

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 2.5

The Retail Therapy

Waifu of the Week: Herta (Honkai Star Rail)

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.

To Patreon Staff: The two are fuck buddies and have a safe word established from previous chapters.

CLAP. CLAP. CLAP.

Harry raised a challenging brow up at Tonks, feeling the familiar thrill of their verbal sparring matches even as his pulse quickened at the sight before him. Her crazed, lust-filled gaze stared hungrily back down at him, pupils dilated with an intensity that made his breath catch in his throat. The room's amber light cast her in sharp relief, creating a dramatic backdrop as she towered above him, her shadow falling across his prone form like a physical caress that brushed over his skin and made his cock twitch inside her slick, clenching heat.

The scent of her arousal hung heavy in the air between them—musky, intoxicating, mixing with the faint lavender of her hair and the lingering traces

of sweat on heated skin. Harry could taste it on his tongue, could feel it settling in the back of his throat like fine wine, thick and heady, making him want to bury his face between her thighs and drink her down until she was trembling.

CLAP. CLAP. CLAP. “UHH—YES!”

Large, luminous violet eyes dominated her transformed features, framed by thick, dark lashes that fanned out in perfect crescents against her flushed cheeks. The irises were an intense, almost glowing amethyst—deeper and more mesmerising than any precious stone Harry had ever seen. Her pupils were blown wide with predatory hunger, giving her gaze an unsettling, hypnotic intensity that felt like being stared down by something ravenous and predatory, something that wanted to consume him entirely, body and soul.

CLAP. CLAP. CLAP. “I’M NEVER GOING TO FUCKING GIVE UP THIS COCK!”

Harry grabbed at both her thighs, currently bracketing his waist, and he tightened his core as he met Tonks’s violent descent, thrusting upward to match her ferocity and drive himself deeper into her clenching, dripping cunt, forcing a sharp gasp from her lips as her walls fluttered wildly around him.

The weight of that stare made Harry’s skin prickle with anticipation, every nerve ending singing with awareness. He could feel himself responding despite his exhaustion, his body betraying him as it always did when she looked at him like that—like he was prey and she was the hunter, like she intended to devour him whole, inch by inch, until there was nothing left but raw, desperate need.

“UH—”

But unfortunately for her, he wasn’t someone who would take this lying down.

Despite her feet currently locked in between his inner thighs, toes grazing his balls with teasing pressure, knees pinning his waist from both sides, her hands pressed against his chest, her full weight pressed against him to

prevent him from moving, he managed to wrestle his way out of her grasp mid descent, muscles straining as he broke free with a low grunt.

As he thrust upward, her cunt was overflowing with juices, her sopping heat splashing obscenely as their waists met, slick dripping down his shaft and pooling beneath them in hot little puddles that soaked the sheets.

He turned her to her side, grabbing her leg and enveloping the slender limb against his torso, the slickness of both their bodies suctioning their skin together with wet, filthy sounds that echoed in the room.

Harry looked towards the nymph below him, now turned to her side, one leg pinned by his body weight as he brutally thrust into her, each stroke forcing a choked moan from her lips, her walls fluttering wildly around him, greedy and desperate for more.

CLAP. CLAP. CLAP.

Harry let himself commit to picture this new body Tonks morphed into instead of her previous form as Fleur Delacour—veela goddess and seductress with her ethereal, untouchable beauty—she was currently trapped in another form entirely, one that seemed designed specifically to drive him mad with want almost equally. Her face was doll-like in its perfection—small and heart-shaped, with high, softly rounded cheekbones that caught the light and cast delicate shadows beneath, making her look both fragile and dangerously intoxicating, a perfect blend of innocence and sin.

Tonks tried hard to maintain tension as she resisted the urge to lie just lower herself to the soft cushion and let Harry plough into her with reckless abandon, just a cunt for his pleasure, just a vessel for his cock to ruin until she was nothing but a trembling, dripping mess beneath him.

CLAP. CLAP. CLAP.

She could feel every bruising thrust, every inch of him as his cock curved slightly up, scraping the sides of her inner walls with devastating precision,

hitting that spot that made her vision blur and her toes curl against his back, her body betraying her with every desperate flutter and clench.

