

It had been hard fought, the battle. Excruciating, the journey. The sacrifices, immense.

You were now a wanted man in the whole of the magical world. But your goal, your dream right in front of you, your beautiful girlfriend panting but still at your left side having fought with more strength and skill than you had ever seen.

*Potter was dead at your feet by a spell which should have killed him twice over in the past. **Your spell.***

“Arty we got him, we can go help the others no-“, you began before a bolt of blue light connected with your side and your body yields to gravity and hits the floor. Petrificus totalus stopped the body from moving. It did not stop it from feeling.

So there on the floor of a dark forgotten place, you felt the soft warm hand against the side of your face keenly as she knelt by you with a sad smile on her face.

“I am so sorry Elliot. I truly am I... used you. Did what I had to do for so long, it is all I can do now. I made sure Brighton died in that trap because he was close to figuring it out; too clever by half. Made sure the others couldn't stop us. Hide what strength I had in front of Potter, just for this one moment, so he would underestimate me enough... I endured humiliation for my whole life, just for a single chance... I made you do this, these things because you gave me the best chance. Because I saw I could trick you into loving me“, she says looking down at you while starting to go through your pouch. Arty moved your smoking shattered wand out of your hand, a wand which had fought against you casting the Killing curse so hard it's last act had been to rip itself apart when the sickly green bolt was forced from it.

Pulling out the last Girding and Wiggensweld you had as well as the Stone and setting the last two to the side, Arty poured the Girding potion into her mouth and then leaned down to put her lips against yours. Forced the liquid from herself into your own with a kiss...

“Please... please just swallow it Elliot.”

It hurt. It hurt so bad if you were not almost paralyzed you would begin wrenching. The betrayal. And yet... in her kiss you were able to move enough that your body had returned it slightly, as much as you could. A response that went against everything you should be doing, the pain you were feeling.

When she forced the Wigenweld down, her second evil kiss, your body was recovering enough that you pressed even tighter into her lips.

You knew it was wrong. It had taken a few seconds to put it together, how Arty had manipulated you, you and so many things... The things she had done in the past, and why she had advised you to do certain things. Had pushed you forward so hard when all you wanted was to give up.

The terror came in, when you realized she hadn't felt any true regret at making her brother use the Torture Curse on a man who was already dying; that she figured out how to cast it on her own. Burned down her house after it was done.

Artemis Pertinger was going to release a Catastrophe on the world. Twice over, just to make sure the job was done. Make the world hurt as much as she had for years.

HE IS HERE.

THE ONE WHO WILL TEAR APART THE VERY STARS IN HEAVEN.

HE IS HERE.

HE IS THE END OF THE WORLD.

She would kill you, release the Beast. Break the container of power behind a True Elixir of Life to release the harvested pain and suffering on the world.

But..

She was giving you a few last moments with less pain. To get a few moments more... with you.

And when you were on the run, separated from your other comrades... she had been there with you. From the beginning. When you had fled Hogwarts she ran to your side and came with you. When the hunt had been on and only you couldn't be tracked by the Trace because she was still 16 and had to use your power and ability to Apparate again and again, Arty had done everything she could to help you again and again. Curled up on your body to share warmth as you were freezing in the rain after fighting off a pair of Aurors when they stumbled on you and were too magically exhausted from fighting the two men now in shallow graves to move.

She told you to take her when you were so discouraged and depressed after the first couple of weeks that you wanted to just give up, say you did it all and save her and the remaining others from Nurmengard. You had fucked her desperately, hard; far too hard. She had begun bleeding down there once you came and removed your cock. You had gone too hard despite knowing how small she was, that she was sensitive in places, frailer than she should be.

And she had told you it was alright. That even though it hurt, it felt good because it was you with tears in her eyes. That you and her could practice more, after this was all done. While helping her to clean up, hating yourself, her impossibly blue eyes met yours and Arty had giggled. Said it tickled despite her pussy being swollen up terribly... Smiled and saved you from going out and using the Resurrection Stone to see Taylor one more time, since you were already marching towards death.

When you parents had disappeared and a patronus had appeared, one you had never seen... when Crouch had told you to come to a specific place so he could tell if you were really worthy of continuing the Work, Arty had been right by your side. Received a web of scars on her back which would never heal when you fought Crouch and a corrupt Auror for your parents freedom when she jumped in front of a spell meant for you.

Arty had hugged Kendrick and Helen Hallaster as they sat, almost unconscious and covered in blood afterword before the pair of you had to flee, Aurors likely already coming since she used her magic to help fight for them.

