumbledore left. The older wizard stood, a curious look on his face as the younger made no effort to move, still hunched.

"Why, Severus, are you enjoying the sauna that much that you want to stay?"

The dark man glared up at Dumbledore in response.

"If you don't mind, Headmaster, I will be out in a moment." He inflected the words in such a way that there was no doubt he wanted to be left alone.

A light bulb seemed to go on in Dumbledore's mind as he took in the meaning of this along with the younger wizard's arched position. To Snape's chagrin, Dumbledore grinned widely.

"Ah, so it appears you have noticed Aurora's charms after all. I was beginning to think you were blind, Severus."

Severus glowered at the older wizard. *Surely, the old man had not intended...*

"You are both as bad as each other, not being able to see the wood for the trees," Dumbledore continued, hooking his long white beard over his arm and slowly making his way towards the door. He paused, looking over his shoulder as he reached the doorway, his clear blue eyes sparkling. "For the next meeting, I rather think a game of naked Twister might go down well, don't you?"

He didn't hang around long enough for Snape's response, which involved a towel flicked at the very spot he'd been standing, coupled with a curse. The old man chuckled to

himself as he made his way into the changing room.

*Ah, young love*, he thought, humming merrily to himself.

\* \* \*

This silly story was inspired by a conversation with morgaine\_dulac regarding the Scandinavian social event of the sauna. She is wholly responsible for planting the seed!