

“Elliot, you said I-I should talk some more, back in Avalon. Can we do that now, since we finished up?”, a not quite so tiny girl pressed against you asks in your shared bed back home.

“What? Of course, Arty. Anytime. And we don’t have to have sex for you to talk to me. You know that right?”, you say while stroking the back of her head.

“Yeah. Yeah I know. But... I don’t feel amazing right now. Thought that might help some, since you always make me feel so good. Wanted to try that. Didn’t work that great this time so...”, she says and gently massages the scars on your arm some. “And, I know I don’t have to pay you back for listening, but I am kind of messed up. I still just have that urge. But it is just how I am. So you will listen?”

“Of course. You seemed a bit off today... if there is anything else I can do, make some food, rub your back, put on a movie? What ever I can Arty. I love all of you except you being sad or disturbed.”

“No, no that is okay. I think this is enough. But thank you so much... I don’t even know what I would do without you anymore. You are so good to me, so caring. Gave me a real life, a normal body, and all this love.”, your tiny Fury says quietly, pulling herself up to meet your eyes.

“You would be fine. Find a way... but I am glad I can be here; you are the strongest person I have ever met. And no matter what you need to say, it will never affect how much I love and care for you. So, go ahead, get it out.”, you say and scratch the back of Arty’s neck like you know she likes and are repaid with a small kiss.

“I know... best man in the world. So...”, Arty starts before swallowing hard.

“I... I have nightmares sometimes. That I am back there. Covered in bruises and welts. Bleeding lip, black eye. But it’s not then; it’s now. I’m not 8, I’m 15 because I never became a witch... I’m still trapped there. And now... he does more than just yell at me, more than tell me how worthless I am, more than beat me with the belt and his hands. Because I-I look like I do now and he, he can justify it to himself. Because I’m just a stupid lazy whore he has to support, because I want it and that’s why I disobey him. Because I deserve it, because he deserves something after looking after me for a decade. So he takes it. What I owe him. I usually wake up before it-it goes on to long at least... but other times... I just get held down and it hurts so much, and I beg him to stop and cry but he doesn’t. Just keeps going, shoves my face into a pillow to shut me up. Then-then I have to go to school the next day, feel ashamed of myself. Hate myself. Want to die.”

“Arty... no please. God...”

“Yeah.”, and she just looks up staring at nothing. Impossibly blue eyes doing something you never wanted, thought you could keep her from every doing. Leaking from the corners... Arty was shedding soft tears, trying to stay quiet.

“He never did that... never got the chance. But I still think about it, have dreams. Because... I think I knew it was coming. He made me bleed from other places... why not that one too? I wasn’t his real daughter; why not? And no one is there, Apollo is gone and I am all alone.”

And you were suddenly aware that neither you or your tiny wife to be had a shirt on. Half panicking given that you had almost began to go harder with her, get rough or at least very motivated, before she had started to feel odd, and so you had finished up gently and quickly.

“Fu-frick, Arty. I-I’m sorry. Do you want me to grab your shirt? We can go downstairs, I’ll make something. Or just get a glass of water for you. Something. Please?”, you say and suddenly feel your stomach drop out.

“Its fine, you didn’t know that was what was on my mind. I’m sorry... I know you were looking forward to it, doing it like we normally do... maybe just my shirt? Hold me some too? And? You didn’t do anything wrong, Elliot, I just... it was a bad time. I shouldn’t have asked for it. Was thinking about how bad it was back then, despite how great it is now, and thought being with someone who loves and respects me might take those memories away like they usually are. It still felt good; please don’t worry. Sorry, Elliot.”

“Don’t apologize. Never. I should have realized something was different before we got that far.”, you say as you hop off your small twin sized bed to grab the simple grey University of Cardiff tee shirt you had picked up for Arty at the museum when you went to go and look at the skeletons of ancient extinct creatures together. Brought it over to her while she insisted that it was fine for you to stay shirtless and just in gym shorts.

“H-here. Arty. Do you need me to get that water, leave for a few minutes? Anything?”

“Anything?”

“Yep. For you..”

“Put it on? Put my shirt on for me? Please? Then come and lay with me? Hold me?”

“Of course... raise your arms some, I guess? Sorry. Never had to do this before.”, you request. Begin to shuffle the dark grey tee shirt with a T-Rex emblazoned on it over Arty. Forced her head and arms in and adjusted it some around her small breasts and tight waist.

