IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH.

by misteeirene

Summary

At the end of Harry's 5th year he defeats Voldemort. After finding out that he has cancer and his friends turn their back on him, Harry runs away to Forks Washington.
Chapter 1

I do not own Harry Potter or Twilight,

Yes, another new fic.. Don't worry, I'm still writing my others. If I didn't start writing this then it would have clogged up my brain making it difficult to write my other fics.

PLEASE READ:: First, this will be slash. All you boy on boy haters, please press the back button. Harry will be sick in this fic. Luckily, I have never had to deal with cancer so I apologize now if I write something inaccurate. I'm trying to research as I go.

There will be mention of past abusive.

Mpreg? Possible, I really don't know.

This will be Harry / Carlisle. Esme will be in the fic but she will not be Carlisle's mate.

Please let me know if i should continue with this fic.

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"Promise me you won't be late, Harry," begged Sirius. "My trial starts promptly at two and once it starts, the doors are sealed. If you are even one minute late they won't allow you in."

Harry laughed at his over enthusiastic godfather, but his laugh quickly turned into a coughing fit. Covering his mouth, he turned around until he was done coughing then hid his hand in his school robe pocket.

"I have been praying for this moment for two years, Dementors couldn't keep me away." said Harry. "You are going to be proven innocent and we can finally be a family."

Sirius looked at his pup in concern. "You have had a pretty nasty cough for a while now, pup. Maybe you should go and visit Madam Pomfrey."

Harry clenched the fist that was in his pocket. "I'm fine, Siri, just a bit of a cold from riding the Thesterals in the cool evening." Two weeks ago he had rushed to the Ministry of Magic with his friends to rescue his godfather. It turned out to be a trap and he almost lost the man he thought of like a father to one of Bellatrix's curses. He was able to jump between Sirius and his crazy cousin, taking the curse that was met for his godfather. He wasn't sure what the curse was, but it felt like his blood was boiling and his organs were melting. He couldn't remember much of the battle after that, everything was a blur of screams and pain.

Harry woke up three days later in the hospital wing with his friends and Sirius and Remus gathered anxiously around his bed. It seemed that during the battle, Voldemort had possessed him and somehow, unknown to everyone, even Dumbledore, he had managed to defeat the evil Wizard. After the battle, many Death Eaters were captured, including Peter Pettigrew. Today was Sirius' trial to prove his innocence and if all went well, he would be moving in with Sirius and Remus. He was more then happy to never have to return to his abusive relatives.

Sirius laid his hand on his godson's forehead relaxing when he felt that it was cool. With how pale
and flushed his pup looked, he was afraid that he had a fever. "All right, just promise that you will
go to the hospital wing if the cold persists?"

Harry smiled, it felt great to have someone care about his health. His aunt and uncle always
celebrated when he was hurt or sick. Hell, they were normally the cause of his pain and sicknesses.

"I promise," Harry said crossing his heart. Everyone knew that he had an aversion to the hospital
wing. He only went when he was too sick to stand, or unconscious.

"I have to get to the Ministry now, but Dumbledore said you can use his office to floo to the
Ministry. He will be with me, so the password is 'pumpkin pie'."

Harry tried not to cringe when his godfather gave him a hug. He loved his godfather, but he didn't
like to be touched. Gritting his teeth, he gave him a one armed hug back, then quickly stepped
back.

Sirius didn't miss that his touch made his pup uncomfortable. After everything was settled and
Harry was home from school, they were going to have a very long talk. There had to be a reason
that his pup was so anxious to leave the only home and family he had ever known. He knew that
Petunia and Vernon were horrible muggles, but would actually physically hurt their nephew? He
prayed to god that he was wrong because if they so much as hurt one hair on his pup's head, he was
going to hunt them down and make them pay.

"Remember, don't be a minute late. If I don't have you to testify, then I'm as good as kissed,"
warned Sirius. Sirius turned and quickly made his way to the headmasters office.

Harry smiled as he watched his godfather leave. He truly loved the man and he couldn't wait to
become a real family with him and Remus.

Stifling another cough, Harry pulled his hand out of his pocket and cringed when he saw all the
blood. For a week now he had been coughing up blood. At first he thought it was a result of
Bellatrix's curse, but now he feared that if was something much worse. Since waking up in the
hospital wing, he had been feeling week and nauseous. One minute he was freezine, and the next
he was pouring sweat. His body ached constantly and he fell asleep most nights with migraines.
There was something wrong with him and he was too scared to find out what.

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"Where is he?" cursed Ron, pacing the headmaster's office. They had been waiting twenty minutes
for Harry to show up.

Hermione looked at her watch and sighed. "Ron, we can't wait any longer. If we don't go now,
we're not going to make Sirius' trial. If we're not there to testify and neither is Harry, then Sirius
will end up back in Azkaban. Fudge has is out for Sirius and Harry."

"What the hell is wrong with Harry? I would have thought he would have been anxious to help
Sirius," snapped Ron.

"Ron, we have to go, Sirius needs us." Hermione grabbed her boyfriend's hand and stepped into the
fireplace. She hoped that everything was alright with Harry. She couldn't believe that he would
purposely abandon Sirius.

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Harry groaned and rolled off the couch, landing on his hands and knees. He tried to open his eyes,
but his head was spinning madly. He felt like he had just went a few rounds with one of Hagrid's Blast Ended Skrewts. He was hot, shaky, nauseous and he felt like he was going to vomit. Crying out, he grabbed his stomach as it gave a violent lurch. Leaning forward he vomited all over the floor in front of him. Resting his head on the couch, he waited until his head stopped spinning before attempting to open his eyes. When he did finally open them he was horrified to find a large puddle of blood where he had vomited.

Dropping his head back onto the couch, Harry started crying. He was really sick and scared that he was dying. He had been feeling a bit off before the battle at the Ministry, but now he felt a million times worse.

Harry cursed when he remembered about the Ministry and his godfather's trial. Wiping blood from his mouth, Harry checked his watch to see how much time he had before having to floo to the Ministry. He hoped that he had enough time for a shower, he felt horrible and his clothes were wet from sweating.

"No... No... No. No. No." cried Harry. It was only a few minutes before his godfather's trial and there was no way he was going to make it on time. He didn't mean to fall asleep. His head was killing him so he snuck up to The Room of Requirements to get a few minutes of quiet. Everyone was still celebrating the death of Lord Voldemort so the castle was very noisy.

Harry stumbled out of the Room of Requirements and took off for the headmaster's office. He had to get to Sirius, he couldn't allow him to be sent to Azkaban, or worse...kissed.

As Harry stumbled through the old castle halls, his head was spinning and he kept bumping into the walls and grumbling suits of armors. He was almost to the headmasters office when he ran into something softer then the wall, but grumbled just as much as the suits of armor.

"Potter, watch where you are going you idiot boy," snarled Professor Snape.

"S-S-Sorry, Professor Snape," stuttered Harry. His head was spinning and his vision was so blurry that he could barely make out his strict potions master.

Severus glared at the son of his childhood tormentor. "I thought you would have been pleading for the life of your precious dogfather." Severus hoped the man ended up back in Azkaban. He hated everything about Sirius Black.

"I-I-I have t-t...." Harry reached his hand out to brace himself on the wall, but because of his blurry vision he miscalculated and crashed to the ground.

"Been celebrating your victory, have we? Defeater of The Dark Lord or not, if you are caught with alcohol, you will be expelled from Hogwarts." sneered Professor Snape.

Harry tried to get to his feet, he didn't like being weak and vulnerable in front of the man who hated his guts. Professor Snape had taken too much pleasure in the last five years making his life miserable.

Harry cried out as his stomach cramped up again. He tried to stop from vomiting, but he couldn't keep it in. He was once again horrified when he vomited an impressive amount of blood right at his professor's feet.

"Potter, what in the name of Merlin...." Severus would never admit it, but he was worried about the boy. Now that he was actually looking at him, he looked half dead. Not only was he a potions master, but he was also a medi-wizard. He never officially practiced his healing, but he needed to
be certified in order to gain his potions mastery.

Harry managed to shakily get to his feet. "M'sorry, Fessor, but I hava get to M'nsrty." Harry reached out towards his professor when his vision went dark. He went to say something, but the hall started spinning wildly and the last thing he heard was his professor calling his name.

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Sirius sat staring at the door trying to will his pup to walk through them. There was only minutes to his trial and Harry and his friends had yet to show up. Harry was the key to his freedom, without his testimony, he was in trouble. Fudge didn't want him walking free.

Sirius perked up when a bushy head of brown hair and head of flaming red hair walked through the door. Ignoring the pair, he kept his eyes trained on the door looking for his pup's messy raven locks.

"No," he softly cried out when the courtroom doors were shut and sealed. Where was Harry? Where was his pup?

Sirius looked to Ron and Hermione who looked at him sadly and shrugged their shoulders.

"Sirius, it will be alright," said Remus, trying to reassure his mate. He couldn't understand how Harry could stand up his godfather like this. Moony was howling in anger at their pup. It would be Harry's fault if his mate got sent back to Azkaban.

Sirius slumped in his chair and stared forlornly up at the Wizengamot. He couldn't miss the triumphant smirk that Minister Fudge was sporting.

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Severus carried an unconscious Potter to the hospital wing. He wondered what the hell the boy could have gotten into to cause him to be so sick. He was extremely pale, had lost weight, his pulse was weak and he seemed to be having a hard time breathing.

"Poppy!" he called as he entered the hospital wing. Thankfully it was empty of all students. Today was the last day before summer holidays, so obviously everyone was celebrating the end of the school year and the death of the Dark Lord.

"Oh my, Severus." said Madam Pomfrey, rushing out of her office. "Lay him on the bed and tell me what happened."

As Severus explained his encounter with Potter, Madam Pomfrey started running a series of diagnostic charms on him. It wasn't long before her wand started shaking in her hand and all the color drained from her face.

"Oh, Harry," she sighed. "Why can't you ever catch a break?"

"Poppy?" asked Severus in concern. He had never seen the stern witch so upset over a patient.

"Severus, can you watch the hospital wing for me? I need to get Harry to St Mungo's, this is beyond my healing abilities."

"What did you find?" asked Severus with dread. He may not have cared for the boy, but he was still Lily's son and he didn't want to see anything bad happen to him.
"It's bad, Severus, very bad." Madam Pomfrey caressed Harry's pale cheek. "He has stage four cancer." she'd said as a tear fell from her eye.
Chapter 2

I do not own Harry Potter or Twilight.

*** HP

Madam Pomfrey sat next to Harry's bed holding his hand, waiting for him to wake up. He had been seen by St Mungo's best healer and the diagnoses was bleak. Cancer was ravishing his small body and there wasn't much they could do. Magic and potions could only heal so much, and cancer was one of the diseases that neither could cure.

Madam Pomfrey summoned the healer when Harry started to stir. He would better be able to explain everything to the poor boy. There wasn't much they could do for him, but Harry was a fighter and she wouldn't allow him to give up until the very end.

Harry blinked his eyes rapidly as he tried to adjust them to the blinding white light. Light like that could only mean one thing......he was in the hospital wing.

"Mr Potter, how are you feeling?" asked healer Michaels.

Harry groaned and turned his head towards the unfamiliar voice. He was expecting to hear Madam Pomfrey scalding him about taking up one of her beds, not some unknown male's voice. "Where am I?" he croaked out.

"Harry, dear, you are at St Mungo's," said Madam Pomfrey, giving his hand a squeeze. Harry tried to sit up, but a strong hand pushed him gently back down.

"Mr Potter, please don't try to get up. You are a very sick young man," said Healer Michaels. He was shocked when he was summoned from home to treat the famous Harry Potter. Cancer wasn't a common illness in the wizarding world, and he was the best and most knowledgable healer on the disease.

"I-I don't understand. Why am I at the hospital?" Harry tried to sit up, but once again he was stopped by the male healer. The man looked to be in his fifties, medium build with black hair that had a generous amount of grey streaks in it. He was wearing green healer robes, and he had very kind blue eyes.

"Harry, Professor Snape brought you to the hospital wing after you vomited blood and passed out. You were too sick for me to heal, so I brought you to St Mungo's," explained Madam Pomfrey.

"Oh god, Sirius," cried Harry, struggling harder with the healer. He had to get to his godfather before it was too late.

"Harry, you must calm down. Sirius' trial started over three hours ago. There is nothing you can do for him now," said Madam Pomfrey sadly. She prayed for Harry's sake that Sirius was found innocent. Harry had an impossible battle to win and he was going to need all the love and support he could get.

Harry fell back to the bed as tears silently fell from his eyes. If anything happened to his godfather, it would be his fault. He could still see Sirius' face as he pleaded with him to not be late. Sirius was...
going to hate him after this and not want him to be part of his family.

"Harry, can you please tell me how long you have been sick?" asked Healer Michaels. He was surprised that Harry hadn't went to a doctor earlier. His cancer was very advanced and he should have been sick with it for a long time.

Harry tried to focus on the healer, but his mind was still thinking about his godfather. "I-I don't know, two weeks maybe."

Healer Michaels frowned at the teen. Harry should have been showing signs of sickness way earlier then that. "You weren't feeling sick before that?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "I guess. Over the summer I got the flu and it never completely went away. Is there something wrong with me?"

Healer Michaels picked up Harry's chart and started flipping through it. "It says here that you were hit with an unknown curse while at the Ministry two weeks ago. Is that correct?"

Harry nodded his head. "Yeah, it was worse then the cruciatus curse."

Healer Michaels hummed thoughtfully, finally putting the pieces together. "Harry, I'm sorry to tell you this, but you have stage four cancer."

"What?" Harry asked in shock and disbelief. "H-How could I be that sick and not know it? I have only been feeling bad for two weeks."

"I have a theory," said Healer Michaels. "I believe that you were in the early stages of cancer which is why you had a hard time recovering from the flu. When you were hit with that unknown curse, it sped up the cancer and spread it throughout your entire body."

Harry closed his eyes and tried to absorb everything that the Healer was saying. He had cancer, it was bad and it was all thanks to Bellatrix. "Is there anything that can be done? You said stage four cancer, that's like bad, bad, right?" Harry didn't know a lot about cancer, but he knew that stage four cancer was the worst you could get. Normally you died a few months after being diagnosed with stage four cancer.

"That's true, stage four is the worst and most hardest cancer to treat. I'm not going to lie to you, Mr Potter, you have less then a twenty percent chance of making it and that is only if we aggressively start treatments immediately."

"How.... What is the treatment?" asked Harry softly. Twenty percent chance of survival wasn't very good odds.

"Cancer is rare in witches and wizards so we really haven't devoted much time in coming up with a cure. We will start by putting a catheter into your chest to make it easier to administer chemotherapy. Chemo works by destroying the cancer cells in your body, unfortunately it also destroys your good cells. Common side effects from Chemotherapy are fatigue, mouth sores, digestive issues, vomiting, infections and hair loss. There are some potions that we can give you that will help with most of the side effects, unfortunately there are no potions for the hair loss. We may also use radiation to help shrink some of the tumors. Your cancer is very advanced so I would like to aggressively hit it."

Harry stared at his hands as he fiddled with the blanket. He stopped listening to the healer after he said the word Chemotherapy. He couldn't believe that this was happening to him. He had already done the impossible and destroyed Voldemort, and now he was going to die a horrible death from
cancer. He was finally getting a chance to live a happy life and now he got hit with this.

Harry surprised both the healer and Madam Pomfrey when he jumped to his feet and gathered up his clothes that were folded on a chair next to his bed.

"Mr Potter, I must insist that you get back into bed," demanded Healer Michaels.

"Mr Potter, just where do you think you are going?" screeched Madam Pomfrey.

Harry started pulling on his pants, not caring that he was getting dressed in front of two people. His mind was going a million miles a minute and he just had to get out of here. Right now he couldn't deal with everything the healer was telling him. He had to get back to Hogwarts and check on his godfather. After he found out about Sirius, he would then deal with the cancer.

"Mr Potter.... Harry, where are you going?" asked Madam Pomfrey in a calmer voice.

Harry turned around to address the Healer and Madam Pomfrey. "Look, I just need to get back to school to find out about Sirius. I- I will come back tonight to start the treatments, but first I need to know that my godfather is alright."

"Harry, you are a very sick young man," stressed Healer Michaels. "It will be very foolish of you to walk out that door. We need to get treating you immediately."

Harry sighed, "I understand and I will only be gone a few hours. My odds aren't that good anyway, I don't think two hours is going to make a difference.

Healer Michaels averted his eyes from Harry's intense green ones. This was the worst case of cancer that he had ever seen in a witch to wizard. If he was being honest with himself, then the teen had even less then a ten percent chance of surviving.

"Here, take my card," said Healer Michaels. "This has my office floo along with my home floo address. You have two hours to visit with your family then I want you back here. Mr Potter, this is very serious, it's a matter of life and death. You need to get started on Chemotherapy immediately."

Harry took the card and pocketed it. "Thank you. As soon as I know that my godfather is alright I will become the perfect patient."

Madam Pomfrey snorted. "Yeah right, I will believe that when I see it. I wouldn't take the restraints off his bed just yet. Mr Potter has a nasty habit of sneaking away and not following the rules."

"You know you love me, Madam Pomfrey," said Harry cheekily. "If it wasn't for me always being admitted to the hospital wing, your job would be very boring."

Madam Pomfrey chuckled. "You do keep me on my toes." Madam Pomfrey walked up and embraced her favorite patient. "Go ahead and floo back to the school. I need to talk to Healer Michaels, but I will be right behind you."

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Harry fell out of the fireplace and onto the floor of the hospital wing. With a groan, he rolled over and stared at the white ceiling. He was trying not to think about it, but his brain kept chanting, 'cancer, cancer, cancer, cancer'. He couldn't deal with this right now, his priority was his godfather.

"Graceful as always, Mr Potter."
Harry cursed and closed his eyes. Professor Snape was the last person he wanted to see. Blinking the tears from his eyes, he sat up and looked to his Professor. "I'm sorry for getting sick on you earlier, professor. Thank you for helping me."

Severus pinched the bridge of his nose. "Mr Potter, you do not have to thank me for helping your scrawny hide. Where is Madam Pomfrey? Let me guess, you snuck off while everyone was worried about you."

Harry flushed a bright red. He did have a habit of doing a runner while in the hospital wing. "She... She stayed behind to talk to the h-healer," he said softly.

"I see," said Severus, not missing the look of fear and pain in the boy's eyes.

"P-Professer, do you know if Sirius's trial is over?"

"The headmaster was here about fifteen minutes ago looking for you. I assume since the headmaster is back, that the mutt's trial is over." Severus held up his hand. "No, I do not know the outcome of the trial."

Harry nodded and walked towards the door. He had to find the headmaster and hopefully Sirius.

"Potter," Severus called out as the boy got to the door. "I personally will be brewing all your potions...Harry," he said, surprising the boy with the use of his first name.

Harry stopped with his hand on the doorknob. "Thank you, sir," he whispered. Without turning around, he left the hospital wing, trying to hide his tears.

***HP

Harry walked as fast as he could heading towards the Great Hall. The end of the year feat was just starting so he would probably find Professor Dumbledore and his friends there. He didn't know how he was going to tell everyone about his cancer. He felt bad that the people he cared about were going to have to watch him die. It was one thing to die at the hands of your enemy fighting for what you believed in, but to die from a horrible senseless disease was just...just......

Harry's train of thought was derailed when he spotted Sirius, Remus, Fred, George, Hermione and Ron standing outside the doors to the Great Hall. His face lit up at seeing Sirius standing there in the open, a free man.

"Sirius, you're free," Harry called out in relief. His cancer was momentarily forgotten in his excitement to see his godfather. Harry ran towards his godfather, but froze a few feet from him when he noticed the hostile expressions everyone was giving him.

