

## Potion M

### Chapter 1

The stunningly beautiful Pureblood Princess of Slytherin House, Daphne Greengrass was shivering in her bed, too sick to get up. She had never felt so bad in her entire life. She was cold but was still sweating like crazy. Her body was trembling, and her muscles were spasming. Even her eyesight was affected. Her normally clear vision was a bit cloudy and blurred. Her stomach felt nauseated like something was crawling around inside. She couldn't concentrate or think clearly. To put it mildly, she was in hell. Her friend Tracey had asked if she wanted her to summon Madam Pomfrey, the school Healer, but she quickly declined. She tried to play it off as a common cold that even magic couldn't fully cure. She didn't know if Tracey had bought it or not, but that hardly mattered at the moment. She didn't want Pomfrey or any other teacher examining her. If they did, she would be in big-time trouble.

The reason she was so ill was that she was going through withdrawals. Almost no one knew it, but Daphne was hooked on a magical drug called Potion M, or PM for short. Despite its name, it wasn't actually a potion. It was, in fact, a powder, but it was made in potion form before it was dried into a block then ground up. Not many people knew about the drug. It was very expensive and difficult to make, thereby making it even more expensive to buy. Basically, it was a rich person's drug. As her family was quite wealthy, she had more than enough money to supply herself with her favorite choice of party supply.

Sometimes she couldn't believe that she got hooked on the stuff. It was her dad that unknowingly introduced her to the drug. One night, she watched him while he thought that no one was looking. She saw him use the drug, and it seemed like he was having a great time. He was hanging out with one of his "lady friends", and they were rubbing all over each other and mumbling about feeling really good. When the two of them disappeared, she decided to try some that they had left behind. Daphne knew that she shouldn't do it, but decided to anyway. She had often tried things that her dad did. She had her first drink at a young age and ended up turning into a common party girl. She absolutely loved to have a good time. Any time that there was a party, she wanted to be a part of it. Everyone loved her for it as well. She was often the life of the party. Unfortunately, right now she was at the lowest point that she had ever been in her life. She was a sweaty, shivering mess that could barely string a few words together. It was all because she didn't have access to any PM.

She normally got her stash from a Slytherin boy named Woolwick, who got his from his dad. He would smuggle it into the school and sell it for more than it was worth on the streets. Daphne didn't know who else were his customers. Everyone was very secretive about it. She didn't blame them. She didn't want to be known as a drug addict either. That being said, normally her life went on schedule. She would buy a certain amount, use it, then resupply before running out. It was quite simple. Unfortunately, Woolwick's father ended up getting busted when his potion lab exploded and injured quite a few people. One man had stupidly gone to heal himself at St. Mungos, who immediately called the DMLE after figuring out that he was covered in the drug.

Facing a hefty prison sentence, the man sang like a canary. The whole operation was taken down because one idiot didn't have enough brain cells to go to a black market healer. Woolwick and his father were arrested. Thankfully, Daphne took precautions and hid her identity. She imagined that most, if not all of his other clients did so as well.

Even if you didn't count the horrible withdrawals that she was experiencing, she still had a problem. People would soon figure out that she was a client if she didn't get her act together. She didn't know how long she would be bedridden, but she didn't think that it would end any time soon. Thankfully, she had come up with a plan. There was someone who could help her. The only person who knew of her addiction was Harry Potter, who just so happened to have a connection with a supplier. Unfortunately for her, he hated her guts. She wasn't exactly fond of him either. Words had been exchanged in the past, further souring any fondness that they may have had for one another. She doubted that there had ever been any fondness in the first place. He knew of her drug use because he occasionally dabbled in it as well. He was smart, however. He didn't use it enough to get addicted. Daphne was already addicted before she even knew of the rules that most users followed.

So Potter and she often ended up at the same parties, and one night, they discovered each other snorting a line of PM. Even though they disliked each other, they still kept each other's secrets. Neither wanted that knowledge to become public. They stayed silent and kept out of each other's way as often as possible. She hated to admit it, but she needed his help now, and she knew that it was going to cost her big time. Taking a deep breath, she pulled herself together enough to slip into the shower for a minute and wash off the sweat. She was able to get herself down to the Owlery and send him a note asking to meet her in a room that was often used as a party spot. Now, all she had to do was wait.

Daphne didn't have to wait too long. Around twenty agonizing minutes later, Harry Potter slipped into the old room. He closed the door behind himself and walked up to her.

"So Greengrass, I take it that your supply was cut off when that idiot got busted?" Harry asked, crossing his arms over his chest.

"Yeah," Daphne grudgingly admitted. She hated appearing vulnerable in front of people, especially people that she didn't like.

"And you want me to supply you?" he raised an eyebrow at her. Daphne didn't answer verbally, she just nodded.

"Why should I?"

Daphne was already feeling horrible, and now Potter was starting to irritate her. "Because maybe if I get found out, I'll let it slip that you're a bit of a party boy as well," she answered with a sneer. She didn't expect Potter to just chuckle.

