

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 4.2

Four, Three, Two

Waifu of the Week: None

Disclaimer: Everyone here is an adult!!

Harry grunted as he hooked his arms behind Hermione's knees. She wrapped her arms around his neck instinctively, her body moving before her mind could catch up.

She did not 'eep' in surprise.

She absolutely did not.

At least, she hoped she didn't. Hopefully, Daphne and Luna hadn't heard anything through these paper-thin walls. Though given what they'd been listening to for the past week, one small squeak of surprise would hardly register.

Harry deposited her on his bed with rather less ceremony than she'd imagined in her fantasies. She bounced twice on the mattress, her hands flying up to press against the hollow of her throat, fingers splayed across the space between her breasts and clavicle.

"Oh, you're acting cute today," Harry said.

He grabbed the hem of his shirt and pulled it over his head in one fluid motion. The fabric landed somewhere behind him, forgotten.

Hermione's cheeks burned. She looked away, suddenly fascinated by the pattern of morning light filtering through his curtains. Her peripheral vision, however, remained stubbornly fixed on the lean muscles of his torso, the dark trail of hair disappearing below his waistband.

"Sorry—unfortunately, I was in a meeting with your father and Fleur this morning. I'm a bit riled up." Harry extended his hand towards the nightstand where his wand lay. It flew into his grip. "Your friend is quite unfair. She directed all her aura at me."

Hermione kept quiet. She didn't know anything about this arrangement with Fleur, though she remembered the Veela from the Triwizard Tournament. Blonde, impossibly beautiful, French.

'Was she the same one? He mentioned aura—so perhaps it was the Veela from Beauxbatons—wait?! Wasn't she that bellend's friend's brother's girlfriend.'

The thought scattered like startled birds, though she distinctly remembered Ron bragging about his brother dating the French Champion as if he was the one dating the Veela.

A breeze whispered across her skin. Hermione looked down.

She was naked.

Completely, utterly naked.

Her gaze snapped to the desk behind Harry, where both their clothes lay folded in neat stacks. His shirt, her jumper, her skirt, her bra, her knickers—all arranged with a precision that spoke of practised wandwork. She looked up to find him placing his wand back on the nightstand within easy reach.

He stood at the foot of the bed, his hand wrapped around his cock.

'...!'

Hermione's mind went blank. Static. White noise.

She'd read about male anatomy. She'd seen diagrams in medical texts, illustrations in the more risqué novels Daphne had lent her. And to be honest, last year she'd bought her own personal dildo. While she had to remove the batteries and keep its vibrating function turned off because of the ambient magic in Hogwarts, she did have a spell for that particular feature.

Nothing had prepared her for this. Her dildo was barely half its size in length or girth.

He was... substantial. Thick and heavy, flushed dark with arousal, the head glistening faintly in the morning light. Her mouth went dry. Her thighs pressed together of their own accord.

Harry lifted her left leg, placing her calf against his right shoulder. The new angle opened her completely, left her exposed and vulnerable as his thick head traced the line of her slit.

She felt herself parting for him. The blunt pressure at her entrance sent tingling sensations radiating outward, electric sparks dancing up her spine. But when he pressed forward—

She winced.

Harry stilled immediately.

"Oh, sorry—you're not wet yet." He paused, confusion flickering across his features before smoothing into understanding. "You're usually ready the moment you step through the door. Let me handle it."

Hermione almost panicked at that particular fact, and before she could muster up an excuse—he hooked both her legs over his shoulders.

And dropped to his knees.

"Ahhhh..."

The gasp tore from her throat as something warm and slick touched her entrance. She looked down, past the heave of her own chest, to find Harry's dark hair between her thighs. His tongue traced upward in a slow, deliberate stroke.

She twitched.

He started again at her puckered arsehole—a sensation that made her squirm with embarrassment and unexpected pleasure—then dragged his tongue forward. Along the sensitive skin between, across her outer lips, parting them gently, until his mouth closed around her swollen nub.

