

The Metamorph Next Door

*This fic's premise is inspired by the webtoon/pornhwa titled **The Gacha Girl Next Door**/이웃집 가차걸 by **malgwang** and their artist **hip**. Please check them out.*

Story Starts

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Chapter 1.1

The Reconfirmation of Agreement

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

*A-Rank Party wo Ridatsu Shita Ore wa, Moto Oshiego Tachi to Meikyuu
Shinbu wo Mezasu (Aparida)*

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

Disclaimer: In this story, Hogwarts begins at age 12, so by the time they graduate from 7th year, they'd be at least 18, given that Voldemort destroyed Hogwarts. Harry Potter starts his Magical Masterals at age 20, Nymphadora (don't call her that) is a bit older than him here.

~3rd Person POV~

"Phew, " a long, relieved sigh slipped out of Harry Potter as he stepped out of the courtroom, his right hand buried in his jacket pocket, thumb absently rubbing a shrunken chest hidden there.

He ignored the harsh glare coming from Dumbledore shot his way, while a frustrated Susan Bones half-hauled her scowling betrothed—Neville—towards the apparition point.

“Well done today, Harry!” Ted Tonks clapped him lightly on the back, beaming, while the Lodgok—looking as sour-faced as only a goblin could—merely grumbled.

“Ah... Yes, thank you again for all your help. I wouldn’t be able to restore my family’s assets without you—and without Gringotts’ support,” Harry said, his eyes refusing to meet Ted’s as the memory of furiously ploughing his daughter, writhing in ecstasy, forced its way to the forefront of his thoughts.

Harry felt a blush creeping up his cheeks, but the goblin cut across his thoughts. “Gringotts will be taking a flat ten per cent of the value of the retrieved items. We’ll simply deduct that from future earnings.”

Harry winced; much of what had been recovered came from the Potter library, a collection of rare volumes painstakingly amassed over generations. Ten per cent of their value could easily drive him back towards destitution.

“Fret not, Harry. I’ll make sure to negotiate a fair deal for you; I’ll do my best to keep you out of financial ruin.”

‘Yeah, BEST being the operative word,’ he thought.

But he held his tongue as lawyers go; as lawyers went, he probably couldn’t find one with a better character than Ted Tonks—lawyer-wise, anyway.

In addition, twenty-five per cent of the savings from Ted’s negotiations would become his fee.

When an idea formed in his mind, as they headed towards the direction of the apparition point.

“Goblin Lodgok, could I trouble you for a few more minutes of your time? I think I’ve thought of a way to keep everyone satisfied, without garnishing my future earnings.”

Lodgok nodded curtly, instructing Harry and Ted to meet him in his office before striding off towards the Floo access.

Meanwhile, Ted and Harry apparated to Diagon Alley, reappearing near the back entrance of the Leaky Cauldron before heading towards the pearly white building of Gringotts.

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“So then, Mr. Potter, what’s this grand idea you’ve come up with?” the gruff goblin asked, riffling through a pile of parchments on his desk.

Harry sat down, pulling a shrunken chest from his pocket—the one holding all the Potter assets reclaimed in their most recent hearing.

Moreover, Ted successfully subpoenaed the Pensieve—and whatever memories it might yield—so it could be entered into evidence. Dumbledore’s camp didn’t contest this, since the artefact had been ‘accidentally’ wiped of every memory it had once contained.

They might have compelled Dumbledore to claim the wipe was accidental, only to catch him in the lie, but Ted had already set a subtler trap in motion.

The Pensieve itself had been purchased by Henry Potter through Gringotts back in the fifteenth century. Lodgok even produced the original transaction file, complete with the specifications Henry Potter had requested.

It carried a unique enchantment—one that would slowly restore every memory it had stored, should the Potters ever fall on hard times—preserving the wisdom of past Lords for future generations.

Unfortunately, the Pensieve would need about a month of idleness before it could restore the wiped memories—which was why it would be locked away in Harry's vault for safekeeping.

Having pre-emptively allowed the memories to be entered into evidence, they had walked straight into a trap.

Worse for Dumbledore, Ted—prodded by Lodgok—pressed the court for a binding magical oath, forbidding Dumbledore and his allies from stealing or tampering with the Pensieve or its memories, whether by their own hand, through proxies, or by coercion.

Right on cue, they protested the insinuation that their honour was in question. That protest allowed Ted to introduce every blot on their record—including Neville Longbottom, Susan Bones, and Ron Weasley's break-in at Gringotts to steal an artefact from a guarded vault.

Unbeknownst to Harry, a feral grin slipped on Harry's face as he was reminded about the sour faces of everyone in the opposite camp and the frantic sounds of quill on parchment as reporters documented every word.

Enlarging the shrunken trunk, he opened the compartment holding the previously stolen Potter artefacts and began outlining his idea.

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Their meeting dragged on for three hours, culminating in him surrendering several artefacts to a neutral appraiser.

