

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 2.4

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.

After that revelation, Harry couldn't really find the words on what to say—nor did he know what he should do. Should he simply accept it for what it is? He was already at odds with Dumbledore and their political bloc, giving them another reason to be angry with him hardly seemed to matter. Besides, it might even help re-establish the Black line.

'*Fucking Sirius,*' Harry thought. It's been a while since he'd let his mind wander back to his godfather—the last survivor of the Marauders. Cursed by their traitorous mate with a slow-acting, withering curse, Sirius had wasted away and died the day Harry first boarded the train to Hogwarts.

He thought about the ridiculous conditions Sirius had tied to the inheritance of the Black estate—one of the few things Dumbledore and his cronies hadn't managed to meddle with, yet somehow still locked away from Harry's reach.

Thinking back to Fleur's plight, Harry believes that it should've be a no-brainer.

'Plus, it's the right thing to do?' Harry thought. *'Then why the hell was he bloody hesitating?'*

The scent of lavender brushed his senses a heartbeat before warm lips touched his cheek—light, deliberate, and gone before he could react. Fleur's face lingered close, framed by pale hair that caught the lamplight, her smile soft but rueful.

"Do not feel *pressured* about zis, 'Arry," she said softly, emotion tempering the accent—gentle, careful. "Monsieur Tonks did *promise* zere might be an alternative. But... *merci* for lizzening to me, whether you accept it or not."

Fleur stood up, dusting herself as she straightened out her boxer shorts. "I will be 'eading out, *oui?* Monsieur Tonks will meet me tomorrow morning. You are welcome to join us if you decide—no *presssure*, I understand it is very short notice."

Taking the short trek to the door, Fleur left the apartment, leaving Harry and Tonks in the apartment as the two exchanged glances. Tonks gives Harry an uncharacteristic supportive smile.

"Oh by ze way! Tonkz!!" Fleur's head popped back through the doorway, grin wicked. "You may change into my form when you are fucking 'Aarry, non? It might 'elp wiz convincing him." Fleur winked, her demeanour suddenly lighter, laughter still caught on her lips, and slipped out. The door closed in her wake, leaving the faint trace of lavender where she'd been.

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~3rd Person Omniscient POV~

Not missing a beat, Tonks pounced on Harry, her boxer shorts grinding against his with a deliberate, teasing rhythm. The heat of her pressed into him, the thing fabric barely doing anything to dull the sensation. Her heterochromatic

eyes—this time a pair of gold and blue—locked with his green ones, her taunting smirk wide and unrepentant.

“So what say you? Ready to finally shed your blue-balls status?” Tonks asked, her voice a gentle murmur, lilting with humour but carrying an undercurrent of sincerity. Her hands rested lightly on his shoulders, her touch warm and grounding, and for a moment, the room seemed to shrink to just the two of them.

Harry leaned back, bracing himself on his arms as he looked up at her. His face remained serious, brows furrowed as he continued to mull over Fleur’s situation. The weight of it pressed on him, tangled with the sharp, immediate awareness of Tonks’ warmth and the way she seemed to read him so effortlessly.

Tonks’ face softened, the smirk fading into something quieter, more genuine. She suddenly closed the distance between them, wrapping her arms around his back and pressing her face into his chest. Her breath was warm against his skin, and for a moment, the teasing, brash energy she usually carried seemed to melt away.

“Thank you for listening to my friend,” she murmured, her voice softer now, almost vulnerable. “Like she said, there’s no pressure. I... I kind of felt guilty because I was the one who introduced Bill to her.” She pulled back slightly, her hands resting on his shoulders as she met his gaze again. Her expression was troubled, the usual spark in her eyes dimmed by a flicker of regret. She hadn’t considered the pressure Harry was already under with his Potter inheritance, and now she’d added another layer to it. The realisation sat heavily in her chest, and for once, the playful metamorph didn’t have a quick quip to lighten the mood.

Harry then quirked an eyebrow at her, “What? Are you suddenly feeling guilty for introducing Fleur?” He shifted his weight onto his left arm as he reached out with his other, thumbs brushing lightly along the curve of her cheekbone.

“You do know that even if you didn’t, her problem might still fall to me, given my current lawsuit against the Weasleys?”

“You were a good friend in calling for your father,” Harry admitted, the reassurance in his voice roughened by the remnants of their earlier tension. He gave her a fleeting smile—small but sincere. “Don’t worry, I’ve decided to come to Fleur’s meeting with your father. But I—”

Tonks’s face lit up, cutting him off before he could finish. A grin split her features, so wide it nearly scrunched her mismatched eyes shut.

“—I have *not* decided yet,” he clarified, rolling his eyes as she practically vibrated with triumph. “I’ll listen to Ted and all the options before committing to anything.