"Not a minute late I begged of you," snapped Sirius. "I would have gotten the kiss if it wasn't for Ron and Hermione here." Where were you Harry? Where was my loving godson when I needed him the most? Do you have any idea how bad it looked when you didn't show up for my defense?"

"Sirius, I -I'm sorry...."

"I don't want to hear your pathetic excuses," snarled Sirius. "I trusted you to be there for me, I thought we were going to be a family. I was wrong about you, Harry. I thought you were a good kid who would do anything for those you loved. I see now that you're just a selfish, spoiled little brat who couldn't spare an hour away from your fan club to help your godfather."

Harry stood there in shock as his godfather laid into him and said hurtful things. He wanted Sirius
to know that it wasn't his fault but the man wouldn't let him speak.

"I-I can't look at you right now, Harry," said Sirius. "It would be best if you returned to your aunt and uncles tomorrow."

Harry felt like someone had just shattered his heart with a hammer. This hurt worse then finding out that he was going to die from cancer. Wrapping his arms around himself he started shaking and crying. "Please, please don't, Sirius. You have to let me explain." he begged.

"Stop it," roared Sirius, making Harry jump. "There is nothing you can say that will make this alright. Just do me a favor, don't write or try to contact me this summer. I need time away from you. You left me to die, Harry, and I can't easily get over that." Sirius shook his head at his godson and walked away.

"Mate, I don't know what has changed you, but I think it would be best if we took a break from our friendship," said Ron sadly. "It was bad today in that courtroom and it was made worse by your absence. I can't believe that you just abandoned Sirius like that. Don't..... Don't ask about coming to the Burrow this summer and don't send me any owls."

"I'm with Ron on this," said Hermione. "What you did was unforgivable. You should have seen the look on Sirius' face when he realized that you weren't coming. I'm disgusted with you, Harry Potter." Hermione took Ron's hand and walked into the Great Hall.

"Dude, that was just...."

"Wrong." Fred and George shook their heads at him and walked away.

Harry was crying hard, having just lost everyone he cared about. He was afraid to look at Remus, scared of what the man would say to him.

"I am disappointed in you, Harry. Your father would have never turned his back on a friend in need. I know everyone likes to compare you to James, but you are nothing like him. James was a loyal friend who would have went to hell and back for the people be cared about. Please honor Sirius wishes. He needs time to recover and he can't do that if he is constantly being reminded of his godson that abandoned him." Remus turned away from the crying teen and went to go search for his mate. He didn't feel sorry for Harry, obviously they were all wrong about him.

Harry took off running for Gryffindor tower. They were right, everything that they said about him was true. He was a horrible person who didn't deserve a family.

Harry blindly ran up the steps to the boy's fifth year dormitory, ignoring the burning in his chest. Stumbling to his bed, he fell upon it sobbing. Burying his head in his pillow, he started coughing hard. If took a few minutes before he could properly breathe again and when he pulled the pillow from his face, it was covered in his blood.

Harry got up and started hastily packing his trunk. He had to get out of here, there was no way he was going to go back to the Dursely's and give them the pleasure of watching him die. He no longer had a reason to stay here in the wizarding world. Everyone one he loved hated him, he had no reason to fight this disease. He was tired of being alone and he just wanted to join his parents in death. Shrinking and pocketing his trunk, Harry tossed his invisibility cloak over himself and slipped out of the dormitory.

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Madam Pomfrey was pacing the hospital wing. Harry should have been here over an hour ago to
floo back to St Mungo's. After returning from the hospital, she went to the headmasters office and informed him about Harry's illness. Dumbledore was physically shaken up over finding out about the cancer. Dumbledore loved Harry like a grandson and she knew it was going to be hard on him watching Harry suffer through chemotherapy. All the odds were stacked up against the poor teen, but she knew that Harry was a fighter. If there was anyone who could beat this disease, it was Harry.

Getting fed up with her pacing, Poppy decided to track down her missing patient and drag him to St Mungo's.... by his ear if she had to. She couldn't believe that Harry would put off starting his cancer treatments.

Poppy was approaching the hall when she encountered Severus carrying a case of potions. She could tell by looking at the vials that they were for Harry. Severus had a big heart, but no one every looked beyond his stern, grumpy exterior to see it.

"Poppy, I thought you would have been at the hospital with Potter and his group of adoring fans," snarled Severus.

"Severus, don't be mean," Poppy said sternly. "I was supposed to floo Harry to St Mungo's over an hour ago, but he has yet to report to my office."

Severus cursed, how could that damn foolish boy not show up for his cancer treatment? "Where have you looked for him?"

"I just started searching for him. Could you please help me? Severus, he already has less then a twenty percent chance of beating this disease, every minute counts."

"I will help you look for the brat, but I reserve the right to wring his scrawny little neck when we find him," snarled Severus.

"You have my permission, but only after I have a go at him," answered Poppy.

*** HP

Sirius was sitting in the Great Hall with Remus nursing a bottle of Butterbeer. He should have returned to Grimmauld Place after the feast, but he just couldn't bring himself to leave Hogwarts and Harry. Originally he had planned stay the night at Hogwarts after the trial celebrating his freedom with his godson. In the morning he was going to ride the Hogwarts Express with Harry, then surprise him with a trip to Gringotts where he would present him with adoption papers. He knew that Harry would have been thrilled about them becoming a real family.

"Moony, I think I made a big mistake." Sirius said into his bottle of Butterbeer. He was regretting how he handled Harry. He couldn't get his godson's crushed face out of his head.

Remus too was regretting what he said to Harry. "We were pretty hard on him," he sighed. "Siri, we had just gotten back from spending three hours in a courtroom with two Dementors. I couldn't believe it when Fudge brought them into the courtroom."

"It still wasn't right to lay into our pup the way we did. Think about, Moony, would Harry have missed my trial if he didn't have a good reason? We didn't even give him a chance to explain."

"I told him that he was nothing like James. I was really cruel to him, Sirius," said Remus sadly.

Sirius slammed the bottle down and lunged to his feet. "Let's find our pup and give him a chance to explain."
Sirius and Remus were just exiting the Great Hall when they ran into a red eyed headmaster.

"Headmaster, are you alright?" asked Remus, he had never seen Albus look so sad.

"Yes, yes, the news just shocked me that's all," Albus gave Sirius and Remus a curious look. "I would have thought you boys would have been at St Mungo's. I am heading over there now myself. I know there isn't much we can can do for him, but we can offer our support and hold his hand."

"Headmaster, what are you talking about?" asked Sirius, dread filling his gut.

"Black!" roared Severus, storming into the Great Hall, followed by Poppy. "Where the hell is your godson, and why the hell is his ass not strapped down to a bed at St Mungo's?"

"What the hell is going on here?" yelled Sirius. "Why does Harry need to be in St Mungo's?" Sirius felt like someone was injecting his veins with ice water. He knew earlier that Harry had a bad cough, but he had reassured him that he was ok.

"He didn't tell you?" gasped Poppy. Why would Harry not tell his family about his cancer?

"Have you seen Harry since your return?" asked Severus. He was growing concerned that Harry was passed out somewhere.

"Y-Yeah, we saw him right after we got back from the trial," Remus quickly answered. Something bad was going on and it had to do with his pup.

"Harry didn't tell you what happened?" asked Poppy in disbelief.

"We didn't give him a chance to explain why he missed my trial. We all kind of attacked him," Sirius looked around and cringed at the disapproving look that Dumbledore was giving him.

"Poppy, are you saying that Harry isn't at St Mungo's?" Dumbledore asked with a hint of panic in his voice.

"He was supposed to meet me an hour ago, but he never showed. I knew that I shouldn't have let him leave the hospital. The healer wanted to start his treatments immediately but he insisted on seeing his godfather," Poppy glared at Sirius.

"Would someone tell me what the hell is going on with my pup?" demanded Sirius.

"If you would have just shut your damn trap long enough for Potter to explain, he would have explained that him missing your trial wasn't his fault. The boy passed out in a pile of blood that he vomited up trying to get to the headmasters office so he could save your worthless ass," snarled Severus.

"Harry was too sick for me to heal so I took him to St Mungo's," added Poppy. "Sirius, Harry is a very, very sick boy. All he could think about was getting to you and making sure you were alright. He put off his life saving treatments in order to see you."

"Wh-What.... What's wrong with him?" asked Sirius choking up.

"Sirius, Harry has stage four cancer. The cancer has spread and the chances of him surviving it, aren't good. Healer Michaels has given Harry less then a twenty percent chance of surviving, and that is only if treatments get started tonight," explained Dumbledore gently. "It is imperative that we find Harry immediately."
Sirius stumbled to the bench and collapsed onto it. "No, not my pup," he cried shaking his head. "W-We were so cruel to him. I told him that I didn't want him to come and live with me, I told him to go back to his aunt and uncles and to not contact me." Sirius looked to his mate with tears falling from his eyes. "This isn't fair. He defeated Voldemort, he deserves to live the rest of his life in peace."

"Black, we don't have time for your dramatics. We need to find Potter and get him to St Mungo's. He would have been there now starting his chemotherapy if you would have let him explain." Severus sneered at the animagus.

"I will look in Gryffindor tower and get Ron and Hermione." said Remus softly. He was shocked over the news that he was just given. His sweet pup was dying. He had worked in a muggle hospital and saw first hand how hard cancer was to beat. He was an orderly and it always broke his heart when he had to push sick children to and from their treatments. He knew that chemotherapy made you extremely ill and caused you to lose your hair. It was going to kill him to watch his pup go through that.

Sirius numbly got to his feet, "I-I will check the kitchens. Harry didn't attend the feast tonight."

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Two hours later the Great Hall was filled with a large number of students, all the teachers, and Remus and Sirius. Everyone had been searching high and low for Harry, but he was gone. All of Harry's belongings were missing and the only thing he left behind was some blood on his pillow.

Sirius was sitting at the table with his head in his hands. His dying pup was gone and it was all his fault. Harry needed his love and support and he selfishly pushed him away. He had said some mean things to Harry after the trial, but he really didn't mean them. He was hurt that Harry didn't defend him at his trial and so he lashed out at him.

Hermione had her head on her boyfriends shoulder crying. Her best friend was very sick and out there all alone. She was scared that she would never see Harry again, and her last words to him would haunt her forever.

"Is cancer really bad, Mione?" asked Ron softly. He had never heard of cancer before. He was a pureblood wizard and cancer was a muggle disease. Only witches and wizards who were muggle born or half bloods got cancer, and even then it was rare.

"Yeah, it's really bad," sniffed Hermione. "Madam Pomfrey said that he has stage four cancer, which is the worst it can get." Hermione clung tighter to her boyfriend. "Oh Ron, Harry is going to die all alone and scared. How could we have been so awful to him? We know Harry, he would never have abandoned Sirius without a good reason."

Ron buried his face in his girlfriends hair. "It'll be alright, Mione, just you wait and see. If old snake face couldn't kill Harry, then some stupid muggle disease won't be able to. Don't worry, Harry will come back after he has time to sort everything through."

"He doesn't have time, Mr Weasley, to sort everything.....through," sneered Severus. "You can't defeat cancer by learning a few fancy spells in Defense against the Dark Arts class. Cancer doesn't care how strong or how magically powerful you are, and it certainly doesn't care if your the Boy-Who-Lived. Without treatment he will die, unfortunately, he will probably die even with treatment."

"Don't say that," yelled Ron, jumping to his feet. "Harry is not going to die from this. Harry is the
strongest person I know, he won't let this disease kill him." Ron wrapped his arms around himself." Harry's my best mate." he said in a softer tone. "He can't die, I won't let him. I don't care if I have to travel to the other side of the earth, I'm going to find Harry."

Dumbledore cleared his throat to get everyone's attention. "I would like to thank everyone that has helped look for Harry Potter. I'm sad to say that Harry is no longer at Hogwarts. I think that we should all say a prayer for Mr Potter before going to bed tonight. He is a very sick young man and he is out there somewhere all alone. I ask that if you should hear from Mr Potter during your summer vacation, that you contact me immediately." Dumbledore clapped his hands. "Now, it's past curfew and you have to rise early tomorrow to catch the train. Everyone back to your dorms."

Dumbledore sighed after all the students left the hall. "My brother Aberforth informed me that his floo went off about four hours ago, but no one stepped out or in. I can only assume that Harry was under his father's invisibility cloak. I had Alastor check with Harry's relatives and he was not there. When he told them about Harry's illness, they laughed in his face and said that the little freak deserved it."

Sirius growled at hearing that. It seemed that his suspicions about his pup's home life was right. After he had Harry safely back with him, he was going to be paying those bastards a visit.

"I have asked Bill Weasley to keep an eye at Gringotts incase Harry goes there for money." added Dumbledore.

"He won't," said Remus softly. "I took Harry there over Christmas so he could get a wizarding card." A wizarding card was like a muggle credit card. Harry could use it anywhere in the magical or muggle world to buy whatever he wanted. Harry was very rich and could easily live the rest of his life off the money in the Potter vaults.

"Is there any chance Bill can get us copies of Harry's transactions?" asked Sirius hopefully.

"Only if he wants to risk getting his head chopped off," piped up tiny professor Flitwik.

"Damn, what the hell are we supposed to do?" yelled Sirius.

"I don't know, but yelling isn't going to find Harry." reprimanded Dumbledore. "Harry is gone and there is nothing more we can do tonight. We will meet back here tomorrow after the train leaves and we will form a plan."

"I'm going to keep looking," said Sirius, getting to his feet. "I'm going to hit everywhere that I think Harry might have gone to. I'm not resting until I find him."

"I'll come with you," Remus got to his feet and joined his mate. He wouldn't have been able to sleep even if he tried. The guilt over how they treated Harry would haunt him until they found him.

*** HP

Alice rapidly blinked her eyes as she came out of her vision. Grinning, she looked to her brother Edward. "He's coming."

Edward gave her a sad smile back. "It's not going to be easy, he's been hurt bad." For the last three days his sister had been getting visions about a sick teen who had cancer. The boy was moving to Forks to die, alone.

At first they didn't understand why this child was so special to them, not until Alice got a vision of their father, Carlisle, lovingly embracing the small teen. Carlisle had been searching for centuries
for his mate and now he was finally coming. They knew from Alice's visions that the boy was very ill and it was going to be a battle to get him to start treatments for the cancer. Her visions were also fluctuating between Carlisle turning his mate, and the boy succumbing to the cancer.

"I say we go to the airport and pick him up," suggested Alice, hopping up and down. She couldn't wait to meet her dad's little mate. He was absolutely adorable and she finally wouldn't be the smallest in the house.

Edward chuckled at his excitable little sister. "What, just stroll right up to him at the airport and inform him that he is riding back to Forks with us?"

Edward groaned and dropped his head, that is exactly what Alice had planned. Her thoughts were being broadcasted loud and clear to him. "Alice, we just can't pick him up at the airport and bring him home like a lost puppy."

"Edward, he's sick. I saw him passing out on the bus on the way here. He needs us to look after him and get him to the hospital. He needs us to take him to Carlisle."

Edward sighed, "fine, let's go get our new daddy."

Alice squealed in excitement. Pulling out her phone, she sent a quick text to her mate letting him know that she was with Edward. "Come on, let's go. I can't wait until Carlisle sees him, he is just going to love him."
Chapter 3

I do not own Harry Potter or Twilight.

I am on a roll with writing,,,lol. I credit it to my husband sleeping on the couch this past week and his snoring not distracting me, I have also slept better then what I have in a long time. A well rested brain works much better then a sleep deprived one.

Hope you enjoy and PLEASE REVIEW.

***HP

Harry leaned heavily on the bathroom sink, cold water dripping down his fevered face. The plane ride had been harder on him then what he thought it would be. He was hoping that he could have slept the majority of the way, but every time he closed his eyes, Sirius' face contorted in anger would flash before his eyes. He couldn't believe that he had lost everyone and was truly alone. He was going to die the same way he had lived his entire life, alone and in pain.

Splashing some more cold water on his face, Harry tried to calm his racing heart. He was in an airport bathroom, in a strange country and he had no clue on where to go or what to do. He had no plan when he left Hogwarts. He hailed the Knight Bus in muggle London, went to the airport, picked a flight, when that flight landed he picked another and now here was in, Seattle Washington. He didn't know where to go, but one thing he did know, he was not going to be getting on another airplane. What he needed was some pain killers and a bed. If he was lucky, he would die while he slept. He knew he was burning up and his chest felt like it was going to explode. Whatever the doctors had given him at St. Mungo's had worn off, and he now felt worse than ever.

Harry looked up when he heard the bathroom door open. Looking through the mirror he saw an older good looking teen enter with wild bronze hair, gold eyes and was a little over six feet tall. The boy was dressed like he had money, his clothes reminding him of Draco Malfoy. He chuckled when he thought of Draco, right now he would happily except Draco's hand in friendship; anything to not be alone. Personally, he never really thought Draco was that bad. He would have liked to have been friends with him, if he wasn't afraid of losing Ron. He wasn't prejudiced against other houses, they all had their good and bad qualities. Hell, he would be a hypocrite if he had something against Slytherin, the hat did want to put him there after all. If he wouldn't have argued with the hat, he would have been wearing silver and green on his robes.

Edward inwardly cringed when he saw his father's sick young mate. He wasn't sure how old he was because of his petiteness, but he was guessing him to be about fourteen or fifteen. He was hoping that he was at least fifteen, Carlisle would be against turning him if he was younger. As it was, Carlisle would probably have an issue with the age difference. He was now glad that Alice talked him into coming to the airport to pick him up, the boy looked like shit. He was paler then him, too skinny, had huge dark circles under his eyes and he could tell by the heat radiating off him that he had a high fever. There was no way that the boy was going to last much longer on his feet, not with the way he was trembling.

Harry pushed off the sink and turned to exit the bathroom. He managed to get three steps before he was hit with an intense dizzy spell. Everything went momentarily black and he would have fallen to the dirty floor if the older teen hadn't caught him. The teen was ice cold and he was tempted to place his burning face into his hands.
"Hey, you ok?" asked Edward, holding the limp boy in his arms. His father's mate was burning up and in desperate need of medical help.

Harry reluctantly pulled away from the blessedly cold hands and struggled to right himself. "Yeah, I just get airsick, but I will be better in a bit." Taking a deep breath, he stepped away from the much taller teen. "Sorry about that, I didn't mean to scare you."

"No problem, glad I was here to help you. Are you sure you're ok? Is there anywhere I can take you?" Edward was trying to form a plan on how to get his father's mate to trust him enough to get in the car with him and Alice.

Harry shook his head no, wincing as it started throbbing. "M'fine, but thank you anyway." Smiling at the older teen, he walked out of the bathroom.

Harry was walking towards the airport exit when he noticed a small convenience store. Slipping in, he started looking for some Advil or some other pain killing drug. Everything on him hurt, but the worst was his chest and head. He was prepared to take the entire damn bottle if he had to, anything to kill the pain. If he accidentally overdosed and died from it, well lucky him, he would save himself a lot of pain and suffering until the cancer finally claimed.

"Hi."

Startled, Harry jumped and dropped the two bottles of Advil he was holding. Before he could pick up his treasured painkillers, a small pixie like girl quickly bent down, picked them up and handed them back to him.

"My names Alice."

Harry gaped at the small overly bubbly girl. She was at least a few years older than him, had short pixie like black hair, golden eyes and only stood about an inch or so taller then him. "Uhm...hi," he really didn't know what to make of the oddly friendly girl. "Uhm, thanks," he said, waving the bottles of painkillers. Turning around, he headed to the check out.

Alice frowned, that didn't go as good as she thought it would. Grabbing a random item off the shelf, she jumped in line behind Carlisle's mate. "So, what's you name?"

Harry just stared at the strange girl. Why did she want to know his name? "H-Harry," he said softly.

Alice grinned, he was so adorable and Carlisle was going to love his accent. "Where you headed to?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "Don't really know, figured I would let the bus driver pick for me."

