

“Say... say the the nice word.”

“No. I love your cunt. I want you your pussy. Vagina. Your hole.”

“Not the that one, not the last... you would always love it... that, I love everything you-you d-do. It is yours.”

“Only mine because you let me win when we spar, Artemis Pertinger.”, you say while laying on a bed the Room had supplied after all to brief make out session.

“Heh! You earned most of those wins, my strong noble boyfriend... I did take pity when you had lost three in a row. But... will you just hold me, for a bit? Kiss my forehead? T-tell me how you love me? And I normally hate when any one uses my full name... reminds me of that bastard. But you? When you do... it fills me with something that could never be used for the torture curse.”

“Something that can summon up a silver vampire rabbit? My little vampire?”, you say and obey, kiss her head softly. Scratch the back of her head and sides to giggles.

“Hey, Mr. Vampire! We only did the blood drinking thing a few times. And I like the garlic pasta thing you make so not that.”

“*Spaghetti Aglio e Olio*” and a few more kisses... then maybe we will see?”

“Turning my own words against me, my dear. How untoward. But I do feel like being a touch untoward to night. But you, doing this to a Fair Hufflepuff Maid-“

“Shush. You and Helga are two of the lewdest people I know, and I am best friends with a girl who has a trunk full of BDSM toys. *Helga* is the one who tried to fuck me in my brain and then jerked off in it to me, *you* are the one who enacted every act of affection we have enjoyed... worst Hufflepuffs.”

“Best, considering my Founder... almost yours too, “Elly”.

“Never should have told you that, Arty. Gonna use it against me for the next few hundred years...”

“I have a normal lifespan now, my wonderful new body... but a few hundred might-“

“Few hundred. *Several* few hundreds. Yep. The mirror shows you what you desire most... there are four candles on that cake, Arty. At least two dozen kids. A lot more little ones since we Pertinger-Hallasters are prolific.”

“Hallaster-Pertinger... and I guess we are. You already made one of my dreams true... I would be a fool to doubt you manifesting another. How many?”, Arty asks, curling closer.

“At least 13 that were our newest children. Young and happy. Another 12 older and smiling just like you, our older ones. Probably 20 more of the tiny screaming boys and girls of our boys and girls. A bunch of others. Riley and Apollo with their own. Button noses. Blond and brown hair with a bit of red. Lots of freckles.... A couple with odd blond tufts of hair. You... we had another one on the way... and you are so beautiful with a big belly.”

“Yeah? Elliot... tell-tell me more... tell me more *husband?*”

“Husband? I... I haven’t gotten a chance to put a ring on your finger yet, what with all the world saving.”

“But you will... and if I got to see the Mirror... I would see the exact same thing. And that... its how I know we were destined to be with each other. If some one was writing our story... well it might have been a twist, but he would love it... end up loving to write it. I was always meant to be yours, Elliot. Always and since we are going to find it... always and *forever.*”

“Always and forever, wife to be. Did you want to try for one of the kids? Or two? The oldest looked like they could be twins?”

“Hey! I’m still in school. No babies till we save the world again and graduate! And taking the potions so... even if I want them to be born, not happening right now sir!”

“Could always stop, Arty... wouldn’t be the first girl to get pregnant at magic high school.”

“What?! No... gonna have all the time in the world. Don’t want to have to go pee in the middle of double transfiguration, miss part of the lesson because I am pregnant! Don’t want the house elves to need to bring me a butter and hot pickle sandwich at 1 AM!”

And all you can do is softly laugh.

“Hardest working girl in the world... How did a snake like me end up with a badger like you?”

“Because... because just like badgers have to work hard, snakes do too. Both small. But just like badgers can be mean, snakes can be nice. Charming. Smart and kind. Get one of their natural enemies cauldron back and showed her how to use it well enough to get top marks on her OWLs. Gave her back magic and a long life. Let her cry on his shoulder when she couldn’t cast a Patronus charm. Cried when he gave her one. Laughed too... Talked with another badger, cried with him. Talked with a certain Raven and made him apologize, even if it was what brought the snake and badger in my story together. Gave her a...a chance to have a dozen little snadders with him.”

And all you can do is smile with your eyes a bit misty. You love your mom and dad. Love Linda, Apollo, Helga, even Brighton. Love Taylor. Lily. But this one small woman... you were saving the world for *her*.

“Hey, Elliot... call me the thing. The mean one. Snakes do need to have a bite, after all.”

“You... sure? Pushed my shit in pretty hard after I cried it out when we were screwing... don’t think Helga would approve.”

“As much as I love her... fuck Helga.

“Is that permission, heh?”

“No. And only if I am there. Now say it, *Slythercunt*.”

“Alright, my little *Huffleslut*.”

“Heh, heh... you are the only one who gets to ever call me that, I would hex anyone else into next week. But I am a slut for you, Elliot. Now... want to explore *my* chamber of secrets? Put something into my, ah, Sltherc-cunt? The hat did offer me your house too, haha!”

“I would very much love that, Arty. Though not so secret given we suck at not fucking like animals.”

“Hey! I love animals! You are an animal too.”

“So I am. Get naked now?”, you say and kiss the side of your not so tiny love’s neck.

“Request or command, my King?”, she asks with a laugh like tiny bells.

“I get to choose today? Then command. Strip for me Artemis. Really... named after the worst goddess considering all we have done... will do.”, you say and the tiny badger-snake woman heeds your commands. Rolls out of bed and removes her small nighty, hand hovering loosely over her pussy.

“Elly, please get the shirt off... and do you like it... my pussy? Used a muggle razor, trimmed it since I can grow hair now...some at least...”, she says while moving her hand away to show off a small strip of red-brown hair above her puffy lips.

After taking off your shirt... It is all you can say.

“Arty, I love all of you. It is cute... I do like your lips still being bald though. Can you come here? Let me kiss it?”, and your cock is harder than stone. You might as well have cast *duro* on it.

“Maybe more than a kiss. Yeah... a lot more today.”

“Kay. I do have Sword training with Brighton, Godric tomorrow. Could sleep through potions, unless Raven needs help. Still have Occlumency the day after, since the minister insisted we keep it up. Then date day, the battle training we are doing with our friends... Apollo is probably gunning for me on Monday. Never thought I would have so much on my plate after 6 years of lazing about.”

“Gonna have much *more* to eat in 30 seconds. And I know you always clean your plate...”

“Suppose I do.”, and no more words can escape your mouth, given it is full of Arty.