

During one of the fleeting moments after Avalon where Arty didn't need to cram for her OWLs and you hadn't needed to convince Potter to *not* kill you, Arty had asked for you to come into the forest with her again. Skip classes towards the end of the day for a type of date that had become a favorite of yours and not just because previously your adorable girlfriend had stroked and milked your cock until she made you defile the ground of the Forbidden Forest. Not that at all.

While you had deeply enjoyed that... you just had come to love being out there with her. Having her explain about the creatures in whatever part of the forest you chose to explore that day, show you a few clearings and nice areas she knew of and that she had claimed as "her territory". Just being out there, holding her hand and seeing her so happy and carefree after what the pair of you had been through was enough.

Getting to lick Arty's cute pussy or having her suck your cock dry and slurp up your cum as if she hadn't eaten in days *was* also nice, however. You *were* eating more pineapple these days for a reason. Completely worth Linda teasing you about your change in diet. Completely worth Helga chastising you for corrupting such a sweet girl despite knowing she was looking over your shoulder during most those times. Had even started giving advice once, on how to eat her pussy better once before realizing what she was doing and suddenly disappearing from your mind for a while. Had needed to go and "fend off the Beast" apparently. Coincidentally she tended to need to do that right after you and Arty finished up quite frequently as of late.

You weren't ever going to let her live it down from when you and your amazing girlfriend fell asleep afterward once and you had been accidentally pulled to Helga's Forest and caught her completely nude and masturbating furiously, screaming out your name while you were still speechless.

Also not going to forget it either... Arty was the most beautiful girl in the world of course, but Helga... she *was* quite good looking. Had a very nice set of large breasts; her normal outfit turned out to only make them look smaller than they actually were. Very rosy, erect nipples as well nice looking legs.

And after she had come screaming, you and your head mate had ended up having a somewhat awkward discussion once she had manifested clothes and your hard-on had softened. You and Arty had a different discussion when you woke back up.

She proved she was indeed the best woman in the world again when she wasn't mad at your reaction to walking in on Helga, having the reaction you did. Proved very understanding to Helga's situation. Gave the embarrassed and ashamed founder of her House explicit permission to watch as long as you agreed. Told you that what happened in a dream didn't count and that if it made Helga's life more bearable, she was okay with you "helping her out" since it wasn't *really* any different than a wet dream in the end.

Though she did ask to be there if possible; she recalled reading about some obscure spell that allowed people to share their dreams. *Had* told Helga that when she got a real body that she would not be sharing you like that. Told you that no matter what else you did, you were only allowed to love her romantically, even though she knew you did love Linda and Helga in a different way.

Arty really was too kind. Also apparently a little bicurious since when you had your divination teacher show you that spell and you brought her into the forest, Arty seemed to really enjoy making out with Helga while you fingered her. Eating her pussy, having her head shoved between the brunette girl's legs. Getting fucked by you while watching one of the greatest witches in history playing with herself. You were going to try and slow down but... well dreams didn't count you were told again before fucking the tiny dream form of your girlfriend so hard it took her several minutes to stand afterward, so hard you might have hurt her if it had been in real life. One definite benefit of fucking her in your head, literally, since a few times you were a bit rough in the real world Arty had ended up crying a little and there had been a small amount of blood. Even though she said it was okay, it still made you hurt yourself inside. Made you hold back the next few times even if it didn't feel as good as just jackhammering her did. But Arty inevitably said to go hard again after being gentle a couple of times; demanded it really.

And Linda had speculated Arty was kinky. A freak. You had more than confirmed that she certainly was even before you, her, and Helga had laid down recently and Arty ask if she could suck on the well-endowed woman's breasts while she fell asleep *in* her sleep. Softly called Helga 'Mommy' again and again while Helga gently played with her pussy and stroked her hair as Arty nodded off with you behind her.

You were a freak too it seems since as she was sucking the nipples of the founder of her house while snuggling against the pretty brunette, you had been right behind Arty, rock hard from seeing her like that, cock in between her thighs. Ended up leaking enough precum in your physical body that you needed to clean your pants and Arty's own soaking panties when you awoke. Agreed when Arty shyly asked later on if she could call you 'Daddy' sometimes when you were together and began to want you to play with her, hand in her panties. Other on the back of the neck and call her a good girl when you managed to steal some time to be together. It *was* a bit weird at first, probably not healthy but... one or both of you might be dead before summer break started. Might be weird but you wouldn't lie and say seeing her act so submissive sometimes didn't turn you on massively.

And besides, when she didn't feel like acting in that way... she was still your Hufflepuff Fury, your warrior princess and could be *very* aggressive, if she wanted.

In your mind, Slytherins were supposed to be the ones with odd and slightly dark kinks; turns out that Hufflepuffs were so far ahead in that regard it was funny.

Arty *had* been the one to initiate almost every act of affection after all. If your princess wanted to have some sexual play where she acted submissive and meek, had some odd kinks, have a threesome in her dreams, or was far, far too horny? That was her choice and you were not going to say it was bad or wrong, take that enjoyment away from her unless it was truly destructive. You loved all of her, every part after all.

And one of those things that made you fall in love with her again and again was the simple act of her making food for this trip by herself; packing a basket to pay you back for doing it the first the two of you had done this. You loved even just walking around as she explored on previous trips, when the two of you didn't have a picnic to look forwards to afterward. Loved to see her perfect bright smile when she saw a Magical Beast and captured it with her Omnioculars, told you all about them while holding your hand. You were more of a dank dungeon person but Arty was turning you into a slight nature nut it seemed.

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At the bottom of the basket she had brought were a couple quilts you added in before heading out. One to cover up with, another to place on the chilly ground. The simple food she had prepared for the two of you was packed up, making good on her promise to return the favor from your first picnic together, what felt like a lifetime ago. You saw it when you packed in the blankets. Simple sandwiches in a few varieties, a couple of drinks including what you thought was some limoncello. A couple of muffins with chocolate chips in them, a container of mixed berries as well as some small gherkins and olives.

A somewhat odd assortment but Arty wasn't a picky eater and had developed some odd preferences lately. Was eating more likely due to your tutoring and maybe stress from her OWLs; you fully approved. While she was amazing just the way she was, not being able to see her ribs poking through her skin when she was shirtless *as* clearly was probably better for her in the long run.

You were proud of Arty for making the food, learning a bit about cooking; even if you intended to always be there to make feasts for the two of you, being self-sufficient was always good and you adored her megawatt smile when she brought the basket with her to meet you, full of things she had earned and made through her own hard work. And she showed it too, proud of *herself*. Fell in love again because she put that work in for you and her.

