

## Harry Potter: The Room of Replicas

Harry leaned back against the wall of the Room of Requirement with a groan, trying to catch his breath. As his exhaustion sunk in, keeping him from even thinking about moving, his mind began to wonder down the well-worn paths that he'd been actively trying to avoid by coming here to practice his battle magic in the first place. Clearly, doing so had only delayed the inevitable, so he gave in and let himself brood.

Coming back to Hogwarts for his 'eighth' year had been a mistake.

He'd thought that returning and completing his education would give him a chance to relax back into normal life as the rest of the wizarding world picked itself back up from the war's aftermath. That the draconian measures the staff had employed to make sure their returning 'eighth year' students could finish their broken-off education in peace would help shield him from the thousands of mewling morons that wanted him to fix everything. And, to be completely fair to both himself and the staff, that part of things had actually worked out nicely. Hopefully, by the time he was forced back into the madhouse of the rest of the wizarding world, the calls for him to become the new 'leader of the light' will have lost some of their near-religious fervor.

Unfortunately, he'd failed to account for two *other* problems his returning to Hogwarts would cause. First, and the one he really should have realized from the start, was the hero-worship of both the staff and students. He'd been forced to finally face up the reality that he was never going to be 'normal' again. Women wanted him, children looked up to him, men wanted to be him, and he hated...most of it. Which, of course, pointed to the other issue. The one he legitimately couldn't have predicted. It totally was NOT his fault!

He was fucking *horny*.

As near as he'd been able to figure out, the horcrux in his head had been actively stunting his growth in a lot of ways, and with it gone his magic was rapidly forcing his body to catch up. The plus side was that his eyesight was actually rapidly getting better, with Madam Pomfrey informing him that it may actually heal completely to the point he didn't need glasses. Though he wasn't there yet. He'd also grown almost two inches and put on several stone of muscle. All of which were nice. As was the increased clarity of thought that came from his mind not constantly using part of its focus to fight off the horcrux from influencing him.

Unfortunately, the downside was that he'd apparently only gone through a very mild, suppressed version of puberty when he was younger...and all the hormones he'd missed out on were flooding his system at an accelerated rate. All at a time when he was constantly having to dodge love potions and had beautiful women constantly trying to get in his pants, mostly for his fame and money. Sure, like any guy, he wasn't protesting that he'd gotten an upgrade in the trouser department along with it. Going from a very average 5" cock to an 8.5" inch monster. But the fact that he'd had to *tie that monster to his leg* so his near-constant erection wasn't obvious to everyone else was *very* off-putting.

If only Ginny and Neville hadn't gotten together. Maybe then he could have just bent the cute redhead over a desk and...

No! Bad Harry. This was exactly why he'd been trying to work himself to exhaustion! Only...the increase in magic that was *also* coming from being free of the horcrux made it hard for that to stick. Even now, as his thoughts struggled not to spiral towards Ginny's bent-over ass, his magic had almost completely refilled and was rapidly revitalizing his body. He groaned as he felt his cock twitching again. What he really needed was a...

He blinked as the room changed. He stared, scrambling up...only to gulp as he really processed what he was seeing. Rows upon rows of women. *Naked* women. Most of them ones he recognized and all looking incredibly life-like. His mind slowly unfroze as he tried to figure out what was going on, brow furrowing in concentration as he worked it out. Ah, he'd really *needed* something while in the Room of Requirement. But surely...? Knowing he really probably shouldn't but unable to help himself, he moved closer to the figures. He quickly turned away from the far too tempting replicas of Hermione and Ginny that started out the first row, instead focusing on the familiar forms of his former chaser teammates. He'd long ago seen most of their bodies in changing rooms, and as such he was far more easily able to push down his guilt as he examined them.

The likeness was remarkable, though they seemed slightly younger than the last time he'd seen them. Perhaps this was them as of the last time they were physically in Hogwarts? That would make sense, he supposed. As he tentatively shuffled closer, he noted that the replicas seemed to be staring straight ahead...but were actually lifelike enough that they were *breathing*. A fact that he admittedly noticed mostly because his eyes kept drifting down to their naked chests. As well as...farther down.

