

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 4.3

Four, Three, Two

Waifu of the Week: None

Disclaimer: Everyone here is an adult!!

The flat still smelled of sex and the faint warmth of recent exertion. Harry lay sprawled on the bed where Tonks had left him—where the woman he'd *thought* was Tonks had left him. His breath had barely steadied when—

Tap-tap. Tap. Tap-tap-tap.

Their knock.

Then the next thing he knew he was on the floor of his apartment.

A naked blonde woman knelt before him. Pale skin, silvery hair tumbling past her shoulders, wide eyes that held that particular quality of seeing through things rather than at them.

Luna Lovegood.

Or rather, Tonks wearing Luna's face.

"Is this your third leg?" she asked dreamily, wrapping her fingers around his still-sensitive cock. The touch sent sparks through his oversensitised nerves.

From her kneeling position, she kicked the door shut behind her. The slam echoed through the flat like a punctuation mark.

Then she swallowed him whole.

The heat of her mouth enveloped him without preamble, without warning. Harry's breath caught in his throat, chest seizing at the sudden wet warmth engulfing his softened length. Before he could process the sudden engulfment, her tongue slid lower, painting a slow, deliberate stripe across his balls that made his thighs twitch involuntarily.

Harry's hips jerked upward, burying himself deeper into her throat.

"Tonks, sorry!"

Looking down, he saw the visage of Luna Lovegood gazing up at him, his cock still firmly sealed within her lips and buried deep in her throat. Her eyes watered at the sudden thrust, moisture gathering at the corners, but she didn't pull away. Didn't gag. Just held him there, throat contracting around the head in slow, rhythmic pulses that coaxed blood back into his spent flesh.

He felt the muscles of her throat work—squeeze, release, squeeze again. Then she pulled back.

Just a little.

Her nostrils flared as she inhaled, cheeks hollowing as she sucked, and then she pushed downward again with that same unhurried determination. Her nose brushed the faint dark hair at the base—something Tonks never minded, though Harry had been meaning to purchase another removal potion after one particularly unfortunate incident involving teeth and tangled pubic hair.

Then she hummed.

The tune was from the hook of the Weird Sisters' most popular song, vibrating through his entire length whilst she locked eyes with him and bobbed her head in time with the melody. The sensation was absurd and overwhelming in equal

measure—musical vibrations thrumming through his cock whilst those silver-grey eyes watched him with unsettling calm.

Harry had never really requested Tonks take on someone's appearance. They'd had a few nights with Fleur's form, of course, but Fleur had given her explicit blessing for that arrangement. This was different.

To think that Tonks would approach one of the few members of the Hogwarts student body he had actually been—to a certain extent—amicable with.

He'd told Tonks about seventh year. About how he'd normally just done his own thing, researching magic, staying under the radar. Sirius had managed to retrieve his father's cloak from Dumbledore around his seventh birthday, and that had made avoiding notice considerably easier.

He'd even told her about taking the Cruciatus for Hermione. About saving Luna from Amicus.

To think Tonks would approach Luna after hearing those stories. He should probably apologise to the real Luna for this—though Merlin only knew when he'd muster the courage to look her in the eye again.

The body kneeling before him was nubile in that particular way Luna carried herself—slight and willowy, with small breasts tipped by pale, perky nipples that caught the morning light trickling in from the window. Her doe eyes never broke contact as she continued to devour him, making lewd wet sounds that filled the quiet flat. Saliva dripped down his shaft, pooling in the dark curls at the base. She knelt low, hips flushed against the soles of her feet in a posture that somehow managed to look both obscene and meditative—as if she might start chanting or levitating at any moment.

Harry sat up, reaching toward her arse. His hands found the relatively small yet pert globes of flesh and kneaded them, fingers dimpling the soft skin. She was cool to the touch, her body temperature seemingly lower than normal.

"Tonks, next time you shouldn't approach the girls I helped. It's embarrassing, and think of the problems if you proposition someone and they—"

His cock met the cool air of the room as Tonks-Luna finally stopped her bobbing. She gave his underside one long, languorous lick from base to tip, then nuzzled the side of his shaft like something precious and prized, her cheek pressed against the wet skin.

"The Blibbering Humdingers said it would be fine," she murmured against his skin, her breath warm and damp. "I asked her permission first, obviously. That would be rude otherwise, and rudeness attracts Nargles." She placed a delicate kiss on the head, tongue darting out to catch the bead of moisture there. "I asked Daphne too. She was hesitant at first, but she later agreed as she said she owed you." Another kiss, lower this time, lips soft against the sensitive underside. "Didn't you enjoy how Hermione looked? She's worked very hard on her transformation. The Wrackspurts that used to cloud her confidence have almost entirely dispersed."