It was a bit longer of a flight than normal but Arty directed you until you spotted a treeless area deep in the Forest which she instructed you to set down in.

Touching down with the 2-seat broom you had once more rented in the clearing Arty directed you to, you and the small girl stepped off, both your sets of hair mussed up from the wind on the ride. The basket of food was in your hands while Arty was adjusting a small, light backpack filled with various items useful when exploring a forest full of dangerous creatures; her Omniculars were already resting on her petite chest, hanging from a strap.

You weren't quite sure why but Arty had asked you to do the flying recently; she was a competent flier with you only being a tad better due to having a year of experience on her. She was certainly nowhere near as bad as her brother, that was for sure. Had claimed she preferred riding Magical Beasts, which you were positive was true. She just said you made her feel safer when in the air. But, hey, you weren't going to complain when it meant her perky small tits would be pressed against you for the trip, her hands around your waist.

"You sure it is okay to leave our stuff behind when we go explore, Arty? That food looks quite tempting and really don't want to pay the fine if some centaur decides to steal that broom. Have to walk back..." you ask, admiring the small, sunlit clearing with flowers just beginning to bloom in places.

"Yep! Everyone around here knows this is *my* territory and to not mess with me. But just give me a second to summon up a few guards, just in case.", Arty answers with a cheerful smile and then walks to the edge of the area, where trees began to meet grass and whispered out something. Cried out hoarsely, produced a few low meows. Hummed for a few seconds. Touched a small piece of spiderweb you hadn't even noticed. And then a few minutes later, *they* began to arrive.

A couple of small acromantula *only* the size of your torso. A few giant fuzzy and fat bees that flew so stupidly and lazily you would laugh if not for their giant barbed stingers landed on tree branches. A two-headed snake as long as you were with scales in a color that screamed poison popped out of the tall grass to one side of Arty, while a cat the size of a lynx with a split tail arrived at her other and began licking its huge paws and purring. And from the center a huge black and yellow badger with one scarred eye ambled out of the trees and cried out, while Arty rushed to it then picked it up in a hug.

"Of my gosh! Jenny, you already had you kits!? I thought it would be a few more weeks, are they okay? Yeah? I'm sorry, I was going to try and visit when you were about to have them but, well, life got really hectic! Are you sure? Okay, we won't be out for too long and I have some treats too. Of course, we were going to stop by anyway. I can't wait to see the little guys. Here. Payment for you and the others. *No*, you need something in return. Same for the rest of you! Especially Cordelia. You would have made a good member of my house. It you weren't, you know, a giant bee. Too nice.", she says as you look on in awe as Arty stands and tossed out a few hands full of food, from meat to candy for the small flock of dangerous

creatures. After hugging the largest of the bees and petting it a few times while it sat in her arms like it was a purring lap cat and not a dangerous, massive bee with a stinger longer than your pinky, your small and smiling girlfriend skipped back over as the bee took off and did a few lazy loops over her head.

You believe you were doing a very poor job of concealing the... concern on your face. Arty was great with animals, had “spoken” with them before on other trips, sure. Called thestrals to you, even had small birds land on her shoulders a few times, ones who began little songs while she giggled. Rode graphorns with you. She had *not* summoned a small hoard of a half a dozen creatures, instructed them to guard her stuff. Had what sounded like half of a real human conversation with a giant badger that could rip her to shreds and asked about how its kids were doing before.

Swallowing hard, you had to ask. Before your paranoia went out of control. Before you started to freak out.

“Hey... Arty. Beautiful, amazing, love of my life... since when could you speak with animals? Like talk to them, hold conversations? Summon hoards of ones that should hate each other?”, you say trying to keep your voice nice and congenial. Level.

“What? I can’t “talk” to them, really. Humans don’t have the right kind of vocal cords for it and most of these cute guys don’t use calls for more than specific things. The Finnish Prikka Bees don’t even have vocal cords really, more like little buzz boxes. I know a few simple calls and phrases I am able to use sure, but most Magizoolgists would; I taught them a few human phrases over the years too, like a doggy, as well.”

“Oh! Ahahaha. I get it, I think I was starting to lose it for a minute. Though you were communicating with them all like they were people and could get what they said too! That was-“

“I *can*. Words and calls just help sometimes and I like to speak when I communicate with these little guys, so they learn some. But I don’t *have* to speak, it’s just fun, really. I “say” what I mean in my head and “hear” what they mean back. They are way smarter- Hey, are you okay, you look so pale! Do you need a bite of food or some water?!”

“I think I need to sit down for a second, Arty.”, you respond and hit the ground, softly.

What the fuck. What the actual fuck. You had joked some in your head that the small auburn was like a cartoon princess, an animal whisper but... you were pretty sure you just sucked with animals and she was great with them.

“Elliot, here, eat a bit of candy and have a sip of water! I’m sorry, I know it must be tiring always doing the flying and everything, sorry! Cordelia, come over here please.”, she says apologetically while fishing out a couple pieces of treacle toffee and a small bottle of water from her backpack as a giant murder bee landed next to her. Handing you the wrapped sweets and opening the water for you, you just numbly take a drink and pop the toffee in your mouth.

Arty picks up the giant yellow and black insect, whispers something to it, then offers the purple eyed, house cat sized murder-insect to you.

“Here, Elliot, hold and pet Cordelia. She’ll make you feel better. You can feed her that second candy.”

“Arty, I don’t think a-“, you try to start before Arty shoves 6 pounds of magic bee in your chest.

“*Take my bee Elliot.* No one can win against the bee.”, she demands. You... you take the damn bee and put her into your lap. Begin stroking the surprisingly soft hair on its back, and open the other candy for it, and shakily bring it close to her mouth, mandibles, whatever. Watch a... tongue? Proboscis? Shoot out and take it from your hand, while you just look wide eyed towards your concerned girlfriend.

“See? Don’t you feel bee-tter already?”, Arty asks, with a giggle and a smile you think might be a touch insane, now. But... you actually do. Cordelia is softly buzzing, no purring as she enjoys the treat, nuzzling her fat fuzzy head against you. And honestly? You do feel bee-tter, oh Merlin. It was contagious! Yet... the cat sized bee purring did calm you down, enough to talk at least.

“Arty. Dear. Honeysuckle, beautiful badger-girl of my slithery snake heart... people can’t communicate with animal using their minds, not *normally*. I can think of a couple of exceptions to that rule but? Even Parslemouths have to actually talk in hisses and they only get the one animal. How long have you been able to do this?”, you ask as the giant buzzing creature crawls up you chest, on to your shoulder. Right next to your exposed neck. Oh, well; if Arty was going to have them kill you... you and her were miles from help, surrounded by her allies. Easy to have the body disposed, save for the fact the world would start ending before then. Might as well just let the huge murder bug up there. She *was* warm and fluffy.