Still, her smile didn’t waver, mischief already creeping back and with a bounce, she sprang to her feet, spinning towards the table where her wand lay abandoned. The movement made her loose white undershirt ride up, baring a sliver of toned stomach, while her boxers shifted just enough to give Harry a teasing glimpse of one smooth, shapely cheek.

A flick of her wrist sent the dishes gliding to the sink, the water springing to life with a hiss of steam. Plates scrubbed themselves in rhythmic circles, cutlery clinking in the basin as magic tidied away the remnants of their meal. Leftovers folded themselves neatly back into their containers, the scent of cooling spices briefly spilling into the air before the stasis charm sealed them away in the cupboard.

"Now shall we," Tonks said as her magenta hair caught the light before the transformation rippled beneath her skin. Muscles flowed like liquid silk as her frame expanded into Fleur's statuesque form. Her heart-shaped face melted into refined symmetry, while her heterochromatic eyes deepened to glacial blue. Strand by strand, her hair lightened to platinum silk cascading down her

back, her posture shifting to unconscious elegance. Her grin sharpened to a poised half-smile as her body reshaped—hips flaring into sculpted contours, waist tightening like an hourglass stem. Long lashes lowered over pale eyes, completing the unmistakable form of her veela friend.

Tonks's hand wrapped around Harry's wrist, yanking him up with a rough tug that sent him stumbling into her. Their bodies slammed together, her breasts pressing against his chest, the warmth of their skin seeping through their clothes. Instead of Fleur's lavender scent—the familiar, comforting aroma of nutty coconut filled his senses, mingling with the faint musk of sweat.

Tonks grabbed Harry's face with both hands as their tongues continued to battle their moans and breathing feeling the room. Harry's hands travelled downwards her back, down her thighs, then back up as he held her shapely rear, giving them a firm squeeze.

Her hands cradled his face, thumbs tracing the sharp line of his jaw as their lips met again, tongues tangling in a messy, breathless duel. Moans spilled between them, raw and unfiltered, filling the small room with the sound of their hunger. Harry's fingers skimmed down the dip of her spine, tracing the curve of her waist before gripping the firm swell of her arse, kneading the soft flesh with greedy fingers.

Pulling back, Tonks tossed her now pale-blond silken locks over one shoulder, her lips swollen and glistening. She smirked, one hand trailing down to palm him through his boxers, her voice husky.

"Monsieur Potter," she whispered, mimicking the accent of the veela who owns her form, her hand moving to cup him through the fabric, "shall I finally put your poor bleu ballz out of zere misery?"

Harry reached for his wand, the polished wood warm against his palm. With a practised flick, he cast a cleaning charm over his own mouth, the faint citrus tang of magical residue lingering as it banished the lingering heat of their spice-laden dinner. "Yeah, but not before you wash your mouth," he said,

wrinkling his nose. "I could still taste the ghost peppers. I'm not putting my dick anywhere near that inferno."

Caught off guard by the change in pace, as her lips parted instinctively—an unspoken invitation for him to work the same charm on her. The tip of his wand brushed her lower lip, the spell's cool tingle making her shiver as it neutralised the spices still clinging to her tongue.

"Good thinking," she admitted, rolling her shoulders as the last of the phantom burn faded. "I'd rather not have any burning sensations near my privates, thank you very much." Her smirk returned, sharper now, as she tugged Harry upright by his wrist. "Scoot over to the wall."

In one fluid motion, she ripped her shirt over her head. Her tits bounced free—plump, porcelain-perfect, nipples stiffening under his stare. She palmed them roughly, squeezing until the pink peaks jutted between her fingers. "Christ, thank you, Fleur," Harry muttered. "Fucking obscene."

"Obscene?" Tonks purred, arching into her own touch. "Wait 'til you see what I do with them."

Fleur's tacit permission obliterated Harry's last shred of restraint. Fuck guilt—not when he could still feel the phantom memory of her throat convulsing around his cock, not two hours ago, her lips stretched obscenely around his girth as she tried to swallow him down.

Tonks stood up between Harry's leg, as she swayed her hips in a taunting little shimmy before presenting her arse to him, bending at the waist until those perfectly moulded cheeks nearly brushed his nose. Her thumbs hooked into her waistband, peeling the shorts down with deliberate slowness. At the same time, her arse jiggled enticingly—even the crease where thigh met cheek was slick with her arousal, her cunt already weeping enough to leave a shiny trail on the fabric.

Looking behind her, still bent over—“Like what you see, Potter?” she purred, glancing back through her long lashes. Without waiting for an answer, she gripped her own cheeks and spread them wide, giving him a filthy view of her puffy pink folds twitching with want. “Can’t wait for you to sink your large cock into this tight hole, don’t you?”

She didn't let him respond, dropping down on all fours with predatory intent. Crawling toward him on hands and knees, her tits swaying with each movement, she made quick work of his shorts. His cock sprang free, angry-red and throbbing. Her lips closed around the head with a filthy pop before dragging her tongue down the veined length.

