

Summary: Divorced and penniless, Astoria Greengrass is forced to do the unthinkable... She has to get a job. Yet with no real work experience, the former Lady Malfoy is having a hard time finding anyone who will hire her. She's nearly at her wits' end when her salvation comes in the form of an interview with the most unlikely of persons, and she'll do anything to ensure she gets the job.

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What a Way to Make a Livin'

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Astoria Greengrass (*formerly* Malfoy) smoothed the front of her blouse for what felt like the hundredth time. The drab beige walls of the ministry waiting room did little to distract her from the nervousness coiled within her bosom.

This was her chance. Her only one after half a year of fruitless job searching and slowly draining what little gold remained in her personal vault. She'd nearly given up after the first month, but the dwindling supply of gold in her coin purse, as well as the mountain of past-due notices piling up on her dining room table, had kept her going. Her situation was even worse now. Last she calculated, Astoria had maybe another week before her vault finally ran dry and she'd be...well...*fucked*. This interview was her last shot. It would be what determined whether Astoria could keep a roof over her head for another month or not.

She hadn't always been in this dire of straights. Just a year ago, Astoria had been on top of the world. She'd been the Lady of one of the oldest Houses in all of Magical Britain. Rich beyond measure and respected as a member of the elite class, she had it all—That was until the day she arrived home to find another woman in her husband's bed.

In hindsight, she should have seen it coming, really. Draco had never been an attentive partner. In the five years they were married, they never grew past a civil tolerance for each other. At best, she could recall maybe four separate times when he looked at her with anything other than

mild annoyance since their wedding. Their marriage was a business arrangement, one made between Draco and her father years ago, shortly after the war's end.

Of course, Astoria hadn't known this. She was a foolish girl then, still clinging to stories of true love and chivalry. When Draco had shown up at the doorstep of Greengrass Manor with a bouquet of flowers and a charming smile, she had all but swooned with joy.

They courted for four months before marrying in the ancestral Greengrass gardens. Through it all, she had foolishly believed that Draco loved her. But love did not exist there. Not in that garden with no feeling.

Like a mask slipping off slowly, Draco made his true self known once the vows were spoken. He snapped at her, threatened her with vile words and acts of cruelty, and berated her for even the simplest mistakes. She lost her friends, her hobbies, her passions—everything that he saw as a distraction to her duties as Lady Malfoy. Her only goal in life was to help raise House Malfoy to a place of dignity and respect.

And she had. Five years of hard work hosting balls and organising charitable projects in an effort to wipe away the stench of the war from the Malfoy name. She used her wit and practised guile to charm journalists and politicians alike, convincing them and thus the public themselves that Draco Malfoy was a man of the people.

What a joke.

Draco was no man of the people. He was not reformed, nor was he regretful of his actions during the war. She knew this well, having come to learn the monster of a man she called husband over half a decade of loveless marriage.

Which is why she shouldn't have been surprised she found him with another woman. Truthfully, Astoria had almost brushed the entire revelation off. What did she care if he took a lover? It wasn't as if she wanted him to touch *her*. If it were any other witch she caught bouncing on her husband's lap, that's exactly what she would've done, but not when it was her sister.

Daphne hadn't even tried to act apologetic, and Draco even less so.

“Don’t act surprised, it’s only natural that he wanted the *better* sister.” Daphne had said.

Draco had the gall to laugh before turning to her with a dismissive wave.

“The house elves will collect your things. Expect to hear from my solicitor within a fortnight, dearest.”

And that had been that. Astoria had been banished from her home for the last five years with barely more than her wand and what little remained of her dignity. She tried to turn to her father for help, but neither of her parents had come to her aid. To them, the deal struck between House Malfoy and House Greengrass was still in effect. What difference did it make if it was Astoria or Daphne that carried the name Malfoy?

