

“Well then.”, you say on your back, wand basted away. Excalibur is still on your hip but the tiny panting girl above you makes drawing it closer to a fantasy than reality. “So... Arty, what did you want to do?”

“Stuff?”, she says, while keeping her wand at your chest.

“Stuff.” You say and are unable to muffle a laugh, give your small lover is holding one arm down by the wrist.

“Okay. But I won. So... I get to say what we do. And as much as I want it... not ready for that yet.”

“And I wouldn’t have asked for it Arty... I know even after all we have been though... I know we aren’t quite ready, despite how deeply I love you, how you love me. You are taking the potions, just in case though?”

“Yeah. Just in case. Slytherins are awfully devious... and I am but a poor Hufflepuff maiden, weak to your wiles.”

“Sure you are. Technically a maiden, since butt stuff doesn’t count. You win these bouts as often as you lose...”

“It’s actually 11 to 9 for the Hufflepuff maiden now. And you like my butt!”, she says and adjusts her skirt some.

“I love it...Keeping track of them?”

“Of course. I have to have something over you... and I-I am so happy. The new body. Getting to fight like a real witch. A-and so sad. About Helga th-that its all we could give her for now.”

“Shush. She... she loves your old body. Has been taking good care of it. And I know it has its...issues but I have also seen how happy Miss Hufflepuff is now that she is out of my head. Seen how many friends she made. How freakishly much she can eat even if she never gains a pound.”

"I suppose... we are going to do better for her, though. Right? I can't stand the thought of having our kids having to go to their godmother's funeral.", Arty says and begins looking for the wand she blasted away.

Sitting up some and now very sad that a tiny auburn-haired girl is on your waist... you affirm your commitment. To Helga. To the others. To Taylor and Alice, Frank.

"Yeah... we are getting everyone a body. A proper one, one they don't have to borrow. And even if I think Godric has been a good influence on Brighton... I don't know how long they can stay with out hurting the host. And I know how much Linda... no, Raven has enjoyed her head mate but... I am worried some. I could always feel Helga affecting me, making me slightly nicer... and just as the founders deserve bodies, our friends do deserve to be themselves."

Coming back with your wand and handing it to you, Arty once more straddles you while you tuck the 11 inches of wood into the pocket next to the Sword of Kings.

"W-we will, Elly. Get everyone a body. Heal Brighton's grandparents. And I didn't know Helga was affecting you so much..."

"It wasn't bad... she tried not to, as far as she was able. But I am glad for her being there... if Taylor was sorted into a different house, you might be dating a Gryffindor and I might have never met Linda."

"Nope. You are a terrible Slytherin, by most metrics, but even if you were sorted into Ravenclaw or something, you are still cunning. Still kind. And still would have ended up as mine."

"Would I have?"

"Yep. I can't imagine a single timeline where you are not my man. Maybe we don't meet when I get my cauldron stolen, maybe it is down the road. At the Inn. But I always meet you, always find a reason to fall for you, *always* fall in love. Always, Elliot. In every single dream. *Always*."

"Merlin, Arty... Yeah. I would have always fallen for you. Fell in the first couple of seconds I met you. Your voice... that was all it took. Your perfect blue eyes. Your smile... I love you so much."

"I love you too, Elliot... and there is no one around. What did we agree to? If I won you could do things to me... If you won, I could do things to you... guess I win either way, heh.", your tiny love says before bending over and planting a quick kiss on your lips.

"Yep. Arty... mind taking off your panties? I would very much like to kiss another set of lips...heh."

"Sure my love... here.", Arty says after taking off her yellow and black undies with a bee embroidered on the front, hiking her skirt up a hair. "Ready... for some, ah, 'pie'?"

"Arty, I love pie and mmmph-!", and your clever quip is cut off by a tiny girl with reddish brown hair sitting on your face, beginning to undo your belt and pants. So, you do the only thing you can and start licking. Sucking. And Arty tastes fantastic, and her soft cries only encourage as she puts her mouth around your cock.

"Keep...keep licking, Elliot. I will keep sucking. Gods... feels so good. Perfect, my perfect boyfriend...", your tiny wife to be cries out before being to devour your cock once more. And... it is all you can do to hold on till Arty pushes her cunt down harder while you explode in her mouth.

