

# Skin Deep

*by Lady Whitehart*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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"Dumbledore just can't be dead!"

the stricken teary-eyed fans all said.

How did he slip through death's noose?

He and Snape swapped some Polyjuice.

If death he wanted to escape,

why the heck would he pick Snape?

Was it to save the Potions master

from Unbreakable Vow disaster?

My thanks (and apologies) to my beta team. The things you ladies subject yourselves to in order that others might be entertained.

Warning: Snape abuse and wrinkly, old-people sex.

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### **Skin Deep or Why Dumbledore Really Wanted to Trade Places with Snape**

"Thank you for meeting me here, Severus," Dumbledore said as Snape strode over to him at the prescribed meeting time and place in the Forbidden Forest. "Have you finished brewing a new supply of Polyjuice?"

"I have," the Defense master said in an irritated voice. "I don't see why we need to keep switching bodies."

*Oh, to be back in a body with a fully-functioning penis* Dumbledore thought as he looked at the younger man, a sly smile playing at his lips. He replied brightly, "I assure that it is a very necessary part of my plan to keep you alive, Severus. I know you are getting the raw end of the bargain, but--"

"You take too much for granted, Headmaster," Snape declared through clenched teeth. "Did it ever occur to you that I may not want to do this anymore?"

"Severus, you promised to do what ever it took to defeat Voldemort," the headmaster reminded him. "Now that you are bound by that Unbreakable Vow, you have no choice but to go along with this. One way or another, it will be over by the end of the school year."

Severus glared at him. Death was starting to look like a viable option. He was sick and tired of dragging himself around in Dumbledore's wrinkly, decrepit body. The younger man had come to the conclusion that he certainly did not want to see as many years as the old geezer had. Then again, given his current situation, it was highly unlikely that he would live to see forty. Maybe he should set up an 'accident' for that little wanker, Malfoy, just to get out of this mess.

"Fine," Severus grumbled, handing over a vial of Polyjuice and yanking out a long, oily strand of his hair. "I won't have to deal with Potter, will I?"

"Probably not." Dumbledore offered Snape a long white strand. They added the hairs to their own portion of the potion, waiting for the final reaction. Dumbledore raised his vial. "Cheers then." He grimaced as he swallowed the thick, grayish potion. "Slides down easily."

Snape was about to snarl at him for making a crack about his oily hair--there really wasn't much he could do about it--when he began to feel the painful effects of the potion. Of course, the agony didn't exactly end at the completion of the transformation. Not at all; Snape just gained a whole different range of age-related aches and pains.

"God, your knees are about to go, old man," Snape-as-Dumbledore grumbled with a wince. "We won't even mention your back and left shoulder."

Dumbledore-as-Snape smoothed the front of his robes, grinning. "And you seem to be holding onto a significant amount of sexual tension, Severus."

"Don't you dare touch me!" Snape-as-Dumbledore snapped in indignation as Dumbledore-as-Snape adjusted the sizable bulge in the front of his trousers.

"No wonder you scowl so much," he commented, patting the protuberance appreciatively. "We haven't traded places in nearly a month; one would think you would have splurged on a--"

"I have, not that it's any of your business. I'm warning you," the other wizard barked vehemently, "you are NOT to handle me in any way whatsoever. Not even when you use the toilet."

"Honestly, Severus, you need to relax. We don't actually trade bodies, per se. So if I handle you, I am still really only handling myself. I just happen to inherit the qualities that come along with your body."

*As if that idea is less disgusting*, Snape thought as he tried to block out a sudden mental image of the old man taking said frustrated matters into his own hands. It was at that point that Snape noticed the lack of tension in the old man's body. *Is it just the effects of advanced age, or is the old man getting laid on a regular basis? How appallingly unfair! This old fart can't be getting his wand waxed while I'm left to toss off in the dungeons or pay some second-rate prostitute to tolerate me!*

"Now then, off you go, dear boy. You have a school to run, just like you've always wanted." Dumbledore-as-Snape headed deeper into the Forbidden Forest, pausing to call back over his shoulder. "Don't forget to feed Fawkes while I'm gone!"

