

Artemis Pertinger was a fucking terror. She had managed to ace her O.W.L.s with only a touch of help from you in Potions. Ripped apart any opponent she had dueled in your impromptu battle classes, every single one, including you a few times.

It was awe inspiring, seeing someone who had carried the weight of the world on her shoulders for a decade and a half finally be free of the burden, get to show how strong you had to be to hold up that weight; like seeing a mountain lifted from her back so she could finally stand tall, metaphorically, since even with the extra inch you gave her, Arty was only about 4'8. She still worked twice as hard as anyone you had ever seen with her new body, only now she had the magic she should have always possessed and the physical form to keep up with her insane work ethic and it showed.

Arty might not have the raw power her brother had... but if he had accidentally taken the strength she should have had? Her potential? Well, being as powerful as four average wizards from stealing his sister's magic meant she was *still* impressive. At least as strong as you and for all your many flaws, you were proud of your magical might.

It was amazing, filled your heart with so much joy that you could cast a Patronus now, weak as it was.

And the love of your life? She could too; a silver Wolpertinger. And Arty had said... it was getting a new body, one that could have a life with you, having you accept her being able to figure out a horrible curse as an eight-year-old that did it. Helping Apollo talk with her about nearly dying at his hands before she could even walk and being there when they sobbed together did it. And a tiny Fury with reddish brown hair had told you, after she faced the dementor that year, she thought of *you* to do it before breaking out into happy tears. You followed in kind when you told her it was her smile when she got her new body that let you finally brandish your magic like a blade against the darkness; gave you a moment would always live in your heart... and now you were home, for a few more weeks at least.

It had been a somewhat uneventful 7<sup>th</sup> year for you, thankfully, and a happy one since Linda had been breathing free air for over a year after your team had once more done the impossible and broken into Nurmengard to rescue her.

The riot you induced, the number of Death Eater's, including your beloved teacher Crouch who escaped, the general anarchy, and the clean up which would take years to address? It had been worth it when you made it to her cell, and got to tell her how sorry you were that it came down to her or the key to find Atlantis, and you choosing Atlantis. When she said she forgave you, understood, even as she cried it was worth damning yourself again to get her out. All been worth it when you told her it was time to saddle up, and a pair of light grey eyes met yours and Raven's voice told you to toss her a wand and her robes.

After that and more last year, you were very, very glad all of you including Linda had a nice year of peace and quiet... and because Potter was no longer able to be within 100 yards of a Hogwarts' student for the next few decades. Heh.

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It was a terribly nice night, warm as Cardiff could be just at the beginning of August. Linda had departed that afternoon, taking a smiling Riley with her when she Disapparated after they visited. Apollo had passed out after what you hoped were a very fun few days. Mom and dad were upstairs catching up a couple of shows that several magical teens in the house kind of interfered with.

Arty... you and her had made out for a few minutes in the porch light. Admired the garden she had helped keep by Helen's side the past couple of months. Just held each other's hands for a time. And when the moon started growing higher in the sky, when you were about to ask your small badger girl if she wanted to head inside, lay down for a spell with you... There was a small box shoved into your hand.

"Arty... you've given me so many--"

"You've given me more, Elliot. A chance for this... for it. And I don't think I ever can repay you. But maybe this can help balance the scales."

Arty... she had helped so much around the house, had been so amazing. You knew she had her own money and that which your mom and dad insisted they give her for minor expenses. Had a trip with Linda and Riley to Diagon Alley for a girl's day out... you didn't need a gift.

She *was* the gift. Just seeing her groggy face when she woke up in the morning, kissing her for the first time of the day was enough. You really didn't need more. Not a single thing even though you *would* cherish any thing she gave you, even if it was just a particularly cool rock or stick she picked up.

When you opened the small box with a ribbon drawn on the top with colored pen... there was an object you knew about. One you had seen on TV a million times. One *you* would never need unless you got much better at human Transfiguration or brewed 9 months' worth of Polyjuice. And when you turned it up there were a pair of lines and a small folded note which you were a bit to stunned to read as you set the box and the pregnancy test onto the small table you were sitting by.

“Arty! Arty-“

“I know. I know it is too soon, I still have another year to go, we weren’t trying, I *was* taking the potions, I’m sorry, I-“

And all the tutoring, battle class and fighting for your life came in handy because you reached her before she could get another hesitant, slightly scared word out. Grabbed her and lifted, though not too hard given what you had learned a few moments before; spun the tiny girl in a circle, holding her tight. Sat her down in her tiny flowery sundress after a moment.

