

Reflections in a Golden Frame

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After Harry Potter spends too much time staring at his family, The Mirror of Erised finds itself banished to a dungeon with stone walls, no rats, and a lot of memories.

1

Chapter 1 of 1

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The old man took his beard and his twinkling eyes and his torch and headed out of the dungeon, the light following him. Finally he was gone, leaving nothing behind in the gloom except four stone walls and a Mirror.

It was a towering Mirror. It was a grand Mirror. It was nothing short of a Magnificent Mirror, from the top of its ornate gold frame to the tip of its shining golden claw feet.

Shining golden feet that the Magnificent Mirror was, at the moment, stamping.

Yes, the Mirror stamped Its feet. And then It stamped them again for good measure. If a mirror could look, this Mirror would have looked downright outraged.

But of course, a mirror can't look. It can only be Looked At and Looked In, constantly pestered by tiresome people searching for their silly Hearts' silly Desires.

Like the old man. Oh, he may have told that foolish little boy that when he looked into the Mirror of Erised, he saw himself receiving socks, but only an innocent child (and a feeble-minded one at that, from the look of him) would believe such a cockamamie story.

The Mirror didn't buy the sock fable for a minute, obviously. For one thing, It had been there to see the old man's real Desire, hadn't It? Of course, the old man had been a young man when he'd had his first turn at the Mirror, but the Desires the Mirror showed hi...well, they weren't about socks, that's all the Mirror had to say.

And now, not only had the once-young-now-old man lied to the imbecilic child, but he had seen fit to banish the Mirror to this depressingly-grim empty dungeon...as *Erised* was the one who had done something wrong! As if Erised could help it that people insisted on Looking In and searching for their pathetic Hearts' Desires.

The Mirror could be stuck here for centuries...*centuries*, mind you, while the damp dulled Its lovely gold claw-feet, and Its shimmering surface was Looked Into by nothing but a crumbling stone wall and perhaps the occasional vermin.

Walls and vermin. What good were they? Everyone knew that stone walls had no Hearts to Desire with, and as for rats, the only things they ever saw in the Mirror were mounds of disgusting food. Even a single rat looking at its Heart's Desire left the Mirror feeling bilious for days.

Erised stamped Its still-gleaming foot again. Stupid old man. Did he really believe that entombing the Mirror in this dungy wasteland was going to keep people from seeking It out? Poppycock. As long as anyone had a heart to yearn with...which was to say, as long as there was anyone who lived and breathed...people would always find their way to the Mirror of Erised.

Sooner or later, their restless, desperate longings would send people out searching, seeking a Mirror that many of them didn't yet know existed. They would find themselves standing, blinking, in front of the glorious frame and the elegant claw feet, and they would Look In.

The silvery glass in the shiny ornate frame would not be un-looked-at for long.

All righty, then. No need to despair just yet. Tedious as most people's Desires might be, they at least provided variety. And some provided even more. A *great* deal more.

The Mirror could tell you stories...hoh, boy, could It tell stories. Take that old man, for instance. Dumblebumble, or whatever he called himself. Now *there* was a story. It had been many years since he'd last Looked Into Eris, but there'd been a time when he was a fairly frequent visitor...

A young professor, Dumblebumble had been, in his Mirror-Looking days. He'd stand there in front of the glass, tall and straight, with that red hair tumbling down his back and more red hair furring his chest and framing his nicely-stiff cock.

Yes, he'd strip himself down and stand buck naked in front of the Mirror. Then he'd watch his Desire...golden-haired bad boys and fawning masses, if the Mirror recalled correctly, and It did...and pump himself (and Eris) to a screaming climax.

Socks, the Mirror's gilded arse.

Of course, Eris had had long since ceased to be surprised at how many people's Hearts' Desires required them to bare their bodies and touch themselves while they looked at whatever it was they wanted.

Oh, the Mirror had seen some fine, fine flesh in Its time...generations of lean-hipped schoolboys with bobbing cocks, leggy girls, lushly-fleshed matrons with round, creamy breasts and generous curves, old men who knew their best days were behind them and who consequently Desired things with an often-greater intensity than the young. From time to time, there'd even been the odd ghost, although ghosts' outlines were so faint that they rarely provided the Mirror with more than a mildly-pleasant tickle.

No, for mind-blowing explosions of glassy bliss, one needed living beings. That was the best part of this whole "Heart's Deepest Desire" thing: while people and elves Looked Into the Mirror and yearned, the Mirror got to Feel.