Her well-manicured hands—of course she didn't really need to go to a salon for this with her metamorph abilities—grasping at the bed sheets, knuckles white as she fought to keep some semblance of control even as her body betrayed her with every desperate flutter and clench.

Her head bobbed to the side with each thrust as her hair cascaded around her shoulders in waves of lavender silk—unlike her usual vibrant purple, this shade was softer, more ethereal, catching the room's light and reflecting it back in subtle silver highlights that shimmered like moonlight on water.

CLAP. CLAP. CLAP.

Harry could feel every time he pulled back—her walls squeezing him as if a vacuum was preventing each retraction of his full length, greedy muscles trying to keep him buried deep inside her. He bent the pinned leg flush against her body, her knee touching her chest, pushing her breasts upward as he reached over to grasp her jaw, forcing their eyes to meet in a heated, challenging lock.

Her brows were finely arched, a shade darker than her hair, adding a permanent hint of sly mischief to her expression even when her features were slack with pure, unadulterated lust. They framed those devastating eyes perfectly, drawing attention to the way they seemed to glow from within with an inner fire that made Harry's mouth go dry and his cock throb harder inside her.

A small, pert nose led down to full, plush lips that were naturally rose-pink, slightly parted now to reveal the wet gleam of her tongue and the sharp edge of small, white teeth. Harry could hear the soft sound of her breathing, slightly ragged with arousal, the faint whisper of air passing between those perfect lips making his pulse race and his hips snap forward harder.

Tonks, catching Harry off guard as she lashed out, finally found leverage as she pushed herself upward.

Harry, suddenly imbalanced by the action, was forced back.

Now again on his back, his right side hanging at the edge of the bed, right foot flat on the floor.

Tonks pinned Harry, returning the favour, raising his left leg like he did with her. Now facing slightly off-angle, arm holding his knee steadily while her left was on his stomach, one foot on the bed, one on the floor, she slammed into him.

CLAP. CLAP. CLAP.

A faint dusting of freckles scattered across the bridge of her nose and the tops of her cheekbones, further highlighted by the flush on her face. The face was deceptively innocent on an otherwise dangerously carnal face, and Harry found it oddly fascinating as she slammed into him, chasing that high with relentless greed, her violet eyes blazing with triumph.

Harry brought his arms behind his head, letting the metamorph do her thing for now as he savoured the pleasure. Every ridge within her cunt was felt as her walls clenched around him. He could feel every minute tremor, every suctioning pull, every wall that pushed against him with every penetration, every desperate flutter as she tried to milk him deeper, her body trembling on the edge of release.

Harry took in this image—wondering when he'd finally have full custody of his Pensieve—but that's something they could explore in the future as he studied the writhing embodiment of ecstasy above him.

Her body was a study in exaggerated, impossible contrasts that defied both logic and gravity: petite overall, barely five feet tall, yet built like sin itself, sculpted specifically for worship. Every curve was designed to torment, every line crafted to drive a man to distraction.

CLAP. CLAP. CLAP.

He could see perfectly how breasts were high and impossibly full for her diminutive frame—round and firm, sitting proud on her narrow ribcage with no hint of gravity's cruel touch. Modest breasts moved at a hypnotic rhythm that bounced in perfect sync with each other, nipples tracing slightly slanted and thin eight that drew Harry's gaze like a magnet.

The pale skin there was flawless, almost luminous in the room light.

Her cunt spurting with juices, slamming against his cock, he could feel the bed now wet with the combination of sweat and whatever body fluid escaped them both.

The cool air of the room carried the sound of her quickened breathing, the sharp thudding sound of skin against skin as she shifted her weight above him. Harry could feel the heat radiating from her transformed body, could smell the intoxicating blend of arousal that clung to her like expensive perfume.

CLAP. CLAP. CLAP.

Her waist was impossibly tiny—almost waspish in its proportions—tapering dramatically inward before flaring out into generous, heart-shaped hips that slammed rhythmically into him, chasing every peak she could wring from them both.

Harry could see and feel the moment when she was closing in, and Merlin, it was almost unbearable—the way her body squeezed around him, impossibly tight and fever-hot. A strangled groan tore from his throat as she adjusted her pace, opting for shallower yet quicker thrusts that left him half-mad with the teasing friction. His hands scrambled for purchase on her hips, fingertips digging into the soft give of her flesh as if he could somehow pull her closer still.