“What? No, people just don’t *try*. They think all these guys are dumb or scary or whatever; they are just misunderstood, they’re not the same as people but they are still *just* the same! And, I guess, since after me and Apollo had to go on the streets for a while? I remember the pigeons letting me know what places had tossed out old bread and stuff. Made a few mean looking dogs back off around then too. Asked the kitties to come keep him company when I went out to steal something good to eat or like a blanket, since it was cold.”, she says like it is the most natural thing in the world.

You would have been freaking out that a giant purple eyed bee named “Cordelia” was licking your ear right then, if it wasn’t that Artemis Pertinger just revealed she could do something only three wizards you knew of off the top your head could do in history and you were pretty sure at least two of them had to use Dark magic for it. Yet the pretty girl staring at you with deep aqua eyes could pull it off so much better than them, with such ease she took it for granted; a drop of cold sweat rolled down your spine. You had been terrified of the idea of Apollo turning evil; maybe Arty was the one you should have been afraid of?

Leaning in, you wrapped your arms around her while she laughed. Kissed her neck lightly while Cordelia crawled to the top of your head and “sat” down.

“Everyone can’t, Arty. You are special. I always knew that but... you are so special. It is terrifying but I love you for it. You scare me a bit but it is honestly a little hot. No. Very hot. I am going to put some of this at the back of my mind for now so I really enjoy the existential horror on my own time. Do you want to get going? We only have so much time if we want to get back in time to have this amazing food you fixed and we are going pretty far, right?”

“Heh. I love you too. *You* are special, Elliot. Helga thinks so, Cordy thinks so, I think so. My Boy of Prophecy.”, she says giggling in a tone that reminded you bells.

“Lets go; we have Snagers to find and will need to stop by to talk with the rest of the badger clan so I can introduce you and see the kits, then the tsukinoko nest and then range a bit based on what they say. Do you want her to come? She seems to *really* like you and it might help if you don’t feel well again. They can vomit up this really healthy honey.”, the tiny girl asks as the two of you stand, bee still on your head.

“Hahaha. You know what? Sure. I like the purring. But can she just rest on my shoulder and not the top of my head? Mind ask-“

Before you had even finished, the Prikka Bee had hopped back down with a soft buzz back to your left shoulder and squatted down to attach to your robe.

“See! Told you. She likes you. Reminds her of someone she knew a long time ago. And look at that, she did what you asked; just have to understand them in the right way, acknowledge them! I’m not sp-“

“So special, Arty. Special to me and special in the other ways. Good ways, I think.”, you say with a smile and begin walking with her in a roughly north east direction into the trees surrounding the clearing. You swear the bakeneko grinned at you from a tree branch; no, not grinned. *Smiled*, in a way you know cats shouldn’t be able to do. Oh well.

Arty took you down into a small valley, knocked on a tree a few times and from a couple of well concealed burrows a flood of yellow and black poured out. Most of them just pooled around her feet though a few of the smaller badgers, settled around you. Made noises you had no clue about. After a minute, Arty had pulled away from the swarming magical mammals, come beside you and spoke with them.

Told them you were here’s and all they could do was nip you if you did something wrong. Picked out a couple of the smallest of them and cradled them in her arms, whispering to them before setting them down and heading towards a huge male at the back; by far the biggest of them you had seen and tried to pick him up under the arms and struggled for a bit before she got him up to chest level, where he stuck his face up and licked Arty’s cheek a couple of times, causing her to laugh before bringing him back down.

“That’s Brock. He is the same one who bit half my finger off a few years ago. Me and him had a long talk after he got down from the tree I tossed him into back then, and look at him now? He is the cheiftan of this clan. A good dad. Very polite.”, she says, other badgers playing around or laying in the sun; the kits chasing each other around.

“Haha. What did he have to say?”, you ask, becoming accustomed to you pretty girlfriend being able to control animals far quicker than was probably normal.

“Hasn’t seen snadders. The fat little snakes nearby might have seen something. Told me you looked like a mate he approved of.”

“I... appreciate the complement, I suppose. But I guess that means we are heading...”



“West.”, she says consulting a small handmade map of the Forest with small doodles on the sides.”

“Just let me hand out some snacks to the kits and we can get going.”, Arty tells you before giving you a quick kiss, standing on her tip toes.

You swear some of the yellow and black badgers who chew through steel snickered at it.

A few more meetings with the locals and some ranging around with Arty focused on looking for whatever kind of sign a badger-snake chimera would leave, the two of you and the giant murder bee now sleeping in your arms headed back towards Arty’s clearing with the petite Hufflepuff looking a hair annoyed and dejected as she puts an X on her map.

“Hey, its alright. You have been looking for them for a couple of years already, right? What were the chances we would find them on one of the trips I came along?”, you say, thinking of the dozens of small red X’s on her map. You would have wrapped an arm around her as you returned, if not for her mood. And the giant bee nestled in your arms like a small kitten of course.

“Yeah... I know, Elliot. I-it would have been so cool to find them when I went out with you though. And... no one believes me about them. Even Grubbly-Planke says they aren’t real. Just based on some old muggle stories. No one believes me when I say they are out there, right here waiting for us to make friends with them!”, she says, frustration leaking into her perfect clear voice. Looks down and clenches her fists a bit.

“I believe you, Arty.”

“I know. I...know you do, even if you are crap at Care of Magical creatures, you are smarter than me. So if you believe in me I want to keep believing. And they would be so cool!”, Arty says as you approach the clearing being guarded by her animal Secret Service, and smiles.

“Haha. Maybe that’s why I believe; because you know so much more about this, are so passionate about them. *And* can fucking talk with animals, you know. But don’t say I am “smarter” than you, please. You are clever, intelligent, witty... just because you and I have different focuses and passions... And they *would* be cool. I like snakes as much as any other Slytherin and I obviously like badgers, heh.”, you say and risk a huge stinger in the arm by waking Cordelia up so she can buzz up and free your hands. You used those now bee free hands to give Arty a quick tight hug.

“Love badgers.”

“We can look some more again soon. Maybe get a floo ride back up here in the summer to go check a few times. But... for now, want to eat some delicious food and enjoy not being around anyone but each other and your minions? Maybe tell me some fun facts about the giant bees?”

“Friends. Not minions. But...yeah I would.”

So the two of you made your way back to the basket, the two seat broom, and the now mysteriously already laid out quilts. Arty produced a couple of trills and vocalizations and you could hear her tiny, deadly guards slink back into the forest. All except Cordelia who was just rolling around in a small patch of wild flowers, almost like a cat. That was fine; she *had* grown on you.