'Oh.'

She was suddenly, desperately grateful she'd showered this morning. Grateful too for the depilatory potion Daphne had recommended, the one that had removed every trace of hair below her neck. She'd always been prone to body hair—on her forearms, her calves, around her nipples and under her arms. Since she'd started caring about her appearance, the potion had become a weekly ritual.

Now, with Harry Potter's face buried between her legs, she'd never been more thankful for her recently discovered vanity.

His green eyes locked with her hazel ones as he looked up. His mouth remained sealed around her clit, but his gaze held hers with an intensity that made her stomach flip.

'This is actually happening.'

Her crush. Her secret obsession. The boy who'd taken a Cruciatus Curse for her without ever asking for acknowledgement.

He was between her legs.

His tongue moved.

Hermione let out a deep moan, her back arching off the mattress. Both hands reached down to tangle in Harry's hair—those perpetually messy black locks she'd fantasised about touching for years. His free hand slid up her body, fingers closing around her breast, kneading the soft flesh.

Her body trembled with every flick of his tongue against her nub. Quick, precise movements. He knew exactly what he was doing. Of course he did. She'd been listening to the results of his expertise for days.

Something traced her entrance. A fingertip, circling slowly, gathering the moisture his mouth had coaxed from her.

Harry pinched her nipple.

Two fingers slid inside her.

"Oh—*fuck*—"

The word escaped before she could stop it. Hermione Granger did not swear. Hermione Granger used precise, articulate language at all times.

Hermione Granger had never had Harry Potter's fingers curling inside her while his tongue worked her clit.

He set a rhythm. His fingers pressed upward, finding a spot that made sparks explode behind her eyes, while his mouth maintained its relentless attention on her swollen bundle of nerves. Push, curl, flick. Push, curl, flick.

Her hips moved of their own accord, grinding against his face. She should be embarrassed. She should be mortified by the wet sounds filling the room, by the way her body responded to him without permission, by the keening noises spilling from her throat.

She couldn't bring herself to care.

"More," she breathed. "Please—Harry—*more*—"

His fingers pumped faster. A third pressed at her entrance, stretching her in ways that bordered on discomfort before tipping into overwhelming pleasure.

His free hand abandoned her breast to grip her hip, holding her in place as she bucked against him.

Hermione's fingers tightened in his hair. She was pulling now, probably too hard, but he didn't seem to mind. If anything, the slight growl that vibrated against her clit suggested he enjoyed it.

The tension built in her core. A coiling pressure, winding tighter with every stroke of his tongue, every thrust of his fingers. Nothing prepared her for the real thing—not her first discovery into the world of masturbation, not the time she bought herself her own personal phallic pleasure device. Never this intense, this consuming. It was the heat, her body heating up, then shivering because of the ambient temperature, and maybe it was a mental thing as opposed to her starting at point A and rushing towards toe-curling point B with only her imagination and visual women's special interest arts publications.

"God—" She couldn't finish the sentence. "Harry, I'm going to—"

Her mind was both overthinking and hazy, neurons misfiring, thoughts crashing into each other while a horny version of herself sat at the corner of her mind telling her other thoughts to shut up while screaming *more*.

He doubled his efforts.

His fingers crooked inside her, pressing against that spot with relentless precision. His tongue flattened against her clit, then circled, then flicked rapidly. The hand on her hip slid downward, and she felt one of the joints of his curled fingers press against the tight ring of muscle below—not entering, just pressing, adding another point of overwhelming sensation.

Hermione shattered.

The orgasm crashed through her like a wave, starting where his mouth met her flesh and radiating outward until every nerve ending sang. Her thighs clamped around his head. Her back arched so sharply she thought her spine might snap. A sound tore from her throat—something between a scream and a sob—and she felt herself clench rhythmically around his fingers.

He didn't stop.

