

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 2.5

The Retail Therapy

Waifu of the Week: Fleur Delacour into Herta (Honkai Star Rail)

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

To Patreon Staff: The two are fuck buddies and have a safe word established from previous chapters.

Tonks floated weightless in the centre of Harry's cramped bedroom, suspended by invisible magical strings that rendered her completely helpless and on display. The cool air drifted across her bare, overheated skin like a lover's teasing breath, kissing every flushed, sensitised inch and raising the finest, prickling layer of gooseflesh from the hollow of her throat down to the arches of her feet. The constant reminder of her exposure was maddening—arms stretched high overhead, shoulders pulled back, spine slightly arched, thighs forced wide apart in a lewd, unyielding position that left her cunt glistening and openly aching in the low lamplight. Every tiny tremor that ran through her muscles felt amplified; she could feel the faint, involuntary quiver in her thighs, the subtle clench of her core, the way her nipples had already tightened into hard, needy peaks from nothing more than the anticipation of his touch.

Harry's calloused fingertips began their slow, deliberate journey along the tender inside of her thigh. Each feather-light stroke was a spark, a deliberate trail of fire that raced upward, pooling hot and heavy between her legs, making her walls flutter with desperate, unfulfilled need. The touch was so light it was almost cruel, tracing invisible patterns that left her skin tingling long after his fingers had moved on.

His other hand wandered higher still, warm palm skimming the soft, quivering plane of her stomach before fingers found the sensitive crease where the full swell of her breast met her ribcage. He took his time there—savouring the way her breathing hitched, the way her chest rose faster—before finally closing around one stiff nipple. The pinch was firm, possessive; he rolled the pebbled bud between thumb and forefinger, then tugged sharply.

Tonks gasped, a raw, involuntary sound torn from deep in her chest. Her whole body jerked towards him in helpless reflex, the motion dragging the thick, velvety underside of his cock along her dripping folds and directly over her swollen clit. The single, devastating graze was electric—hot, slick friction that sent a bolt of pleasure-pain straight through her core and left her clenching around nothing, hips straining uselessly against the restraints. The ache between her legs sharpened into something almost painful, a throbbing demand for more that he showed no sign of granting.

Tonks tilted her head back as far as the bindings would allow, platinum hair spilling in heavy, silken waves over her shoulders and down the graceful arch of her back. She gazed up at Harry through half-lidded eyes, watching the way his green gaze—usually so quick with mischief, dark with lust, or bright with sarcasm—remained locked on the ancient leather-bound tome open on the table underneath her.

The flickering lamplight carved deep, dramatic shadows beneath his sharp cheekbones, along the line of his jaw, across the faint scar on his forehead, giving him an older, more dangerous, more commanding air than she'd ever quite seen before. In that moment, he looked less like the teasing neighbour

she'd been tormenting all day and more like a man who'll be taking what he wants.

The sight did something strange to her chest.

A soft, unfamiliar warmth unfurled there—quiet, unexpected, entirely separate from the pulsing, insistent ache between her thighs. It wasn't just lust. It was the careful, almost reverent way his fingers had mapped her body; the deliberate patience in every stroke, every pinch, every moment. This wasn't their usual frantic coupling—the kind born of mutual desperation and convenience, hands grabbing, mouths crashing, bodies slamming together in a bruising rush until they both collapsed in a sweaty, sated tangle. Those encounters had always been about scratching the itch as fast and hard as possible to extract the maximum amount of pleasure from each other—most of the time ending up passed out in a heap of tangled limbs, reeking of sex and bodily fluids.

This was different. This was worship. This was control. This was Harry taking her apart piece by careful, merciless piece because he could—because he wanted to savour every shudder, every broken gasp, every plea he wrung from her. The realisation sent a quiet, deeper tremor through her heart, one that had nothing to do with the magical tethers holding her suspended and everything to do with the dangerous intimacy blooming between them.

Then he moved. Just enough. The thick head of his cock pressed forward, breaching her with that exquisite, familiar burn she craved—the slow, stretching fullness that always made her breath catch and her toes curl. Pleasure-pain rippled outward in delicious waves; her walls fluttered greedily around him, welcoming the invasion. A broken, involuntary "Hnnn" escaped her parted lips, echoing softly in the confined space of the room.

But he didn't thrust.

He simply held there—buried only to the ridge, hot and thick and completely still—letting her feel every unmoving inch while her cunt clenched and fluttered in desperate, futile rhythm around him. She tried to roll her hips, to

sink down and take more, to grind against him the way her body screamed to do, but the invisible threads kept her perfectly positioned, denying her even the smallest relief.

The stillness was exquisite torture.

"..."

"..."

"..."

Harry let the stillness linger, punctuating the fact that from this moment forward, Tonks had no control over any pleasure she would receive.

The maddening stillness of Harry's cock buried only to the ridge inside her was driving Tonks slowly mad. She could feel every buried inch of him—hot, velvet-hard, pulsing faintly with his heartbeat—but he refused to give her even a single thrust. Her walls clenched and fluttered around that partial invasion, greedy, desperate, trying to suck him deeper through sheer willpower alone, but the invisible binding held her still in exquisite, humiliating helplessness. Thighs spread wide, hips immobilised, she could do nothing but feel the torturous tease of fullness without satisfaction. The frustration burned low and dark in her belly, mingling with the throbbing heat of arousal until she couldn't tell where one ended and the other began.