As he reached touching distance, he hesitated, but quickly gave in, his god-awful horniness suppressing his more gentlemanly instincts. His hand came up, a bit shakily, and...cupped one of Alica's breasts. He yelped and pulled his hand away when the figure came to life and smiled at him a moment later! After a few wild seconds, he realized the figure had gone back to its 'rest' state the moment he released her, and tentatively reached out again. This time, he steeled his nerves and didn't let go when the replica animated, smiling at him as it met his eyes.

Fascinated, he decided to see just how real its reactions were, squeezing the breast in his grasp a bit. The replica reacted immediately by mewling and pressing her chest into his hand, so he moved his fingers to her nipple and began playing with it. 'Alica's' breathing deepened as breathy little moans slipped between her lips at his actions, growing louder as he shifted his attentions around, seeing what she liked the most. He continued for several minutes, even getting his other hand involved on her other breast, before he finally shook himself out of his fascinated daze and stepped back. He swore he saw the figure pout for a moment before it went back to its 'rest' state.

Harry's cock throbbed as he fought with himself. Here was a possible solution to his problem...but there were some definite morality questions about this. He moved away from the chaser trio, trying to reduce his temptation as he struggled with what to do. As he did, however, he unconsciously began to examine the rows of woman, noting who was present and who was not. He was thankful beyond words that none of the younger girls he knew were present, the gallery seeming to be made up entirely of those his own age or older. Likely the room responding to his own tastes, which he'd realized recently tended to run to older woman, though not always much older. Possibly a reaction to his breakup with Ginny, he supposed.

As he walked through the rows, he noted a number of his classmates. Padme and Parvati Patil, who had returned to Hogwarts after the war. Lavender Brown, Susan Bones, Daphne Greengrass...that last caused him to pause and whistle at just how stacked and sculpted the blonde Slytherin apparently was. Seriously, either she was good with illusions or the school robes were a genuine crime against nature! Prying his eyes away, he turned from his schoolmates to others. A slightly younger Fleur Delacour that he had to tear his eyes away from, Nymphadora Tonks who's cheerful face caused his heart to ache, Gwynn Jones and...Narcissa Malfoy?

He blinked in shock as he stopped in front of that particular replica. Objectively, as he scanned her naked body, he had to admit that she was fairly attractive, particularly without the tiredness that had seemed to haunt her from the war. Idly, he wondered what the woman had looked like when she was younger...then yelped and jumped in shock as the figure morphed in front of him! It took him a moment to realize what had happened, then he murmured appreciatively at the young raven-haired beauty now standing before him. He guessed this new version must be roughly his own age...and she was *definitely* a stunner. Long black hair, pale skin, an impish smile...and a spectacular set of knockers. Double-Ds, easily, and possibly a bit larger than that. He'd never totally understood bra sizes. Something he suspected was true of all men.

As he examined the woman, he suddenly realized that, unlike with Alica...he didn't feel any guilt at all in looking her over. Perhaps because she was an enemy, at least of sorts? Or maybe because *this* Narcissa...Black probably rather than Malfoy given her apparent age...was basically a stranger to him? Either way, with the ache in his cock returning full-force, he realized that maybe he had a solution after all. Taking a long few seconds to consider and make his decision, he finally nodded to himself, then willed the Room of the Requirement to change. It shifted around him, all the other replicas swiftly fading out of existence even as an opulent bedroom took the place of the stone hall they had been standing in. Meanwhile, the replica of Narcissa Black actually gained clothes...though of the most revealing sort. An extremely sheer black negligee formed over her body, with a pair of crotchless panties visible through the mostly-transparent material. A black leather collar, complete with a visible lock and a lightning bolt pendant, completed the erotic ensemble. As the room settled into place, showing a bedroom fit for an ancient and honored lord, the replica of Narcissa blinked to life fully and gracefully glided to her knees, eyes demurely pointed down at the carpet in front of Harry's feet.

"Master has returned! What does milord wish of his serving girl?"

Harry swallowed the lump of nerves in his throat, doing his best to be commanding as he spoke, even if he was feeling a tiny bit silly. "I am weary, prepare a bath for me...and then prepare yourself for me afterward."

Narcissa looked up, eyes shining with eagerness as she responded. "Of course! Right away, milord!"

