

“That was a nice date Elliot, even if we can’t leave the grounds for now.”, Arty says, while curled up against you in a bed provided by the Room of Requirement. And it had been pretty good, in your humble opinion; flying around the castle to admire its majesty on a two-seat broom helpfully provided by a courier from Spintwitches followed by a small picnic on the highest balcony of the school which was only accessible by broom and a quick return trip back down to the Room where you and her had laid down together.

“Yeah... I loved it Arty. Just getting to be with you, after all the BS before Avalon, the place itself, the fall out... I love you Arty.”

“And I you. I-I can’t tell you, don’t have the words for how much you mean to me. You gave me a life. A chance to really live, use magic like a normal witch... promised to stay by my side. I-I can cast the Patronus charm now... I don’t know if it will fade or something, but you gave me the happiest memory I have ever had. I love you, Elliot. And, I know it isn’t enough, but I am going to repay you.”

“You know you-“, you begin before being rudely interrupted by a tiny badger woman.

“I know I don’t need to... it was a gift, it was what you wanted to do with the last of the Merlin Juice, but you know how I am. If I am going to have to get used to getting things like this for the next century and a half, you are going to need to get used to me always wanting to balance the scales. Some, at least.”

“Arty...”

“Don’t ‘Arty’ me. I told you the rest of my days are yours. And with those days... I also want to give you this. I want it and I want you to have it. Take your pants off. Now, Elliot.”, she says and begins to disrobe.

And so you oblige. You know better than to argue with the Hufflepuff Fury. And then before you know it, a tiny naked girl is laying on top of your mostly nude body and has pulled the covers up around you and her.

“It going to hurt some, Arty. Your old body... you said you accidentally broke it on a unicorn, but this one-“, you say softly as your love kisses the side of your neck, your collar bone.

“Yeah. Yeah, I know. And there will be some blood so don’t freak out. It’s fine. I can deal with a bit of pain if it is because of something so amazing. With someone I care for. Love so much. And Elliot, you hurt me every day. In the best ways imaginable. Every minute I am away from you hurts. Every time you are so kind, it hurts. And I love it. And I will love this pain to. I am s-so glad I get to feel it with you. Have you take my virginity for real.”

“Arty, you are the only person I would ever want to lose mine to. Give mine to. The only person I ever want to be with. Most amazing girl in the world and she is all mine. Mine, mine, mine. Bravest, hardest working, kindest, and most beautiful woman alive and you have the founder of you house to compete with, heh.”, you say pulling her into a deep kiss while her lower body rubs against your rock-hard cock.

After a couple of minutes with Arty’s tongue tangled with your own, the small auburn-haired Wrath pulls away a bit, just enough to look you straight in the eyes with her impossibly blue orbs.

“Elliot... I’m a little scared. But its okay. You complete me. Make me better, literally in the one case. I trust you. So help me put it in, okay?”, Arty softly says while rising up to straddle you. “Just hold it in place while I come down, Okay?”

“Yeah. I can do that Arty. Just, if it is too much, we can try later-“

“No. Today. Have to take the plunge some time. Here, I’m going rub a bit, get it wet on the tip at least. Then... we’re doing it.”, your small nude girlfriend says gently as she gives you a full view of her perfect small breasts, puffy erect nipples, and her pussy, which she spread open and began to rub against the head of your cock as you held it up by the base.

You really didn’t think you could get harder but Artemis Pertinger always seems to surprise you as your erection becomes almost painful from having her warm, wet, pink cunt teasing you down there while she gave a few sultry sighs of happiness.

“Alright. Hold it tight, Elliot. Going to get it in... I might cry out some but it is okay. I want this. Ready?”, she says and you can almost hear her hear hammering in her chest. Or... maybe it was just your own pounding in your ears?

“Yeah... please, Arty. Lets do it. I love you.”

“I know.”, is all Arty says before beginning to lower her hips down and you feel yourself slip in slightly before hitting resistance.

“Here we go...”, Arty says before just pushing down and you feel your head push against something briefly before 90 pounds of Hufflepuff Wrath forces it past the resistance with a sensation somewhere between paper tearing and a rubber band snapping.

“Ahhhh! Ahh... Ah. Ha ha ha. Its in... just a little more... all the way... want it...”, your small lover says, loudly at first but then more softly. “Hold-hold my hands, Elliot. Please hold me...”

