

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

-=<o>&=-

Chapter 2.2

The Retail Therapy

Waifu of the Week: Misato Katsuragi

Neon Genesis Evangelion

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 Omniscient POV~

When Tonks had made her offer, Harry had half expected her to drag him to a budget hotel, one of their flats, or at least a private room at the Cauldron first.

At Westfield London, Harry trailed half a step behind his violet-haired companion. Her lithe figure in a form-fitting dress and that unmistakable shock of colour drew glances and double takes wherever she went.

He wasn't spared the attention himself—curious glances, the odd envious look. Summer holidays packed the mall with restless youth, little knots of friends spilling laughter and chatter through the walkways.

Tonks knew Muggle London well enough—her dad was Muggleborn—but she still drank in the gleaming halls, the restless press of bodies, the roar of sound that never quite settled.

Spotting something, Tonks seized Harry's hand and tugged him off in a new direction.

“Ooof!

“Ow!”

“Fuck!”

“What the—Tonks!”

Cries overlapped as Tonks tripped headlong into a couple of unsuspecting shoppers—still trapped within her grasp, Harry had no choice but to follow her tumble.

Tonks lay draped over two women, her arse stuck high in the air like some mortifying flag. The pair beneath her looked oddly matched—sports jackets, jogging bottoms, baseball caps, like they'd just jogged in from Hyde Park.

Harry glanced over the women tangled beneath Tonks—an odd sight: the blonde half-hidden by comically large shades, the bookish brunette peering from behind thick glasses that magnified her eyes.

Forgetting the odd pair entirely, Harry swooped in, tugging Tonks's dress back over her arse before the gawping crowd could burn the sight of lacy knickers covered shapely rear into memory.

“Tonks, for Mer-heaven's sake—get off. You're practically groping the poor girls.” Harry, thinking quickly, stopped himself from saying Merlin, yanked her upright, untangling one hand from a thigh and the other from the other woman's breast.

“We’re terribly sorry,” Harry offered, though it was ignored in favour of uttering a string of expletives as they pushed themselves up.

Something about the blond-haired girl tugged at something within Harry as they locked eyes—or so he thought, hidden as they were behind her shades.

Upright now, Tonks smoothed her dress and reached for the brunette, while Harry crouched toward the blonde, her hand to her temple.

The bushy-haired girl pushed her glasses up, swiping them clean against her sleeve. Her eyes darted about before she stiffened.

“Mio—” Both Harry and Tonks tilted their heads, curious, as the brunette clapped a hand over her friend’s mouth. She sprang up, dragging the blonde with her, tossing a quick apology before hurrying off.

“Weird pair,” Tonks said, chuckling. “Know them, Harry? What was all that about? Even said sorry.”

With a sigh, he took her elbow, nudging her back into stride. “Not our problem. Come on—this was the way you meant, wasn’t it?”

-=&<o>&=-

Harry loitered outside Zara’s fitting room like a dutiful boyfriend, two ice cream cones in hand—both discreetly charmed by her to keep cool and veiled so that passers-by wouldn’t notice.

Their last stop had been HMV, where Tonks had giddily paraded her favourite bands—ending up with a CD from some group called *The Darkness*.

During one of their pillow talks—which was basically the time between refractory periods or when Tonks calls ‘toucan’—they often drifted into talk of

their Masters. She confessed her dream of becoming an auror, though her parents had pressed her into DADA and magical law first.

Harry admitted his fascinations in spellcraft, enchanting, and alchemy—which led to Tonks, while browsing the MP3 and disc players at the shop, asking him whether it might be possible to shield a device from magical interference.

She explained that her father had picked up a brand-new MP3 player, already stuffed with his favourite tracks—and Tonks, grinning sheepishly, confessed she was more than a bit jealous.

The problem with mixing magic and electricity wasn't simply that they were 'incompatible'. Magic could interfere with signals, yes—but if that were the whole story, then the streets around Diagon Alley or Platform Nine and Three-Quarters would be complete electrical dead zones.

The real issue was magical saturation—when the sheer pressure of magic overwhelmed electrical signals, causing them to short out. Harry compared it to dropping a can of fizzy drink into the ocean; at a certain depth, the pressure outside would simply crush it flat.