Every stroke, every thrust, every deliciously-cool dab of lube and sweetly-hot bit of dripped wax...as long as Eris was being Looked Into, It got to Feel the lot. There wasn't a single bit of pleasure that a Desiring Heart felt that the Mirror didn't also feel. Men's pleasure, women's pleasure...it didn't matter which; Eris felt it all, every hip-bucking, cock-twitching, nipple-pinching moment of it.

Now, of course, there were a few things that the Mirror would have been just as glad *not* to feel, truth be told. Take that strange red-headed family, for instance. The most recent member of it had visited just a couple of nights ago. There'd been nothing odd about *him*, though...just eleven years old, so he'd wanted only typical childish things: to win at games and be admired and similar silliness.

But his mother...ah, the Mirror had had high hopes of her. Busty, she'd been as a girl, with masses of curling hair and that sort of wide mouth that evidently made many men think about what they could do to fill it. Yes, Eris had quite looked forward to whatever it was that *her* little Heart was going to fancy.

It turned out, though, that her Desires simply didn't bear thinking about. The Mirror still recalled with horror the moment when the Molly-girl had Looked Into Its shimmering depths...and the gorgeous ornate gold frame had been stabbed by a claw-foot-curling pain in Its middle. Oh, it had been torture, sheer torture.

Such had been the depraved Desire of the Molly-girl's twisted heart: not sex, not pleasure...babies! She Looked In and saw herself having babies. And found her pleasure in the anticipated agony of it! The Mirror had nearly cracked Itself in shock at the pain, and what a shame *that* would have been. A crack could have taken decades to mend, and who knows how it might have mucked up the refraction patterns?

Well, the Molly-girl had had her babies, all right, far too many of them. And some turned out to be just as perverse as their mother. That second son, for instance. Perverse. Oh, he might have been all hard abs and tight arse, but he was perverse all the same.

His Heart's Desire had been to work with dragons. Fine. No problem there. But why did he have to think about that Desire while lying flat on his naked back and imagining dragons shooting tongues of flame within millimetres of his throbbing cock? The Mirror had been nearly burned! Would it have killed Mr Tight-Arse-With-the-Dragon-Tattoo to bring himself off with just his own hand? Why did he have to nearly blister the Mirror's gilding?

Still, the Mirror reflected, not everyone caused It pain. There was plenty of unadulterated pleasure to be had. Like that Quidditch woman, the one with the yellow eyes. Let her see herself catching the tournament-winning Snitch at the World Cup, and she'd do things with a broom you could hardly credit.

Sometimes the Mirror was lucky enough to get two for the price of one. Those two odd blonds, for example, both of them with hair so long and silky that one could hardly tell the male from the female. They'd coupled right there in front of Eris, and since they had both seen the same Desire...Pureblood heirs, galleon-filled Gringotts vaults, Manors, white peacocks, yada, yada...the Mirror had felt it doubly when they came, cock and cunt together. Glorious, that had been.

Of course, it wasn't all hard bodies and pert breasts. Not by any means. There was that saggy, scary, one-legged man...the Auror...and frankly, he had it all over some of those younger boys, one eye or no one eye. Sought out the Mirror whenever he had reason to visit the Castle, he did: so he could watch himself bed his Heart's Desire, a.k.a. the Transfiguration professor.

Now, the Professor was a little too sharp-edged for the Mirror's taste, although It could admit that she had a certain angular appeal. But she definitely did the trick for the one-eyed Auror. No one could touch that man for sheer wanking stamina. When he came, roaring like a hyena, the Mirror literally shook on its beautifully-arched feet.

Yes, the oldsters could sometimes put the youngsters to shame when it came to physical prowess. And when it came to the "Most Amazing Desire" department, too. Why, if the Magnificent Mirror had been able to talk (and stone walls had been able to listen), Eris could have curled the wall's rocky ears with the story of that little Charms professor and his astounding...

Well, that was a tale for another day. The Mirror was getting far too warm for comfort, even here in the dank dungeon, and no way did it want to have to wait around in state of unsated excitement. The last time the Mirror had been left too long unsatisfied, It had found Itself eventually getting off on the sight of copulating spiders. How embarrassing was *that*...not to mention nauseating...to have a sexual response to watching a female arachnid eat its mate?

Still, this little trip down memory lane had been helpful. The Mirror felt calmer now. It might be stuck alone in a dungeon at the moment, but sooner or later, people would be back. Desiring things. Becoming aroused. Pleasuring the Mirror.

Eris did wish, though, that the dratted Dumblebumble had at least had the courtesy to leave an ordinary looking glass propped on the opposite wall. That way, maybe the Mirror could finally be the one doing the Looking. After all, if one was going to endure a tedious wait, one might as well spend the time Looking At something worth Looking At.

Like a magnificent Mirror in an ornate gilded frame, with elegant golden claw feet.

The fairest of them all.