The divorce itself had been brutal. Draco, of course, hired the best divorce lawyer gold could buy. His lawyer had been ruthless, tearing the paltry demands Astoria’s own cheap Knockturn alley lawyer could come up with to shreds until she barely had anything left. By the time the divorce was finally signed, Astoria had a single vault with a few thousand galleons and a lump sum of debts Draco’s lawyer had swindled the judge into believing were hers.

Now here she was. Divorced, penniless, and all but shunned by her own family while her rotten sister celebrated her new marriage to the vilest man in all of Great Britain.

This job was her last chance, and of course, it just so happened to be for a man who had every reason to hate the name Malfoy and all those connected to it.

The click of a door opening tore Astoria from her musings as a middle-aged witch peeked her head into the waiting room to look at her.

“Director Potter is ready for you now.”

Astoria took a breath, smoothing the front of her blouse one last time as she stood. These Muggle clothes did little to help ease her nerves, but they served a purpose. Harry Potter liked wearing Muggle clothes too, right? For safe measure, Astoria reached up as discreetly as possible and popped open the top button of her blouse. Y’know...just in case...

She followed the older witch through the door and into a large, open office space filled with desks and bustling with crimson-robed individuals. The DMLE had come a long way since the veritable ghost town it had been when the war ended. Now it was busier than Astoria had ever seen it, due in large part to the very man she was here to see.

Harry Potter had shot up the ranks of the Aurors due to both his skill and prestige. He'd been the main driving force of the rebuilding efforts, tackling reform left and right across all avenues of the new post-war ministry. In fact, there were numerous projects and ministry initiatives that Potter spearheaded, which even the ministry itself was unaware of. The only reason Astoria knew was because of the years she spent listening to Draco whine on and on about how impossible it was for him to conduct any sort of illicit business or bribery within the Ministry because of Potter's influence.

Now, barely ten years after the war's end, here he was, Director of the DMLE, Lord of not one, but two houses, and adored by the public. Potter was, in a sense, everything Draco wished that he was and more.

And now Astoria had to convince him she was worth hiring.

She didn't get much time to compose herself before they reached a small reception area beside a large, dark ebony wood door. A bronze plaque on the door read:

Director Harry J. Potter

Order of Merlin First Class

Beside the door sat an empty desk, its surface clean and polished. It would be hers if things went well.

The middle-aged witch gave a brisk knock against the darkened wood door. A beat passed before a muffled "Come in" sounded behind the door.

The older witch entered at once, swinging the door open and taking a half step inside.

"Miss Greengrass is here for her interview, Director."

"Thank you, Janice. Let her in."

Astoria took that as her cue to step forward, keeping her hands at her side and a pleasant, if a little stiff, smile on her face. Janice stepped to the side to allow her through, whispering a quick “Good luck!” before taking her leave.

The door shut behind her with a soft click, and the hustle and bustle of the DMLE bullpen disappeared, replaced by a tense silence as she got her first look at the man who would decide her fate.

He was not what she expected to say the least. She’d seen him before, of course. He had been three years ahead of her at Hogwarts. She hadn’t thought much of him at the time. He was too scrawny, his hair too messy, and his fashion sense left much to be desired. To her, the Boy-Who-Lived hadn’t been all that impressive.

Then the war came.

This was the first time she’s seen him face-to-face since then. She hadn’t been at Hogwarts when Voldemort was in control. Her parents had sent her and Daphne away to Beauxbatons, and as such, they had been spared the horrors of the final battle. Even after Voldemort fell, she stayed in France to finish her schooling. By the time Astoria returned to England, Potter was already Head Auror and she was betrothed to Draco.

Before him now, Astoria could hardly even catch a glimpse of that scrawny boy she’d caught glimpses of all those years ago.

He held himself with more confidence, shoulders square and chin held high, while his gaze remained unflinching. A far cry from the sulking Boy-Who-lived she knew. He had filled out, too, no longer thin and wiry, but hardened and muscled beneath his Muggle button-up. His hair, while still wild, was styled in a way that made the messiness seem purposeful. His facial hair was trimmed neatly as well, giving him a refined, if a bit rugged, look that *Witch Weekly* was always raving about in their *Potter Gossip* column.