Harry froze. His face contorted into something between horror and disbelief.

"Wait—Hermione *and* Daphne agreed? And what do you mean about Hermione's looks?"

"Oh, my previous form—*uh*—"

She moaned, her sentence fracturing as Harry's finger slipped inside her slick entrance without conscious thought. She was drenched, inner walls clutching at the intrusion with greedy warmth. The wet heat of her cunt practically pulled him deeper.

"Wait. That was actually Hermione? The real Hermione?"

"Yes," she said dreamily, and the word captured Luna's cadence so perfectly—that serene, faraway quality that suggested she was listening to music no one else could hear. Her gaze remained tranquil even as her hips began to rock against his hand, riding his finger with small, rhythmic movements. "She apparently wanted to feel better about herself, so she exercised and used some products. She's now considered a minor house of Greengrass, you know. The Dirigible Plums told me she's been practising

yoga for flexibility." A soft sigh escaped her. "And do you find my portrayal of Luna accurate?"

She gave a grin—that familiar mischievous grin he always saw from Tonks, incongruous on Luna's dreamy features.

Her free hand traced idle patterns across his abdomen, fingernails leaving faint pink trails on his skin.

Harry only nodded. It felt both weird and thrilling to be honest. He'd never really thought of the eccentric Ravenclaw that way—she'd always been too ethereal, too otherworldly to register as anything other than a fellow loner.

Also, Harry couldn't compute. The previous form—the woman who had fled his flat naked and flushed—had been *Hermione*. She looked nothing like the girl he remembered from Hogwarts. Hermione had never been unattractive, not really. She wasn't fat or plain or any of the things some of the Ravenclaws bully her with. But the woman who'd been writhing beneath him minutes ago had been genuinely stunning—curves in all the right places, confidence in her movements, skin flushed with arousal rather than embarrassment.

If Tonks's morphing was accurate—and it always was—then Hermione had transformed herself completely.

She lowered her head again and took him deeper, swallowing him down until her lips kissed the base. This time she did something with her tongue—slow, deliberate pressure along the prominent vein on the underside—whilst her hand twisted gently at the base. Harry's head fell back against the floor with a dull thump. His fingers found her hair without conscious thought, not pushing, just anchoring himself as she worked. Normally Tonks was quite greedy and sucked on him with such vigour that pain and pleasure often bled into one another.

This time she didn't rush. She explored.

Soft licks around the crown, then a long wet slide that left trails of saliva glistening on his shaft. The brief scrape of teeth made him hiss before she

soothed it with her tongue, lapping apologetically at the spot. Every few moments she would pause, lips still wrapped around him, and murmur something against the sensitive skin that sent vibrations through his entire length.

'Wait—that would also mean Tonks asked them to strip and to—'

"Oh, I asked for photographs of them so I could accurately reference their forms," she said conversationally, pulling off just enough to speak before diving back down. Her words were slightly muffled, spoken around the head of his cock. "Hermione was shy about it at first, but Daphne convinced her. They have lovely bodies. Different, but lovely. Like comparing a Dirigible Plum to a Gurdyroot—both nutritious in their own ways."

Harry groaned. The combination of her mouth and the completely unfiltered Luna-esque commentary was doing things to his head that had nothing to do with simple arousal. He felt himself thickening further against her tongue, blood rushing south with renewed urgency despite how recently he'd finished.

Tonks-Luna made a small pleased sound—almost a purr—and took him to the root again. Her throat fluttered around the head in rapid contractions, muscles working him with practised ease whilst she breathed steadily through her nose. Her silver eyes never left his face, watching him with that unnerving intensity.

When she finally pulled off, a thick strand of saliva connected her lips to his cock. She was breathing faster, cheeks faintly flushed pink, but her eyes still held that distant, contented haze that was purely Luna.

"You're very warm," she observed, wiping the corner of her mouth with the back of her hand.

She swallowed visibly—taking down the load he'd shot without a flicker of distaste—then wrapped her fingers around his softening cock and began to pump with slow, steady strokes. Within moments he was hardening again, blood responding to her touch with almost painful eagerness.

Tonks-Luna nodded as if he had confirmed something about the weather. She rose up onto her knees, one hand still loosely circling him, and shifted forward until the slick heat of her sex brushed the underside of his cock. She was already wet. Very wet. The soft folds parted easily as she rubbed herself along his length once, twice, coating him in her arousal until he gleamed with it.

Harry sucked in a breath. Tonks in Luna's form was impossibly tight—just as Hermione's form had been. The entrance barely seemed capable of accommodating him, the slick lips kissing the head of his cock with teasing pressure.