She tried anyway—small, futile rolls of her hips, tiny jerks against the restraints that only made her more aware of how thoroughly he controlled her. The helplessness was infuriating... and darkly, shamefully intoxicating.

"Harry... deeper, please," she whispered, voice already cracked and husky, the words slipping out before she could temper them with her usual cheek. The pleading tone embarrassed her even as it sent another fresh wave of slickness coating him.

Almost absently, as though he were merely turning a page in his mind, Harry's thumb settled over her swollen clit. This was nothing like the rough, frantic

rubs they'd shared in the past—those urgent strokes designed to hurl them both over the edge in minutes so they could collapse in a tangle of limbs and sweat-soaked sheets. No, this was deliberate cruelty disguised as care: slow, perfectly calibrated circles, the rough pad of his thumb dragging over the slick, engorged bud with just enough pressure to set every nerve alight. Pleasure sparked outward in bright, electric ripples—down her thighs, up her spine, tightening her nipples to painful points—yet he kept her forever hovering, never quite letting the coil in her core snap.

Each time her breathing turned ragged, each time her hips jerked involuntarily and her voice rose in sharp, broken gasps, he eased the pressure to maddening feather-light flicks. The denial was surgical. She dangled on the precipice again and again, thighs trembling, cunt clenching around nothing more than the head of him, body screaming for release he wouldn't grant.

Their eyes met.

His gaze was calm, amused, utterly in command. He knew precisely how close he had her—knew she was already fraying at the edges—and the quiet challenge in his green eyes dared her to protest, to beg louder, to admit how thoroughly he owned this moment.

A casual flick of his wand and the heavy leather-bound tome rose smoothly from the table to hover at head height beside him. The silver-embossed title caught the flickering lamplight like a mocking grin: *Bindings & Bliss: The Art of Living on the Edge* by Callidora Aylin Black.

Tonks' breath caught hard in her throat. Her pulse roared, a frantic drumbeat echoing between her legs. The pieces slammed together with brutal clarity—his unusual patience, the reverent yet ruthless way he'd mapped her body, the way he'd turned every teasing touch she'd inflicted on him throughout the day back on her with devastating precision. Memories assaulted her: Every time she'd brushed against him today—each deliberate tease, the way she'd pressed her arse firmly against his groin, those supposedly accidental glancing touches that lingered just a heartbeat too

long—everything she'd done to wind him up and walk away smirking. All of it catalogued, remembered, and now being repaid with interest.

All of it. Every single moment of blue-balled torment she'd gleefully inflicted. And now here he was, armed with a centuries-old Black family grimoire on the precise art of denial, looking at her like she was the most fascinating experiment he'd ever conducted.

'Oh. Oh, bollocks.'

The realisation hit like a Bludger to the chest. This wasn't just sex. This wasn't even revenge in the playful sense they'd traded before. This was Harry Potter declaring war—slow, meticulous, and merciless—and she was utterly, deliciously fucked.

Harry's thumb never stopped its cruel, leisurely circles over her clit—slow, taunting drags of rough calloused skin against the slick, swollen bud that made her hips jerk helplessly against the unyielding magical restraints. Each pass sent fresh sparks racing up her spine, tightening the coil in her belly until it felt ready to snap, only for him to ease off at the precise instant her breathing fractured into desperate little pants. Inside her, his cock remained torturously still—buried only past the thick head, hot and thick and pulsing with his heartbeat, letting her feel every vein, every subtle throb, while refusing to give her the deep, battering rhythm her body screamed for. The contrast between his utter outward calm—eyes flicking over the page of the ancient tome as though he were reading some tedious Ministry memorandum—and the way he was methodically, mercilessly dismantling her composure made her toes curl so hard they cramped, nails digging bloody crescents into her palms where the bindings kept her fingers splayed.

Then the invisible threads shifted.

Tonks gasped—sharp, involuntary—as the restraints yanked her forward in a sudden, devastating surge. Harry's shaft sank another exquisite inch into her slick, greedy heat; the slow, stretching drag of him parting her walls was almost too much, velvet steel filling her just enough to make her vision white

at the edges. Her cunt clenched hard around the new depth, fluttering desperately to hold him there—only for the tethers to wrench her back just as abruptly, sliding him free until only the flared head remained nestled between her lips, leaving her empty and clenching around nothing once more.

The cycle began in earnest.

Again and again the bindings moved her: pulling her forward so her cunt swallowed his girth halfway, greedy inner muscles rippling and trying to grip him for dear life; then slowly, cruelly dragging her away, the obscene wet sound of her own slick coating him audible in the quiet room. She could see it—glistening strands connecting them every time she was pulled back, the visual alone enough to make fresh heat flood her cheeks and her core. The motion was barely more than a tease, yet each repetition sent sparks of desperate pleasure crackling up her spine, tightening every muscle in her body until she trembled like a strung bow.

