

“Hey Arty... we really don't have to go further... do more.”

“I know, Elliot. I trust you... and even if we did go a bit more? I would still like it. Enjoy it. Enjoy the journey just as well as the destination. But we can have a few sudden twists in the story, a couple of-ah detours on the trip, my dearest. We already have more than a few times anyway.”

“Haha. I suppose that is a pretty good way to frame it... and as long as you are okay with it... I am not even going to ever complain about doing something fun with the most beautiful girl in the world.”

“I- flattery is completely ineffective on me, Mr. Hallaster; you know this. You should really not waste your breath telling me how much you adore me in a dozen different ways, multiple times a day, every day... but you are a stubborn man so I suppose you will... what you *should* do is take those shorts off. “Stand at attention” if you would... I don't really want to go all the way right now. But having a bit of fun? Well, that guy *has* been a good soldier and deserves a reward. Linda did mention something to me when she came by...”

“Linda? Oh *fuck*. Not sure if I can deal with whips or chains tonight... well, if it is you love, I can find a way I suppose...”

“Hehe, those *are* coming out but not now... I just want you to enjoy it... If it is too much? I shouldn't get to be the only one to dictate this stuff... so say no if you need alright?”, she says, planting a light kiss on your shoulder. Pressing into you a hair. Breathing warmly against your neck, the side of your face. A drop of drool, as if she was starving, hitting the collar of the old tee you had on.

“Arty... I don't think I could ever say no to you. And, well, I am pretty horny... kinda desperate really? It has been a while; my hand and a few pictures, thoughts of you... not doing the job as well after getting the real thing a few times. More than a few. We kind of suck at not having sex with each other, Arty.”

“Heh. I am alright sucking at that; besides it's the effort that counts. But... maybe some new material would help when I can't be with you... you did brew an awful lot of developing solution. Let me get my shorts off too; lay on your back, Elliot.”, Arty said while she got off the bed and took down the simple but very flattering denim shorts she had purchased at a thrift store when the pair of you went out for a little day date, adjusted a tight well fitted shirt with a goofy looking spider you got online for her as a random gift. Lifted said shirt up and gave you a very nice view. Her flat, slightly muscled stomach, small curves that were on the sides of her waist as it flowed into a very, very dear region to you... her white panties with a snake crest right above her pussy which was so puffy you could make out it's mounds even through the thin fabric. Pulled her shirt back down after allowing you to stare for a few seconds.

“Here you go *my* Dark Lord, *my* King... you should be grateful for your mom getting me some razors and giving me a few tips to use them given I can’t use the Barber Charm for a couple more month and I do grow *some* hair.”, she says as she gets back into bed and mounts you. Presses herself against your now very hard cock. Kisses you a few times and then reaches down to adjust your dick. Set your good not so little soldier within her slight thigh gap and then cross her ankles to lock him in before beginning to slowly and slightly raise her small well shaped and pert ass in the air and bring it back down, caressing your dick again and again.

“Oh, oh shit Arty... that... feels really good! Fuck keep going.”

“Say the nice word.”

“Oh fuck, *please* keep going, *please* don’t stop!”

“Good boy... but I do intend to drag this out some... I love you but I do like seeing you a bit desperate, so don’t think you are coming any time soon. Not until I make you beg; make you scream my name out some.”

“Arty... my parents are right down the hall. Even if they have sound proofed their room... plus Apollo in the living room. Helga might be back by now... I really don’t want your brother kicking down the door and finding us in the middle of something because he hears me scream your name and thinks you are in trouble. But fuck me... I love your legs and ass but... never though it would feel this good...please keep going... fuck please.”

The wicked look on the tiny beautiful face of the girl softens just a tad.

“Those are... good points... I suppose scream kind of softly? But you *will* be saying my name. Doing a bit of begging. Understood, Elliot? And we are doing this because I am not in the mood to fuck you tonight; you kinda blew my back out last time, silly boy, and I am still sore.”, she says while closing her legs a tad and restarting the motion of her hips.

“Arty, I will take what the fuck every you want to give, sorry for making you sore but it’s not every day Apollo, Helga, and my parents are all out for the afternoon... I am pretty damn desperate after seeing you in the cute bikini you got for yourself so we could go to the pool this afternoon.”

“That is what I like to hear! Heh. I am glad you liked it, glad I bought it even if Apollo insisted it was too tight, too revealing and my “sister” told me it was terribly inappropriate.”, she says, stopping stroking your cock up and down so she could pull herself close enough to eat your face, kissed deeply while altering her movements to forward and with her small but well-muscled arms around your head.

“It was fucking perfect Arty. Black is a v-eery good, oh fuck, good color on you, especially when the top is that small, pushes your amazing tits up a little... when the bottom gives me such a great view of you ass when it rides up a bit. Shows you off like it did... so pretty, so beautiful. *Fuck* that feels good...”, you say, shuddering at the small movements as her thighs caressed your cock.

“Thank you... my perverted Slytherin fiancé, heh. Elliot... you looked pretty good in just swim trunks, even if I would have liked it if you bought that Speedo I suggested so I could admire a part of you I like so much. My handsome and strong future husband... and I am proud of you for going out, not being ashamed or embarrassed because of your arm even though it got some stares. You did good... good Elliot.”, she says before planting one more kiss on your lips, caressing the scars on you lightly. Slides back down and begins humping you once more, faster and faster while you have to suppress your moans of pleasure. Began to say her name again and again softly. It had been a couple of days since she had jerked you off and made you defile yet another bit of the outdoors... you weren't lasting much longer, especially given you could feel the small metal bars she now had in her hard nipples pressing through her thin and silly spider shirt against your abdomen.

It doesn't take much longer, especially after Arty fully crosses her legs, adjusts her technique some with a smile on the cute pink lips at seeing you writhe.

“Shit, fuck... whatever you are doing, keep doing it. Oh, god, Merlin, whatever...Arty, Arty, love you... can I please come? Please, fuck!”

“Well... you have been a good boy lately, a good boyfriend, good fiancé... just this one time go ahead. Shoot your load all over my ass! Do it! Fucking cum, cum for me Elliot!”, she says slightly more loudly than you would prefer though that is about the last thing on your mind as clearish white liquid begins to shoot out of your cock, flowing over her ass, thighs, and your shaft. A drop or two on her back even... Arty doesn't stop moving as you cry out softly as you can manage with your arms wrapped around her.

“Oh fuck, fuck Arty! Arty! Thank you... sooooo good, gods you-you are so amazing, Arty! Just a bit, more please, please!”

“Good boy, good Elliot, get it all out for me. Good Elliot. I love you, love being with you, so get every drop of boy juice out and show *me* how much you love it!”, she says in as sultry of a voice as she can, eliciting a couple more squirts before Arty just collapses down of you heaving chest for a time with arms cinched around you and her face nuzzling your body.

“That...that was really, really good, Arty. You, ah, said Linda gave you the idea?”

“Yeah... I’ve been talking to her some on the muggle cell phone thing that your mom insisted on me, Helga, and Apollo getting if we were going to stay the summer. On the computer messaging thing you showed me too, when you aren’t around and Kendrick or Helen don’t need help with something around the house.”, she says looking up at you with a satisfied glimmer in her perfectly blue eyes.

“Ha, that is great, Arty. We will make a muggle out of you yet. I probably need to give her a call too, especially if she still wanted to come spend a weekend over with us. Also, to both thank her and ask her to not corrupt you *too* much more, heh.”

“You like me being “corrupted” and you know it, Elliot. Let’s not forget all the things you have suggested we try. The stuff we have done already. My freaky little snake boy.”

“I am a paragon of chivalry and knightly virtue, dearest. Kingly, really.”, you counter as Arty shifts and begins to sit up.

“Since when was throat fucking me or pounding your lovely, innocent wife-to-be’s pussy till she is stupid ‘chivalrous’? When did putting her over you knee and spanking her or playing around with her clit out in public become kingly? Hmmm, Elliot?”

“Ummm... always was?”

“Whatever you say, Elliot.”, she says dismissively.

“And just for the record, Arty, only like half the stuff we have done was my idea; who was it that wanted me to use a toy on one hole while I used the other one myself?”, you retort smiling at the memory. “Thought you were having a seizure when you came and then you needed a cushion to sit for two days.”

