

## 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 2.1

#### The Retail Therapy

*Waifu of the Week: Misato Katsuragi*

*Neon Genesis Evangelion*

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**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 Masterals at age 20, Nymphadora (don't call her that) is a bit older than him here.

**No smut this chapter, we're moving the plot this time, and yes, there's plot—at least a little.**

~3rd Person POV~

Harry Potter lit his first smokes of the day, inhaling deep as the morning owls swooped past with their bundles of letters and Daily Prophet subscriptions.

Three days since the Holyhead Harpies played the Falmouth Falcons.

He still chuckled at himself for hearing Foulmouth Falcons the first time.

'*Not entirely wrong,*' he thought, recalling their language on the pitch.

The morning after, he hadn't moved much—hangover potion or no, the pounding in his head had its own rhythm.

The night before had been a disaster in the best way—food, booze, sex—then Fred and George had turned up to haul them, plus the Flying Foxes, into Muggle London for a victory blowout after their first win of the season.

The next day was mostly spent nursing regret in bed. Even potions had their limits.

At the moment, their attention was on the Weasleys, a family that had been living off his money from the moment Dumbledore and his merry band of parasites seized his inheritance.

Given they'd started with next to nothing, Lodgok and Ted agreed they'd probably wind up penniless—and still have most of their future earnings siphoned off for life.

*'Or what was that term again? Oh yeah, garnished,'* he laughed at the quite the ironic double meaning.

Fred and George were spare. Ginny, too, after the twins begged—Lodgok took it like someone had stolen his lunch.

Harry never got tired of the goblin's scowl when profits slipped through his claws. He took a slow drink, watching another owl flutter down to a balcony below.

He chuckled at Lodgok's frustration whenever Harry denied him profits, taking a sip as he spied another owl coming into one of the lower units.

Ginny, meanwhile, still looked at him like he'd kicked her Puffskein. Likely, because of her schoolgirl crush on Neville. Neville had taken advantage of it, too—Harry had heard enough about their Quidditch locker-room trysts—until it

all collapsed when Neville announced his engagement to Susan Bones in fifth year.

The twins had gone on a warpath against Neville, even though he already had Fudge's toady of an undersecretary snapping at him.

Ginny, still clinging to fantasy, fired back at her brother and declared she'd be happy to play second wife to the Longbottoms. That was the year Fred and George broke with the family entirely—it was mainly due to their parents, who made a show of trying to cut them off first, but were planning on doing it for real.

Dumbledore had blocked the disownment—it wouldn't have played well in public. Fred and George never returned to Hogwarts after that, and Harry ultimately invested half of his trust fund in their shop.

At that time, he had no idea his inheritance was already all but drained.

These days, the twins were bankrolling Ginny. She'd reconnected with them recently, though Harry hadn't asked them why.

A loud crash from the units below cut through the morning quiet.

*"Cochon!"*

The smash of more glass.

*"Fils de pute!"*

So much for a quiet start, Harry drew one last lungful from his wizarding smokes, catching sight of the new tenants opening their balcony door—likely wondering what the racket was. He stepped back inside and shut the noise out with a flick of his wand.

He eyed the packet of smokes he rolled this morning. The flat could reek for all he cared—he had charms for that. Another joint flared to life between his fingers.

His gaze drifted to the steak-and-bake in stasis, the six-pack and the quarter bottle of Firewhisky. The clock read 07:34. Well, we're having a 'heavy' breakfast.

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A sobering charm—after a splash of morning Firewhisky and six large splashes of beer—had him thinking of Tonks. Yesterday, he'd pressed her father on why she hated her first name. However, the lawyer dodged everything, not wanting to be on the bad side of her only daughter.

So when Ted finally revealed her given name, Harry had barely kept his face straight—because Merlin, it do be sounding filthy. Then, to his own horror he thought of one even worse.

That did it. He burst out laughing and pitched backwards out of his chair.

“Well, I guess... there's a worse one.”

“What's worse?”

Flat on the floor, he rolled his head to the side—and there she was. Mature yet youthful face, delicate lines, brown-amber eyes, and hair the colour of royal amethyst—unlike Tonks's trademark neon-pink purple.

She'd gone for a single, form-hugging dark dress with ankle boots, the cut skimming her trim waist before flaring slightly over her hips. Her breasts were high and pert, her figure balanced in that maddening way, her randomly locked forms had become—thank fuck for that.

“Stuck again?” Harry quipped as she neared—his current view giving him a clear shot of her black laced knickers beneath the hem.

He offered his hand. She took it and yanked him up with a smirk.

“Yeah, but let’s mix it up today. I want to hit Muggle London for a bit of shopping,” she replied, her grin brightening her transformed face. “So—what’s worse?”

“Oh, I finally learned your real first name,” Harry said, grinning. “It’s actually pretty. You could even have cute nicknames from it. And yes—it could be worse.”

Tonks folded her arms. “Enlighten me. What’s worse than Nymphadora?”

“HAHAHA—psyche just revealed yo—” she started hitting him on the arm.

“I was joking. I was joking. TOUCAN! TOUCAN!” he rubbed at his shoulder. “Geez... woman!”