“Fuck—Harry—!”

Her voice shattered, dissolving into a ragged, broken moan as her thighs quivered uncontrollably, sweat already beading along her collarbones and between her breasts.

His lips quirked—just the faintest, most infuriating smirk, enough to tell her he was drinking in every second of her unravelling—before he turned another page with a casual flick of his wand. The soft rustle of ancient parchment sounded like mockery.

Another wand flick.

Three small obsidian-black pill-shaped objects materialised out of thin air, humming with dark, seductive enchantment. They hovered for a single heartbeat—gleaming, ominous, promising—then darted forward with startling, precise grace. One locked tight around each taut, aching nipple, squeezing with possessive, almost cruel pressure that made her gasp; the third nestled snugly against the throbbing pearl of her clit, its smooth surface impossibly warm, almost alive against her oversensitive flesh.

Tonks barely had time to brace.

The first pulse struck her left nipple like a whipcrack—sharp, sudden, electric—wrenching a startled cry from deep in her throat as her back arched violently against the bindings, breasts thrusting forward into the bite of the charm. Then silence. A heartbeat of nothing. Then a teasing flutter against her clit—so soft, so whisper-light it was almost sweet, vanishing before she could chase the sensation. Nothing again. Then her right nipple—a slow, rolling wave of pleasure-pain that built and built, coiling the tension in her gut tighter and tighter, drawing her higher—only to drop her cruelly back into aching, hollow emptiness.

The rhythm was diabolical.

It shifted unpredictably with every breath she took. Just as her body braced for another brutal shock, she received hesitant, feather-light strokes that made her whimper with frustrated need. Just as she began to melt, to relax into the softer pulses, a punishing jolt would ricochet through her nerves—nipples and clit simultaneously—leaving her gasping, writhing, pleading without coherent words.

“You—fucking—bastard—” she snarled, voice cracking and raw as another vicious pulse tore through her clit, sparking white-hot behind her eyelids and making her whole body seize.

Harry hummed low in his throat—a soft, amused sound that vibrated through her like a curse—before turning another page as though this were his favourite fireside novel and she merely an interesting footnote.

“Language, Tonks.”

His free hand drifted down her trembling stomach—idle, infuriatingly casual—fingertips skating over the quivering curve of her abdomen, tracing the faint line where muscle met soft skin, before dipping lower still. A single finger circled the slick, stretched rim where his cock had been moments before, pressing just enough to make her clench around emptiness, a broken sob catching high in her throat.

The charms surged again.

Rapid, relentless assault on her clit—vibrating pulses that came faster, harder, bowing her back, shaking her thighs, narrowing her entire world to the fire licking up her spine. She was so close—teetering on the knife’s edge, pleasure coiling tighter and tighter, muscles locking, breath coming in short, frantic pants—

Then Harry pulled out entirely.

The sudden hollow ache was visceral, a burning, sucking loss that punched the air from her lungs and left her cunt spasming around nothing. The charms’ vibrations cut off instantly, as though someone had flipped a switch. The bindings held firm.

Somewhere between a sob and a feral snarl tore from her throat—raw, desperate, humiliating.

Harry’s smirk deepened, slow and wicked.

And then—because the universe clearly had a personal vendetta—he turned another page. The crisp rustle of parchment might as well have been a whip-crack across her skin.

“Y’know,” he mused, voice far too calm, too conversational, almost gentle, “there’s an interesting passage here—says the real key is extending the plateau for maximum effect. Something about heightening sensitivity, prolonging the ache, making every eventual release... cataclysmic.”

His thumb brushed her abused clit again—once, feather-light, just enough to make her entire body jolt and shiver violently.

“But I’m sure you’re very familiar with plateaus, love,” he added softly, eyes finally lifting from the book to meet hers. “Considering how many times you left me dangling on one today. All those teasing touches, those wicked little promises... never quite following through.”

The words landed like a brand—hot, intimate, explicit payback—and Tonks felt the last shreds of her composure fray.

She swore—silently, furiously, deliriously—that the second these bindings dropped, she would either throttle him with her bare hands... or ride him until neither of them could remember their own names.

Possibly both.

Assuming, of course, she didn't simply combust from sheer, screaming frustration first.

Harry eased back, the mattress sighing beneath him as he settled at the very edge of the bed, thighs spread, cock still glistening from her. The simple shift in his position sent a dark, anticipatory thrill slicing through Tonks' already frayed nervous system—like the moment before lightning strikes, when every hair on your body stands on end.

Another indolent wave of his wand and the invisible bonds came alive, responding to his will with eerie obedience. She felt herself drifting forward through empty air, weightless, perfectly controlled, her body tilting and angling as though she were a marionette whose strings were held by the most depraved puppeteer imaginable. The disorientation was profound—every sense screamed that she should be falling, yet she floated, helpless, intimately cradled by magic. Her arms remained stretched high, legs splayed obscenely wide, but now gravity pulled differently; she hovered nearer to vertical, cunt presented like an offering, every inch of her exposed and trembling in the warm lamplight.