“Elliot! Don’t make me dizzy like that, I already had to puke this morning... I-I was going to ask... if I should-“, she began with slightly misted eyes.

“No. Yes. We are keeping them. Please.”

“Elliot... I-I... it is going to be hard... being a mom before school is done.”

“Linda’s mom was like 16 when she had her and my best friend turned out just fine; better than fine, even if she has her...quirks A great person. And I know, get how hard it will be... but I don’t care what I have to do to make it easier. What I have to tell Headmistress McGonagall and Deputy Headmaster Flitwick to make it easier; should have a favor or two left from us saving the world. Don’t care how many times I have to Apparate down to Fitzgerald’s library to bring you midnight snacks, my little snack. Tomorrow I am running to the book store down the road and picking up some reading material for us.”, you say vigorously.

The two of you... you didn’t know if Arty could even get pregnant before her new body; even then, no clue if Merlin had thought about a girl getting a body from Avalon. It was sooner than you thought...maybe too soon. But that was fine. You and her had dealt with bigger challenges. You already knew she was the one you would spend your life with. Marry. Would have your children with.

“It... thank you. I didn’t want to ask you to brew the potion to stop it... it *will* be tough though. It isn’t really that normal to have a kid quite this young. And I can still fight but people might... have problems with it. Since a good number still think we are evil and all. Think this is the anti-Christ or something.”

And your wide, happy eyes harden.

“Well, I still can’t be detected by Hogwart’s security. Have a way in and out. Have the Cloak. All I need is a name. And they will end up paralyzed and stuck upside down to a wall with cocks drawn on their face. They will think a new poltergeist is haunting the halls. And Arty... yeah this is going to be a challenge, but I am here and I might not hold a candle to the hardest worker in the world, but I am going to do my part.”

“Elliot! That is mean... but thank you; I also have the friends I am graduating with, most of my old army believes we are good. I will be safe... might need to not ride any graphorns for a while but... yeah. I don’t think any of the students would do much more than tease me-“

“And they will get glued to the walls, even for that. You aren’t the first girl to ever get pregnant at Hogwarts in 1000 years, love. Or... I *have* been looking for a job... assistant potion master sounds alright, since Slughorn is getting pretty old and sucks at teaching; I’d be close then all the time...”

“Heh! Gonna become the new Snape just to protect me?”

“Could. But... Always, Arty. You and them. Always. I will give my life to keep you and our children safe. But I won’t quite be Snape, he is better than me for now... Maybe be a *hair* less of a dickhead to Hufflepuffs too.”, you say with a racing heart and a smile.

“I would hope so, Professor Hallaster.”

“Just, it is tradition to be a *bit* mean to you badger people in Potions, so I would be a touch snarky while teaching them as best as I could. The bullying does keep you Hufflepuff’s from ruling the world.”

And a small shout echos in in the night.

“Hey! No bully!”, Arty says even though it sounds like she has a small smile.

“Some bully; as a Slytherin I am contractually obliged to do so, even if Salazar was a monster. Part of the rules. Sorry, love. But the bullying it will be the nice, fun kind. And I will end up apologizing and handing out some candy.”

“Well... Hufflepuffs are rather fond of candy... I suppose as long as it is good fun, I can accept it. The sweets must be very good though. Really, I fell in love with the worst Slytherin... but the best man. Mine and all mine...”, a not as quite as tiny girl says and steals any words you might have had with her lips for a few minutes. After your lips parted, you asked a quick question.

“Hey Arty, do you know if-“

“Twins. I Just *know*. Don’t know how. Maybe I got a speck of prophesy blood on me a year ago down there... but it will be twins. Boy and a girl.”, and it seems like she is looking somewhere far away. But... somewhere good. Somewhere amazing. Looking at the children she might have never been able to have. Impossibly blue eyes turned towards the stars but gazing towards the future.

“Twins... that is so... oh goodness, haha. Arty have you-“

“The note. A couple of names. I thought about them, and we could change them... but take a look.”

And reading down a handful of names... a couple stood out. Beautiful names for your beautiful boy and girl.

“Taylor, for the boy. Atlanta for the little girl. Those were my favorites.”