It was his eyes, though, that drew her in. They were captivating—swirling orbs of ethereal green that seemed to glow ever so softly when the light hit them just right. They held a power within

them, a reflection of the strength of the man before her, honed by every trial and tribulation he's faced and come out victorious on the other side.

'Oh fuck me, he's hot...' Astoria groaned mournfully in her mind. She was already nervous enough! Now she had to deal with this?!

Before she could despair further, her maybe-future boss spoke up.

"Thank you for coming Miss Greengrass," he said, gesturing to the chair in front of his desk.

"Please have a seat."

Astoria took one last breath before steeling her nervous thoughts. She could do this.

"Thank *you*, Lord Potter, for this opportunity," she replied, her most charming smile in place as she quickly took her seat. "And call me Astoria, please."

Potter nodded with a polite smile. "Harry then. I prefer to keep the Lord nonsense to a minimum outside the Wizengamot chambers."

"A rare sentiment that most nobles could do well with sharing," she laughed, making sure to lean forward ever so slightly to show off the small valley of cleavage poking out from her blouse. Look, she really needed this job, okay?

"It would certainly make things a bit less pretentious," he chuckled, his eyes unfortunately staying affixed to her face as he pushed some papers out of the way before regarding her once more. "Are you ready to begin?"

Astoria sat up just a bit straighter. Here went nothing. "Of course."

"Good," he nodded. "As I'm sure you know, this position will serve as a personal assistant to the department director, myself in this case, with some additional secretarial and general office administration duties as well..."

For the next half-hour, Astoria was grilled with question after question, from her OWL and NEWT scores to applicable skills, and on. Each one she answered with the same poise and measured confidence that had been drilled into her since childhood. The nervousness she felt earlier drifted away with every question. She kept her answers concise but thoughtful, as if

every question was something she felt she needed to weigh and consider before speaking. In the end, it was only the last question that stumped her.

“And what of your past work experience? Your resume was somewhat sparse in that regard.”

Astoria pursed her lips as she thought through her answer. “That is because I do not have any, in a professional capacity at the very least. Much of my time over the last few years was spent organising a multitude of high-profile social events and charitable ventures. Additionally, it was my responsibility to manage the day-to-day affairs of the Mal— of my previous House,” she replied, stumbling towards the end before catching herself quickly. She prayed he hadn't noticed her small slip. Though he was no doubt aware of her former marriage, she wasn't eager to remind him of the fact in case he had forgotten.

Harry hummed thoughtfully and jotted something down with a quill before turning back to her.

“You referring to your time as Lady Malfoy, correct?”

Fuck.

“I— Well— Y-Yes,” she stammered, clearing her throat in an attempt to ease the waver in her voice. “My d-divorce has been finalised if that is your concer—”

“It's not,” he interrupted, his eyes not yielding any of his true thoughts as he stared at her impassively.

A beat passed in silence before he leaned forward, steeping his hands together with his elbows against his desk as he sighed.

“I'm going to be honest with you now, Astoria. In turn, I will ask you to be honest with me. I can assure you that I'll know if you aren't. Alright?” At her nod, he continued. “The only reason you're here is because when I heard that Astoria Malfoy was looking for a job, I genuinely thought it was some sort of joke. It wasn't until I dug a little deeper and learned of your divorce, or at least, the truth behind it, that I decided to meet with you at all. Typically, department directors don't usually conduct interviews, you know.”

Astoria nodded. She had thought it was strange to be meeting with Potter himself, but had simply thought it was a quirk of his—a foolish conclusion on her part.

“I suppose that means there is no open position then?” she sighed, defeated. Maybe the Leaky Cauldron has an opening...