She sank down.

Harry's hands flew to her hips. The slide was slow, deliberate, and the grip of her walls bordered on painful—a vice of wet heat that fought his intrusion even as it welcomed him deeper. Tonks-Luna's eyes fluttered half-closed, pale lashes casting shadows on her cheeks. A soft, almost surprised breath left her as she took him inch by inch, thighs trembling with the effort of control. Her mouth fell open slightly, lips glistening with saliva and his seed, and Harry watched her face contort with the stretch of accommodating him.

When she finally settled fully against him—hip bones pressing into his pelvis, the entirety of his length buried inside her—she stayed completely still. Simply breathing. The walls of her sex fluttered around him in tiny rhythmic pulses, adjusting, accepting, clenching and releasing in waves that made his cock twitch.

"Oh," she whispered. "That's quite substantial. The Crumple-Horned Snorkacks would approve."

Harry gave her a deadpan stare, though he didn't want to ruin the moment. He just clocked this to Tonks sometimes being in a mood.

Like the time she copied someone from a Muggle magazine, and she wanted to role-play about her being caught shoplifting.

Then she began to move.

Not the frantic bounce Tonks favoured in her natural form. Not the grinding desperation of the form that had just fled his flat. Tonks-Luna rode him with an unhurried pace that felt almost meditative—slow rises until only the head remained inside her, the cool morning air of the flat kissing his exposed shaft and raising gooseflesh along his thighs, then a controlled slide back down that took him to the hilt every time. The wet sound of their joining was obscenely loud in the quiet room, a slick squelching noise that accompanied each descent.

Her hands rested lightly on his chest for balance, fingertips pressing into the muscle there with just enough pressure that he could feel the slight bite of her nails. The warmth of her palms seeped into his skin, a sharp contrast to the chill that touched him whenever she rose. Her silvery hair swayed with each motion, catching the morning light streaming through the window and turning almost luminescent, individual strands catching and releasing tiny sparks of gold.

And the entire time she watched his face as if cataloguing every reaction—the way his jaw clenched, the flutter of his pulse in his throat, the involuntary twitches of his hips when she ground down at the bottom of each stroke. Her borrowed eyes tracked across his features with that unsettling Luna-intensity, missing nothing. The sheets beneath them had grown warm and slightly damp, bunching where his shoulders pressed into the floor. Harry could smell her arousal mixing with his own sweat, something floral underneath it that didn't quite belong to Tonks.

"Your pupils dilate when I take you deep," she observed, sinking down again and grinding her hips in a slow circle that made his eyes roll back. "That's interesting."

She picked up the pace—still controlled, still measured, but deeper now. The soft slap of skin against skin filled the quiet flat, punctuated by her soft exhalations and his rougher breathing. Harry's hands slid up her back, feeling the delicate ridge of her spine beneath his palms, the slight give of her waist

as she moved. Sweat had begun to gather in the small of her back, making his grip slip.

She was softer than Tonks's usual forms. Lighter. The particular angle of her hips, the timing of her contractions around him, the way she clenched down every time she bottomed out—all of it was distinctly Luna, as if Tonks had studied not just the body but the essence.

Tonks-Luna's breath began to hitch. Small, almost surprised sounds escaped her with every downward stroke, as if her own pleasure kept catching her off guard. She never looked away from his face.

Her voice went breathy. "The Dirigible Plums must have blessed you. Most men can't maintain focus this long without—*oh*—without getting distracted by their own pleasure."

Harry sat up in one motion, arms wrapping around her. Tonks-Luna's legs locked around his waist automatically, ankles crossing at the small of his back, as he turned them and pressed her back to the floor without ever slipping free. The new angle drove him deeper, the head of his cock pressing against something soft and yielding inside her—that spot that made her entire body shudder.

Tonks-Luna's head tipped back. Silvery hair spilled across the floorboards in a pale fan. A soft, startled moan left her throat—louder than anything she'd made so far.

"Oh—yes. That's better. The Nargles can't reach us when you're this deep."

He braced himself above her, forearms planted on either side of her head, and began to thrust in earnest. The shift in angle made Tonks-Luna's breath catch—a small, wondering sound, as though she'd discovered something unexpected about the way their bodies fit together.

Her hands found his shoulders first, nails digging in with enough pressure to sting. Then they slid upward, fingers threading through his hair with that peculiar tenderness she seemed incapable of abandoning even now. She

tugged gently, experimentally, and when he groaned in response, her silvery eyes widened with something like delight.

"You like that," she observed, breathless.

