

The Metamorph Next Door

*This fic's premise is inspired by the webtoon/pornhwa titled **The Gacha Girl Next Door**/이웃집 가차걸 by **malgwang** and their artist **hip**. Please check them out.*

Story Starts

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Chapter 2.3

The Retail Therapy

Waifu of the Week: Fleur Delacour

Disclaimer: In this story, Hogwarts begins at age 12, so by the time they graduate from 7th year, they'd be at least 18, given that Voldemort destroyed Hogwarts. Harry Potter starts his Magical Master's at age 20, Nymphadora (don't call her that) is a bit older than him here.

~3rd Person POV~

After a few quick cleaning charms—Tonks even casting a light Aguamenti to wash down what she called 'Harry's sticky gunk' still coating her throat—Harry peeked outside to see if the coast was clear. He slipped out of the cramped changing room, leaving Tonks the tight cubicle to wriggle into her things.

Bump. A hip knocked into his—Tonks re-emerging in her old outfit, grinning like the cat that got the canary.

“Oi, you buying that lot, then?” Harry snorted, nodding at the bundle of clothes in her arms. “And maybe, just maybe, you might want to look like the same girl who walked in?”

“Oh... bugger, forgot.” She darted behind him, skin flickering as she slipped back into disguise with all the subtlety of Weasleys’ Wildfire Whiz-bangs in a library.

“Are you bloody mental? There are cameras here,” Harry hissed, keeping his voice tight and low.

Tonks’s response was a cheeky smile. “Oh, lighten up. Those CCTV cameras barely capture any details; it’s most likely just a deterrent—probably.”

Harry just fixed her with the deadest stare he could muster.

She shrugged, fingers darting back to pinch his arse. “Merlin, Potter. Freshly shagged and still this tense? Come on, let’s pay. I still need to switch to Fleur to purchase her a wardrobe.” With a bounce in her step, she strutted off to the counter. Harry sighed and followed, shaking his head.

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By the time they hopped out of the thestral-drawn carriage, the sun was dipping low. The skeletal equines snorted, wings folding with eerie elegance before wheeling away. In the aftermath of such a violent civil war, these sights had become almost mundane. Even the younger students at Hogwarts could now see these creatures.

Depressing thoughts aside, he followed Tonks as he carried half of today’s purchases, most of them for Fleur.

After their tumble in the changing room and Tonks paying for her clothes, she morphed into Fleur as they ducked into a Primark—sending a ripple of attention through the aisles. Harry dogged her steps while she raided racks with glee, tossing shirts, knickers and bras, while he collected a basket more out of obligation than interest.

Later, they stopped by the food court. Harry settled for a burger and some chips, while Tonks had some beer-battered haddock, chips, and mushy peas.

Harry could admit that Tonks's earlier claim that Fleur was 'to die for' was no exaggeration. During the Triwizard Tournament, Harry didn't really participate in the revelry. After all, it was basically a glorified blood sport.

The very notion of the first task remained grotesque: adolescents pitted against dragons for the entertainment of others. At the time, Harry had pitied Neville's naïveté in seeking entry into a tournament with so grim a history—he had been scarcely fifteen.

Later, of course, it emerged that Neville hadn't entered his own name—another apparent assassination attempt, spun by one of Voldemort's followers, according to Dumbledore. Though Harry could distinctly remember Neville bragging about the night his name came out of the Goblet.

'Either way, not my problem,' Harry decided, trailing Tonks on the walk back to the student housing. His eyes caught the deliberate sway of her hips a few paces ahead, her gait exaggerated as her arse shifted within the confines of her tight dress.

During the Tournament, Fleur had been little more than a name to him. He'd slipped away from most gatherings, retreating to the library or back to the dormitory with a book. He hadn't seen the point in going to the Yule Ball, keeping his distance.

Other than the brief time he looked up from his textbook when her name was announced as champion, or the times she hovered in his periphery during meals, Fleur had remained little more than a name he overheard among classmates.