“Hahaha. I suppose my reach exceeded my grasp a little that time...”, Arty barks out, just a bit too loud, before she leans in and kisses you while your cheeks turn slightly red. “Now then, ahhh, I should probably take this stuff off. Help me clean up?”

“Yeah Arty. Sorry, I didn’t think there would be that much.”

“Its alright... I like making you happy, even if it does mean more laundry.”, Arty says while pulling her shirt over her head, bending over to pull down her panties while facing away from you and giving a fantastic view of her puffy bald pussy, wet and small pink inner lips poking ever so slight between her mounds. You break away long enough to pull a couple of wet wipes out of your bedside container and when she had stripped completely, wiped the bits of shiny goo off Arty’s lower back, thighs, and perky round ass. Maybe ended up giving the latter more attention that strictly needed but you couldn’t help it. Small but round, just a bit of firmness from training... you were always more of an ass man and Arty’s was absolutely perfect.

“Elliot, can I steal a tee-shirt, a pair of those gym shorts too?”, Arty asks after turning to face you, looking almost meek, almost embarrassed at giving you a full frontal view of her petite chest, nipples pierced with small horizontal bars now and her pussy out in plain view, despite everything the two of you had done. It was... honestly both cute and extremely arousing as she held her hands behind her, shuffled slightly and glanced down and away some. You had learned Arty turned on a dime. Go from aggressive and extroverted to demure to innocent to snarky in an instant; just something that made you love her all the more.

“Of course, you don’t need to ask. You know what drawer they are in, right? And just grab any shirt you want, my Queen. Guess we should move a few more of things of yours from the other room soon.”

“Kay.”, Arty said as she hopped over to the other side of the bed. Pulled a black and green pair of gym shorts out then riffled through your cloths hamper and retrieved a simple grey V-neck you had briefly worn earlier in the day and picked up the small diamond ring you had given her, the one which once belonged to your grandmother, from the night stand by her side of the bed and slipped it back onto her left hand.

“I-I’m just going to wear this okay? It-it smells like you some... I like the way you smell, Elliot. A lot.”

“Haha, sure. Thanks Arty... that... that makes feel, I don’t know...things. Good things.”

“Heh. Welcome. Might steal some of your shirts or jackets at some point, just so you know... so I can sleep with them at school. Maybe more than a few, when you graduate. Your clothes basket is getting kind of full, though. I have some stuff too...and I don't want to get a stain on that shirt, it's my favorite one... Do you want to maybe toss them in the wash with me, Elliot? Do some laundry together really quick?”, Arty says almost hesitantly, her eyes locked with yours.

“Umm, sure, probably smart. If I put it off too long my mom will just barge in and do them herself... and some of those cloths have... things on them I would prefer she not see. Haha.”

“Alright! Let me grab my stuff and you grab Helgas basket too; I didn't hear the door to me and Apollo's- well I guess it is just Apollo's for the most part since I sleep in here usually... whatever, didn't hear the door so he is still probably still up and I won't wake him if I grab my laundry. Meet you down there!”, she says, a slightly smug grin at pointing out that you and her did basically share a room now, slept together most night now thanks to your mom and dad being surprisingly understanding. Best parents ever. And so Artemis Pertinger skipped softly out the door after planting a quick kiss on your cheek, softly humming parts of some muggle pop song she had become fond of.

--

A few minutes later, you met your tiny, gorgeous fiancé in the hall, both of you carrying mostly full hampers of cloths from the week; you chuckled a bit at the several sets of underwear at the top of her basket, most of which had somewhat conspicuous stains on them and got a brief salty look in return before Arty joined in with a soft snicker and the two of you descended the stairs and made for the laundry room attached to the kitchen.

Sure enough, Apollo was still in front of the TV with headphones on, rhythmically clacking away as his character build virtual marvels on the screen. Arty went by and softly tapped him on the shoulder, said “Hi”, then let him return to his mines and crafting.

The laundry room was about as far as it could be from the bed rooms and dad had bought mom a fancy new washer and dryer last year that were almost silent, which meant late night laundry wasn't going to disturb anyone. You and your petite love began placing your stuff in together and then Arty measured out the detergent and set the cycle to an appropriate configuration, gently shutting the clear front facing hatch, then watched with a smile as it filled and began to gently slosh back and forth.

“Ha, told you we would make a muggle out of you... you learned how to use all these appliances so quick Arty. I am proud of you... even if saying it out loud like that sounds a bit odd, I suppose.”

“Heh. Its fine. I am proud too, a little. I spent basically all my “real” life, parts I can easily recall as part of the magical world... but I really like learning how you grew up, as part of the muggle world. It makes me feel... closer to you, I guess.”, Arty says, slight coy smile shining through, eyes almost entranced by something as simple as cloths spinning in soapy water.

“Arty I- thank you. You don’t need to if you don’t want to you know; once we are older we might never need to do stuff like this the muggle way again... but you are amazing. I appreciate it, wanting to understand me and how I lived for most of my life. Best girl in the world, the best.”

“You- it’s nothing. I am crazy about you, I want to get you, understand you more; we have only been together for half a year, *really*. And... I actually like it. Doing some of these things like a muggle and doing them with *you*; it makes it feel, real, I guess. Like we *are* a couple, that we are going to get married in a couple of years, and not *just* some dumb teens who are dating. It feels like having a life together. I enjoy doing house work, taking care of chores and stuff with you, Elliot. Heck, I enjoy even just doing stuff *for* you, taking care of you some... And when you don’t just rely on magic, I think it makes you appreciate things more. Clean cloths, good food, a warm bed.”, she states simply, breaking her gaze off from the washing machine window to turn towards you and wrap her arms over your shoulder and come in close, body pressing against yours in a hug. No eroticism, no sexual tension even if you could feel her piercings and slightly erect nipple. Just affection and connectivity; togetherness and warmth.

“Yeah... you are right. I don’t think I was ever really *ungrateful* for what I had; how lucky I was but... I am trying to be more appreciative. All the great things I have, all the opportunities life gave me and... of getting to be with such a wonderful girl like you most of all.”

“Heh, yeah. It is just so amazing for me, Elliot. Having you...having my own things, even if Helen went a little over board getting me, Helga, and Apollo some summer outfits, I still bought most of the things I have now on my own. I have stuff that is really *mine*. My own cloths, my own make up and some jewelry, my own fiancé, my... my own family? Is, is that weird? That I can’t help but think of them like that...”, the slightly blushing girls asks, looking upwards expectantly.

“What? No, no it is not. Not at all, Arty. We *are* getting married after you graduate, they *are* your family. Hell, mom was calling you her daughter-in-law first time y’all met, Arty!”

“Ha, yeah and she made me blush terribly when she did. Soooo, hypothetically...”

“Hypothetically?”

“Hypothetically... me accidentally calling Helen ‘Mom’ when I wasn’t paying attention, wouldn’t be strange. If I theoretically did that a couple of days ago.”, Arty asks looking down a hair. Oh... oh well then.

“Ahhh... I think in theory, if you happened to hypothetically call her that... she would be delighted. Probably hug you so tight you couldn’t breathe. In a hypothetical theory.”, you offer and raise Arty’s chin up so she can meet your eyes despite having a pink flush to her lightly freckled cheeks.

“I guess you would know her that well... ‘cause that is exactly what she did. You missed out on seeing me having my hair ruffled and the million dollar smile I got after saying it... Sorry, I- I don’t want things to be odd but it just came out. And, it felt really nice when Helen said I was all she could have hoped for in a daughter-in-law, in a wife for her son.”, Arty says shyly, putting her left hand into your right, where you softly held it and stroked the small simple diamond setting of the gold ring on her fourth finger.

“Arty... it isn’t weird or odd or anything. Mom and dad sent me grandma’s ring so I could give it to the person I loved, wanted to spend forever with, make a part of our family. It might have been a little quicker than they expected... but there *is* still danger going forward and I wanted to make sure you knew how I felt, how much I love you, that I want to make a life with you; just in case something happens. But... I think they already knew it would be you, I think. No... they knew, I am sure. Just like I know. It would always be you, will always be you, Arty. My one and only. Always you, my lovely little badger girl. So... call Helen Mom, call Kendrick Dad. They understand and I know they care about you so much.”