Without farther delay, the replica sprung upward, practically bouncing as she made for a door on one side of the bedroom. As he stared at her pert, heart-shaped rear departing, Harry spared one last thought to what he was actually doing...then set aside any qualms he might have had and followed after that delectable rear.

By the time he arrived in the attached bathing room, all granite and marble elegance, the sunken tub reminiscent of the prefect's bath, only smaller, was already filled with steaming water. It could never have filled that fast naturally, of course, but in the Room of Requirement that was hardly an issue. The bright-eyed and smiling Narcissa replica was waiting for him, now naked save for a tiny towel and her slave/servant collar. He let his gaze rake her body appreciatively, no longer holding back in his examination, and smirked a little in approval. He wondered if Malfoy's mom had really been this smoking hot when she was this age. If she had been, the fact that Draco was an only child was the strongest possible proof that his father was one hundred percent poofer. Which would explain quite a few other things, come to think of it.

He enjoyed the hint of a blush his frank assessment caused the replica...and enjoyed it even more when, after he stripped and stepped into the sunken bath, she followed him in. He was faced away from her when the towel fell away, but he saw it drift by even as he felt her bared breasts pressing into his back. She murmured something in his ear, but he didn't catch what, and it didn't really matter either. She was doing what he desired, after all...and that was to slowly wash the sweat off his body, her hands frequently caressing his skin, teasing every part of him. He closed his eyes and basked in the half-massage/half-washing from the beautiful replica. When her hands finally made it to his cock, he groaned in relief, pleasure becoming all he could feel as soft hands stroked his painfully-hard erection. He didn't last long, as he'd known he wouldn't, quickly adding spurts of cum to the water around them. Of course, as was frequently the case of late, his cock barely flagged, his wildly thrumming magic pulsing through his body, revitalizing its every cell.

After a few moments to catch his breath, he spun around with a grin, enjoying the squeak from the Narcissa construct as he scooped her up and carried her to the edge of the sunken tub, placing her on its ledge and spreading her legs wide. There, he got his first really close look at a 'real' pussy, noting that hers was one of the rarer types from the nudie mags he'd gotten his hands on, her inner lips completely inside the outer, giving her a very smooth and sleek look that he'd always liked. Willing her reactions to be as real and accurate as possible, figuring he might as well learn something for later use in life (hopefully), he reached forward to run his fingers along her outer lips. She squirmed a little, but otherwise didn't react much, telling him they must not be overly sensitive, at least for her. Intrigued, he spent the next half an hour playing with the replica woman's pussy, exploring it inside and out with first his fingers, and then his tongue. He made note of what made the replica truly react and how strong those reactions were...and when he thought he had it mostly figured out, he set about repeating the things it had liked the most.

It turned out he hadn't quite gotten the hang of it, as its reactions seemed to change as the replica got more and more aroused, but he doubled down on his efforts to learn and soon had Narcissa moaning continually. Eventually, as he focused almost solely on her clit with his tongue and plunged fingers into her pussy, she began panting and begging for more...and then seemed to come positively unglued as she shrieked his name to the ceiling, her legs reflexively tightening around his head to trap him there. He kept up his efforts through what he assumed must be her climax, only stopping when she seemed to grow too sensitive and pushed him away. Standing, he smirked down at her, enjoying the sight of her heaving breasts as she tried to recover. With a grin, he stood properly, scooping the light-weight replica up in his arms, causing it to squeak again. With careful strides, he left the baths and headed back into the bedroom. Both of them were still wet...but after he tossed her gently onto the

bed, he wandlessly summoned his wand to him and took care of that with a pair of silent flicks, leaving them both dry and 'Narcissa' splayed out on the bed in one of the hottest poses he'd ever seen.

Grinning, he flicked his wand again, causing thin black ropes to spring from the tip and attach to her wrists, the other ends flying to two of the bed corners and tying themselves off. With the replica naked save for her collar, and now helplessly spread before him, he crawled onto the bed. Checking with his fingers, he found his toy already wet and ready for him. After a moment of awkward scrambling, that had him blushing despite the lack of anyone to see, he figured out how best to mount her. After a few moments of running his cock along her outer lips, he slid home into her tight body with a long groan. He stilled at the overwhelmingly *new* sensations around his cock, even as another part of his brain viscerally enjoyed the replica's own drawn-out moan.