“I-I love them Artemis, though the second has some connotations-“, you say and swallow, understanding it is real, that you will really have children and they will be born to the most beautiful, loyal and kind girl in the world.

“Hah. I think it will be fine. She can stay chaste as long as she wishes, not gonna curse her if she did what I did.”, she says and gives you a megawatt smile.

“The names are great, just a joke. But, Arty... you look like you are shivering some. Come over here? Sit on my lap. I know... it is scary. I am scared too. But, for what it is worth, I am here. Would never, ever leave. Will be here to the end. Will try not to have to go on dangerous adventure to save the world, but those seem to be my forte. And if...if something happens, I cant see them grow up? Helga is here, even if it would be a bit interesting to have a pair of guardians who look almost identical. Mom and dad are here. Linda and your brother are here. Fuck... even Brighton. Even if he acted like a dick in the past, his mother is Hannah after all; he has a good heart under all the prat.”

“No. I appreciate all of them... even Brighton, but nothing will happen to you. I won’t allow it. Taylor and Atlanta need their dad. And I need *you*, Elliot Hallaster.”, your tiny Hufflepuff Fury said as she planted her butt on your legs and curled her arm around your neck. She was shaking, shivering some, but you could feel her strength. Feel the muscles she had built over the last year, the precision of her body. The strength she should have always had. When she turned a bit, the steel and fire of her eyes was clear.

You had trusted her with your life before. You knew no matter what happened, she would fight to the end as well.

With the small girl sitting on your lap, you just softly kissed her shoulder, the exposed part. Her neck, her forehead which got a soft giggle.

“Can I feel them, Arty?”

“Oh! Umm... yeah. I think it has only been a few weeks, shouldn’t be showing any... but yeah. Here, I’ll sit between your legs. Reach up around and under the dress, please. I-I always wanted him to do that... touch me there, like that.”, she says and sits up, turns around before lowering back down.

“Him?”

“Yep, Him. The one I would spend my life with.”

“Ah... I will-I will be him. Yeah, try to at least. Best as I can, for you. Them.”

“And you will succeed. So take my hand, Elliot.”, the beautiful girl in your lap with strawberry scented hair and eyes so blue you had drowned in them says and gently tugged your left hand down, softly caressed the hideous scars while she guided it up her dress to her stomach

“Say hello to our little Taylor and Atlanta.”

And she shifts around so her tiny body is between your legs and all you can see is her gorgeous hair, a touch of her pale neck. And then the only thing in the world that matters is your hand on her stomach, her hand on yours. Both of them on the twins.

“Hey, Atlanta. Hey, Taylor. You are going to be born into a very crazy world. But it is *truly* magical. I can’t wait to go with you and your mom to pick up your wands. We will grab some ice cream after. Maybe food at Merula’s branch location. Go out with you aunt Helga, maybe pop in to see a muggle movie. Maybe we will see aunt Riley and Falere. Maybe Uncle Ellend and aunt Amalia; they are very posh so be polite? Uncle Talon has a sweets shop and I am sure you two will get all the toffee you could ever eat for your birthday. Aunt Raven might look scary but she loves you both very much and will show you how to break sieges, paint miniatures, and strike fear into your enemies’ hearts. And... by the time you two are here... uncle Taylor will be out of the hospital. Is going to show you how the stars dance in the night, what they mean. Why you have your name Atlanta. And why you have yours, Taylor; he is the bravest man I have ever known but I know you will live up to it.”, you say and can almost, almost feel something reaching out to touch your hand.

“Uncle Apollo is-“

“He is a dork and a weirdo, kids. But he will always, always take care of you. Protect you. The two of you are going to share quite the resemblance to me and him when we were young... Atlanta, if he ever looks scared when he holds you? It is not your fault. Please love him as much as I do, you two. But also, please don’t take advantage of the fact y’all look like me and him did and his best friend as well?”

“And... there may be someone who looks just like mom, or maybe she will be... bigger. But she will have the kindest eyes in the world no matter what. Aunt Helga is the best teacher in the world so if you ever have questions, she will be there.”

“Elliot... keep touching me, them. Keep talking.”, your small says, almost begging.

“Yeah... Going to teach both of you to cook, make good things for each other. Your mom is going to show you how to deal with dangerous animals... may show you how to talk with them, if you get her skills. I can teach you how to bewitch the mind and ensnare the senses, tell you how to bottle fame and brew *glory*. And even how to put a stopper in death.”, you say and smile at the end, putting on your best deep, dark voice. Arty just snorts. Leans back against you and cranes her neck back till her head is on top of your shoulder.