“Heh. I think I will try, though it might take some getting used to and our wedding... I still have to finish two more years... but I like it. Love it. Love you. Love them.”

“I love you to Arty.”, you say and hold her small body for several seconds.

“I know. I’m still not sure I am completely okay with you and them paying for the whole wedding, the honeymoon; I feel like I need to pay too but I am trying. I will be doing *something* to help with it, however.”, Arty says with her face close to your ear, close as she could get at least. “As long as it isn’t something too extravagant, just... nice, I can live with it; getting so much. And thank you. Thank you, thank you, thank you. Had dreams of wearing a white gown since I was little; getting married, being a wife... having kids. After I found out about my “condition”, I gave up on ‘em mostly. Those kinds of fantasies. But now... you don’t understand Elliot and I can’t explain, don’t have the words to tell you how much it means to me. To get some of those dreams back. Finding someone who would stay even with

what I did as a kid, knowing I couldn't... that I wouldn't remain with them for very long, was going to die young, accepted I might not be able to give them children even if I want them so badly."

Reaching out you began softly stroking Arty's hair...

"And then... he gave me the chance for all of that. You gave me a body, one that can have a life with the person I love. Let me have children. Stay with my brother longer..." your tiny auburn-haired love says and pushes her head into your chest hard.

"Thank you. Love you. So much... Helga though..."

"She was... she was sad. It was so close and I took it away. Took it for you. And she understood, insanely kind woman she is... and I am so, so fucking sorry I couldn't give you a new body and her as well. But I at least gave her what I could. Thank you for letting her have your old body Arty... she is so grateful she has cried; you know."

"It is nothing. She deserved it. Though is a bit embarrassing... I do look up to her after all."

"But you are okay with it?"

"I won't say I get off on it but... yeah. I know I only got a new body because she didn't. It is fine. And I do love her. I always wanted a sister, you know.", the best woman in the world says with a tiny smirk.

"You... I have no clue how she ended up in me instead of you Arty."

"Because you are the Boy of Prophecy, Elliot. And I am so terribly sorry it has to be that way... but I *do* get to be married to the most important man in the world now. And... we *are* getting her a new one. Maybe Atlantis has another Ars Magnus... But we *are*. I know how much that choice hurt you, and I know how much she deserves a second chance at life. How Taylor deserves to come back. That the other two, how great it would be for Rowena and Godric to return, how amazing the world would be with them in it again.", a girl $\frac{3}{4}$ your size says... no *tells* you. And as your eyes meet her own, you are once more reminded why you fell for her; she believed. Truly and wholly, even before you made good on the promise to give her a normal life span and her damaged magic back.

“And we will do it all together. Till the end.”

“Yeah... yeah Arty. And it will be a *happy* end.”, you say softly while pushed up against the gently rocking washer.

“Anyway. We-we should probably stay up long enough to put the clothes in the dryer thing at least... are you hungry Elliot? Want me to make a sandwich for you? I’m a bit peckish after all afternoon at the pool and...other things we did, honestly.”

“Oh, crap! Did you hear my stomach growl? It is nothing. Heh. But you don’t have to make my f-“, you say with a small laugh, once more falling in love, before being shushed.

“No, I don’t. But I told you- I like taking care of you some, Elliot. I like feeding you, getting better at cooking, having you enjoy what I make... and I want the practice. So I can make whatever our kids want, since I get to live long enough to have them. Be a good mother to them, even if I doubt I am ever going to be quite the chef you are. Never let you or them go hungry. So, if you just tell me what you want on yours, maybe help grab ingredients, I am going to make you, me, Helga, and Apollo some food. Okay? She can eat when she returns from her walk.”

“Hahaha. Yeah sure, thanks Arty. I... I don’t think the kids are ever going to have to worry about *that* between you, me, and Mom. Dad can at least microwave leftovers too. Hope we don’t make them fat. They will just need to worry about their parents being crazy, having wild adventures, old enemies of ours coming knocking, the cupboards full of deadly potions and ingredients, yard full of dangerous Magical Beasts... but they will never go hungry.”, and Arty just giggles softly while heading into the kitchen as she holds your hand.

“Sorting Hat is going to have a fun time with our boys and girls.”, you say while realizing despite everything else, the dead friend and the million scars on your arm... life was good.

“Yep. Our Hufflerins.”

“Slytherpuffs.”

“Nah... that sounds weird. Snadgers?”

“Snagers it is. And we are going to have enough for an entire Quidditch team... maybe we can get custom jerseys at Andrei’s, heh.”, you say as Arty blushes and bites her lower lip a touch.

“That *would* be cute... hopefully they don’t inherit our skill on the broom, if we are making a team. I doubt either of us are making the team next year. I mean, unless we can ride Thestrals. Plenty of experience with that.”, your small love jokes but seems to actually think about the viability of riding a death horse out on to the pitch.

“I almost feel like McGonagall would allow it, just as a joke. What with saving the world and all. Happy most of the ministry doesn’t think you are my Bellatrix LeStrange, by the way.”

“She had terrible hair, so not her. Also never had any kids... most certainly not her.”, Arty says with a snort, still smiling before you turn her head a touch and give her a small kiss that your love turns into a quite large one before talking again with her head close.

“We should be able to clear up the misunderstandings by the time our kids start going to school at least... from breaking into a hospital, stopping the “recovery” of a couple of patients, finding a lost place and a *lot* of dead wizards being down there, the magic hate crime you committed... still not being able to be detected by some of the most powerful enchantments in existence... did I leave anything out?”

“A *few*. There being two of you down there. Fact that one of Potter’s relative now swears him and Ginny had a third child, a daughter... the things an insane one-legged man is saying in Nurmengard. Us raiding Dumbledor’s grave. Me having Excalibur now.”

“This is gonna be fun, isn’t it?”

“ ‘Fun’ for us I am sure Arty. It will be fun, full stop, for our kids. I *will* make sure of it.”

“I know. Part of why I can’t get enough of you even though I have so much. But now about those Thestrals...”

And with a couple of laughs and ideas of death horse polo in your heads, you just smiled.

--

After Arty had confirmed her brother would not, in fact, mind a sandwich, the pair of you set up a pretty good routine with you grabbing the bread, turkey, ham, cheeses, tomatoes, lettuce, and some garlic aioli while she began toasting, washing, portioning, and slicing.

Finishing up the last bit of slicing on the tomatoes and beginning assembly, Arty cried out softly while you returned ingredients to the refrigerator.

“Ouch! Fu-frick.”

Stopping what you were in the middle of, you spun to check on your little homemaker and saw her holding on to her left index finger which now had a bright line of crimson running from its tip.

“Oh crap Arty! You okay?”

“Yeah, yeah. Just got distracted when you bent down to put up the deli meats, stared some at your butt... forgot how stupid sharp you keep your knives. Let me just wash this off, grab a plaster thingy.”, she says, seeming a touch embarrassed at the misstep given she had gone a couple of weeks with out cutting herself despite helping with most meals.

“No... here let me see.”, you said coming to her and taking her injured hand from her, watching as a thin trickle of blood flowed from the small nick.

“I-its fine, I didn’t get any on the food, it- Elliot! What are you doing?!”, Arty softly cries out as you brought the cut up to your mouth and cleaned up the tiny amount of blood there then pressed your lips to the injury.

“Magic. Makes it not hurt. Old muggle spell. Don’t even need a wand for it.”, you say and then keep your lips pressed to her finger tip.

After a few second you pulled back and the wound was no longer bleeding, though Arty was staring with a half glare and a bit of pink on her cheeks.

“Y-you didn’t need to do that... I’m not a kid... but it does feel better. That, that wasn’t real magic you know.”

“If it works, it works. Besides my saliva is probably like 10% Wiggerweld by volume at this point. Let me grab a Band-Aid... and, I liked doing it. I don’t know why. Your blood, I don’t want to see you ever bleed, be hurt again but... it kind of tastes good. Like you. So, I just, well, that uh... that sounds really weird. I noticed before. When we kissed and you were bleeding, after a lesson with Crouch, had some running onto your lips...sorry.”, you tell her as you grabbed a bandage.