When he stopped resisting, when his grip slackened just enough to surrender, he felt her triumphant smirk against his skin before she moved. She didn't hesitate—her hand left his stomach with a final teasing scrape of nails and dove between their bodies, two fingers finding her clit with unerring precision.

The lewd sounds of her sex intensified, wet and frantic, each drag of her fingers drawing a breathy curse from her lips.

"EEEEEE—Fuck yes!"

Her voice broke on the cry, high and wrecked as her head snapped back, exposing the elegant line of her throat. Every muscle in her body tensed—her toes curled into the sheets, fabric bunching violently under her grip. Harry watched, transfixed, as pleasure ripped through her in visible waves: her thighs trembled, her cunt fluttered around him in erratic pulses, and even her breasts heaved with the force of each shuddering breath. She was beautiful like this, all control abandoned to sensation, and despite himself, Harry couldn't look away.

Tonks went utterly boneless against the sheets, her breathing ragged and uneven, each exhale a desperate attempt to draw oxygen back into her lungs. Lavender hair plastered to her sweat-slicked skin in damp tendrils, clinging to her temples and the curve of her neck like silk ribbons.

The banshee-sharp scream from her last orgasm still hung in the air, reverberating through Harry's bones, muffled only by the way she'd bitten the pillow beneath her—teeth marks subtle yet visible in the fabric where she'd tried to muffle her cries. Her body trembled with aftershocks, violent little quakes that rippled through her muscles in unpredictable waves, fingers twitching where they lay limp against the bedding like a marionette with severed strings.

Even spent, wrung out and trembling, she hadn't shifted back—still clinging to this borrowed form with stubborn determination, its delicate features slack with overstimulation, mouth hanging open as she panted into the mattress.

Harry wasn't finished. Not even close—plus his job wasn't done yet.

The sight of her like this—wrecked and pliant, after that haze of pleasure—sent something primal surging through his veins. His cock, still hard and aching inside her, twitched with renewed interest. He could feel the way her walls fluttered weakly around him, oversensitive and swollen, and it only

made him want more. Want to push her further, see how much she could take before her locked form finally snapped.

He slowly pulled out from her, her lips glistening and twitching from the after shocks of her orgasm.

He rolled her over with a single rough tug, muscles bunching in his arms as he flipped her onto her stomach before she could register the movement. The motion was almost violent in its efficiency, her body ragdolling beneath his hands.

The contrast between them was almost comical—her transformed body slight and doll-like beneath him, all delicate bones and soft curves, dwarfed by his broader frame. She looked breakable like this, fragile in a way that the real Tonks never was, and something dark and possessive unfurled in Harry's chest at the sight. He didn't give her time to protest, didn't let her recover from the overwhelming sensations still singing through her nerves. One hand pressed flat between her shoulder blades, fingers splaying wide to pin her down while the other hooked under her hip, yanking her back into position with enough force to drag a surprised squeak from her lips.

"Up," he growled, the word rough and commanding, his knee nudging her thighs wider until she was spread obscenely before him.

Tonks whined into the mattress, the sound muffled and pitiful, her limbs limp and uncoordinated as she tried to comply. But she obeyed—of course she did—her back arching just enough to give him the angle he wanted, arse lifting into the air in silent offering. Harry could see the way her thighs trembled with the effort of holding the position, muscles quivering like leaves in a storm.

That was all the invitation Harry needed.

He surged into her with a single, brutal thrust that buried him to the hilt, drawing a punched-out gasp from her lips that sounded like it had been ripped from her very soul. The wet heat of her engulfed him completely, walls clenching reflexively around his length as her body tried to adjust to the sudden intrusion. She was so slick, dripping with the evidence of her previous

orgasms, so tight even now that it bordered on painful. Her walls fluttered weakly around him as her body tried to rally, tried to accommodate him, but Harry didn't give her the chance to adjust. He didn't ease up—couldn't, not with the way she felt wrapped around him like molten silk. He set a punishing rhythm immediately, hips pistoning forward with sharp, controlled snaps that drove the air from her lungs in ragged, broken bursts.

