

## 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 1.1

### The Reconfirmation of Agreement

*Waifu of the Week: Silk Amberwood (But with human ears)*

*A-Rank Party wo Ridatsu Shita Ore wa, Moto Oshiego Tachi to Meikyuu*

*Shinbu wo Mezasu (Aparida)*

*(I Left My A-Rank Party to Help My Former Students Reach the Dungeon Depths)*

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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.

~3rd Person POV~

*Previously*

*Suddenly, a whistle rang, and several heavy thuds were heard.*

*“And there goes the whistle signalling the first break of this game! Let's hear it for the players, and give everyone a moment to stretch, grab a snack at one of the many vendors around the stadium—or if you're like me, make a mad dash to the loo. Cheers!”*

*The mic gave a sharp peep—maybe the commentator really had made that ‘mad dash to the loo’ he’d promised, while his partner’s voice slid in to cover for him. Harry felt the tug at his trousers and boxers, lifting his hips as she slid both garments down, pooling them below his knees.*

*Her hand closed around his full, throbbing length—her fingers unable to meet—as she tapped it against her puffed cheeks, the air slipping free with an exaggerated teasing pop.*

*“So... what do you think? Think I can handle this Beater’s bat as well as Gwenog Jones handles hers?”*

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Her cheek brushed the side of Harry’s cock, and he caught the faint blush warming Tonks’s light mocha skin as she held his gaze, unblinking.

She let one hand slip away, then leaned in to kiss his swollen head. A glistening thread of precum clung between them before breaking.

Her remaining hand moved in a slow, deliberate stroke, the other now cradling the warm heft of his balls.

She sank lower, her mouth leaving a trail of hot kisses—base of the crown, over the taut string of his frenulum, down the length until her lips met the smooth swell of his balls.

Tilting her head to the side, she took his left testicle into her mouth, sucking lightly as she kept her eyes locked on his. His cock lay heavy against her cheek, her free hand stroking the base in slow, steady pumps.

Sliding into position alongside his length, Tonks nudged him aside with a playful bump and winked—then gave one slow molten lick from root to tip, lingering at the crown before pausing with her lips wrapped around it, her

tongue playfully teasing the sensitive head, then releasing his head with a pop.

“While my outside form is still locked due to my condition,” she said, voice low and playful, “I still have control over what’s inside.” And before he could react, she plunged down, burying him in the scorching, velvety heat of her throat.

Harry gasped, his hips jerking at the overwhelming sensation, his head snapping back.

The sudden, scorching heat swallowed him whole, and Harry’s body reacted before his mind could catch up—his head snapping back, breath hissing through clenched teeth. One hand steadied him on the floor, the other gripping the back of the metamorph’s head in possession.

“Yes,” he groaned, the word breaking as she sank down his length again and again, swallowing him whole each time, her hands stroking in perfect counterpoint to her mouth.

The jaunty jingle from the adverts—coming from the Wizarding Wireless—seemed to sync perfectly with her movements, and Harry fell into the beat, giving a measured thrust with each bob to push himself a little deeper down her throat.

His hand rose to her face, fingers brushing her cheek with unexpected gentleness. She leaned into the touch, only for his hand to slid to her nape, holding her as he thrust upward.

She pushed lightly at his thigh in protest, but the fight bled from her as she hummed along to the music spilling from the Wizarding Wireless—vibrations from her throat sending tingling jolts up Harry’s spine. His grip softened, granting her space to pull back.

His hips fell into a steady rhythm, meeting her every retreat with a deeper drive, until it felt less like she was pulling away and more like he was drawing her down. A low, involuntary groan escaped him each time the heat of her throat closed around his full length.

A flicker of impatience cut through his restraint. Harry withdrew from her mouth—saliva stretching in a glistening thread before falling between them—and caught her wrists, guiding her out from beneath the table. Her hips met the bed's edge, knees grazing the floor, as he hooked his fingers into her shorts and eased them down, baring her thighs inch by slow inch, heat radiating off her skin.

Cool air brushed over the curve of her plump, light-chocolate cheeks, the sheer, pale-purple fabric of her underwear clinging to her like a teasing whisper. With a slow tug, he drew her underwear aside, unveiling the glistening swell of her lips.

