

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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Ch. 0 Prologue -

The Room Overcrowding

Conundrum

Waifu of the Week: Nami from One Piece!

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.

Opening my eyes to a blurry, dull white ceiling, I placed my forearm on my forehead as I groaned at the slight headache I was feeling.

'Oh yeah, I had a few drinks with the Weasley twins.' School is currently on summer break as I'm about to start my MMM, which is short for Mystical Magical Master's.

The past two years were hectic with the final battle with He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named; luckily, Neville, the boy-who-lived, was able to finally put a stop to him and all of his Death Eater followers.

Upon He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named's death, all of the Death Eaters who were marked received an extreme magical backlash where they not only lost their

magic, making them even less than squibs, but they also lost their ability to reproduce, ending their line.

Well, not all of the families had their lines ended; some of the ones who supported He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named didn't make all of their family members take the mark, like the Parkinsons, Greengrass, Carrows, Zabini, and the Moons.

Standing up as I started to brew a cup of coffee, I cast an *incendio* at the magical stove and filled a small pot with water using *aquamenti*.

While waiting for the water to boil, I rummaged through one of the drawers beside my bed, pulling out a packet of wizarding smokes. I started rolling several joints for the day. I unfortunately picked up the habit due to the stress I experienced over the past two years.

To continue, all of the families whose line has ended due to supporting He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named got all of their assets seized by The Ministry of Magic, while those whose line hasn't fully ended had a majority of their riches seized as well.

The Ministry of Magic made this choice due to not wanting further to reduce the number of wizarding families in the UK. They are now trying to rehabilitate these families, hoping that maybe in a generation or two, their anti-muggle, pro-pureblood sentiment will be gone.

Pouring hot water into a cup with instant coffee, I then brought my freshly brewed instant coffee—quite the moronic oxymoron—and a joint to the balcony. Chuckling at my dumb joke, I put the cup on the ledge as I lit the joint with a snap of my fingers, a small flame appeared hovering over the tip of my thumb—one of the very few wandless magic I could do, a party trick at best. I inhaled a bit of the relaxing smoke, letting the tingling feeling of my first hit of nicotine enter my blood system.

Anyway, just as the Ministry finished with the dark families of Britain, they offered all of the Hogwarts 7th years two choices. Due to Hogwarts being run by Death Eaters that year, the 7th years could either choose to repeat that particular year or immediately take their NEWTs.

I am one of the few who chose the NEWTs; the main reason was that I can immediately access my whole inheritance. Growling a bit as I angrily took another hit of smoke, I sipped my coffee.

The reason I'm angry is because of what I found out upon accessing the full Potter inheritance. The goat fucker, the hag of a vulture, and snooty funbags conspired to use up all of my inheritance. Using both the positions of that goat fucking Dumbledore and snooty funbags Amelia Bones as Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot and the Head of the DMLE, Department of Magical Law Enforcement, plus the political influence of that hag of a vulture Augusta Longbottom.

They were able to gain access to my inheritance after bribing a goblin called Griphook. After raising my concerns with the director of Gringotts and later with Lord Goblin Ragnok, the Ministry of Magic continued to stonewall my attempts to file a lawsuit.

All of those generations' worth of gold, gone. I got a somewhat lucky break with the help of Branch Director Lodgok, who took it upon himself to help me, well, not at the goodness of his heart but rather his anger towards the Longbottom heir.

Near the end of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named's reign, Neville Longbottom, Ron Weasley, and Susan Bones broke into the bank to steal a trinket from the Lestranger's vault. In the process, they managed to steal one of the security dragons guarding the lower vaults. Upon their escape, they trashed Gringotts, doing hundreds of thousands of damage in galleons.

So when I raised my concerns on this blatant corruption of power, Gringotts ignored me at first, after all human concerns are human concerns, but after I leveraged what remains of my trust account to conduct a full audit and investigation, I was later called into office by the director.

An unholy alliance was made that day, first with the help of Gringotts, they hired a wizarding lawyer by the name of Ted Tonks to file both a civil lawsuit and a criminal complaint against Dumbledore, Bones, and Longbottom.

After being stonewalled by the government as they are riding the high of being the heroes of the British Wizarding Community, the director of Britain's Gringotts bank escalated his concerns to their king, Lord Goblin Ragnok. With his backing and the backing of Gringotts' World Bank, they were able to lodge a formal complaint at the ICW.

Dumbledore, who had regained his Supreme Mugwump position after being ousted due to concerns raised by the previous British wizarding government under Fudge, attempted to halt our complaint from proceeding.

Ted Tonks, who was worth every sickle the goblins were paying him, started an international news campaign. Every wizarding publication, aside from The Daily Prophet, was running stories on how families who were Potter Family allies took advantage of an orphan and committed inheritance fraud.

The Longbottoms and Bones, a few hundred years ago, were vassals of the Potter family. It was Edward William Potter back in the late 1500s who campaigned to elevate their status into the sacred families of Britain. The sudden eyes on this scandal, right after the death of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, prevented anyone from sweeping this under the rug.