“Y-yeah. Here. Right here, Arty. My hands are right here.”, you say while offering your upturned palms to her which Arty quickly grabs ahold of, lacing her fingers in-between your own as you fight back the ecstasy of her warm wet pussy squeezing around your member.

“Thank you... thank you so much, Elliot. Here... all the way in.”, Arty says almost breathless and you feel yourself slide the rest of the way inside her till you hit another point of resistance at the back of her vagina and she gives a soft ‘Eep’ of pain as you feel the walls of her pussy twitch tight and spasm some.

“Does it... do I feel good, boyfriend?”

“Oh fucking Merlin, yes, yes, you do, girlfriend. All the way in... are you okay?”

“B-better than okay. You fit perfectly, even if you are all the way to my cervix... perfect. Get ready... gonna ride you... heh heh mine, mine, mine.”, she says, sounding pained, slightly insane, and like the most beautiful thing in the world as she lifts up some and then pushes her hips down when you are halfway out.

You are able to catch a glimpse of your dick, and it is slightly red tinged, a small trickle of blood having settled around the base, but you try and ignore it as well as the soft grunts of pain from Arty as she speeds up some. She... Arty was the strongest woman you had ever met and you couldn't ruin this by freaking out at her being in pain, hurting; she wanted it and so did you.

Her perfect, impossibly blue eyes met yours as she was humping you, forcing your rock-hard cock in and out and there were tears running down from them, but before you could even speak, she began gulping

at the air and her pussy spasmed for several seconds and it took all you had to not try and come right then and there. When her orgasm had tapered off, Arty spoke softly and desperately.

“Don’t worry. It-it hurts some, but these are happy tears. Not all tears are evil, right? These... I love it, I love you so much. I’m-I’m connected to you right now. I love you being in me, all the way in so much.”, she says and wiggles her hips some, eliciting a gasp from you. “I love you so much I can’t stand it, Elliot. A full life, a new body, your love, a family... you gave me everything... but can you give me one more thing? Let me lay on you and... just go. Fuck me and hold me tight. And undo a few buttons; I want to feel your skin, want you to feel my breasts on your chest.”

You quickly oblige once she lets go of your hands for a moment, working through the lighting bolts Arty grinding on your dick are sending up your spine and open up your shirt and then... then you sit most of the way up, making good use of the small 6 pack you developed, wrap your arms around the small girl and pulled her down against you. You almost slip out before Arty readjusts some, biting your shoulder hard enough there might be blood a few times.

“Love, Arty, not sure how much longer I can last. Sorry, but you feel too good.”

“Just-just try, Elly. Just one more time... and I want to come while you do it too, please?”, Arty says while gently forcing you in and out in centimeters.

“Yeah... I will. Anything for you, Arty... my dearest, my love. I’ll hold it in, try to... we can do it together.”, you say softly and plant your lips on Arty’s while bending your knees some and sliding your hands onto her waist so you can maneuver her better while she wraps her thin arms across your back.

“Go. Fuck me, Elliot. Fuck me, fuck me, fuck meeee!”, Arty cries out as you shift her some and begin thrusting in and out, slowly at first but growing quicker hand harder with each second.

“Augh...ahhhh...ah. Good... feels good.”

And you can tell it is halfway a lie; every time you go all the way in, up to the hilt, Arty cries out as you head pushes her cervix back some. But... at that moment you don’t care. Because between the small cries of pain, there are far, far more noise that tell you she is enjoying having you hold her tight and force your cock in and out of her tight and warm cunt.

It doesn't take long to settle into a pattern, a rhythm that seems to get the best response from your petite lover, in slow and out quickly and all the dancing lessons you have ever had being applied all at once. And between her sloppy kisses and teeth on your collar, in a few minutes you are almost there.

"A-Arty, I don't think I can hang on much longer! Are you nearly-"

"Yes, oh fuck yes! Just 10 more seconds... 20... please, please, I want to finish with you, Eeeeliot!", she forces out even as her pussy is clamping down tighter around your cock. So you try, and fail somewhat, to keep up the same pace, same rhythm just a bit longer even with Arty switching between coos of pleasure and soft cries of pain when you bottom her out.

"Arty! Arty! P-please say you are almost there!"

"I am, I am! Oh god, Merlin! Fuck, Fuck, Fuck! Keep going, Elly!"