"Harry—wait—I can't—"

His tongue kept moving. Slower now, gentler, but persistent. Each stroke sent aftershocks rippling through her oversensitised flesh. She tried to squirm away, but his grip held her fast.

Another wave built. Smaller than the first, but no less intense. She crested it with a whimper, her body shuddering through a second peak before the first had fully subsided.

Only then did he ease his assault.

His fingers withdrew slowly, leaving her empty and aching. His mouth pressed one final kiss to her swollen clit—she twitched violently—before he lifted his head.

Hermione lay boneless against the mattress, chest heaving, legs still draped over his shoulders. She couldn't feel her toes. She wasn't entirely certain she still had toes.

Through her hazy vision, she watched Harry rise. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand—*oh God, that was her, that was all her*—and settled between her spread thighs.

The blunt head of his cock nudged her entrance.

She was wet now. Soaking, if the slick sounds were any indication. But even through the pleasant fog of her afterglow, she felt the stretch as he pressed forward.

"Ready?" His voice came from somewhere far away.

Hermione nodded. She wasn't certain she could speak. Wasn't certain she remembered how.

Through the pleasant blur of sensation, she felt him begin to push inside.

The pressure was immense. Her body resisted, then yielded, accepting inch after inch of him until she felt impossibly, wonderfully full. Her hands found his shoulders, nails digging into the muscle as he settled into the cradle of her hips.

Their eyes met.

For a single, crystalline moment, everything else fell away.

She saw him pause.

Something shifted in his expression—a flicker of confusion, of recognition that didn't quite land. His brow furrowed slightly. His green eyes searched her face.

"You're..." He trailed off.

Hermione held her breath.

'Does he know? Has he figured it out? Oh God, he knows, and he's going to throw me out, and I'll have to face Daphne and Luna and explain that I ruined everything—'

Harry shook his head slightly, as if clearing cobwebs. "You're extra tight today."

He grinned. "Last time you complained about the queefs when I requested it to be tighter."

Hermione gasped.

"So—uhh—something spe-uh-cial for ahhh—today."

Harry gave her a shallow thrust with every word and moan she gave him.

Her eyes widened as he bottomed out—she could feel his head kiss her cervix.

'Full. So full.'

Her mind drifted in the aftermath of her climax, still processing what had happened, what was happening. She'd walked into his flat expecting—she didn't know what she'd expected. She expected to be ravished, certainly. She'd already heard what debauched things happened here daily. But this was something else. She'd thought there'd be a prelude, a conversation perhaps. An awkward moment where she revealed her identity. Not this. Not Harry Potter immediately ravishing her the moment she stepped inside. Not being naked a minute later, his lips around her clit half a minute after that, and his cock inside her an orgasm later.

The orgasm still echoed through her muscles, little tremors of pleasure rippling outward. She felt loose and languid, her limbs heavy, her thoughts scattered like pages from a dropped book.

And now he was inside her.

Again, she had to confirm this fact.

She could feel every inch of him, the stretch and the fullness, the way her body accommodated his intrusion. It should hurt—she was a virgin, for Merlin's sake, well at least metaphysically, right? Her first time with her dildo and a warm twitching monster of a cock should be counted differently, right? Plus, that particular barrier had been dealt with years ago during an unfortunate broom accident in flying lessons—but the careful preparation of his mouth and fingers had left her so thoroughly aroused that the discomfort was minimal.

Mostly, she just felt full.

Complete, in some way, she hadn't known she was lacking.

Harry's weight settled over her, his forearms braced on either side of her head. His chest pressed against her breasts. His breath ghosted across her face, warm and slightly uneven.

"Okay," he said, as if confirming something with himself.

Hermione could only nod.

She angled her hips further, trying to draw him deeper, though there was no deeper to go.

Easy for him to say. He wasn't the one lying beneath his years-long crush, stuffed full of said crush's cock, trying to maintain some semblance of dignity after screaming through an orgasm.