Families from the neutral and dark-aligned factions took advantage of this to regain some political power and piled on them as well. While the investigation

was going on, all those who participated were temporarily stripped of any of their titles and were publicly lambasted.

Chuckling at the memory of the public's fickleness, one day they were the heroes of the British wizarding world, then on the next day they were considered blood traitors to a family who had given them almost everything they had gained till now.

Of course, they tried defending themselves by stating that they used my inheritance to fund their mission to destroy He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named; they even brought up my father, saying that it was what he would have wanted. Referencing the fact that He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named was the one who killed James Potter's parents.

This was easily quashed, as evidence was brought forth showing that they had used most of my inheritance to enrich themselves and their allies, with less than 5% being used on their campaign against He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named.

So far, we have been able to retrieve all of my previously owned family patents and stocks. Additionally, they were able to seize Shell Cottage from the Weasleys, which was immediately liquidated. Part of the liquidated asset was used to pay my legal fees, while the remaining amount was used to replenish my vault to the levels of my trust when it was still full. Of course, Gringotts took a 10% cut, and they negotiated 50% of the family's patents and stocks' earnings for the next 10 years as their fee for their ongoing service.

In the end, although we weren't able to retrieve 95% of my inheritance, a significant portion of it was spent on extravagance; however, we were able to freeze a substantial amount of their assets. Currently, the renovated Weasley Manor, Bones Manor, Longbottom Manor, Abbot Manor, Diggory Manor, and some of the other homes they purchased for extended families have been seized.

Liquidating all of those is taking a lot of time, and we are being delayed at every avenue. Of course, just as the majority of the stolen assets were seized, Gringotts twisted the knife by suing the Longbottom heir and his friends for the damages they had committed at Gringotts.

While these families still hold some level of political power as the Abbots, Bones, Weasleys, Diggorys, and Longbottoms are part of the Sacred Twenty-Eight, their current financial status has dwindled down to Weasley levels of destitution, back before they received financial assistance from Dumbledore.

I hear the sliding door to the veranda next to mine open. Out comes a tall girl with orange bobbed hair parted to one side, a pair of huge breasts straining against a cropped top showing her slim waist and flat stomach, and long slender legs; judging from her looks, she's at least 2 years older than me, so probably she's 22.

Must be her 4th year taking up her MMM.

I narrowed my eyes a bit at her direction as I quickly dropped my cigarette onto the ground, stepped on it, promptly finished my now cool coffee, vanished the cigarette with a wave of my wand, and entered my apartment.

This was the main reason why I went out drinking with the Weasley twins. The Weasley twins were pivotal in our campaign against those who stole from me, as they were the ones feeding us information from the inside. They said I was considered more of a family member than his blood-tied ones.

Back in my fourth year at Hogwarts, I invested a portion of my trust fund in their business. I have also been partially helping them with their inventions and occasionally picking up a shift at their store.

Anyway, in the past few weeks, I've been seeing different women coming in and out of the apartment next door. If you include today, my current tally is about 15 other women coming in and out of that small apartment.

When a Hogwarts student graduates from their 7-year program and chooses to enrol in the MMM program, they are no longer allowed to be housed in their previous dorms. MMM students could either do daily apparitions to the main gate of Hogwarts and make that long trek towards the castle, floo-in, or apply for student housing.

They built two separate apartment complexes beside the castle, one of which is for those who have the means to spend; the rooms are lavished with luxurious charms, expensive decor, a personal library, a kitchen, and even a living room for guests.

Unfortunately, I couldn't afford this housing, though we are currently trying to claim Neville Longbottom's housing as part of the settlement, but that's taking time. The next complex is basically budget housing. They applied expansion charms on each floor to cram in a lot of studio apartments.

That's what's currently troubling: you can't stack expansion charms with each other, and again, by my count, 15 different women are living in that small studio apartment. Last night, I was seeking advice from the twins, as one of the rules of the apartment complex I currently live in is that you can have guests, but you cannot have multiple people living in a single studio apartment.

My problem is that if it were discovered that I knew about this when they were found, I might also be on the hook and held accountable and face eviction. While Dumbledore is no longer Headmaster of Hogwarts, just some of the positions he lost during our legal battle, he still is the head of the Department of Transfiguration.

He still holds some influence over Hogwarts as Minerva McGonagall, his former apprentice, is now the Headmistress and Severus Snape, who is now less than a squib but still retained his position due to Dumbledore's influence, is Deputy Headmaster. They can still make my life hard, and I plan on just floating under the radar for the next few years while I complete my MMM.

Psyching myself up as I just finished washing my face and brushing my teeth, I exited my apartment and moved to the next door to talk to the tenants and give them a piece of my mind. As I raised my knuckle to knock at the door, I noticed that the door was slightly ajar.

"No.... No.... please, why won't it work, please help me!!!"

Panicking at the frantic voice of a person who sounds like she's in trouble, I quickly pushed the door open with enough force for it to slam shut just as I entered the studio apartment.

The scene I witnessed upon entering the apartment left me stupefied. The girl I saw on the veranda is lying on her bed, splayed out.