“Oh kay, Snape...hahahaha! And kids... don’t listen to dad. He can do much, much more than just that. He beat death. Beat it for me, your aunt, your uncle.”

“Just had to steal my thunder, did you not? Any way...”, you say with a chuckle.

“Mom will show you to fight like a fiend when you are old enough, I will give you some tips too. Even if mom is scarier than me... I will show you what I know... and you will always be safe. “King” Hallaster will not allow it to be any other way. *Always.*”

“And?”, Arty says and even from behind her you can feel a smile while she keeps her hand on yours, pressing it lightly against her abdomen.

“And you two will be the most beautiful kids in the world... though, you will have a lot of brothers and sisters down the line to compete with. But regardless... walking you down to the station will be one of the greatest days of your mother’s and my lives. Gonna have to work hard to beat that, Taylor, Atlanta; maybe make Potter fall down the stairs or something after you graduate, heh. But you will have quite a while to outdo that day, since me and mom are not going anywhere. I love our two Slythepuffs so much already.”

“Hufferins.”

“Snagers?”

“Snagers it is Elliot Hallaster.”

“Yep, *our* Snagers, Artemis Pertinge-“, and you are very rudely interrupted by a perky butt shifting against your thighs.



“Artemis Hallaster-Pertinger. Already told you... the rest of my days are yours... ten years or one hundred, right?”

“One thousand?”

“Yep. All of them.”

“I love you Arty. So, so much. And...going to a different store tomorrow too, one a bit fancier than a book shop. One filled with a lot of gold and shiny rocks. I want you to find one you love so maybe we will Apperate to London. But I am putting it on you. There is still time before school starts so maybe a quick holiday to do it on? Scout out venues?”, and your hand slipped out from her dress. Had small beautiful fingers with lightly styled nails slip in between your own hideously scared ones. *Felt* the love and connection you shared with the most beautiful woman in the world.

“Elliot... please nothing too grand...and a little trip is fine, but for that? Right here is fine. It is the place you gave me a real Christmas... I would rather it be a place I have such great memories. And... you keep giving me such amazing things.”

“Will keep doing so, Arty. Sorry.”

“T-thank you, Elliot. Thank you so much. Thank you for giving me a life, for children, things to look forward to, a family... I am sorry I can't ever repay it.”, the tiny auburn-haired girl in your lap says, snuffles a couple times and pulls your other hand up and on to her.

“I don't need you to repay a thing... but you do every day anyway. Every smile every time I've seen you jump around or use magic just because you *can* without feeling drained, you paid back me for something I never wanted repaid. Every day that I have woken up and known you will get a full life, you paid me back... every day I am with you. “

“You are kind of cheesy Elliot. But I love it. And more than that... I believe every word.”, Arty says and leans just a bit closer into you.

“You know they are going to have interesting lives, right Arty? The kids.”

“Yep... can’t really do much about that. Their mom and dad found a pair of legendary places together. Dad and her have saved the world. Twice at the minimum. Dad managed to do what the greatest healers in the world couldn’t and give mom a full lifespan and her magic back. Mom has a “twin” running around who is the founder of the greatest school in the world; her other twin is going to be the strongest wizard in a generation and is an oddball. I hope they at least wait until their 5<sup>th</sup> or 6<sup>th</sup> year to start their careers the saviors of the world and fighters of dark wizards.”

“Well my house is that of the ambitious... and mom was riding graphorns and sleeping in the murder forest by 13 sooooo...Yeah, heh. But speaking of “twins”, I do believe Helga is about to walk out the back door.”, you say softly kissing the back of Arty’s neck. And a woman who is an almost exact clone of the wonderful girl in your lap walks out to get some fresh air you suppose.

“Oh crap... did I interrupt something? Sorry, Elliot, Arty.”, a woman you also loved and looked very similar to the one in your lap save for the longer hair and more conservative fashion sense enters.

“No, perfect timing Helga. Want you to say hi to a couple of very important people.”

And she reaches down towards her wand, scanning the area. You really had too much danger in your lives. Yeah... kids were really going to have an interesting childhood.

“Umm... should be okay, no Aurors or Dark wizards here.... Come over here Helga.”