“On the contrary, there is.” Astoria blinked, taken aback as he continued. “It’s one I’ve been meaning to fill for a while, but never really got around to it. If you’re interested, of course.”

Astoria felt her heart lurch at his words. She had to force herself not to leap up in excitement at the offer, no matter how much she wanted to. She had to take this slowly.

“What’s the catch?” she asked, allowing a bit of suspicion to leak into her voice.

The corners of Harry’s lips quirked upwards ever so slightly in amusement, as if she’d finally caught onto a game she hadn’t even known she was playing.

“As my assistant, you’ll be expected to occasionally perform certain tasks that are...outside your job duties, so to speak. Small favours, really.”

The excitement she felt earlier shattered like glass.

Certain tasks? *Small favours?!*

Potter’s words from earlier drifted into her mind between the hammering thumps of her heart.

‘I dug a little deeper and learned of your divorce, or at least, the truth behind it...’

Astoria could read between the lines. She knew what he was alluding to and could slap herself for not seeing this sooner. Of course, Potter wouldn’t just up and offer *her* a job. Even if they were divorced, she had still been married to his childhood enemy. The only reason he even humoured her was because he knew she couldn’t afford to say no, no matter what his demands were.

Small favours.

As if. More like he wanted her to spread her legs for him whenever he asked! The gall of him!

Astoria may be desperate for work, but she was no whore!

...Except, she was a bit more than just desperate. She was balanced on a knife's edge between simple destitution and cold, unforgiving homelessness. Her landlord had assured her that if she didn't make this month's rent payment on time she would be kicked out her flat and barred from the wards completely. She couldn't risk that, not when she had nowhere else to turn.

Maybe it wasn't the *worst* outcome?

It wasn't like Potter wasn't good looking either. He was definitely her type—rugged with just the right amount of refinement around the edges. The type to offer her a glass of expensive wine and read her poetry before shagging her into a moaning mess atop the dining room table. That idea certainly had its...merits...

Astoria wouldn't lie and say that she wasn't more than a bit *pent* up. She honestly couldn't remember the last time Draco had touched her. Their wedding night perhaps? Maybe once more after that? She certainly hadn't been interested in sharing his bed during the last few years of their marriage, and she was all the more glad now that she didn't. Who knows who else he'd lain with before Daphne, not to mention the diseases that might have carried?!

Regardless, the recent stress in her life had made her recent dry-spell all the more apparent. More than once she considered absconding to the nearest bar to find a decent looking bloke that she could use to scratch her itch, but she never did. The idea always felt a bit too desperate for her pride to stomach.

Yet now the perfect opportunity to fix both her problems was being dangled right before her eyes. Could she handle the blow to her pride, or should she turn away now and spend another sleepless night anxious counting the pitiful pile of gold she had left over and over again, hoping that the final sum would magically change?

Astoria swallowed thickly. Only a beat or two had passed as all these thoughts and more raced through her mind. With a defeated breath she made her decision and stood.

"I understand."

Reaching up, Astoria methodically unbuttoned the remaining buttons of her blouse, exposing the remainder of her cleavage held within the expanse of her bra and the flat plane of her stomach.

However, just as she was reaching the last button, Harry's voice interrupted her.

"What are you doing?"

Astoria looked up and furrowed her brow. Harry was staring at her with his own puzzled expression, though his was slightly more taken aback than her own.

"Taking off my clothes?" She glanced down in confusion. Wasn't that obvious? Why was he looking at her like that?

"I can see that," he replied. "But why?"

Astoria frowned. What was he playing at? This had been his idea after all! Astoria studied his reaction closer—from the way his eyes were trained on her face instead of her tits to the way his chair was pushed back ever so slightly away from his desk...

Ah. Now she understood. Men and their bloody fascination with blowjobs.

With an exacerbad sugh, Astoria stepped around the desk as she double checked that her hair was still wrapped securely in the professional bun she'd styled it in that morning. Sucking dick was a lot easier when she didn't have to worry about her hair getting in the way.