You can see her shorts on the ground beside the foot of her bed, the front of her shirt is raised to her chest exposing her large breasts with small pointed light brown nipples with sickle sized areolas; her left hand cycling between pinching her nipples and tracing her areolas with lubricated fingers, her eyes are currently closed as her face is sporting a look of frustration as she mutters, "No, no, no, please.", looking down below her flat stomach, her legs are wide open cycling between being splayed out and her knees bent, her toes curled, with her panties looped around her left ankle.

Right now, her right hand is over her cleanly shaved pussy, with two of her fingers inside her lips quickly pumping in and out as her thumb violently rubs her swollen clit.

I took a step back and tripped over a long pink object on the floor. The sound of me falling on my arse startled the orange-haired woman, who was angrily masturbating. Our eyes met as she was mid-pump, her thumb pressing on her clit, as she was lubricating her left fingers by licking them.

After a moment where we just stared at each other, we both were moving our eyes up and down each other as I scrambled to get up.

Why the fuck did she hear me fall down but not when I pushed the apartments door so hard it swung right back, closing it?

"I.... ummm.. Your door was ajar and I heard, ummm, you crying out for help." I stiffened, bowed, apologised, and attempted to leave.

Just as I was about to turn and leave, the orange-haired lady grabbed my wrist.

"Hey, stop!"

This action, unfortunately, served to again push me back down on my arse. As I was planning to quickly talk to the tenant by scheduling a meeting with everyone who lives in the apartment, I didn't bother dressing up. I am currently wearing a plain grey shirt and some loose boxer shorts.

By grabbing on to me as I fell, half of her body is currently still on her bed, with her bare cheeks raised into the air, and her upper half is in between my legs with her face at eye-level with my boxers, now sporting a massive tent.

Closing my eyes as I spluttered apologies, I felt something slimy poke the tip of my nose.

"Are you closing your eyes at this point?" An amused voice asked me.

When I opened my eyes, I was shocked to see her change her position. She's currently above me, partially naked as her shirt is now covering her breast, with her knees on both sides of my body, as she has her right index finger pointed at me, slicked with the juices from her vagina.

My brain is still trying to catch up as she then proceeds to take off her shirt.

“Say, you're that Potter boy, right? Are you good at having sex?”

As she says this, she manages to pull down the waistband of my boxers, exposing my large erection to the air. My head, now angry red, leaking a bit of precum, is now being tugged by soft, slender fingers as she aligns my shaft towards her lower lips.

“Sorry, I’m quite desperate right now. Please don’t cum too soon, let’s talk after you satisfy me. You’re okay with this, right?”

While my brain is still catching up with this situation, I was still able to dumbly nod and accept the pretty orange head’s lascivious proposition. And with a wink, she slammed her pelvis onto mine, entirely swallowing my member in one thrust.

She tilted her head back in satisfaction as a moan escaped her mouth.

“Haah.. Uugh.. god, you're massive.” She now has both of her hands on her breasts as she is squatting above me with legs wide open as she frantically rides me.

“Yes... Yes..ugh” She opened one of her eyes, locking hers with mine as she leaned back with one of her arms on the floor bracing her as support while the other hand was in her mouth lubricating her fingers.

She continued with pelvic thrusts upon pelvic thrusts as her eyes still locked with mine, while she resumed her clit rubbing with her now lubricated fingers.

She then further increases her pace as I feel the walls of her pussy contract, gripping my member like a well-lubricated vice. "I'm sooooo.. close," she said as she pitched forward, her face now levelled with mine as her seductive moans filled my ears.

She now places one of her hands on my chest as support, as she rocks her hips in a circular motion, she brings one of her nipples to her mouth.

She then switched her circular rocking motion to a back-and-forth motion, grinding her clit on my trimmed pubes, as her pussy clenches around my shaft. With a final squeal and moan, she slumps forward, member still inside her as I feel her convulse and her pussy trembles around my cock.

"That was fucking amazing." She sat up, still with my cock inside her, as I hadn't cummed yet. "Oh, you're still hard. You haven't cummed yet, right?"

Up until now, my brain is still catching up with this wild situation, but what shocked me further is that the girl on top of me is different.

Gone was the tall large breasted orange haired girl that was fucking me as if it was the end of the world, she is now replaced by someone who is a little bit smaller, medium sized perky breasts with pink nipples, slender but toned arms and legs; her pussy, still encompassing my dick, has a purple small landing strip above clit, and finally her face, still pretty but different a bit more angular, heterochromic eyes, and finally pink-purple coloured hair up to her nape.

With a wink, as she does two pumps on my cock, she shivered and winced a bit. "Name's Tonks." She gave a Cheshire grin as her hands went underneath my shirt to offer one of my nipples a few tweaks.

"The pleasure is all mine, but I am currently too sensitive, so please give me a moment before I finish you off."

Still unable to voice out a reply, I just felt my dick harden further in acknowledgement.

“Great!” Was her witty reply.

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END

Waifu of the Week*: Nami (One Piece)

*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 sweet release of an orgasm.

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