

From Blood and Magic

Chapter 3

Harry was exceptionally excited that he finally had a solid lead on getting documentation for himself. For over a week, Harry would spend hours every day in Seattle, pouring over people's memories while trying to find someone who was able to procure them for him. Seattle was a big city, and there were surely several criminals that could and would cater to such demands. If there was a demand for something, there was always someone willing to supply it. Harry wasn't looking for some petty criminal selling crack on a street corner. Whoever was capable of getting these documents was a big-time criminal, likely with a respectable, legitimate job. As such, he avoided the common drug addicts and hookers. Harry went straight for the minds of cops, lawyers, and drug dealers, but it was a wealthy doctor funneling his money into offshore accounts to avoid paying taxes who unknowingly directed him to the right man.

Normally, Harry avoided breaking the law if he could. He didn't like to steal unless he had no other choice. Even so, Harry didn't mind putting the rich doctor under a Compulsion and taking one hundred and fifty thousand from him. He wouldn't miss it, and he was scamming honest taxpayers anyway. Besides, Harry needed some way to pay for his documents.

He found himself in the suburbs of Seattle pulling into a strip mall. He parked his car as far away from the office as possible. Harry stepped out of the car and smoothed out his white, button-up shirt. He did the same with the black dress pants that he was wearing. Grabbing his bag, he calmly walked up to an office with the name, JASON SCOTT, ATTORNEY AT LAW written on a small sign. Harry pushed the door open and walked in. The office building was decorated subtly. It didn't give off the appearance that the owner was a criminal mastermind. He guessed that that was the whole point. Harry walked up to the receptionist's desk where a somewhat pretty, blonde woman was sitting. Harry smiled at her, and she quickly returned it.

"How may I help you?" she asked in a polite voice.

"I don't have an appointment, but I'd like to speak with Mr. Scott if possible," Harry told her. She began typing on her computer.

"I'm not sure if I can fit you in today without an appointment. Mr. Scott has been very busy recently," she said, still typing away.

"Can you tell him that I'm a friend of Dr. Burke? I'll wait," Harry stated. She nodded and began typing some more. Only a few seconds later, a door behind the receptionist's area opened, and a short, middle-aged man came out. He was dressed in fine, expensive clothing that looked a bit too tight around his paunched belly. He rubbed a handkerchief over his balding head.

"I can see him now, April," Mr. Scott stated, waving his hand to usher Harry forward. Harry walked up and shook his hand. Mr. Scott led him into his office before they began talking.

“So you’re a friend of Mike’s?” Mr. Scott asked. Harry immediately knew if it was a test. Nobody who knew Dr. Burke called him Mike.

“Yes, but I just call him Billy,” Harry smiled. Mr. Scott nodded with a pleased expression. Dr. Michael William Burke was called Billy by all of his friends.

“What can I do for you?” he asked, sitting in his comfortable, leather desk chair. Harry sat down opposite him. As he sat down, Harry sneakily hit him with a Compulsion to keep him calm and trusting.

“I need the works. Birth certificate, driver’s license, social security, and passport. Here’s all my information and a picture to use,” Harry said, handing over the paper and picture. Mr. Scott took the paper and read it.

“Harry James Potter ... eighteen years old ...”

“I’d like it as soon as possible,” Harry added. The man’s face twitched, and Harry knew that the Compulsion was doing its job. He did not doubt that Mr. Scott would have been asking a lot more questions if he wasn’t under Harry’s magical influence. Finally, his face stopped twitching as he accepted it.

“I can have this done in a week, but that will be a rush order ... twice the cost,” Mr. Scott told him. Harry pulled out a ten thousand dollar bundle and placed it on the desk. Harry then added nine more, the exact amount from Dr. Burke’s memories.

“I usually accept half now and the other half upon delivery,” Mr. Scott said, looking at the stack of cash. Harry waved away his concerns.

“I’d prefer to pay upfront,” Harry simply said.

“Very well,” he relented, taking the cash and removing it from view. “Next Sunday at five o’clock, meet me at Antonio’s down on Jefferson St. It’s an Italian place ... They have good fettuccine.”

“I’ll be there. Good day, Mr. Scott,” Harry said, getting up.

“And to you, Mr. Potter.”

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When Harry got home, he hid the extra fifty thousand in cash underneath a loose floorboard. He would have taken more, but that was all the good doctor had readily available. Harry was planning to use that money to get himself a decent place to live, though he’d have to wait until after the meeting.

While waiting for Sunday to roll around, Harry continued with his odd jobs around town. He was getting by, but he really wanted to find something that paid better. In the meantime, he was content with doing menial jobs.