Her own words dissolved into a soft moan as he adjusted his rhythm, driving deeper. Her hands abandoned his hair and slid down to grip his forearms instead, fingers wrapping around the corded muscle with surprising strength. He could feel the slight tremor in her grip, the way her whole body was beginning to shake with each thrust.

Her legs stayed locked high around his waist, ankles crossed tight, heels pressing into the small of his back with quiet, dreamy insistence. Every time he pulled back, she urged him forward again—not demanding, exactly, but persistent. Inevitable.

"Harder," she breathed against his ear, lips brushing the shell of it. "The Wrackspurts appreciate vigour."

Harry gave her what she asked for.

The floor was unforgiving beneath them—he'd need to remember cushioning charms next time—and every thrust drove a soft sound from Tonks-Luna's lips. Her small breasts shifted with the motion, nipples dragging against his chest with each stroke. The friction sent sparks through both of them. She kept talking throughout, quiet half-formed observations that somehow made everything sharper, more present.

"Your glasses are fogging. That means you're exerting yourself properly."

"You're looking at my mouth. That's interesting. Are you thinking about kissing me or about what my mouth was doing earlier?"

"I can feel you getting closer. The way you swell inside me when you're about to—*oh*—"

He reached between them and found her clit with his thumb, rubbing firm circles against the swollen nub. Tonks-Luna's entire body arched off the floor,

back bowing, small breasts thrust toward the ceiling. The dreamy haze in her eyes sharpened into something brighter, more focused, almost fierce. Her nails dug into his arms hard enough to leave crescent marks.

"There—yes—exactly there—the pressure is perfect—don't stop—the Blibbering Humdingers are—*oh*—"

He kept the steady pressure whilst his hips worked, driving into her with increasing urgency. The wet sound of their joining filled the flat, obscene and rhythmic—a constant squelching accompanied by the slap of his hips against her thighs. Tonks-Luna's voice broke into soft, rhythmic gasps that climbed higher with each thrust. Her walls fluttered and clenched around him in uneven waves, grip tightening and releasing in a pattern that threatened to undo him.

"I'm going to—the Nargles are—*Harry*—"

When the orgasm finally took her, it was quiet but total.

Her body locked tight beneath him, every muscle tensing at once. A long trembling sigh left her lips—not a scream, not a moan, but something softer and more genuine. Her eyes went distant again, pupils blown wide, silver irises reduced to thin rings, as pleasure rolled through her in slow, deep pulses that he could feel around his cock—rhythmic contractions that milked him with each wave.

Harry followed her over the edge with a rough groan, burying himself to the hilt as he came. The release was hard, almost punishing after the prolonged tease of her mouth and the deliberate ride. Heat flooded between them. He stayed deep, pulsing, whilst Tonks-Luna's hands stroked absently through his hair and down the back of his neck.

"That was lovely," she murmured, voice distant and satisfied. "Like catching a rare Blibbering Humdinger. Very satisfying."

They stayed like that for several long breaths, connected, sweat cooling on their skin. Tonks-Luna's heartbeat gradually slowed against his chest, the

rapid flutter settling into something steadier. Her legs loosened their grip but didn't fall away completely, heels still resting against his lower back.

Finally, she stirred beneath him.

"I should go. I need to quickly look at the reference again—Daphne's proportions are tricky, and I want to get the hip-to-waist ratio correct."

She slipped out from under him with surprising grace, his softening cock sliding free with a wet sound. She gathered her clothes from where they'd been abandoned near the door. Harry watched her dress with the same unhurried calm she'd shown throughout—as if she hadn't just been writhing beneath him moments before.

At the door, she paused and looked back over her shoulder.

"Thank you, Harry. That was lovely. The third leg is very well-behaved when someone knows how to talk to it. I think it responds well to compliments and direct communication, like most magical creatures."

Then she was gone, the door clicking shut behind her.

Harry remained on the floor, bare, spent, and thoroughly confused.

The flat was quiet again except for the distant sounds of the building settling and the faint residual scent of sex and something floral and odd—whatever perfume Tonks used when she took Luna's form. His mind churned with questions he couldn't quite articulate.

Hermione. The naked woman who'd fled had been *Hermione Granger*—or rather Tonks's take on Hermione's form.

And Daphne Greengrass had apparently agreed to... what, exactly? Let Tonks study her naked body? Let Tonks impersonate her whilst—

He'd just started to push himself upright when the knock came.

Tap-tap. Tap. Tap-tap-tap.

Their knock.

Harry stared at the door.

A moment later it opened without waiting for an answer.