He then shed his faux hurt as he grinned evilly.

“Talia Jennie. Especially if you swap the words.”

“Huh?” She gave him a confused, still-irritated look that Harry found endearingly cute. “What the hell are you on about? Talia Jennie’s a lovely name. And what’s this about swappiong—Jennie Ta...li—”

Harry leaned in. “A”

A second later, he was back on the floor, chuckling at Tonks’s irritation.

“Did you hear about France putting pressure on Britain?” Tonks asked, popping another chip in her mouth before sipping her can of Coke. They’d claimed a bench in the park, tearing open a bag of chips between them as they ate their gyros.

“Oh, yeah, I think I saw it on the way outside of the Cauldron. What did our esteemed governing body do this time?” Harry asked.

“Well, did you hear that racket earlier?” Harry blinked at the sudden turn in the question but nodded.

“Well, due to someone seizing Shell Cottage,” Tonks said, giving me a teasing wink. “Fleur had to apply for student housing, as she’s still taking her MMM in enchanting—”

“Oh, Fleur as in Fleur Delacour, the Beauxbaton Champion?” Harry asked, interrupting, but he still doesn’t know where this is going.

“Ooooh, do you have something for the French veela?” she teased as she looked down into Harry’s crotch to see if there was a reaction. “Do you want me to change into her? I’m quite surprised that you haven’t done any requests of Hogwarts girls, or even celebrities to fuck.”

Harry averted his eyes, “Well—I feel like if I indulge in your abilities—I might unlock something that I can’t return from.” He finished with an awkward laugh.

Tonks leaned in, her voice low. “I’m sure they wouldn’t mind if they don’t know... or if you want, I could get permission.”

“Umm—I’ve got enough enemies already,” Harry said, “and judging from what I heard this morning, I’m not tempting that kind of temper.”

She smiled knowingly, patting his cheek. “Didn’t know you had that side to you. With the way you fuck, you apparently can be quite the cutie.”

She then gave his cheek a playful pinch.

“Oi. Greasy fingers!” A flustered Harry said as he slapped Tonk’s hand away. Scrubbing his cheek on his shirt.

She just stuck her tongue, finished her gyro, and tipped the garlic sauce straight into her mouth. Harry grimaced at the sight, but at the same time he couldn’t look away.

She licked at her fingers before wiping them on some napkins, looking towards the sky as if thinking, “Uh, where was I, while I was helping Fleur move into her unit—unfortunately, Bill, her husband, was there too; I think I said that already.”

“Hmm.”

“So, umm—she received both a letter from her parents and The Daily Prophet.” Tonks winced at the memory.

“Well, to put things short, the Delacours were thoroughly against Fleur marrying Bill due to our cushy laws on what they deem as mixed creature humans, putting it nicely. Dumbledore and the Weasleys assured that Fleur would be treated as a human when they married, but they just discovered that Fleur was filed as property of Bill and that they don’t even have a marriage certificate filed in France.”

Harry grimaced at that, “and what’s with the prophet?”

“Well, her status as property was put on blast publicly in the prophet,” she shook her head and chuckled lightly.

“The real gem?” Tonks smirked. “Ron and Neville sent Bill a letter asking for a go at his ‘property’. Fleur read it—while I stood behind her, reading it over her shoulder.”

Tonks explained this as she swayed her feet under the bench, turning towards Harry and swatting the air as if shooing a fly. “Of course, this turned sour, as Fleur flew into a raging fit, throwing things at Bill whilst hurling balls of flame at him.”

“I even had to divert some of the flames she was throwing; we wouldn’t want to turn that domestic moment into a murder.” She jokingly said.

Harry put on a worried look, “Wouldn’t Fleur be in trouble for doing that?”

Tonks suddenly grinned. “Well, you’d think that, right? Thankfully, I called my father. She now has a representative. However, she can’t leave Hogwarts grounds for some reason until this has been worked out—something about being neutral territory and the fact that she sheds her ‘property’ status while within the grounds.”

Tonks suddenly stood up, dusting off her dress as she did a cute about-face, grabbing at her now lukewarm Coke and downing it in one shot before burping loudly—drawing a lot of people’s attention.

“That’s why,” as Tonks, hands clasped together and stretching her arms, the hem of her dress riding up a little higher, showing more of her creamy, slender thighs.

“Our shopping trip is two-fold.” She yawned mid-sentence, covering her mouth.

“Due to Fleur—umm accidentally burning a lot of her stuff and not having the ability to leave.”

She leaned closer, placing both hands on Harry's knees, her mouth near his ear, her breath warm.

"We'll be doing some shopping for me first," she said, nibbling at his earlobe as Harry's eyes darted around, getting a little bit embarrassed. "Then you're gonna fuck me till I'm satisfied, so I can morph into Fleur so that we can buy some more clothes for her."

She pulled back and switched to his other ear. "If you behave," giving his other ear another nibble and sticking her tongue in as she then whispered, "I'll let you fuck me while morphed as her."

A shiver crept up Harry's spine as he could feel some tightness downstairs.

Especially after Tonks said, "And believe me, I've already hit that, her body is to fucking die for."

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**END**

***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.

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