Alice scrunched up her face. "Busses are so gross. Stuck in a metal box, shoulder to shoulder with people that haven't showered in days. Then there is the old lady hacking, the kid picking his nose, your neighbor drooling on your shoulder as he sleeps, the drunk singing, the broken air conditioning and backed up toilet. Really, Harry, you should let my brother and I give you a lift. We are heading to, Forks Washington."

Harry nervously backed away from the girl. This sounded like something his uncle Vernon had warned Dudley about. 'Never get in the car with a stranger, Dudders,' he would boom. 'They could be some pervert who would force your pants down and do dirty stuff to you. They would then cut you up and toss you bits into a dumpster where the homeless would then feast on your flesh.' Uncle Vernon would then look at him, sneering. "You on the other hand, if a car stops and wants you,
you better go. Not that anyone would ever want you, you worthless piece of shit.'

"That's a lovely picture you painted for me and I appreciate the offer, but I'm going to have to decline." Harry gave the cashier his two bottles of Advil and his credit card.

"Come on, Harry, I promise that I'm not a pervert," giggled Alice.

Harry took his package from the cashier then turned back to the girl. Looking at what she was holding, he chuckled. "Not a pervert, huh?" Shaking his head, he quickly left the store.

Alice stared dumbfounded at the boy's retreating back.

"Miss, are going to buy those?"

Alice looked to the cashier then handed the item to her. At seeing what she had blindly picked up, she groaned. If she could have blushed, she would have. She had unknowingly grabbed a big box of Extended Pleasure Condoms.

"What now, boss?" asked Edward, chuckling.

"Shut up, Edward," huffed Alice.

Harry popped five Advil into his mouth then washed them down with water from the water fountain. He had planned on buying a soda, but he just wanted to get away from that odd girl. She could have been completely honest in her offer, but with his luck, she was probably some murdering psycho who collected her victims eyes. Everyone did say he had amazing eyes.

Rubbing his head, Harry decided to sit for a bit, at least until the Advil kicked in. Hopefully the Advil would kill his headache and his fever. Looking around, he was disheartened to see only hard plastic chairs. He really needed to lay down for a bit, he felt like he was close to passing out.

Giving up the idea of resting, Harry decided to head over to the bus ticket booth that unfortunately was in a separate building clear across the parking lot.

Harry didn't get very far before his legs gave out on him. Sitting on a curb, he rested his head on a dirty pole trying to hold his tears back. Right now he should have been riding the Hogwarts Express with his godfather getting ready to start a life with him and Remus. Sirius was planning on redecorating Grimmauld Place and giving him his very own room. Sirius had talked about wanting to take him to some Quidditch matches this summer and even a vacation to the ocean. He had always wanted to see the ocean. Every summer his aunt and uncle would take Dudley for a week, but he was never allowed to go. He always got stuck with old Figg or locked in his room for that week with no food and a dirty bucket to do his business in.

He was really looking forward to having a family. He loved Sirius and Remus more than anything and it killed him that they thought so little of him. Ever since he had first met Sirius, he had dreamed of being able to live with him and maybe someday, hopefully, be able to call him dad. Harry roughly wiped the tears from his face, that dream was gone. He would never have a family and he would never have a dad.

Feeling a painful cough coming on, Harry dug out an old shirt that he had been using to cough in. He didn't want everyone on the plane to see him coughing up blood. Luckily, whatever St. Mungo's gave him kept the worse of his coughing away during the flight.

The coughing hurt, it felt like someone had frozen his lungs and he was coughing up ice. Wiping his mouth with the shirt, he stuffed it back in his bag without even looking at it. He knew that it would be covered in his blood.
Calculating how far the bus depot was, Harry laid his head back on the pole. There was no way in hell that he would be able to walk that far. Closing his eyes, he decided that here would be a good a place as any to die. Really, what did he have to live for? Yeah, he had money, but he would happily give it all away to be with Sirius. He would give all his money to be with Sirius before he gave it all away for him to be cured of cancer. He would rather have a month being with Sirius before he died than be cancer free with no Sirius.

The tears were falling freely now, he no longer had the energy or the will to wipe them away.

Alice gripped Edward's arm when she saw Harry sitting on the filthy curb, crying. She could smell his blood, but strangely it didn't affect her. His blood smelled nice and sweet, but she had no desire to taste it.

"Same here," said Edward, reading her thoughts. It was odd that he didn't find the boy's blood appealing.

"We need to get him to Carlisle," said Alice softly.

"He has given up," said Edward sadly. "He's ready to die, right here and now. He was abandoned by the man he considered a father and he feels that he has nothing left to live for."

"Well, Carlisle will just have to give him a reason," declared Alice. "Edward, go and bring the car around, I will talk Harry into coming with us," she said, taking off towards Harry.

"Harry."

Harry's wet eyes fluttered open when he heard someone say his name softly and lovingly. Looking up, he looked into golden eyes that were filled with concern. "Alice," he said weakly.

"Oh, Harry," sighed Alice, sitting down next to the sick boy. "Please, let us help you."

Harry was tired, too tired. He just wanted to lie down and give in. "Do you promise not to steal my eyes?" he asked softly, tears still falling unchecked.

Alice smiled sadly. "They are the most beautiful eyes that I have ever seen, but I don't think they will look good on me. Harry, I promise not to steal your eyes, you will be safe with us, we only want to help you."

Tears started falling faster from Harry's eyes. "M'tired," he sobbed. He couldn't go any farther. He was sick, scared, in pain and he no longer wanted to be alone.

Alice wanted to cry for the poor boy. She couldn't imagine being alone knowing she was dying from a horrible disease. "I know, sweetie." Alice reached out and cupped his flushed cheek. "Your burning up, Harry. Let me take you to someone who can help you," she pleaded.

Harry snorted weakly. "I can't be helped." Quickly he covered his mouth with his sleeve as he started violently coughing again.

Alice could smell the fresh blood. Harry was coughing up blood and by the smell of it, it was a lot.

"I just want to go to sleep," sighed Harry.

"You can sleep in our car while we drive home," said Alice. Gently, she started tugging on Harry, trying to help him stand. She could see Edward coming in his silver Volvo.
Harry tried to stand, but he was too weak. "I can't," he whispered, slumping back down.

"It's ok, Harry, my brother will pick you up and put you in the car." She could easily pick him up herself, but if anyone was watching, they would find it strange that someone her size could easily pick another person up.

Harry knew that he should be protesting, he didn't know these people, they could be dangerous. Right now though, he just didn't have the energy to care. He would follow the devil himself if he could just lay down and sleep for a few hours.

Edward rushed around the car and easily lifted the small boy up and laid him on the backseat. Alice had thought ahead and had packed a pillow and light blanket for him. Placing the pillow under his head, he gently covered him up and looked down at the frail boy. He was already out like a light. He didn't know how the boy had stayed conscious for so long.

"Let's get him to Forks hospital," said Alice. Digging out her phone, she sent a text to Carlisle letting him know that they were bringing in someone very sick and that she wanted him to be the doctor that looked at him. There were closer hospitals that she could have taken Harry to, but she was taking him to Carlisle.

***HP

Once again everyone was gathered around the old table at Grimmauld Place. All the Order members were present along with all of Harry's friends. With the war over, they had hoped to never have another Order meeting. Everyone was anxiously awaiting the arrival of Dumbledore. They prayed that he had good news about Harry. For the past twenty four hours, everyone had been out searching for the missing sick boy.

Dumbledore stepped out of the floo and he wasn't surprised when he was immediately assaulted with a hundred questions. Everyone was worried about Harry and his health. Holding up his hand, he waited until everyone settled down. "I have both good news and bad news," he said.

"Did you find, Harry?" asked Sirius, his bloodshot eyes pleading with his old headmaster.

"Harry was picked up by the Knight Bus in muggle London and asked for it to take him to the closest airport. We were able to track him to a flight that went to America," Dumbledore looked at Sirius sadly. "We believe that he boarded a second plane, but we haven't been able to track down which one yet."

Sirius paled and gripped Remus' hand. "A-America, he went all the way to America? How the hell are we supposed to find him there?"

"Sirius, we will find Harry, unfortunately if we don't find him soon, it will be too late. The healer said that the curse Bellatrix hit him with caused the cancer to spread at an alarming rate," said Dumbledore.

"Do you know what kind of cancer he has?" asked Hermione softly. She has been sick with worry and guilt for Harry since he disappeared. She hasn't been able to eat or sleep at all.

Dumbledore lowered his head and a tear fell from his eye. "It's my fault he has cancer. I am responsible for him living a life of hell and now dying from cancer."

"What are you talking about, Albus?" asked Minerva.

Dumbledore collapsed into his chair, took off his glasses and rubbed his tired eyes. "I left Harry on
the doorstep of his aunt and uncles after James and Lily was murdered thinking he would be properly cared for and loved. How very wrong I was."

Sirius felt a chill run through his body. He had suspected that there was something wrong with his pup's home life.

"They didn't want Harry," continued Dumbledore. "They only kept him for the money I sent monthly. They were vicious to that sweet little boy. They kept him locked up, made him slave for them, starved him and verbally and physically abused him. It is a wonder that he survived past his first month with them."

Everyone was quiet as they absorbed what Dumbledore just told them. "I don't understand. How are you the cause of his cancer?" asked Remus.

Dumbledore cleared his throat. "Up until Harry received his Hogwarts letter, he was locked in the cupboard under the stairs. He was only let out to cook, do chores, use the bathroom twice a day and go to school. There were times when he was locked in there for a week at a time while they went away on vacation. The Dursley's also used the cupboard as a supply closet where they stored all of their toxic cleaning chemicals. According to the healer, long time exposure to such harsh chemicals could cause cancer. Harry's cancer started in his lungs, but has now spread throughout his system."

Dumbledore looked sadly at his old friend. "You were right, Minerva, they were the worst sort of muggles imaginable."

"How could you?" screamed Sirius. "You knew what a horrible bitch Lily's sister was. You were at their wedding, you saw how mean her and her whale of a husband was to James and Lily. How could you leave my innocent pup with them? Now because of you......."

"What about you, Black?" roared Severus. "You foolishly took off after that sniveling little rat instead taking care of your pup," he sneered. "When Harry needed you the most, you turned your back on him. Sound familiar, Black? You did the same thing to him yesterday. Harry was sick and terrified when he left the hospital wing, but all he could think about was you and your safety. Did you let him explain why he missed your trial? No, you just attacked him and told him that you didn't want him." Severus looked around the room, pinning a select few with his infamous glare. "You weren't the only one who attacked him yesterday. What about you Weasley, Granger, Fred, and George. And if that wasn't bad enough, you had to have a go at him too, wolf" snapped Severus. "We all had a hand in that boy's suffering so don't go putting all the blame on the headmaster."

The room got quiet and all that could be heard was sniffling from those that were crying.

Bill Weasley cleared his throat. "I tried talking to the goblins earlier. I explained to them about Harry's health and how it was a matter of life and death that we find him. I had hoped that they would tell me the last location that he used his card, but they wouldn't cooperate."

"Harry is a minor, isn't there a way we can get the information from them?" asked Mrs Weasley, dabbing at her eyes.

Dumbledore rubbed his beard thoughtfully. "Sirius, you are his godfather and now legal guardian. Go to Gringotts and demand to get copies of his transactions. As his legal guardian, you are entitled to them until he reaches seventeen."

Sirius immediately jumped up and ran for the floo.
"The rest of you," continued Dumbledore. "Do whatever you can to track him down. Mr Weasley, Miss Granger, send a letter off with his owl explaining about the misunderstanding. Hopefully she will be able to track him down. We can't give up hope of finding him."

Severus got up and left without saying anything more. He had kept Harry's pillow that had his blood on it. There was a tracking potion he could brew, but it was very weak. He needed to be at least witching fifth miles of Harry in order for the potion to work.

***HP

Carlisle was waiting outside the doors of the emergency room with a gurney. Alice had texted a few minutes ago to let him know that they were just entering the town of Forks. He was curious on why his kids went to Seattle and even more curious on why they were bringing this sick boy all the way to Forks to be treated. Forks was a small hospital and while it had good doctors, it didn't have the best. It wasn't like his kids to pick up strangers. They tried to keep a low profile and not mix too much with the humans.

Seeing his son's Volvo, Carlisle pushed the gurney to the side of the curb. Normally a nurse or two would have accompanied him, but Alice asked for him to come alone. It was a strange request, but he trusted his daughter. He was sure that this had something to do with the visions she had been having the past few days. She never mentioned what they were about, but he could tell by the way that she and Edward would exchange looks that they were important.

Edward jumped out of the car and raced around to Carlisle before he had a chance to open the passenger door. Harry was still sleeping but he had been whimpering and thrashing about for the past forty five minutes. Harry's fever had spiked even higher despite all the Advil he had taken.

"Edward what's going on?" asked Carlisle, when his son grabbed his arm preventing him from opening the door.

"Carlisle, I just wanted to warn you. This boy is very sick, he has cancer, no family and he hasn't had any treatments. Carlisle, he needs you," said Edward seriously.

Carlisle was taken aback by his son's behavior. He seemed to really care for this child and that wasn't like Edward. "Alright, Edward, I will do everything I can for him."

Edward nodded his head and stepped away from the car. Carlisle had amazing control, but vampires were very unpredictable when they first met their mate. He didn't expect Carlisle to vamp out, but Harry was sick and that would make Carlisle even more unpredictable.

Carlisle was immediately hit with the most amazing smell the second he opened the door. He growled when the stench of sickness hit his nose, tainting that incredible aroma that was coming from the person inside. Grabbing the light blanket, he could feel the heat radiating off the boy and he knew that his fever was dangerously high. When he pulled the blanket back he was shocked at what he saw. The most beautiful boy was laying there, face flushed and scrunched up in pain. He had messy back hair that just brushed his shoulders and delicate feminine facial features. Swallowing the venom that had pooled in his mouth, Carlisle reached in and gently lifted the petite boy into his arms. Standing up with his precious bundle safely in his arms, he buried his nose in the boy's neck, inhaling his mouth watering scent. He hated that the stench of sickness clung to him and he wanted to sick his fangs into that delicate neck and pump him full of his venom. He could feel his fangs retract and his venom build up.

"He's not ready," said Alice quickly. "Carlisle, if you turn him now, he will never be happy. You
"Mine," growled Carlisle, clutching his little mate tight to his chest. He had waited centuries to find his mate and he wasn't going to let cancer steal him away from him.

"Please, Carlisle," pleaded Alice. "Just give him some time. You will turn him, I have seen it, but not right now." She wasn't being completely honest with her father. She did see Carlisle turning Harry, but she also saw him dying from the cancer in another vision.

Carlisle reluctantly pulled his mouth away from his mate's warm neck. It took every ounce of his self control to not turn his mate. Closing his eyes, he tried to rein in his vampire. Right now his mate needed a doctor, not a possessive mate. Placing his mate onto the gurney, he lovingly brushed the raven locks away from his face and stared mesmerized down at him.

"Carlisle," called Edward, breaking his father out of his trance.

Carlisle cleared his throat and tore his eyes away from the small boy. "He's my mate," he said looking to his children.

"We know," said Edward. "Alice saw him coming and we met him at the airport. We knew that he was very sick and was going to need help."

Carlisle gazed back down at his beautiful mate. "Let's get him inside."
Chapter 4

I do not own Harry Potter or Twilight.

Finally an update :) sorry I haven't gotten any up earlier, been busy.

Thank you to everyone who has reviewed this fic, as well as the others...

Please review.

***HP

"Carlisle."

Carlisle's head snapped up, startled to find another doctor in the room. He was so mesmerized with his mate, that he never heard the door open or the man enter. He should have easily heard the doctor coming from the other side of the hospital.

Carlisle stood up so he could greet the hospital's oncologist. "Gregory, how is he?"

Doctor Gregory Benton sighed and handed a medical file over to Carlisle. "Carlisle, it's bad. I have never seen anyone with such widespread cancer and still be alive. I can't believe that he hasn't been treated at all for his cancer. Right now we are treating him for his pneumonia and dehydration and hopefully when he wakes we can discuss cancer treatments."

Carlie looked to his small mate that was unconscious on the hospital bed, hooked up to countless wires and tubes. After Alice had talked him out of turning his newly found mate, he had immediately rushed him into the hospital for evaluation. He could easily tell that the boy was having trouble breathing and was burning up. As much as he wanted to be the one to treat his mate, he had to hand him over to Benton. He was having a hard enough time controlling his instincts, and he was afraid that the sight and smell of his mates blood would cause him to snap.

"Will chemo help him?" Carlisle asked as he quickly read through his mate's medical file. Cancer wasn't his speciality, but he could tell that it was bad...very bad.

Gregory shook his head no. "It might give him a few months if we hit him aggressively, but it would take more than a miracle for him to make it. Carlisle, the boy should have been dead months ago."

Carlisle closed the folder then handed it back to Gregory. "I will talk to Harry when he wakes, hopefully I can talk him into chemotherapy."

Gregory looked sadly to Carlisle. "How is he related to you?" he asked curiously.

"Harry is my nephew." Carlisle lied. After being alive for so long, lying becomes second nature. "My sister and I had a falling out about eighteen years ago and I haven't heard from her since. I got a call last night from social services over in England, informing me that my sister had died in a tragic accident. As I am her only living relative, they asked if I could take in her son, my nephew. I didn't even know that my sister had a son, and social services didn't inform me that he was sick. As soon as my son saw how sick he was at the airport, he rushed him here."

"I'm sorry, Carlisle, this must be really hard for you." Gregory said. "I hate to bring this up to you while you are grieving, but there are signs of abuse and malnourishment...severe abuse."
Carlisle closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose. He had noticed all the scars that his mate was covered in. "Thank you, Gregory." Carlisle said softly. "My son should be here soon to sit with Harry. I'm going to inform the Chief of Staff that I plan on taking an extended leave of absence. I need to be with my nephew."

"Understandable." Gregory nodded. "Well, I will leave you now, but I will be back to talk with Harry when he wakes."

Carlisle retook his seat next to his mate and reached out and grasped his hand. The antibiotics that they were pumping into him were working. His fever while still high, had come down significantly. Reaching out, he brushed the raven hair from his mate's face, drinking in his beauty. His little one was perfect, an absolute beauty. He couldn't believe that this tiny, perfect little human was his mate. He desperately wanted to bite him, to take away the stench of sickness that was tainting his mate's intoxicating scent. He also didn't want his mate to suffer. Cancer was a horrible disease, and with one bite, he could cure his little one and give him immortality. He honestly didn't know if he could sit back and watch his mate try to fight a battle that there was no winning. The cancer was everywhere in his tiny body, he had never before seen such widespread cancer in a person.

"Come in, Edward." Carlisle said softly when he heard his son lingering outside the door. After he was able to gain control of himself, Edward and Alice left him so they could inform the rest of the family of what was going on. He asked for them to set up a room for his mate so he would be comfortable when he took him home.

"How is he?" Edward asked, looking the small human on the bed.

"Dying." Carlisle said simply. "The cancer is everywhere and even if we aggressively treat him, he will still die. The best the chemo can do is give him a few months to live."

Edward placed a hand on his father's shoulder and squeezed it. "You will need those extra months to gain his trust and love. Harry has been hurt bad by everyone he has ever cared about, he doesn't trust easily. You can't turn him against his will, if you do, he will never accept his vampire, or you."

"I don't know if I can do it." Carlisle said sadly, brushing his mate's flushed cheek. How could he already be in love with someone whom he just met and haven't even seen the color of their eyes or heard their voice?

"You can, you're the strongest person I know." Edward reassured. "We will also help you and Harry. Alice saw Harry becoming one of us, you just have to wait until he is ready."

Carlisle closed his eyes and leaned against his son. "Tell me what you know about him."