As an example, Ted Tonks had shown it was possible to carry a device into magical zones without it combusting—the magic spread too thinly to do much more than cause the odd glitch. But power it up inside a place like Gringotts, and it instantly became a three-hundred-quid paperweight.

Her crestfallen look got to him. Their housing sat on Hogwarts' grounds, after all—where even open air thrummed with magic. Harry backpedalled—slightly regretting his bluntness—by suggesting that maybe, if it were an MP3 wired to a portable speaker, he could sketch out an array to carve a little pocket safe from saturation.

He cautioned that the array would demand active magic to keep it stable. Tonks didn't seem to care; the thought alone cheered her enough that she happily bought them ice creams—no arm-twisting required.

“How's this, then?” Tonks struck a pose, now kitted out with a red leather jacket and beret.

Harry saluted her with his half-eaten cone, deadpan. “Jacket's solid. Cap too”

She huffed, muttering about how he'd ignored the dress entirely.

“So—picking out clothes with your girlfriend?” the young clerk asked brightly, standing at Harry's side.

“Yeah,” Harry muttered, missing the way Tonks peeked from the curtain smirking.

“Want me to suggest a few things she might like?” The clerk offered, but Harry shook his head. “We're fine for now, thanks.”

The clerk left, but not before asking Harry to call on her if they needed anything.

“So—” Tonk popped her head out, smirking. “I'm your girlfriend, yeah?”

Harry shrugged. “Can't be arsed to explain. And I can't exactly say we're shag-buddies, can I?”

A sudden crash was heard from the opposite side of the large shop as the clerk who had previously offered her help and was hovering around the area rushed towards the commotion.

Harry turned back to her, voice flat. "Sorry if you were offended." His face stayed blank as he crunched down the last of his waffle cone—hers still untouched.

Tonks checked that the coast is clear, then stepped out with a devilish grin—nothing but bra and knickers, violet hair tumbling over her shoulders. Before Harry could react, she seized him by his arm and dragged him into the changing room.

Heat rushed to his face. The lace panties hid nothing—her sex pressing against the fabric, a small violet patch trimmed neatly above.

"Oh, that got your attention," she grinned lasciviously as Harry involuntarily took a step back. "What d'you say—fancy a quick tumble?"

Flustered, Harry said, "What—are you mental? What if we get caught?"

On her knees now, Tonks pressed close, one hand stroking him through his trousers, while she rubbed her cheek against his bulge—eyes glinting as she looked up at him.

"What—I think this one likes the idea though," she teased while looking up at him, his cock now on full mast, showing a quite noticeable bulge through the fabric of his pants.

Tonks, unwilling to wait, cast a *notice-me-not charm* on the changing booth as Tonks worked his belt open and dragged down his trousers. His cock sprang free—angry and throbbing in her grip.

She stroked him slowly, teasing his length, then kissed the swollen tip. Her lips opened, hot and wet as she eased him into her mouth. Her head moved in slow, steady bobs, swallowing him halfway each time. Her tongue traced him with every pullback, her eyes fixed on his with shameless hunger.

Her mouth was a furnace—slick, hot, pulling at him with greedy suction. Each time she drew back, his cock popped free as her hands glided up and down his shaft.

“You love it when I suck you off and stare into your eyes, don’t ya?” Her grin was wicked, his cock wet and gleaming in the booth’s lights.

She plucked the cone from his hand, eyes dancing with mischief. The charm held strong—the pistachio and choco mint sat pristine, not a drop out of place.

Harry jolted at the icy shock running through his cock, arse tightening—then Tonks swallowed him again, blazing heat chasing away the cold.

Each retreat smeared him with sweet pistachio and choco mint, her tongue lapping it up with greedy delight. The cold bite of ice cream, the searing wet of her mouth, and the mint’s sting blurred together into a madness of sensation that stole his breath.

“Mmm—Merlin, avocado with pistachio and choco mint. Who knew you’d make such a filthy sundae?” Tonks teased, tongue tracing him as she cleaned off every streak.

She stroked him once more before biting the cone between her teeth, freeing both hands. Her bra fell open, perky breasts spilling forward, nipples peaked and flushed. In one motion, she hooked her thumbs into her knickers and dragged them down, baring herself completely.