Through the haze of sensation and embarrassment, Hermione became aware of the sounds drifting through the thin walls. Somewhere nearby—her own flat, perhaps—she could hear faint whispers. Her friends, no doubt, ears pressed to the plaster of her room, listening to every moan and gasp.

Then he picked up the pace.

Propriety be damned.

Harry withdrew until only his tip remained inside her, then slammed forward. The impact drove the breath from her lungs. Her hands flew to his back, nails raking across his skin as she tried to anchor herself against the force of his thrusts.

"Oh—oh God—"

He set a punishing rhythm. His hips pistoned into her with a ferocity that made the bed frame creak in protest. Each thrust pushed her further up the mattress until her head knocked against the headboard. Harry grabbed her hips and dragged her back down, repositioning her beneath him without missing a stroke.

Hermione's world narrowed to the point where their bodies joined. The slap of flesh against flesh. The obscene wet sounds of their coupling. The pressure building again in her core, impossibly, already.

"Harry—Harry, I can't—"

She couldn't. She absolutely couldn't come again so soon. Her body wasn't built for this. She was a bookworm, a scholar, a woman who spent her days bent over ancient texts. She was not equipped for marathon sessions with Harry bloody Potter.

Her body disagreed.

The orgasm hit her without warning, ripping through her midsection like a Reducto curse. She screamed—actually screamed, loud enough that Daphne and Luna definitely heard that one—and her internal walls clamped down on him so hard she thought she might hurt him.

Harry groaned but didn't slow. If anything, the added tightness seemed to spur him on. He hooked one arm under her knee, changing the angle, going deeper somehow despite the impossibility of it.

"That's it," he breathed against her ear. "One more. Give me one more."

'One more? I can barely survive this one!'

But her body responded to his command like it had been waiting for it. The pleasure crested again, a rolling wave that never quite receded before the next one built. She lost count of the peaks. Lost track of where one orgasm ended and another began. Her vision went white at the edges. Her throat grew hoarse from the sounds she couldn't stop making.

Through it all, Harry kept going.

Hermione's forearms pressed against her forehead, trying to shield her eyes from the blinding pleasure, trying to anchor herself to something real. She was floating somewhere outside her body, watching herself writhe and moan beneath him, a stranger wearing her skin.

'He hasn't finished yet.'

The realisation crashed through the haze.

All this time. All these orgasms. And he was still going.

Before she could process that particular piece of information, his hands gripped her waist. The world spun. Hermione found herself face-first on the mattress, her arse raised to the ceiling, her cheek pressed into the pillow that smelled like him.

Harry slammed into her from behind.

"Ahhhh—!"

The new angle. God, the new angle. He hit spots she didn't know she had. Her toes curled so hard she thought they might cramp. Her hands fisted in the sheets, knuckles white, as she held on for dear life.

The bed creaked in rhythmic protest. The headboard knocked against the wall—*bang, bang, bang*—a percussion section to accompany her whimpers. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she hoped Daphne had thought to cast a Muffliato on the corridor. The entire building didn't need to hear this.

Though judging by the volume of her moans, a Muffliato might not be enough.

Harry's hand slid around her hip, fingers finding her clit. He rubbed in tight circles, matching the rhythm of his thrusts, and Hermione felt another orgasm building. Impossible. She couldn't possibly have another one. She was going to die. Death by pleasure. Her obituary would be mortifying. Maybe being offed by Death Eaters would be far less disappointing than orgasm-induced death—her parents would be mortified.

"Come on," Harry murmured, his voice strained. "One more."

Hermione sobbed into the pillow. One more would kill her. One more would shatter whatever remained of her sanity.

One more sounded perfect.

She pushed back against him, meeting his thrusts, chasing that final peak. His fingers pressed harder against her clit. His other hand gripped her hip hard enough to bruise. The pressure built and built until—

She shattered.