By then, December had arrived along with freezing rain and snow. That meant that his job choices were becoming limited. What wasn't limited was the number of times that he seemed to run into the strange girl, Alice Cullen. He had seen her three times in the past week, and all three times, she had bounced up to him and struck up a conversation. If Forks wasn't a tiny, podunk down, he might have thought that she was stalking him. Those aspersions weren't dissuaded when he saw her again while buying a few cans of soup at the local grocery store.

"Harry!" she twittered happily, bounding up to him in a strangely graceful manner. Still, as odd as she was, he found her company pleasant enough, and at least she didn't give off creepy vibes or anything like that. The thing that he did find a bit unsettling was the fact that her skin was always very cold to the touch. That and the color of her eyes. Harry's brilliant, emerald green eyes were definitely out of the ordinary, but at least they were a variant of a normal color. Hers was the color of butterscotch. It was a color that Harry had never seen on another living being before.

"Hey, Alice," Harry smiled back. "Came to get some food?" he began chit-chatting.

"No, just some cleaning supplies for home. What about you?" she responded. Harry held up his cans of soup.

"You know ... You should let me cook for you one day," she suddenly said. Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Are you a good cook?"

"I won't know until I try," she joked which made Harry laugh.

"I'll take you up on that someday."

"Okay, good. I have to go for now, but I'm sure we'll see each other again soon," she sang and hugged him around the middle. Taken off guard, Harry tensed up for a moment before patting her gently on the back. Her body felt hard. She then pulled away and gave him one last smile before disappearing around the corner.

Something was peculiar, Harry thought. He had asked around town about the Cullens and usually got the same answers. The father, Carlisle, was a hotshot doctor while the mother, Esme, was a stay-at-home wife. Their adopted children all went to school at Forks High. They were rich and beautiful, but for some reason, they liked to keep to themselves. He couldn't find a single person who they were friends with. Deciding to find out more, Harry paid for his food

and drove home. Going inside, he dumped his bag of soup cans on the table and made himself invisible. He then apparated into the treeline on the far end of the Cullen family front yard with a soft pop. Almost instantly, two people that he had never seen stepped out of the front door. One was a handsome, male teenager with copper-colored hair. The other was a blonde bombshell with a slim but curvy figure, similar to a model's. She was fairly tall for a teenage girl, and Harry guessed that she was around five foot eight or nine. Her golden hair fell to the middle of her back in soft waves. She was quite gorgeous, Harry thought. 'These must be Alice's brother and sister,' Harry reckoned.

Suddenly, the hair on his arms stood up. They were both looking in his direction, though thankfully, not directly at him. It was almost as if they knew that someone was there, watching them. That was when he got a really good look at them. They both had skin as pale as Alice's, and their eyes were the exact same shade as well. They were all supposed to be adopted, so why were they all so similar in appearance? This didn't add up for him. Then they both began sniffing harder. He could tell by the way their nostrils flared slightly. Harry immediately apparated two hundred feet to his left. Their eyes instantly followed him. He apparated again back to his original position, and again, their eyes trained on the spot immediately. 'What the hell are they?' Harry wondered. When they began walking in his direction, Harry disappeared back home.

As soon as he arrived, Harry began placing magical protections around the house and surrounding forest to alert him if someone arrived. He didn't have to wait long. Harry magically covered his scent and made himself invisible again. From the alerts, he could tell that someone was skulking just outside of his house. He stayed deathly still as the alerts continued to come in. Several more were further back, hiding in the woods. The window in his bedroom slowly began to slide open. He could hear the slight scraping of the old wood as it was opening. Harry waited until he heard a loose floorboard creak before he acted.

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"I can't see him, but I can definitely smell him," Rosalie hissed quietly to Edward, barely moving her mouth. Again, she heard a dull pop, and only a split second later, there was another muffled pop further down the tree line. They turned their heads and stared. Then it happened again. Whoever or whatever this Harry Potter was, he was toying with them, and she didn't like it. She began moving in his direction just before the final pop was heard. After that, only his faint scent remained. He was gone. Rosalie ran over there and sniffed out the exact spot. She studied the area and found the patch of disturbed ground where his feet had been. By then, the rest of her family had joined in.

"He was here," she said, pointing to the spot on the ground.

"Here as well," Edward said from further down.

"We need to find out what the hell is going on," Rosalie said with a glare. "He could be a danger to us."

"I don't think he's a danger," Alice contradicted her. "He's really nice and ..."

"Maybe she's right," Jasper added. "He seems content to keep his distance from us, but how do we know for sure?"

"We could just go over there and try talking to him," Esme joined in, wanting to keep the peace.