"Alice's visions are a bit broken and jumbled when it comes to your mate. It took a few visions before we even realized that he was your mate. From what I can tell, Harry is an orphan. He grew close to a man, not sure if a blood relative, but the man just recently turned his back on him. Everyone he considered a friend abandoned him and now he feels that he has nothing to fight for...to live for. When Alice was finally able to convince him to come with us, he had given up completely. He was just going to sit on the curb until he died, and he was ok with."

"Doctor Benton said he been abused and starved. His body is covered in scars, his back looks like a whip had been taken to it on numerous occasions. He's so young, Edward. If I turn him now, I'm going to look like a pedophile."
"Will his age stop you from turning him?" Edward asked curiously.

"No." Carlisle answered without even having to think about it. "He is my mate and age doesn't matter. Obviously if he was older it would make things easier on us, but he doesn't have a few more years to age. I only have a few short months to convince him that I want him and to allow me to turn him. If he refuses...well, I can't even think about it."

"Go and request your leave, I will sit with Harry. He will be waking in an hour, according to Alice, and I'm sure you will want to be here for him when he does. Harry can be a bit stubborn, he even managed to turn down Alice when she tried to talk him into riding with us." Edward chuckled. "Granted, he thought she was a condom wielding, eyeball stealing pervert at the time."

Carlisle grinned. "I think you will need to tell me the story about that when I return."

"Will do." Edward smirked.

***HP

"Seattle, Washington was the last location that Harry used his wizarding card." Dumbledore informed the Order. Sirius was able to get the goblins to release a copy of Harry's wizarding card transactions. The goblins weren't happy about handing over the information, but it was Sirius's right as Harry's guardian to have access to them. Sirius also threatened to withdraw the Black money from Gringotts, and the Black's were the richest family in Europe.

"What did he buy?" Severus asked.

"Is that really important?" Sirius snapped. "We need to find my pup."

"Yes it's important, you idiot." Severus snarled. "By knowing what he bought, we can get an idea on how he was feeling, or possibly where he was going."

Sirius grumbled, but looked down at the paper he had been clutching tightly in his hand. "It looks like he bought two bottles of Advil. What the hell is an Advil?"

"Advil is a muggle pain reliever." Severus answered. "If Harry bought two bottles, then he had to have been hurting pretty bad. An average bottle holds 60 to 100 pills and you're only supposed to take two every few hours. If Harry felt that he needed two bottles, than he must have been in a bad way."

Deflating, Sirius slumped against his mate. His poor puppy was out there alone, sick, in pain and scared, and it was all his fault. He was the worst godfather and he didn't deserve a sweet godson like Harry.

"Did he take another flight?" Hermione asked.

Sirius was too choked up to answer the witch, so he just handed her the copy of Harry's transactions. Quickly scanning the paper, Hermione looked up at everyone. "Well, this is good. According to this, Harry should be in Seattle, Washington, at the airport."

"We contacted the American Ministry and they sent someone to the Seattle airport to look for Harry. According to them, Harry left the airport after taking his pills, but after that they lost the trail."

"Well, Harry didn't buy any bus, taxi or train tickets." Hermione said. "He couldn't have wandered off too far."
"Dumbledore handed out a map and picture of Harry to everyone. "For those that are willing to go, I have a portkey set to go off in an hour. I would like everyone to pair up and search one of the outlined area. Everything in the outlined area is within a fifty mile radius of the airport. If we find nothing there, then we will branch out fifty more miles each day until we find something. The American Ministry has given us permission to portkey in everyday and they too will be looking for Harry." Dumbledore was relieved to see that everyone was going to search for Harry. "I suggest that those who have no experience with the muggle world to pair up with someone who does."

Poppy stared down at the picture of her favorite and most frequent patient. "Molly, if you would accompany me, we will start with the hospitals and medical centers. As sick as Harry is, he's bound to end up in one."

Severus grunted. "That boy would never willingly take himself to a hospital. He would rather die in an ally or hotel room before going to the hospital."

Poppy wiped a tear from her eye. "I'm afraid you're right, Severus."

Severus looked around at the group of witches and wizards. He needed to pick a partner, one that had no experience with the muggle world, and one that wouldn't drive him up the bloody wall. "William," he snapped to Bill Weasley. "You're with me." He was able to get three vials of the tracking potion with the blood that Potter left behind on his pillow. If those didn't work, he would be searching blind like the rest of the Order.

Bill looked at Severus with wide eyes, he never expected that the sour man would want to be partnered with him.

"Mr, Weasley, don't look so shocked. Out of everyone seated, you are the least annoying." Severus smirked.

Bill rolled his eyes, chuckling. Coming from Severus, that was a compliment.

***HP

Carlisle was gently running his fingers through his mate's hair. Alice had texted him fifteen minutes ago to warn him that Harry was going to be waking soon. He knew that his little one was going to be scared and confused.

"He's waking." Edward said softly. He was starting to pick up some thoughts from his father's mate.

Careful of his mate's IV, Carlisle rolled him onto his side when he started coughing violently. His pneumonia was severe, and in someone with cancer as bad as him, it could be fatal.

"Edward, do you need to leave?" Carlisle asked quickly when Harry started coughing up blood.

"No, his blood doesn't affect me." Edward answered, handing his father a towel. "It smells good, but there is no desire to drain him. Alice felt the same way, too."

Carlisle took the towel and held it to his mate's bloody lips. "That is odd, I wonder why that is?" Carlisle rolled Harry onto his back when the coughing stopped. "Easy there, Harry," he soothed when his mate started whimpering. "You're in the hospital, and I'm doctor Cullen."

Harry felt like there was somebody sitting on his chest. As hard as he tried, he couldn't get enough oxygen into his lungs. It didn't help that every time he tried to take in a deep breath, it would set off a violent coughing fit.
Carlisle tried to be as gentle as he could while he held down his panicking mate. "Harry, if you calm down, you will be able to breathe easier." Carlisle reached above the bed and pulled down the oxygen mask. "Breathe, Harry," he instructed, while holding the oxygen mask over his mate's mouth and nose.

Harry didn't like to be held down, but he no longer had the strength to fight. Relaxing, he did as the stranger instructed. He was pleasantly surprised when his breathing became easier. His chest was still hurting, but at least he was now getting enough oxygen.

"That's it, Harry, nice and easy." Carlisle instructed. "You are in the Intensive Care Unit at Forks General Hospital. You are a very sick young man."

Harry's eyes weakly fluttered open. He was having a hard time focusing, but he could tell that the stranger that was talking to him was very good-looking. The man's hands were nice and cool, a relief to his fevered body. Without thinking, he leaned his head into the man's hand.

Carlisle grinned down at his sick mate. Edward had been telling him what his mate was thinking and his vampire was preening because his mate thought that they were good-looking. "That's it, keep breathing." Carlisle had the breath knocked out of him when his mate looked up at him with the most beautiful, enchanting emerald eyes that he had ever seen. "Would you like a drink?"

Harry gave a barely noticeable nod, but it was enough for the vampires. Edward quickly poured a glass of water and handed it to his father. He smirked when Harry's eyes got wider when he spotted him. "See, you still have your eyes and Alice didn't take advantage of you."

Harry started to laugh, but stopped when it triggered another coughing fit. "Here, drink." Carlisle said gently, holding the cup with a straw in it to Harry's lips.

Harry greedily sucked down the cool water. His throat was raw from all the coughing so the water felt incredible. After Harry finished drinking, Carlisle put the oxygen mask back on and adjusted the covers around him. "My name is Doctor Carlisle Cullen, it was my son Edward and daughter Alice that brought you here from the airport. You have a very severe case of pneumonia, and with your advanced cancer, that can be fatal."

Harry flinched at the C word. He just wanted to forget about it and hurry up and die. He was grateful to Edward and Alice for helping him, but it would have been better if they would have just left him on that dirty curb to die. Why prolong the inevitable? He was going to die shortly from the cancer anyway, why suffer even longer.

Carlisle took a seat next to his mate. "Harry, we have a few things to discuss before the oncologist comes in to see you," he said seriously. "You are a minor who is alone and sick, legally the hospital is required to contact Social Services. I didn't think you would want to end up in an orphanage so I told them that you were my nephew."

Harry screwed his face up in confusion. "How do you know that I don't have an adult in my life?"

"Harry, how old are you?" Carlisle asked.

Harry looked at the wall past the doctor's shoulders. "Fifteen, sir," he said softly.

Carlisle sighed. "Please, call me Carlisle. Harry, a fifteen-year-old dying from cancer wouldn't be traveling to a foreign country alone without a destination in mind." Carlisle was relieved that Harry was at least fifteen. He would have much preferred if his mate was at least eighteen, but he knew that there was no way that Harry would live that long. Having such a young mate was going to
make things a bit harder, but he would deal with them as they came. Right now he needed to focus on his mate, he had a small window of time to gain Harry's trust and love. It would kill him to watch a Harry die, but he wouldn't turn his mate against his will.

Harry shrugged his shoulders and turned his head, not wanting to see the doctors intense amber eyes...eyes that painfully reminded him of Remus. At the thought of Remus, Harry's own eyes started to water. He wanted Sirius and Remus so much that it hurt.

Carlisle reached out to touch his mate's shoulder, but before his hand could make contact, he stopped and pulled it back. He could hear doctor Gregory Benton from down the hall. "Harry, I need you to listen," he said quickly. "I told them that you were my nephew. Your mother, my sister, just died in an accident and you were sent to live with me."

Harry was about to protest when Edward added. "Harry, they will put you in an orphanage or foster care. I promise, you are safe with us. We will help and take care of you, just give us a chance." At seeing the sincerity in their eyes, Harry reluctantly nodded.

"Doctor Benton." Carlisle stood up to greet the oncologist.

"Doctor Cullen, how is our patient doing today?" Gregory smiled kindly at the boy on the bed. The boy was pale with flushed febrile cheeks and dark circles under his eyes. His oxygen mask was pulled down and there was a little dried blood on the corner of his mouth. He was looking at him with fear in his eyes and trembling hands.

Carlisle reached down and gently took his mate's hand. Harry tensed, but relaxed when he started rubbing soothing circles on the inside of his wrist with his thumb. "Harry just woke a few minutes ago. He was initially coughing up blood, but seems to be doing much better now. His fever is still elevated and the congestion in the lungs hasn't improved any."

Gregory nodded. "How are you feeling, Harry?"

"Perfectly fine, sir. May I go now?" Harry tried sitting up, but another coughing fit spoiled his grand escape.

Carlisle handed his mate a towel when blood started dribbling down the arm that was covering his mouth. Gently, he helped Harry sit up so he wouldn't choke on his own blood.

Gregory rushed to the boy's side and started checking him over. "We need to start him on some stronger antibiotics and get his fever down." Pushing a button on the side of his patient's bed, he called for a nurse. Quickly he started barking out orders to the flustered woman.

It was tearing Carlisle up on the inside watching his mate suffer. He could feel his fangs, pushing at his gums, wanting to break through and sink into his mate's neck. It would be easy to end his mate's suffering.

After a frantic fifteen minutes, things had finally settled down. The nurse had gotten the requested meds and hooked them up to Harry's IV. Harry was looking even paler and was feeling nauseous from the new medicine.

"Harry, I need to ask you a few questions, if you're up to it?" Gregory said, pulling out a pen and flipping through Harry's charts.

Harry groaned, but nodded his head. He just wanted to be left alone so he could sleep, but he knew that the doctor would only be back to bug him later if he didn't answer now.
"Thank you, Harry." Gregory could tell that the young man was stressed and just wanted to be left alone, unfortunately he needed this information so he could devise a treatment plan and for the billing department. "First, is your last name Cullen too?"

"Yes." Carlisle immediately answered.

Harry looked at the other doctor, stunned. Why would he want to claim him? His own godfather didn't want to claim him. What was it that these strange people wanted from him? He was going to argue, but he decided to go with it. No one from the wizarding world would think to look for a Harry Cullen...if anyone was even looking for him, which he doubted.

"Yeah," Harry said slowly. "Harrison James Cullen, but just Harry." Harry snapped his eyes to Edward when he heard him chuckle.

"Ok, Harry, how old are you and when is your birthday?"

"I'm fifteen and my birthday is July 31st."

Carlisle relaxed a bit. Having a sixteen year old mate sounded better than a fifteen year old mate. Unfortunately, Harry looked even younger than fifteen. Unless Harry took a turn for the worse, with Chemo he should live to see his sixteenth birthday.

"What about insurance? I know your mother just passed, but it's hospital policy that I ask about insurance." Gregory said kindly.

Once again, before Harry could answer, Carlisle spoke up. "I will be taking care of all his medical expenses."

"No, I can pay for myself. I...."

Carlisle interrupted his mate. "Harry, as your uncle," Carlisle smirked at his stuttering mate. "It is my job to see to all your medical needs." Carlisle held his hand up when his mate went to protest. "Don't argue, Harry, I insist."

Harry groaned and closed his eyes. What the hell was he getting himself into? What were they going to expect from him in return? People just don't take in unwanted dying boys and not expect something from them in return. Hell, no one has ever done anything for him without expecting something in return. Hopefully his first assumption wasn't correct, what if they were a family of sex crazed psycho's.

Edward couldn't help but to laugh out loud. Harry was just too cute for words. He did wish he could reassure his fathers panicking mate, but he didn't want to explain why he could hear what he was thinking.

Gregory closed the medical file and looked at his patient sternly. "Harry, why have you not been treated for your cancer?"

Harry lowered his eyes and started fiddling with the blanket. "I didn't know," he whispered. "I just found out two days ago about the cancer."

Gregory leaned back in the chair and stared blankly at the boy's fiddling hands. How could he had not known that he had cancer? With cancer this widespread, he must have been sick for a while. "Weren't you sick?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders, never lifting his head up. "I was sick with the flu last summer, but I
never got better. Two days ago I started coughing up blood and I passed out in front of my teacher. The school nurse rushed me to the hospital and that's where they found out about the cancer."

"Harry, tell me about your home life." Gregory asked. What kind of parent doesn't take their kid to a doctor when they are sick. If the cancer would have been found earlier, then the boy would have had a chance at beating it.

Harry gave a fake yawn. "I'm pretty tired, think I will get some rest." Harry gave a couple of nice deep coughs to add a dramatic effect. Honestly, he was exhausted. His chest and head hurt and the medicine had him feeling woozy.

Gregory sighed, there was obvious signs of abuse, but he didn't want to push the child. Harry was a very, very sick young man and he didn't need the added stress. "Alright Harry, I will be back in a few hours to check on you. I'm sure Carlisle plans to keep you company. If you need anything, don't hesitate to push the call button. I would like for you to eat something before you fall asleep, even if it's just crackers. The medicine that you are on is very strong and will cause you to have an upset stomach if you haven't eaten anything."

Edward stood up. "I will go get some crackers and a Ginger Ale." He knew from Harry's thoughts that he was already feeling pretty nauseous.

"Thank you, son," Carlisle said softly.

"Harry, when I get back, we need to talk about your cancer and treatment options." Gregory said.

Harry didn't answer him, he just pulled the covers over his head and turned away from him. He wasn't going to fight the cancer, he had no reason to. Why live when you had no one? All he wanted was a family and to be loved, maybe he could have that after he died, with his parents in heaven.

Gregory and Carlisle looked at each other. It was obvious that Harry didn't want to talk or even think about his cancer. "Thank you, Doctor Benton," Carlisle said. "I will discuss it with my nephew and let you know."

After Gregory left, Carlisle took his seat next to his mate. "Harry, I know that you don't want to hear it, but you need to fight this cancer. Your odds aren't the greatest, I give you that, but you still have a chance. You are young and have a lot to live for."

"I have nothing to live for," Harry snarled, throwing off the blanket and sitting up. "I have nothing...nobody. My life has been a nightmare for as far back as I can remember. I just want to hurry up and die so I can end my pitiful existence." Harry started coughing, this time for real.

Carlisle offered his mate a sip of soda that Edward had just came back with. "I know things seem bad now, but we will help you. You don't have to be alone, you can count on us."

Harry laid back down, looking at Carlisle with tears in his eyes. "Don't you see, I don't want to fight. I'm tired of fighting. I just want to go to sleep and never wake up. You don't even know me, why would you want to help me? Please, just leave me to die." Slowly, his eyes started to close.

"Ok, Harry," Carlisle sighed. "We will talk about it after you rest." His mate could barely keep his eyes open. Fighting with him wasn't going to help, he needed to show him that there was something worth fighting for.

"Don't leave," Harry whispered sleepily, as he drifted off to sleep.
"Never, my little love," Carlisle whispered back, tucking the raven hair behind his mate's ear.

"I'm going to go update everyone on Harry and see if they need any help with getting his room ready," Edward said softly, not wanting to wake his father's sleeping mate.

"Thank you, Edward," Carlisle said smiling sadly at his son.

"It's going to be ok." Edward said, trying to reassure his worried father. "He's been hurt and he's as stubborn as they come, but he's desperate for love and a family. Right now he doesn't trust us, he's afraid we want something from him. I have a feeling that when Harry gives his love, he gives one hundred percent of his heart. We just have to be patient...and more stubborn than him."

Carlisle nodded his head. "I pray that you're right, Edward. I can't lose my mate, and we don't have much time."

**HP**

"What is that?" Bill asked, staring at the red vial that his old potions professor was holding up. There were standing in the parking lot at the airport that Harry was last spotted at.

Severus rolled his eyes. "It's a potion?"

"Obviously," Bill sighed. Really, did the man always have to be such an ass?

"It is a tracking potion that I made from the blood on Potters pillow," Severus glared at the oldest red headed Weasley. "This is a highly illegal potion, as is anything that deals with human blood. If you tell anyone, just remember that I am a potions master...they will never find your body."

Bill gulped and took a step back from the scary wizard. He had no doubt that Snape knew many, many ways in which to kill someone and dispose of the body so it was never found. "How does the potion work?"

Severus closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose, trying to will away his quickly approaching migraine. Pulling out a map of Washington, he uncorked the potion and spilled it on the map. "If Potter is within fifty miles, then the map will show a red line to his location. If he isn't, then the potion will disappear. It takes about ten minutes for it to work?"

Bill walked closer so he could see the map. "How many vials of that do you have?" he asked, never taking his eyes off the map.

"Just two more, and no, I don't have anymore of Potter's blood."

Severus and Bill watched the map, praying that it would lead them to Harry. Bill had always thought of Harry as a little brother. He had only met him a handful of times, but his family was always talking about him. Harry had even written him a few letters after meeting him before his fourth year at Hogwarts. Harry was a good kid, he didn't deserve what he was going though. He was shocked when his brother Ron had told him how terrible they had treated Harry. He couldn't believe that Sirius and Remus would do that to someone that he claimed to love.

"Damn!" Severus cursed when the blood vanished from the map. "Where the hell are you Potter?"

"Someone had to have picked him up, but why would Harry go with a stranger?" Bill said, now worried for Harry's safety. There were a lot of sick, crazy people out there. With Harry sick, he could easily be taken advantage of. "What now?"
Severus was scanning the map that was in his hands. "We need to pick a direction and pray to Merlin that it's the right direction. We only have two more shots at this."

"Maybe we should talk to one of the American Auror's." Bill suggested. "They saw Harry on one of those movie things, maybe they saw him talking to somebody or something."

Severus folded up the map and put it back in his pocket. "Excellent idea Mr Weasley, two points to Gryffindor. By the way, it's video camera, not movie. They caught him on a surveillance camera. We should also check in with everyone else to see if they have any leads."

***HP***

"Do you think we will find him, Mione? You know, before...", Ron gulped and looked away from his girlfriend. He couldn't bare to think about Harry dying, let alone say the word. For the past two hours, him and Hermione had been checking every hotel within fifty miles of the Seattle airport. He would have loved to have been able to watch the aeroplaneeee things take off and land, but they needed to find Harry...and fast.

"I pray that we do. Every minute that he isn't being treated for his cancer, it lessens the chances of him surviving. I just can't understand where he could have went. He hasn't used his card in almost twenty four hours and I know that he didn't have any American muggle money on him. This is all our fault." Hermione said flustered.