She was incredibly, deliciously tight. In fact, only now, as the walls of her sex contracted unconsciously, squeezing him, did he really fully understand those words in relation to sex. As he tried to adjust to the sensations, so that he didn't just embarrassingly fire off again immediately, some insane part of him wondered as the lack of the whole hymen thing. Had he wished it away from the replica since it sounded violent and unpleasant? Or had the real Narcissa already been *experienced* at this age? That thought and all its implications nearly unmade his efforts at getting himself under control. To distract himself, he opened his eyes and focused on the construct's heaving chest. He shifted his weight so he could free one hand from holding himself up, raising it to cup one of her exquisitely-shaped tits, playing with the rock hard nipple and enjoying the sensations her renewed moans sent shuddering through her body and into his cock.

Eventually, he felt he'd managed to both center himself enough, and work her up enough, that he felt confident in beginning a slow withdraw, followed by an equally slow second thrust. Somehow, he powered through the sensations, his earlier climax having helped take the edge off, though not as much as he would have thought. He groaned as he felt every millimeter of her walls slide over his sensitive cockhead, squeezing down on his shaft as he hilted himself that second time. Then, he repeated the motion a third time, a fourth, a fifth, a slow but steady rhythm building even as moans spilled from the replica's lips in sync with his own helpless groans of pleasure. Slowly, ever so slowly, he picked up the pace of his thrusting, somehow holding out through all the new sensations for several minutes. He could somehow tell that she wanted him to thrust faster, and he tried to comply, eventually building up to a speed that caused her to thrash against him as much as she could, still bound as she was.

Already feeling that his point of no return was rapidly approaching, he somehow managed to focus through the pleasure. His hand, which had been mindlessly groping her chest, now drifted down her body. She might not be 'real,' but that would make it even more bloody embarrassing if he couldn't make her cum before him! His fumbling, inexperienced fingers struggled to find her clit, distracted as he was. But, when she gasped and bucked into him, he instinctively knew he must have brushed it and doubled back. Finding that magic button, he diddled it even as he felt himself cross the limits of his control. Even as his vision blurred and the first burst of cum raced down his shaft and into her core, he felt Narcissa's pussy tighten spasmodically and heard her cry out her own climax, again howling his name to the ceiling even as her back arched powerfully, almost tossing him off even as he continued to pump cum into her. He hugged her to him unconsciously, sheathing himself fully in her as both of their climaxes seemed to go on forever. And then it was finally over, and he lay panting on top of her on the bed.

It took a few minutes of struggle to get his eyes open again, and when he finally managed it, he was struck by how gorgeous a sex-tousled Narcissa Black was. Yep. Lucious Malfoy was obviously more bent than a hula hoop. Either that or the wizarding world had some *seriously amazing* contraceptives and neither of them liked kids. He grinned madly at the thought...then sighed and reluctantly willed the room to change again. To his own surprise, while Narcissa's replica faded...the room reverted to the rows of other replicas instead of his training room. Admittedly, he was still a little horny...but he probably ought to take some time to process all of this before he did something he might feel guilty about later. While, something *else* he might feel guilty about later.

Even with that thought, he couldn't help but idly look over the rows of women, drinking in the aches of gorgeous flesh available to him, mentally mapping who else apparently had places in his fantasies, assuming that's what the room was drawing on. There were some missing, like that muggle woman that ran the corner store in Surrey with the *seriously perfect* tits. He'd had plenty of dreams about her, for sure. But...she'd also never been to Hogwarts. Perhaps the Room could only reproduce those that had walked its halls? It would certainly explain the ages of many of the figures which he could barely recognize, being more familiar with those features on older faces, instead of this sea of mostly eighteen and nineteen year-olds.

Shaking off the thought, he finally focused enough for the replicas to all disappear, returning him to his usual training hall. Well, his training hall plus the huge bed he was sitting on. Grinning at how out of place it was, he finally forced himself to stand, the bed fading out of existence once he did. With a full-body stretch that caused a dozen high-satisfying popping noises and sensations from all over his body, he set about figuring out where his clothes had gotten off to...

End...Part 1?