Tonks leaned against the mirror, palm splayed, slapping her arse with the other before bending, spreading herself open.

“Fuck me,” she breathed, teeth sinking into her cone as cream spilt across her fingers. She sucked the sweetness from her knuckles, gaze locked on his cock through its reflection like it was the real treat.

Harry kicked free of his trousers, cock rigid, one hand tight on her hip, the other guiding himself along her slick slit until he pushed in deep—burying himself to the hilt.

“Merlin, yes—fuck my cunt,” Tonks moaned, cheek pressed to the mirror.

Her velvet heat clutched him like a fist, her moan muffled as she finished her dessert.

Clap-clap—wet, relentless—the sound of their bodies colliding filled the booth. Her arse quivered with each impact, breathy cries climbing higher and higher, his growls chasing them. Tonks’s *notice-me-not charm* was working overtime as her shrills of ecstasy became louder and louder.

Harry pressed closer, one hand anchoring her shoulder, the other mauling her breast with rough insistence.

“Faster—fuck yes, faster,” she begged, back arching, eyes finding his in the mirror, steam fogging the surface as her free hand mirrored his—pinching, twisting—while his thumb rolled the other stiff peak.

His thighs burned from the height difference, as his bent legs strained from the angle of his thrusts. With a hiss, he withdrew and spun Tonks into his arms, her breasts pressing against his chest.

He then pinned her into the adjacent wall, one hand gripping her nape, thumb brushing her mouth as the other slid lower, rolling her clit in greedy circles.

Her gaze never left him as she wrapped her lips around his thumb, sucking deep, while her cunt gushed and squelched around his knuckles. Tonks savoured the sensation as waves of pleasure flowed throughout her body, as her tongue wrapped around Harry’s digit.

“Let’s finish it,” Harry rasped, pulling her arms around his neck, hauling her leg high as he thrust up into her slick heat.

He hitched her leg into his elbow, mouth closing over her nipple as she gasped, staring at their reflection—the image of her flushed body impaled on him, breast in his mouth.

Her body hung open in his arms, one leg braced, the other useless against him, as his cock plunged deep. Her gaze caught her reflection—flushed, delirious, eyes hazed with lust—and the sight alone made her shudder, stoking her arousal.

“Hold tight,” Harry growled, hoisting her other leg. She hung on him now, back pinned to the wall, body riding his cock with every upward thrust.

“Yes, Harry—close,” she gasped, then crashed her lips to his, feet locking at his spine. Their tongues wrestled as they moaned into each other’s mouths.

Harry drove her into the wall, his cock glazed in her cream, sweat running down their straining bodies.

Her cry broke at his ear, toes curling tight, cunt milking his cock as her orgasm tore through her. She spasmed helplessly as he fucked her through it mercilessly.

Her nails scored his back, powerless as he ploughed through two more climaxes, her body convulsing with each.

“N—o please—ughhh!” she gasped, tears streaking her cheeks as another orgasm ripped her apart. Her legs thrashed feebly in rhythm with his unrelenting thrusts, her body breaking against him.

His climax boiled, teeth gritted as he lowered her limp, dazed body—her body snapping back to normal as he lowered her to the floor. Without pause, he shoved his cock into her slack lips.

Her lips sealed around him by instinct, Harry held her head and drove three brutal thrusts before spilling into her throat, keeping her pinned until she tapped his thigh for release.

She hacked lightly, swallowing again and again, throat clenching as she forced down the thick, sticky load coating her throat.

“Haven’t I told you several times that I’m on the pot, you can come in me,” Tonks complained as the cold air of the store battered against her sweaty skin.

Harry awkwardly laughed as he scratched at his cheek, looking apologetic, “Umm—I figured you might not want to walk around with jizz in your pussy.”

Tonks looked at Harry with a deadpan look as she asked, “Are you a wizard or not?”

“Oh,” was all he was able to reply.

-=&<0>&=-

END

AN: According to a friend, dick apparently tastes like avocado.

Waifu of the Week: Misato Katsuragi

*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.

**Follow me on my other socials
and stack additional voting
points on the story of your
choosing.**

[X Twitter X](#)

 [X Twitter X](#) 

[t Tumblr t](#)

 [Discord](#) 

 [BlueSky](#) 