

This story was commissioned by an anonymous supporter.

Summary - After the Dursleys abandon him, the magical courts decide that Harry needs a proper family to take him in. It is decided that different families will be given a trial period, and Harry can choose the best at the end. If only there weren't so many sexy older women desperate to take him in.

StepMILF

Chapter 1

Harry had woken up earlier that morning to a very quiet house. That was unusual. Normally Dudley would be stomping around with his fat feet, or Vernon would be bellowing out his usual garbage. Either that or Petunia would be watching her soaps on the television. None of that could be heard though. He carefully walked the house searching for signs of anyone.

At first, Harry thought that maybe they had gone on some family outing. Maybe to the mall or the zoo, but on further inspection, he clearly saw signs that they were gone and did not plan to come back any time soon. Clothes and valuables were taken along with things like picture albums. It looked like they had packed up the car and left him behind. Initially, Harry was very nervous. He had never really been on his own before. That changed, however, when he realized that maybe he wouldn't have to deal with those idiots anymore. Upon realizing that, a large smile erupted on his face. The next few days were some of the most relaxing of his life. There was still a kitchen full of food, and once that began to run out, he could always send a message to the Weasleys.

Harry needed the time to relax. He had just finished his fourth year at Hogwarts. Having won the Triwizard Tournament, people would think that he would be celebrating and having the time of his life. Unfortunately, he had to watch Cedric's murder and the Dark Lord's resurrection. That was enough to put a damper on any kind of celebration.

Sadly, all good things had to come to an end. Somehow it was discovered that the Dursleys had done a runner. Immediately Harry was picked up and taken to a room in the Leaky Cauldron. He was given a guard until they decided what to do with him. Thankfully, the guard was a hot, little number named Nymphadora Tonks. She was a lot of fun to be around. It was a few days before he was finally told what would happen.

"You should have seen the way that they were carrying on," Tonks snorted. "All of those stuffy purebloods were acting like bloody children ... calling each other names and making threats. It was bloody brilliant to watch."

"So what's supposed to happen to me?" Harry rolled his eyes and asked.

“Well ... Dumbledore’s searching for the Dursleys. In the meantime, it was decided that you need to be adopted into a family. That’s why all of the fighting and arguing broke out. Everyone wants to be known as the family who housed the Boy-Who-Lived,” Tonks told him, sitting down next to him on the bed.

Harry snorted. “Like I’m a bloody show dog or something?” he asked angrily.

“Pretty much. Those families are a bit nutters. You don’t have anything to worry about though. It was decided that different families will be given a trial period. In the end, you can decide which one you want to stay at. Anyone taking you in will have to sign a contract guaranteeing your safety,” she told him.

“So when is this rubbish supposed to start?” Harry asked, looking at the cute metamorphmagus.

“You have to go to the Ministry tomorrow. They’ll decide which family is first.”

“Bloody great,” Harry complained, flopping back onto the bed.

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Harry was in the family court with none other than the fucking Malfoys of all people. How anyone could think that they would be good caregivers was beyond him. There was also the fact that he had to worry about them turning him over to Voldemort. That was nipped in the bud when all of them were forced to swear a binding magical oath that no harm would come to him while under their care.

“The Weasleys?!” Lucius Malfoy snorted. “They can barely feed their own children. Do you really want Harry Potter walking around in secondhand rags?” This caused more arguing among the small crowd. As they argued, Draco crept up to his side like the worm that he was.

“We’ve been looking for a new House Elf,” he snickered. “Glad to see we’ve finally got one.”

Harry rolled his eyes, thankful that he wouldn’t be there long. “Couldn’t afford one? There’s no shame in going to the Ministry for charity.”

“You better watch your tone. You’re with us now. It would be a shame if something happened to you,” he threatened.

“Of course it would. The Malfoys would become squibs and probably wither away. That certainly would be a shame. Although, you’re not much better than a squib right now.” Draco was about to retort when Lucius and Narcissa began walking toward them.

“Come along boy. And try to keep up. I won’t have you embarrassing a proper family like ours,” he drawled, walking in long strides. Harry had no choice but to follow. They walked to a special room that held several large fireplaces. The four of them quickly Floo’ed back to Malfoy Manor.

After dusting himself off, Lucius turned to him and “explained” the rules of the house.