"Elliot... I want the world to suffer. I want the entire thing to end, die *screaming*. I did what I could to make it happen. And I didn't feel bad. Not a single time even though I was doing horrible things and would cause so much pain before I ended everything forever. I wanted to *laugh* when you told me about Taylor dying and having the same curse I taught Apollo used against you... When you came to my call when I couldn't use a Patronus and kissed me like that? After I had forced my body to try again and again just so you would learn, think I was a brave girl? I was *smiling* through those fake tears. I had you, I caught you. And I knew you would do *whatever* I asked from then on. I was just going to use you as another tool and then I found out in the train you weren't a means but an *end*; when you told me what you were trying to do? The thing inside you? I cried then from happiness! I chose right and the ability to fulfil *my* dream had fallen into my lap!", she said, all while lightly caressing your face, wide insane eyes locked with yours the entire time.

"I loved it. I loved controlling you like that, lying to you like I did. But then... I don't know when. Maybe at your parents house, when I saw how happy a family could be, when Helen had called me her daughter or when Kendrick patted Pollo on the back and he *didn't* flinch... when I slept with you. *Just* slept. When

you didn't try to do anything, even though I intended for you to. I would have let you. Just to control you more. And at some point, I stopped loving it. Even though I knew you would help me to rend this horrible world into shreds. Even though I understood why I needed to keep doing it...it started to hurt. You hurt me, Elliot. That is why I fought with you for the first time back then, when we got back to school. I didn't understand it. How I could feel like this..." she said, rising up to make her way to the corpse of the Boy Who Lived and retrieve a pair of items; the bumpy grey wand still in his hand and the silver cloth around his shoulders. You tried your best to shake of her spell fight it as energy returned to you from the potions she forced into your mouth. You could fix it; stop her from doing this. That was all that raced through your mind.

But Arty hadn't lied about hiding some of her power... this spell was stronger than it should be given her condition. Not the same level as an adult wizard, not as powerful as you could cast but still stronger than a small girl the dead man on the floor had predicted could ever put out, when he humiliated and insulted her in front of you.

Potter's conclusion that Arty would never have more power than an average 14 year old had helped undo him.

He had forgotten the first rule of warfare is deception.

And Artemis Pertinger had been at war with the world since she was born. She had become a master of that aspect.

When people learn to underestimate you can surprise them better. When you are short it is easier to get a punch in where it really hurts.

When you trust and love someone... you never see the knife coming in the dark.

When she returned as you fought her spell, screaming in your mind to Helga who had exhausted herself to let you keep up with a force of nature in human flesh, Arty lifted you up. Just enough to fasten the Cloak of invisibility around your shoulders before setting you back down. You couldn't speak as placed the Elder wand into your right hand and forced it shut. Set the Resurrection Stone into the scarred hand you had kept uncovered around her since Avalon. And then? She placed herself on top of you, forced your wand arm as much as she could against her body and pushed her head into your chest.

"Finite Incantatem!"

It took a moment when you recovered from a hex like that. A moment from the pain of what had been revealed to you.

In that same moment, Arty had thrown her wand into the wall while keeping your hand clenched on to the Elder wand which was still pressed against her.

"You are the Master of Death now, Elliot. *Bring it upon me. Kill me, Elliot.* Please, please kill me. If you don't... I will destroy the world. I will use you to do it. I will keep doing what I did to you to other people if that doesn't work! I fell in love with you, Elliot! Truly fell in love! So if you have any love left for me, stop me before I can do this!", she said in pain, head buried on your heaving chest.

She was trembling. Fire and steel in her eyes but with out the body and power to keep up; she had fought as hard as you and even hiding her true strength for the entire time you had known her, she was still weaker than she should have been. As vulnerable as you had ever seen her.

So what you had to do? It would be easy.

You wrenched your wrist from her hand, which caused her to stumble and fall completely and then you hugged Arty as tightly as your recovering body would let you. Pressed your head to the side of her own as she weakly fought back until her struggle faltered, ceased...

"Elliot! Stop! I... I am going to do it, to rip this place apart! Stop! Do it *coward!* Stop me from destroying everything. You said so many times you were trying to save the world, here you go! I...I...", she says in between panting breaths.

And when you had recovered enough and the small girl with grimy, blood-stained auburn hair girl stopped fighting back, you spoke to her.

The conversation before had been far too one sided after all.