"Sod off, you old bugger," Snape-as-Dumbledore grumbled under his breath, stomping back to the castle. "Right now, I would just love to find an opportunity to curse you into oblivion. Leaving me to parade around like some pathetic Father Christmas, while you use my body to do God-only-knows-what." He tripped over a tree root. Cursing loudly, he climbed slowly back to his feet. "Damn! His eyesight is going as well."

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A black-robed figure entered a grungy pub at the far end of Knockturn Alley. Dumbledore-as-Snape couldn't tolerate the tension any more. Granted, Snape wasn't much in the looks department, but honestly, to ignore something so essential to one's well-being... Then again, Snape's generally unkempt appearance was proof-positive the man really didn't take very good care of himself.

At any rate, sex was one of the things Dumbledore still appreciated, and Snape's body was the perfect medium to fulfill his desires. However, while it would hardly be fitting for him to be seen in such a place as himself, no one would think twice about poor, unattractive Severus Snape paying for the company of a woman. He decided this time to go to a place he knew Snape frequented on his off-time. He personally would have rather gone to some place a bit less dodgy, but it would only arouse suspicions if Snape was regularly seen at some of the better establishments. Right now, enough things were aroused--almost painfully so. He headed toward the bar area.

"Sev'rus," the barman greeted him with a knowing grin. "Would you be liking your usual?"

Dumbledore-as-Snape jerked a nod. The barman snapped his fingers, and a hard-faced, grayish-haired woman in a ratty dress shuffled over to them, thrusting her hand out for the tarnished key the barman was holding. "That'll be two Galleons, same as last time."

*Dear God, I need to give him a pay raise, if for no other reason..* He stopped the thought, and lowering his voice to mimic Snape's silky tone, asked, "What can I get for say... ten Galleons?"

"Spending big, eh? Did that tight-fisted old todger finally give you a raise?"

*Tight-fisted old...* Perhaps I should have him continue to give Harry Occlumency lessons for that one, Dumbledore-as-Snape thought testily. "Just get the woman already."

With another snap of his fingers, the barman summoned another woman. This one was much younger; her profession hadn't had an effect on her looks yet. Her coppery hair was neatly combed and her clothing was clean and fashionable. She looked him up and down in shock as she took the room key. Wordlessly, she followed him up the rickety stairs. Once he closed the door behind them, she began to undress, exposing flawless skin and well-proportioned curves. Dumbledore-as-Snape joined her on the bed, reveling in the experienced touch. *Severus you really need to live a little.*

Forty minutes and two rounds later, Dumbledore-as-Snape flopped over beside the young woman, finally feeling the last of Snape's pent-up tension ebbing out of him.

"Feelin' better, sir?" she asked, running her fingers through the dark mat of hair on his chest.

"Much." He suddenly felt a tingling sensation that had nothing to do with the wonderful pleasure he had just experienced. The Polyjuice Potion was beginning to wear off. He slid out of her embrace and off of the bed, looking through the pockets in his robes. One of the pockets was filled with a thick, glutinous mess--the vial containing the potion had broken! Damn it, he had to leave before the potion ran its course. Hastily, he began to dress, without bothering to clean himself off.

"Wait! You leavin' so soon?" the pretty prostitute asked, pouting.

"Sadly, I need to. Tell me your name so I can request your services again," he said, rapidly doing up the buttons of his shirt. She gave him her name, and he dashed out the door, swinging the traveling cloak around his shoulders. The minute he was out of sight, he Apparated back to Hogwarts.

Meanwhile back at the castle....

Snape-as-Dumbledore tried to feed the phoenix, but the bird regarded him with the utmost suspicion. In frustration, he threw the dead mouse down onto the dropping-catcher at the base of the bird's perch. "Fine! Starve to death you stupid, overgrown chicken."

He glared at the flask of Polyjuice, grumbling to himself, "To think Barty slugged down this garbage for almost an entire year."

A knock sounded at the door. *Oh doxy shit! The old man didn't mention any appointments.* Trying to make his voice sound like the headmaster's, he called, "Enter."

The door swung open, and Minerva McGonagall strode in. "Good evening, Albus. This just arrived by owl post, and I thought you would want me to bring it straight up."

*Bloody hell, now what am I going to do? I have no idea what she's talking about. Looks like the old man doesn't trust me as much as I thought.* He cleared his throat. "Let me see it, then."