“Alright, sorry. Your body is very jumpy, Arty, given that was my first response and this was yours for 15 years.”

“Learned response I suppose. I know I am messed up and I am so sorry. Elliot giving *me* a new body was one of the-the hardest choices of his life...can I tell her Elliot? About how... how you regretted not being able to get her a body. W-what you told me, how you felt?”

“Yeah. Arty. Yeah, you can... I was going to try and find a good time, but now is as good as ever.”, you say and look down just a bit.

Arty, she got up and almost tackled the woman in her old, much more frail body.

“When we got a chance, got time to be together when all of this died down after Avalon... Elliot *sobbed*, cried into my pajama top and it felt like an hour. Despised himself for having to choose, that he couldn't give it to you. That he *had* to choose me to get a new body. That he almost didn't. That his other choice, even if it gave us a chance in Avalon, it took your eyes when you were still in him. He cried so much, Helga. He thought he failed you. And he promised me-“

“I am sure he did. He is the kindest Slytherin I have ever met, and I taught my fair share. No offense to Linda, of course but still. And I believe he will. Get me a body all my own, that I do not need to borrow.”

“Letting you have mine, my old one... I could barely do it. And I am so sorry that it was all I could do. It is so little, flawed. So sorry I wasn't able to give you more.”, Arty says while hugging an almost exact copy.

“Shush Artemis. It is more than enough. You are not flawed, not so “little”. I am proud to be here, in it. You gave me back my sight, a chance to taste the amazing food of this era. To see how wonderful my school had grown in person. Be with you two. And... your man has managed to find the Repository, Avalon, and Atlantis in what, a year? He said he would get me my own form, let this body rest after it has already worked so hard. And I would have called myself crazy if I believed that kind of thing 1000 years ago... but I do believe you, Elliot Hallaster. You have already done the impossible, after all.”, Helga says while holding Arty tight.

“That means... it means a lot Helga.”

“It is nothing. Nothing compared to what the pair of you have already done for me.”

“Thank you...but come sit beside me... ah, “sis”.”, the tiny mom of your future children, most important woman in your life says, breaking off the embrace and makes room for Helga on the small outdoor couch.

“Alright Arty... I'm here.”, the other small auburn in your life say while sitting next to a girl she uncannily resembled, to the point you had trouble telling the two apart on occasion and had to begin brewing potions for high blood pressure for Apollo.

“Here.”, your love says and puts Helga's hand over the top of her dress.

“Artemis what are you... oh. Oh dear.”

“Taylor and Atlanta.”, the love of your life says while she puts her hand on... well technically her hand.  
“Let them say hi to their aunt, Helga.”

And the second kindest woman in the world just starts sniffing softly. Shedding some tears of joy for the girl and boy that had given her a body. Those which *would* give her one that was her own, and not just borrowed.

“I...I am so happy for you two... they are-“

“Yeah, going to be the most beautiful babies ever born.”, Arty says as she hugged Helga. Really, these badger women... making a snake like you have wet eyes. You need to teach them a lesson... so you reach around and wrap your arms around the both of them.

“Elliot...”

“Elliot.”

They say in almost perfect unison, both full of love, different kinds of course, but love all the same. And after a few warm moments, you break the embrace.

Wiping her eyes, Helga stands up and faces the two of you. And while Arty’s old body was even shorter than her current on, Helga seemed large. She was still one of the greatest witches to ever live, even if for now all she had was a diminutive form that could hardly use magic.

“You two... Elliot, Arty, you are all I could have ever hoped for in my heirs. Everything I wanted when I founded my house, helped build the school.”

“Heirs? You know I am-“

“Yes a Slytherin. House of that bastard... but you are a far better man than that worm could ever be. You are a credit to your house as it *should* be. Cunning and ambitious, yes, but kind and brave. And Arty...I know what you did as a child was horrible but you are kind as well. Kind, brave, and clever, so be proud. So, the two of you... you are my heirs. Between the pair of you... you are what we wanted Hogwarts to be. And I have no Chamber full of Secrets to grant you and apparently my goblet is long gone, but you have my *love*. My appreciation. My respect. My love. And I love both of you dearly.”

“Helga... thank you. I don’t know if I will ever be worthy of that, but I know Arty is.”

“Don’t be silly. I ended up in you for a good reason, Elliot. I think... I ended up in you as well for a good reason, Arty. And I am so happy for you two... may I?”, she asks looking down.