“Thanks, Elliot. I love the shirt, love that it fits so well even if I am afraid I will grow out of it. And we can talk more right? And just, don’t feel bad; I can see it on your face. I wanted to have sex with you, okay? Because you would rather die than do the kind of stuff I see in my nightmares some times.”

“Yeah, of course. And I will do my best, okay?”

The simple shirt was tight on Arty but... you were tired of her wearing things two sizes larger than they should be... wanted her to have things that showed how amazingly beautiful Arty was. Didn’t have the heart to tell your small love that... well she wasn’t likely to grow much larger even after fixing her body in Avalon.

“It looks great on you Arty. And if you get a growth spurt... pretty sure dad isn’t getting his tenure revoked any time soon so we will still get a 30% discount at the museum gift shop in a couple of years. Can I come back into bed? Will you... you wanted to talk a little bit more?”

Shuffling her shirt some, slightly erect nipples showing through the soft thin fabric, Arty nodded. Laid on her side, lifted the covers to beckon you back in.

“Here, Elliot. Come on, I can... talk some. Want to. Said I would do more of that back in Avalon... And I just don’t like to waste things. We did get matching shirts... who knows if they will still have them in a couple of years. I do like it though... you keep getting me nice clothes. Nice things. Makes me so happy... even if shopping for shoes and pants in the kid’s section is a bit embarrassing... Wish I had a bit more of a butt. Maybe a few more inches.”

“You are perfect as you are; it is the body you asked for. Your butt is as amazing as I could ever imagine.”, you say as you snuggle in close.

“You imagine my butt a lot then? Heh... flatterer. And did that mean you were staring before we even kissed? Naughty... did you notice the scars. There, my legs and back?”

“I mean I looked... wait? The scars? You... you ride graphorns for fun... no... those were from-“

“Yeah. Back then. It wasn’t every day, a few times it was weeks. Weeks in between beatings if I was lucky, even if he shouted, called me a dumb whore, told Apollo he was a freak or worthless. But then when he snapped, it was worse. Bad. Almost enough I wished he just smacked us around every day, didn’t save it up. He-he always went lighter on me, Apollo took some for me too... it hurt. It hurt so bad. No-not the wounds, mine, really. I can deal with pain, mostly. It was seeing my brother hurt. Not understand why he was getting the belt. Being scared to wake up because if we messed up, got a bad grade at the primary school, we would get hit or not eat. I know... knew he never loved us but... that was the worst part. Seeing Apollo so dejected, so tired, having him come to my bed and cry; being so desperate for love, any love and I... I only had so much even if I gave it my all. Only so much to give him, even if I wanted to do more. I couldn’t buy him new clothes. Heal him. Understand what he was going through sometimes. Couldn’t do a lot other than just be there. Go and massage his arm if it got yanked too hard, sneak out and grab a bundle of ice to put on a bruise. Hide away some food if Apollo didn’t get to “deserve” dinner. I-I hated that man. Loathed him. I wanted him to hurt. Hurt as bad as me and Apollo did. I could deal with the pain... I couldn’t deal with Apollo being in it.”, Arty said and began to quietly cry, dabbed her eyes with the quilt.

“And I am sure Apollo will appreciate what you were able to do for the rest of his likely very long life, Arty. When I was forced to relive that memory with you... I wanted to rip his throat out with my teeth when I saw him beat you so badly, had already beaten Apollo. When I saw Apollo so sad. And you were so small, yet he did those things to you. I won't say using the curse was right but it is understandable. And now that I know you have those kind of dreams, such horrid ones... I want to heal him after and do it again and again. I am so sorry you had to live in fear like that.”, you tell your tiny sniffeling girlfriend and stroke the back of her head, run your fingers through her hair.

“Thanks, Elliot. Please just don't pity me. It was bad, left scars, but we got through it. It is part of what made me and my brother who we are today and I love myself and I love him. Okay?”

Leaning down a bit, you kiss her forehead.

“Never. You and Apollo are two of the strongest people I know. Do you have bad dreams about the beatings too?”

“Yeah. About my brother on the floor, being screamed at, hit again and again and not being able to help. Being too scared to even try. Thinking he would hate me for not and he was the only person who loved me. And about our time on the street, being afraid of everyone I saw because they might do even worse to us.”