She knelt down in front of him without another word, already reaching for his belt when, suddenly, Harry snatched her hands in a tight grip, stopping her from going any further.

"I don't know what you think you're doing," he growled, scowling down at her. "But it stops now."

"This was your idea!" Astoria argued as she wrenched her hands free. Seriously, what was his game here?!

Harry's scowl lessened by a degree, becoming more confused. "What? No it wasn't."

"Please," Astoria scoffed, her confusion quickly giving way to annoyance. "I'm not a fool. We both know what you meant by '*small favours*'."

Astoria watched as Potter's face became even more pinched with confusion, before, suddenly, his eyes widened as if in realisation. With a groan, he brought a hand up to pinch the bridge of his nose.

"*Merlin*, I meant information, Astoria!" he exclaimed.

What?

Now it was Astoria's turn to pull back in disbelief. "I-Information?"

"Yes! Just information, that's it! Did you honestly think I meant *sexual* favours?" he scoffed.

"Well..." Astoria felt her cheeks heat up as a ravenous pit of embarrassment began to form inside her gut. "Maybe?"

She watched as Harry rolled his eyes and stood. He walked over to a bookshelf nestled against the far wall and opened a cabinet. When he turned back, two small tumbler glasses were clutched in his hand as well as a bottle of swirling brown Firewhiskey.

He said nothing as he set the glasses down on the desk and began to pour a healthy amount of liquor into each.

"Well?" he asked, glancing towards her with a questioning look. "Are you gonna keep kneeling down there all day?"

Astoria's blush deepened as she realised that she was still, in fact, kneeling on the floor. Hastily, she stood, brushing off her knees as Harry presented her with a glass.

"We opened an investigation into Draco and his 'business dealings' as he calls them, about three months ago," he began as she accepted the drink. "So far, we haven't really gotten anywhere. I hate the annoying little ferret, but I'm not afraid to admit that he's clever. Clever enough to cover his tracks. To put it simply, we're stuck."

Realisation bloomed in Astoria's chest as she digested his words. "And you think I can help."

Harry nodded. "I do. Your marriage might not have been a happy one, but I don't think Draco had ever considered hiding everything from you."

The blonde witch nodded in agreement. It was true, Draco had never worried all too much about hiding his more illicit deeds from her, whether that be his slowly growing smuggling enterprise or the countless instances of bribery, corporate espionage, and blackmail he, or others under his employ, committed.

Astoria took a breath, letting the whirlwind of revelations and emotional rollercoaster finally ease. This was even better than she thought. Not only was she being offered a job, but also the chance to help put her cunt of an ex-husband behind bars for the rest of his life? It was a dream come true. Though she couldn't help but be a little disappointed that there would be no *sexual favours*. Part of her had actually been excited by the prospect, as indignant as she had seemed. As she took a sip of her drink, a small drop of firewhiskey fell from her bottom lip and splashed against the bare flesh of her chest. Astoria could feel the droplet as it slid down the valley of her cleavage. Chancing a glance up, she was pleasantly surprised to find Harry's normally laser-focused gaze diligently following the droplet as it made its way down her pale, creamy flesh. With her blouse still open, this meant he got the full view of the droplets' journey, and he watched it all with rapt attention.

Perhaps it wasn't too late after all...

"Alright." She reached down, scooping the small droplet up with the tip of her finger before licking it clean with her tongue. It had the intended effect, Potter's eyes darkening ever so slightly as she set her glass down. "What do you want to know?"

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When Astoria would look back on this day years down the line, she would say it couldn't have gone any better. She woke this morning a broken, destitute woman, yet now, as the sun set, she was a renewed witch. A witch with not only a *very* well-paying job (her sign-on bonus alone would cover her rent for the rest of the year!), but also with the means to take her revenge on her slimy ex-husband and bitch of a sister.

Oh, and how could she forget the most important thing...