“While living here, it’s my duty to teach you how to treat your betters, boy. I’ll be thinking of ways to give you a proper pureblood education. In the meantime, I expect you to work for your room and board. Your days of freeloading off of the generosity of hard-working members of society are over. You can start by cleaning the basement,” Lucius sneered. “Draco, show him where it is.”

“With pleasure, father,” Draco said with glee. “Come along, Scarhead. And don’t touch anything along the way. I don’t want you getting your filth on it.”

Harry and Draco took turns trading insults as he showed him the basement. It was full of stuff that needed dusting. “Get to work, or I’ll tell my father ...”

“... that his son is a twat? I think he knows,” Harry finished. With one last curse, Draco left him to it.

Harry snorted as he looked around. He damn sure wasn’t going to clean. In his opinion, the Malfoys were complete morons. Not only were they forbidden from harming him, but they let Harry into their home where he could snoop around and look for incriminating evidence that he could use against them. In the meantime, he looked through their stuff for anything valuable.

They had quite a bit of stuff that could fetch a decent amount if sold. Old paintings were stacked against the wall, and many of the inhabitants threw disparaging remarks toward him. He repaid their kindness by pulling his trousers down and bending over in front of them. Waving his butt at them, he saw a small box half sticking out of a pile of junk. To Harry, it appeared to be a jewelry box.

“Such insolence!”

“Peasant!”

“Mudblood filth!”

The paintings continued their tirade as Harry pulled up his trousers. Ignoring their yells, he walked up to the box and used his body to block what he was doing from their view. He took the box and opened it. Inside was what appeared to be a family ring. He didn’t know much about them, just what he had learned from his History of Magic class. This one, in particular, looked to be from several years ago, as the style was no longer in fashion. Also, it wasn’t the Head of House ring but most likely an Heir ring. Rich purebloods often got new rings made as styles

went out of fashion or new magics were available that were better than the old ones. When a new ring was made, usually the Family Magics were transferred to the new one, and the old one was destroyed so it couldn't fall into enemy hands. Harry wondered why this one hadn't been destroyed.

He had never seen Draco wearing a ring. It was possible that the Heir ring was misplaced so the Family Magic couldn't be passed on. Either way, they would be super pissed if this ring were to fall into his hands. After he took a little time to study the subject, who knew what he could do with it? A smirk spread across his face. Harry happily placed the ring box in his pocket. He could still hear the paintings going on and on.

"Oh shut up, will you?"

When they didn't shut up, Harry rolled his eyes and walked up to a silver tea set with the Malfoy coat of arms stamped across them.

"Looks like these need to be cleaned," Harry said happily. He undid his pants and pulled the front down. Whipping his cock out, he groaned in satisfaction as a powerful stream of piss erupted from the tip and splashed all over the tea set.

"I'll kill you, Mudblood!"

"You dare sully the House of Malfoy?!"

"What was that? Couldn't hear you?" Harry asked, turning to the paintings. Unfortunately for them, he was still pissing. His pee sprayed the ground before sweeping across the many paintings. Back and forth he swiveled his hips, making sure to drench every single one of them.

"Now are you going to shut up, or am I going to have to take a crap in the family punch bowl?" Harry asked them.

Their cries and protests soon died as they decided to just shut up. He guessed that they thought that he might end up destroying them if they pushed him too far. Harry waved his wand and spun the paintings around so that they couldn't see him. He spent the next hour or so going through their stuff and making a pile of things that he wanted to take. Once done, he quietly called Dobby. The little elf popped in, and Harry had to spend a minute calming him down. Eventually, he brightened when Harry told him that he would be helping him steal from his old masters. Soon after, Dobby popped away and stored the stuff and the ring at Hogwarts. Dobby would bring it to him whenever he found a safe location to store the stuff. Harry went back upstairs.

"All done, Scarhead? That was fast. Maybe we should keep you around longer. Plenty to clean around here," Draco smirked.

“Yeah. This place is full of ferret droppings. I certainly wouldn’t want to live in this squalor,” Harry replied, looking around and making a face of complete disgust.

“Enough! You’ll show Draco some respect. He is after all better than you in every way,” Lucius walked in, twirling his pimp cane.

“Whatever you say, Lucy,” Harry chuckled. These idiots were something else, Harry thought to himself. Lucius narrowed his eyes at him before smiling.