So, you and the tiny perked up girl just began to dig into the lunch she prepared. Different sandwiches and snacks. Plenty of pumpkin juice though she had refused the limoncello she made; just left more for you and the small bottle was very good, especially considering Arty’s skill level. Simple food. *Good* food. Food you had thought there was too much of until Arty had demolished her half and then began stealing small bits from you afterward. You didn’t mind; seeing her with an appetite after everything which went on and was still going on could only make you smile.

Arty explained, between bits, that as you might imagine the *Finnish* Prikka Bee is not native to Scotland, and had only been introduced about 40 years back by a certain 7<sup>th</sup> year Ravenclaw who happened to be Cordilia’s old owner and very fond of bees. He had smuggle in a queen and a stable population before he graduated; unfortunately, Mr. Apise never got to enjoy the fruits of his labor. During his time inschool, he had fought the forces of Darkness many time and when he graduated, someone came for revenge. A sad end to the funny story of how the Murder Forest became a bit more murder-y.

Arty stuffed the last piece of chocolate chip muffin between her beautiful pink lips when her tale was done and you all but tackled her, gently of course, and softly lowered her onto the quilt you were sitting on. She resisted for a moment, Crouch’s lessons likely kicking in, and then relaxed. Came down with you. Swallowed the rest of her pastry while she tussled with you a bit, giggling and arms wrapped tight. Curled in closer to you while you tossed the quilt over her then planted a kiss on your lips that tasted like muffin and Arty.

It was a nice enough day for Scotland in early spring but... she still shivered. Pressed her small body to yours, stealing your warmth, pushing in tight... You had seen people walking around in just a tee shirt, thin pants, and the robe they had, one with a heating and cooling charm. Maybe a couple of extra charms just for extra utility. Ones Arty couldn't afford or thought it would waste her savings to get. She layered herself instead in second-hand muggle clothes when she went out with you.

Your robes had the benefit of a Heating Enchantment. Hers didn't. Something you hated. So, you pulled her closer. Wrapped both them and yourself around her. You were repaid by several small kisses, against your neck. Your horribly scared arm. A couple of soft giggles. A very good price to pay, you thought.

When her birthday came up in fall, assuming you both didn't die by then, you were never letting her be cold when other people weren't; get Arty some nice robes, even if you had to give a few of your own to her. She would look amazing in Slytherin green after all...

"So, Dark Lord Hallaster? Did you want to do more then maybe get a nap? Continue what we had done last time a bit? Since with Potter in the mood he is in now, we are getting detention for a few days for skipping class like this. But if he does more, talks to you like he had... well the *other* spiders should be hungry by now. What would you like your first and most loyal follower to do, o' Dark Lord of mine?", Arty asks, looking up from the quilt, her chin barely peeking over the hem.

"Wait. What *other* spiders? What **spiders!**" you begin, before shaking your head and gently kissing the top of Arty's as she giggled evilly.

"The ones I have been planting in his office since the first time he insulted you. They *will* come to my call, hahahaha!" Arty says with a smile, no a *wicked* grin more like.

"What the fuck" is what you thought would come out. Instead, you took stock.

Realized your small badger of a lover probably always had something insane with her, given she had shown you how to befriend Graphorns and giant badgers and could apparently call *them* too...

"Its alright, Arty. And I appreciate the arachnids I am *sure* now you can summon at will. Never making you mad. Fuck, that is for sure. And we can just... be together if you want. You don't have to do anything, love. If it isn't a good day. I don't want to pressure you. Even "Dark Lord Hallaster" doesn't. You are my

Dark Lady so it is-“ you stammer out, trying to put a bit of confidence in your voice. And then a pair of small fingers push against your lips and impossibly blue eyes lock on to your own set of green.

“Every day is a good day with you, Elliot. I know... you would never do something bad to me. Even if in the end I might *enjoy* it. Even though I would do very, very bad things *for* you and *to* you. Just... I know I am weird, you know. Fucked up in the head probably. You saw what I did back when I was a *kid*. I figured out a spell designed to *just* cause pain to another human, one that will get you life in prison for using and I was *eight*. I probably could have figured out one of the others if things went different and he wasn't already a dead man, covered in blood. And if I had the chance? *I* would use it this time, instead of getting Apollo to do it. Not mess him up like I know doing it did.”, she says holding you tight.

“Maybe Potter *was* right. That I do have the same mentality all those people who followed Grindlewald did... but I think I am making a good choice here. *My* choice. Being with you. Not *a* Dark Lord... *my* Dark Lord. My *Elliot*. One fighting the ghost of an incredibly powerful wizard to save the world. Maybe two if what you think about Merlin is right. The boy who the kindest witch in history took refuge inside of, just on fricking instinct. Every hero, I think, doubts themselves some. I think that is what makes them heroes, in the end. Why people like me are here, to tell them to can it. And...I though I was a Princess, not a Dark Lady.... Isn't that Raven's gig?”, your amazing girlfriend says, lips in a pout and eyes staying locked with yours. A deep pain hidden in her voice, one you had never understood before Avalon.

“You wouldn't. You *wouldn't* use it, Arty. You would probably kick that horrible man in the nuts a couple of times, tell him off, which is what he deserved. Take Apollo away from that house. You wanted to *stop* the pain more than cause it. You got pushed too far when it happened, Arty. Tried to help your brother, got punished for it, hurt bad. I saw the blood, in the memory, and wanted to rip that person's throat out... Apollo was going to be hurt even more for trying to stop him, worse than he already was. And when he threw out enough magic to rip that room to shred it and that piece of shit was dying? You figured out how to cast an Unforgivable because he made your *brother* hurt, not you. All that asshole taught you was how to hurt others. And you were mad that it had happened to the one person who loved you. Apollo had taken beatings for you before, right?”

“He did... most of them. I don't even know if he really understood why he was doing it, Elliot. I should have gotten a few more of them. More than a few. Got what I deserved. But I wanted to not hurt so much. I let him take them. He probably knew, Apollo... but he has never said a word about it! I am bad... I probably deserved the belt. Maybe that fucker knew? Knew how I was going to turn out. I'm-I'm not a good-“, she begins, before you silence her with a hug.

“Do not say that. *Never ever* say or think that, Arty. I am not going to ever try and control you... but that is *one* thing I will not allow. For you to think you are bad, not good because of what you did as a child. You were an 8-year-old girl who was scared; afraid and had been hurt god knows how many times.