"Whatever," Ron muttered under his breath. Don't get him wrong, he loved Hermione, but there were times.... That was one of the great things about Harry, when being around Hermione became too much, he could slip off with Harry and just be himself. Harry always tried his best to be whatever someone asked of him. If they needed a best friend, he was there. A shoulder to cry on, he was there. Someone for Malfoy to fight with, he was there. A study friend, he was there. A hero...he was there. Harry never asked for anything in return, and looking back, Harry always gave but never got anything back. For some reason, everyone always wanted to see the worst in his best mate, and since there was nothing to see, they made it up. It killed him to admit it, but he was guilty of doing it on a couple of occasions.

"I can't believe how we treated him." Ron mumbled. "I haven't been able to sleep since Sirius's trial. Every time I close my eyes I see his face. He was crushed...broken. We should have known that there was a good reason that he didn't make it. Harry would have never willingly did that to Sirius."

Hermione turned and threw herself at Ron, crying. "I knew he was sick. I begged him to go and see Madam Pomfrey and he kept telling me that it was just a cold. He was so happy that he was finally getting to live with Sirius. When I think about what his horrible aunt and uncle did to him, I just want to..."

"I know, Mione." Ron said, rubbing soothing circles on her back. If it wasn't for the situation, he would have been loving holding Hermione like this. "Did you know that he was going to ask Sirius to adopt him?" Hermione started crying harder and clinging tighter to Ron. Ron couldn't stop his cheeks from flushing when he felt her perfect breasts press against his chest.

***HP***

"His scent ends here." Remus said, still sniffing the air. "He sat right here on the curb. There, there is another scent," Remus growled.

"What?" Sirius asked, not liking the growl in his mates voice.
"Sirius, don't going freaking out. I could be wrong..."

"Moony, you're never wrong. Now tell me, what the hell has you so upset?" Sirius asked, desperate for the answer.

"Vampires," Remus growled again. "I smell a vampire on the curb next to our pup and another vampire's scent that crossed his path." Remus didn't personally have anything against vampires, but Moony despised them. Luckily he could control Moony around vampires, unless it was the day of the full moon.

"D-Do you smell our pup's blood?" Sirius asked. While his sense of smell was good on fresh scents, it wasn't that good after twenty four hours.

Remus sighed and looked at his mate sadly. "Sirius, you have to remember that Harry was coughing up blood, even if..."

"Dammit, Remus," Sirius snapped. "Do you smell his blood?"

"Yes, but it's not a lot," Remus quickly added when he saw all the color drain from his mate's face.

"They took him," Sirius snarled. "Fucking bloodsucking bastards took our pup."

"We will find him, Sirius. You need to focus and not lose it on me." Remus said. He was extremely worried about his pup. There was only one thing that a vampire would want from Harry...his blood.

"Let's go and inform Dumbledore." Remus suggested. "Maybe the American ministry knows something about the vampires around here."

***HP

Harry was surprised when he woke and found that Carlisle was still there, sitting beside his bed. He may not know the man, but it warmed his heart that he had stayed. "You're still here," he said, voice cracking from sleep and all the coughing he had been doing. He was relieved to find that he was feeling a bit better. His chest still hurt, but he didn't feel an uncontrollable need to cough. His head was also no longer pounding and he could tell that his fever had broken.

Carlisle smiled lovingly at his young mate. "I promised that I wouldn't leave, and I will always try to keep my promises to you, Harry."

"Why," Harry asked struggling to sit up. "Why are you here? What is it that you want from me?"

Carlisle wanted to help his mate sit up, but he knew that his touch wouldn't be welcome. "Is it so hard to believe that a stranger could care for you?"

"Yes," Harry snapped. "Why should a stranger care about me when those who are supposed to don't?" Why would this incredibly good looking man want to take of an abused, dying orphan?

"Then they aren't the people who you need in your life," Carlisle said. "My family and I just want to help you."

"Why?" Harry asked skeptically. "Why me? What is it about me? If you're into child prostitution or something, than you're shit out of luck. I'm gonna be dead very soon so I won't have a chance at making you a lot of money. I'm sure your clients wouldn't appreciate me coughing blood all over them either."
Carlisle just sat there stunned, he couldn't believe that his mate would actually think that he would do that to him. "I'm not... I would never... Harry, I just want to offer you a family, be it for two weeks or eternity. I don't want anything in return from you. You're special Harry and I can tell that you're a fighter. I saw the scars covering your body, I know that you had a horrible childhood. My family is special, and they all have suffered in someway. We just want you to give us a chance."

Harry cringed at the mention of his disgusting scars. He was too weak and sick to maintain the glamours that were hiding them. "I still don't understand," Harry said softly. "I'm not worth trying to save." Harry was fighting off the tears that were threatening to spill. He really didn't want to die, it wasn't fair. He was finally getting a family, a chance to truly live. Who the hell did he piss off in a past life to get punished like this?

There was a knock at the door and an elderly lady came in carrying a tray of food. "Here you go, dear."

Harry smiled at the old woman and thanked her when she placed the tray on the table next to his bed. He really wasn't that hungry, but it had been at least two days since he had last eaten anything. Lifting the lid off the plate, he crinkled up his nose in disgust at what was there. There looked what might have been a slice of ham, string beans and a mound of mashed potatoes. There was also a bowl of coagulated black stuff that he was assuming was pudding.

Carlisle chuckled at his mate's disgusted expression. "You don't have to eat that, Harry, my daughter is bringing you some good homemade food. She will be here any minute."

No sooner had Carlisle finished talking than the door swung open and Alice came skipping in. "Hi ya, Harry, how are you feeling tonight?"

Harry looked at Carlisle and pointed towards Alice. "Is she always so hyper?"

"Yes," Carlisle laughed. "Alice is a very cheerful girl."

Alice grinned and held out a large lunch bag. "Here, Harry, aunt Esme made this just for you. She knew you were feeling bad so she spent the afternoon cooking this up." Alice grimaced when she saw the hospital food slop. "Now that's just gross, who would want to eat that? Maybe they're trying to keep you sick and in the hospital by feeding you this poison. Picking up the tray, she handed it over to Carlisle then started laying out the food that Esme had cooked.

Harry's stomach rumbled and his mouth watered when he saw and smelled the food. There was vegetable soup, fresh warm homemade buttered bread and a large piece of chocolate cake.

Carlisle stood up with the tray in his hands. "I will be back in a bit," he said heading towards the door.

Harry's heart rate picked up and he started to panic. "Wh-where are you going?" He didn't know why Carlisle's leaving him was upsetting him so much, but he felt like someone was taking a knife to his heart. Carlisle leaving felt...wrong.

Carlisle didn't like seeing his mate so distressed, but it gave him hope that he was upset at his leaving. "I'm just going to take the tray to the nurses station then I'm going to call home and check in. I will only be a few minutes.. promise."

Harry bit his bottom lip. "You never break your promises," he said softly.

Carlisle grinned, "Never, Harry."
Harry nodded his head even though he wanted to beg the man to stay. He didn't understand his feelings towards Carlisle, but Carlisle made him feel safe and wanted.

Alice sat down on the foot of Harry's bed. "Don't worry, Carlisle won't break his promise to you. Carlisle took me in years ago and he has never once broken his promise."

With great difficulty, Harry tore his eyes off of the door that Carlisle had disappeared behind. "You mean, Carlisle isn't your real father?"

"Nope," Alice said, popping the P loudly. "Carlisle adopted all us kids."

"H-How many of you are there?" Harry asked curiously. Why would Carlisle take in unwanted kids?

"Well, Carlisle took me in after my family abandoned me. I don't remember much about them, but I was different and it scared them."

"I know how that feels," Harry mumbled.

"Then there is, Edward, Carlisle adopted him after his parents died from a sickness." Alice explained. She wasn't going to get into any details, but she wanted him to realize that Carlisle was a good guy. "Next we have Rosalie and Jasper who are siblings that Carlisle adopted. Last, but definitely not least, is Emmett."

"Wow," Harry said, feeling a bit overwhelmed. Carlisle must be a saint to take on so many kids. He didn't know how he felt about that. Carlisle seemed like a great guy, but he didn't think he could see him as a father figure. If he was being honest with himself, Carlisle caused his belly to fill with butterflies. The way he felt around Carlisle, was the same way he felt around Cho...except ten times stronger. He never thought about being with a guy like...that before. Well, he did think Draco was kind of good looking and he couldn't stop looking at Charlie's muscles when they were sharing a tent. Maybe he was gay...not that it mattered, he was going to be dead in a few short weeks anyway.

"Why did Carlisle take you all in?" Harry asked, trying to get how hot Carlisle was out of his head.

"Because he cares." Alice said simply. "Harry, Carlisle has a big heart and he cares for everyone, that's why he became a doctor. He took us in and offered us unconditional love. Let him offer you the same."

Harry perked up when Carlisle entered the room. "Everything all good?" Carlisle asked.

Harry blushed, "yeah, just enjoying this delicious food and getting to know Alice."

"That's great, Harry," Carlisle reached out and let his fingers brush across Harry's cheek. He felt his mate tense, but he also noticed how his cheeks flushed a bright red. Yes, there just might be hope yet. He could tell that his perfect little mate was attracted to him. "When you're done eating we need to talk. Doctor Benton will be by shortly and he is going to want to talk about your cancer and treating it.

"The cancer is everywhere, why fight it? There is no hope." Harry quickly turned his head away from the man's intense eyes as his tears finally started to fall. Everything had happened so fast, that he hadn't had time to process everything. Now it was all sinking in...he was going to die.

Carlisle got up and sat on the edge of the bed and pulled his mate into his arms. He thought for sure that his mate would have pulled away, instead, Harry wrapped his thin arms around his middle
and buried his face into his chest, sobbing.

"I don't wanna die," Harry cried clinging to Carlisle. As much as he hated physical contact, it felt amazing being held in Carlisle's strong arms. No, he definitely couldn't see Carlisle as his dad, not with how he felt in Carlisle's arms.

Carlisle buried his face in his young mate's hair, breathing in deeply. "There is always hope, Harry," he said softly. "but if you give up now, then you give up any chance of hope. You have to fight, Harry."

"I'm scared," Harry whispered. "I'm scared of dying, I'm scared of the treatment and I'm scared of being alone."

"Your fear is understandable, I would be scared too. Harry, you won't be alone, I will be by your side every step of the way... I promise."

Harry lifted his head and looked into Carlisle's amber eyes. "You promise, promise?" he asked weakly.

" I triple promise, little one. You will have an entire family there for you, Harry. Just fight, please," Carlisle begged.

"I don't know what chemotherapy is. I don't know anything about cancer," Harry said, still clinging to Carlisle.

" I will explain everything to you, and I won't leave your side no matter what you choose." Carlisle was loving having his mate in his arms, he just wished that the circumstances were different. He really didn't want to watch his sick mate suffer through chemotherapy when he could easily cure him.

"Soon, Carlisle," Alice said softly, so soft that Harry couldn't hear her. "It's getting clearer now, Harry will become one of us." Alice smiled at Carlisle and slipped out of the room. She was so happy for her dad, he deserved to finally get his mate.
Chapter 5

I do not own Harry Potter or Twilight.

Hello everyone out in fanfiction world. I am still on vacation in the Florida Keys enjoying the Florida sun and Palm trees. Ok well, it rained almost all day yesterday but we still had fun fishing under a bridge with a derelict.

I only gave this a half ass read through so I hope it makes sense, if not then use your imagination,,lol.

Please review :)

*** HP

"This is all the footage we found of the boy you are looking for." the American Auror said as he pushed the play button. "I'm sorry, but it's not much."

"Appreciated," Severus answered as the Auror left the room.

Severus and Bill stared at the tv watching as Harry entered, well more like stumbled, into the small airport convenient store.

"He looks horrible," Bill gasped. "That's just from the cancer?" Like most pureblood wizards, he didn't know much about cancer since they couldn't get it.

"Cancer is a horrible disease, Mr Weasley, and his is very advanced and throughout his body. If it wasn't for his stubbornness, he would have been dead by now."

"Harry is so powerful, more so than even Dumbledore, you would think that his magic would have destroyed the cancer." Bill said.

"He probably would have been able to beat it if it wasn't for Bellatrix's curse. Whatever the crazy psychotic bitch hit Potter with sped up the growth of the cancer faster than what his magic could fight."

"Look there," Bill said pointing to the tv. "Call me stupid, but those two are not human."

"Dammit," Severus cursed. "You are correct, Mr Weasley, they are vampires. Leave it to Potter to find vampires in a muggle airport."

Bill leaned in closer to the tv. "Vampires, but I thought that vampires had red eyes."

Severus pinched the bridge of his nose and sighed. "Really, I must talk with Albus about hiring a competent defense teacher. Mr Weasley, as I hope you are aware of, there different types of vampires in this great big world," he said sarcastically. "First you have your born vampires that don't come into their inheritance until their sixteenth birthday. A muggle cannot be a born vampire, only those of magical blood. These vampires need blood to survive, but they can also eat normal human food. If bitten by one of these vampires you would become a vampire yourself, unless they hold back their venom. A born vampire can control their venom so if they wanted to they could bite only to feed from you, or bite with the intention injecting you with their venom turning you into one of them. A bitten vampire will retain their magic, but they will not be venomous themselves. Like a born vampire they will be immortal and have a predestined mate."
"Next we have your muggle vampires," Severus continued. "No one is entirely certain how these vampires came about, but they are incredibly strong, more so than magical vampires. While magical vampires are fast and strong, muggle vampires are faster and stronger. Their skin is incredibly tough, almost impossible to break and they are immune to almost all spells and potions making them damn near impossible for us to kill. Unlike magical vampires, they survive solely on blood and their bite is always venomous. They are sensitive to the sun, but can walk amongst the muggles if the clouds are blocking the sun. Because of their diet only consisting of blood, their eyes are red unless they are hungry then they turn pitch black. Some muggle vampires develop special gifts after their turning such as mind manipulation or control over the elements. They too also have a predestined mate.

"Wow," Bill said wide eyed. "I knew about born and turned vampires, but I didn't know about muggle vampires. How do you know so much about vampires?"

Severus looked Bill dead in eye. "I was bitten shortly after becoming a Death Eater. The Dark Lord said that my skills were to valuable to risk losing, so he had me bitten."

"I...I didn't know. That's... That's..." Bill stuttered, too shocked to be able to form a complete sentence.

"Well, now I see where Ronald gets his extensive vocabulary from. Mr Weasley, while I did not ask to become a vampire I have learned to live with it. I am not a danger to you or to any student that comes through my classroom."

Bill quickly nodded his head, he wasn't afraid of Severus, he was just shocked that he never knew. Of course, there were rumors that the students circulated saying that he was a vampire, but never in a million years did he think there were actually true.

"I'm confused," Bill said after coming out of his shock. "Those vampires that were talking with Harry, they did not have red eyes."

"Well spotted," Severus sneered. "I've heard rumors that there were some muggle vampires that rejected the idea of feeding from humans, and so they took to feeding from animals. It is reported that their eyes, instead of being red, where amber."

"So it's possible that Harry went off with a pair of animal drinking vampire?" Bill asked.

"This is Potter we're talking about, of course he was stupid enough to go off with vampires. The question is, why were the vampires interested in him? They obviously went out of their way to talk to him...what did they want from him?"

"What would happen if a muggle vampire bit a wizard?" Bill asked feeling dread in the pit of his stomach. There was only two reasons that he could see that the vampires wanted Harry...to turn or to drain.

"That I do not know, but I fear that the outcome would not be good. Our magic would fight the foreign venom and I don't know what would happen when the two met."

"Fuck," Bill cursed. "We have to find Harry and fast."

"I agree with you, Mr, Weasley, this situation has just become even more urgent."

***HP

"What do you mean that you don't keep tabs of vampires in your area?" Sirius growled.
"Mr, Black, does your government tag and keep track of every vampire in your country?" The Auror snapped back.

"Sirius, calm down," Remus scolded. "The American ministry is being kind and allowing us to search for Harry, don't go pissing them off."

"Good advise, I would listen to your pet wolf," Severus sneered.

Sirius spun around and glared at Snape. "Fuck you, Snivellus."

"Not today, mutt. Even if I was into to men, I'd rather my dick shrivel up and fall off before pleasuring you with it."

Bill had to cover his mouth to keep from laughing out loud. Sirius stood there mouth hanging open in shock.

"Nor would I allow you to suck me so shut your damn big mouth," Severus growled dangerously.

"Severus, what are you doing here?" Remus asked tiredly.

"We came to view the footage of a Harry at the airport," Bill answered, smirking at Severus.

"Vampires have my pup!" Sirius roared.

"We know, Black, we saw on the footage." Severus groaned. Why was he always having to deal with immature idiots?

Sirius slammed his hands down on the Auror's desk. "Why the hell aren't you out there searching for my godson?"

The dark skinned, muscular Auror stood up towering over Sirius. The man was easily twice the size of Kingsley, and he was pissed. "One word from me, Mr Black, and your ass will be back overseas and banned from reentering America...ever."

Remus quickly slapped his hand over his mate's mouth when he opened it to say something that he was sure that was going to get them a one way portkey back to England. "I apologize for my mate, he is just scared for his godson.

The Auror's face softened a bit. "I assure Mr, Lupin, we have men out there looking for the boy. Even here in America we know of Mr, Potter and his extraordinary accomplishments, we will do everything in our power to find him."

"We greatly appreciate your help," Remus said backing away and dragging a struggling Sirius with him. "We'll just get back to searching."

Severus rolled his eyes, following the pair out.

*** HP

"Thank you, Dr, Benton," Carlisle said walking the oncologist to the door. After the man left, Carlisle turned back to his mate sighing sadly. Harry was sitting up in bed, white as a ghost and staring unseeing out the window.

Carlisle walked back to his mate and leaned up against his bed. "Harry, did you understand everything the oncologist said?"
Eyes wide, Harry looked at Carlisle and nodded his head yes. With a loud sob, he frantically shook his head no, feeling like he could vomit at any moment.

Carlisle sat on the bed and pulled his mate into his arms. "That's alright Harry, I can explain everything to you again, as many times as you need me to. Little one, I will be by your side the entire time."

Harry blushed at what Carlisle called him. If anyone else had tried called him little one, he would have jinxed their lips off, but coming from Carlisle, it left a warm fuzzy feeling in him. His feelings for Carlisle were confusing and scaring him, and even though he cringed from physical contact, he loved being in Carlisle's strong, protective arms.

"Little one, you are very sick and even though the odds are against you, I feel that you should fight and start chemo right away. The decision is yours, I will stand behind you regardless of your decision." If Harry decided not to allow the treatment then he was going to do everything in his power to get Harry to trust him over the course of the next few, short weeks.

"Dr B-Benton said that the pneumonia had to clear up more before he could start the chemo, so can I please think about it some more?" Harry didn't want to get his hopes up, but he always had remarkable luck with evading death. Could his luck hold out one more time and allow him to defeat the odds? Did he even want to live anymore. He had lost Sirius, Remus and everyone else that he cared about, he didn't want to live if he was only going to spend the rest of his life alone.

"Of course, Harry, but just a little bit more time. If you decide on the chemo, which I'm hoping that you do, then Dr, Benton needs to start getting things set up." Carlisle explained.

Feeling a cough coming on, Harry reluctantly sat up and turned away from Carlisle. The cough was bad, but much better than what it had been the last few days.

Carlisle handed a drink to his mate. "No blood, that is a very good sign. Your body is fighting, hopefully you will too."

Harry smiled shyly up at Carlisle. "I will let you know after my nap." Harry knew that it was almost medicine time and the meds made him nauseous and sleepy. "Will...will you stay here while I'm sleeping?" He hated sounding like a baby, but he felt much better knowing that Carlisle would be watching over him.

Carlisle smiled at his adorable mate. "You can't get rid of me that easy. You are stuck with me, little one."