His scent hit her first—clean male sweat, the rich, heady musk of pure arousal, that private, addictive trace that was Harry alone and made saliva pool beneath her tongue despite the humiliation burning in her cheeks. Heat poured off him in waves; she could see the dark flush climbing his throat, the blown pupils swallowing green irises, the way his smirk had turned feral at the edges even as he maintained that maddening air of calm control.

One hand wrapped around the thick base of his cock, steadying himself; the other still gripped the wand with lazy arrogance. The sight of him—shaft flushed dark, veins standing proud, glistening with her own slick—sent a fresh, vicious pulse of want arrowing straight through her belly.

Then he guided her down.

Torturously. Excruciatingly. Slowly.

The blunt head kissed her entrance, parting slick, swollen folds with deliberate pressure. The first inch was electric—her overstimulated walls fluttering wildly as they yielded to him once more. Every millimetre felt magnified: the stretch, the burn, the perfect, devastating fullness as he sank deeper, deeper, until her arse finally met his thighs and she was seated to the hilt, impaled completely, stuffed so full she could feel him against her cervix.

For one glorious, shattering heartbeat she was whole. Full. The gnawing ache that had haunted her all day finally seemed ready to shatter into release.

Then the wand moved again.

Her body lifted—centimetre by merciless centimetre—the slow drag of his shaft along her inner walls dragging a choked moan from her throat. Vision blurred; pleasure spiked so sharply it bordered on pain. The bindings paused with only the fat crown still trapped between her lips, letting the sudden emptiness howl inside her, before they lowered her once more—slow, inexorable, swallowing every thick inch until she was filled again.

“Hmm...” Harry’s voice rolled out low and thoughtful, almost academic, as though he were analysing a particularly interesting potion rather than systematically destroying her sanity. “I’d quite forgotten what a flexible little minx you are, love.”

The teasing lilt in Harry’s voice curled through Tonks like smoke from a slow-burning incense—thick, heady, inescapable—making something deep in her belly clench so hard it bordered on pain, a delicious spike of fury and helpless lust twisting together until she couldn’t tell which was winning.

His gaze roamed over her folded, obscene position with open, predatory appreciation: legs bent back until calves framed her head like living brackets, cunt stretched wide and glistening around the thick root of him, the new angle allowing every devastating inch to sink deeper, pressing relentlessly against spots that sent white sparks bursting behind her eyelids.

Cool air kissed the slick trails of arousal painting her inner thighs in glossy streaks, a constant, humiliating reminder of how thoroughly she'd leaked for him, how her body betrayed her every time he denied her. Heat flooded her cheeks—shame and raw need in equal measure—as she felt every exposed detail magnified: the obscene wet sheen coating them both, the way her walls fluttered visibly around his girth with each controlled descent, the faint tremor in her thighs from holding back the orgasm he refused to let her have.

"Bloody hell," she breathed, the words cracked and reverent, barely audible over the wet, filthy sounds of their bodies meeting.

Harry glanced past her shoulder at that damned leather-bound tome, which had floated after him like a loyal, obscene familiar. His expression was one of fierce, scholarly concentration—brows furrowed, lips pursed, eyes narrowed—as though he were cramming for a life-or-death NEWT while buried balls-deep in a bound Metamorphmagus. The sheer absurdity of it almost made her laugh, if she weren't so close to sobbing from the relentless ache between her legs.

Another casual flick of his wand and four large mirrors shimmered into existence, orbiting them in slow, stately circles like silent, merciless judges. The sudden multiplicity of reflections was jarring, disorienting—everywhere she looked, another version of herself stared back, each angle more mortifying, more exposing than the last.

The mirrors showed her in ruthless, unforgiving clarity: lust-glazed eyes wide and desperate, pupils blown black; face flushed crimson with arousal and something dangerously close to pleading; body folded and displayed like living erotic origami, every curve and hollow offered up without mercy. Every detail was captured and thrown back at her—the ragged rise and fall of her chest,

nipples straining under the obsidian charms, the sheen of sweat painting her skin in glossy highlights, the obvious, dripping evidence of how completely she'd surrendered to him.

'Look at yourself,' the reflections whispered in unison. 'Look at what he's reduced you to.'

As if answering the humiliating self-awareness, the bindings resumed their slow, maddening bob. Each downward slide filled her completely—thick girth stretching her to the absolute limit, pressing against every swollen, oversensitive spot until her vision blurred at the edges and her toes curled so hard they cramped. Then the upward pull—agonising, deliberate drag that left her walls spasming around emptiness, clenching desperately to keep him inside even as the magic tore him away. Down again. Up again. The rhythm was hypnotic, cruel, perfect in its precision.

Without warning, the obsidian charms flared—sharp, electric pulses ripping through nipples and clit simultaneously, like lightning striking wet nerves. Her back arched violently off the invisible support, a strangled cry tearing free from her throat. At the same instant, the bindings began to rotate her slowly around Harry's cock like a depraved carousel, every degree of turn changing the angle of penetration, dragging him against fresh ridges, new pressure points, sending fresh waves of white-hot pleasure crackling up her spine.