“Draco, why don’t you show him to the stables. Those haven’t been cleaned in a while. Besides, animals like him deserve to be amongst their own kind,” Lucius drawled, tapping the butt of the cane on the ground. Draco smirked evilly.

“Of course, Father. This way, Stableboy,” Draco spun around to lead him outside. Harry saw the back of his heel and smiled.

“Flat tire!” Harry yelled and stepped on the back of Draco’s shoe.

“AAAAAARGH!” Draco cried out as the back of his foot popped out of the shoe, and he stumbled.

“Jeez, Ferret. Hurry up. We don’t have all day,” Harry told him. He smiled through Draco’s curses and threats all the way to the stables. There were about a dozen horses in the wooden building. Each was white just as the peacocks were.

“Try not to touch them too much. We don’t want you getting your halfblood stink on them,” Draco smirked as he turned to walk away. As his foot popped out of the back of his shoe again, he swore that he would be the one to end Harry Potter.

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Harry wasn’t doing much besides sitting there relaxing when he felt soft hands tickle his neck. Swinging his head around, he saw the sexy Narcissa Malfoy smiling at him.

“Mrs. Malfoy,” Harry greeted.

“Please, call me Cissy when we’re alone,” she purred, playing with his skin.

“Cissy,” he nodded his head. “What can I do for you?”

“You know, I’ve always had a fantasy that I was seduced by the ruggedly handsome stableboy,” she said sexily, coming up in front of him and leaning over, placing her hands on his thighs. “I know that you’re not actually the stableboy, but you’ll do for now,” she said, leaning in and kissing him deeply.

Harry barely had time to be shocked before her tongue was exploring his mouth. Harry moaned as her tongue massaged his, and he reached out and placed his hands on her shapely ass. Narcissa was wearing an extremely form-fitting equestrian outfit consisting of skin-tight white pants and blouse, a black coat that was buttoned up, and black, leather boots that ended just below the knee. Trapped underneath her armpit was a leather riding crop. As Harry's hands squeezed her bottom, Narcissa moaned and kissed him more passionately. Harry loved the feeling of her ass in his hands. It had the perfect amount of firmness. Nice and round, his hands slid up and down her cheeks, discovering the exact shape of them. When his hand dipped down low, he slid it between her slightly parted legs. Narcissa broke the kiss and groaned.

"Yes! Right there," she moaned, grinding herself against the palm of his hand. Quickly, she unbuttoned her jacket and tossed it on a nearby bench. Harry's lips moved down to her soft, delicate neck as she unbuttoned her blouse with shaking hands. Moving his hands to her hips, he teased her.

"Been a while since you had any good lovin'?" he asked, moving his hands over to her front and gently grabbing her pants by the waistband. Harry then pulled the crop from between her arms. As she didn't answer, Harry quickly turned her around and forced her to bend over. He took only a second to stare at her sexy ass in those skin-tight pants. Rearing his arm back, he brought the crop down hard enough to make her ass sting.

WHACK!

"EEEEEEEEEP!" Narcissa squealed, looking over her shoulder in shock. No man had ever dared to treat her that way. She was the definition of a pureblood princess. Another swat of the crop landed on her fine ass.

"OWWWW!" she cried out. "It's been very long!" she quickly answered, her ass stinging. Harry smiled.

"Poor Cissy. Let me kiss it better," he said, taking out his wand.

Narcissa gasped as he used magic to strategically slice through her pants. With a mighty tug, he ripped them clean off of her body. Now her lower half consisted of only her leather boots. She had forgone her underwear as they didn't go with the outfit. She gripped the edges of the table that she was lying on as she felt his warm breath hit her bare ass. Her cheeks pinkened as she felt his face get closer and closer. As a proper pureblood woman, she hadn't had many opportunities to have a man go down on her. This was somewhat new to her, so she couldn't help that beads of arousal were rolling down the insides of her lily-white thighs. She shuddered violently when Harry pressed his face right between her cheeks and inhaled her lovely scent. If that wasn't embarrassing enough for her, he began moving his head rapidly from side to side. She just knew that her wetness had been smeared all over his face. Removing his face, he placed soft kisses on the angry red welts that had erupted over her ass.

