

Snape's Adventures in La La Land

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Snape gets a makeover. Response to the Makeover SexGod!Snape Challenge.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer Haiku:

JKR made them

I'll put them back when I'm through

Almost good as new.

A/N: This is my response to the Makeover SexGod!Snape Challenge, created by SouthernWitch and PlaidPooka over on Potter Place. It is a parody with gratuitous sex, femme slash, and clichés.

The war had finally ended. Harry Potter had fulfilled his destiny, such as it was, and defeated Voldemort. It had not been easy. It had taken three years; several had lost their lives or been injured in the process.

At the very moment that Voldemort was killed, Dumbledore's portrait sprang awake and began naming his favorite sweets, "Sherbert lemons, Cockroach Clusters, hot cocoa, raspberry jam, Acid Pops, Chocoballs, Fizzing Whizbees, Licorice Wands..." He annoyed the other portraits so, that Phineas Nigellus went through the castle, portrait by portrait, to find Headmistress McGonagall. Dumbledore's portrait revealed to her, that in fact, Professor Snape had been acting on his orders and was not only a true Order member, but also a hero.

So, here is where the story catches up to Professor Severus Snape, ex-Death Eater, ex-Potions master, member of the Order of the Phoenix, and Order of Merlin, First Class. Yes, he was awarded the Order of Merlin right alongside Harry Potter, Charlie Weasley, Remus Lupin, Kingsley Shacklebolt, and Fleur Delacour, for being instrumental in the final battle. The party afterwards was a grand affair, a joyous celebration inside the Hogwarts Great Hall, crowded with hundreds of witches and wizards celebrating the end of the Dark Lord's terror.

There, obscured in the shadows stood Snape, by himself, still feeling like the odd-man-out. He had received a few congratulatory pats on the back, but the bestowers had moved on to have light-hearted conversations around the spiked punch bowl. Of course it was spiked, Fred and George Weasley were there, along with the other usual suspects. Snape's gaze scanned across the room at the groups of people, most of them former colleagues and former students. Then he spotted her, Hermione Granger. She was talking animatedly with Harry, Ginny, Bill, and Fleur. He wondered when he had started seeking her out.

Hermione had become more to him on the night Malfoy had managed to sneak the Death Eaters into Hogwarts. The night he had to make the hardest decision of his life.

Professor Flitwick had come to get him and had collapsed in the excitement. When he opened his office door, there she was with Luna. Her big, brown eyes were full of fear and concern. He had wanted to protect her. He instructed the girls to care for Flitwick and then locked the door behind him. He had to leave Hogwarts that night, but he had thought of her often since. He wondered if she ever thought of him as anything other than the "greasy bat of the dungeons."

He watched her from his corner, occasionally walking by her to refill his punch cup. He never received more than a courteous smile from her. He wanted, no, needed to see her look at him with tenderness and desire in her eyes. After many glasses of punch and several trips to the loo, Severus Snape came to a conclusion. He needed a makeover.

During his days as a Death Eater, he had heard of a place in America called Hollywood. He had heard Voldemort mention it. Evidentially, the Dark Lord had been considering rhinoplasty and had heard through the bryony-vine that California was the place to go.

Snape waited until the next morning to sober up a bit before he attempted long-distance Apparition. He preferred non-stop Apparition, but to get across the Atlantic, and then across the U.S., he had to do puddle-jumping Apparition. He was a little disoriented by the time he arrived, and not just from the constant constrictions of his body. He could have sworn when he left Hogwarts, that it was a cold, rainy March day, and now he was rather warm standing in a sunny, dry alleyway. Worried that he had somehow lost months in his plan to win Hermione, he rushed to the nearest newsstand. It was still March; it just felt like summer, that is, if Scotland was getting exceptionally good weather, for a change. Everyone walking past him had on shorts and sandals and not very much else. Some were walking dogs, some were on wheels, and all of them seemed to be talking on a telephone. He knew a little of the Muggle world from his trips to London, but this was completely foreign to him.