You and the girl soon to be your wife turn a bit, look at one another, and gently nod. And Helga gives a megawatt smile and bends down. Puts her lips on yours for a few moments and slips her tongue into your mouth, keeps you head closes. And when she was done, took a step over to the girl who had almost the same body and did the same to her, though the pair held the embrace quite a bit longer and Arty wrapped her own arms around her old body’s head while Helga’s were around her own; kissed just a bit more deeply. And you felt a something just a bit different than love swell with in you at that sight. Felt another thing swelling as well, until they broke off and two sets of impossibly blue eyes turned your way.

Yeah, kids were going to have a very interesting childhood, even if the relationship the three of you had was more complicated than that exchange would imply, even if much of it was mostly Arty’s old body... imprinting on you for lack of a better term. Even if you would get Helga a new body... it was a unique relationship for three unique lives.

“Thank you two for naming me their aunt, it means much to me, however I do believe I shall get some more fresh air. Take a walk around the neighborhood in case you wanted some more time alone since it is so nice out. Maybe settle in and watch an episode of that Dr. Who show when I get back.”

“Ah, thanks Helga. Just be sure to have your cell phone and wand. Just in case. Be careful. Come on up to bed when you are done.”

“I shall... thank you both for making me so proud.”, she says with a small, warm smile and a quick glance up to the stars, before heading back inside after which you could hear a familiar voice with different diction fussing to her self about ‘where that damned muggle contraption’ went and then shortly after, the soft sound of a door shutting and being locked.

"Lets stay out here for a tad longer, Elliot. Then we can go in, lay down since it sounds like tomorrow might be a busy day. And can I ask you for a couple of more gifts?"

"Of course, Arty always."

"A few more kisses... then when we get upstairs, another thing or two. Sorry, I know I am being greedy.", the tiny girl next to you says in a slightly demure tone.

"Be as greedy as you want with me, Arty.", you say with a stupid grin before diving in begin kissing her again, more softly. Holding her protectively even if you knew the Hufflepuff Fury hardly needed it. There was sexuality and romance, sure, but mostly just love. And you knew if most of Potter's biography was BS, a lie, how powerful *that* was most certainly wasn't.

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When you made it upstairs and began to change into your respective night cloths, a pair of shorts and bare chest for you and a simple set of pajamas for Arty. She kept her top mostly open tonight.

"Come to bed, Elliot? Lay behind me?"

"Of course, Arty."

And when you got on the bed, snuggled tight with your love... she reached back to grip your hand and bring it up to her chest. Onto one of her partially exposed breasts.

"Massage them some please? When I learned I was pregnant... I realized I would need to feed them. And they are barely there, my breasts. So I used the muggle internet thing... it said doing this daily will make them bigger. And I am going to do it too, but I want you to do it now. Help me some in the future."

“Oh, Arty... no idea if that is true and they are fine... but I will. All you want. We will go to the pharmacy tomorrow too. Get some prenatal vitamins, some supplements as well. That should help if you are worried, but I will research if there are any potions I can brew, also. But there is always muggle baby formula too... but here, let me reach around and start.”, you say and start to softly caress you soon to be wifes small perky tits, one and then the other.

“Ah, ah... feels good Elliot. A little harder, might work better. Keep going. I-I read breast milk is better for them. I'd like to nurse them... I think it would feel amazing, just to have them so close. Supposed to release some oxy-thing to... thing that makes you love them more. I want them to have all the love in the world...”, Arty says while you massage her.

“I mean, I think? Really gonna need those books. But Arty, they are already going to have so much love, no matter what. We will make sure of it. So don't worry.”

“Yeah, all of it... keep on touching them, Elly. They... they will probably be a bit small when they are born. You gave me a normal body... but I am still not big.”

“And that will be fine. Not like I will be a pro basket ball player any time soon either and I was somewhat underweight too. And we have the best healers in Britain just one Apparation away. Even if they are born a touch early, our babies *will* be fine... I will make sure they are okay. Just please run to Pomfrey the second you feel it coming, have her send a Patronus. I want to be there when it happens.”

“Of course. Want you to hold my hand. Have Helga there as well... childbirth *is* kind of gross, Elliot, from what I know. Just so you are aware.”