Narcissa mewled as he gently kissed and licked her throbbing cheeks, and when he spread her cheeks and licked her asshole, she gasped wildly and moaned. Harry pulled her up before he began pulling off his pants and shirt. She watched while her pussy was tingling as his clothes came off one by one. When his boxers were finally pulled down, Narcissa nearly fainted by the gigantic slab of meat that came springing out. Flopping up and slapping his belly, it bounced before settling down. She looked up to meet his gaze when he reached out and ripped her shirt open. Narcissa gasped in pleasure as he took charge of the situation. Her big tits exploded from her torn shirt, bouncing and jiggling wildly as Harry grabbed her by her sore cheeks and lifted her up.

Narcissa placed her hands on his shoulders as he lifted her up until her nipples were even with his mouth. Not wasting any time, Harry latched onto one of her pink, hard nipples, taking it into his mouth and sucking on it hard. She threw her head back and moaned as his tongue massaged the crinkled nub. Her pussy was tingling badly as she rubbed herself against the hard muscles of his stomach. Soon after, his stomach was wet with her fluids as she smeared them all over him.

The sexy blonde's asshole was puckering as his fingers repeatedly brushed over it while holding her up. His mouth moved over to her other breast, and he took her nipple between his teeth and gently tugged on it. Narcissa bit her lip as she watched her nipple stretch out before he let go. The hard nub snapped back into place just as she was being lowered. Only a second later she felt his spongy dome part her soaking wet lips as he slid into her. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she buried her face against his cheek as she whimpered and shuddered. It had been so long since she had a decent cock. Even then, it was nowhere near the size of the beast that was burrowing its way into her depths. Narcissa could feel every ridge of his cock as it rubbed against the insides of her walls. When the tip of his cock hit her cervix, she trembled savagely, her nails digging into his back.

Harry's hands moved from her ass to underneath her shapely thighs. Giving them a squeeze, he said, "Ride me."

Narcissa whimpered as she used her strength to bounce herself on his cock. As she figured out how best to do it, she eventually was bouncing so hard that her tits were flopping against his chest. The loud sounds of their fucking along with her high-pitched squeals were beginning to irritate the horses, who were neighing and becoming jittery.

She felt ecstatic as she rode him like one of her prized stallions. Her breathing increased every time that her rock-hard nipples rubbed against his chest, sending pings of pleasure surging throughout her body. "Clench on me harder," Harry commanded her.

Narcissa bit down on his shoulder softly as she attempted to crush his cock with her pussy muscles. This earned her a loud moan from him. Moving his hands back to her ass, he used his arms to bounce her up and down violently.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhh!” she keened as her pussy began to flutter. She wouldn’t have been surprised if the loud slapping sounds that their bodies created when colliding could be heard all the way to the manor. The sounds were wet and perverse, but she couldn’t help but be fascinated by them. She couldn’t remember the last time that she was so wet. Just then, her pussy clenched tightly, trying to milk the cum straight from his cock. His hands gripped her ass tightly as he slowly pulled her off of his cock.

Narcissa held him tightly, not wanting to get off of his incredible meat, but he was too strong for her. Eventually, he placed her on the table, on her hands and knees. Standing in front of her, she was presented with his cock which was still dripping with her juices. She could see the streaks of girl cum mixed in with her arousal. Blushing lightly, she dipped her head and took him into her mouth. Throwing his head back, Harry moaned as Narcissa slid her mouth down his pole and into her throat. As her face bumped into his pubes, he placed his hand on the back of her head and began thrusting.

Her eyes widened dramatically as he started fucking her face. He was treating her no better than a back-alley whore, and she was embarrassed to admit that she liked it. Keeping her lips tightly wrapped around his thick pole, she placed the flat of her tongue on the underside of his shaft and occasionally wiggled it, much to his vocal pleasure.

“Your mouth is so fucking good, Cissy!” Harry shuddered as she gave him the best head of his life. When he pulled out, his cock was glistening. Moving around behind her, Narcissa waited for him to thrust into her still-sensitive pussy. Instead, he waved his wand and she felt her ass get covered in lubricant. Squeaking, she looked over her shoulder to say something, but instead received a hard slap on the ass. All she could do was watch as he stroked his hard cock and rubbed lubricant all over it. Turning back around and blushing, she gasped and whimpered as he used his finger to poke her tightest hole. As he rubbed and toyed with her hole, she trembled as her toes curled. Finally, he began sliding his finger in to her asshole, coating her insides with lube. Once knuckle-deep, he pulled his finger out and squirted more lube on it. Pushing it back in, Narcissa’s back arched as his finger began to piston faster and faster. Just as she was getting into the finger-fucking that she was receiving, he pulled it out and replaced it with something much, much larger.