He walked down Hollywood Boulevard. He came upon a large crowd standing outside an ornate building. Everyone seemed to have a camera, and they were taking pictures of the sidewalk. He noticed that there were handprints, footprints, and signatures imprinted in the sidewalk. He recognized the names of a few famous wizards: Julie Andrews, Maurice Chevalier, and Olivia de Havilland. As he got to the front of the crowd, he noticed a marquee that read, "Coming Soon: Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone." He wondered if everyone now knew about Harry Potter. He had not realized that there was a wizarding community in Hollywood. Although, he had heard of a small community Beverly Hills adjacent, maybe they were expanding.

He made his way over to a street called Sunset Boulevard that he had heard mentioned. He thought he might begin his makeover with a new haircut. He had heard enough girls in his past classes giggling about the latest trends and gossip that they had picked-up while at the hair salon. He thought that it was as good a place as any to start.

He walked into the first salon he came to. An appointment was usually necessary, but once the owner saw the dreadful condition of Snape's hair, he took pity and immediately worked him in. Snape's hair was shampooed, snipped, glossed, moussed, and styled. His deep black hair was now lustrous and full-bodied; the shoulder-length cut was swifty and flattering. While there, he spoke with the hairdresser about the rest of his makeover. Luckily, there was a tanning salon a few blocks away. After his golden, spray-on tan dried, Snape headed to Beverly Hills with the name of a good plastic surgeon in his pocket. Not wanting to waste too much time, he decided to just get Botox to help erase some of his scowl lines. The years of being a Death Eater seemed to magically disappear.

Last on his list, for his physical makeover, was a visit to the dentist for a laser teeth whitening. Once complete, Snape looked in the mirror. The change was miraculous. He looked like a tan Roman god with a dazzling smile.

Snape also wanted to please Hermione. The hairdresser had told him of a place a few hours north of Los Angeles called Las Vegas, where women, called showgirls, would show him how to please a woman.

If Snape had thought Hollywood was strange, then Las Vegas was a whole different world. There were millions of Muggle lights in all shapes and colors, loud people, and more hotels than he thought possible. He entered a hotel shaped like a pyramid and was jostled with the flow of people into the casino. A woman approached him and offered him a drink. He asked her about showgirls and she led him to a larger room with a stage. There was some sort of musical production in progress, but nothing like he had ever seen in London. The women were topless and adorned like large birds. There seemed to be plumes everywhere, except their breasts and bottoms. The L.A. hairdresser had not lied; you could buy anything in Las Vegas. He soon found himself backstage talking to two half-dressed, giggling birds of paradise. After very little conversation, Snape was in a room upstairs with two, fully nude, giggling magpies.

"Are you sure you just want to watch?" chick number one said.

"I am strictly observing to learn how to please a woman," replied Snape. "I have always heard that a woman knows best how to truly please another woman."

The girls giggled again and gave him a knowing look before they began kissing and pinching each other's nipples. They fell to the bed and continued kissing, the brunette on top kissing her way down the redhead beneath her, taking a hardened nipple between her teeth and teasing it with her tongue. Her hand slid between the two bodies, cupping the sex of the girl under her, inserting one finger and then two, her thumb applying just the right amount of pressure to her clit. The redhead's breathing became labored as she arched up into the hand thrusting between her legs. Closing her legs, to trap the hand between them, the redhead maneuvered herself on top and turned head down, placing her mouth between the brunette's legs. Snape could just barely make out her tongue flicking in and out along the other's slit. The movement of both girls became rhythmic, urged on by their moans until they collapsed tangled within each other. Snape sat there, watching, with a raging hard-on and a long-distance Apparition between him and Hermione. He began stroking himself through the fabric of his trousers, imagining Hermione. He had to get back and find her. He took a quick, cold shower, for all the good it did, and began his Apparition across 8 time zones.

Snape was exhausted by the time he arrived back home, but he was on a mission. "No rest for the wicked," he thought as he set out to get noticed by one certain, bushy-haired witch. She was not at Hogwarts, although Hagrid said that some of the party revelers had continued on to the Burrow. Snape was desperate to find Hermione, but hoped to Merlin that he would not have to lure her out of a house full of Weasleys. Ginny was the first one to notice his arrival. Snape was convinced that the youngest Weasley was drunk and did not recognize him as she shamelessly flirted.