“Go ahead,” he said, pointing at the door. “Who are people going to believe? I’m the straight-laced golden boy from Gryffindor. You’re from the evil Slytherin House. And just look at you! You’re already sweating and trembling. You really think people will take a junkie seriously?” he asked, looking amused.

Daphne clenched her fists tightly. She didn’t like to be insulted, but unfortunately, there was a grain of truth in his words. People wouldn’t believe her without evidence, and she definitely didn’t have any. She closed her eyes and tried to center herself. That’s when she heard the ruffling of material. She opened her eyes and was shocked at what she saw. Harry Potter had his trousers off, and his cock was sticking out, fully erect. She wished that she was able to mock his size, but she couldn’t even do that. It was enormous! She briefly wondered how many skanks he split open with that thing. “What are you doing? Put that thing away!” she hissed. She was just about at her wit’s end. He didn’t put it away, however. He just wiggled it at her.

“C’mon Daph. Little Harry is lonely,” the bastard smirked at her. “Why don’t you give him a little kiss?”

“You’re disgusting Potter! Now put that away before I clobber you,” she huffed, having had enough of his stupidity.

“Oh yeah?” he asked, pulling out a fat bag of light pink powder, and Daphne knew immediately what it was. Just the sight had her body lurching with excitement. It was her salvation. Potter delicately sprinkled some over his cock before placing a small mound near the base. Then he held up a shortened straw and wiggled it at her. “Still want me to put it away?” His eyes were alight with mischief.

Daphne’s mind must have blown a fuse because she didn’t even think before running up to him and quickly snatching the straw out of his hand. She dropped to her knees and stuck the straw into her nostril. With a deep pull, she snorted the pile straight off his cock. Her body instantly tingled with joy, and she could feel herself starting to get better. It wasn’t enough, however. She desperately needed more! Seeing the drug sprinkled down his cock, she didn’t even think before dragging her tongue down the length. She lapped up every last speck before falling back on her butt and sighing with relief. It wouldn’t last long, however. She was in serious withdrawal, and she needed more. Turning to Potter, she saw that he was now completely nude. She was about to ask what he was doing but was quickly scooped up from the floor.

“Let’s have a nice shower and get you cleaned up,” he chatted happily. “Then if you’re a good girl, we can have a big, powdery reward.”

Daphne clenched her eyes shut. She knew exactly what he meant. Unfortunately, she didn’t see any way out of it. She needed what he had, and she had what he wanted. She was going to have to trade her body for her drug. Her addiction was so powerful, that for brief moments, it even seemed like a good deal to her. That’s why she didn’t even complain when he stripped her

naked and pulled her into the attached bedroom. He dragged her into the bathroom and ran a nice, hot shower for them. Soon, both were under the warm spray of water.

Daphne stood there as Harry washed her body of her addiction fueled filth. His hands were everywhere. There wasn't a single area of her tight body that he didn't explore. She was pressed up against the shower wall as he kissed her deeply, his hands squeezing her soapy bottom. Wanting the drug, she kissed him back. Daphne moaned into his mouth when his hand slipped between her legs. His strong fingers danced over her soapy clit, making her mewl and wiggle around in his arms. The drug was messing with her mind. It gave her such a euphoric feeling that all she wanted was more drugs, and for Potter to keep playing with her body. Her hands glided over his slick body, feeling the bumps of muscles, each one sending a drug-induced tingle into her body. She lifted her leg so he could more easily get at her. Her eyes closed as his fingers slipped inside of her. A loud gasp left her lips when his fingers curled and his thumb massaged her hard clit.

"You want more, don't you Daph?" he whispered into her ear. "More drugs, more sex, more of me?" he mewled, nipping at her neck. Daphne nodded quickly as she was finger-fucked by a boy she hated. At the moment she didn't care about any of that. She felt good, and that was all that mattered. Her tongue lashed out and licked the side of his face as her pussy squeezed his invading finger. Potter was being so rough with her delicate, little pussy. It did, however, feel amazing. He was fingering her like she never had been before. Her whole body shook with the movements of his strong arm. Her G-spot was being stimulated constantly, and the rubbing of her clit was quickly bringing about a very strong orgasm. His head dipped down and captured her perfect, pink nipple. She may have moaned, "Harder" when he took it in his mouth, but she couldn't recall. Thankfully, he did suck on it harder. His tongue slithered around the crinkled nub, and she squeaked when he pinched it with his teeth. Suddenly, she felt his other hand slip behind her and travel down to her bum.

Daphne's eyes fluttered when his fingers slipped between her soapy buttcheeks and began rubbing her virgin asshole. Her young body couldn't take any more pleasure. Fueled by the PM, her pleasure went into overdrive and she came harder than she ever had before. "HARRY!" she yelled, her pussy milking his fingers and squirting her sex juice all over his hand. Her back arched as she tried to stuff her entire breast into his mouth, and her cute bum wiggled, trying to get his finger to slip inside. After a few glorious moments, her orgasm cooled enough for her to calm down. Potter was chuckling.

"Seems you are a good little girl. How about we take this to the bed, and we can have our powdery treat?" he smirked. Hearing that she had earned another hit, her eyes widened before she quickly pulled him out of the shower. It was time to get the party started.