

Snape Au Naturel

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Severus goes on holiday.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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This is AU after OotP. Many thanks to my betas for their help. They know who they are.

Snape Au Naturel

Severus took a deep breath of air, the smell of saltwater and wet sand reaching all the way down to the bottom of his lungs. This was actually shaping up to be rather nice, although he hadn't thought so at first. Severus had never, in the 18 years he had been employed at Hogwarts, gone away on holiday. He had always just gone back to Spinner's End and spent the summer there doing a little research, a little housework or a little gardening. Generally, as little as possible that had to do with being in other people's company. This particular summer, though, Dumbledore, the meddlesome old fool, had decided that Severus needed a proper holiday to de-stress after the war, and when Severus had refused any such thing, the old goat had made travel arrangements for him and threatened to pack his suitcase for him as well if he didn't comply. Severus knew what sort of garments would go into the suitcase if Albus Dumbledore was allowed within spitting distance of it, so he had grudgingly surrendered.

Now, as he stood here on his first day in Leucate Plage on the Mediterranean coast of France, he had to admit that perhaps he really had missed out on something. Upon arrival the night before, he had discovered when opening the window, that he could not only see the Mediterranean, he could smell it too. The last time Severus had been to the beach had been as a little boy, too young still for school, and the water had still been too cold for bathing in.

He felt exposed as he ventured outside the hotel and out on the street, wearing only a pair of black bathing trunks and some ridiculous sandals Minerva had given him called 'flip-flops'. That old crow, always taking Albus' side against him! Well, he'd just enjoy this holiday he had been forced to take, and when he got home, he would lie and tell them it was horrible. Just so they wouldn't think they had won. He lifted his folded towel a little higher under his arm and started walking towards the beach, nose in the air, pretending he was as fully dressed and intimidating as ever.

The French, Severus decided, when he reached the beach and found a spot with a reasonable stretch of sand to the nearest people, had clearly never heard of propriety. They were staring at him, here on the beach even more so than the people he had passed walking through the street, and they weren't even wearing bathing suits. Severus kept his gaze averted, unfolding his large towel in great concentration while trying to avoid looking at anybody's private areas.

He jumped when someone suddenly tapped him on the shoulder and said something or other in French. Turning around, he came face to penis with a slightly overweight and very tanned man. He quickly looked away from it, looking up at the man's face instead. The man repeated whatever it was he had said the first time, pointing at Severus' trunks. He sounded annoyed, as if Severus had somehow offended him, and when asked whether or not he spoke English, he only repeated the French gibberish and gestured at Severus' groin again.

"Do you speak English?" Severus asked again, speaking slowly and taking care to enunciate every word as clearly as he could.

It only set off another stream of rapidly spoken French.

"I do not understand you," Severus told him, still taking great pains to enunciate, although it was painfully obvious that the French man didn't understand Severus any better than Severus understood him.

"Coeee! Severus!"

It was impossible to pretend that whoever was calling was mistaking him for somebody else, and resigned to his fate, Severus turned to see who it was.

At first, he didn't recognise her. A squat, little witch with a round face and wiry, greying hair was running towards them. When she came closer, and he managed to focus on her face rather than her naked breasts, she was unfortunately easily recognisable. Severus didn't know whether to laugh or cry. This was just too much. Albus, that conniving bastard, had clearly done this on purpose and planted a spy to make sure he had "fun". At least her appearance made the French man shut up for a moment. If Severus were to see any of his female colleagues completely naked, he had always imagined that it would be someone closer to his own age, like Septima Vector, for example, and that it would happen under completely different circumstances too. He had definitely never harboured any sort of desire for it to be Pomona Sprout on a random beach in France while he was being scolded for something or other by the indigenous people.

Severus glanced back and forth between the two as they spoke, not understanding a single word they were saying, but knowing they were talking about him. The angry French man quickly calmed down as Pomona spoke to him, and after a little while, they laughed. Before he finally left them, the French man even bent down and patted Severus' shoulder in an overbearing manner as one would a child and said something else with a patronising smile.

"I just told him it was your first time here," Pomona explained, sitting down next to Severus with her feet folded under her body. "He was trying to tell you that you need to take your bathing trunks off. This is a nudist beach, you can't wear clothes here."

Severus' eyes widened in shock, and his face turned a deep shade of crimson. "It's a what?" he exclaimed and got to his feet, trying to tug his towel out from underneath Pomona. "I think I'll just go back to the hotel!"

"Oh, don't be shy," Pomona giggled. "It's really rather nice. You'll enjoy it, just wait and see. Let's get those trunks off you."

"No!" he protested, abandoning his futile tugging at the towel in favour of protecting the knot on the drawstring holding his trunks in place.

"Ever the prude, aren't you, Severus?" Pomona giggled cheekily. "Nobody's even looking at you. It's a completely natural thing, and you shouldn't be ashamed of your body."