Her fingers scrambled against the sheets, nails catching on the fabric as she gripped fistfuls of cotton like it was the only thing anchoring her to reality. She tried—and failed—to push back against him, her body too wrung out, too overwhelmed by sensation to coordinate the movement. Her transformed body quivered like a plucked string beneath him, every muscle pulled taut and trembling. Every wet slap of skin echoed obscenely in the small room, the sound filthy and unmistakable, drowning out her broken whimpers and the creaking protest of the bed frame beneath them.

"F-fuck—Harry—please—"

The words came out fractured, barely coherent, her voice wrecked and throaty. But Harry didn't slow. If anything, he sped up, driven by something primal and possessive that demanded he claim every inch of her. His grip tightened on her hip hard enough to bruise, fingers digging into soft flesh until he could feel the give of it beneath his palm.

Her back bowed beautifully, spine curving into an elegant arch beneath his palm as he drove into her deeper, harder, each calculated thrust angled to hit that devastating spot inside her that made her vision white out and her voice crack on broken screams. The line of her body was exquisite—taut and trembling, every muscle pulled tight as a bowstring. Then she slipped forward, strength finally giving out, collapsing prone against the mattress with a gasping whimper.

But Harry didn't let up—couldn't even if he'd wanted to. His hands found hers, fingers threading through hers—both hands facing the same way, clutching at the mattress—and pinning them to the sheets beside her head as he pressed his full weight down onto her back, blanketing her completely. The position

shifted everything, forced one of her legs to curve upward, knee bending as her thigh pressed against the mattress. The new angle made her gasp, made her walls flutter and clench around him in ways that had his vision blurring at the edges.

He felt her breath hitch, felt the way her entire body seized beneath him as he ground into her, impossibly deep.

The headboard behind them rattled violently against the wall, keeping time with the punishing rhythm of his hips—a rhythmic banging that echoed through the thin walls of the flat. The sound was loud, unmistakable, and would absolutely have the neighbours complaining come morning.

Quite fortunately for him, said neighbour was currently pinned beneath him, her vice-like pussy clenching and fluttering around his cock with every thrust. Harry was more than confident there wouldn't be any complaints coming from her side—not when she was the one screaming herself hoarse into the mattress, not when every shuddering gasp and broken whimper seemed to beg him for more.

Tonks's cheek was mashed into the mattress, the fabric damp with sweat and saliva, lips parted around panting breaths that fogged the air. Drool smeared at the corner of her mouth, glistening in the light; her lashes fluttered, lavender in the dim illumination. She looked wrecked—utterly destroyed—eyes glassy and unfocused, skin flushed a deep, feverish pink that spread from her face down to her chest. And yet, even like this, trembling and sobbing and barely coherent, she still hadn't changed back. Her condition still stubborn, wanting more.

The realisation sent a fresh surge of heat through Harry's veins, pooling low in his belly like liquid fire.

So he better make sure to deliver.

He leaned over her, changing the angle of his thrusts as he pressed his chest flush to her back, the heat of her skin searing through him. His lips brushed the shell of her ear, breath hot and damp against sensitive skin.

"Still holding on to this form," he murmured, voice rough with exertion, each word punctuated by the snap of his hips. "Still unsatisfied, huh?"

Her only reply was a choked gasp as he shifted his angle deliberately, hips canting up just enough to grind against something deep inside her that had her vision whiting out. The change was immediate and devastating—her entire body seized, muscles locking tight as pleasure crashed through her like a tidal wave.

Then he grabbed his wand on the bed that somehow and quite luckily wasn't accidentally sat or lied on with all of their movement—then he thought of the previous spell he used.

Tonks shrieked.

A tendril burst forth from the base of Harry's cock, shooting through the valley between her arse cheeks with supernatural speed before it found its target and plunged deep inside her. Her arse, stretched and filled for the second time today, clenched reflexively around the intrusion.

The sensation was overwhelming—every nerve ending screaming, caught between pleasure so intense it bordered on pain and something darker, more primal that she couldn't quite name.

Harry changed up his rhythm deliberately, coordinating the movements with calculated precision. For every time he thrust forward with his hips, the tendril retracted from her arse in a smooth glide. For every time he pulled back, withdrawing almost completely from her cunt, the tendril pushed forth within her arsehole, filling her again with relentless pressure. The opposing movements created a maddening rhythm—she was never empty, never without him in some way, the constant stimulation short-circuiting every coherent thought she might have managed.