McGonagall handed him a box wrapped in plain brown paper. She narrowed her eyes at him. "Are you feeling all right, Albus? Your voice sounds a little off."

Clearing his throat again, even more loudly this time, he mumbled something about a head cold coming on. He undid the wrapping, and to his horror, he saw it contained a bottle of Madame Erotica's Erection 'E-licks-er.

*Mother of Merlin! Dumbledore and McGonagall have been secretly shagging all this time? Deputy Headmistress, my arse* he thought, a vindictive plan to taunt the old lady once he was himself again forming in the back of his mind. "This is very wonderful, Professor McGonagall. Perhaps we can enjoy this later... after you make your curfew rounds?"

"Now, Albus," McGonagall whispered, seductively running her hands down over his chest, "we have plenty of time before we need to make an appearance in the Great Hall."

Snape-as-Dumbledore backed up against the desk, panic flooding him as she uncapped the bottle and handed it to him. He took a swig, hoping like anything that it wouldn't work. No such luck! A tidal wave of sensation--the likes of which he hadn't felt in his own body since his teens--crashed over him.

*This cannot be happening!* he thought--alarm battling desire--as the old woman began lifting his robes. He was about to have sexual intercourse with his professor-turned-colleague. He gasped at her expert touch. Who would have thought that prim and proper Minerva McGonagall would be so gifted in the ways to pleasure a man. Snape-as-Dumbledore gladly submitted to her astonishingly proficient skills. *Oh, what the hell... At least I don't have to pay for it for a change.*

Half an hour later, the tangled pile of sweaty, wrinkled flesh and robes stirred. McGonagall, her tight bun askew, sat up and began fumbling around in the pile of robes for her wand. With a quick wave she was returned to her prim and proper self.

"That was worth every Galleon," she said, dressing once again in her robes. Shockingly, Snape-as-Dumbledore found himself agreeing. As disgusting as this had first seemed, he was pleasantly surprised with the results. Perhaps he should order some before his next foray into Knockturn Alley--a bit more gonk for his Galleon. "I'll leave you to tidy up. It won't do for us to be seen arriving in the Great Hall at the same time."

He made to dig his wand out of the layers of fabric, stopping when he realized her seeing the wand would be a dead give-away to his identity. He kept it carefully concealed from her sight. Not that it mattered--she had already left. With a satisfied sigh, Snape-as-Dumbledore cleaned himself off with a wave of the wand and began pulling the robes back on. No sooner had he tightened the belt than he began to feel the tingling sensation that signaled the Polyjuice Potion wearing off. He was getting ready to take a swig of the foul stuff when Dumbledore-as-Snape burst into the office. The door closed behind them, and the transformation began.

"It's about bloody time!" Snape snarled, waving his wand so that they were in their correct clothing. "What kept you?"

"I ran into a bit of trouble, and--"

"My robes reek of sex!" the younger man accused. "Is this why you've been trading places with me--to get your jollies? As if you need to leave the castle for that."

"What are you talking about?" the old man asked warily.

"McGonagall came by with a little present for you from Madame Erotica's Boutique. Is that why she's Deputy Headmistress?" he fumed, spelling the offending odors off of his clothing.

"Oh dear, what happened?"

"She accosted me!" The old man blanched at these words. "You should be ashamed of yourself, cavorting with a woman half your age!"

"Severus, that is not your concern."

The younger wizard protested, "It is when it's riding me like a rented Hippogriff."

"You didn't!"

"Sadly, yes."

"I suggest that, for both of our sakes, we try to pretend none of this ever happened. I will never ask you to do this again. I promise."

"Fine." Severus turned on his heel and stormed out of the office.

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Later that evening, as Severus was finishing his evening meal, he noticed a strand of the headmaster's long, white hair clinging to his robe. He eyed the prissy Head of Gryffindor, as she watched the students with her hawk-like gaze. Time for a bit of amusement.

He excused himself and made it a point to walk past McGonagall on his way out. He stopped by her chair and pretended to pick the hair off of her. "Gracious, Professor," he said, quirked an eyebrow and whispered silkily over her shoulder. "How ever did you get one of the headmaster's hairs on your clothing? We wouldn't want any rumors to get started now would we?"

He smirked as the goblet of pumpkin juice slipped from her fingers and smashed on the floor. Oh yes, revenge was going to be sweet.