"Is Hermione here?" asked Snape.

"Her-mi-o-neeee who?" slurred Ginny, batting her eyelashes and smiling sweetly.

"Oh, never mind." Snape tried to scowl. "What about Harry?"

Ginny pointed to an unmoving lump on the couch. Harry had obviously passed out.

A redder than usual Ron spun into the room.

"Hermie went to number twelve. We were supposed to meet her, but too much punch." He sat down on Harry's feet. Neither of them noticed.

Snape quickly Apparated to the street in front of number twelve, Grimmauld Place. Because he was an Order member again, he could come and go from the house at will. He walked through the house and found Hermione asleep in the drawing room, curled up on the couch, surrounded by books, a fire lit in the hearth. Snape reached down to brush the hair away from her face, and she opened her eyes.

"Severus?" she questioned. "Is that you? I didn't think I had that much punch."

"What?"

"Hmmm, I was reading on a hunch," she mumbled.

She sat up and stretched. "I was just having the strangest dream about you and Remus. I mean, I was looking for you after the party ended at Hogwarts."

"Really?" he said, surprised. "I had a few errands to take care of."

Hermione wasn't sure if it was the way the firelight was reflecting off of him, but he had a glow about him. His teeth seemed to sparkle, and his hair was framing his face, not covering it. He was gorgeous. Hermione was suddenly at a loss for words. Here was her former Potions professor, standing over her, looking good enough to eat.

She began fumbling with the books, trying to clear a spot for him to sit. Instead, he pulled her up into a kiss, slow and demanding. Her previous thought came back to her, and she knelt down in front of him, unbuttoning his trousers. He had wanted to please her first, but he had been erect for the better part of 8,800 kilometers; he let Hermione take the lead. Hermione placed a few tentative kisses on the head of his cock before sliding her tongue along the underside of his shaft. She gently cupped his sac in one hand as she sucked his cock into her mouth. He knew he would not last long. He reached down to pull her head away, but as soon as his fingers curled in her hair, she moaned. The vibrations from her mouth shot straight through him, and he lost the last of his resolve, filling her mouth.

Now, he could take his time. He stood Hermione back up and began kissing her again, slowly undressing her, taking in her body. He explored her neck and breasts with both his hands and mouth, nipping at her tender skin and then soothing it with a kiss. When Hermione's face and chest were flushed and her nipples were hard, Snape kissed his way down her stomach, kneeling in front of her, his hands kneading her buttocks. He eased her back the few steps to the couch, sitting her down and spreading her legs apart. He began kissing her knee, working his way up her inner thigh, occasionally sucking or biting. Snape paused at the soft hollow of her thigh, teasing her. He lightly blew across her wet center as he made his way to the other thigh. When he reached her juncture again, Hermione was quivering and trying to angle her hips closer to his mouth. At last, his tongue acquiesced, gliding across her clit, her nub swelling in response. He ran his tongue down her slit, entering her, making her want more. He returned his attention to her clit, circling his tongue while lightly sucking. Hermione's legs were spread so wide that her knees were touching the couch, her head was thrown back, and she was grinding into Snape's mouth. She was on the brink, she wanted more and could not take anymore at the same time; she wanted to scream. Snape instinctively pushed two fingers into her. She instantly tightened around his fingers, her hands grabbing his now silky hair as she found release.

Snape moved Hermione back to lie on the couch. He hovered over her before claiming her lips, his hardened cock pressing at her entrance. Hermione moaned and pulled her knees back, allowing him to thrust into her. She matched his rhythm, wrapping her legs around his thighs. His thrusts, pounding against her nub, sent her over the edge, her orgasm triggering his.

Hermione looked up at Snape. He was sweaty, glowing, and glorious. She wondered why she had never noticed this before. They began kissing again. He maneuvered her over the back of the couch and took her from behind this time. He planned to have Hermione as many ways as possible; he was a sex god, after all.

A/N: Bryony is a medicinal herbal vine whose root resembles Mandrake.

Challenge rules may be found here: [Makeover SexGod!Snape Challenge Rules](#).