“Elliot, if you are secretly a half vampire and haven’t told me, I *will* kill you. Quite a few nicely sized branches on trees in the back I could carve into a stake.”

“What! No! Nothing like that. Just... I mean I like the way other parts of you taste too, you know. I-I guess I just really like you. Full stop. Promise, you won’t wake up with my fangs in your neck. And I won’t do, ah, what I just did again if it weirded you out.”, you offer Arty with a bit of crimson on your cheeks.

“It... that is fine Elliot. I didn’t mind... you can keep doing it, if I get a boo-boo, alright? And?”, she says, shuffling her feet some while you come back over with a bandage. “I-I don’t want to see you hurt either, but I’ve had tasted yours for the same reasons, when you got injured and kissed me. And I don’t... *mind* it, heh...you know. More than don’t mind. And-and it is honestly kinda f-fri-fucking hot. Some, a little, a bit... maybe more; having you want me like that. That you like how my blood tastes, licking it off... the tiny stinging sensation of your saliva. From your lips pressing against the cut.”

“Yeah? Arty, you liked it some?”

“More than that too. Liked how you held my wrist still, didn’t let me move it. You... you’ve trained just as hard as me, are bigger, stronger even with my new body... I wouldn’t be able to get away if I tried... you can hold me down, do what you wanted. Take my blood. Take *other* things... H-hot...”, Arty tells you, softly while biting her lower lip some, blushing.

“Odd ball... but I do like it some. Do like how every bit of you tastes. Like you being submissive sometimes. Like you taking charge too... weirdo. But I guess I am weird too.”

"I'm not weird, you know! Neither are you! Beasts clean their mate's wounds by licking them all the time in the wild! Even Nundu do it, and their breath can melt whole villages. And like 95% of animal relations involve the female being ravished!"

"Ravished."

"Yes! And it is a better term than the other. And being *ravished* is like the most common fantasy for girls... from what I read on the internet.", Arty says with a soft huff, pink cheeks, and very wide pupils.

"Should most definitely not believe every thing there... but I will *ravish* you, *softly*, every night you want. Silly badger women..."

"I will take it. But... having you want me like that, taking a bit of my blood... Oh, no! It looks like that muggle magic wore off! Bleeding again. Maybe one more spell, then that bandage?", she says and very obviously presses the area around her nick and pulls the skin around it so it opens back up and another carmine drop leaks out.

"Oh dear! Must have miscast it. Here let me try again.", you cry out in mock surprise, then come in close, hold her tight, a bit harder than before and gently lick her fingertip and kiss it a few more time as Arty's breathing grows faster and more shallow. "There. Much better. Hold it out and let me wrap it up okay? Just... where did some of this come from. I don't mind, obviously, but just curious since you hadn't mentioned some of it before..."

"Uh, you mom might have lent me a couple of books from when she was younger with...vampires and stuff. And we might have watched a couple of episodes of some muggle picture-TV-story-shows while everyone was out or busy. A few times. Linda might have sent me a couple more novels when I mentioned it... one of a bit different kind that I will not be telling H-mom about or showing you. Some of the things in them are... interesting."

And you can't help but just smile and lightly slap your cheek.

"Oh Merlin, you are entering your teen girl vampire phase! I will be having words with Linda and my mom about corrupting you Arty. Such a sweet girl led down the path to the Dark side... I suppose our next date should be at the mall so I can show you what a Hot Topic is, lead you to your ancestral

homeland.”, you tease while the blushing girl gives you an indignant look then steps on your bare foot. And then you both can’t take it anymore and break out in soft laughter.

“Hey! No making fun. You were the one who started slurping my blood up like it was a cold butterbeer, Elliot! Not my fault it is hot... my fault I like it I suppose... and I like getting to run the show. But? I also like you taking hold. Taking *me*. So... maybe do that more? Sometimes. Hold me down every once in a while? Hand around my throat? Punish me some if I have been naughty?”

“Arty... you know I would never. Never hurt you, do something bad to you...but that turns you on?”

“Yeah... not all the time, I don’t always want things like that. But you are too much of a goodey-two shoes sometimes. You *can* be rougher with me, when we do things, more aggressive. I’m not going to break. I have a new body thanks to you and even before that, I could deal with battle class, tutoring. In the last year I have been set on fire, *depulso’d* into trees, hit with a couple of *diffindos*... and that is *just* in battle class. Besides that, I have had a finger bitten off by a giant badger, been kicked by a thestral... broke my hymen riding a unicorn, fallen off a charging graphorn, been chewed up by grindlows, and constricted by a runespoor. I-I am *not* going to break, Elliot. If you get a bit rough. We have a dozen of your wiggewelds that have a bit more of a punch than normal. Have St. Mungo’s. Have our wands, even if using them would mean having to talk with the ministry. I know you would never, would rather die than *really* hurt me. But when you have been enthusiastic? Held me so tight I couldn’t move or those times you put me over your knee? Spanked my ass till it was pink because we wanted to try something kinky? I really kind of liked them. Did you? Like pushing me down? Over a chair, having your way with me? Giving me a few scratches?”

“Arty... I did come pretty hard then. It was... I did like it. Liked it quite a bit. But I liked what came after just as much. Picking you up, carrying you to the bed. Just sleeping with you. Having your arms around me. Having you tell me how much you love me. Hearing your cute little snoring. And when the shoe was on the other foot... I loved the things you did to me.”

“Good, you should... and it is really fun to scratch you up some, squeeze those guys down there a bit hard. Make you beg to breath when my pussy is down on your face... I love it. Being a bit mean to you, you being a bit mean to me... Merlin’s beard, I love it all so much.”, Arty says and almost pushes you against the counter when she hugs you.

“Now, the slight embarrassment of revealing I like my blood being drunken and other things *has* made me quite hungry so I am going to get a couple more slices done then let’s head to the TV room.”, she

says, finishing off the tomato then dressing each sandwich with salt, pepper, aioli then splitting them down the center, even adding a fancy little angle to the cuts. You busy yourself with pouring up a glass of milk for you and her and one of ice water for Apollo, fighting and losing against irresistible cheer in your chest all the while.

“Hey, you sure you got it all, lover?”

“Yep! Don’t underestimate my waitress powers. Or do but it shall be your doom, *lover*, heheheh.”

Deciding not to argue, you instead just trailed behind Arty as she headed toward the coffee table in the den and began setting drinks and food down with practiced ease.

--

“Hey! ‘Pollo. I finished food.”, Arty says, lifting one of her brother’s ear phones up a bit as he pauses his construction efforts. He had already finished Hogwarts, the walls and towers of which you could see in the digital distance and had moved on to Ilvermorny, though you had no clue where he found blue prints for the American Wizarding school; it looked, from what you had seen to correct somehow, though.

“Ah- thanks, Arty. Thanks, Elliot. Nearly done I think.”, the tall curly hair boy says and takes a large bite of his veggie free sandwich as Arty sits down on the couch next to you, snuggles close and the both of you begin to tuck into the frankly delicious club sandwiches as well.

Swallowing and taking a sip of water, Apollo looks down then back up.

“This... its good. You shouldn’t take credit for stuff Elliot made Arty. Its mean.”, he says then takes a couple more bites.

“Hey! *That* is mean. All Elliot did was pour the drinks, Apollo! I have been working hard to learn to make things, to cook better.”

“It’s true, man. If she keeps it up, I may lose the only thing she stays with me because of.”

“Oh... sorry. Good job Arty. Maybe Miss Hannah will let finally you back into the kitchen at the pub in the fall then. And I think my sister likes you for more than just the food, you know.”, Apollo says with a dead pan but with just a hint of a smirk at the corner of his mouth, his bright green eyes briefly flickering over the simple and modest engagement ring on his twin’s hand.

“Heh, thank. I-I know she does. But, ah, speaking of people liking each other, how is it going with Riley? You two been talking?”, you say, shifting the subject a touch; turn about is always fair play.

“Yeah, Apollo! Didn’t you mention her wanting to try and come by to see you or maybe the other way around?”