“Arty! I love you! I still love you and I can’t help it. I *should* kill you, kill you for what you have done, want to do... but I can’t. I am too weak. But I won’t let you destroy the world... I love the world because it gave me *you*.”

A pair soft blue eyes looked up from your chest.

“I will do it Elliot. I will manipulate you... everyone to get what I want. I am probably doing that right now, right? So I can-“

And you interrupt the small girl by pulling her up and planting a deep, deep kiss on her lips before pulling away.

“You won’t. Not in the thousand years we are going to live. I won’t let you Arty. You said...you said you and I were always at war once. And we are. But we can still fight another enemy, even if Raven would call us stupid for fighting a 2 sided battle, if she was not unconscious. We can fight against the world, the one which did this to us. Made you hate it so. We can defeat it and remake it instead of destroying it.”

“No! stop it! Elliot... I am evil. I am Dark! I did all this all and I don’t feel any regret for it! Just end it. If you killed me, showed them what I told you, what I did, how much pain I had caused they would forgive you for everything! You... you can go back to the world you love so much... Become the next Boy-Who-Lived...” Arty said with her voice beginning angry and loud before fading to soft and unsure.

As Helga tried to reach out, straining her power to help you, knowing you her in danger, you used a voice you never had with Arty.

“Artemis Pertinger, shut up!”

Even though she had done so much, fought so hard, was brave in so many terrible ways? Your small lover curled up when you shouted.

“I love you. I love you so much. And if you are Dark? Then I will be Dark as well if that is what we have to do. You could have released the pain Merlin collected here to use as a burner for a True potion of Immortality, killed me when I was on the ground and watched as the beast ripped its way from me. But you didn’t. You started to heal me and brought me the Wand and Cloak. Asked me to stop you. For all the

pain you caused, and wanted to cause, you want the pain to stop more instead.”, you say holding her close. Just small shivers.

“Why! Why would you say that, after what I have done, would do again...Elliot...” Arty asks, sounding like she is almost in agony.

“Because... even if everything else was a lie... I don’t think one thing was. And I love every part of you, Arty. We will fix this, fix the world, fix the parts of you broken and mine as well. Something has to be wrong with me to still want to be with a girl who was just about to send the world into Hell before destroying it after all.”, you say with a laugh. Sometimes the truth was funnier than a joke; there was something deeply wrong with you.

And then? Arty, the girl who planned to do acts far worse than any Dark Wizard who had come before her, been inches from succeeding? She burst into tears and hugged you, sobbing into your shirt.

You couldn’t tell how long she stayed like that weeping like you had never heard; if the tears she had shed before had all been fake? You knew with absolute certainty that these were real. So you just held her till they stopped and she raised up a hair and began speaking again.

“I believe you... I hurts so much that I believe you... But there... I have another thing I need to tell you. Something I was going to keep as a final card to play, just in case but now... I hate *myself* for ever thinking about it like that, more than I already do.”

“Arty, if you secretly had the spirit of Merlin in you-“

“Ha. That would be funny but no... can-can you put your hand down there, on my abdomen? Please? I- when I indulged in my fantasies I always want him to do that...”

Following her command, your right hand which had released the Elder Wand at that point slid up, under her shirt, touching her warm skin. Feeling the extra fat that was there since the two of you had fled, needed to rely on unhealthy muggle snacks for a while. A small, almost unnoticeable bump- WHAT.

“I-I’m pregnant. I’m pregnant, Elliot. If it took too long to make it here...I was going to tell you. Make you fight harder because of it. And if I didn’t need to... well they would never have to be born, experience

this horrible world. I regret it now; I don't regret anything besides a few failures, missteps, but that... I regret it a lot now.

"Arty... Arty that is... you scare me Arty. But also make me so happy. You... you didn't think you could get pregnant. You told me that. Due to your condition. That wasn't a lie, right?"

"No... the truth was better. I had told you I wanted kids, a lot. You told me what you saw in the mirror. And I used what the healers had told me before. It...there are going to be twins. Its only been a couple of months... it might not even work out...", Arty says teary eyed after sitting up. Pulling you up with her and pressing into you closely, putting you against her small chest and her abdomen.

"When we knew that we had found Merlin's last secret... when I wouldn't need to use it to control you anymore... I wanted to kill them. I tried to kill them. I didn't need them anymore and they were going to die along with everyone else any way... I tried the spell to stop a pregnancy again and again. *And it wouldn't work*. I took a Maxima potion and *it still wouldn't work*. When I drank the potion to induce an abortion... I threw it up instantly, forced a bezoar down my throat, before I even realized what I was doing!", she screams out while pressed into you.