After the meeting, he'd planned to swing by the twins' shop—until it hit him that the playoffs started today. Better still, their girlfriends—Angelina Johnson and Alicia Spinnet—along with Katie Bell, were all starting chasers this season, so the twins closed the shop to cheer them on.

'I should put something together as a congratulatory present for the three', Harry thought. They'd stayed close, even after he'd been unceremoniously kicked off the team when Neville forced him out.

Pressed for time, Harry made do with a box of pepperoni pizza and a munchy box—he knew there were still a few drinks in the fridge at home.

As Harry stepped into his floor, he noticed someone sitting right in front of his door. She sat with her back pressed to the door, a loose white shirt draping over her frame and covering most of her short shorts. Her lithe, sun-kissed legs were folded tight to her chest, slender arms looped around them.

Silvery-white hair, with a hint of muted grey, tumbled over one shoulder, revealing the fine lines of her neck and jaw, her high cheekbones and slender jaw cast in the afternoon light, her lips softly pouted beneath a button nose, and those molten golden-amber eyes.

Harry felt his breath hitch at the sight of this sun-kissed beauty as her head turned towards him, her eyes widening for a second. Her pout softened into a toothy grin as she waved Harry over.

As Harry closed the distance, she asked, "So, how was the hearing? Did Dad do good?" The white-haired girl looked up at him, golden-amber eyes sparkling as she extended her hand.

" ... "

Harry, blinked, momentarily thrown. "Oh—Tonks?" he said, taking her hand and easing her up to her feet.

"What? Already forgotten about little old me, aye? Was I that disappointing of a shag to you? The now-identified metamorph teased, leaning closer. Feathered bangs drifted across her forehead while loose locks framed her heart-shaped, perfectly symmetrical face.

Her loose white shirt shifted with her movement, leaving a teasing view of her voluptuous breasts on a lithe, hourglass frame. Nimble fingers laced behind her back as she leaned further in with a coy tilt, long legs held taut her toes wriggling idly in her slippers.

“Umm... not really.” Harry turned his gaze away, but Tonk’s teasing eyes tracked where he’d been looking making his ogling all too obvious.

“I’d have thought, with all the stress of the trials, you’d take advantage of your bodacious metamorph privileges.” She rose smoothly, pivoting to scoop up two bottles that had been waiting by the doorframe.

Harry couldn't help but let his eyes trail down to her rounded hips and shapely rear as she gestured to him to open the door.

“Listening to the Quidditch match is better with company,” she said as she barged in first into his flat after Harry unlocked it with a muttered password.

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The wizarding wireless erupted with the roar of a crazed crowd while Harry crouched, unfolding the legs of a low floor table.

 “And we’re off! The quaffles up, the Bludgers are out, and the Snitch has vanished—and straight away Katie Bell of the Harpies snatches the Quaffle from under Callum Pye’s nose!” 

He placed it neatly on the floor between his desk and bed, Tonks idly levitating their takeaway at her side.

“Yes!” They both exclaimed at the Harpies having started off with snatching the Quaffle first.

 “She’s already streaking down the pitch—Merlin, look at that speed!---she passes to Spinnet—feint—back to Bell—shot!” 

With a swish and a flick sent the munchy box and pizza gliding to the far end of the table, leaving the centre clear. Another deft motion popped the lids open, releasing spirals of fragrant steam.

 “SAVED by Maddock Kersey! The Falcons’ Keeper deflects it with a forearm swing, and you hear that crack—oof—that’ll bruise!” 

The groan of the crowd rolled through the wireless while Tonks murmured a charm to keep the food hot, fresh, and crisp as Harry rifled through his cupboard.

“Hey Tonks—ginger ale, Coke, or butterbeer with your firewhiskey?”

 “Falcons counterattack! Imogen Fleet has the Quaffle—dodges Johnson—here comes Gwenog Jones—OH!---and there goes Fleet! Gwenog sent her spinning with a monstrous Bludger hit! She’ll feel that in the morning! Bell recovers the loose Quaffle, straight to Spinnet—she aims—SHE SCORES! Ten–nil to the Harpies!” 

They paused to listen to the commentators—Barnaby Brisket and Celestina Pym—as the wireless erupted with chants of ‘HARPIES!’, their own cheers joining din.

 “The Falcons aren’t taking that lightly—Edgar Blishwick slams a Bludger at Johnson—MISS! But Elwyn Blishwick sends the twin strike—direct hit!—Angelina’s nearly unseated!” 

They’d both flinched at the brutal one-two strike the Falmouth Falcons’ twins sent crashing into Angelina.

“Let’s have it with a bit of ice first—but ginger ale later,” Tonks said as she settled down, one leg tucked between her chest and the table, the other stretched out, toes swaying idly.

📺 “Play continues—Pye grabs the Quaffle for the Falcons, weaving past Cuffe—he shoots—BLOCKED by Llewellyn! Keeper magic right there!” 📺

She leaned back on one arm, popped a curry-dipped chip into her mouth, and squealed at the burst of flavour.