Harry could feel the heat radiating from her as he stepped in close, his grip steady on himself, the crown tracing her slick seam—lingering at her entrance—before gliding through the warm valley of her cheeks, drawing it out in a slow tease.

A plaintive whine escaped her as their eyes locked. He drove into her in one smooth thrust, her knees folding, toes curling from the pleasure jolting through her.

He stilled, drinking in the sensation of her wrapped around him, fingers digging into the soft swell of her arse as his thumb circled the tight ring behind.

“No—don't, I haven't—” She reached back, fingers on his wrist, but his answer was a sharp, driving thrust that left her gasp unfinished.

His grip slid lower, thumb pressing into her slick folds—his cock still seated deep—as he spread her wetness in slow, deliberate strokes. The hand that

had tried to hold him back now clung to him instead, her moan rolling out soft and unguarded.

Bracing with his knees, he parted her legs a little wider, kneading the firm curves of her arse as his slick thumb traced slow circles over her puckered hole. Yet the tense ring held stubbornly, refusing to yield to his touch.

He snatched his wand from the table, the tip breaching her tight ring as he whispered an incantation. A rush of conjured warm lubrication filled her, the gush making her gasp before a thrust shattered her composure—her body locking tight around him, then sagging limp, breath heavy.

Not waiting for her to catch a break—her form, still not returning to normal, was a clear sign she wasn't fully satisfied. With a firm grip, he rolled her over so her legs hung off the mattress, feet braced against the floor.

Closing his eyes, he drew his magic inward, sculpting a perfect image in his mind—its size, its smooth edges—until the thought turned into mass given form, cool and solid as it settled into his palm.

Harry caught both her ankles in one hand, lifting her lithe legs until her hips rose from the mattress. Slick folds and glistening rear awaited him, his conjured toy poised at her puckered hole.

Cool metal met flushed skin. She gasped, hips twitching as it slid home, smooth, unyielding—and then he was inside her too, filling her completely. The shock of being claimed in both places at once made her seize around him, molten and tight.

His thumb and index found the toy's base and flicked; the vibration speared up through her, tearing another ragged cry from her throat as her body trembled.

He hooked her tanned, slender legs over his shoulders, his palms gliding along the smooth length of her thighs in slow, deliberate strokes. Each

movement brought his hands higher, until his fingers brushed the hem of her loose shirt.

With a single, fluid motion, he folded her in half and tugged the fabric away. His pace quickened, moth burying into the soft swell of her breasts—rich as chocolate, tipped with light brownish-pink areolas no larger than a Knut. His tongue traced one in lazy spirals, hands kneading, mouth alternating, savouring the way her body arched to meet him.

Tonks twisted beneath the layered heat of his touch—chest, pussy, arse all alight—her moans spilling unchecked into the room, the wireless still blaring its mindless adverts, while her fingers curled through his hair—each unthinking stroke easing and feeding the heat in him.

Harry shifted his rhythm, driving in long, burying thrusts as his lips found the base of her jaw, suckling hard enough to draw a gasp. Tonk's fingers slid into his hair at his nape, tugging him into a hungry kiss.

She locked her arms behind his neck, pulling him closer, eyes closed, mouths sealed in a battle of tongues and breath. Their tongues slid and clashed in a wet, unyielding dance, every plunge of his cock coaxing her walls to clutch tighter in aching need.

He broke away as they both stared at each other, breath misting up the air as Harry memorised every nook and cranny of this face contorted in pleasure, ebbing and flowing with each rhythmic penetration.

Harry pulled back just shy of finishing, propping her so her shoulders touched the wall. He dropped onto the bed, feet braced against the wall, framing her between his knees.

Her ankles crossed at his waist, drawing him in until their heat met, only for him to still, the barest friction teasing them both.

“This is mine, yeah? Whenever I fancy it?” he asked with a teasing arch of his brow.

Tonks gave a needy whine, trying to rock her hips but his hands pinned her in place.

“Go on,” he smirked. “Tell me.. Every curve, every sweet spot—you’re all mine, aren’t you?”

She gasped when he filled her halfway, but the gasp turned to a desperate whine when he slid out again, her body twitching in protest.