For a moment your eyes leave the top of her grimy yet still beautiful head of auburn hair. They look towards the greatest wand in the world, an Ancient artifact of Power laying to your side. But as soon as the idea comes it goes.

You could forgive her for this as well. Forgive her trying to kill your future children as well as everything else.

She hadn't been able to do it. Her body and mind *forced* it to not happen.

"Arty! It didn't happen...you couldn't make it happen like that because you already love our kids! Before they were even born, you loved them. Because you *do* want them. Want them to be safe and happy and to be with them. I can't promise this is going to be easy... we are going to fight against the entire world for what we have done. Our children are going to have an *interesting* childhood... but I am going to be there every step of the way. I don't really know how to bottle feed, or change a diaper... or a lot of things. We can raid a muggle book store and get a few books if we need... And we are going to learn how to do it together. If our babies are born like you and Apollo were, there is an awfully large cup of the Elixir. We can save enough for them too. Enough for me and you. For Linda. And I think a bit and a powerful enough spell can bring back a certain Ravenclaw prat. Make sure Apollo heals up well; that should only take a few drops. We are going to need minions after all; every good Dark Lord and Lady

requires them.”, you say and before you can even finish Arty is back against your chest. This time her tears have a bit more warmth.

She herself had once said not all tears were evil after all.

“I don’t think L- well I suppose, Raven, that she would appreciate being called a minion. I know she doesn’t like the term lackey. And I am the only one who gets to have Apollo be a minion. Brighton can just trim our enchanted hedge maze I suppose... You told me... I saved you before... you save me. I don’t think I will ever get over these feelings...wanting to make the world end...make other people hurt... but maybe if you are there, the kids are there? I can try? I love you Elliot Hallaster.”

“I love you Artemis Pertinger.

“I-I think I would rather like Hallaster-Pertinger better. I am not sure what chapel we could go to, consider both of us are wanted but-“

“Right here is fine by me, Arty. So move a little bit.”, you say as you rise, recovering the resurrection stone and pulling a small steel ball out of the old pouch which Potter had distributed to all his battle class students a lifetime ago. You were never very good at transfiguration and a normal one would fade in hours... but... the grey wand in your hand thrummed with power. And so with a silent cast, the small ball of steel twisted as reality ripped around it and an ancient artifact of true Power. Formed them together into a ring, the Resurrection Stone set in its center.

You had wanted to do this differently. But things *were* different now... so this would do.

“Arty, can you stand? Come in front of the cup with the Elixer?”

“Yeah I can Elliot.”

You turned your wand on to her once she had risen up.

“*Scourgify. Multicolorfors.*”

The Elder wand... it was something else. You were only trying to clean her face off, clear the blood from her hair. Give her something clean and white.

Instead, she was washed of all filth, blood and, grime. Had her tattered robes shifted into a gorgeous white dress, her shoulders exposed. The drain on your power was tiny, the precision of your spells almost perfect. *This* was why people had fought, killed and died over this wand for a thousand years. It would terrify you if the scariest woman you knew of wasn't in front of you. If the scariest words you would ever say on your lips.

"Not exactly how I planned but... will you marry me, Arty? If we end up making the world pay, let me be by your side when we do. If we change it, be by my side. Will you let me stay as the father of our children? Stay as the mother of them? Love me and accept my love till the end of our days, till the end of time? Be my wife?", you ask after kneeling in front of her, the improvised wedding ring in your palm.

For the first time you knew of, the insane auburn-haired girl looked truly frightened. Her hand reached out, only to be pulled back by the other hand; trembling, tears in her eyes.

The only kind of tears you would ever let her shed again.

"I... will. I will be the mother of our children, love them and you as much as a monster like me can. Stand by your side whether we destroy the world or make it into what it should have been. In... best of times...", she begins.

"And worst of times, Arty. Can I put the ring on your finger? My knees are starting to hurt, even with the Wiggeweld."

"Hahaha... yeah you can. Here, my hand. The one you are going to always hold, right?"

"The first, last, and only one I will ever want have in *my* hand. No matter what comes.", you said. Jeld her hand softly and slipped your improvised ring on to her left hand.

"E-eliot aren't some other rituals involved in muggle weddings too?" she asks, looking small and meek despite being able to have destroyed the world. Three artifacts of Power at her feet. A cup brimming

with a potion that Merlin had begun creating over a thousand years ago and could grant him *true* immortality when consumed in total inches from her.