📺 “Oh—hold up—foul called! That’s blatching* from Brackett, he nearly took Spinnet’s head off with his shoulder! Penalty to the Harpies.” 📺

“I’ve only got highball glasses,” Harry said, arriving at the table with two glasses hooked between his fingers and a litre-and-a-half bottle of ginger ale tucked under his arm.

📺 “Bell takes the shot—AND IT’S IN! Harpies now up, twenty-nil!” 📺

They whooped along with the cheering crowd. Tonks slid her leg aside to make room, then slyly shifted it back, pinching his arse between her toes as she flashed him a wicked little wink.

📺 “And now Gwenog Jones is absolutely terrorising the Blishwick twins. Look at that bat work—she’s relentless!”

“Wow, this is awfully tall for a low table,” Tonk quipped, sliding in tucking her other foot beneath her extended leg. The edge came up to her chest, cupping the curve of her breasts—nipples faint beneath the shirt, a quiet confirmation she wore nothing under it.

“Didn’t want to be bending over all the time using it—shall I lower it for you?” Harry teased, flicking his wand as ice cubes dropped neatly into both glasses.

📺 “She’s making a point—that’s the third Bludger she’s driven at their knees in under a minute. One twin’s wincing, the other’s swearing—language, gentlemen, this is live radio!” 📺

The wireless crowd's laughter spilled into the room as Tonks teased the foil off the Ogden's finest, caught the cork between her teeth, and tugged it free—pouring a slow generous stream until each glass was a quarter full.

📺 “Falcons regain the Quaffle—Imogen Fleet, back in the game after that earlier knock, makes a brilliant feint past Bell—she's clear—SHE SCORES! Falcons on the board—twenty-ten.” 📺

“Nah, I'm comfy enough here. Cheers?” Tonks said with a sly smile, glass lifted high.

“So what are we toasting for?” Harry asked, raising his glass as well.

“Here's to fast brooms, strong booze, and amazing sex!” Glass clinked, and they drained them in one go, leaning back on their hands as fire belched from their mouths—a side-effect of knocking back that much magical liquor in one go.

📺 “Meanwhile, the Seekers are circling—Llinos Price for the Harpies, Owain Flint for the Falcons—no sight of the Snitch yet, but they're shadowing each other like duelling hawks.” 📺

They leaned forward together as Tonks lazily topped up their glasses, while Harry flicked a pair of napkins into existence and plucked a square slice of pizza—blowing softly across the molten cheese as it threatened to slide off in gooey strings.

Tonks shifted languidly, drawing the foot that had been tucked beneath her leg and draping it over Harry's left thigh—he sat cross-legged, now used as perch—while her other foot pressed in between his legs her sole just above the tell-tale rise of his hardening cock.

📺 “Back to the Quaffle—Spinnet to Johnson—long pass to Bell—intercepted by Brackett! He barrels down the field—OH, nasty bludger from Cuffe! The Quaffle’s loose again!” 📺

Harry tipped his glass up in a cheer as the Harpies scored again, his smile twitching into a raised brow when Tonks’s toe found the base of his cock’s head, teasing him.

📺 “Johnson scoop sit up—SHE SCORES! Thirty—ten Harpies!” 📺

“Oh, by the way—did you know our floor’s full? We’ve got neighbours,” Tonks said, her tone maddeningly casual as she pressed the base of her foot to his erection, her toes squeezing around the head like they were playfully choking it.

📺 “And the Harpies’ Chaser trio—the Flying Foxes—are really in their groove. Quick passes, clean plays—Falcons can’t pin them down.” 📺

“Really? Did you get their names?” Harry asked, wiping grease from his fingers with the previously conjured napkins as he caught the foot resting his thigh. Her dainty, sun-kissed feet enclosed his bulge, and he rocked them slowly up and down his length, grinding into her warm, smooth, and supple soles.

📺 “Falcons need to tighten their defence or this will get ugly.” 📺

“Oh, not really, I spotted some bags left outside each door,” she said, smirking to herself as she realised her dainty feet couldn’t even match the full length of his cock.

Unfortunately, even with the table raised, a proper foot job was impossible. With an exaggerated sigh, Tonks slipped her feet from Harry’s grasp, folded her legs beneath her, and crawled under the table with a glint in her eye that promised she wasn’t giving up—just changing tactics.

Harry raised an eyebrow at the antics of the transformed metamorph, waving his wand to raise the table's height, giving her ample room as he barely listened to the commentators.

📺 “Oh, the Blishwick twins are furious—both send bludgers at Johnson—but Gwenog BLOCKS THEM BOTH! Double deflection! That's why she's captain!” 📺

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

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

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

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

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

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END

Glossary:

Blatching - a foul where a player deliberately flies towards an opponent with the intention of colliding with them.

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

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

*Waifu of the week - Again, this fic is inspired by The Gacha Girl Next Door, where Tonks morphs into a random form; she's unable to control her Metamorphmagus abilities unless she experiences the satisfaction.

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