The Wireless cut back in—no more adverts—just the sportscaster’s voice returned, hyping the first half of the match, his enthusiastic gushing almost mocking Tonk’s state.

“Yes—yess—we already agreed to this. Please, just fuck me!”

“Good girl,” he whispered with a smug curl of his mouth, sinking into her fully. Her slick heat squeezed him in sharp little pulses, and he coaxed her hips into motion, bouncing off the bed springs so each thrust met with perfect counter.

The room was filled with the sound of squeaking springs, clapping skin, and raw, unrestrained moans. Their hips flushed red from the impact, each movement chasing them closer to their brink.

Her face was pure, lewd delight—eyes hazy, lips parted, breasts bouncing as her legs locked around his waist, heels digging in to pull him deeper.

“Where?” he asked, voice light but daring.

“A...ny—where. Am... on... d’pot.”

With a wicked grin, he folded his legs beneath him for leverage, lifting her hips fully into his grasp. Each deep, relentless thrust wrenched them closer until release tore through them both.

Harry buckled, driving into her through the orgasm as Tonks arched, hands twisting the sheets, legs extended, toes curling tight. Her final cry was swallowed by the Wireless's triumphant roar, as if the stadium itself had erupted for them.

Her magic rippled through her skin—tone, lightening shade by shade, breasts drawing back into a more modest curve, a tidy strip of purple hair marking her mound. Her face followed suit: angles sharpening, heterochromic eyes locking with his, high cheeks flushing, a small nose twitching with every breath, framed by a spill of pink-purple hair that clung damply to her temple.

They lay there, breath mingling as the rush ebbed. Harry leaned forward, pressing a tender kiss to her lips—soft where he'd been fierce moments ago—drawing in the warm, familiar scent of her skin.

Their lips parted, and their eyes held fast to one another. From the Wireless came the sportscaster's fervent commentary, the swell of the crowd spilling into the room.

He slipped out of her, the sudden emptiness marked by a warm string of cum trailing from her swollen folds. Cool air teased her flared clit hood as he folded her legs to her ears, his fingers finding the metal base snug against her puckered hole.

He gave the toy a slow, deliberate pull, feeling the resistance ripple through her arse before it slipped free. The gaping ring pulsed under his touch as he slid his index finger inside, testing her with a slow curl.

Her breath caught in a startled gasp, and she swatted at his shoulder with mock indignation.

He eased away, lowering her legs with a slow, deliberate motion, a teasing smirk playing at his lips.

“Fine—but you’re taking it up there next time,” he said with a grin. “What’s it going to be—another round now, or a rematch after the game?”

“I’m still hungry. All I wanted was to give you a quick blowie, but no—someone had to give me the full works.”

Her features shimmered until her dark-skinned previous self lay in front of him again.

“Judging by the way you looked at me earlier... this form’s your type, isn’t it?”

Colour crept into his face, and his gaze slid away—Tonk’s words had nailed had struck dead-centre.

Shifting back to her usual self, she held out her arms towards him.

“Uppies!”

With an exasperated shake of his head, he scooped her up—one arm under her knees, the other cradling her back—his muscles flexing as he braced and hoisted her into the air.

With a nudge of his foot, he sent both pillows tumbling to the floor, setting Tonks down where they landed by the foot of the bed. He joined her briefly, summoning the table with a flick, before standing again—she already had a slice of pizza in hand.

As Tonks swallowed her bite, he offered her a slender stick of magical smokes. Her lips closed around it; a sharp snap of his fingers coaxed a flickering flame to life, hovering neatly between his fingertips.

She inhaled in quick puffs, the smoky aroma curling in her nose as the nicotine washed warmly through her veins. Beside her, Harry lit one for himself.

Filling both glasses, Harry raised his toward her with a small, warm smile.

“Cheers?”

The ring of their glasses mingled with the triumphant shout from the Wireless—another goal for the Holyhead Harpies, sending the crowd’s roar flooding into the room.

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**END**

AN: Yes, canon-wise, there’s no break between matches, I’m just adding it here.

***Waifu of the Week: Silk Amberwood (But with human ears)***

\*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 the satisfaction.

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