The mirrors circled like patient vultures, capturing the glistening slide of him inside her from every obscene perspective—stretched lips clinging to his shaft, slick dripping in obscene strands every time she was lifted, her own wild eyes staring back from multiple angles, completely undone, completely his.

Tonks couldn't look away, even though every reflection showed fresh humiliation: the stretched, glistening slick coating Harry's shaft like glaze; the way the obsidian charms pulsed and vibrated against her nipples and clit; the sheer, absolute helplessness of her splayed limbs bound by magic. Her own eyes—wild, desperate, pupils blown—stared back at her from every direction, pleading silently for the release she knew wouldn't come.

Another slow twist of the bindings brought another devastating inch sliding into her, dragging against swollen, sensitive walls that felt like they might burst into flame. Pleasure crackled up her spine, white-hot and relentless, building towards something that felt like it might actually end her. She bit down hard on her lower lip, tasting copper, but it didn't stop the desperate whimper that escaped as her body clenched instinctively around him, greedy and futile.

'Not yet. Not close enough. He won't let—'

The mirrors caught everything with merciless precision: the moment her thighs began to tremble violently, muscles jumping under the strain of holding back release; the way her nipples tightened impossibly further under the cruel squeeze of the vibrating charms; the agonising flutter of her cunt as it tried to milk him deeper, only for the bindings to pull her back just as she reached the precipice.

Harry watched all of it with the focused intensity of a maestro conducting a symphony. His gaze flicked between mirrors and her face, cataloguing every twitch, every shudder, every minute betrayal of her body's desperate hunger. Dark satisfaction etched his features—as if her suffering were a particularly fine vintage he was savouring sip by slow sip, rolling it around his tongue before swallowing.

'Smug bastard knows exactly what he's doing—knows exactly how to break me—'

Another rotation—this one slower, more deliberate. The drag of his cock against her inner walls was devastating, hitting spots that made her vision go white at the edges. The mirrors showed the ripple of tension through her abdomen as her core clenched, desperate and involuntary, trying to chase the release that danced just out of reach.

The vibration charms flared without warning—sharp, electric pulses against her clit and nipples that felt like lightning striking her nervous system. Her back arched violently, every muscle in her body locking as pleasure spiked, building, climbing, so bloody close—

Then silence. Stillness that felt like death. The vibrations cut off abruptly, leaving only the phantom echo of sensation. The rotation paused, holding her suspended in that moment just shy of completion. The bindings kept her perfectly positioned, impaled on Harry's cock but unable to move, unable to chase the friction she needed, leaving her panting, shaking, aching with unfulfilled need.

Harry exhaled slowly, the sound rough and controlled, as if he were the one being systematically wrung dry. His fingers trailed lazily up her sweat-slick thigh—warm, calloused, deliberate—leaving trails of fire in their wake. When he spoke, his voice carried that same rough edge, laced with dark amusement and something deeper, more possessive.

"Look at you." The words were almost reverent, despite their mocking tone. "Like a fucking work of art."

The mirrors reflected his words back at her in visual form—his thumb brushing across the wet, swollen curve of her lower lip; the possessive curl of his fingers against her hip; the telltale flush creeping up his neck that suggested his own control wasn't as absolute as he pretended.

'Cheeky sod's enjoying this too much—but at least he's feeling it too—'

She absolutely hated how her body responded to that observation—to the faint rasp in his voice that spoke of his own arousal, to the way his knuckles had gone white where he gripped her, to the evidence that this was affecting him almost as much as it was destroying her.

Another rotation began, slow and inexorable. Another devastating thrust that filled her completely before the inevitable, maddening withdrawal. Her reflection in the mirrors showed the exact moment her careful control finally began to fray—lips parted around gasping breaths, eyelashes fluttering as sensation threatened to overwhelm her, a sheen of sweat painting her collarbones and making her skin gleam under the room's soft lighting.

The bindings held her at that perfect, terrible angle where every millimetre of movement sent shockwaves through her overwrought system. When the

vibrations flared again—sudden, intense, perfectly timed—her vision tunnelled to a single point of white-hot sensation.

'Fuck. Fuck. So close—right there, right bloody there—'

The bindings pulled her back again, the movement swift and merciless, leaving her gasping and empty and aching. The sensation was so sharp it bordered on actual pain, like being torn away from salvation at the last possible second.

"H-Harry—!" His name shattered in her throat, the syllables torn from her like a confession. The mirrors showed her complete unravelling—helpless, debauched, utterly and completely his. Every reflection captured a different angle of her desperation, the way her body strained against the magical bonds, the obvious evidence of how thoroughly he'd wrecked her.

Harry's grin in response was absolutely wolfish, all teeth and dark promise. "Patience, love."

The casual endearment, delivered in that rough, satisfied tone, nearly undid her completely.

"Fuck patience, and fuck me!" The words exploded from her before she could stop them, raw and desperate and completely honest. The bindings responded by twisting her again, the motion tightening the coil of need in her belly to what felt like a breaking point.

"Bloody, bugging—" She couldn't even finish the curse, her voice dissolving into incoherent sounds of frustration.