“Yeah, it isn’t exactly romantic but we can do it right here, in front of the Grail.”

“Helga! Are you okay? You up yet?”

“Yeah... I’m alright. Tired, sore, pissed that Potter is that good of a duelist... what do you need Elliot? You managed to knock him out I take it since you are talking to me?”, Helga Hufflepuff says in your mind sounding exhausted.

“Killed him actually. With *that* thing.”

“**WHAT!**”

“Yeah. Also Arty is evil. Dark. So cunning she would make Salazar look like a school boy. Also pregnant. So we are getting married, here and now. I would like you to be there. Say a few words perhaps, if you are strong enough to take my body for a few seconds.”, you say. Like it was the most normal thing in the world.

“**What!**”, she screams in your head. Normally composed and dignified, especially with so many of her memories returned, you can almost see her grabbing her hair.

“Well, it’s not like I am going to let her be an unwed 16 year old mother.”

“That is not what I am concerned with, Elliot! I just went through those memories, from when I was too exhausted to help you anymore. She is *evil*. She is *still* manipulating you! She has some master plan... something... she is not good Elliot, and I do not care how good it feels when you are together, she-“

“I know she is evil. Bad. Filthy and rotten to the core. And I know I can’t fix it. That the Elixir we are both about to share will not. But I love her all the same. But she is also kind in so many ways, many of them wrong as they are. She is hardworking, even if that work was lying to the world for 15 years. She is clever, brave, cunning. And I can’t help but love her. Love is stronger than hate, after all. You probably ended up

with your spirit in a fool, Helga. But I am going to protect her, our kids. And with what we have left of that cup of silver liquid? I think I can use it, with your help, to create a body for you. One that doesn't have to be stolen. There *is* a means to put the Beast back into nothingness and it is close at hand. And then, when our boy and girl are born, I expect you to come visit. Babysit for us some, so we can go out and do dark and terrible things. Or just the other kind of things a pair of small children prevent. Arty might be mad about doing it with out asking, but I am naming you their godmother, along with Raven."

"Elliot! I cant... if the memories I saw... I can't condone it. Arty... she has done terrible things... wants to do them again. *Will* do them again. Will lead you into the Dark. I can't-"

"You know what the second part of "godmother" is, Helga? Mother. Something Arty never had because hers hung herself by the rafters. She never had someone like a mom or dad to show her love... I know what she did is terrible. But I believe. She is going to be a better mom than she is a Dark Lady... that our kids will grow up okay. And I need you to help. Help her and them. She is going to have one mother-in-law already who is too kind... I want her to have a second person like that.", you say thoughts racing while Arty has barely moved from where she was before.

"You *are* a very, *very* foolish man, Elliot."

"Never said I wasn't. Now we should probably start to get going. Drink some of that liquid life. Give some to our future minions. Bring Brighton back and store enough for the twins and to get you a proper body.", you say as if it was the most casual thing in the world.

"Elliot... I hope you know what you are doing."

"Not at all, PuffPuff. Never been a husband, father, or Dark Lord before."

"So be it. We got this far by having faith in one another. But save enough of the Merlin juice to try and get Rae and Goddy a body."

"Yeah of course. But depending on how the creation process goes... I might end up having to baby sit you, given what I know so far and how much we have to spread around. Just so you know."

“So be it. I know you will be a better dad than a Dark Lord... if all you can get me and them are children’s bodies be warned. I was an absolute terror as a girl. Rae is too curious by half and will probably try and stick a fork in a socket at some point. Goddy will try and fight you with a wooden stick at some point.”, she says with a sigh.

“Ha! Sounds fun, having three of the greatest wizards of all time as little brats. I dearly hope I can get you more mature bodies.”

“We were even worse as teens Elliot.”

“Oh well. Can’t gain power without sacrifice.”, you respond with resignation.

“Hey, Arty. Helga 100% does not approve of our marriage. But she did agree to babysit while we go commit atrocities, assuming there is enough Merlin Juice as she called it to give her a mature body. Otherwise we are going to have a few other kids to look after. Great news right?”

“Hahahaha! You get me the nicest things Elliot; I love you so much. We either get them a nanny or our family gets a bit bigger. I... wasn’t lying, I don’t think at least when I said I wanted a lot of kids.”

You smile and help her towards the large cup of Life. You hadn’t decided on what to do with the huge ball of Ancient Power behind it yet, if you could use it rather than just keep it around for a rainy day but it didn’t matter as you and a very evil woman took the grail and drank deeply from it. Together. Together till the end.