Harry could feel the familiar, molten heat of Tonks's throat wrapped around his cock, the practised ease of her movements making his stomach tighten—his limit already near the surface due to today's events. Her lips formed a perfect seal, every flick of her tongue against the underside sending sharp jolts of pleasure sparking down his spine.

She let him slip halfway free, just enough to swirl her tongue around his swollen head, lapping up the bitter salt of pre-come. She moaned, the vibrations buzzing against his cock, sending waves of sinful pleasure. Then, without warning, she grabbed her tits—plump and perfect in her hands—and mashed them around his shaft, trapping him in a slick, heavenly prison of soft flesh.

Harry's hips jerked, his cock throbbing like a pulse between the firm press of her breasts.

She could feel Harry's member throb against the swell of her breast, his hip buckling up trying to get more motion from the experience. Due to her position, kneeling on the bed at the same level as Harry, she couldn't really move properly.

Harry's hips jerked, his cock throbbing like a pulse between the firm press of her tits. "Bloody—hell—" he choked, fingers scrabbling at the sheets. But the angle was shite—her kneeling on the bed meant she couldn't get the leverage to move properly.

"Could you sit at the edge of the bed?" Tonks asked, nudging his thigh. The second he'd shuffled forward, she dropped between his knees, the hardwood floor creaking as she settled in. Her grin was pure wickedness as she wedged him between her tits again, her hands squeezing tight—so tight he could see the flushed head of his cock peeking out from between them, spit-slick and twitching.

Then she dipped forward, letting her mouth hang open, tongue out like some of those playwizard Fred and George used to stash in their locker rooms back before he was booted off the team. A thick string of saliva landed right on his angry swollen head, dripping down to coat the rest of him as her tits glazed his shaft in wet heat.

"Morgana's tight cunt," Harry snarled, watching through half-lidded eyes as Tonks drove him mad. The obscene squelch of her dribble-slicked tits sliding along his shaft filled the room, punctuated by his own ragged groans every time her lips smeared precum mixed with saliva across his throbbing tip.

"That's it—squeeze harder, tighten up your mouth."

Tonks smirked around a mouthful of him, pressing her cleavage together until he could see the strained tendons in her forearms. "Like zis, Monsieur?" she teased again in her caricatured French accent.

"Less talking," he growled, pushing her head down. She choked, spittle spilling down his length, but didn't pull away—as she took it like a champion, her throat fluttering like a vice around him as he drove into her.

“Close,” he warned as Tonks hummed in approval, the vibration travelling straight to his cock as she doubled down, lips locked around the base like a greedy sinner at communion. Then he was coming, fingers locked in her hair, grinding deep as his release hit—stripping his voice down to a raw, animal snarl. She drank every last pulse, throat working greedily, before pulling off with a filthy *pop* and lapping the stray drops off her swollen lips. “Mmm. Told you I’d put those blue balls to rest.”

Tonks gave him a slow, knowing wink as she nuzzled against his half-mast cock, her lips curving into a smirk as she felt him twitch against her cheek. Her tongue darted out, tracing the sensitive ridge of his tip before she took him into her mouth again with a soft, wet suck. The taste of him—musky and salty—lingered on her tongue as she worked him with deliberate reverence, her slender fingers cradling his balls, tracing the delicate skin there with feather-light touches. Every flick of her fingers, every brush of her lips, sent fresh sparks up his spine, coaxing his cock back to life with dizzying efficiency. “Now, it’s my tu—*woah!*”

Her victorious purr was cut short as an unseen force yanked her upwards. Magic crackled in the air, and suddenly she was floating, arms and legs splayed mid-air like a puppet held aloft by invisible strings. The shift in momentum sent loose strands of her platinum-blond hair dancing around her face, her startled gasp echoing in the quiet room.

Harry stood before her, his expression gleeful with intent, eyes sharp beneath the round frames of his glasses. The charm he learned from a book from the Black family library held her suspended, her body perfectly aligned with his hips—her dripping, puffy cunt mere inches from his rigid cock, the heat between them almost palpable.

“What do you mean, your turn?” His voice was low, edged with something dangerously playful. His fingers flexed as he adjusted the charm’s grip on her, watching the way her muscles tensed in anticipation.

His grin sharpened, all teeth and a promise of retribution.

“Did you really think we’re quits at this point?” The press of his cock against her was deliberate, maddeningly slow, dragging through the wet heat of her

with a tease that bordered on cruelty. Every word fell like a measured blow. “I’m going to pay you back for everything today.” He leaned in, lips brushing the shell of her ear, voice a velvet threat. “And I’m. Going. To. Take. My. Bloody. Time.”

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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.

AN: Okay, I think I’m getting better at describing the scenes. What I find difficult is sex talk. Hopefully, it gets better with time. God, I’ve just been listening to smut the whole day, looking for inspiration. At least we’re moving on to These Tragic Souls next.

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