“Oh... yeah She did talk about that... and there is usually an owl for me, most mornings at least. I try and answer back the same day. We... just talk about stuff, I guess. She is interested in muggle things. My letters are probably pretty boring but she keeps sending responses. So, I guess it is going well?”

“Hey, I’m sure she likes reading what you wrote! You write well. Binns always gives you top marks on your essays.”, Arty tells her brother after swallowing a huge bit of sandwich.

“Yeah, he does. Not sure if it is a good thing... but yeah. Her mom knows where Cardiff Castle is, can Apparate there... I wanted to see if Riley could come by. Maybe stay over.”

“It should be fine. I had mentioned having friends over to mom and dad already; Linda already came when we got here and is staying over in a couple of weeks. Helga in here, with her “twin”. I’m sure they would love to meet Riley.”, you assure Apollo, scarfing down the last bite of the delicious food Arty made for you.

“Okay. I’ll ask Helen and Kendrick... she was wondering about next week. I can sleep on the couch. That should be fine, right?”, he asks, a shade hesitantly.

“I- I mean yeah sure. Or Arty and her can share a room and we could or something... but.”, you say and stop, briefly. It wasn’t embarrassing or anything. Not really. Just a bit odd perhaps to say out loud. Arty seems to hone in on that and puts her small hand over your own and lean into you some more, supporting you some.

“You know... Arty and I have been sharing a room, sleeping wi-toget... in the same bed most nights since we got here. Helga is usually there too. Mom and Dad were fine with it. You... you are okay with it. And, you know we did the thing already... with the ring and... I think, well, if you want, if you just ask-“

“What my tongue-tied fiancé is trying to say Apollo, is that Hel- Mom and Dad, ahmn, they would probably be okay if you and your girlfriend shared a room. If you are okay with it, if you and her wanted too of course. You’ve been dating for a while, right?”, Arty interrupts, clearly stating what you had struggled with some... and clearly called Helen and Kendrick ‘mom and dad’.

“Ah, since... Valentines, I think. If you count her kissing me as starting to go out with her... and, Arty. Mom? Dad?”, the tall boy says quietly, a little flustered.

“See? That seems plenty long enough... Elliot and I slept next to each other back during Christmas, only a few months in. But *only* if you are okay, want to do it. I don’t want to make you rush, saying how it went for me, our pace... and yeah. Yeah. Mom and Dad. We talked- you know Elliot and I are going to get married when I graduate. So yeah, they are going to be our in laws... but I just prefer just Mom and Dad.”

“You are. I know. Just kinda... different to think about them like that. Having family. Gonna stick with Helen and Kendrick, for now, I think.”

“That’s fine, man. They aren’t going to be bothered... but they do really care about you, Apollo. If you want, I can ask them with you, about Riley even though I am pretty sure they will be fine with everything. They are understanding. They basically knew they would get married when they weren’t all that much older than me or you, like second or third year of college, I think. Dad... he said he knew Mom was the one like 3 days in, heh. He has also said statistically, the first person you end up caring for probably isn’t going to be who you settle down with. Granted, him and Mom...me and Arty... but you shouldn’t feel bad if you and Riley doesn’t work out. Just so you know. Enjoy it, I guess, for what it is. We only get to be this age one time, unless you pull a Merlin I suppose.”

“I think Elliot is right... Apollo. Enjoy it. You deserve a chance to be happy like me and Elliot are. And if it doesn’t work out, you are just wiser for the next time. Now then, I am going to go put the dishes up and toss clothes in the dryer. Its getting late and between going out this afternoon and stuffing my self I am getting quite tired. Meet you upstairs, Elliot?”, Arty says as she stands, stretches and gives her brother a quick kiss on the cheek while encouraging him to not stay up too late. Heads towards the kitchen with the plates and glasses.

“Yeah, sure Arty. Be there in a bit.”

“Elliot... I wouldn’t mind some help talking with them. Even if they like me...I’m still not great with talking. About this stuff especially.”, Apollo says as his sister left.

“Sure of course. Have to be a good brother-in-law, heh. Hey, if you finish Ilvermorny up tonight, can I check it out tomorrow? Probably closest I’ll ever get to the real deal, unless they need an Assistant Potions Master in a few years.”

“Oh-sure. It should be pretty accurate, based on the blue prints and photos McGonagall let me borrow from the library for the summer. The exact layout is supposed to be somewhat secret though... She got me some things from the restricted section... the plans are kind of old so they might have added or expanded. I am pretty happy with it though, even if I had to use my imagination some, build parts just how they logically would need to be like.”, Apollo says, his monotone not completely hiding the pride and sense of accomplishment in his voice.

“Woah, that’s awesome. She really let you take stuff out for the summer from there?! I have a life time ban from that section, given I stole 2 books from it last semester. Hey, tomorrow is Saturday, I think mom and dad are going to be out for the evening with friends. Want me to see if I can get dad to find his old Xbox 360 from college? If you are done with your MineCraft binge I can show you the height of Muggle culture. Co-Op Halo 3, greasy take-out pizza, a couple of pints, and staying up way too late blasting Alien scum!”, you say with a smile.

“Yeah. The Headmistress likes me for some reason. More than just being good at Transfiguration. Didn’t do anything for the detention we got after Avalon though. I am okay trying that other game. Hanging out. But won’t Arty get lonely?”

“Heh. Honestly, just spending most of spring doing detention was a miracle; at the very least *I* was kind of expecting to be personally expelled or put in jail... but Arty will be fine if we have some guy time. I mean she will probably come and watch some; think she actually likes watching people play games more than doing it herself. Help us scarf down food, maybe have a pint... but even if she is the person I want to spend forever with, we don’t have to spend *all* our time together. I *think*; not an expert given she is the first girl I ever fell in love with. We still have our personal interests, want time apart sometimes. She just mentioned a couple of book series Mom and Linda introduced to her to she seemed to be *interested* in... I think she might enjoy some time to, ah, get into them. And absence does make the heart grow fonder!”, you tell Apollo rubbing the back of your neck some at implying Arty’s new found *enjoyment* of teen vampire romance and what you imagine is smut regarding what Linda sent.

“Absence, huh.”

“That’s what they say... I felt like I was going crazy when Arty holed herself up to study for her OWLs... What about you? Missing Riley some?”, you ask, leaning back as Arty’s small foot steps echo up the stair well.

“I’m... not sure. I think I do. She can be kinda loud or weird or reckless sometimes, but I like eating with her, going to class together. Meeting some of her friends even if I never talked much. I started looking forward to the classes Hufflepuff had with Gryffindor, even if I wasn’t that interested in the subjects, even though a lot of Gryffindors are prats. Yeah, I guess I do. Miss her. Seeing her will be... nice. And, ah, I miss some of the other things we would do, you know. In old classrooms. Back of her mom’s tavern. And, uh, she might know about the Room now. Sorry. Should have mentioned that earlier.”, Apollo says slowly, like he is deeply considering each phrase. Looked down a bit at the end, despite you having given him some advice about certain “other things” a couple times before.

“Haha. It’s fine, about the Room. I figured she needed to know eventually... especially if you wanted to get her “involved” with the kind of things we are dealing with. I’m glad you and her started to...enjoy each other’s company, I suppose.”

“Yeah... I do. Even if I don’t know what I am doing half the time. Riley is fun... interesting. And she hasn’t tried to... push me further than I am okay with. Even if I can tell, she kinda wanted to a couple of times. She is nice, for a Gryffindor. Pretty, spontaneous, understanding, good at talking. And... I like how she always smells kind of like cinnamon and cherry.”, Apollo says with a grin and a slight blush.

“I don’t know about getting her involved. I don’t want her to get hurt; its hard.”

“Yeah. Yeah it is. I told Arty, in general terms, that being with me...even around me was dangerous when we started going out for real. Would put you and her both at risk. And she stayed. Then on the train back during winter. I really wish I hadn’t needed to tell you and her all that, make you a part of this. But, she deserved to know. You deserved to. It wouldn’t have been right to stay with Arty, be your friend if you and her didn’t understand what that meant. And the two of you stuck with me despite how dangerous it would be. Fought and got hurt. That means an awful lot to me. So thanks. If you decided you need to, I will be there, so will Linda. So Riley believes you, gets how bad it might end up... sorry. If you and Arty weren’t standing with me, it would have been easier for you. Simpler.”, you respond with regret eating at you somewhat.

