Initium Novum (HP/Twilight)

by HarryXTomR

Summary

Born in 1662, Hadrian didn't think he would get out of his Grandfather's grasp. His father abandoned him when he was one and it only got worse when his Grandfather witnessed his accidental magic. His 'pa was a Pastor and anything that was unnatural or freaky was the work of the devil and must be burned at the stake. At the age of five, that was exactly what happened. Wishing to be anywhere else before the flames swallowed him up, he appeared in London, 1981.

Notes

Okay so, this is just a one-shot for now unless people actually like it! If anyone do like it, please comment and let me know!

This story seems like an interesting way to go and if you guys agree then I would like to write it.

Anyway, this is the first part of it. Hope you enjoy!

This wasn't something Carlisle would have imagined happening in his life. Looking down at his son,
he let out a dry sob. His son would grow up without a father and there was nothing he could do about it. There was no way he could take care of him the way he was. He was barely holding himself back as it was.

His sweet baby boy. How he longed to be able to stay with him, but alas, it was not meant to be. The only way his child would grow was to leave him with his father. He was against it, but he had no other choice. He knew his father. He would raise his child as a replica of himself. He didn't want that under any circumstances.

His father was an evil man. He would strike down innocents, believing them to be witches and creatures alike. The one time he actually came across a vampire coven proceeded with him becoming what he was. He had been bitten when the vampires overwhelmed the group he had brought in with him. He had been one of the last people to go down and if it hadn't been for the vampires being full, then he would have been dead.

The real question was, would he rather be dead? Yes. His mind supplied for him.

He'd tried everything, all the while thinking about his poor child that he would be leaving behind. He had been selfish. He wanted to escape the life he been thrust into. He tried to drown himself multiple times without success, he tried starvation which did not end well for him. He even jumped off of a few cliffs but eventually he knew nothing would rid him of this existence.

Then, he found himself back to his home. Staring down at his only child in sorrow. Why must faith be so cruel? Why must he be the one to suffer, and in turn his son? He didn't have any answers, but he knew he had to leave. He couldn't even give his child one last kiss before he left. He knew what would happen if he got any closer.

His bright crimson eyes were filled with heartbreak. Just one more time, he told himself. He wouldn't do anything to his child. So with that he approached the crib slowly, all the while not taking one breath. But, before he could go any further he heard the door to his home open and heard his father calling out to him.

He shot his child another longing glance with love, before taking anything he could get his hands on that belonged to his son. He stuffed an old blanket into his bag and with a last look at his son, he left out the window.

That was the start of Hadrian Carlisle Cullen's life, if you could even call it a life.

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Back in the day, you had to get whatever you could out of life before everything came to an abrupt and unknowing end. Really, that could stand for any date, any year, but for Hadrian, just one day of doing whatever the hell he wanted was but a blessing, and a curse...

There comes a day for Hadrian, that was harder for him than any other day of his life. He was being accused of witchcraft by his very Grandfather. A five year old. Now, Hadrian was used to his Grandfather pushing him around and harassing him about being a no-good spineless freak just like his dad, and that the only reason his father left him was because he honestly didn't want him.

Now Hadrian was pretty intelligent for his age. He knew his father had to have a solid reason for abandoning him. Actually, he wouldn't trust his Grandfather with any of his words. Everything that came out of that man's mouth were foul lies.

The one time he got a day to himself in a while, spelled the day his Grandfather finally had enough
of him. He was outside, staring up at the skies when it happened.

"Honestly, Alcott! Get down from there, you'll kill yourself!" Hadrian shouted out to his friend in the trees. "I'm younger than you, and even I have some sense not to do that!"

"Don't worry, Hades! I'll come down in a bit." Hadrian sighed as he looked up at the skies. He was five and even he was mature enough to know that climbing trees were dangerous. Alcott was only a couple years older than him at seven years old.

"Whatever! I won't save you if you fall out of it!" Hadrian replied back to him. He could hear Alcott laughing up in the trees. "What?!" Hadrian asked him.

"If say I really did fall from this height, how do you expect to save me anyway? You would never stand by and watch me pummel to my death." Alcott finished smugly.

"If I can't catch you from that height, then I'd have to watch you pummel to your death wouldn't I?" Hadrian told him, smirking.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm coming down." Alcott said, placing his foot on a branch, lowering himself down.

"Be careful, I have a bad feeling." Hadrian said, standing up from his sitting place.

"Don't let your Grandfather hear you say that!" Alcott shouted at him, laughing.