"Fuck! Right there," Astoria hissed, her nails digging into the polished wood of the desk beneath her as Harry's tongue attacked her clit like a weapon. Every lash of his tongue against her sensitive pearl brought another stab of pleasure that threatened to clamp her legs closed around the dark-haired wizard's head. She wouldn't allow that, though; she was enjoying the attention his mouth was showing her pussy far too much to allow her pleasure to take control of her body. Instead, she kept her legs spread wide as she leaned back on his desk, no doubt looking the part of the slutty assistant she had mistakenly assumed Harry wanted her to be earlier.

Indeed, with her skirt bunched up around her waist and her knickers hanging from the lamp tucked away in the corner, Astoria wasn't exactly setting a good example for witches in the workplace, but then again, the leg-shaking sensations she was being subjected to felt far too good for her to care.

Things had devolved rather quickly after their first drink. Astoria shared all she knew about Draco and his less-than-legal activities, going so far as to give Harry a few memories as evidence. After the third drink, she had been quite tired of talking about Draco and had switched to shamelessly flirting instead. The way Harry hadn't asked her once to rebutton her blouse and instead had freely studied the creamy expanse of her bra-clad tits whenever he thought she wasn't looking gave Astoria all the confidence she needed. By the fourth drink, well...

She moaned as a particularly hard lick sent a jolt of pleasure up her spine. By the fourth drink, they both dashed away any pretences of a professional atmosphere and instead had all but tackled one another in an alcohol and lust-fueled liplock.

Through her hooded, lust-drunk eyes, she could just barely make out the glowing green colour of Harry's eyes peeking up at her from where he was buried face-first between her legs. His dark raven locks were a mess, having been mussed by her hands earlier when he snogged the breath from her very lungs. The crisp grey button-up was in disarray now, too, with the top three

buttons undone and the fourth completely ripped off from where her eagerness got the best of her. The tattered remains of her bra had joined it not long after, so Astoria called them even. “*Oh fuck fuck fuck!*” she chanted, the shaking in her legs growing harder to control with every second. Her end was approaching and fast. It was unavoidable. She’d been sexually neglected for far too long to last more than a few minutes, especially with the sheer *enthusiasm* with which Harry was devouring her pussy.

Astoria was on the brink. Her breaths left her in gasps, her hips rocked back and forth atop the desk, unconsciously grinding her weeping quim against his face while her hands moved to his hair and tried to push him deeper against her. She was so fucking *close*.

When Astoria came, she came hard. It was like she was releasing years' worth of pent-up sexual gratification in this one orgasm, and it shook her body to its core. She grabbed onto Harry’s raven locks *hard*. Her hips bucked wildly against his face as her cunt gushed with her juices. All the while, Harry diligently worked her pussy, using his tongue and fingers to prolong her climax until Astoria could do nothing more than whimper and collapse back onto the hardwood of his desk. Finally, just as her pleasure bordered on overstimulation, Harry pulled away, leaving her pussy twitching and the inside of her thighs soaked with a combination of saliva and her juices.

“Hnnngggg,” she groaned, forcing herself to sit back up despite her muscles feeling like lead beneath her flesh.

Harry was already standing, his hands working the clasp of his belt. Astoria watched in anticipation, her bottom lip firmly trapped between her teeth as his belt finally came undone and his trousers fell away to reveal—

“Oh, you’re going to *ruin* me,” Astoria gasped, her voice barely a whisper yet filled with awe as she took in the sight of hardened cock. It was *monstrous*, easily spanning the length between her pussy and her navel, and then some. The thickness alone was enough for Astoria to know she’d be walking funny for *days* after this.

“Are you ready?” he asked, teasing her entrance with his cock as he looked into her eyes questioningly.