"Cum-cumming, boyfriend! Cumming!"

And all you can do is eat Arty's pussy as she brings you to orgasm, taking your cock all the way down her throat.

"Hah, hah. Elliot... you taste good, so fucking good. I-I going to turn around, rest on you for a minute.", Arty says gently after she finishes slurping your cum up.

"Y-Yeah Arty... come here. Let me wrap my arms around you, please?"

"Well... since you said the nice word... here my King... just for a few minutes... then I might want to do something a bit more, 'kay?", the tiny auburn haired girl says with her head now against your chest, your arms cradling her.

“You know, I was only king for a night, Arty. And it was mostly make believe. Granger made sure of that with a liberal dose of *fiendfire*.”

“Bitch. And their truth serum tastes like crap, just so you know. Not even very good at its job, since I could have just shut up... if I wasn't so proud of us winning down there. And if you aren't a king... am I not your queen anymore?”

“Always my Queen, miss Wol-Pertinger. I suppose the next time my friends get interrogated by the magic MI-6, I will just brew the *vertiserum* myself; mine tastes like cotton candy at least since I'm not a hack.”, you say with a small laugh.

“Hey! Don't you Miss Wol-Pertinger me! I love my patronus!”

“I know you do, Arty... not quite ready to try again myself... but as long as you are with me... I will be ready someday. What do you think mine might be? You were on the dot with yours being a bunny after all. Granted it is a huge bunny with vampire teeth, but still.”

“Snadger.”

“Snadger?”

“Yep. Just like my boyfriend. Just like our kids once we graduate. They are real and that will be your patronus. I know it. And maybe it won't materialize till you get to see me with the kids or until we find a Lost Place that doesn't try to kill us... but it will be there.”

“Just like my girlfriend. My snadger. Far more cunning than she gives herself credit for... and you managed to resist the truth serum, right? The one the Ministry forced you to drink at wand point?”

“Yeah... it was honestly pretty easy. I-I'm proud of what we did... resisting a couple of questions was easy. Linda did too from what she said. You... you had one of the greatest wizards alive explore your brain and still hid Fitzgerald's Library... the thing we need to find Atlantis. The one thing Potter couldn't find because... because of what happened to Lily. Because if he had found it... I don't know what would have happened.”

"I did. It was hard but once he saw how Salazar tortured her, all that he did, how he made her humiliate and hurt herself for his amusement... Potter wasn't in much of a state to dive deeper. And I-I am so sorry he saw what happened to you and Apollo as children. That he nearly killed you, hurt you. That you figured out one of the worst curses in existence and taught it to Apollo when you were 8. So sorry I couldn't hide that, Artemis."

"It-it fine Elly. I know what I did was wrong. Wrong for me, wrong for my brother. Probably messed him up. I-I don't regret it. I still liked seeing that horrid man suffer... I just regret knowing what it did to 'Pollo. And... it would come out eventually. I was going to tell you. I-they knew we killed him with accidental magic. Suspected I set the fire that burned the house to cinders... I was going to own up to it. And-and Apollo, he never told me about smothering me, never talked about mom... but I know he would have. And... I would have told him about my life span, my magic eventually."

"And I am still sorry... wasn't my secret, my secrets to give. Fucking bastard..."

"Its okay Elliot. You forgave Apollo, forgave me. Forgive yourself some too. You don't have Helga in your brain anymore, so I suppose I will need to be the angel on your shoulder now. Raven can be the devil...", the most beautiful woman in the world says softly, nuzzles into your chest some while you stroke the back of her neck like she loves.

"Arty... thank you. I know we are in different years... but can you be there for the Dementor, next November? Can I have my strong, beautiful girlfriend there with me? I don't have to worry about St. Mungo's the next time but-", and you are cut off by a pair of perfectly pink lips.

"Yeah Elliot. I will be there. There till the end, no matter how quick or slow, no matter what happens. We promised one another just that."

And though you have Potter, Salazar, and Merlin to worry about... being watched with a microscope by the Minister for Magic herself... you don't really care. You have your lover. You have your friends. You have your rival. And you already saved the world a few times... you could manage once or twice more. Harry did it 7 times, and you think you could do just as well.