"I am not a prude!" He had meant it to be a firm statement, but it didn't come out that way. It came out sounding more doubtfully defensive and childishly offended. "I'm just a very private person."

"Nonsense. You're a prude. Come on, take them off if you don't want people to stare. Nobody knows you are here, so what is there to be afraid of? We can go in the water, and then nobody can see your bits."

Severus wanted to protest that Pomona knew him, and that it was already impossible to look her in the eye, but he was fairly certain that she wouldn't think it counted. It did help a bit that she spoke to him as casually as if they had both been fully dressed, and he fingered the knot on his trunks nervously.

"Well... Turn around, then," he commanded.

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Pomona sighed, but did as he requested.

Severus glanced around the beach, just checking that nobody was watching him. There were naked people everywhere, but it really did seem like nobody spared him more than a passing glance, except for those who looked at his trunks with obvious disapproval. Blushing, Severus reluctantly untied the knot and pulled his trunks off. Then he balled them up and held them in his lap so that at least his penis was still hidden from view.

"I'm done," he told Pomona, feeling very uncomfortable and wondering how all this had happened. How had he ended up sitting stark naked on a French beach with an equally naked Pomona Sprout? He could only hope it was just a dream, a nightmare, granted, but no less unreal.

Pomona turned around and smiled with some apparent amusement at the way he pressed his folded up bathing trunks to his crotch. It only made him press them more firmly against himself and blush even deeper, but thankfully Pomona didn't comment on it or try to take them away from him.

"Good! Don't you feel all invigorated and free?" she asked.

Severus didn't answer. He knew, if he tried, he would just sound like a sullen child, but the fact was that he felt even more tense and self-conscious than he could ever remember having felt before. There was a reason his usual clothing was tightly buttoned up.

"Come on," Pomona said and got to her feet. "Let's go for a dip in the water. That way your bits will be somewhat hidden while you get used to this."

Hesitantly, Severus stood up as well and followed her towards the ocean. He took great pains to only look at the back of her head and to resist the impulse to cover his front with his hands.

Pomona was right that the water concealed him. Severus remembered having heard sayings about never going further out than where the water reached the navel, so he went out until the water reached precisely that high on his body and stood still, digging his toes into the sand below. Pomona tried to get him to swim with her, but Severus was fine where he stood. On top of everything else, he was not about to admit that he couldn't swim very well. He knew the basics of it, and he could swim well enough to avoid drowning, but it involved a lot of splashing and didn't look particularly elegant.

He stood for a long while, occasionally bending his knees, so the rest of his body got dipped as well, and waited for the shyness and awkwardness to go away. Maybe he was a little prudish, but he really didn't think it had been fair of Albus to send him to a nudist resort.

There is a limit to how long you can stand still in the water, and pretend you're standing there with a good reason, without staring at others around you, and Severus found he hit that limit pretty soon. He began to get a little bored, and the water that had seemed pleasantly cool at first, was beginning to just feel cold. He longed to get back to his towel and get some warmth rubbed back into his skin, but leaving the water meant once again exposing his naked body to the public. Severus didn't think he was entirely ready for that just yet.

He couldn't see Pomona anywhere, and he wasn't sure which direction she had been swimming in the last time he had seen her. For some reason, he was doubly loath to leave the water without her, and he wasn't certain why. It simply just couldn't be because she was the only familiar thing around, and therefore something he could draw a sense of security from. Instead, he convinced himself that it would be bad form to leave the water without at least telling her, since they had gone in together. Until she either came back on her own, or he spotted her and managed to wave her closer, he would just have to stay put.

Or at least that was the plan, until something brushed lightly against his thighs, dangerously close to his penis. Half-panicked, and with nightmarish images of vicious, hungry, flesh eating fish in his head, Severus sprinted towards dry land as fast as the resistance of the water would allow. Pomona appeared at his elbow as if out of thin air, and she was laughing heartily at him, making him proceed huffily towards his towel with long strides.

"Oh, come on, Severus," Pomona giggled girlishly, "it was just a bit of seaweed."

Severus ignored her, too offended that she would be laughing at him to even be able to come up with a snarky retort. Nobody laughed at Severus Snape! Pomona sobered a little and took a hold of his wrist, making him come to a halt.

"I'm sorry," she offered, "I shouldn't laugh at you. Let's do something else instead." She looked around them and pointed towards a group of people playing some sort of game with a net and a ball. "Look, they're playing volleyball. Let's go see if they'll let us join."

Severus thought that being forced to walk around stark naked and his encounter with the hostile seaweed were quite enough new experiences for one day. One look at the people playing the ball game was enough to confirm this for him. Pomona couldn't pay him to jump around like that with everything flopping about at the mercy of gravity. Not to mention the fact that there were a couple of younger women in the group, and he knew exactly what sort of effect it would have on his anatomy if they started jumping and running after the ball in his near vicinity, everything jiggling and hanging out, and he wouldn't even be able to hide it.