The sound that tore from Tonks' throat was raw and primal, ripped from somewhere deep in her chest, animalistic in its desperation. Harry felt it reverberate through his bones, vibrating through where their bodies connected. But he didn't relent, couldn't—not when she was clenching around

him so perfectly, muscles fluttering and gripping with each dual penetration. Not when every broken sound she made went straight to his cock, feeding the fire burning in his veins.

The sounds she made were unholy—half-sobbed curses that would make a sailor blush, throaty moans that seemed to come from her very soul, his name strangled out between them like a prayer to deities long forgotten.

He could feel his own climax coiling low in his gut, a tight knot of pressure that threatened to snap with every thrust. But he held off through sheer force of will, chasing the high just a little longer, determined to wring every last drop of pleasure from her before he let go. He wanted to see her completely undone, wanted to push her past every limit until there was nothing left but sensation and his name on her lips.

And Tonks—Merlin, Tonks—was shattering beneath him like glass, body convulsing in erratic jerks that had no rhythm or pattern. Her cunt clenched around him in erratic spasms, muscles fluttering desperately as if trying to pull him deeper still. She wasn't coming again—not fully, her body too overwhelmed for another proper peak. But she was teetering on that knife's edge, trapped in that unbearable space between overstimulation and another orgasm, his cock dragging against every hypersensitive nerve until she was sobbing outright. Tears leaked from the corners of her eyes, tracking silver lines down her flushed cheeks.

"P-please—fuck—I can't—Harry, I can't—"

The words were broken, desperate, and something in Harry's chest tightened at the sound. His rhythm stuttered, just for a moment, as he processed the plea in her voice.

That was all it took.

With a final, brutal thrust that drove him impossibly deep, he buried himself to the hilt, hips grinding flush against her backside as he spilled deep inside her. The orgasm hit him like a freight train, pleasure searing through every nerve ending as he came harder than he had in months. Tonks whimpered beneath

him, high and needy, full-body tremors wracking her frame as she milked him through it, her walls fluttering in weak, rhythmic pulses around him that seemed to draw out his release endlessly.

For a long moment, neither of them moved. Harry stayed sheathed inside her, his weight pressing her into the mattress, his breath hot and ragged against her neck. He could feel her pulse hammering beneath his lips where they pressed against her throat, rabbit-quick and frantic. Then, slowly, reluctantly, he slid out, both of them hissing at the loss of connection. He collapsed onto his back beside her with a satisfied groan that came from somewhere deep in his chest.

Tonks flopped onto her side with all the grace of a dead fish, chest heaving as she tried to catch her breath, limbs sprawled bonelessly across the rumpled sheets.

Her hair was still lavender.

Harry turned his head just enough to watch her, fascinated by the way she blinked dazedly at the ceiling like she wasn't quite sure where she was. His lips quirked in a satisfied smirk.

"...So," he drawled, voice raspy and wrecked from exertion. "That work for you?"

Tonks's answering laugh was breathless, delirious, more of a wheeze than actual laughter. She rolled toward him—or tried to. Her body didn't quite cooperate, muscles too exhausted to manage coordinated movement, ending up as more of an exhausted flop against his side. Her skin was fever-hot where it pressed against his, slick with sweat and other fluids he didn't want to think too hard about.

"I think," she mumbled into his shoulder, words muffled against his skin, "I might need a second opinion. You know, for scientific purposes."

Harry snorted, the sound somewhere between amusement and disbelief.

And then—finally, gradually—the lavender began to bleed from her hair, the colour fading like watercolour in rain until it returned to her usual vibrant purple. The transformation rippled through the rest of her features too, bones shifting subtly beneath skin until she looked like herself again.

One eyelid cracked open, peering up at him with familiar, exhausted mischief that was pure Tonks.

"...Another round in ten?"

Harry groaned, letting his head fall back against the pillow with a thud that rattled his teeth.

"I'll set the alarm first, we have a meeting with your father and Fleur early in the morning."

"Ah, excellent," Tonks purred, her hand lowering towards his cock, currently at half mast, her thumb lazily tracing its underside.

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END

Waifu of the Week: Herta (Honkai Star Rail)

*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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