

He was stronger than you. Stronger than Arty. But together you fought. No idea where he came from... you and your tiny girlfriend had simply been enjoying an evening out in the forest, when you had been jumped, Arty tossed against a tree and she barely begun to recover before you began tossing out spells with a vengeance.

Fighting an adult wizard... he was no Potter but still. You managed to distract him by slinging Excalibur at him, nicked his leg while Arty recovered and hopped on to the highest branch of the tree next to her with an *acendo* before she begins to rain down spells and calling out with an odd vibrating trill.

While the masked man, a member of Oleg's old gang or perhaps a rogue Aruror, tossed out spells against you and your tiny love while she swung through the branches and you did your best to put him on the ground, despite his shields. And then... a three-foot-wide spider wearing a pink blanket like a cape hit your assailant from behind. Managed to get a bite in before a green bolt impacted it and a kick knocked it away to Arty's loud, sad shout.

"Aria, no!"

And your tiny lover jumped down from her branch and began fighting with true fury while sending out loud whistles between spells while you backed her up, closed your eyes for just a moment so the sword of Kings reappeared on your hip.

"Really want to call more friends, Pertinger? You saw what happened to the last one! I need you two alive, not your pets, little girl!"

"Fuck you!", the tiny girl next to you shouted while tossing out 1-2-3 combos with fierce, furious power.

"What she said!"

"Feh! Children.", is all the man can get out before a giant bee bumbles into the back of his head and knocked him over enough that a bright blue bolt missed you. While you try and return fire, push the older man back, you can see Arty run to the "small" Acromantula even after its legs had curled up with it on its back. Give out a deep howl. And the Forest *explodes*.

From behind the man, a very familiar Thestral touches down and bites the back of his leg before rushing towards you.

“Thanny! Good girl! Here!”, you yell out and jump on the dark winged horse’s back after she rushed towards you to get height on the man you are fighting as more creatures rush out in a stampede from the trees and underbrush, while Cordelia harries your opponent and Arty slings spells with just anger.

After a few minutes of flying and throwing spells... you realize that this man is very, very determined. One of Salazar’s recruits? You can only guess but he does not Apparate away despite the two wizards and a dozen small dangerous animals fighting him. And then? Arty lands a spell and a giant Accromantula lunges from a tree and sinks 6 inch fangs into his wand arm while wearing a light blue warming blanket. You command your steed to come back down with Excalibur at your hip and *depulso* the man’s wand away before Arty convinces the giant spider to stop mauling the person to halt as you keep your sword at his throat.

In the moon light you could see... many of Arty’s small friends had caught hexes or curses from your opponent and there were tears running over a freckled pair of cheeks and down to perfect pink lips.

“Fuck you asshole! Why can’t you people just leave us alone!”

“Because... because he is fated to end the world. And you will help him do it, little girl.”

And Arty stands over him, wand shaking. You... you know what she is planning for hurting her friends. The red lightning that *would* make him talk, would make him *pay* if the Acromantula poison didn’t kill him first.

“Arty! Stop, don’t!”

“*Crucio.*”

And the forest is briefly filled with howling, before you can make it to your lover, jerk her hand down to disrupt the torture curse.

“Arty. You are better than this-“

“She really isn’t, Dark Lord *Hallaster...*”, and when you turn, the man has his hand on a grenade likely 50 years old held next to a pair of blood red potions on his waist.

“See you in Hell.”

You toss the Sword of kings as hard as you can instantly, impaling your assailant through the stomach. Toss yourself in front of Arty. Scream out,

“Protego totalum!”

And half a second later a sound like the world ending rings out and you are tossed backwards, into your tiny girlfriend.

When you come to... you can still feel Artemis Pertinger breathing next to you even if everything hurts, you can barely hear, and there is a 3 meter wide crater where your opponent had been. You can see the Sword of Kings close by... and see a familiar face with dark hair and grey eyes above you, his wand out while he snaps his fingers on the left hand in front of your face.

“Hey! Hey! Can you hear me, Elliot!”

“I- my ears are ringing- but yeah Professor Tedmond. How did you find-“, you start before a small wave of dizziness silences you.

“I’m just the caretaker... and I suppose you could say I saw something in a dream, woke up early. That and the explosion on my grounds woke up half the castle, I’m sure.”, the taller man with a prosthetic foot said with a thin smile.

“Oh-Oh! Arty! Thanny! Are they okay? Oh, Merlin!”, you say loudly as you begin to actually think.