"I think not!" Severus said, pulling his wrist free of her grip.

"You're not still offended, are you?" she asked. "Come on, it'll be fun. You don't know what you're missing."

"No, thank you," he said firmly. "I assure you, I can live without it. I'll just... go have a lie down or something. Maybe get a tan." He had never really had one before. Perhaps it would suit him.

Pomona looked disappointed and glanced back towards the group of people.

"Well..." she said uncertainly. "Do you mind if I go?"

"Not at all," he said, already turning away from her and back towards the place where he had left his towel.

By the time Severus had returned to his towel, Pomona was completely out of sight. He could see the group of people she had joined in the distance, but he couldn't tell which one of them she was. It didn't matter anyway, because as he was lying down on his back on the towel, he could close his eyes and pretend he wasn't naked, and that the noise around him was merely noise, and not people. He didn't need the security of familiarity here.

Letting the sun dry and warm his body, Severus decided that this was actually rather nice, and although he was tempted to sneak his trunks back on, he just felt too lazy to move a single muscle. Besides, he was pretty certain that if he did, someone would just come by and speak French at him again.

He felt as if he had only just closed his eyes when Pomona called his name, and he became aware that he had been sleeping. Lazily, he opened his eyes and saw Pomona's worried face above him. He felt sleepy, warm and absolutely parched.

"You shouldn't have gone to sleep in the sun," Pomona said. "Didn't you even put some sort of sun lotion on yourself first?"

Severus didn't answer, his mind only barely able to understand her question through the haze of sleep and heat. But when he tried to sit up, the pain came. Burning, excruciating pain as if his skin was boiling and melting off of his body, and he stiffened in a position somewhere between sitting and lying.

"Oh dear," Pomona sighed as he whimpered pathetically. "We'd better get something soothing on you."

Severely sunburned from top to toe, it took him a good while to get to his feet, and he walked towards the nearest shaded area with stiff, waddling steps. It turned out to be impossible to get the bathing trunks on without Pomona's help, as no matter how much he tried, or what he did, burned skin was stretched painfully, and he had to give up. Feeling like the biggest idiot and most unlucky person to ever exist, he wordlessly handed her the bathing trunks. He glared at her as she took them, daring her to comment, but to her credit Pomona didn't even crack the smallest of smiles. She merely took the trunks, and helped him get them on, careful not to rub against him. Still, even the lightest touch of the fabric made him hiss in pain, and when it came in contact with his penis, his poor, tortured penis, he wished for the first time that day that he could have just stayed naked.

"Come on, Severus. I've got some aloe vera in my luggage that you can put on it."

"Is it far?" Severus asked, hating the pathetic tone in his voice.

"No, it's not far at all."

All the Cruciatus Curses Severus had suffered by the hand of the Dark Lord, whenever punishment had been deemed necessary, were nothing when compared to the pain of his sunburned skin as he waddled stiffly after Pomona to her hotel while trying to look like he wasn't in any sort of discomfort at all. Yes, the pain caused by the Cruciatus Curse was far more intense than this, but that at least, he knew would stop. This did not stop or go away, and it was bloody undignified too.

Severus wasn't surprised to see that when Pomona had mentioned having aloe vera in her luggage, she had really meant several large potted plants taking up a lot of space in her room. Likely, she had warded them so the Muggle hotel maids wouldn't complain about dirt and plants in there. They probably forgot they had ever seen them as soon as they turned away.

Pomona broke off several large leaves and pointed him towards the bathroom to rub the soothing gel on himself. He tried. Desperately, he tried, but every movement meant agony, and just like with the bathing trunks, he ended up just standing helplessly in the middle of the room.

"How's it going in there?" Pomona asked, knocking on the door.

"Help me!" Severus called back plaintively.

Never before had he suffered so enormous an indignity as to have Pomona Sprout rub his front with aloe for him, every inch of him.

"Just do it," he hissed through gritted teeth and closed his eyes when she hesitated before treating his private bits as well.

Of course she didn't have any potions to deal with the pain, only relying on her stupid plants. He could admit they took a little of the worst stinging, but a potion would have been easier to transport and just as effective, probably more.

Albus could take all his talk about getting out, de-stressing and relaxing, and shove it in a place where Severus would bet Albus had never been sunburned. Severus just wanted to go home, and since he couldn't do that, he had every intention of staying in his hotel room for the rest of this damnable holiday, preferably not even leaving the bed. He knew he wasn't going to get bored at any point, as he would be busy plotting a bloody revenge on Albus Dumbledore, because whichever way he looked at it, Severus invariably arrived at the same conclusion of final and ever-valid truth:

It was all Albus' fault!

Fin

50. I want... Vacation!Snape! Put him on holiday -- on a beach, on Antarctica, on a plane (or two, or three)! It can be gen, het, or slash, but I would love to see what would happen if he met someone from his past...