"It's fine, Elliot. If you died, we all would have. Or at best have Salazar ruling over the world. I don't want that. So I am going to try and fight back. I would rather die fighting, if I have to die. And... you are my friend. I don't want you to get hurt."

"T-thanks, Apollo. I- I think its about time I head up, starting to get tired and melancholic. Still want to train some tomorrow morning? Some stretches, practices some punches, and throws? Maybe a jog around the block if it isn't too late, has become too warm... I think I will be sleeping in a bit however."

"Sure, Elliot. Just come wake me up. Might sleep in some too. I would just rather use magic... but I get what you and Arty said. About a wand only being as strong as the hand that held it. Appreciate you showing me some of the stuff you learned in your tutoring. I don't want to feel useless like I did in Avalon when they took our wands ever again."

"Yeah. No problem. That still bugging you?"

"Some. That Arty was able to toss me over her hip or sweep my legs when she weighs less than half what I do too. Is a foot and a half shorter.", Apollo says and grimaces a little, recalling when Arty had tried teaching him a few things alongside you.

"Ha! Well just don't feel *too* bad. Your sister is.... Arty is the fiercest witch I have ever known and, I am pretty sure, determined to find Potter and give him a black-eye before graduation for pulling a gun on me, reading my mind. You'll get there. Night, Apollo. Don't stay up too late.", you say and lightly pat him on the shoulder and smile that he doesn't flinch from the physical contact.

He mumbles out a "good night" while putting his head phones back on as the game is unpaused, getting right back to it. Even just with the small area you could see, it is hard not to be impressed at what he created. Apollo might truly be wasted in the Dept. of Mysteries you mused walking up the stairs to join your amazing wife-to-be.

--

As you entered your room and shut the door, all you could focus on was your tiny girlfriend, your small fiancé sitting on the end of the bed with the remote in her hands, eyes shut but still shifting side to side in time with the song, a rerun of the nights Britan's Got Talent that had a contestant singing. Arty wasn't

a huge fan of muggle TV in general, but did seem quite fond of this kind of show; you had seen her swaying to the beat or even softly mouthing the words along with a contestant a few times before.

Coming close quietly, you took the TV controller from her and put your hands under her wrists, beckoned her to stand up; even if it was just a short version of a very familiar song being performed... you had come in right at the beginning. So, you just placed Arty's hands on your shoulder and waist. Sat your hands in the correct places. Began to dance gently in a clear area next to the bed.

Hell, it was barely dancing as you knew it, mostly pressing close to your short partner whose eyes were still closed, swaying in time with the beat, enjoying how she always smelled like freshly cut fruit and just Arty... so soft and warm against your body. This kind of simple dancing was so much *more* than getting to strut in a complicated tango, make a waltz into art.

Your tiny petite freckled love wasn't *bad* at dancing, just inexperienced, but the simple movements you shared with her for a couple of minutes? Her soft and slightly off-key humming with the tune? It was far greater than anything you ever had enjoyed in your various dance classes in spite of the simplicity. Amazing, even if you had a foot stepped on. Twice. Despite the moment being being rudely interrupted by a loud commercial break. When you and tiny girl wrapped around you halted, Arty just looked at you with lidded eyes and softly spoke.

"Up. Up, Elliot."

"What?"

"Lift me up some. Up.", Arty commands in a gentle, dreamy voice, her chest pressed up against your body firmly, her small, soft breasts and her erect nipples impossible to ignore even through the fabric of your shirt and her own.

Trying to ignore your rapidly swelling cock rubbing against your fiancé's lower most regions, you just smiled and complied with a slight blush. Put your right hand under her bottom and your left hand on her back, just under her shoulder blades and pulled Arty off the ground till her eyes were level with your own.

With a quick smile, your wonderful, petite Hufflepuff dove in, pressed her pink lips onto your mouth, began kissing you deeply and slowly. Forced her tongue into your mouth as you did the same to her. Had

it dance against you as saliva trickled from one person to another. Pulled back a few times to look you in the eyes, her cheeks slightly crimson and then adjusted before locking her mouth to your own several more times.

“Hmmp. Hmmg.”, Arty lightly intoned as you and her made out.

She pushed her tits harder against your chest, rubbed herself against you passionately though slowly as your hand found itself caressing her wonderful petite butt. Finally, at the end Arty bit down on your lip while nuzzling you before breaking off.

“That was nice... you can put me down, Elliot.”

“Sure, Arty? You don’t weight anything and I am quite happy with what battle class and tutoring has done for me... I can keep you up here quite a bit longer.”, you say, whispering in her ear, a touch of pride leaking into your voice. All the training, fighting for your life *had* built muscle, tightened up your body quite well after all.

“Heh, heh. I am. But yeah, it...it did a good job, battle class and training... so hot. My strong, powerful, cunning, and fierce man... *my man*. Mine. Mine, mine, all mine...”, she says softly yet with a hunger in her voice, once more blushing as her small soft hands creeps over your tensed biceps and upper back. “So dashing and handsome... so, so great. Too much for an innocent and foolish little Hufflepuff like me to resist; never had a chance, was all yours from the start. Don’t you feel bad at all for sweeping me off my feet? Taking advantage of my naivety with your clever plans? Monster. Devious villain.”

“*Your* monster, love. *Your* devious man. Not very innocent, not very foolish either; quite clever and quite the freak, even if you are much too nice for your own good sometimes. And I am *crazy* about your body too Arty, how I can feel some muscle beneath the softness on your stomach, how perky your ass has become. Love it. My warrior princess. Mine. And no, I don’t feel bad at all, for your information. For making you mine.”

You gently put Arty back down as she looks at you shyly before your hand glides down her stomach then up under her over large tee so you could run your finger tips over her abdomen. Down the center then to her left side, tracing the slight curves and following the valley on the side which led down to her waistband and continued to flow till it met the top of her thigh, down towards her sex. Barely dipping your fingers past the boundary of her shorts, you follow her soft yet toned belly until its contour merges into Arty’s squishy, puffy and warm vaginal mounds; you just barely touch her outer lips. Savor the small noises she makes at your touch, how intoxicating it is to feel her warm pussy against your fingertips.

“Hhhh-hahhh, oh-oh that... I love it when you touch me like that...haaa, say those kind of things... Oh, Elliot... Elliot. Your princess, your freak, heh. Yours and yours alone, for my entire life...” You hear from Arty in a light tone that almost sounds more like a sigh. “Bed. Bed. Take me there? Sit at the back. Bed *now*.”

Pulling your hand reluctantly from where it was tracing the lines of her inner thighs and gently massaging her, you place one hand under her butt and the other behind her shoulders and lifted her up into a princess carry. Spun a round a few times as Arty giggled before taking a handful of steps and setting her down towards the foot end of the twin bed. She turned about, onto her hands and knees, looking up to you, pupils like hearts in her aqua eyes.

“Elliot... can I be weird? Make you pay me back? Be strange?”

“Yeah, Arty; we always “pay each other back”. And? You aren’t any weirder than I am. Which isn’t saying much, but I like strange.”

“Okay. Can you go grab a wiggerweld, one of the tiny ones? A plaster? Take out that pocket knife you have in the night stand, on your side of our bed? “, she says, quietly, still looking up at you from her position, crouched at the end of the bed on her hands and knees. “I made you come tonight... you got to sate your sick vampiric thirst on a poor maiden like myself... can I have some back? A bit? A sip? Have you just... play with me down there during it? While I get to taste you? Potter said I *am* your most loyal follower... and vampires give their blood to the people who have served them well... I am a good follower, aren’t I my Lord?”, Arty says with her breathing quick, voice high, and cheeks red. There was a barely contained smile at the end, however, that somewhat diminished the act.