Forgive yourself some. Apollo *will* forgive you when you eventually talk about it. *You* will forgive him, when the two of you talk about something he did; I can be there when it happens or not if that is better. And *I* forgive you forever... What you did was not right but I am hardly one to talk about it at this point. You... I *know* you took beatings for *him* too. When he was hurting too bad to take another one. Lied if he messed up, did something wrong and said it was you because he was already beaten bloody. Because *that* is the person you are. I think there are things he needs to talk to you about as well... but you can get to that. When he is ready. When you are."

"Every single one. Ever glance and caress, I get saved by your Artemis Pertinger. And you *can* be a Dark Lady and a Princess at the same time. A hero too. There are Muggle stories like that. She can be it all. Everything. Just don't think about summoning Demons and Raven will be fine with both of you being Dark Ladies. You can ride dragons instead."

Arty's small frown softens, then she laughs, saving you again when her lips press to yours and nuzzles back into your chest, still a tad sore from where Barty had given you four new scars a while back, which still sat as small pink lines.

It stings a touch when she caresses them but the soft shiver she has makes a touch of pain worth it. She wraps her arms around your neck and pushes her small chest close; you strongly suspect she has no bra on today. Her face close to your own, Arty whispers,

"You are a true fool Elliot. I... don't like myself some days. A lot of them on occasion. I like everyday I am with you though. But, hey you can pay me back from before in a second. Maybe pay if forward and stuff... but can we make a deal? If you... don't make it, I will keep Raven from doing something foolish, going really Dark. Assuming the Beast in you doesn't kill us all, of course. But, when I... die... please keep Apollo from doing the same. Someone who is as kind as him, as strong? I really don't want him ruining his life and a lot of others because of me. Can we promise that, Elliot? *My* Elliot?"

"I cannot, *my* Arty. Because you are NOT going to die. I am not dying any time soon. We are going to survive. Win. All of us. I already lost one friend, and another person who could have been a great one. I am NOT losing you. Losing Apollo and Linda. I wont even fucking lose Brighton. His grandparents? The ones I made Godric and Rowena leave, they will be okay. Even Potter, bastard he is, will survive by *my* hand. I *won't* allow it to be any way but thus. To have death take what we love. We did not fight through Avalon for anything less.", you say, eyes harder than goblin silver.

"You will, my Lord. I believe you. That was just... a moment of weakness on the part of your Dark Princess. I believe *in* you.", Arty says with a simple giggle, just a small hint of sadness behind her perfect blue eyes. A single tear that escapes.

"And I shall be there every step. For as long as I can. Dark Lord Hallaster. Bright Lord Hallaster. Grand Wizard Elliot. My Elliot. Mine forever. Now please stick your hand under my skirt. Make me scream out your name so the cute Magical Beasts think there is a new animal around, with a very cool mating call."

"Haha. Of course, Arty, Dark Lady of Spiders and Giant Badgers. But maybe not Grand Wizard, okay? That one has some Muggle implications that aren't... great; I have plenty of black friends... But... Brave, loyal, smart, cunning... horny. How did the Sorting Hat even deal with you?", you ask and slip your hand between her thighs to press and rub against her soft wet pussy.

"It took him quite a while until I told him I was going where my brother did. *Oh fuck! Ah!* Right there... In the end I wanted the same house as him the most. And I am very glad our Occlumency teacher gets *obliterated* given, what she has seen regarding what I plan on doing to you- Eep! Ahhhh. Ah! Oh fuck yeah, right there keep going, keep going, put them in too!"

Who are you to refuse a request from a lady?

So you stick your third and fourth finger. Softly at first, then more forcefully after Arty shifts her thighs down and forces them in. It only takes a few minutes of rubbing against her with your palm, keeping your fingers planted inside before she starts to spasm. A tiny squirt of warm liquid on your hand before she settles down. Brings your wet right hand up and out of the covers and begins to lick with desperate passion. You joined her after a moment, to clean the small drops on the side of her mouth. Arty tasted good. After your hand is cleaned, after a few quick kisses, the tiny auburn-haired witch began to shuffle and then tossed her damp underwear out of the blankets and put her hands low to undo your belt and pants. Once your slacks were down low, around your knees, the soft girl shifted over mounting you. A way very similar to how your tutor had shown you to mount someone on the ground when he bashed your face in, her hands begin pressing against your torso.

"Fuck that is good...crap. You feel really nice. We don't have to go that far, Arty we-"

"I know. And we won't today. Probably. Unless you want to flip me over and ravish me. Which would be fine. It's pretty great, thinking about you doing that to be honest. But taking it a little bit slower is fine too. I... want to give you a preview... even though you've already done a LOT to me Elliot, of what we can expect in the future. If you don't try and be a damn hero and die. Because I *am* getting better at this. And if you are right?", she says while sliding her wet cunt up and down your cock.

“If you are right, we get another 1000 years to practice. Something to look forward to.”, Arty says with a grin.

It takes far, far shorter than you had planned. She is far, far too warm and slick. Much too eager to make you come. You do moan out the Hufflepuff Fury’s name, only for her to slow her hips down, painfully, keeping you from finishing as she giggled at the obvious discomfort she was causing you with her slow teasing.. After a few seconds of this, being kept on the edge by her puffy mounds gently caressing you like that, Dark Lord Hallaster seemed to possess you, made you move in a more aggressive way than *Elliot* would consider.

Both hands went up, one on each side of her pelvic bone, and forced her hips back and forth quickly, forcing her to move crying out in surprise, making her finish you off as she moaned from your hands gripping so tight and roughly against her small waist. Shouting her name out again, Arty reached down to pull your vest and shirt up and with a few more forced movements from her hips, you shoot several loads of clearish white liquid on your abs.

A messy mistake. One Arty began to correct immediately, shifting off you, bending down and licking every drop up as you release the death grip you had on her soft tight abdomen.

“That-that was mean, Elliot! Grabbing me like that, forcing my body to make you come. Making me do that... Ruining my fun, not letting me see that pained look on your face from me letting you almost go, then dragging it out as much as I wanted...”, Arty says pouting and in a hurt tone.

“You know you are going to pay, right, Elliot?”

“And how exactly... do you intend to make that happen, Arty?”, you ask still floating in the post orgasm bliss. The girl shifts her hips back over your dick and with one hand quickly raises it up some and plants it right at the entrance of her sopping wet hole, she lowers herself a tiny bit, beginning to squeeze it in. She pins both your arms at the wrist once your penis is in place, pushing down a bit further until the head of your member slides past the tight ring of muscle maybe in 2 inches.

“Like this.”

“No moving me this time. No moving *you*. This is a punishment after all. You only get a tiny taste. And Linda said after they come, boys are *very* sensitive at the tip for a while, heh.”, your beautiful girlfriend states, looking down at you, a lewd look on her flushed face.