"Oh, you want that as well?" Harry's voice carried a note of mock surprise, as if the idea had only just occurred to him. The teasing lilt made her want to simultaneously throttle him and beg him to never, ever stop. There was something infuriatingly casual about his tone—as though her complete and utter desperation was merely an amusing side note to his evening's entertainment. The sound of it sent a fresh wave of heat coursing through her already overwrought system, her body responding to the promise in his words

even as her mind raged against the deliberate cruelty of his control. "Your wish is my command."

The mockery in that phrase was unmistakable, delivered with such silky satisfaction that Tonks felt her teeth clench around nothing but air. He bloody well knew what she wanted—had been driving her towards it with ruthless precision for what felt like hours—and yet he still insisted on this charade of benevolent servitude, as if he weren't the architect of her torment.

As he turned to the book again, his face shifting to concentration—that focused, scholarly expression that looked so utterly incongruous given their current circumstances—Tonks caught sight of his profile in one of the mirrors. The lamplight caught the sharp line of his jaw, the way his dark hair fell across his forehead as he bent over the ancient pages, and for a moment, the domesticity of it all struck her as almost absurd. Here she was, bound and desperate and dripping with need, whilst he consulted a bloody textbook as if he were preparing for his Charms NEWT.

A twirl, a swish and flick, his wand pointing at the base of his cock with the same casual precision he might use to levitate a feather. The magic that erupted was unlike anything she'd ever felt—several translucent, fleshy tendrils sprouting from where his wand touched, writhing with an almost sentient intelligence as they reached for her. The sight alone made her breath catch; they moved with purpose, these conjured appendages, their surfaces gleaming wetly in the lamplight as they approached her trembling form.

The first tendril found her breast, wrapping around the soft flesh with a touch so gentle it was almost reverent. The sensation was warm, slightly rough, like nothing she'd ever experienced before—not quite human skin, but close enough to make her gasp. It began to massage, the pressure just firm enough to be felt, the motion rhythmic and hypnotic as it worked her sensitised nipple with maddening care.

Another tendril ghosted along her inner thigh, its touch feather-light and teasing. The sensation made her hips jerk involuntarily, the movement restricted by her bindings but sending delicious friction coursing through her

core. She could feel it mapping the contours of her leg, tracing patterns that made her skin prickle with goosebumps, coming tantalisingly close to where she ached most but never quite delivering the touch she craved.

When the third tendril found her ear, she nearly sobbed. It was such an unexpected sensation—warm and wet, circling the delicate shell before dipping inside just enough to make her shiver. The sound it made was obscene, a wet, rhythmic slurping that sent vibrations straight through her skull and down her spine. Every nerve ending seemed to light up at once, the combination of sensations threatening to overwhelm what little remained of her sanity.

"Wait!" The word tore from her throat before she could stop it, raw and desperate.

But Harry wasn't listening—or perhaps he was listening all too well, because something firm and insistent was already pressing against her puckered arsehole. The contact made her entire body go rigid, every muscle tensing as she realised what was about to happen. She could feel the tendril probing, testing, two additional appendages moving to grip her cheeks and spread her wide with a possession that was both gentle and utterly uncompromising.

The penetration, when it came, was slow but inexorable. The magical flesh pushed inside with a patience that was somehow more maddening than force would have been, stretching her in ways that made her back arch and her breath come in sharp, desperate gasps. The sensation was overwhelming—not painful, exactly, but so intense that it bordered on too much, each millimetre of progress sending shockwaves through her already overloaded nervous system.

And then, as if that weren't enough, another tendril claimed her mouth.

It pushed past her lips with the same deliberate care, thick and warm and utterly unyielding. She could taste something faintly salt and utterly Harry on her tongue, the flavour making her moan around the intrusion even as her throat convulsed in automatic response. The tendril was patient but persistent,

working deeper with each gentle thrust until she was forced to breathe through her nose, her vision blurring with the intensity of being so completely filled.

"Oh, I can also have an empathic bond with the limbs by doing this," Harry's voice reached her through the haze of sensation, followed by another swish of his wand. The sound he made then—a low, guttural moan that seemed to come from somewhere deep in his chest—sent fresh heat pooling in her belly.

"Fuck, didn't know your asshole could be this tight." The words were rough, breathless, and the realisation that he could feel what the tendrils felt made her clench involuntarily around the intrusion. Harry was experiencing every sensation she was giving him through that magical appendage—every squeeze, every flutter, every desperate attempt her body made to accommodate the invasion.

Tonks was still moving, the bindings forcing her to bob and rotate slowly on Harry's cock, but now the rhythm felt different—more complex, more overwhelming. The tendril in her mouth moved in counterpoint to her motion, thrusting gently as she rose and retreating as she sank down, creating a maddening symphony of sensation that made her gurgle around the intrusion. The one in her arse maintained its own tempo, each thrust providing something new and earth-shattering to her overwrought system.

She was so full—fuller than she'd ever been, every hole claimed and possessed in ways that made her feel utterly, completely owned. Each movement sent ripples of sensation cascading through her, the stimulation from every angle pushing her closer and closer to the edge whilst somehow never quite letting her fall over it. It was exquisite torture, this careful dance of pleasure and denial, and she could feel her sanity fraying at the edges with each passing second.