“No, no it isn't. It is wonderful. Beautiful. Doing something not even Ancient magic can manage, creating new life. Not a new body, but new truly living beings... it will be amazing. And you say I give *you* things... I do believe I will see if my Patronus is corporeal after that day, heh.”

“Ha!”, Arty barks out. “I think that may be enough for tonight. I'm going to button up, and turn around. Then just hold me?”

And all you can do is smile.

“Of course. Always... any time you want. And I would love that very much, Arty.”, and so you loosen up some and your small Fury fiddles with her buttons some before rolling around to nuzzle her head into your chest some. Kisses you softly a few times on the chest and then just holds you tight for an hour or so. You chat about some unimportant things, her girl’s day out, some other facts she found on the web. Simple things and a one point you hear the front door open and shut and a TV show being played down stairs before that ends and there is a knock on the door.

“Hey... is it good for me to come in?”, Helga asks softly.

“Yeah, Helga. Go ahead.”, Arty says, with her head popped out from slightly under the covers before her “twin” comes in, shuts and locks your bedroom door behind her.

“Sure I am not interrupting something you two?”

“Nah, Helga. You are fine. Just holding her, gonna go to sleep soon, I think. Good walk?”

“Yes, it is quite a nice night. I met this very interesting cat who had much to say. Arty... I don’t know if I should be glad that your body still retained much of your abilities regarding animals or bothered, since I never knew they had so much to say... but it is interesting. I was considering asking Oreo if he would like to follow me back, stay around the house but he cut me off, insisted it was his choice to stay wild. Quite fun. The episode I just finished when I got back was rather poor, however; I don’t think I like this new Doctor much.”

“Heh, I think I’ve seen that cat around. Looked cute. Wanna get changed, come join us?”

“Ah... Are the two of you positive that tonight at least-“, Helga begins, before you speak up.

“Once more, Miss Hufflepuff, I am not letting you just sleep on the couch. You have done too much to literally save the world for that. We have been doing this all summer and the new bed my parents got when they learned all of us were staying for the summer is quite large, even if both of you are blanket hogs.”

“Heh. Too nice... just what I expect of you.”, she says and begins to strip.



“Elliott, you don’t need to look away...Helga and I have both said that. You have seen my body and “my” body plenty at this point. And “Faith”. And Raven, apparently, as well as a couple of other people... really have either the best luck or the worst. Gonna need to quit that once I get that ring, heh.”

“Yes, yes I do. And I know the three of us have a fairly *unique* relationship, but regardless, it isn’t polite to peep. Still, amazed mom and dad agreed to let you and your “sister” share the same bed with me, even if the story we made up about Helga was pretty good I think. But Helga, we were going to see-”, you say as Arty’s “sister” is shuffling into a pair of almost identical PJ’s to your love while the small girl in your arms giggles.

“It was a crap story, Elliot. You managed to lie to Potter all that time and that was the best you could do?”

“Okay, might have though a bit more about how to explain there are now two girls who look identical, down to the last freckle... I mean how do you make up a better story than long lost sister? Would a doubling potion accident really have been much better? That brings its own issues.”, you say with a huff.

“Heh, Mister Hallaster. Indeed. But meeting them? Seeing how kind and cunning both of them are... I understood how you ended up the way you are. Why the sorting hat must have had a headache with you, Elliot. Artemis, I am going to come behind you.”, she says and you look up to see another small woman getting in under the covers before turning on her side to embrace Arty from the back. And Arty just squirmed a hair, trapped between two people who cared about her so much. She... she had gone with out any love save for what her brother could show her for so long and now she could have a life filled with it, had so many people to give it to her. Would have even more as soon as the kids were born. It was almost enough to make your eyes mist up. Was enough to force you into a big dumb grin.

“Hey. Have you told anyone else, Arty?”

“No... I was waiting to make sure you wanted them.”

“Ah... you never even needed to check, you know. Hard and weird as it might be, given our circumstances, I already love them. Love you. Always.”, you say and lightly bump your forehead into the beautiful girl in your arms own. “Arty do you want to-“

“Yeah. Lets.”

“Okay... I swear if you can understand people with out talking as well now, I will-“

“No screaming. Don’t want to wake my brother or mom and dad... I can call them that now, Right?”, Arty says, cutting you off. And your eyes widen enough that the not so tiny Fury next to you starts back up. “Hey, don’t freak out! I promise I can’t read the minds of people or talk with them in my head! It isn’t even exactly like that with animals. But... I guess people are technically animals too. Look, what am I saying to you right now?”