Arty presses down just a fraction of an inch then pulls back up, holding tight so you don't slip out; she continues putting your dick in, just barely, before raising her hips back up to deny it, tease your incredibly sensitive tip, again and again. It makes you writhe, shout out slightly. And that makes her smile in a very scary way. Still you obey and don't fight back, keep your arms down to your sides, don't fight the small hands pressing them down, even though you knew you could rip them up and off easily. Grab her. Hold her down. Take her. As strong as weeks of Crouch's training had made her, it had made you far stronger.

“Oh fuck, fuck I'm sorry Arty! Please, mercy. I give, I give. You win, I'm sorry! If you keep going like this, I'll-I'll do something in you bad. Something we were going to wait to do again!”. You groan out to her. Impossibly blue eyes are looking down with a wicked glint to them. And then the lecherous look on her beautiful face softens and her pussy stops teasing you, even if you are still a third of the way inside her.

“S-so you learned your lesson, then? About... making me feel like that? Good Elliot, very good. And you didn't fight back, despite how much you were crying out... I am a kind Dark Princess, I suppose. So, I will give you a reward. For being good. For apologizing that you u-used me like that...”

“Stiffen it up Elliot. And-and hold my hands. Don't get greedy though. Just a taste. Something to look forward to when all this is done. I-I really can't get enough of you, my Dark Lord. My Elliot...”, Arty says, voice less sultry, more vulnerable. Far, far hotter. She shifts her hands so they are wrapped around yours while you oblige, forcing your penis harder than you would have though possible.

Then Arty relaxes, forcing her hips to fall so her pussy swallowed you entire cock. Almost at least, then stopped with a small “Eep!”, maybe in inch from taking it entirely and her hands squeezed hard enough against yours there might be bruises.

“Oh fuck, oh hell. Its bigger than I remember-ouch!”

“Y-you don't have to try and-“, you begin, eyes blurred with how good being in her so deep you could feel the springy wall at the back of her pussy felt.

“No! All of it. Every inch. Just give me- give me a second.”



And that was all it took. Arty breathed in, relaxed and pushed down further, the bottom of her pussy back perhaps another inch, resting her ass on your thighs, her cunt spasming just a bit as her breath turned irregular briefly. She shook her hips briefly, a few seconds before raising up quickly, suddenly and pulled your dick out completely.

In the short time being inside of her completely, you had felt it; one final squirt of come push it's self out against your will. You couldn't help it, Arty was way too tight, warm, soft... and the way she was talking to you...

There was a small final release in her however, a small squirt or two pressed right against her cervix before she extracted herself from being mounted on your cock, which embarrassed you a bit.

"Uhhhg. Elliot... bad Elliot. Making me want to keep going. But, I felt something, something when you were all the way in, so warm... Did you shoot another load? Into me?", Arty asks kneeling above you, face flushed and breathing heavy.

"I-I'm sorry, Arty. I didn't mean too. I thought I was done, but you feel *too good*.", you offer, apologetically.

"I thought so. B-bad. Even if it felt really nice, your cum going into me. B-but I guess I can forgive you this one time... We said we would slow it down when it was not in a dream, some at least, but... It isn't really sex if it was just an accident. I was doing all that to you, teasing it so much... I'll forgive you for putting your seed in me again, Elliot. But be more careful! Maybe I didn't take a potion this week! Or maybe it was too old, or... stuff.", she says, angry frown turning to a grin before her head goes between your leg till all you can see is the top of her now messy auburn hair and Arty begins to lick and suck, cleaning your dick off with her tongue and eager mouth.

It doesn't last long but still makes you squirm and writhe for several second before she came back up and licks her light pink lips, as if she just finished a delicious meal.

"Hand me a napkin, Elliot. So I can clean off... from you *defiling* me. Hehehh..."

"I said sorry! I-I can help you if you want, Arty. To clean up.", you say hesitantly, handing her a cloth from the basket next to your head.

“N-no. Not this time, Elliot. As much as I would like you to lick me clean... I think we might make some more bad choices if we keep going. So... can you pull your pants up? I’ll lay down with you in just a second, okay? My panties can wait a bit to go back on though. If you want to maybe lick my nipples, suck them some? That would maybe be okay; they have been kind of sensitive lately and I think my breasts grew some from you “massaging” them, haha. I could take that without making bad choices.”, Arty says with a smile and wipes herself off with the help of a weak *aquamenta* and then an *evenesco* to get rid of the damp, stained napkin.

When she finishes, her soft petite hands rearrange your clothing a tad before she lays back, nestling up close, taking your warmth, stealing more of the blanket while blushing. Forcing you to wrap tighter around her to avoid the chill air. A dastardly move indeed.

“You *are* taking the anti-pregnancy potions still, right Arty? I didn’t mean to do that, I didn’t even think I had anything left...”, you ask, embarrassed.

“Yeah, just in case. It’s fine. And, I’ve told you before... I don’t have that time of the month a lot of times. It-it is going to be hard to get knocked up, even when I want to. So we are safe, Elliot.”, Arty tells you softly, sadly before shifting her body up a little ways higher up.

Her lips are just slightly sticky when she kisses your neck and chin. You meet with her in a long embrace then, one you could hold forever. After it, every part she can reach gets at least a peck, and you do your best to return fire. The area behind her ear and right on her forehead seem to be weak points. Her cute white panties still a few feet away from you and her, a visible stain in the center of them.

“I know we agreed to slow down some, Elliot. But I loved that. It-it made my heart and other parts feel like liquid fire was rushing through them. You are... you are more than I could have ever asked for. For a while, you know, I thought I would be alright just being alone. It wouldn’t be for that long anyway. But now? Now I never want to not have you by my side... kinda silly, isn’t it?”, Arty softly says, pressed tight as a vice against your body.

“No. No I don’t think so. I... I had some thoughts about the girls in class before. Some fantasies at best. Now too, on occasion. The times someone flips their skirt up or it gets accidentally stuck on the chair. Sorry Arty. But I was okay before, I knew they didn’t feel the same about me. I was okay with it. People know I am weird after all. It would have been nice, I thought in the past, but I was alright being single, just hanging out with my friends until we graduated. And now, now I can’t stop thinking about *you*. Being alone, it is addictive, can be intoxicating... but when you find someone, the One... I feel foolish I never

talked to you before last fall. I had seen you a million time in the halls, at the Three Broomsticks. Always thought you were pretty..."