But when Tonks morphed into her form, seeing Fleur up close—even without a hint of Veela allure—was staggering. At last, Harry understood what all the fuss had been about.

Fleur's face was a sculpted oval, her cheekbones high, lashes so long they brushed the air when she blinked. Her eyes, a pale, icy blue, caught the light like crystalline shards, arresting in their clarity. Below them, a small patrician nose led to full, plush lips, curved with a natural sensuous pout.

Her hair spilt in silken waves of platinum silk, falling against porcelain skin untouched by blemish. And the figure Tonks carried in her borrowed form was no less exacting: breasts heavy and high, pressing hard at the seams; a narrow waist cinched to flare into lush hips; thighs sleek with strength above legs that went on, elegant and unending.

Back on Hogwarts grounds, Tonks slipped back into her usual form, though she'd kept Fleur's voluptuous proportions—scaled neatly to her smaller frame.

That was the problem. All through the day, she'd been relentless: flashing porcelain glimpses of skin, brushing his crotch with 'careless' touches, playing footsie beneath the food-court table—her bare feet slowly sliding up and down his calves. Each tease had been intentional, and Harry knew it.

The gleam in her eyes gave her away when she bent to inspect a pair of shoes, her tight arse brushing deliberately against his crotch, and Merlin, it nearly killed his restraint. He all but gave in to the urge to haul her into another changing room—or some disused loo—and keep at her until she broke and gasped out her daft little safeword: Toucan.

By the time they reached the student flats, Harry figured he'd at least get the chance to work off everything she'd wound him up with. Knowing Tonks, that had been the bloody point from the start.

As they climbed the staircase, Tonks suddenly stopped. Harry glanced up to find her wearing an exaggeratedly innocent look, the sort of expression that always spelt trouble.

“Yeah, hand me the bags. I’ll send these off to Fleur for now. We might order in some dinner, so don’t wait up.”

She leaned closer, her cleavage squarely at eye level. Bending forward to grab the paper bags—as Harry involuntarily lifted them to meet her halfway—she tilted further, lips brushing Harry’s ear as hot breath inflamed his patience.

“I’ll see you later,” she purred, nipping at his ear before darting up to the next floor. A playful wink over her shoulder was the last thing he saw before she vanished around the corner.

“Fuck,” Harry groaned, dragging a hand over his face. His divination expertise told him one thing clearly: a cold shower loomed in his immediate future—a long, miserable, freezing one.

“Fuck!”

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Harry sat propped against the headrest of his bed, wrapped in a blanket after a long, icy shower. His free arm reached for the lit joint, tapping it carelessly against the ashtray while smoke curled around him.

His other hand cradled the length of his wand under the sheets, held with an idle possessiveness, its shaft hard yet familiar against his fingers, and with a practised swish, the page turned itself as he took a long drag. The thick, leather-bound volume from the Black family library hovered obediently, held aloft by a charm.

Tonight's reading? Binding magic: cuffs and cords, pinning charms, elegant little hexes that made bodies behave. Petty as hell, but he was still stewing—itching to pay Tonks back for every grind, every brush, every smug little look. And the worst part? He knew it was exactly what she wanted: reel him in, wind him up, then enjoy as he unloaded all his frustration on the minx.

Knock. Knock.

'It couldn't be Tonks,' Harry thought. It had been barely an hour since she'd left, and she'd said they were ordering dinner. *'Maybe if I ignore it, they'd think I was asleep, or not home.'*

Knock. Knock.

Knock. Knock.

"Ah, fuck it," he whispered to himself.

"Wait up! I'm on my way," he shouted as he extinguished his smoke, waving his wand to vanish the smell.

Knock. Knock.

"Yeah—yeah. Bloody wait!"

He grabbed a plain shirt hung against the backrest of his chair, his feet reaching under his floor table, pinching at his slippers. Slipping it on, he rushed toward the door.

Knock.

Harry swung the door open. "Yes? Oh—it's you. I thought you'd be eating with Fleur," he asked, eyeing Tonks in Fleur's form. She wore her usual short boxer

shorts, riding high on her hips, her long legs bare to the thigh, and a loose-fitting sleeveless undershirt that strained across her chest.