Before Harry could say anything there was a knock at he door and a nurse entered. Looking over at Carlisle, she smiled and batted her eyes at him.

Jealously churned in Harry's stomach, how dare she flirt with his Carlisle. Shaking his head, Harry was shocked over his reaction. Never before had he felt jealously like that, not even when Cho told him that she was going to the ball with Cedric. What right did he have to be jealous? He didn't even know Carlisle, and for all he knew the man was already happily married.

"Good evening, nurse Mary," Carlisle said smiling at the nurse. On the outside he was smiling, on the inside he was cringing. Nurse Marry had been coming on to him for weeks and he was getting tired of it. She had even taken to slipping love letters under his office door like a fifteen year old high schooler? Some of the letters were very sexually graphic, detailing what she would like to do to him. She never signed her name, but he knew they were from her by her scent.
Nurse Mary preened under the doctors smile? She was in love with Dr, Cullen and she knew that it was only a matter of time before he asked her out. "Dr, Cullen, I'm so sorry to hear about you nephew. Terminal cancer in one so young is just heartbreaking. I read his file, even with treatment he's going to die a horrible death."

Carlisle's face darkened and his fangs started to push through his gums. "My nephew is laying in that bed where he can hear you talking about him," he snarled. "You would be wise to remember your training and hold your tongue. I will be having a word with the chief of staff over your behavior."

Tears came to nurse Mary eyes. "Dr, Cullen, I am so sorry. I-I..."

Carlisle held up his hand, silencing the stupid human. "I believe that you have a job to do. My nephew is in need of his medicine and for you to get out of his sight."

All the color drained from nurse Mary's face. Carlisle Cullen was the most compassionate doctor in the hospital, she had never heard him speak to anyone like that. Dumbly she nodded her head and rushed to the patient's side. She knew that she was going to get in trouble over this and she prayed that she didn't get fired.

Harry yanked his arm from the nurse's clammy hands. "Don't touch me," he snarled.

"It's alright, Harry, I won't hurt you. It's time for your meds, we need you to get better," Nurse Mary said nervously.

"Why, I'm just going to die a horrible death anyway," Harry snarled at her, trying to hide the tears from his eyes. She was right, he was going to die a horribly painful death, why fight it?

"No, no, sweetie, I didn't mean it like that." Mary's hands started trembling, she was going to be in so much trouble over this. "You miss understood, sweetie."

"Leave," Carlisle growled yanking her away from his mate. Seeing the nurse grab for his mate's unwilling arm made him see red.

"But his meds," she protested weakly.

Carlisle snatched the meds from her hands. "You are no longer allowed to treat my nephew. Report to Dr, Benton and inform him of your actions."

With a loud wail, Mary fled the room.

Carlisle sighed and approached his mate who was trying to hide his tears. "Little one, she was out of line, please don't listen to her."

Harry laid back on the bed and pulled the blanket up to his nose. "I would like to be alone for a while please."

"Harry, please," Carlisle begged not wanting to leave his mate, especially while he was so upset.

"Just for a little while, Carlisle," Harry asked softly. "Please, don't leave the hospital," Harry frantically added. "I just need a few minutes alone."

Carlisle nodded his head. "I understand, little one, just let me hook your meds to the IV then I will step out. I will check in at home then come back, I promise that I won't leave this floor."
Harry wiped the tears from his eyes. "Thank you, Carlisle." Harry really didn't want Carlisle to leave, but he needed a few minutes on his own to think. He wasn't use to having someone be with him all the time and he needed to relax, think things through.

Taking a risk, Carlisle leaned down and kissed his mate on the forehead. Harry flinched and pulled back some, but at least he didn't yell or hit him. "I will be back soon, though I'm guessing that you will be asleep when I return."

Harry smiled at Carlisle, eyes already feeling heavy. "I will probably be asleep before you even leave the room," Harry said groggily, the meds already hitting him strong.

***HP

Despite how tired he was from the medicine, Harry just could not fall asleep. The bitch nurse's words were on a continues loop in his head and they were keeping him from sleeping. It was amazing how one person's negative word could easily cancel out every one else's positive words. He knew that he was going to die a horrible death, but he had allowed Carlisle to give him hope...false hope, but hope none the less.

Harry's head snapped to the door when he heard a soft knock. Expecting Carlisle to return, he was startled when a large, dark skinned teen entered pushing a cart and grinning.

"Hey, the name's Seth and I volunteer here at the hospital." The teen grinned goofily. "I have some books, magazines, puzzles, paper and colored pencils and even Nintendo DS here, would you would like to borrow something?"

"Excuse me," Harry said softly.

Seth grinned. "See, I volunteer here for school, we need a certain amount of community service credits in order to graduate. My job is to push this here cart around and offer the patients something off of it to borrow. I can imagine that it gets awfully boring laying around in bed all day feeling sick. I know there is a tv, but i think one can only take so much of that."

Harry had to struggle to sit up thanks to the medicine's side affects. "That's really great, it does get boring sitting here staring at the walls. I have never played a Nintendo before, so I will take the paper and colored pencils." Not many knew it, but Harry loved to draw and he thought he was pretty good at it. When he was smaller he won an award in his art class, but when his uncle found out he broke it over his back while he beat him for showing up his perfect son Dudley.

"Really, you never played a Nintendo before?" Seth gasped. "Dude, you have to at least give it a try." Seth handed over the Nintendo with a couple of games along with the requested paper and colored pencils.

"Am I allowed to take two things off of the cart?" Harry asked shyly. "I'm sure that there are loads of other sick patients that would like something to do to keep their minds off of things."

"Nah, it's good," Seth said dragging a chair closer to the bed and taking a seat. "Forks isn't a very big town and there's not many people that get stuck in this place for more than a day or two. There is also three more carts full of stuff so you can have your pic of whatever you want."

"Thanks," Harry said gratefully. "I despise being in the hospital, but I don't think Carlisle would be happy if I did a runner."

"Dr, Cullen, is he your doctor?" Seth asked, never losing his big boyish grin. "And hey, I never got your name."
Harry smiled feeling comfortable around the boy. He figured that they had to be pretty close in age, but the boy was a giant compared to him. Honestly, he didn't think someone so young could have so many muscles or be that tall.

"Sorry, my name is Harry and Dr, Cullen isn't my doctor, he's my uncle. My doctor is Dr, Benton."

Seth fidgeted in his seat and looked down at his worn out sneakers. For the first time since entering Harry's room, Seth lost his smile. "Dr, Benton, he's the resident oncologist, so that must mean..." Seth swallowed nervously. He could smell the sickness on the boy, but he was new to his wolf and he didn't understand what it meant. He knew now that the boy was dying.

Harry scratched at his IV. "Yeah, I have c-cancer." He still had a hard time saying the word and he doubted that it was going to get easier.

"That really...sucks," Seth said sadly. "But Dr, Benton is a great doctor and a real nice man, I'm sure he will have you fixed up in no time."

Harry shrugged his shoulders and started picking at the tape to his IV. "The odds aren't to good for me and I haven't decided if I want to try the treatments or not."

"What!" Seth said jumping to his feet. "You mean you're not even going to try and fight it?"

"I only have like a fifteen percent chance," Harry said defensively. "I don't know if I want to spend my last few weeks alive being pumped full of poison that's going to have me feeling worse than the cancer."

Seth visibly deflated and sank back down. "I would fight," he said softly. "I would fight for just one more day with my family. You also don't know what tomorrow will bring. What if you didn't fight and the day after you died they discovered a cure? I don't know it's a tough decision, but I have always been a stubborn ass and a fighter. There is no way I could just lay down and die without at least putting up a fight. If I died, at least I know that I went down fighting."

"The c-cancer is everywhere," Harry turned his head so Seth couldn't see his eyes filling up with tears. "The treatment is only going to give me a few more months to live, it would take a miracle for the chemo to cure it."

Seth sat quietly in his chair for a few minutes thinking. "My dad died last year, I would give anything to spend one more day with him."

"I'm sorry for your loss, I lost my parents when I was just a baby. If you had just a few weeks left with your dad, would you want to spend it with him just sick from the cancer, or sick from the cancer that will kill him regardless of the treatment, and the horrible side effects from the chemotherapy."

"I see where you're coming from," Seth said sadly. "Maybe I'm selfish, but I would want my dad to fight. I would latch on to that tiny bit of hope and hold onto it tightly."

Harry nodded his head thoughtfully. "I'm scared," he said barely above a whisper.

"I would be terrified if it was me," Seth said softly. "Did you say that Dr, Cullen was your uncle?"

It just now dawned on him that the boy had said that he was related to the Cullen's. He didn't understand how that could be since they were vampires and he was obviously human.

"Uhm, yeah, Carlisle is my uncle." Harry said sounding more like a question than a statement.
Seth screwed his face up in confusion. "Well, what does Dr, Cullen think?"

"Carlisle thinks I should do the chemotherapy, he has even taken a leave at work so he can stay with me." Harry tried not to blush, he really wished he could understand why he felt the way he did about Carlisle, especially since the man was more than twice his age.

"Dr, Cullen is a great doctor, if he thinks you should do the chemotherapy then you should." Seth wasn't like the rest of his pack, he had nothing against the Cullen's. As long as they continued with their current diet, then as far as he was considered, they were no different than them. He was very curious of where this sick boy came from and how he fit in with the Cullen's. Did the boy know that the Cullen's were a coven of vegetarian vampires?

"Hey, Harry, how long have you known the Cullen's?" Seth asked curiously.

Harry dropped his eyes so he wasn't making eye contact with the much larger teen. He had never been any good at lying and he hated doing it, but he really didn't want to get taken away from Carlisle. "I just flew over from England and yesterday was my first day meeting Carlisle, Edward and Alice. I still haven't met the rest of the family, but Alice has told me a little bit about them."

Seth looked around the room like he was looking for hidden cameras. "Harry, there's something that you should know..."

Carlisle entered the room cutting off whatever Seth was getting ready to say. He had been listening outside the door for the past hour as the boys got to know each other. Seth was a good kid and he was hoping that he would help push his mate towards starting the chemo. He was also listening in to make sure that Seth didn't reveal to Harry what they were. He didn't think that Seth would do it, but he wasn't taking any chances. He needed to earn his mate's trust before dropping the vampire bomb. His first reaction when he saw the wolf enter his sick mate's room was to rush in there and drag him out by his hair. Luckily he had enough control over himself to wait and listen.

"Seth, how are you doing today?" Carlisle asked kindly.

Seth quickly stood up and moved away from Harry. He wasn't sure what Harry was to Carlisle, but vampires were extremely protective and possessive of those they considered a part of their coven, or in Carlisle's case...family. He could tell by Carlisle's stiff stance that he was fighting with his instincts. The rest of the pack thought that he was stupid because he was the youngest, but he was very smart and good at reading people.

"Dr, Cullen, I'm doing good today, I was just getting to know your...nephew," Seth looked subtly between Carlisle and Harry. Turning back to Harry, but keeping one eye on Carlisle, Seth said, "It was nice meeting you, Harry."

Harry smiled at Seth not picking up on the tension between him and Carlisle. "Maybe if your not busy later you can come back and show me how to use this," Harry waved the Nintendo in the air.

Seth looked back to Carlisle. "If Dr, Cullen says it's alright."

Carlisle nodded his head and gave Seth a smile. "That's fine with me, as long as you're feeling up to it, Harry."

"Awesome, I get off in two hours. I will stop by and see if you're up to playing." As Seth went to pass Carlisle, the vampire reached out and placed his hand on his shoulder.

"Thank you," Carlisle said soft enough that Harry couldn't hear.
Seth tensed under the cold hand, but nodded his head. "You know Sam will find out about him as soon as I shift, he will have questions." Sam would want to find out exactly who Harry was, what he had to do with the vampires and if he was a danger to the tribe.

"As I'm sure you understand, I can't leave Harry right now to meet up with Sam. Have Billy call me and I will set a meeting up as soon as I'm able."

"Will do," Seth said softly. "See ya, Harry," he called over his shoulder.

"Thanks, Seth," Harry called back setting off a mild coughing fit.

Carlisle rushed to his mate's side and started to pat him on his back, hoping to loosen some of the congestion up.

Harry cried out, cowering away from Carlisle.

Carlisle instantly held up his hands and backed away from his trembling mate. "It's ok, Harry, I was just trying to help you bring up the congestion, I wasn't hitting you. I promise you that I will never, ever, ever raise my hand to you."

Harry frantically nodded his head. "I'm sorry, I-I..."

Carlisle sat on the bed and gathered his beautiful mate up into his arms. "It's alright, little one, I know that you were abused. I understand that you're not ready to talk about it, and I promise that I won't pressure you to. Just know, that I will never strike you, withhold food from you, or scream at you calling you names. I will also never stand by and allow some body else to harm you...I promise, promise."

Harry snuggled into Carlisle's arms and cried himself to sleep.

***HP

Harry was sitting up in bed fiddling with the colored pencils and paper. Surprisingly he had slept for twelve hours straight and he was feeling much better and refreshed. He was itching to yank the IV out of his arm and get the hell out of there.

"What are you drawing?" Carlisle asked. He had been sitting next to his mate's bed watching as he absently drew in the notebook. He could tell that Harry wasn't really concentrating on what he was doing, but was lost in thought.

Blinking, Harry focused on what he was drawing. With a sad smile, he handed the notebook to Carlisle. He really hadn't been paying attention to what he was drawing, but thinking about what he was going to do. He knew that Carlisle was anxious for him to make a decision and that they wanted to start the chemotherapy as soon as possible. The only reason why they were allowing him so much time to think was because of the pneumonia. They didn't want to start the chemo until his pneumonia was better, but he was responding amazingly to the antibiotics so he had to make a decision now. He figured that his magic was helping him fight the pneumonia and that was why he was getting better so fast. With the help of chemotherapy, would his magic be able to kill the cancer?

"Harry, this is incredible,"

Harry flushed in embarrassment, he had never shown anyone his drawings before. After getting beat until he passed out for being good at something, he wasn't to keen on showing anyone his work. Everyone assumed that he was an average student, but he was every bit as smart as
Hermione, if not smarter. He was never allowed to do better than Dudley so it just became second nature for him to do average to below average school work.

Carlisle was mesmerized with the castle that his mate drew, the details were astounding. "This castle looks so real, that's some imagination you have. Esme is going to love you, she loves to draw and paint."

Harry paled and looked down at his lap. "She won't get mad at me will she?"

Carlisle looked up at his mate, confused. "Why would she get mad?"

Harry bit his bottom lip and shrugged. "People don't like it when you're good at something that they like to do, or better than them. I don't want Esme to get mad because I'm good at something that she does."

Carlisle sighed, it seemed that the abuse was more than just physical. "No, little one, Esme will be thrilled that you are good at something that she is passionate about. She tried teaching the other kids, but they had no interest in art."

Harry gave Carlisle a lopsided grin. "Do you think she will like me?"

Carlisle chuckled. "She is going to adore you. Esme always wanted to be a mother, but sadly she can't have kids of her own so she tends to mother us to death. She is going to be in her glory mothering you."

Harry smiled, that sounded nice. He never had a mother to take care of him, and his aunt would sooner smack him across the face than give him a hug.

"She would like to come and meet you along with two other of my kids if your feeling up to company. They didn't want to overwhelm you all at once so they decided to wait until you were ready."

"Yeah, yeah that will be fine," Harry said shyly. He didn't know if he wanted to meet more people, but he didn't want to upset Carlisle. Carlisle had been there for him more than anyone else ever has in the short time that he had known him. He still didn't understand why the man wanted to stay with him, but he was going to enjoy it while it lasted. He never liked being alone, and the thought of dying alone scared the hell out of him.

"Great, I will call and let them know. It will be Esme, Rosalie and Emmett. Jasper would like to meet you, but he has a strong aversion to hospitals."

Harry giggled. "I know the feeling, I can't wait to get out of here. Whenever I ended up in the hospital wing at school, the nurse would threaten to tie me to the bed. She knew that as soon as I was able, I would sneak out and hide from her."

Carlisle shook his head chuckling. "Did you end up in the hospital wing often," he asked trying not to show his concern."

"A fair bit, the nurse said that in the thirty years of working there, that I broke all previous hospital stay records. The bed in the corner next to the window she said is strictly my bed, and she said she was going to hang a plaque above it with my name on it."

"That must be a dangerous school if you ended up in the hospital that many times," Carlisle said
The smile slipped off of Harry's face. "I guess I just have a knack of getting in trouble," he said vaguely.

"Was any of these hospital stays due to being sick, or all injury related?"

"Injury," Harry answered in a small voice. "I guess I'm just accident prone."

Carlisle didn't like to think about his little mate being hurt. Once he was turned, Harry would be strong and graceful, no more injuries for him. Even then, he was going to make damn certain that nothing could ever hurt Harry again.

"Well, I will just have to make sure that your less accident prone in the future, even if I have to permanently glue you to my side.

Harry blushed an alarming shade of red. Why did the idea of being glued to Carlisle's side make him feel like there was snakes slithering in his stomach?

***HP

Harry stretched and laid back on the bed feeling exhausted. He had just spent the last two hours with Seth learning how to play Nintendo and just hanging out. He really liked Seth and he hoped that the large teen visited him again. Seth was very easy to talk to and he had a great sense of humor.

"Why don't you get some rest, it's almost time for your meds so you will be out of it anyway." Carlisle pulled the blanket up and covered his mate.

Harry yawned. "That sounds like a good idea, I'm exhausted." Harry rolled to his side so he could look at Carlisle. Carlisle had retaken his seat next to Harry's bed, the chair was so close that is was practically touching the side of the bed.

"I'll do it," Harry said feeling like there was a large lump in his throat.

"Do what, little one?" Carlisle asked, running his fingers though his mate's hair.

"The chemotherapy, I'll do it. Just promise that you will stay by my side, please." A tear slipped from Harry's eye but he quickly wiped it away with the blanket.

Carlisle leaned in and kissed Harry on the head. "That's great, Harry, I'm so proud of you. It's going to be hard, but I promise that I will be with you throughout everything."

"I also don't want to stay in the hospital. I want out of here as soon as possible." Harry demanded. If he had to stay in the hospital for the treatments then he wasn't going to do it. He knew that the chemo wasn't going to work and he didn't want to spend his last weeks in the hospital.

"Lucky for you then that you will have doctor with you around the clock. You will only have to come back here for the treatments and if there is a complication."

"Great, when can I get the hell out of here?" Harry asked anxiously.

Carlisle chuckled. "I will talk to Dr, Benton after you fall asleep, but I'm sure he will want to put the catheter in, in the next day or two." The thought of his mate suffering through that poison when he could turn him had him sick to his stomach. He just wanted to bite him, pump him full of his
venom and kill the cancer. His mate was already breathtaking, he didn't know if he would be able to resist him after his turning. He would go slow though, Harry had been severely abused and had trust and self esteem issues; it would be a while before he was ready to fully mate.

"I still don't understand." Harry said trying to blink away the sleep.

"The catheter will go..."

Harry held up his hand stopping Carlisle. "Not about the catheter, about you. Why do you care so much? You put your life on hold, took a leave of absence from work, all for a stranger. Don't get me wrong, I'm totally grateful that you are here. Without you, Edward and Alice, I would already be dead by now. It all just doesn't make sense to me. My own family and friends couldn't give a shit about me, why do you?

Carlisle ran his hand through his perfectly groomed hair. What was he supposed to tell his mate? He didn't like the thought of lying, but Harry wasn't ready for the truth. His mate had enough to deal with, he didn't need the added stress of finding out that they were mates. He was pretty sure that Harry could feel the bond even if he didn't know what it meant.

"Harry, you're very special to me. I can't explain everything right now, but please believe that I will never leave or hurt you."

"But I don't understand why I'm special to you. You didn't know me before Edward and Alice brought me here, how can I be special to you?" Harry didn't want to sound ungrateful, but he had a strong feeling that Carlisle was hiding something very important from him.