Daphne Greengrass stood in the corridor, completely naked, a neat bundle of clothes held against one hip. Her body was everything Luna's form hadn't been—taller, fuller curves, with the kind of aristocratic poise that came from generations of pureblood breeding. Cool grey eyes swept over him where he still sat half-sprawled on the floor, taking in his nudity and the obvious evidence of recent activities with clinical assessment.

One perfectly arched brow lifted.

Harry's eyes narrowed as he stood up.

She stepped inside and closed the door with a quiet, decisive click.

This time she pushed him toward the bed. Her hands were steady against his chest, guiding rather than shoving, but there was an urgency beneath the composure that hadn't been present in Luna's dreamy approach or Hermione's nervous fumbling.

Unlike the previous encounters—with women he'd only really interacted with sparingly, Cruciatus sessions aside—Daphne didn't speak. Didn't explain. Didn't offer dreamy commentary about magical creatures or flee in embarrassed panic.

Wordlessly, she mounted him.

Her hand wrapped around his length, positioning him at her entrance. Her folds were glistening, slick with arousal, and she was dripping wet as she aligned their bodies. Then she slammed down onto him in one decisive motion.

Harry looked up at her aristocratic visage and saw her wince.

It wasn't a mild wince. Not the slight discomfort of adjusting to his size. Her face contorted, jaw clenching, eyes squeezing shut. It looked like it *hurt*.

Then her expression shifted to horror.

Harry followed her gaze downward to where their hips were joined.

Blood.

Bright red against pale skin, smeared across his length, trailing down to stain the sheets beneath them.

'Blood?'

His mind stuttered. Stopped. Restarted.

Tap-tap. Tap. Tap-tap-tap.

The knock echoed through the flat like a gunshot.

Harry and Daphne locked eyes. Her face had gone pale—paler than her usual porcelain complexion—and he watched dawning horror spread across her features. But this time Harry's eyes narrowed further, pieces clicking into place with brutal clarity.

Tap-tap. Tap. Tap-tap-tap.

"Hey! Harry, are you there?" Tonks's voice carried through the door, bright and impatient. "I've been itching for some fuckin'—"

Multiple thuds sounded from the wall.

Then his door swung open.

Tonks stood in the doorway, her natural magenta hair wild around her shoulders, wearing nothing but one of his shirts and a pair of knickers that left very little to the imagination. Her mismatched eyes—one golden, one blue-grey—took in the scene.

"Oh—wait, have I been replaced?" Her voice carried that familiar mischievous lilt, but there was something sharper beneath it now. Calculating.

To her right stood Luna and Hermione. Luna wore an oversized Ravenclaw shirt that hung past her thighs, well, at least most of it as the front part was tucked within the band of her damp knickers, silvery hair tangled from what he was realising was their previous session of coupling—or in Tonks's potty mouth, 'fuckin'. Hermione had on a simple white camisole and knickers—knickers that were visibly drenched, the fabric clinging to her in ways that left nothing to the imagination.

All three women stared at the bed.

At Daphne, still impaled on Harry's cock, blood trickling down to pool on the sheets.

"Oh, what's this?" Tonks asked, her tone deceptively light.

Daphne's composure cracked. "You said she'd be away at this time."

She was still bleeding. Still had Harry buried inside her apparently virginal cunt. Her voice came out strained, caught between accusation and mortification.

Twitch.

His cock twitched inside her.

Daphne gasped—a sharp intake of breath that held both pleasure and pain in equal measure. Her inner walls clenched involuntarily around him, and fresh warmth spread where they were joined.

Harry locked eyes with Tonks.

The metamorphmagus's expression had shifted. Gone was the playful irreverence, replaced by something more complex. Her gaze flicked from Daphne's face to where their bodies connected, then back to Harry. One magenta eyebrow rose slowly.

"Well," she said, stepping fully into the flat and looking back at the wet knicker-clad pair. "This is certainly more interesting than what I had planned for the morning."

-=&<0>&=-

END

Waifu of the Week: None

*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.**

[XTwitterX](#)

[!\[\]\(b73fbe1f68c0c0158be408bb873fa9d8_img.jpg\) XTwitterX !\[\]\(c18520fe23e1fabdddcd5bbbbefe6d24_img.jpg\)](#)

[t Tumblr t](#)

[!\[\]\(9f63f5ec98cc2eddf66038fdc55c1091_img.jpg\) Discord !\[\]\(fd74172b4b36bd5daa835ac0a1853b11_img.jpg\)](#)

[!\[\]\(a5ce6bf60513915c4be97f191363167f_img.jpg\) BlueSky !\[\]\(ed75d6e5eff810e5f907063cb1d8d967_img.jpg\)](#)