“Not a vampire, Arty. Sorry. And you are not my *follower*... just the love of my life. But...but okay. Its alright. Maybe more than alright, according to “Little Elliot”. Maybe all that pineapple will help with a different fluid. I *will* take those books away and make mom not show you any more vampire romances though, if it starts getting out of hand, heh.”, you tell Arty before leaning down and pecking her lips before moving to grab a small Wiggerweld hidden behind a couple of beers and a number of sodas from your mini fridge, a band-aid from a small first aid kit, and the Opnel pocket knife you bought when your family had a holiday in France a few years ago and had smuggled back home. Went and sat on the bed, leaned against the backboard and had Arty crawl into your lap. Pressing her face against your abs and slightly against your half erect dick, looked up while nibbling on her lower lip.

“Can I see your right hand Elliot? The knife? It might, no- I am going to hurt you. Just a bit. Is it okay? I don’t want to harm you... but I like it. N-not *that* part. You. Just you. Having some of *you* in *me*. So I swallow every time ... and because that pineapple *is* working. Why I like you to keep it inside after coming, most of the time. Like stupid, wet kisses with your tongue in my mouth. Want to have your kids since they are part of you and would be part of me... oh fuck, I am strange. Fucking frick. I’m not right... probably. It’s creepy right? Shi-shoot. We don’t have to, but if maybe you could just touch me some, rub me off I-“

“Shhh, Arty. Here, my hand. You are an odd ball. But I love it. All of you. And just being open about what you want is one of the keys to a long relationship...another being lots of good, interesting sex; checking both those boxes right now. So here. My little vampire princess... have a drink. All you want.”, you say as you hand the small opened knife off then stroke Arty’s hair with your left hand as she holds onto your right and presses the blade against it softly.

“H-here we go. Sorry, it’s going to sting. Thanks. Thanks for letting me be a weirdo.”, she says, and then quickly runs the steel over the palm of your hand near the inner edge. You manage to suppress a small hiss of pain while looking down and seeing blood begin to well from the 2 or 3 cm incision as Arty reached over and sat the knife down on her night stand. “Does it hurt...Elliot? I don’t do to much, did I?”

As she turned your hand slightly so the blood wouldn’t fall onto the sheets but instead collect in your palm, you just smiled while Arty stared at the small drops of crimson as they met one another and turned into a small stream, her impossibly blue eyes transfixed with dilated pupils.

“I’m fine, Arty. Compared to a hundred or so of Crouch’s *diffindos* or losing an arm, its less than a paper cut. You look like you like it, Arty. Like you are thirsty. Go ahead.”

“Uh-huh.”, is all she can manage before leaning in to run her tongue down the wound and then began slowly lapping up the small pool that had formed in the center of your palm. “Mhhh...mhhh. Good. Tastes good, better than I remember. Haaaa! Let me finish t-then pull my shorts down, please, help me get them off, Elliot, I’m really warm...”

And so while Arty kept your right hand in both of hers, you sat up some, adjusted her forward so you could reach. Brought the slightly over sized gym shorts down with some difficulty, given you only had your left arm to work with, till they pooled around Arty’s knees. She still kept her head against your palm, licking and sighing, her hands holding your own before wiggling her legs and ass enough to finish getting out of her shorts.

Bringing your hand lower, right in between her legs, you helped Arty come in close. Put it on the back of her thin neck and pressed it down before shifting it and pressing against her waist, on the bones of her pelvis so her ass was raised up into the air and close enough for you to stretch your left arm across her back and reach the soft swollen lips of her cunt so you could gently caress her and squeeze her puffy vulva to the noise of her quite moans of pleasure.

Between licking up your blood, Arty spoke in gentle almost shy tones. Asked you to just be gentle when you played with her, caress it softly, only use a single finger if you went inside her. Nodding in affirmation, your scarred left hand just rubbed up and down her, pressed against them lightly. You used a couple of fingers and spread her lips apart after a couple of moments so you could slide your middle finger up and down her wet slit, and then reached over further to focus on rubbing across her clit, massaging it rapidly.

“Oh...oh, Elliot. So good... it feels so good, you taste so good, keep doing it. Gently please, please keep going. I-I’m almost there. Say-say I’m a good girl, tell me you love me, that I’m your princess! Please keeping doing it, right there!”

“There? Feel good, Arty? My beautiful little princess. My good girl; keep licking, all you want. Good, good girl, let me take care of you, okay. So, so much...I love you so much. My perfect girl... keep on be good, okay. Come nice and hard Arty?”

Your left hand continues to oblige the thin auburn-haired girl for a few minutes, gently working her pussy and clit, praising her quietly while she moans, sighs and wiggles her ass as she keeps her head between your legs until finally, she clamped down around the small wound she gave you. Bit down hard enough you would be a few puncture wounds...

A few seconds later? It became a tad hard to move, what with the small girl weighing down your chest.

“Here, Elliot. Sorry, I know it stings... your hand one more time?”, Arty said as you offered your hand, let her place the small bandage over the cut she had given you. Had her drain the small vial of healing potion, swallow a tiny bit then locked her lips with yours and forced the remainder into your mouth.

“You...”

“Yeah I know I am weird, Elliot.”

“Weird and far kinkier than I would have ever guessed... back then. When I just thought you were just a pretty, hardworking girl who really liked animals. So much more amazing since I truly learned about you. Best girl in the world. Special in all the best ways.”

“Not that special. Not the one the founder of my house fled into. You... you are special, Elliot. Special to me. Special... I really... I wasn't sure about falling in love. Now I am so glad I did. Even if my fiancé is a lightning rod of doom. Even if we keep having to deal with Salazar, with stuff like Avalon. Even if Helga being in my old body is a tad... weird...”, your tiny badger woman says, now mostly re-clothed with her head on your chest.

“Yeah. I get it. But... you are so kind. Thank you for letting her use it. Get a second chance at life... you are so kind. So amazing.”

“N-not really. I just did what anyone would have.”

“No. No you didn't, and no they wouldn't. Amazing and humble. How did I even end up with you?”, you say as Arty snuggles against you.

“Well... kind, clever, cunning, and brave. A great cook, great dancer, heh. So many reason... so many things I love about you, Elliot.”

“Hey! You forgot the best commander of the 6th year armies, haha.”

“Technically Raven's best soldier now. And I am still kind of sore that she kissed you on the cheek, during the 1st party. After you beat up Brighton and my brother. Amalia, not Raven.”, Arty says with a small huff.

“Hey! We weren't even dating back then! And Raven might have ended her career as General of the Raiders but I am still their king!”, you say and glance over at Excalibur.

“Alright, my King, heh. Don't get offended. I think I was already fond of you. Even then. Part of why I wanted to serve at the party your army had. Got to see you again.”

“Really?”

“Yep. Really. Is that odd? That I thought you would be the one? After you got my cauldron back for me? Beaned one of Brighton’s floozies?”

“Yeah? It... it wasn’t embarrassing but... I felt my heart kind of jump from my chest. When I saw you there. Wanted too... I wanted to protect you Arty. I’m sorry, that wasn’t the right way to think of you. I went and stayed late, that next week... so I could walk your back. I-uh lied, by the way about going out to collect some Limmer-“

“I know. You can lie quite well when needed but are terribly poor at times.”

“Wait, what? You... knew?”

“I’m not silly. And it was kind of a poorly thought-out plan. But it was sweet... have had a couple of boys interested in me before but... it just felt different being around you. So thanks. For being nice. Strong. Brave. Needing a new cauldron.”

“You don’t need to thank me...”

“I know. Just wanted too. But... can I ask you something? A favor maybe? I know I already did with the whole... drinking your blood thing. But I promise this one won’t be weird.”

“Oh course... and to be fair? I was the one who started that.”

“ ‘Kay. Can weeee... maybe get away with taking a shower together, in the morning? I... I would really like you to help wash my back. Maybe help with my hair too, since it is getting longer? Help me towel off some, when we finish?”

“We can... need to wake up early or maybe do it a bit late if we want to be sneaky. We don’t *have* to though. Be sneaky. Mom and dad... I mean they know we are together. Sleep in the same room. Know we are engaged.”

“Yeah. Yeah I know. But doing something like that? In secret? It kind of does something for me, Elliot.”

“Ha. I get it some I suppose. I think, anyway. So? Early or late?”, you ask while turning off the lamp on your side of the bed, pulling out your phone so you could set an alarm.

“Hmmm. Late I think. A couple extra hours of sleep with my King sounds great. You and Apollo going to train some tomorrow?”