Thankfully it is only a few more hard thrusts before you can feel Arty begin to convulse, shiver and let out low moans of pleasure, and so you let yourself come as well, pressed all the way in to her as you hold on tight to keep her from moving too much. You keep your dick pressed in, only moving slightly and right in the middle of her spasms you let go, begin to come in side your tiny Hufflepuff princess.

"Holy-holy fuck, Arty. That... you are amazing."

"Thanks. Heh, heh. Stay in me for a minute, Elliot? Please?"

"Anything for you. Anything.", you manage to croak out despite even her slightest movement sending lightning up your spine.

Several minutes and a few more kisses and bites from a tiny sweaty girl, you manage to get time to speak.

"Arty, Im starting to ah... get a bit softer. Ready?"

“Yeah... yeah. I love you being in me but I guess all good things have to end. Hand me a couple of tissues and my wand?”, she asks softly and you oblige, reaching over to them as the two of you lay on a comfy bed.

Pulling her body off of you is almost physically painful, as much as you loved her being there but it still happens and you endure, watching as she dabs of the blood, juices, and cum between her legs then taps her pussy and your cock and with a quick *scourgify* cleans them and deals with the tissues with the vanishing spell.

“Heh. Still not used to getting to do that with out feeling like I just ran a half mile... thank you so much, Elly.”

“You know I hate that nickname, right?”

“Yeah, but you love me and it is cute when you scrunch up your face if I use it, *Elly*. Finish undressing, you can have underwear though... I am going to put mine on, get a pad incase I bleed a bit more.”, Arty says while sliding off the bed and heading towards her bag and discarded clothes.

“I-I have some Wiggerweld... If it hurts too much, Artemis.”

“And you know if you use my full name I always think I am in trouble, Elliot... but no. If I use that it would just heal up and we would have to do all this again. I am happy I got to do this with you, once. But not every time. I can deal with walking funny for a few days. Apollo will glare at you, just so you know, however.”, the most beautiful girl in the world says with a giggle while fixing her self up and tossing you your yellow and black stiped boxers.

“Grand.”, you respond while pulling up your underwear around your still half erect cock. “Just what I need. But maybe... he might be too concerned with Riley to bother? He already knows what we do so...”

“Yeah. He is different... so am I... but he is smart. He gets it. And I will give him crap when Riley has to walk around with her legs a foot apart, though if you do it... I will hex you into next week, heh.”, Arty says as she hops back in bed and pulls the covers up over you and her. “Hold me? Please?”

“Of course. And I would never give him shit... I think Riley is a good influence, even if I am contractually obliged to dislike Gryffindors.”, you say, wrapping Arty in your embrace and enjoying her small, perky tits pressing against your bare chest.

“Good Elliot... sorry about the bite marks.”

“It is fine, I can wear a scarf and Linda has this cream that helps. Worth it. You... us together like that... so fucking worth it, Arty.”, you say with a smile that the tiny girl in your arms mirrors. “Think we will make it to breakfast tomorrow, my Queen?”

“Heh, I do like it when you call me that... and no I do not believe we will. I do have work though and I expect my handsome king to escort me. Maybe brunch at Remus?”

“Hah. I said anything for you and I mean it. I can probably swing that. As Elend says you can get reservations anywhere, anytime if you tip the girl at the front enough and I still have some cash left over from buying a new pouch.”

And your tiny Wrath giggles softly and kisses your cheek.

“You think they would have exceptions for their rightful King and his Queen, you know.”

“Yeah... except Granger made sure I could never assume the throne with a liberal dose of Fiendfyre to a rock.”

“Bitch. You will still always be my king, Elliot.”, Arty say and you can't help but beam a smile right at her. Best woman in the world.

“As you say, my queen. But for now, sleep? Unless you want another round since you got a boost to your stamina?”, you ask and caress her perky butt.

“I'd love to... but think we might need to wait at least a couple days, okay?”

“Alright, Artemis Pertinger I-“

“Pertinger-Hallaster. My days, all of them, are yours. So I expect you to make good on that by the time I graduate, Elliot.”

“Hahaha. Of course, Mrs. Pertinger-Hallaster. Anything for you. But now? Sleep?”

“Yep. Night, *Elly*.”

“Night, *Artemis*, heh.”

And so the two of you share a comfortable bed in a Room people shouldn't know exists and you learn to love Arty's soft snoring even more than before. You are no seer, you can't say what will come of Potter and Salazar but for that night at least, everything is right in the world.