"Harry, this isn't the time or place to get into details, just let my family and myself take care of you. I promise when the time is right, I will tell you everything."

Harry chuckled, "you know, that sounds pretty creepy, but I'm going to go with my instincts and trust you." His instincts were screaming at him to trust Carlisle, to stay as close to the man as he could.

Carlisle grinned. "You're right, that does sound creepy, but I care for you and only want what's best for you. Right now, I want you to concentrate on getting better. Things are going to get worse before they get better, just trust that I will be by your side holding your hand."

Harry yawned, he could barely keep his eyes open. "How about instead of holding my hand, you rub my head? That feels so nice and it will help me fall asleep."

Chuckling, Carlisle resumed rubbing his mate's head. "Close your eyes, I won't stop rubbing until your asleep."

Harry tried to respond, but he was already falling asleep under the man's exceptional fingers.

***HP

"So, what's the plan now?" Bill asked. He was sitting in a muggle pub with Severus while the stern man scanned over numerous maps of Washington.

"Muggle vampires don't stay in one place long, but since these are vegetarian vampires, there's a good chance that they have a residence nearby." Severus explained, never lifting his eyes up from the the maps. "If they do have a residence somewhere, it will be in a place with a low population, densely wooded and gloomy weather."
"Sounds like home," Bill chuckled.

Severus absently nodded his head. "We only have two more chances at this and there are several locations that fit the description; that is if they haven't ran with Potter."

Bill rubbed his tired eyes, it had been over twenty four hours since he had slept, "Look, were not going to get anywhere dead on our feet with exhaustion, how about we get a few hours of sleep and then resume staring at the maps with fresh eyes?"

Severus sighed, he hated stopping knowing that his best friend's son was out there sick and with a couple of vampires. "I agree Mr, Weasley, we will resume the search first thing in the morning. There is a muggle hotel down the block if you don't mind sharing."

"That's fine with me, and please call me Bill." Bill smiled. "All this Mr, Weasley business makes me feel like my dad."

"Very well, William," Severus smirked.

Bill shook his head sighing, at least William was better than Mr, Weasley.

*** HP

"Tomorrow," Harry croaked out, voice weak and trembling."

Carlisle grabbed Harry's hand, he couldn't get enough of touching his mate. His instincts were screaming at him to turn and claim his mate before this horrible disease stole him from them. The only time the screaming quieted down was when he was physically touching him.

"It will be alright, I promise," Carlisle reassured his pale mate. "I won't be leaving your side."

"I-I thought that I would have a few more days before this happened."

"This is a good thing, Harry. Each day that goes by without treatment, the cancer spreads. Be thankful that your body fought the pneumonia so quickly." Carlisle had never seen anyone recover from such a severe case of pneumonia so quickly, but he was too relieved to question it.

Harry tried to keep his hand from trembling inside Carlisle's much larger one. "I don't know if I can do this."

"Relax, little one, don't let your fear overwhelm you. The surgery won't take that long and you will be back in your room resting before you know it. You are just going to have a port with a catheter inserted under the skin in your chest," Carlisle softly touched the spot on his mate's chest where the port was going to be surgically implanted. "This will make it easier on you to get chemotherapy, no added needle sticks."

"Will I feel it sticking in me all the time?" Harry asked nervously.

Carlisle shook his head. "You may be able to feel a lump under your skin, but it won't be in your way or hurting you. If we didn't do it then you would have to get numerous iv's and needles. Now when it's chemo time or we need to draw blood, we will just use the catheter."

"Guess that makes sense," Harry said shakily feeling like he was going to throw up. He knew that wizards treated cancer the same way that the muggles did, but he could really use a calming draught right about now.
Harry had his head resting in Carlisle's lap when a nurse walked into the room making him jump. "It's time," she said kindly, not missing how scared the young boy was.

Harry would have took off if it wasn't for Carlisle's hands on his shoulders. "Remember, I will be with you the entire time and you will be asleep so you won't feel anything. If you're up to it tonight, my family would like to swing by and meet you since you fell asleep last night."

Harry jerkily nodded his head, he was clinging onto Carlisle like he was his lifeline.

"Excellent, I'm not to late,"

Harry grinned when Seth came sprinting into the room.

"I just wanted to wish you luck with the procedure." Seth held out his hand. "I made this for you, it's a good luck charm."

Harry took the leather bracelet and inspected it. The cord was made from a soft braided leather and dangling from it was a carved wooden wolf. It was a beautiful work of art and the wolf painfully reminded him of Remus. What really surprised him was the magic he could feel in the bracelet.

"Wow, Seth, this is amazing. You carved the wood yourself?" Harry asked running his finger over the wooden wolf feeling it tingle with magic.

Seth looked to the vampire unsure if he would be mad at him for giving Harry the gift. At seeing the immoral smile, Seth relaxed. "Yeah, I stayed up all night making that for you. Wolves are kind of a big deal in my tribe and I wanted to give you something that will give you luck."

Harry slipped the bracelet on marveling at how detailed and beautiful it was. "You have a gift, Seth," he said looking up at his new friend. "This means a lot to me and I can use all the luck I can get, thank you."

Seth gave a big goofy grin. "If it's alright with Carlisle, I would like to wait around until you come back." He really liked Harry and he was worried about him. He didn't think he could leave here until he knew that Harry was alright.

"I'm sure Harry would appreciate that, Seth." Carlisle said looking down at his mate who was still admiring the charm.

Harry quickly nodded his head. "Maybe when I wake we can play some more video games."

Seth held up a duffle bag that he had sitting at his feet. "I got something better than the hand held games, I brought my xbox so we can play together at the same time."

"Awesome," Harry grinned.

"Well, let's go young man," the nurse said pushing Harry towards the door. "The sooner we get started, the sooner you can get back here and fry your brains with video games." The nurse smiled cheekily at her patient.

Harry liked this nurse a lot, she reminded him of Tonks. She was a lot nicer then that bitch that wanted Carlisle. He wondered if she got fired...he hoped so.

As nurse Green wheeled his mate towards the door, Carlisle turned to the young shifter. "Thank
you, Seth, you made Harry feel a lot better."

Seth shifted nervously on his feet. "I really like Harry, Mr, Cullen and I hope after he leaves here that you will allow me to visit him."

Carlisle raised one elegant eyebrow. He was surprised that Seth would feel comfortable in a house full of vampires. "You are welcome anytime, Seth. Harry needs friends and a sense of normalcy while he fights this horrible disease. I am surprised that Sam will let you come alone to my house."

Seth snorted. "Sam may be my alpha, but he doesn't rule every aspect of my life. Harry is my friend and I want to be there for him, I don't care what Sam says."

"You're a good kid, Seth," Carlisle said. "Harry needs you, thank you." Carlisle turned away from the shifter and quickly strode to his mate. Taking Harry's hand, he smiled reassuringly at him.
Chapter 6

I do not own Harry Potter or Twilight.

So sorry for the long awaited update but I have been busy updating my other fics. Right now everyone wants me to update Stark Truth, and I will get busy writing the next chapter after this.

I am Facebook now so come and look me up. I am under Potter Obsessed.

HAPPY THANKSGIVINGLE.

Please Review.

**HP

"Hey, how are you feeling?"

Groaning, Harry shifted his back trying to get in a more comfortable position. "Sore," Harry croaked, mouth feeling dry.

Carlisle brushed the hair from his mate's face. "You did good Harry. The port is in your chest and there was no complications."

Harry groggily opened his eyes, still feeling the effects of the anesthesia. "Can I go home now?"

Carlisle chuckled. "In a day or two, as long as everything is looking good. You will probably get your first round of chemotherapy tonight." Carlisle wiped the tears from his mate's face as they started to fall. "Don't cry, little one, you're alright."

"I don't want to do this," Harry cried softly. "It wasn't supposed to be like this. I was finally getting my family, Sirius was going to adopt me. I don't want to be sick. I'm so scared."

Carlisle sat on the edge of Harry's bed, taking his smaller hand in his. "I know that this isn't fair, no one deserves cancer. All you can do is fight, stay strong, and beat it. Let us be your family, Harry, we will love and take care of you."


"I've got you, go to sleep. You will feel much better when you wake." Carlisle had barely finished talking when Harry's hand went limp.

"Is...is he alright?" Seth asked, nervously hiding in the corner of the room. It scared him seeing his friend so weak and broken.

Carlisle gave Seth a sad smile. "No, Seth. His cancer is too advanced, even with the chemotherapy he will die." He said this so quietly that only Seth could hear him with his wolf hearing.

Closing his eyes, Seth turned so Carlisle couldn't see his tears. Harry was unlike anyone he had ever met before, they had formed an instant bond. Yes, he had friends on the reservation, but they all treated him more like a pesky younger brother than a friend. Harry was the first real friend that he had ever made outside the reservation. He could smell the death on him, but he had been praying that Harry could pull out a miracle.

"Does Sam know about him yet?"
Seth shook his head no. "I haven't shifted since meeting Harry, I didn't want Sam to go all Alpha and forbid me from seeing him. He about had puppies when he found out that I was volunteering at the hospital where you worked."

"Thank you," Carlisle said sincerely.

"Carlisle, why is Harry so important to you? There has to be a reason why you're doing so much for him. He said that he's your nephew, but obviously that isn't possible." Seth had been wanting to ask this question since he first met Harry, but he couldn't ask while Harry was awake since he didn't know that the Cullen's were vampires.

Carlisle ran his fingers through his hair, sighing. "Since you care so much about Harry, I will tell you the truth. Seth, Harry is my mate."

Seth's eyes about popped out of his head. "Whoa, I didn't see that coming." Seth stumbled to the chair and sat down. "So you and he are... You two are..."

Carlisle chuckled. "Mate's. Yes, Seth, Harry is my mate. He doesn't know it yet, and he doesn't know that we are vampires, so please don't tell him."

"This is... Whoa, are you going to turn him?" Seth gasped. He had nothing against the Cullen's, and if they could save Harry by turning him, then what the hell were they waiting for? He wouldn't drop his friendship with Harry just because he was a vampire. Better a vampire than dead...dead.

Carlisle smiled down at his sick mate. "I would like to, yes, but only if he wants it. It will kill me to watch him die, but I refuse to turn him against his will."

"Well, why the hell don't you do it now?" Seth snapped. "Why put him through all of this shit? He's so sick and scared, and with a bite you could end his suffering."

"I want to...you have no idea how badly I want to bite him. My gums are constantly aching from my fangs trying to push through." Carlisle took a seat next to Seth. "Has Harry told you anything about his home life?"

"He said his parents died when he was little. What does this have to do with you not turning him?"

"Seth, Harry was badly abused by whoever raised him. I don't know the details, but I have seen the scars. He grew close to another man who he was hoping would adopt him, but he just recently abandoned him. It seems all his friends even abandoned him. That's why Harry's here... that's why he ran away. Seth, Harry came here to die alone. When Edward and Alice found him at the airport, he had given up. He was ready to just sit there on a dirty curb and die. Not everyone who is bitten survives the turning. Right now Harry feels like he has nothing to live for, he's sick, he has no family and everyone he did have turned their backs on him. He needs to see that he isn't alone, that he can be loved...he needs a reason to live. If I bite him now, and he survives the turning, there's a good chance he'll reject his vampire, and then he'll be a danger to himself and everybody else."

Seth's heart was aching for his new friend. Harry had such a big heart, how could anyone be mean to him? "I didn't know," he said brokenly. "He's got scars?"

Carlisle nodded his head. "His back has been whipped worse than anything I have ever seen, and I was around when flogging was a common punishment. He is extremely malnourished, and his small size is because his growth was stunted. Seth, he's not ready to be turned yet. With chemo he will have a few months to live, without it, he could die at anytime. I need to gain his trust and love in the next few months so he will allow me to bite and turn him."
"When are you going to tell him what you are?"

"I honestly don't know," Carlisle groaned. "Right now I'm playing it minute by minute. The last thing I want is for Harry to suffer through chemotherapy, but I don't think he could handle the knowledge that vampires are real and he is the mate to one. It's kind of a lot to take in."

Seth snorted. "Tell me about it, I'm still having trouble wrapping my head around it, and I turn into a giant hairy wolf."

Carlisle patted Seth on the arm. "Does Harry being my mate change how you feel about him? Will you have a problem with him being a vampire?"

Seth quickly shook his head no. "I wish you could turn him now, I don't want to watch as the cancer slowly kills him."

"Thank you, Seth, I don't think Harry could take another rejection."

"Damn," Seth cursed. "I have to run patrol tonight, as soon as I shift, Sam is going to know. He isn't going to let you turn Harry, you will be breaking the treaty if you do."

"I plan on talking to Billy and explaining the situation, but if he refuses, then we will have to leave Forks."

"I was afraid that you would say that," Seth moaned. He really didn't want Harry to leave Forks, he would probably never see him again if he did. "I will talk to Sam too, but he can be bullheaded."

"Yes," Carlisle chuckled, "but he is only doing it for the best interest of the tribe. It's not easy being the leader and having everyone depend on you. I won't go against the the treaty, no matter how much I want to stay in Forks."

Carlisle pulled out his cell phone when he felt it vibrating. Sending a quick text back, he pocketed his phone and stood back up. "That was Esme wanting to know if she could come and meet Harry tonight? I don't think he is up to meeting new people tonight, especially after the way he woke from the surgery."

"He was really scared," Seth agreed. "You said he will get his first round of chemo tonight?"

Carlisle couldn't hide his grimace. "Dr. Benton will be by shortly to get him started. Hopefully he will be well enough for me to take him home tomorrow."

"Did you know he asked if I would smuggle him out in my cart?" Seth snickered. "I think he will start feeling much better once he is out of here. He seriously hates hospitals."

Carlisle shook his head laughing. "Harry is something else. Apparently it wouldn't be the first time that he took off from the hospital bed. He told me he ended up in the hospital a lot at the boarding school he went to and the nurse threatened to tie him to the bed."

Seth stood up laughing. "Unfortunately I have to get going, I have to report to Sam in thirty minutes. Tell Harry that I will be by in the morning. If you do take him home in the morning, can you please text me and let me know?"

"Not a problem," Carlisle said walking the shifter to the door. "You're more than welcome at the house, you don't even have to call first."

Seth gave Carlisle a big goofy grin. "Thanks, see you later."
"Wait!" Harry cried, holding out his hand and scooting away. "I don't know if I can do this." He was staring wild eyed at the IV bag that the oncologist was holding.

Carlisle reached out to comfort his mate, but Harry whimpered and flinched away from him. "Please, don't touch me. Just give me a minute, ok." Harry dropped his head in his trembling hands and started taking deep breaths.

Carlisle desperately wanted to comfort his mate, he could smell the fear rolling off of him. He wished he could just tell Harry what he was and beg him to let him turn him. He didn't want this anymore than what Harry did, and he couldn't blame his mate for being terrified.

"Harry, I can give you something that will help relax you before I start the chemotherapy." Dr. Benton said kindly. "I won't start this until you are ready and give me the green light."

Harry lifted his head, looking to Carlisle for advise. He thought that he could do this, but when he saw that bag of poison in the doctors hand, he panicked. It was easier facing the basilisk then that bag of chemo. Hell, right now even Voldemort wasn't as scary at that bag.

Carlisle slowly reached out and took Harry's hand, relieved when he didn't pull away. "Take the anxiety meds, Harry. They will help relax you and maybe you can even sleep during the chemo."

"Carlisle, I-I thought that I could do this, I really did. I feel like I could throw up right now and we haven't even gotten started yet." Harry was breathing so hard now that he was starting to feel dizzy.

Carlisle nodded to Dr. Benton, letting him know that is was alright to get the anxiety medicine. "Harry, I need you to take a couple deep breaths for me and try to relax."

Nodding his head, Harry did as Carlisle asked. It took a few minutes, but it finally started to work. His vision was clearing and his heart rate was slowing down some.

"Good job, little one," Carlisle said softly. "I want you to forget about the chemo for a few minutes and let the doctor give you the anxiety medicine. Let the meds relax you then we can discuss the chemotherapy."

Harry looked uncertainty at the bag in the doctor's hand, but reluctantly nodded his head. He just wished that he could wake up from this terrible nightmare and find himself safely at Grimmauld Place with Sirius and Remus.

Harry grimaced and looked away when the doctor uncovered the port. He couldn't feel much because of the numbing stuff they rubbed on it, but he still didn't want to look at it.

Carlisle softly rubbed soothing circles on the inside of Harry's wrist. "Everybody at home has been working hard to get a room ready for you." he said trying to distract his mate from what the doctor was doing. "They converted my office to a room for you so you wouldn't have to climb the stairs."

"They didn't have to do that," Harry said, looking into Carlisle's golden eyes. "I would have been fine on the couch." Harry yawned, already feeling the effects of the anxiety medicine.

"We were not going to put you on the couch," Carlisle chuckled. "How are you feeling now?" he asked when he noticed that Harry's eyes were starting to droop.

"Light, like I'm floating." Harry mumbled, speech slightly slurred.
Carlisle looked over at Dr. Benton. "I think maybe next time you can give him less."

Benton chuckled. "Believe me Carlisle, that wasn't a lot. All I did was give him enough to take the edge off."

"Can I go home now?" Harry asked, giving Carlisle his best puppy dog eyes.

"Tell you what, Harry, I will release you tonight after the chemotherapy as long as you have no bad side-effects from it." Dr. Benton held up the bag of chemo. "What do you say, Harry, do you want to give it one more try?"

Harry looked to Carlisle, he could see in the man's eyes how much he wanted him to do this. "How long will this take?" He asked turning back to Dr. Benton.

Dr. Benton smiled at Harry. "The chemotherapy will take a couple hours, then I would like for you to remain for an extra hour just to make sure you aren't having a reaction to the medicine. After that you can go home with your uncle...as long as you promise to follow his orders."

Harry stared at the bag of poison that the doctor was still holding. "How many treatments before we know if it's working?"

Dr. Benton shook his head. "It's hard to say, Harry, everyone responds differently. We are going to hit you aggressively everyday until your body needs a break, then we will give you a few weeks off. Before each treatment your uncle will draw your blood then bring it to the hospital so we can check how you're doing. After your first week of chemo, your uncle will bring you back to the hospitals for some tests so we can see if the tumors are shrinking, getting bigger, or staying the same."

Harry looked to Carlisle hopefully. "I can get the rest of the chemotherapy at home?"

Carlisle looked to Dr. Benton who nodded, then back to his mate. "As long as you have no bad reactions to the chemotherapy. Nausea, vomiting, hair loss, mouth sores, and all the others we discussed are normal side effects from the chemo, but if you have a bad reaction then you will have to remain here until you are better."

Dr. Benton stepped closer to the scared teen. "You ready, Harry?" he asked holding up the bag of chemo.

Harry gripped Carlisle's hand as hard as he could. Taking a deep breath, he quickly nodded his head before he could change his mind.

"Harry, look at me," Carlisle instructed, gently turning his head away from what Dr. Benton was doing. "I'm very proud of you, Harry. I know this is scary, but you're tough and brave."

Harry shook his head no. "I'm not brave, I feel like I'm going to be sick." Harry's heart rate started to spike and his breathing became faster.

Carlisle placed his cool hand on Harry's chest, the opposite side of the port. "Deep breath in, Harry, hold it for the count of five then slowly let it out. Concentrate on your breathing, not on what Dr. Benton is doing. The first round of chemotherapy is always the scariest, but the actual procedure doesn't hurt. If you feel any pain, tingling, coolness or itching, let me know immediately. You're also allowed to move around and do stuff too, you don't have to stay all stiff."

Harry shook his head no, he just wanted to sleep and get this over with. He knew that Dr. Benton had started the IV, and despite not physically being able to feel anything, it felt like acid was
coursing through his veins. He didn't know how he was going to be able to lay there for hours while poison was being pumped through his body.