But still, even then, even with every nerve ending on fire and her body singing with need, she couldn't achieve release. The magic held her suspended at the very precipice, allowing her to feel everything whilst granting her nothing.

Harry could feel his control fraying at the edges—his breath coming shorter, his fingers tightening convulsively against the mattress as the empathic link between his cock and the conjured limbs sent shockwave after shockwave of sensation ricocheting through his nervous system. The magic hummed beneath his fingertips, the enchantments responding to his will with eager precision—but even armed with the knowledge of wizarding depravity at its finest, the sheer feedback from Tonks's body threatened to overwhelm him completely.

Every inch of the magical tendrils reported back with devastating clarity: the tight, fluttering clench of her arse around the invading limb, each minute spasm telegraphing through the link straight to the base of his spine like lightning strikes. He could feel the way her muscles fought the intrusion even as they welcomed it, the ring of muscle clenching and releasing in a rhythm that made his vision blur. The sensation was so intense it was almost painful—every squeeze sending jolts of pleasure-pain racing through his nervous system until he wasn't sure where his body ended and the magical appendages began.

The wet, sucking heat of her mouth around the second tendril was equally overwhelming. He could feel her tongue swirling instinctively around the intrusion, the texture rough and warm as it traced patterns along the magical flesh. Her throat convulsed around the appendage with each shallow thrust, the tight, rippling contractions sending feedback so intense that his hips bucked involuntarily. The sounds she made—muffled, desperate little gags and whimpers—vibrated through the tendril and straight into his core, each noise a fresh assault on his rapidly crumbling composure.

But worst—or perhaps best—of all was the relentless, molten grip of her cunt as the bindings continued their slow, torturous rotation, dragging her up and down his shaft with agonising precision. The sensation was like being slowly devoured, her inner walls clutching at him with a desperation that bordered on violence. He could feel everything—the delicate ridges of her passage as they rippled around him, the way her body tried desperately to milk him deeper each time she sank down, the obscene amount of slick arousal that coated

him so thoroughly that even the withdrawal was its own kind of exquisite torment.

Each upward pull was a study in contrasts—the drag of her tight heat against his sensitised flesh, the cool air hitting his wet skin, the way her body seemed to resist letting him go even as the magic forced the movement. And then the descent, that slow, inexorable slide back into paradise, her walls parting around him like silk, welcoming him home with a grip so perfect it made his teeth clench and his vision white out at the edges.

The combination of sensations was maddening, overwhelming—like being suspended on the edge of the sharpest blade, balanced between agony and ecstasy with no escape in sight. His entire world had narrowed to the points of contact between them, every nerve ending focused on the feedback cascading through the magical link until he could barely remember his own name.

That was all it took. The coil of tension that had been building in his belly snapped without warning, the release hitting him like a physical blow. His back arched off the bed as he came with a force that left him gasping, his vision going white as every muscle in his body contracted at once. The tendril in her arse pulsed in sympathy, the magical connection ensuring that his orgasm rippled through every appendage, each one responding to his pleasure with matching intensity.

"Fuck." The word was torn from him, raw and breathless, as he painted her inner walls with thick ropes of his release. The sensation of coming inside her whilst simultaneously feeling her body's response through the tendrils was indescribable—like experiencing pleasure from every possible angle at once, a feedback loop of sensation that left him shaking and spent.

Tonks trembled violently in her bonds, her body strung tight as a bowstring, sweat-slick and glistening under the lamplight as the magical tendrils continued their relentless work. She could feel the warmth of Harry's release coating her inner walls, the heat spreading through her core like liquid fire. The sensation should have been enough to tip her over the edge—would have

been, under normal circumstances—but the magic held her fast, keeping her suspended in that space between torment and bliss.

The tendril in her mouth pulsed rhythmically, thick and unyielding against her tongue, the faint, muffled gags escaping her only serving to tighten Harry's grip on the sheets. She could taste the salt-sweet evidence of his arousal, the flavour making her head spin even as her throat worked uselessly around the intrusion. Each pulse sent vibrations through her skull, the sensation so intense that it made her eyes water and her vision blur.

The appendage claiming her arse twisted deeper with each thrust, stretching her in ways that made her groan around the tendril in her mouth. The sensation was overwhelming—not quite pain but so intense that it bordered on too much, each movement sending shockwaves through her already overloaded nervous system. She could feel every ridge, every contour of the magical flesh as it worked her mercilessly, the empathic link ensuring that Harry felt every flutter of her muscles around the intrusion.

The other tendrils continued their maddening dance across her skin, tracing teasing patterns that made her writhe helplessly in her bonds. One circled her nipple with maddening precision, applying more pressure on the black charm attached to it, enough to make her back arch, whilst another ghosted along the inside of her thigh, limbs grazing ever so close to where she needed it most but never quite delivering the touch that would send her over the edge. The one at her ear continued its obscene ministrations, the wet, rhythmic, *schlop, schlop* sound filled her ears in stereo, sending shivers up her spine.