"You guys can stay here and talk. I'm going over there. I want answers," Rosalie stubbornly stated. Before they could say otherwise, Rosalie tore through the woods in the direction of the old house. Being so close, she arrived in less than a minute. Staying hidden in the woods, she slowly cased the place. Having never been there before, she wrinkled her nose in disgust at the shabby state of the house that he was staying in. 'This house should have been condemned years ago,' she mentally told herself. As she silently stalked around the house, she found the room where his scent was the strongest. She could easily tell that he wasn't in the house. She couldn't hear his breathing or his heartbeat, and his scent wasn't strong enough for him to be in there. She began pushing the window upward, and stained, white chips of paint flaked off of the old, rotting wood. She tried to be as quiet as possible. Suddenly, her family arrived. They stayed hidden in the woods close by.

"Rosalie!" hissed Esme, but she wasn't going to be deterred. As soon as the window was open enough, she silently hopped through. Taking a second to look around, she spotted an old bed with a pillow and a blanket that was newer than everything else in the room. His scent was the strongest there, and as much as she didn't want to admit it, she found his scent pleasant. That fact only made her angrier. There was a t-shirt tossed haphazardly on the floor, and she could smell grease and oil on it. There was a half-filled glass of water on a rickety nightstand beside the bed. She took a step forward, and the old, warped boards of the hardwood floor squeaked.

There was a pop right in front of her, and before she could react, her body went stiff. Her arms snapped down against her sides, and her legs were wrenched together. Her eyes were wide open, and she found herself unable to close them. True fear flooded her system, triggering her fight-or-flight instincts. She could do neither as her body fell forward. Invisible arms wrapped around her, and she experienced the most horrible sensation of her life ... not counting the burn of becoming a vampire, of course.

Everything went dark, and even though she didn't need to breathe, Rosalie could feel the oxygen being squeezed from her lungs. Panicking from the unknown sensation, she tried her best to thrash and fight but was unable to move a finger. The experience only lasted a second before the horrible pressure subsided. Her nose was suddenly filled with the smell of the forest, and she could hear a small stream nearby. The invisible arms let her go, and she fell backward and hit the mossy ground with a moist thunk. A light flashed, and cords made of light wrapped around her torso and legs, binding her body. She was lifted off of the ground by an invisible force and pinned against a large hemlock tree. It was then that she was finally able to move,

though she couldn't break free of her bindings. She couldn't believe her eyes when Harry Potter suddenly faded back into existence. He didn't look pleased.

"What are you and why did you break into my house?" he asked in a no-nonsense fashion. Rosalie wasn't in the mood. She continued to thrash and try to break free. She'd like nothing more than to snap his neck right then.

"That's not your house!" she snarled. "You're nothing but a filthy squatter."

"I suggest you start talking, or you're going to be here for a long time," he threatened.

"My family will find me, and when they do ..."

"Your family won't find you anytime soon. We're hundreds of miles away from Forks, near the Canadian border." That was certainly news to her. "Now tell me what you and your family are."

Rosalie closed her mouth. Whatever he wanted to do to her, she could take it. She wasn't expecting him to place his hand on hers. "You're cold ... just like Alice," he mumbled. Enraged, she spun her hand and crushed his fingers with her mighty grip. Harry yelled in pain, pulling his hand away. Rosalie was ecstatic to see that his hand was completely mangled. All he did was glare at her while holding his hand up for her to see. As the seconds ticked by, she could see the bones reforming under his skin. Half a minute later, his hand was back to normal. With his newly healed hand, he poked her upper chest, right near her heart.

"Your flesh is too hard to be human," he told her. If it were possible, Rosalie's heart would have been hammering in her chest. He then laid his palm flat over her heart. "No heartbeat ..." he whispered. She then watched as he took off his watch and turned his back on her. She heard him fiddling with the watch before turning back around. In his hand was a wooden stake. He somehow knew that she was a vampire and was about to try and stake her through the heart.

"Bestia Revelio," she heard him say while pointing the stake at her. Much to her surprise, her skin began glowing a deep, blood-red color. The glow was pulsating until he lowered the stick in his hand, and it suddenly stopped. "Vampires ... I don't believe it," he said to himself, sounding shocked.

Rosalie never expected the sudden feeling of shame that welled up in her. She had never wanted to be like this. She had never asked to become a monster. She instantly wanted to defend herself and her family.

"We don't hunt people!" she blurted out. If she had been capable of blushing, her face would have been tomato-red. Harry didn't reply. It looked as though he was in deep thought. After a moment of silence, he looked at her again.