Narcissa cried out as his thick, bulbous head popped into her asshole. “Too big!” she cried, squeaking in pain. Underneath the pain, however, was a naughty sensation that she discovered that she liked. Thankfully, he took it slow as she stretched to accommodate his massive girth. Inch after inch he sank into her before pulling back. He would then recoat his shaft in lube before plunging back in. Once her ass was nice and slick, he began moving his hips faster, making Narcissa grip the table tightly. Her gasps and whimpers turned him on even more as his hips began clapping against her fleshy cheeks. Soon after, her cheeks were rippling when his hips slammed into them and Narcissa squealed in pain and pleasure. She was choking out pleas that he couldn’t understand, and when Harry reached under her and pinched her clit, Narcissa’s asshole clenched on him tightly as she came again.

Arousal was freely rolling down the insides of her thighs as her body spasmed and bucked. Harry continued to fuck her brutally as his hand moved back and forth over her damp clit. Harry slid his hand up her sweaty back and gripped the back of her neck. Grunting, he shuddered and began filling her ass with his thick seed. Narcissa squeaked and squealed as she felt his cum spurt deep into her bowels. The bastard never stopped thrusting, intent on injecting his cum as deep as possible. When finally he pulled out, Narcissa flopped facedown on the table, shuddering and breathing heavily. Her legs were splayed apart and cum was leaking out of her violated hole. Harry smiled at a job well done. Maybe being the stableboy wasn't so bad.

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Harry didn't know when or if he would get another chance at Narcissa. Fortunately, he only had to wait a few hours. Late at night, she slipped into his room and woke him. He watched as she crawled onto his bed wearing only a pair of thin, silk panties, which she promptly slid off of her long, graceful legs. Dropping the wet panties down by his head, she mounted him and rode him harder than she had ever ridden anything before. Her hips were a blur as she rolled them wildly against him, her tits bouncing and flopping around. Harry gripped her hips so tightly that he may have left bruises, and when they both came simultaneously, she arched her back and stuck her chest out, proudly presenting her beautiful breasts. Harry too arched his back, lifting up his pelvis as he came deep inside of her fluttering pussy. Just then, the door burst open.

"What the hell is this?!" came Lucius's enraged voice.

"It's not what it looks like," she exclaimed, rolling off of his cock.

"Yeah. We fell," Harry made an excuse as he stood up. As Lucius and Narcissa began to argue, Draco burst in.

"What's going on in he..." he stopped short at the scene. His father and mother were yelling. She was holding an arm over her naked breasts and a hand over her naked pussy. Draco could see thick cum rolling down the insides of her thighs. And if that wasn't bad enough, Harry fucking Potter was standing proudly, back straight and cock sticking out as he smugly smirked in his direction. Draco couldn't help but lower his eyes. With a pang of jealousy, he saw that Potter's cock was at least three times as long and thick as his own. Not only that but it was drenched in what had to be his mother's cum. It was positively glistening.

"... such a hypocrite. Did I not catch you just last week getting gangbanged by three men?" Narcissa shouted. Lucius sputtered. Draco shouted in rage and ran from the room. Harry snorted and slapped a hand over his mouth, trying to keep from laughing.

"I suggest you get the fuck out of here Potter before I lose my temper," Lucius threatened as he and his wife left the room, still cursing at each other.

Harry put on his clothes and gathered his stuff into the magical bag that Tonks had given him on Dumbledore's orders. Seeing Narcissa's wet panties, he snatched them up. Walking out of the room, he passed Draco's open door and took a peek inside. Draco was sitting on his bed with his face in his hands.

"How's it going, Champ?" Harry asked with as much fake compassion as he could muster.

Draco looked up and sneered. "You're going to pay for this, Potter," he threatened.

"Sure I will, Drakie-Poo," Harry replied, twirling Narcissa's panties on his finger. Before he left, he held them in front of his nose and inhaled her sexy scent. Draco screamed, and Harry was able to get out of the way as something crashed and broke against the hallway wall. Laughing loudly, Harry made his way out of the manor and beyond the wardline. He grabbed the emergency Portkey that Dumbledore passed to him via Tonks. Saying the activation word, he disappeared, leaving behind two angry men and one satisfied MILF.