“Ms. Pertinger is okay. Felt a goose egg on the back of her head but I was about to reinnervate her. And I saw that thestral on my way here, she looked okay just spooked.”, he says while kneeling. “Here. Healing potion. A couple of other things in it to. Take half then after I check your girlfriend, give her the other part. Not a potions master, more of a charms guy, but it should help till I get you to the infirmary, let Poppy and Chiara get a look at you two.”, Mr. Tedmond says, passing you a small vial as he taps Arty lightly with his wand and her eyes flutter open.

“This... wiggerweld, girding, and... opium?”

“Poppy milk. Didn’t think this is how I would use it when I made a couple, but life likes surprises you, I think. Are you okay Miss Pertinger?”

“Pertinger-Hallaster... wait, Brandon? What-“

“Call it good luck I woke early to patrol. Here, follow the tip of my wand with your eyes and tell me the alphabet. Do you feel alright, Artemis? When you can, drink the rest of the potion Elliot is sipping.”

“I-I think. Tired, head killing me... A,B,C...”, and Arty rattles off her letters before you hand her the bitter, not terribly well made potion.

“Do-do you two know one another?”

“Ah, yeah I suppose. Caught me a few times when I snuck back in after sleeping in the forest... never gave me detention or took away points.”

“Where you sleep is your business. You obviously know what you are doing, given the giant spider that has been giving me the stink eye since I got here.”

“Arahuios! Is he okay? And... is there a giant bee around here?”

“He is. Missing a paw but...”, the man says looking down at his own missing foot, “Never stopped the rest of us. And look to your side.”, and Arty does where a Finnish Prikka Bee is sitting, mostly hale aside from an inch wide hole in one of her wings.

“Cordy! Thank you so much for your help... you cant fly? Oh, oh no...”, your tiny love says while letting the purple eyed insect crawl on to her lap. “Brandon... do you think they would let me keep her in the castle until she heals up?”

“I am not giving you any trouble about it. I am sure Mcgonagall will be understanding. But... you may want to “clean” your wand before we head back, Artemis. Just to be safe.”

“Oh-oh no you saw that.”

“Didn’t see a thing, just some red light before I made it here. Red light I am familiar with but I am sure it must have just been some sparks you sent up, right?”

“Of course, sir. But, ah just in case... I’ll hold Cordilia, Arty.”

“Alright.”, the tiny girl says before passing you her bee, and unsteadily rising to her feet. “I need to apologize about his spawn, his foot as well...”, and pulls out her wand. Sends a half dozen stunners and hexes into the trees all around.

“That should be enough right?”

“Yeah... unless you are Dumbledor you aren’t getting more than 3 spells back from a *Prior incantum*.”

“Alright... should we say Elliot? You know Miss Granger has us under a microscope.”

“She does... but she knows we have danger in our lives... and all we wanted was to sleep with each other. I think we will be okay this time. And... if there is an inquiry, if Mr. Ted-“

“Brandon is fine. And, of course... you were defending yourselves. Did what you had too. And Ms. Pertinger most definitely did not cast a curse that would get her a life sentence. Nope.”

"I-thanks. We met before, right. I have trouble recalling you but you have been here for like a year right?"

"I have Elliot. And it is fine. Now then, I am going to Apparate you, your girlfriend, and that bee to that tiny library. Artemis, do you need me to levitate you?", the man says with a kind voice, even if what he said made cold sweat drip down your neck.

"Wait... you know about that place?", you ask with a gulp.

"I patrol this place for 16 hours a day. Have some... gifts. But it is fine. A useful place, Elliot. Obviously."

"Alright, Brandon. Sir. I calmed the giant spider down some, we can go.", Arty says while sitting down, wrapping an arm around you and putting her hand on the giant bee in your lap.

"Alright kiddos. Sorry, going with so many people makes Side-Along Apparation suck... just if you need to puke do it on the peg leg. Easier to clean since it can't soak in.", he says and touches both of you on the shoulder, lightly and after feeling like you just got swept into a cyclone all of you landed in Fitzgerald's secret library.

You and Arty managed to hold your dinner in but Cordy... she stumbled from your arms then turned back and motioned for your hand.

"Elliot, hold out your hand! It is really healthful!"

And a giant bee pukes up some honey into your hand, which Arty insists you eat while the Hogwarts' Caretaker just laughs at before helping you up to Madame Pomfrey for the half dozen pieces of glass and grenade lodged in you.