"Heh thanks, flatterer. But you better be saving all those fantasies for *me* from now on. But... life is strange, isn't it? I recognized you from the job, you, Linda, and Taylor coming in most weekends. Slytherin and Hufflepuff dorms are close as well. Apollo had mentioned a Slytherin who just demolished everything Slughorn tossed the 6<sup>th</sup> years way a few times... And I was too nervous to ever really talk with you before, when I spotted you in the halls or at the job. You *are* quite handsome... If it wasn't for Brighton being a dick to you then one to me, we might not have ever met for real. I suppose he gets an invite to the wedding, just for that.", your tiny girlfriend says, giggling at the end.

"I guess he gets a pass because of that. And risking his life to help us in Avalon, being the host of Godric Gryffindor, the stuff with his grandparents. But he *does* have a whole other year to do something that will make him a *persona non gratis*."; you say releasing your embrace enough you can meet Arty's perfectly deep blue eyes.

"Also, wedding? You... seem pretty open to that idea. I haven't even proposed *yet*, you know."

"But you *will*. We said we would be together till the end. F-forever, right? I *would* be okay with just being together, boyfriend and girlfriend, lovers... but I really want a wedding you know? A special day. Cut the cake with you. Save some so we could have it on the anniversary. Toss out the bouquet so someone else could have the same luck I had getting you. Get carried back by you to our room and do *stuff*... Me and some of the other girls, we talk about it sometimes. What we want our big day to be like. One of the muggleborn girls has these fantastic magazines we look through together sometimes. The brides all looks so amazing, the gowns are so pretty, all the decorations so beautiful. I...I really want it. It doesn't have to be *that* grand, the cake doesn't have to be *quite* that tall... it can be a small ceremony, just the people closest to us. And Brighton. And I know I'm not as good looking as those women in the pictures-", she says in a wistful tone.

"Shush, Artemis. Mrs. Hallaster-Pertinger. I haven't seen those pictures but you are far more gorgeous than any of those women in them could ever hope to be. You are the most beautiful woman in the world to me. And I am sorry it sometimes responds a bit if Amalia got knocked down with her butt up in the air or Raven decided she didn't need underwear that day. I'm a teen and you know. You saw how it is hard to control *that* snake, since it kind of *bit* you, at my parents house."

"Its alright, Elliot. I am not stupid; I know how teen boys are. Teen girls sometimes too. The same muggle born has magazines with some actors in them that are very... stimulating... but all they make me want do

is want to sneak out, find you and an abandoned hallway now. But don't worry. I am good with animals. I am sure I can tame *your* beast as well. So it only comes to me. Or I suppose, comes *in* me."

You cant help but laugh. You forget for how innocent she is, Arty had initiated every act of lewdness between you sometimes. Naughty girl...

"And you really are a flatterer though, even though you should know it has *no* effect on me. Thanks... I love you. I really do want it though. To get married. Get married to *you*. But, paying for it all... I should be able to pay the tuition for my last year myself. Buy a few things here and there as well but... I'm not the best with muggle money but I saw the costs in those magazines. Even if we got engaged now and I saved every knut I could... I don't need it to be extravagant I just wanted something nice.", Arty says, looking almost ashamed, sad and small... She snuggled in a bit at that point. You knew her situation was a sore point for her, perhaps even a small point of embarrassment even if she hid it well. That she had so little, had to work for what she did have so hard.

*You would never let her feel that way again.*

You can't tell if there is a frown behind your smile or if it is the other way around when you speak a few moments later.

"Arty, who said you are going to pay a single thing for it? I-I should have it covered. I will have been working for a year before you graduate for one thing. For another, well I talked a little with my mom and dad some at Christmas. Then by owl. I think we have it covered.", you begin while stroking her soft red-brown hair.

"Elliot, no! If it is my wedding I have to pay some-"

"No. No you don't. I plan on working hard in that year but... before I was even born, mom and dad started a savings fund for me. To go to college, before they knew I was a wizard. They wanted me to be able to go to any one I wanted to. And when they were trying for another kid, to give me a sibling, they started one for them too. There are colleges for magical folk sure, people who want to specialize in some obscure subject... but I don't plan on going to one of those. So, I told them what I did want to do. After I turn 18, that money is mine but I wanted, permission, I guess. And they were fine with it. So... when we get married, don't worry about anything aside from planning it out with your friends. With Linda. She might not look it but she is a hopeless romantic. Deicide on where our honeymoon is going to be. And even aside, mom and dad want to pay for a lot of it disregarding the money I'll be getting from the

college fund. Depending... I can probably put the down payment on a cozy house too... maybe right outside Hogsmead, near the forest?"

"E-elliot! It-its too much! Too much for me to just accept... but I still want it. Does that make me a hypocrite? Saying no to charity, hated being given things for so long but being about to cave, if it means we get a beautiful wedding, a nice little house to be together in?", Arty asks and looks down a bit.

"No. It means you are a 15-year-old girl who want what every girl wants for that day. And that I am a 16-year-old boy and want to give you everything, for you not have to worry. And... if it bothers you after the fact, we are going to have a long time for you to balance the scales, if you want to.", you tell her. Trying to reassure her. Knowing there was something at the bottom of your pouch, something that hadn't left it since it arrived by secured owl. Something you desperately wanted to give her. Even if you planned to wait another couple of months, till the year was over.

But even after Avalon, after that threat was put to rest for now, there was still danger remaining. You had another year and Arty had two; if this last one had been any indication, you and her were not going to get a nice relaxing time while finishing your education. It made you empathize with Potter just a bit, bastard that he was.

It was spur of the moment. Dumb, even. You had made grand plans, fantastic ideas of how you would do this at the end of the year or maybe in Spain on your trip, in an exotic local fit for romance and passion. And yet it felt *right*, right now.

"Arty, do you mind standing up for a minute and close your eyes. You can steal the blanket if you want. I...I have something for you."

"O-okay. You know you don't have to win my heart with gifts. Coming out here with me, the amazing food we ate, its more than enough, Elliot. But, sure I will play along; I'm a bit better at getting things than I used to be, I think, if they are from you.", she says and rises up, quilt wrapped around her like a cloak, eyes shut. Reaching down to the very bottom of your pouch, you retrieve a small simple clam-shell box, dark blue in color. After cracking it open to peak in, make sure everything was in order, you place it in one hand, opened towards Arty and went to one knee.

"You can open your eyes now.", you say voice just a bit shaky.

When the pretty auburn-haired girl opened her eyes, her beautiful blue orbs settled on your hand and the small ring in the box presented to her and immediately dropped her blanket.

“Artemis Pertinger, will you marry me? Be together with me forever? Let me walk you down the aisle in a couple of years? Be the other half of my soul and let me be the other half of yours?”

“E-elliot...”

“I had planned on something far romantic than this... but that talk, knowing what might be coming, how much I love you right this moment...”

