

Holidays

by chivalric

Going on holidays with Muggles is a nightmare for Professor Snape until he discovers what relaxes his wife – considerably.

One-shot story

Chapter 1 of 1

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Going on holiday with Muggles is truly a nightmare, thought Severus Snape for at least the hundredth time since his beloved wife had mentioned that a week on Majorca with her parents was what her heart was desiring.

At first, he had obviously rejected the idea. Wizards didn't go travelling, they stayed put, didn't draw any attention, and besides, who was going to manage Hogwarts with its headmaster gone off swimming? Minerva surely would step in, but this still didn't solve the problem that he simply didn't want to go to Spain.

He had tried to reason with her, but had utterly failed. His wife was headstrong, even stubborn one could say, or annoying, if she wasn't around to hear it.

So then, he had told her that holidays would be fine – in England where her parents could take either the train or their silly little car. "And we can both Apparate," he offered. But no, not good enough, either.

"I want to fly," she scolded, "I love flying! And I want you to be with us on the plane. It will be a nice experience for you – no further discussion!"

Strong words. Clearly he couldn't give in. Of course, he knew what a plane was, but certainly he wouldn't get onto one. Anything that required flying just wasn't his cup of tea. Not that he was bad on a broom or even without one – he just didn't like the sensation of having nothing but thin air underneath his feet.

But she still insisted. "Majorca," she would say first thing in the morning and last in the evening. Eventually, he suggested that she and her lovely parents could take the plane, and he would go on a broom.

Unfortunately, that had made her laugh so hard that she had fallen off the sofa in their living room at Spinner's End. "In your dreams, love," she had yelped whilst wiping tears off her cheeks. "I know you too well, Severus – you hate flying, you don't like my parents, and as a result you would probably end up in Hungary. Accidentally, of course. Forget about taking the broom. You know it, I know it: sometimes you need to get forced for your own benefit! And your benefit will be holidays in Spain."

He was a reasonable man. In the end, he realised that he would not stand a chance against this young woman who was determined to drag him away from his usual grounds, to get him on a plane to Spain with some brand new swimming trunks for him in her suitcase. He didn't know how to swim, though. Which wizard needed to?

"What are you talking about, dear?" she asked the day before their departure. "You can't bring a cauldron, and you can't bring any ingredients. Anything liquid is totally out

of the question, and so is potion making. We will go there to relax, and you are there to work on your tan a bit. You're as white as a fish's belly! You can spend your time building sandcastles, that will keep you busy."

Sandcastles – ugh. He usually did what was needed to please her, but that was just too much! Yet life was surprisingly joyful with her being around, and she was the only one who could make him smile. Or scream, come to think of it. Although not as often as he would have liked. She still was unbelievably shy and needed a good deal of persuasion to go anywhere near his bedroom.

Maybe, just maybe, a few days off wouldn't do any harm to their yet quite young and new marriage.

Still, a wizard on a plane was a completely unnatural thing. He might have said yes initially, he might be tempted even, but now, with cauldrons, potions, potion books, and liquid ingredients crossed out from the list of things-to-take-to-Spain, he decided that she was to go on her own while he would spend a nice and peaceful week in his armchair. Problem solved.

"Goodness gracious, Severus, don't be such a coward!"

The words rang in his ears, but as much as he would have loved to teach her a lesson for that insult, he couldn't. He was far too busy trying to breathe, to blink his eyes in panic, and to prevent himself from fainting whilst sitting in the most ridiculous device he had ever seen in his life. Everything the Dark Lord had ever come up with was utter nonsense compared with the horrors of an 'Aeroplane' designed by Muggles, built by Muggles and, worst of all, handled by Muggles. The seats were far too small for anyone taller than a midget, and his knees were somewhere near his ears.

"Sorry, love," his wife said as she patted his sweating hand. "But Business Class was just out of the question. It's only a three hours' flight. You'll survive that, surely. Now loosen your grip – loosen it! There's a good wizard – and breathe deeply. Breathe! And relax, for Merlin's sake! See? That's nice. By the way, that bag in front of you is to use in case you get sick. Come on, you big softy! We haven't even taken off yet!"

That had been yesterday. He still couldn't believe he had survived the event.

Lying lazily in a king-size bed, tremendously clean and with still slightly damp hair from the shower, wearing nothing but a sheet across his waist, he considered his options for tonight. He reached slowly for the glass on the bedside table. Red wine, sparkling in the dim light. He took a sip. It was surprisingly nice.

They had spent the day at the beach; he had been in the water and had managed not to drown; he was slightly sunburnt – every single moment had been terrible. But his more than gorgeous wife had enjoyed the sun and the water and the sand very much, and now she seemed to be in a very relaxed, even playful mood. Maybe the evening would turn out nicely.

"Severus?" a voice called from behind. A soft, gentle, arousing voice. He hadn't heard her voice sound that inviting for a while.

Had it been the ocean, he mused, or the sand, the sun, the warm evening breeze, or the sound of the crickets outside? There weren't any crickets at home, so hopefully the reason was something different. So what was leading her, right now, away from her books and into his arms?

He turned to face her. Stared at her. He was still amazed at how easily he could make her blush by just looking at her. He was still amazed what her sight could do to him.

"Do you think you are, sort of, in the mood for a bit of cuddling?" she asked shyly. She was naked. Hang on – had he ever seen her naked? Completely undressed? He frowned – once or twice, maybe, and then the light had been dim. His eyes took a lengthy journey over her body. "You look wonderful, love," he said.

Her skin had taken on a soft golden colour. Her eyes were sparkling with mischief when she slowly walked towards him. Her brown curls, now hanging loose down to her shoulders, softened her usually quite business-like expression. There even was a swing in her walk. Amazing! *Might be the Spanish air*, he guessed. But that wouldn't be good, either. He didn't want to move to Spain.

But at home she wore pyjamas. Red and gold ones. This was a lot better!

"Your skin's pink, love," she said, sounding a bit concerned. A moment later, she had slipped between the cool sheets next to him. "Are you sure your sunburn doesn't bother you?"

"Not at all, Hermione," he replied severely. He leaned over, pulled her close and kissed her.

Her breath smelled of wine. *Perfect!* he managed to think before she started to move southwards. First thing in the morning, he would order a few bottles to take them back to England.

Going on holidays with your wife truly wasn't that bad at all.