“I am so, so sorry Arty... but no matter what happen, you will always have love now. I promise. Mine and everyone else's. All I can give you. I know it doesn't fix what happened back then, but just know that. Is that... is it why you are almost self destructively nice? Why you almost bought half the school something for Christmas?”

“Part of it, I guess. So they would like me more. And most of the time, if you are nice, people are less likely to hurt you. Back then, I did all the chores I could, went to grab beer out of the fridge for him, tried to help him get to bed when he was too drunk to walk by himself... I still got hit, but less often. Not as much or as hard usually, even if he still did it. Got angry when he was in his cups sometimes and glared at me. Got pushed down or into walls. Yelled at me, told me how I was a whore just like mom. And for a while, up till the end, he would be sorry the next day; get something good for dinner, tolerate Apollo more. I-I hated him but it would help Apollo and, and-“, the love of your life says softly, almost ashamed, before starting to sob. So you just hold her tighter, stoke her back.

“Its okay, its okay Arty. I've never been in that situation; my parents never even spanked me. But I can understand, some. You tolerated that, did all of it even though he was worthless, to try and make things a bit better for your brother and you. Put up with it. Endured it. And, I get how it must have made you feel. But I am proud of you; so fucking kind. So kind.”

“Elliot, I feel sick about it sometimes. Ever pretending to be nice to him, even if it made things easier. Even if it meant food or getting to go to go out to the park or new pens and pencils for school. Will... you grab me one of the beers in you miniature refrigerator thing, p-please?”

“Yeah, of course, as long as I can have sip or two as well.”, you say as you sit up and head to the corner of the room after slipping into the simple grey tee that matched Arty's. Brought her the simple lager which she almost drained before passing it back to you so you could finish it off.

“I-I feel like a prostitute, selling my pride like that to make our lives better, like he was right that I am just a stupid little whore. A slut. And sometimes, I felt like I deserved the beatings for using him like that. I sometimes feel like that is what I did to you, because you are strong, smart, nice to me... promised to fix me. Did fix me, promised to be with me forever.”, she says in a sad high-pitched tone and holds her face against you wetting your chest with tears.

And your heart just broke for the small girl in your arms. Her soft sobs, the things she had to try and process on her own for so long.

“No. No, Arty. You are not; you did what you could as a little girl. And I know wizards are tough but you we so small in that vision, and I know Apollo is strong as they come but, you might have saved both your lives. He might have done something one or both of you couldn't recover from if you hadn't tried to appease him some. And you hated him, but you love me right?”

“Yeah... so much Elliot.”

“So don't think about us like that. Even if you choose to leave me tomorrow, I would never regret giving you the new body or anything else. Loving you. Not for a single moment. No matter what. You, you were abused so badly, Arty. So terribly. But it is safe now, you are a strong witch. You are safe. You are okay. You have me and everyone else; it will never, ever be like that again. Sometimes we can't help how we think, when something that bad happened for that long and was that terrible but... I will do everything I can for you. So you don't have so many nightmares, so you don't have the idea that our relationship or any other you have is... just transactional. The people you have now care about you. Love you.”

“But, Elliot I-you gave me so much, you deserve it, what ever you want from me...I'm yours forever right?”

“And forever is as long as you want me to stay. But I am and can't see myself ever leaving... I don't want to ever make you think you owe me, that you need to stay, pay me back of appease me or anything like that. Any thing I did for you? It is because it was right and because I love you with all my heart and soul and want you to be happy. Okay? I knew this was an odd situation, might have to talk with Helga some too. And we can hold off on anything else, any sex until you can process some of this better.”, you say softly when Arty jerks and her face comes close to your ow, eyes teary and somewhat mad; full of desperation.

“No, no, no, please! Elliot don't take that away, I love it! I'm so connected with you, feel so loved, like it so much when we are together! Please don't take that away! Please... please don't take our sex away...”, she says in a high pitched, sad voice while clawing at your back, hard enough you know it had drawn blood, before you grab her arms as gently as possible to restrain them.

“Hey! Hey, stop! I'm not taking it away, okay. Listen to me dearest. Please relax some it's okay, it's okay I promise.”

“Auh, auh... I'm I'm sorry. Sorry Elliot. I just had-had a, I don't know but I'm sorry... I hurt you, there is a bit of blood, I'm sorry. I'm listening, I'm listening. You can let go of my arms. Please? Can I lay on your chest?”, Arty says softly eyes wide. Breathing short and shallow and rapid while you realize you are holding her thin arms probably too tight, even if she was strong enough now it was the only option to stop her from digging into you, let you try and calm her down some. And you feel terrible, as you let go and wrap her back up in an embrace.

