

# Holiday

*by luvsev*

Severus and Hermione meet on holiday.

## Oneshot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Severus and Hermione meet on holiday.

*I need a holiday*, Severus thought for what seemed like the millionth time in a week. Needing time away from juvenile miscreants led him to a travel agency, at which he was currently sitting, staring out of the large front window from his hard and too-small chair. Inside the tiny office was a receptionist who was sitting behind a mahogany desk, tapping her foot in time to the soft music playing in the background.

Severus cleared his throat, and the receptionist jerked her head in his direction.

‘Mr Snape—’

He glared at her when she addressed him. ‘It’s Professor, but then you should be aware of that, Miss Smith. I taught you for five years, or have you so quickly forgotten?’

She shivered and shifted in her seat. ‘No, sir. I apologise, sir. The agent will see you now.’

He rose from his seat, stretching his long legs as he strode toward the half-open door. He rapped on the heavy door, waiting for someone to answer.

‘Come in, Professor Snape.’ She watched him enter the room and sit in the leather chair facing her untidy desk. A sneer curled his lip, but he didn’t remark on the desk’s state of disarray. ‘How may I assist you?’

‘I want to be as far away from dunderheads as possible. Can you arrange this for me, or do I need to go elsewhere?’

‘I think I can cover this. Are you looking to holiday in an exotic locale?’ she queried.

‘I have no preference. As I have stated previously, I only wish to be away... preferably a place to where I am unlikely to be bothered.’

She nodded her head. ‘I think I may have just the place for you. How do you feel about holidaying in a nudist resort?’

Severus swallowed hard. ‘Excuse me?’

‘If you don’t like the idea, I can find something else.’

‘Hold on a minute. I didn’t say I wasn’t interested; I was just shocked. Would you give me the details?’

Severus leaned forward in his seat as he listened to the woman with a high-pitched, feminine voice explain about the nudist resort. He nodded periodically as she continued. When she finished, he booked his holiday with her, and as he left, he grinned. It was the first genuine smile he gave since he was a teenager.

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Hermione had her bag packed, and just as she was ready to leave for her holiday, Ginny Potter arrived at her door.

'What are you doing here, Ginny? You know I am about to leave.'

'I had to see you off on your trip. I still can't believe you are going through with this, Hermione! A nudist resort of all places! What are you thinking?'

'Get over it. I've never been to one, so I thought it was time to remedy that. I think the only reason why you're upset is because you're jealous.'

Ginny blushed. 'I never!'

'So, I was right?' Hermione pulled Ginny into a quick embrace. 'Don't worry; if I enjoy it, I'll drag you with me the next time I go.'

'Ha! Like you'll ever get Harry to agree to that.'

'What Harry won't know won't hurt him, now will it?'

'I suppose not.'

'I'll have stories when I return in a week. Now, move along. I have somewhere to be, young lady.'

Ginny stood there and watched Hermione Disapparate with a loud pop, and she exited the flat.

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On the third day of her holiday in the resort, Hermione spotted a man who piqued her curiosity. Although his face was hidden, she was already interested. His hair was shoulder length, black and shiny, his skin was pale as moonlight, and his legs were long and lean. She let her eyes travel over his body and straight to the thing that made her gasp. His penis appeared to be half erect, and it was framed perfectly by closely trimmed black curls.

Severus could feel someone's eyes on him, so he set aside the magazine he was reading in favour of discovering who was staring at him. He nearly slid out of his chair when his eyes fell upon the young woman blatantly ogling him. Letting his eyes wander her generous curves, he fantasised about what it would be like to map those curves with his hands and lips. His eyes travelled further to her rose-tipped breasts, and to her lovely face and curly hair. Realisation hit him like a brick. It was none other than his colleague, Hermione Granger, who was looking at him as though he was her next meal.

Lips suddenly dry, Severus moistened them. 'Miss Granger,' he called.

'S-Severus?' she muttered, her mouth falling open as she glimpsed him in all his glory.

'The one and the only. So, do you like what you see?' He watched her blush and look away.

'I... er... I'm not sure how to answer that,' she admitted.

'How about truthfully?'

'If you can handle the truth, I'll answer.'

'I can handle much more than the truth.' He smirked, silently daring her to come closer.

'Is that so, Professor?'

'Tell me, and you'll find out.'

'Yes, I very much like what I see. You should go without your robes more often.'

'You would like that too much.'

'Indeed.'

'Let's continue this conversation somewhere else, Hermione.' He stood, motioning for her to follow him.

'My room or yours?' she asked, admiring the way his arse flexed as he walked.

'Mine,' he replied.

'What do you have in mind for entertainment, Severus?'

'Nothing at the moment, but I'm sure we'll find something to do.' He licked his lips and pinned her with a dark look.

'We could always get to know each other a little better, Severus.'

He unlocked the door to his room and invited her in. 'That's what I have in mind, though I daresay my version may be a bit different from yours,' he said in a low voice.

'Maybe, maybe not.' She shrugged her shoulders. 'You'll just have to find out, won't you?'

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A/N: Thanks go to peppermint for the following drabble prompt: Hermione and Severus decide, separately, to take holidays at a nudist colony. What happens when they run into each other there?