"Just for having a bad feeling?" Hadrian asked in question. He knew though. He knew what would happen.

"It's unnatural to have any foreign feelings." Alcott said, almost half-way down.

"I just don't understand." Hadrian understood though alright. "Just because I had a feeling?"

"Yes, you know that Hadrian." Alcott got out between breaths.

"But, I just don-'" Hadrian stopped when he heard a twig snap. "Alcott!" Hadrian felt like everything was in slow motion. Alcott fell and fell and fell, until finally he was so close to the ground that Hadrian pushed his hands out to try and save him.

The only thing that happened was a blast of something coming out his his hands underneath Alcott making him float to the ground. Everything happened at once.

"WITCH!" Alcott shouted, pointing a finger at Hadrian and got up from the ground as fast as he could and ran.

"GET IN HERE BOY!" Hadrian winced. He knew, he knew, he knew. He knew what would happen next.

Hadrian knew and that was what prompted him to run as fast as he could from his Grandfather. He had no idea what was happening to him. He wasn't a witch... was he? But deep down he knew that he was. There was no way it was from his father so it must have been his mother. How no one knew about his mother he didn't know but what he did know was that he had to get out of there before his Grandfather...

No.

He didn't even want to think about it.

"Boy!" Hadrian's Grandfather shouted angrily. "I knew you were no good and a witch since you were born!" Lies. His Grandfather may have been mentally abusive but there was no way he thought
that Hadrian was a witch his whole five years of life. His Grandfather wouldn't have stopped spouting about it or even already did what he did to every other witch to him.

As soon as he turned a corner, a startled squeak escaped his lips when a hand clamped down on him. He cried out and tried to wriggle out of the hold but it was too strong.

"Caught him!" A rough voice shouted out.

Hadrian's Grandfather walked up closer and nodded, "I will get everything ready, you bring him to the front. Get everyone out of their homes."

"No!" Hadrian's small voice cried, "I didn't do anything, please!"

"Shut up witch!" The man snarled out, gripping Hadrian harder, "Now cooperate and this won't hurt anymore than it has to."

Hadrian knew that the man was bluffing. He knew what happened to people accused of witchcraft. Hadrian shuddered and tears leaked from his eyes as the man dragged him to the main stake in the ground. When Hadrian looked up and caught a glimpse of it, he panicked and started to hit the man that had him in a hold. "Let me go, let me go, let me go! Please!" Hadrian broke down, trying to run but the man must have had an iron grip because Hadrian couldn't move a step.

"I warned you witch!" The man sneered, pushing Hadrian down on the ground and stomping on his leg, "You brought it on yourself."

Hadrian whimpered in pain and tried to push the foot away from his leg but it kept coming down on him, kicking. Hadrian's eyes widened when the foot was brought back and then was planted right into his stomach. Hadrian was rolled over by the force of the kick and he started coughing.

The villagers crowded around, clutching their own children and staring down at Hadrian with contempt and disgust. Some were gasping at what the man was doing to a five year old but knew it was for the best if the boy was a witch. They still tightened their hold on their children though.

Hadrian's Grandfather appeared with rope and a torch in his hand, gesturing for the man to pick Hadrian up and place him at the stake. Hadrian was grabbed by the arms and hauled over to the stake.

"Mr. Samuel, may I tie him?" Hadrian's eyes drooped and his green eyes that always had a spark, distinguished. It was Alcott.

Samuel, Hadrian's Grandfather, smiled. "Of course you can, young Alcott." The man that had dragged him over, took the rope from Samuel and gave it to Alcott, helping him tie Hadrian up.

"Please..." Hadrian whispered to his Grandfather.

Samuel looked at Hadrian with utter disgust in his eyes. "You are a disgrace to the Cullen name, begone foul witch!"

"No!" Hadrian cried out one last time. 'No! Father please help me!' Hadrian thought helplessly. But all he got in answer was, 'He left because he knew you were a witch, he didn’t want you because you were revolting to him.' That's not true! He knew his Father wanted him, he had a reason to leave. It was too late though to see his Father or call out to him because his Grandfather was approaching him with a torch lit with the bright, orange-red colour that would be his ending.

Hadrian gave up and slumped on the stake, awaiting the agony that was to come. The torch was
thrown at him and as soon as the fire started to grow at his feet, he started to panic again. Tears ran
down his face as he wished to be anywhere but there, anywhere, anywhere, anywhere, anywhere. And he was.

A woman with red hair and a man with round glasses would be in for a surprise.

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