“Go ahead. Needed to wash these sheets any way and they are dark, regardless.”, so in a second you turn over and let Arty lay on top of you. Even with a bit of extra height and her muscles, she weighed nothing; it hurt you some that even now she was so damn small.

“I'm sorry if I held a little too tight... you are strong and those nails are sharp. So sorry I grabbed you like that but you were freaking out, I guess. Didn't want it to keep going, for it to get worse. It-it scared me Arty. But it is just something we could do, if you think it would help. You know how crazy I am for you. How much I love it when we are together. That's all. I-I am not a psychologist. I don't know what would help... but you are the girl I love. Just get anything you need out. And you are my partner, in more ways than one, so going to always come to an agreement with you when we do things, anything. I had to make hard choices back in Avalon, the Arthur trials and having you hide, choices I hope I never have to make again. But you trusted me, right?”

“Yeah. Even if I was anxious and unsure. Even if I was angry and ashamed, I did. Always. You-you know what is best. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have doubted you then, been mad.”, the small girl on your chest whispers out.

“It is fine, I really, really do not know much more than any other 16 year old. Been proud of some clever ideas sure but I have failed plenty. Wasn't smart enough. Ended up with Taylor dead. Not been observant enough. Didn't realize you still hurt this much, that your scars were this deep, since you are so strong and handle it so well normally. So I need you to doubt me some, okay. Alright? Because I don't want to miss something, be unprepared and let people get hurt. To keep hurting.”

“But-“

“Please, Arty? If you think you need to repay me, then do it that way. Be a second set of eyes on things... and help keep me on a good path. And because, if you ever told me to do something, if it was critical? Important? I would do what you said without question. If you trust me so much, I trust you just the same.”

“Thank you, Elliot. And if I ever want to be foolish, I know you are going to tell me. Alright. Okay. I will try, but I think Potter might have had the right idea, about me. That I am the same kind of Hufflepuff who followed Grindlewald. Not to say you are like him at all... but I do need you. Need you badly. Your love. All of the kinds you give me. And that is why I got so upset a minute ago, because being together with you? When the dreams go all the way, it is horrible. I feel ill when I wake up. But with you, Elliot? You are so gentle, unless we want to try something else. Tell me how much you love me, always look so worried if it hurts some even if I am alright with the pain if it is you, because you make it feel good. Because it takes the place of the bad pain from the past, gets rid of the fear I might feel.”, your tiny love tells you while snuggling closer and bringing the covers up till only her head is exposed.

“It’s a weird logic Arty... but I am weird. So I can understand some and it is fine. We will keep having sex, all the other stuff as long as you are okay with it; if it helps you then all the better because I love it and you seem to be pretty enthusiastic as well. Just please talk to me; I might call you silly, like when you were just going to guzzle Girding Potions, but I will never ever judge you. Okay?”

“Okay. And I was being silly then... I like being alive but sometimes I don’t think I value it quite as much as I should.”, she says, peeping out some. So you just grab her and the blanket both and hold them close.

“Can we split another drink, Elly? Just watch a TV show? And, uh, I do need to pee.”

“Of course. And, my mouth is right here if you don’t feel like walking down the hall.”

And with a tiny laugh Arty slaps your leg lightly.

“Eww! Gross! Don’t be that weird, Elliott! But, maybe... maybe we could try that... some time, I guess? When I don’t have to go quite this bad, heh.”

“Well then, miss Pertinger... we can try. See if it is interesting. I do like every part of you after all. But go ahead, I will crack open my last drink and find a good show for us. Sit on my lap when you come back?”, you ask and offer.

“Okay. And if we ever do that... you are most certainly brushing your teeth after, heh!”, she says with a small smile.

“Of course. And, Arty, I do have a Potion of Dreamless-“

“No. Being brave means confronting your fears. And regardless, after a couple of hours, when we go to bed... I think I will enjoy my dreams tonight, as long as my perfect boyfriend has me in his arms.”

“Don’t threaten me with a good time, perfect girlfriend... even without Helga up there anymore, I never have bad dreams when you are in my arms. Lotta snadders and vampire bunnies in them however, ha.”