“Elliot. I can’t take that ring...”, she says, looking down at you, and you feel your heart sink into ice water. Stupid. Foolish. Why did you do this, now? In a small clearing in a Murder Forest, on a bluff overlooking a tiny river, nothing special about it.

You had plans damn it!

Romantic plans for when you would ask her, thousands of them now wasted! Idiot. And everything would be weird after this. She might not even want to stay with you now...

As your heart fell and eyes shifted down, you felt a small warm hand on your own, and your face rose back up.

“I-I can’t take it. B-but if you were to take my hand, slide it over my finger... That, that would be okay. Fine. Better than fine. All I could ever want. More than that even. So, will you put it on for me, Elliot?”, Arty says, smiling wide but with tears fighting to escape from her eyes.

And at once, all that anxiety, embarrassment and self-doubt evaporated in an instant at her gentle words. You took the simple gold ring with a single small diamond setting and with shaking hands, took Arty’s left hand and slid it over her ring finger, the resizing charm ensuring a perfect fit. She stared for a moment at it before moving as fast as you had ever seen, going to her knees and embracing you so tightly it squeezed the air from your lungs. The two of you, you just held one another for seconds that stretched into minutes, rocking back and forth a bit, warm happy tears falling on your neck. A few escaped your eyes as well, staining her shirt.

“So does that mean I’m your wife now, Elliot. I- thought there was going to be a big cake and a white dress, haha. Maybe off-white now...”, Arty says when her voice returns, even as she still hugs you tightly.

“It’s just an engagement ring... saying we are going to have that. Saying... you are mine now Arty. The ring I am going to give you when you are in a marvelous white dress will have far larger, shinier rocks on it.”

“I know silly, I know. Just a joke. But, it doesn’t need to be *that* big of a rock or *that* many of them. This... this one is amazing. More than enough. When did you buy it? How did you afford it? I-I love it so much, Elliot.”, she asks, breaking off from you to sit and admire the simple ring, softly caressing it some.

“I... didn’t buy it. After I started talking to my mom and dad, I got this in the mail; dad, I think he knew and talked to mom. The owl who brought it was guarded by a couple of very mean looking hawks. It was my grandma’s. The ring mom got from grand-dad; grandma left it to her when she passed. I did pay to have a re-sizing charm, anti-*accio*, and location finding charms put on it though. So, it would fit well, even if grandma Hallaster was pretty small too, so no one could take it from you, so you would always be able to find it. Not that I thought you would lose it... just in case. And because only you and I are going to know the exact charm... so I can always find you. Again and again Arty.”, you say kind of sheepishly. Those enchantments had cost a pretty penny but, it was worth every knut.

“It was your grandma’s? Are-are you sure Elliot? I would be fine with any ring you gave me, I don’t want to impose, take something Miss Helen had kept for so long.”, she says, biting her lower lip a tad.

“Yeah. I *am* sure. Mom *is* sure. She always wanted it to go to whoever I married. And she knew who I was going to ask. Keep it in the family, have it used like it should be instead of just sitting in a safe. And Arty? She always wanted a daughter. So welcome to the family.”

“Family, huh? I guess I should really start going by Hallaster-Pertinger now.”, she says with an impossibly beautiful smile.

“What? No... until we actually get married... and if you want to keep your last name, I am fine with that! And you don’t have to wear the ring around, if it is weird to be engaged when you are 15-”, you begin before being interrupted by a quick cherry flavored kiss.

“No. I want it. I want to be yours. For everyone know. So this ring is staying on unless I am doing something that might damage it. And Artemis Hallaster-Pertinger sounds just fine to me, my dear sweet Slytherin husband.”

“If you are okay with it, Arty. I-I, that would make me happy. And... it is pretty hot you want to wear it, my brave, kind Hufflepuff wife. And, if you do... well it does make sure that everyone knows you are mine; if anyone messes with you, they will face the full wrath of Elliot Hallaster, heh.”, you say with a smirk, some of your confidence returning as you sat with Arty who still was touching the simple ring.

“Knowing I have you to strike down my enemies is amazing, Elliot. But, I want them to know you are mine too. I understand it isn’t... normal, the guy isn’t supposed to get an engagement ring too but, can I put that silver ring I gave you for Valentine’s on the opposite hand? So they know if you get screwed with, they will have to face the Hufflepuff Fury, to answer for it?”

“You very much can Mrs. Hallaster-Pertinger.”, one of her hands already slipping the ring off before you had begun to respond. Putting it over your scarred left ring finger. Kissing the top of your hand and just holding on to you, silently staring into your eyes with a megawatt smile.

“I am going to get you a better one on our marriage day. Gold. Save up for it. Maybe with those muggle runes from that book series you love inscribed on it; I checked out first one from the Muggle Literature section of the library and started to read it. Not goblin made, your ring, of course. I don’t want one of the gobber’s to show up at our kid’s door to try and say it is really his by inheritance laws at some point.”, Arty says, eyes locked with yours.

“Arty! It isn’t polite to call them that! And I am not sure if giving me something the Lord of the Rings devil had is a great idea, given Potter has probably read it, and considering... you know. *That he believes I am going to end the world and what not.*”

“Fuck Potter. And fuck those greedy hook-nosed little freaks.”, she says, hugging you tight.

“Fuck anyone trying to mess with my Dark Lord. Be there till the end remember? I meant it.”, Arty tells you, looking more beautiful than she ever had, than even at Slughorn’s party despite a couple of twigs in her hair and only wearing cheap muggle cloths under her robe. Wearing things two sizes too large for her. Not having a touch of make up on.



“Also... I know we said we would slow it down a bit, enjoy every step, but... well you already came in me today, naughty boy. So, might as well have a bit more fun before heading back.”

“Arty, we don’t-!”, is all you can get out before being tackled and pushed to the ground.

And thus you fell in love with her yet again in a Murder Forest. Fell in love once more in place you desecrated with a small, feisty badger-girl’s legs up over your shoulders and a couple of times behind her head for quite a long time, till the sun almost began to set. Fell in love with her when she all but passed out in your arms afterward, having come so hard at the end you were briefly concerned she was having a seizure when her eyes rolled back in her head and limbs were twitching... became a very thankful man when she managed to raise up and plant a kiss before falling back over and giggling incoherently.

The two of you decided a couple extra days in detention and a late return fee on the broom were worth getting to lay together and stare up at the stars; this far out, there was zero light pollution and those tiny dots burnt so clearly.

111You would fall again *with* and *for* her again for the rest of your lives, long or short as they might be. You didn’t know much of what the future held but you knew *that* with such certainty it would make Merlin jealous.