She was dripping—a mixture of her own arousal and Harry's thick ejaculation creating a slick mess between her thighs. The evidence of their coupling gleamed on his cock, making filthy, obscene sounds as the bindings dragged her into the same relentless rhythm. The wet squelch and slap of flesh meeting flesh filled the room, punctuated by her muffled cries and Harry's harsh breathing. Each movement created new sensations, new points of friction that made her walls flutter around him in erratic, involuntary spasms.

Her cunt clenched around him greedily each time she was forced down, her body's instinctive response to try and milk him deeper even as the magic denied her the release she craved. The sensation of being so full, so completely claimed, was unlike anything she'd ever experienced—and yet it wasn't enough, would never be enough until Harry allowed her to fall over that final precipice.

And still, even as she could feel him hardening within her after his climax, his stamina returning with supernatural speed, Harry continued to deny her release. Every time her breathing hitched, every time her thighs shook with the beginnings of orgasm, he would guide the tendrils just shy of what she needed. The vibrations would ease, the thrusts would slow, the pressure would lighten until she was left gasping and shaking and begging beneath him without even forming coherent words.

"Mmmph—! Hnng—!" The sounds that escaped her were barely human, raw expressions of need that seemed to tear themselves from her throat without permission. Her eyes were wild and unfocused as she stared at him through the haze of sensation, pleading silently for mercy that she knew he wouldn't grant—not yet, not until he decided she'd suffered enough.

She'd lost all sense of time, all awareness of anything beyond the sensations cascading through her overwrought body. Had it been minutes since Harry's last climax? Hours? The light streaming through the windows seemed unchanged, but that could mean anything—or nothing. Her world had contracted to this moment, this endless cycle of build and denial, pleasure and frustration that seemed to stretch on for eternity.

In reality, only ten minutes had passed since Harry's last release, but his mind was overflowing with stimulation—an opposite to Tonks's predicament of being held perpetually on the edge. Where she was denied completion, he was granted it again and again, each orgasm hitting him like a tsunami of sensation that left him gasping and shaking before the cycle began anew.

With a groan that seemed to come from his very soul, Harry felt the familiar tension building once more. The empathic link with the tendrils ensured that

every sensation each limb experienced was fed directly into his nervous system, creating a feedback loop of pleasure so intense that his vision began to blur at the edges. Her desperation became his ecstasy, her frustrated need translating into waves of sensation that crashed over him with relentless force.

The release, when it came, was devastating. His entire body convulsed as he came again, painting her walls with another thick load whilst the tendrils pulsed in sympathetic rhythm. The sensation of filling her whilst simultaneously experiencing her body's response was indescribable—like being turned inside out with pleasure, every nerve ending firing at once until he couldn't tell where he ended and she began.

Her voice was ragged, muffled around the intrusion in her mouth, her eyes wild and unfocused as she stared at him—pleading—as if he were both her salvation and her damnation. The mirrors surrounding them reflected her complete debasement from every angle: the way her body strained against the magical bonds, the evidence of their coupling glistening on her thighs, the desperate arch of her spine as she fought for a release that remained forever just out of reach.

Harry's own breath came in rough, uneven gasps, his control teetering dangerously despite—or perhaps because of—the constant release the magic granted him. The sheer overload of sensation was becoming almost unbearable: her heat, her tightness, the way her body moved around him like it was designed solely for his pleasure. Each thrust, each pulse of the tendrils, each desperate flutter of her muscles around his cock sent fresh waves of feedback coursing through the magical link until he wasn't sure how much more he could take.

And then—

A twitch.

A faint, almost imperceptible shift in the magic clinging to her skin, like the first crack in a dam that had held back an ocean for far too long.

The pearlescent shimmer began at her core and spread outward—platinum hair lightening, lengthening into glossy lavender waves that spilled past her shoulders in silken ribbons. Her frame compacted—petite, doll-like—yet curves bloomed fuller in contrast: breasts high and pert, nipples still flushed dark from torment; waist impossibly tiny; hips rounding into a lush, heart-shaped invitation. Violet eyes blinked open—huge, luminous, feral—pupils blown wide with unleashed hunger. Pale, flawless skin flushed deeper, glistening with sweat and their mingled release.

The transformation snapped into place with a soft, electric hum.

Harry's iron control fractured like glass.

The invisible bindings dissolved in a single heartbeat.

Tonks slumped forward—free—landing astride him with the fluid, dangerous grace of a predator finally loosed from its cage.

She caught herself on his shoulders, nails digging in just enough to sting. Lavender hair curtained around them both. Those violet eyes—wild, ravenous, no longer begging—locked onto his green ones with absolute, predatory intent.

A slow, wicked smile curled her lips.

The tables had turned.

Tonks sank down hard, taking him to the hilt in one claiming thrust. She leaned close, lavender waves brushing his face, violet eyes glittering.

“Widdle, widdle Potter,” she purred, voice thick with mocking delight. “All that big bad Black magic... and now look at you. Caught in my web.”

Harry's breath punched out. *‘Said the spider to the fly,’* he thought, staring into that crazed, hungry gaze. Her smile flashed all teeth.

“My turn to play, love. And I intend to enjoy every single second of wringing you dry.”

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END

Waifu of the Week: Fleur Delacour

*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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