“Why did you climb through my window?” he asked her. Maybe he thought that she had been trying to kill him, and judging by how easily he had disarmed her, he was a very real threat to her family. If he so desired, he could kill her right then and go after the rest of them. With no other choice, she decided to talk.

“My family saw you get attacked by a bear. They saw your body healing way faster than it should. We’ve been keeping an eye on you since, wondering exactly what you are,” she told him. “You came to our property earlier. I could smell you, but I couldn’t see you. I went to your house to try and find answers. I wanted to know if you were a threat.”

He sighed and took a few steps back. “You said that you don’t hunt humans ... What do you hunt?” he bluntly asked. Rosalie didn’t like sharing all of her secrets, but she knew that it wasn’t a good idea to keep silent any longer.

“Deer mostly, but also elk, bears, cougars ...” He didn’t look disgusted as she confessed. “Human blood turns our eyes red. Animal blood turns them golden.”

“Have you ever killed a human?” he then asked. Rosalie froze. Her first instinct was to lie, but for some reason, she simply told him the truth.

“Yes,” she whispered. He was looking directly into her eyes, and he must have seen the pained expression on her face. “I killed several men.”

“Did they deserve it?” was all he asked in response. Her head was tingling strangely.

“Yes,” she quietly replied again. Harry nodded.

“I’m going to take you back home now. Then, I think, your family and I need to have a talk. I’m going to let you go now. Don’t attack me,” he warned, and just like that, her bindings disappeared. She dropped down, her back scrapping against the rough bark of the tree. She landed on her feet without the slightest stumble. Again, she had to fight her instincts to either run or attack. Harry stood only a few steps away and would be easy to charge. Still, she stayed standing in place. He then held out his hand.

“Grab onto it, and I’ll pop us back to your house,” he told her. Rosalie flinched. She had never really been affectionate with anyone since becoming a vampire. Sure, Esme hugged her on occasion and so did Alice. Edward was a loner, and Jasper was only affectionate with Alice. Carlisle did his best to respect her personal space, though he did still treat her as a daughter. Harry must have seen her reaction because his hand began to lower.

“Whatever you do to travel is not very pleasant,” she told him, which was only half of the truth.

“It’s not pleasant for me either, but you get used to it. I barely even feel it now,” he said, and she could tell that he was being honest. Rosalie slowly and unsurely stepped up to him and held out

her hand. Her hand was suddenly engulfed in warmth as his hand enclosed hers. His skin was hotter than a normal human's, not that she touched many human's skin. She was occasionally brushed against while walking down the crowded halls of Forks High.

"Your skin is hot," she said, unable to keep her thoughts to herself.

"My body gets hotter to fight off the cold," he explained. She realized that it was very cold this far North, and he wasn't properly dressed for such low temperatures. "Don't squeeze too hard or you'll break my hand again. She wasn't ready when they disappeared again. The journey was just as unpleasant and disorienting as the first. When they came back into existence, she leaned over, breathing heavily even though she didn't technically need any oxygen.

"I said don't squeeze," she heard him say in a pained voice beside her. She looked over and saw that his hand was broken again. Like before, it healed incredibly fast.

"Sorry," she apologized even though she didn't mean it. Harry just grunted. Looking around, she could see that they were back in her front yard. The large, three-story house was sitting there completely empty. "My family is probably looking for me," she said.

"Probably," was all she got for a response.

"I need to call their cell phone and tell them that I'm here."

Harry nodded, staying put. "I'll stay here."

Rosalie nodded and dashed into the house. Picking up the cordless house phone, she dialed Alice's cell phone and quickly explained to her panicked family. Within a few minutes, they had all arrived. As she suspected, Jasper looked very on edge, and she knew that it wouldn't take much for him to attack. Carlisle and Esme looked the calmest. Edward was annoyed that he couldn't read Harry's mind, and Alice was looking on worriedly, her head swiveling between everyone. Once Rosalie joined them, they all calmed a bit, though Jasper was still on edge, which was normal for him. Seeing that Alice was there seemed to calm Harry a bit. His pink lips stretched into a small smile.

"Alice," he greeted her tiny sister. Jasper quietly hissed and moved in front of his wife.

"Jasper," Carlisle warned, taking control of the situation. Jasper quieted down, but he remained in front of Alice who was doing her best to peek around him. Carlisle then walked up to Harry and extended his hand.

"Carlisle Cullen ... Alice's adoptive father. It's a pleasure to meet you."

"Harry Potter," he responded, taking Carlisle's hand and shaking it.

“Why don’t we all go inside and talk,” Carlisle suggested. Harry nodded and followed the Cullen family into the house.