“Never mind. Get in here.” His growl cut off any reply as he seized her wrist and tugged her inside. Tonks squeaked, the sound swallowed by the door slamming shut. He wrenched the warm takeaway bag from her grip. The scent of hot spice filled the air, clashing with the raw heat coiling in him.

“Do you know how fucking much you wound me up today? You’re paying me back—hard, and tenfold,” Harry snarled, stalking her. Tonks instinctively stepped back, but he caught her, hefted her as if she weighed nothing, and threw her onto the bed. She squeaked, legs splaying as she hit the mattress with a bounce that shook her tits beneath the thin shirt.

“I—” The protest dissolved as his mouth took hers, his tongue driving past her lips. Hands cupped her breasts with aching need, the fullness yielding beneath his palms, heat and softness sparking through his fingers as he finally claimed what had been tormenting him since the mall. He gave both breasts a firm squeeze as he massaged them, her nipples hard as diamonds against his palms.

She went stiff at first, caught off guard by his roughness. Then her fingers twisted in his hair, yanking him down harder. Her tongue stabbed forward, clashing with his. The kiss deepened, turning into a messy spit-slick fight for dominance, as ragged breaths and heat spilt between them.

Harry ripped his mouth from hers, dragging kisses down her jaw, then latched onto her neck with a hot, wet suck. Tonks moaned and mewled, nails scratching at his scalp as she held him there, his messy hair slipping through her fingers while he marked her throat.

Harry growled and ripped her shirt up, tits spilling free. Pink nipples stood stiff in the chill, begging for his mouth and tongue. Her chest heaved, bouncing with every pant.

“Harry... I’m... merde—putain!” Tonks panted.

He didn’t bother listening. His hand shoved into her boxers, fingers sliding over her soaked and sopping slit before sinking two deep inside with a wet squelch. He latched onto her nipple, sucking hard while his other hand mauled her breast.

“Harry... I... plus fort!”

Her fingers closed over his wrist, urging him higher. His fingertips brushed her clit—swollen, aching—and she gasped. Her legs bent, curling in tight as her toes clenched against the sheet.

“Plus vite! Plus vite!” she screamed, hips thrashing as she bucked against his hand. Her back arched, legs flying up as a messy, shaking orgasm ripped through her shrill, needy cries.

“You fucking dare to cum that quickly? After teasing me all day—blue-balling me right to the edge?” Harry snarled. He stripped his shorts, his shaft springing free—thick, rigid, heavy. He brought it to her lips, the heat of him pulsing against the softness of her mouth.

She reached for him, fingers feathering along his thickness before wrapping around the base. Her lips parted, her warm mouth opening to engulf him slowly, heat spreading along his length. Her almond-shaped eyes lifted, locking with his, shining with an almost innocent look that clashed beautifully with the act.

The perfect combination of doe-eyed innocence wrapped in filth—

“Oooh, so I’m old news, huh? Shoved me aside for a mouthful of Veela? Save me a round later, love.”

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

“As amusing as this is, Fleur, my father did say no dalliances until your status is settled—or a proper arrangement is found.”

His body froze, though his cock twitched inside Fleur’s mouth. Tonks stood a few feet away, grinning wickedly, hand on her hip.

He looked down: Fleur was still there, lips wrapped around him, eyes crystalline and unblinking. The faint trail of French moans, the haze creeping at the edge of his thoughts—yes, allure, it all made sense. Every instinct screamed to just fuck her face until he blew, to surrender to that intoxicating allure.

He tore his gaze from Fleur’s lips back to Tonks’s shit-eating grin.

A single word escaped him.

“Fuck.” Blue-balled yet again.

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END

Waifu of the Week: Fleur Delacour

*Waifu of the week - Again, this fic is inspired by The Gacha Girl Next Door, where Tonks morphs into a random form; she’s unable to control her Metamorphmagus abilities unless she experiences satisfaction.

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