This one was different. Deeper. It started in her core and radiated outward until her entire body shook with it. Her walls clenched around him in rhythmic pulses, and she felt him stutter inside her. Felt his rhythm falter.

Harry groaned—a guttural sound that sent another wave of pleasure through her oversensitised body—and buried himself to the hilt. She felt him pulse inside her, felt the warmth spreading through her core as he finally, finally reached his release.

They stayed frozen for a long moment. Harry draped over her back, both of them panting, both of them trembling with aftershocks.

Then he pulled out slowly and collapsed onto the mattress beside her.

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Harry stared at the ceiling, his chest heaving, his body pleasantly spent. The morning light had shifted, crawling further across the floor. He'd lost track of time somewhere around the time he flipped Tonks over.

Beside him, Tonks lay face-down on the pillow, her brown hair splayed across the fabric. She hadn't moved in several minutes. He wondered if he'd finally worn her out.

Then he noticed something.

She still looked the same.

Same brown hair. Same slender frame. Same features she'd worn when she walked through his door.

Harry frowned. Usually, after a session like that, Tonks's control would reassert itself. She'd shift back to her preferred form—the magenta hair, the heart-shaped face, those mismatched eyes he'd grown rather fond of. Or if

she was feeling playful, she'd maintain whatever form she'd been wearing, but she'd always acknowledge it with a smirk or a comment.

This form hadn't changed at all.

"Oh," Harry said, propping himself up on one elbow. "You're still not satisfied?"

The words hung in the air.

The woman beside him went rigid. Her shoulders tensed. Her breath caught audibly.

Then she sat up so fast Harry thought she might have given herself whiplash.

"I—what? No, I—" She scrambled backward, nearly falling off the edge of the bed. "I forgot. I have to—there's something I need to do. Right now. Immediately."

Harry blinked at her. "Now? You literally just—"

"Yes, now." She was already off the bed, snatching her clothes from the desk. She didn't put them on. Just gathered them in a bundle against her chest, one hand trying to cover her breasts while the other clutched her knickers and skirt. "I'll be back. Soon. Very soon. I just—I forgot about a thing. A very important thing."

"Tonks—"

But she was already at the door. She yanked it open, not even bothering to check if the corridor was clear, and bolted.

Harry caught a glimpse of her bare arse disappearing around the corner before the door swung shut.

He sat in the silence of his suddenly empty bedroom, trying to piece together what had just happened. Tonks had been acting strange all morning. The nervousness when she first arrived. The way she'd kept quiet instead of filling the silence with her usual chatter. The unusual tightness that had made him wonder if she'd done something different with her morphing.

And now she'd run off naked, clutching her clothes, claiming she'd forgotten something.

Harry ran a hand through his hair. Women were confusing. Metamorphmagus women were apparently even more so.

He should probably get up. Check on her. Make sure she was all right.

Before he could move, a knock sounded at his door.

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

Their knock.

Harry's brow furrowed. Tonks was back already? That was fast, even for her. Though given that she'd run off naked, perhaps she'd realised leaving the apartment wasn't exactly smart.

He grabbed a pair of loose trousers from the floor and pulled them on as he walked to the door—just to be sure. When he opened it, a blonde woman stood in the corridor.

Naked.

Holding the same bundle of clothes.

Harry's brain stuttered.

"Wait," he said. "Luna?"

The blonde grinned—that dreamy, slightly off-kilter smile he remembered from their school days. "I copied this form from her," she said, as if that explained everything. "Don't worry, I asked. She just told me about Wrackspurt mating rituals."

"She told you about—"

Luna rushed forward.

Harry stumbled backward, caught off guard, and went down. His back hit the floor with a thump that knocked the breath from his lungs. Before he could recover, Luna was on top of him, her knees bracketing legs hips, her hand reaching into his trousers, her face level with his waist.

"Is this your third leg?" she asked dreamily, wrapping her fingers around him.

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

Then she swallowed him whole.

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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.

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