Astoria bit her lip and smiled, spreading her legs wider in invitation. *Gods*, if Draco could see her now. He’d be *incensed*. Sure, he’d been the one to cheat and throw her to the side in favour of her sister, but Draco was also a self-conscious, possessive man. No doubt if he knew that Astoria had found a lover so soon after their divorce, he’d be wroth, but if he knew that lover was also *Harry Potter*? Her ex-husband may very well burst a brain vessel in his anger.

Any further thoughts of her spiteful ex’s untimely death were dashed from her mind the second Harry pushed his cock inside her. *Morgana*, he was big! Astoria moaned unashamedly as his cock stretched her inner walls apart. She had never felt so full before. He was already so deep inside her, and yet there was still more of his cock to go! Forget walking funny, she’d be lucky if she could walk *at all* after this.

As if to prove her point, Harry grabbed her thighs with each hand and pushed them up, pressing her legs against her stomach and essentially *folding* her in half. Astoria grunted in surprise, the sudden shift leaving her breathless as his cock was driven even deeper inside her. She had little time to adjust to the new position, though, as not a second later, Harry pulled back and slammed his cock back inside her with a thunderous *CLAP!*

Astoria didn’t bother smothering her cry of pleasure, freely screaming out her whorish moans as her new boss began to roughly fuck her pussy. The loud slap of his pelvis smacking against her naked arse with every thrust sounded deafening to her ears. She barely made it through the first dozen thrusts before her pussy gushed in climax. She gasped, moaned, and grunted through her second and third, soon losing count when the trembling pleasure of her cunt became too much for her to form a proper thought.

“Fuck you cum easy,” Harry groaned, his pace never faltering despite the undertone of pleasure in his voice.

Astoria could only moan pitifully in response, too distracted by yet another climax tearing its way through her body as she clawed a fresh set of cratches into Harry's desk. *Gods*, she had needed this so bad. The last year of her life had been terrible, and it was a wonder she had made it through it at all. From the stress of the divorce to the mental toll of having her own family betray her, and the fruitless job search that she thought would never end, Astoria had been long overdue for something good in her life. The fact that something was to get fucked like a knockturn alley whore on top of her new boss's desk was neither here nor there. Her nerves felt like they were on fire. How long had it been since she'd cum this hard? Had she ever cum this hard? It felt oddly liberating in a way to let go and enjoy the pleasure shooting through her body. She only hoped it would become a rather regular trend over the course of her new career. Astoria definitely wouldn't mind that. Cumming on Harry's cock every day would hardly be a *chore*.

Closing her eyes, Astoria allowed herself to fall fully into the bliss of being fucked. Being bent like this, Harry's cock was brushing against her G-spot with every thrust. It wasn't long until she was moaning out in yet another orgasm. Harry's orgasm came not long after hers. Astoria didn't even blink when he kept his cock buried inside her as he filled her pussy with a steady stream of cum. She moaned louder, thanking Merlin that she was on the potion as she enjoyed the feeling of her pussy being seeded.

With a breath, Harry pulled out of her, the last two shots of cum splashing against her thighs and stomach before he finally released her. Astoria groaned, her legs feeling like jelly as she stretched them. With bleary eyes, she looked up at her new boss, no doubt looking like a mess. A well-fucked, slutty mess, but a mess all the same.

"So," she began with a coy smile, "how'd I do on my first day, sir?"

Harry shook his head but chuckled. "You did great, Miss Greengrass."

"Only great? Well, we can't have that," she sighed, rolling over so that she was on her stomach with her face inches from his cock. Harry didn't argue as she took him into her mouth, sucking

his cock back to full hardness within moments. As she took him deeper into her mouth, using her hand to massage his balls while she threaded his fingers through her hair, Astoria couldn't help but think that she could *definitely* get used to the working life.

Especially when it came with perks like this.

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Author's Note

One final little one-shot as we round off the year! This was inspired by A Vow of Control by MayorHaggar on Ao3 by those interested. My next post will be the next instalment of Divine Intervention before I sign off for the year, so keep an eye out!

Thanks for reading!