“That you love me and for how scary it is right now, you are so happy. And, you most definitely can, Arty. Talk with them tomorrow, along with Apollo?”, you respond while looking into her deep blue eyes.

“Oh crap! I-“

“Don’t worry, I didn’t hear anything in my head; have quite a lot of experience with that between Helga and Salazar, heh. Just, I guess we just know each other that well. It is a relief, honestly. You were already too powerful, Arty.”, you respond while you about to be wife holds you and Helga just giggles

“You two are cute. Now what was it you were going to ask?”, Helga interjects, and you can see her lift up and smile some.

Arty shifts herself off you some and spins around to face her slightly shorter “twin” and says,

“We need to go shopping. Pick up some books on child care, pregnancy. Some muggle stuff to help them turn out okay and help me be able to breast feed. And... a ring. Elliot, he is going to get me a ring, Helga! And I don’t really know anything about jewelry or being pregnant... so would you like to come? Give me a hand, Helga?”

“I very much would love too. It is amazing and I am so happy for you. And I am sorry, Artemis. I wish I knew more about pregnancy, childcare, and such but despite what a certain woman said I never had my own children. Felt like I needed to focus on my students, my school because that would be *my* legacy. Rae told me a few things, from when her daughter was being born but I am not sure how much of that is applicable 1000 years later. But know this: I will help as much as I can with what I do know. I do believe I have a good sense for jewelry and fashion, however, even if people’s tastes have changed *some* since I

was alive.”; the other Arty says and pulls her clone and you both in with one arm so Arty is pressed between you two before kissing your tiny love on the forehead.

“Helga... you are too nice. So great. Best founder I could have hoped to end up with in my head.”

“And you are the greatest man I could have ended up in. No offense Artemis, given I am technically in your head for the time.”; Helga says while Arty pushes her head into her old chest and you can hear her *smiling*.

“None taken. I don’t think I could have figured out where Last Light was, survived against Salazar the first time. Found out where Avalon was. Made the hard choice. I have my strengths, he has his.”

“Arty, don’t say that- “

“It’s true. And it is fine. It is why we are the best team in the world, Elly.”

“You know I hate that nickname, Arty! But... it is true. I think we quite the pair. I love you so much, my fierce not so little witch.”

“Ha! It *is* true Elliot... you two complement one another marvelously. And both of you are both amazing warriors, enough so to make Goddy proud. When a second Pertinger joined your tutoring with that disgusting madman, well, my memories are still hazy but I scarcely recall seeing a better team.”, she says and rubs you scared arm lightly.

“Thanks, Helga. Means a lot coming from you.”

“Of course. “Elly”.”

“Oh screw you “PuffPuff”.”

“Did you want to... do “that” tonight?”

"I wouldn't mind, Elliot.", Arty says with a giggle. Yes, you had a very unique relationship right now, and two Artys might just give you a stroke; you kept a small emergency supply of Girding potions in your minifridge just because of them, after all.

"Haaaaa... no. Not a good time. I just want to enjoy being together, the good news. Are you going to tell the others tomorrow, Arty?"

"Yeah, think so. I bet Helen already suspects, but yeah.", she says and curls up just a little tighter.

"Alright. Just make sure Apollo doesn't have any water in his mouth. Not looking forward to the glare I'll get but oh well."

"Feh. You know he loves you Elliot, cares about you and trusts you. I think the glares are just perfunctory at this point.", Arty says, happily. It was true... you were probably Apollo's best friend and he had trusted you in Avalon and after.

"Doesn't make them less scary, his glares. But yeah, I know. And I care about him too."

"Yeah... sleep?", Arty asks softly and you can hear Helga already softly snoring.

"Sure. Do you mind turning towards her... I want to keep my hand on your stomach... I know I can't feel the twins move or anything yet but... please. So happy. You made me so happy Arty."

"Heh, sure Elliot. And... I like you touching me there. Touching them.", your tiny auburn-haired girlfriend says, shifting so Helga is pressed against her chest before Arty gives her a light kiss on the forehead.

And... life is perfect; for all the terror you feel? The love and excitement just drowns it out. Because you are going to be husband, a father. Because you have the greatest woman of all time at your side. Tomorrow would be filled with quite a few awkward conversation, a couple of letters by owl... but it was all worth it for Arty, Taylor, and Atlanta.