“Yeah. Maybe just practice a few punches and kicks, since I don’t want to get too sweaty if I have already showered off.”

“Alright... think I won’t join the two of you in the morning. Apollo seems a bit sore about me tossing him over my shoulder still. And I do want to get a bit more reading done... I’ll make us some breakfast though... fried eggs and some toast sound alright? Maybe some bacon or ham?”

“Amazing, Arty. Just let me know if you have any trouble with the appliances. Good night?”, you ask as you pull the covers up a bit. Grab a bit tighter around your small love and pull her close.

“Sure. Helga is still out for a walk... but she is quite. I doubt she will wake us up when she comes to bed.”

“I still cant believe you are... okay with this, you know.”

“Helga... she is a good woman. And I know you love her, in a different way than you love me but, still. She deserves happiness. So sleeping with us? That is fine. If she gives me or you a peck on the lips? It is okay. If you get a little hard seeing my old body nude... I know you only love *me* in that way.”

“If I did one thing right, aside from saving the world, it was choosing you Arty. I... Apollo says I am good at talking but I don’t have the words. Just saying I love you, how amazing you are... it isn’t enough.”

“Well you can always use your moth for something a bit differently, to tell me that.”, she says and gives you a quick but deep kiss. “And... we are going to have at least a century and a half for you to find those words. For me to find them too, Elliot. For how much you mean to me.”

“We are going to have more than that. King Hallaster does not tell lies, Arty.”

“No...no he does not. You did what the greatest healers in the world couldn't. You found Ancient places, places of Power. You have Excalibur sitting next to some fricking golf clubs. I believe you; I'll believe anything you tell me, Elliot. Always.”, Arty says and yawns. “Alwaaaysss.”

“Always, my Queen. Always.”

“Night, Elliot. Love you.”, she says before you get a quick kiss on the cheek; one which you return to soft giggles and a small warm girl's body snuggling into you.

--

Maybe seven hours later, you get to wake up to a screaming phone. Woke up to a pool of drool on your arm and a somewhat cranky Arty laying against you, one who you manage to placate after pulling yourself from her sleepy embrace and returning with a glass of iced water and a small muggle candy. Helga is curled up against Arty in her own nighty, and still sleeping like a rock; you brought a second glass of water for her, whenever she decided to get up... might be a while, given she had taken to long strolls at night since it was so pleasant outside. When you finally dragged the tiny woman out of your room, helped her get undressed in the bathroom... well Arty certainly did wake up rapidly as you helped get her shorts off.

It was... weird. The pair of you had seen one another nude under the sheets more than a few times; done many more things than just looked at one another... but it was just different, standing in front of the glass door to the shower.

“Um... do you want to head in? Ladies first and all that, Arty?”

“S-sure. I didn't really think about how this would work, the logistics...ummm I'll kind of start rinsing off first I suppose then we can switch places? If you want, stand behind me close and I will share the water?”, she says with her cheeks a touch pink, one arm around her modest chest and her other hand kind of hovering in front of her privates.

You weren't much better off, turned somewhat, to shield yourself, trying to figure out something to do with your hands.

This was dumb.

Not the idea of bathing with one another but feeling awkward. Arty and you... you went through Avalon together. Had seen her worst memory involuntarily. Had done more than a few kinky acts together. So you made a choice, took a couple of steps forward and just hugged her while she looked somewhat shy or embarrassed. Dealt with the fact "Little Elliot" was still half erect and now pressed against your small love's inner thigh.

"Sounds great. Wash my back and I will do yours?"

"Heh... yep. Sure. Ah- sorry if it is a bit warm, I like my showers to be hot."

"Its fine. I will find a way to endure. Getting to be with you, pressed in a touch close and being able to help take care of you a bit will probably help me deal."

And shortly after? Well you figured out showering together really didn't save any time or water, especially given how long you focused on massaging shampoo into your giggling fiancé's hair and the fact that her embracing your soapy body even after she had already rinsed off added quite a few minutes. The fact that Arty's hand lingered a bit long on your cock and balls to the point you needed to turn the water temp down at the end to let yourself become flaccid enough you could actually walk took some time too... but eventually you managed to exit the shower. Gave your small wife to be a couple of mint flavored pecks on the lips before helping her to dry off. May have lightly smacked Arty's small butt a couple of times, decided that even if logistically showering with another person was a bit troublesome, it was a nice experience.

Once you and Arty were mostly dry with her wrapped in a towel from the breasts down and you had one around your waist, you went ahead, opened the door while half turned and smiling at some minor quip your beautiful auburn-haired love had made. Smiled wide all the way up to when you turned around and saw Apollo standing in front of the bathroom door with his hand raised to knock.

"Ah... Apollo."

“Elliot.”

And you could almost feel Arty’s blush from behind you when she peeked out.

“Bro...”

“Arty. Sorry... didn’t realize. You were here. *Together.*”

“Yeah. Here we will get out of your way.”, you choke out before you and Arty scamper off to your room, where Helga has made a cocoon for herself out of the sheets and covers and is mumbling in her sleep about apple pie.

Arty... Arty is beet red and you doubt it was from the shower. You also doubt you are doing much better.

“H-he was up late. Didn’t think he would be up this early.”

“Yeah... oh well I suppose. At least we had towels on?”

“Y-yeah. It’s not like Apollo hasn’t seen me nude a few times, back when we were kids and stuff... still kind of embarrassing, for some reason. So clothes? Can I borrow some stuff again? Don’t really feel like going to our room right now, heh.”

“Sure, Arty.”, and so the pair of you get dressed while Helga continues to mumble about sweets and laughing a bit in her sleep.

--

You meet Apollo downstairs as he is reading through an old comic, which he returns to your section of the book cases.

“Elliot.”

“Apollo. Want to get a quick run in? Then I can help you with your punches, practice some throws.”

“Sure. Ready to go?”, he says standing up and adjusting his gym shorts and a tee you he found while out thrifting for some movie called “Cocaine Bear”.

A few minutes later and after a quick chaste kiss from your fiance, the pair of you were jogging around the block in silence. Apollo... he seemed quite energized this morning, making it even harder than usual to match his pace, though you managed. After a couple of laps, the pair of you entered back through the front door of your house where Arty was waiting with a couple of towels and cups of iced water. Helga was half asleep at the table with a steaming cup of coffee in front of her and mumbled out something that might have been a “Good Morning” before you and the tall blond boy retreated to the back yard.

You helped your future brother-in-law with his punches, showing him to really put his abnormal strength into a strike, to the point he managed to topple the training dummy your parents had bought for you and the twins to practice with, despite how much water was in the base. You had to stifle and involuntary gulp at seeing just how strong Apollo was as you sat the dummy back up before practicing a few 1-2-3 combos yourself.

“Elliot... is it fun? Showering... with someone you...care about?”

Taking a break and gulping down the ice water Arty had helpfully refilled, you looked over and up at Apollo. His cheeks were a bit rosy from the exercise but his expression didn't seem angry. No signature scowl to be seen.

“It...it is. A bit awkward maybe, but it is. Why?”

“I-just when Riley come by- no I shouldn't. It would be weird-“, he says and looks down some.

“Nah. Go for it.”

“What?”

“Maybe you will find out you don’t like it. Maybe it will be nice. Never know till you try. And... it is a bonding experience. Washing another person’s hair, helping them... it *is* nice. So wake up early or late. Give it a shot. Riley would love it I think.”, you say and put a hand softly on Apollo’s shoulder.

“You sure?”

“Nope! But come over here let me show you a couple more throws Crouch taught us!”

And so you do, and even if you put Apollo on the ground more often than he does to you, you can tell he is learning. Learning so he can protect his sister, his friends... his future nieces and nephews. And you can help but smile when Arty and a still sleepy looking Helga come out and announce breakfast is ready.

And sitting at the table, Arty placing plates in front of you before sitting and digging in? Even if the eggs were a bit dry, the toast a bit burnt, the sausages a touch too brown... you still *wanted* to discover lost places, places of Power, live forever. But this was all you *needed*. Family. The unique kind of love you felt chatting right then and there.

You might need to try the Patronus charm when you got back to school a couple more times, heh.