Resting his head on Carlisle's arm, Harry continued to take deep calming breaths. He desperately wanted to sleep, but he kept picturing evil black poison as it slowly spread through his body. Snapping his head up, he looked frantically at Carlisle. "I can't do this...take it out." he sobbed, as he clawed at Carlisle's arm.

Carlisle grasped Harry's hands in one of his, while his other cupped the back of his head. "You're fine, Harry. You only have two more hours then you will be done your first treatment."

Harry blinked at Carlisle, not understanding what he was talking about.

Carlisle chuckled. "Little one, you have been asleep for a while now. The anxiety meds that Dr. Benton gave you knocked you out as soon as the chemotherapy started." He had hoped that Harry would have remained asleep during the entire treatment, he hated smelling the fear on him.

Harry rested his forehead on Carlisle's chest, trembling. "Please, I want to be done now. Can't you just stop it and take me home?"

Carlisle ran his hand up and down his mate's back. "In three more hours you will be home in a nice comfortable bed being spoiled by Esme and everyone else. How are you feeling?"

"Fine I guess," Harry mumbled into Carlisle's chest. "Just anxious to get out of here. I really hate hospitals. I don't think..." Harry didn't get to finish because his door opened up and Edward, Alice and Seth came strolling in.

Grinning, Alice held up a deck of cards. "Thought we would keep you company for the last few hours."

Harry smiled back at the overly hyper girl. "I'm not very good at cards."

"Good, then I might actually have a chance at winning. I always lose when I play with the guys." Seth chuckled.

"Hey, I thought you had something to do for your tribe tonight?" Harry asked, thankful that his friend came, but worried that he would get in trouble.

Seth waved his hand in front of his face. "I told Sam that my friend was sick and needed company, and Jake was nice enough to switch me."

Alice looked to Carlisle. "I saw him giving in," she said softly so Harry couldn't hear her. "He was going to have you stop the chemotherapy and then refuse more. He will die in a week if he quits now. Edward and I ran to the boarder to get Seth, we were hoping we could distract him from what's going on."

Carlisle closed his eyes, his dead heart feeling like it was being ripped from his chest. Gaining control of himself, he grabbed the rolling tray and put it in front of Harry. "I'll warn you now, Harry, Edward cheats at poker."

Edward smirked at Harry. "I can read minds."

Harry smirked back. "Then I'll just have to close mine off."

Edward almost tripped over his feet when all of a sudden it felt like a door had slammed shut in
Harry's mind. He could no longer hear anything from his father's mate, not even a whisper.

"You alright, Edward?" Carlisle asked when his son tripped. Vampires were always graceful, they never tripped over anything.

"Just not watching where I'm going," Edward answered, but quietly he added. "I can no longer read his mind, it's completely closed off to me."

Carlisle chuckled. "Well it looks like you won't be cheating with my little mate?" He wasn't sure why Edward could no longer hear Harry, but right now he was just relieved that Harry was smiling and not asking to stop the chemo. He would worry about how Harry closed his mind off to Edward later.

***HP

Dr. Benton was surprised when he heard laughter coming from Harry's room. He had honestly expected the boy to freak out again when the anxiety medicine wore out and demand the treatment to be stopped. He couldn't blame him if he did, the chemotherapy was only going to give the boy a few more months.

Dr. Benton stood just inside Harry's room with a smile on his face. Alice, Carlisle's daughter, was laying side by side with Harry on the bed, the Clearwater boy was sitting on one side of the foot of the bed, and Carlisle's son was sitting on the other side. Carlisle was standing beside Harry grinning down at him.

"Go fish," Harry grinned cheekily at Edward.

"What do you mean...go fish?" Edward snapped playfully. "I know damn well that you have to have that last jack."

Harry giggled loudly. "I don't have the jack, honestly."

Dr. Benton cleared his throat. "Well, it looks like I wasn't invited to the party."

Harry tossed his cards on the table. "Excellent, can I go now?"

Dr. Benton shook his head. "You really don't give up, do you? You seem to be feeling pretty good so I guess I can let you leave after unhooking you and flushing your port. Normally I would make you wait around for an hour or so, but you are living with the best doctor in Forks, so I think I will let you slide."

Carlisle's heart melted when Harry smiled up at him. It was unlike any smile he had seen so far from him and he knew then and there that he would never be able to deny his mate anything if he smiled at him like that.

"Are you sure you want me?" Harry asked jokingly. If you looked in his eyes though, you could tell that he wasn't joking and you could see his fear and uncertainty in them. "Last chance to back out, and I warn you, I'm a magnet for trouble."

"Well when you put it that way..." Carlisle lightly shoved his mate. "Of course we want you, silly. Your room is all ready for you and the rest of the family can't wait to meet you."

"Alright then," Dr. Benton said, covering the port with some gauze. "Carlisle, keep an eye on this and bring him in if it starts looking infected. I will get the discharge papers and a wheelchair, and hopefully I won't see you, Harry, until next week."
Harry smiled at the doctor. "Thank you for putting up with me, I know I can be a pain in the ass."

"That's quite all right, Mr. Cullen, no one likes being in the hospital."

Harry blushed at being called Mr. Cullen. He had forgotten that he had taken on Carlisle's last name, and the sound of someone calling him that left butterflies in his stomach.

***HP

"Dammit," Severus cursed, his magic getting away from him and setting the map on fire. The tracking potion just failed for a second time, and that left him with only one bottle left.

"It's been a week since he ran off. Do you think the potion isn't working because Harry's..."

"Finish that sentence, Mr. Weasley, and you will be without fingernails for the rest of your life," Severus growled.

"Look I don't want to think it either, but we have to consider it. None of the search parties have found even a hint of Harry and we know that he went off with two vampires. I'm not the only one thinking it either, a couple searchers have given up and there's talk of even more calling it."

"I will not give up until I have one hundred percent proof that he is dead or turned. I failed Lily all these years, I won't do it again. I wronged that boy from the second he stepped into the castle, I owe it to him to keep searching. If you want to quit, then get the hell out of my sight." Severus roared.

Bill held his hands up and backed away from the enraged man. "Hey, I never said that I was giving up, I'm with you to the end. What's the plan now?"

"Unfortunately we have a useless meeting at the mutts house in an hour. I say we get a good nights sleep tonight then go fifty miles in the other direction, towards Forks."

Bill stretched his aching back. "A good nights sleep on a comfortable bed sounds awesome."

Severus sighed. "Come, let's go to the meeting point, we're done for tonight."

***HP

Carlisle parked the car outside his house then turned to check on his mate. For the last ten minutes he had been really quiet and had hardly moved. "Harry, are you ok?"

Harry was afraid that if he opened his mouth to answer Carlisle he would vomit in his very expensive car. For the first half of the car ride he was fine, then the nausea hit him...hard. He had hoped that resting his head on the cool window would help settle his stomach, but it didn't.

Carlisle jumped out of the car and met Alice as she was running out of the house with a bucket. He made it to Harry's side of the car and opened the door just in time for him to fall out and vomit violently into the bucket.

Harry was shaking and gagging and he was absolutely mortified that he lost it in front of Carlisle and Alice. He tried to hold it back, he really did, but his body had a mind of it's own.
"It's alright, Harry, just relax and don't fight it." Carlisle soothed, brushing the hair away from his mate's face.

Harry sat back and leaned against the car, eyes shut tight so he couldn't see the earth spinning around him. Being a wizard he very seldom got sick, he couldn't even remember having a stomach virus before. This was worst feeling ever.

Harry moaned as Carlisle cupped his face. His cools hands were heaven on his hot flesh. He didn't know why Carlisle's hands were always so cold, but he was thankful that they were.

"You're running a bit of a fever, little one. If you're ok now, I would like to pick you up and carry you into the house.

All Harry could do was groan, he had a feeling that he would be getting sick again sometime very soon.

Very gently Carlisle picked up his mate doing his best not to jostle him too much. He had been hoping that Harry could have gotten through his first chemo treatment without getting sick.

Whimpering, Harry buried his face in Carlisle's neck. He couldn't believe that he just got sick in front of them, how disgusting was that?

Esme was nervously hovering by the front door. "Is he alright, Carlisle?" She was anxiously waiting to meet Carlisle's mate when Alice froze with a vision then took off outside with a bucket.

"It's just the chemotherapy, Esme. He will probably be feeling pretty bad for a few hours. I'm going to take him straight to his room." Carlisle got a quick glance of his family that were all gathered around waiting to meet his mate. "He'll be alright," he reassured them.

"Please," Harry cried out, panicking as more vomit forced it's way up his burning throat.

Carlisle sat Harry on the bed and placed the bucket under Harry's face. "Just relax and let it happen."

Tears fell from Harry's eyes as he vomited for a second time. His entire body was trembling and he felt like he was on fire.

"Carlisle,"

Carlisle reluctantly turned away from his mate to see what Rosalie wanted. When she first heard that his mate was a young boy who was going to have to be turned while still a kid, she was furious. Not only was she worried about him making things more difficult on them, she was also worried about how someone so young would take to being in a sexual relationship with someone so much older. She also didn't like the idea of someone so young being turned.

"I thought maybe this would help," Rosalie handed Carlisle a cold damp washcloth.

"Thank you, Rose." Carlisle took the cloth from her giving her a small smile. "Could you please get him some ice chips and a ginger ale."

Harry lifted his head up moaning. "No, you don't have to get me anything, I can get it myself."

"Please, you can't even lift your head out of the puke bucket," Rosalie's eyes softened and she gave him a small smile. "Don't worry about anything, we got you."
Carlisle smiled gratefully at his daughter. "Harry, I would like you to meet Rosalie."

Harry dropped his head back in the bucket and started vomiting again.

Rosalie slightly crinkled up her nose. "Right, ice chips and soda coming right up."

***HP

"Carlisle, you need to hunt," Edward whispered, careful to not wake his father's mate. Harry had rough two hours after getting home, but he was now finally resting peacefully.

"I'll be fine, Edward. I can't leave him now."

Edward sighed. "Carlisle, you didn't feed the week before Harry showed up and you haven't fed since, it's been two weeks and your eyes are getting darker. If Harry wakes while you are gone, we will take care of him and call you right away.

Carlisle looked back to his mate who was in a deep sleep. "You're right, I need to hunt." Leaning forward, he gave Harry a light kiss on the cheek. "I'll be an hour at the most," he said turning back to Edward. With one last look at his mate, he tore out of the room and into the night.

***HP

The large group of Order members sat dejectedly around the old wooden table. It had been a week since Harry disappeared and they had not heard from him or found a trace of him since he left the airport.

"I can't miss anymore work," Arthur said sadly, pain clear in his eyes. He loved Harry as much as he loved his boys and it killed him that he had to stop searching.

"My parents want me home," Hermione cried with tears in her eyes. "They haven't seen me since Christmas and they have a family vacation planned." Hermione didn't want to stop looking for Harry, but she didn't want to upset her parents. She dearly loved them and she only had a short time with them before she had to return to Hogwarts in September.

Dumbledore nodded his head, he understood that people had to get on with their lives. "Poppy, what condition do you suspect Harry is in."

Poppy looked up from where she was staring at her hands. She was pale, had dark circles under her eyes and she looked like she had dropped a few pounds. "Harry was very sick when he left St. Mungo's, and he only received one treatment for the lung infection he was suffering from. If he didn't immediately seek medical help, then I don't see how he could possibly still be alive."

"What, are you all just giving up?" Sirius snapped. "Harry didn't just give up when you all needed him." Sirius rounded on Arthur. "Your family owes Harry two life debts, and you're just going to give up on him after a week of searching." Sirius angrily faced Hermione. "I know that you have to listen to your parents, but Harry saved you back in your first year. Harry saved everyone here when he destroyed Voldemort and your all just giving up."

"We wouldn't be in this position if you wouldn't have treated your godson like trash." Severus sneered. "You owe that boy two life debts and yet you attacked him without giving him a chance to explain. This is your fault mutt, you are the reason that Harry ran away. That boy loves you more than anything...he delayed his own life saving treatment because he was so damn worried about
Sirius dropped his head in shame. "I have to find him," he cried. "Even if it's just to lay him to rest next to his parents. You're right, this is all my fault. I always act without thinking. If I just would have thought about it I would have known that Harry wouldn't have abandoned me like that. For fuck's sake, Harry took on over a hundred Dementors for me, and Bellatrix's curse."

"A curse he wouldn't have had to take if you weren't acting the cocky shit during the battle," Severus added snappishly. "The same curse that sped up the cancer growth in his body. Oh and let's not forget, he wouldn't have even been living with the muggles if you would've done your job as his godfather and looked after him instead of going after Pettigrew."

Sirius paled, shock and disbelief written all over his face. "It's all my fault. I'm the reason that my pup is dying. If I would have looked after him instead of going after Pettigrew that night, none of this would have happened."

"Well spotted, twenty points to Gryffindor for their excellent deduction," Severus sneered. "I wouldn't go celebrating your pity party yet, I'm sure you would have fucked the boy up anyway had you raised from the beginning."

"All right, Severus," Dumbledore reprimanded. "Fighting amongst ourselves and pointing fingers isn't helping Harry. I need a show of hands of those who can't or no longer want to search for Harry." Dumbledore shook his head sadly as ten hands went up in the air, Hermione's included.

"Albus," Arthur called, head bowed in shame. "If you can get me an evening portkey, I will help search for Harry after work. It's just that, I have to work."

"I understand, Arthur, and I will see what I can do."

"He's with the vampires," Sirius snarled. "They have my pup, that's why he hasn't used his card since he left the airport."

Albus nodded his head. "I agree, I too believe that Harry is with the muggle vampires. All we can do is hope that their eye color means that they will not kill or turn him."

"Do you know what will happen if a muggle vampire bites a wizard?" Remus asked, speaking up for the first time that evening. If he just would have taken Harry himself all those years ago, then he would have been a happy, healthy teen right now.

"I'm sorry, Remus." Albus said sadly. "I researched and asked around, there is no record of a muggle vampire biting to turn a wizard."

Severus stood up and started briskly walking towards the floo. "Since this meeting holds nothing of importance, I am off to get a few hours of sleep."

***HP

Harry was terrified to open his eyes. Right now he wasn't feeling too bad, but he was afraid that if he opened them then the world would start spinning again. Last night was one of the worst nights that he could ever remember. He managed to get in only a few hours of sleep before the vomiting started all over again. Throughout the entire horrible process, Carlisle never left his side. Even that beautiful blond came in and started helping, it was like she had a never ending supply of cool wet towels to place on his forehead and neck.

Harry didn't jump when he felt a cool hand on his head. One, he was too weak from being sick all
night, and two, he was getting use to Carlisle's gentle touches. In the short time since knowing the man, he had come to crave those touches.

"Your fever is gone, how are you feeling today?"

Harry moaned. "I'm afraid to think about it."

Carlisle chuckled. "You did have an exceptionally bad night. Do you think you're up to some food? Esme has some homemade chicken noodle soup and some crackers."

The thought of food made him cringe, unfortunately his stomach didn't agree with him. The sound of homemade chicken noodle soup had his stomach grumbling with anticipation. With a groan, he tentatively rolled onto his back and opened his eyes, relieved when everything stayed where it should.

"Would you like me to help you sit up a bit?"

"Will I throw up if I sit up?" Harry asked weakly.

"You shouldn't, I don't think you have anything left in your stomach to throw up." Carlisle placed a bunch of pillows behind his mate's back until he was sitting up enough to be comfortable while he was eating.

"Whoa," Harry gasped as he got his first look at his room. Last night he was too sick to see anything but the inside of the bucket he was puking in. The first thing he noticed was that his entire wall to the left of his bed was a floor to ceiling window. Beautiful green, thick woods stretched out as far as he could see. He couldn't help but wonder if there was any magical creatures living in them. Tears came to his eyes when he spotted all the drawings he did the past week hung up on the walls framed in what looked like beautifully hand carved frames. The castle, the thestral mare and foal, Fawks, Hagrid's hut, Fluffy the three headed dog, Buckbeak, a golden snitch, Professor Snape's potions lab, and his favorite, Padfoot, Moony, and Prongs laying together in a field of Lily's."

"You have an amazing gift."

Harry looked towards the door and found a beautiful woman in her mid twenties with long wavy caramel-colored hair, pale heart shaped face, dimples and golden eyes. She was giving him a warm smile and he could just make out two dimples. In her hands was a tray of food that looked and smelled amazing,

Carlisle got up and took the tray from Esme. "Harry, I would like you to meet my adopted sister, Esme. Like you, she is also an artist."

"I do like to draw and paint, but I'm afraid that I don't have half the talent as you. Your pictures are beautiful, you should be proud of them." Carlisle had explained to them that Harry had been abused, and that he was afraid that she wasn't going to like him because he was good at drawing.

Harry blushed, he wasn't use to getting complements. "Thank you, mam."

"Please, call me Esme," Esme took a seat next to Harry's bed. "I hope you're feeling better today, you had us all very worried last night."

Smiling, Harry thanked Carlisle when he placed the food on a lap tray in front of him. Now that
the food was right under his nose and smelling delicious, he couldn't wait to dig into it. "I'm sorry you had to see and hear that last night. I hope I didn't disgust you all."

"None of that now, dear, you couldn't help it. It will take a lot more than some throwing up to disgust the lot of us."

"Thank you," Harry mumbled. Picking up the spoon, he took his first taste of the soup. "Oh, this is so good. It's exactly what I needed after last night."

Esme beamed at the praise. She loved to cook, but sadly never got much of a chance because her family were all vampires.

"Her cooking is the best, dude. Do you think maybe I can bunk with you? My sister's cooking doesn't even come close to Esme's."

"Seth, you're here," Harry ginned.

"Are you kidding me," Seth snorted. "I have been here for two hours waiting for Sleeping Beauty to wake up." Seth poked Harry on the shoulder. "By the way, you're sleeping beauty."

Harry batted his eyes at the much larger boy. "Why, Seth, I didn't know that you thought I was beautiful."

Harry jumped when loud booming laughter came from outside his door. Standing there with a big goofy grin that could rival Seth's, was a huge, muscular teen that had to be at least six foot five inches tall, if not taller. He had short, dark curly hair, was incredibly pale and had gold eyes like the rest of the Cullen's. He would have been scared of him if it wasn't for the kindness in his eyes and smile.

"He's got you there, Seth." Walking into the room, Emmett stood at the foot of Harry's bed with his arms crossed in front of his chest. "So you're the little squirt everyone has been talking about?"

Harry dumbly nodded his head, staring at the largest teen he had ever seen. "What did you take to grow so big, and where can I get some?"

Emmett threw his head back howling. "I like you squirt. If you're up to it after you eat, Seth and I have a mean battle going on with the XBOX, we could use a third."

"Yeah, that would be great. I will finish up here, and if it's alright with Carlisle, I would like a shower." Harry scrunched up his nose. "I'm offending myself."

"Dude, you're offending all of us," Seth snickered.

Grabbing a cracker, Harry flung it at Seth. He was shocked when Seth ducked down and caught it in his mouth.

Carlisle shook his head at the boys. His mate had never been this playful and happy at the hospital, he loved seeing this side of him. He was grateful that this small, amazing human was made for him and him alone.

"Harry, that's my adopted son Emmett. Don't let his size and loud voice intimidate you, he's nothing but a big teddy bear."

"My big teddy bear," Rosalie wrapped her arms around Emmett from behind. "Well, Harry, I must admit, you look much cuter with your face out of the bucket of puke."
Groaning, Harry covered his red face with his hands. Rosalie was even more beautiful in the light of day, and she had watched as he vomited all night long. Rosalie had long stunning blond hair, sparkling gold eyes, pale completion, and a figure that a model would kill for. He had never seen any girl as beautiful as Rosalie, not even in the magazines or movies.

"I can't believe that you saw that," Harry mumbled through his hands. "I could just die." Harry snapped his head up and gave a bit of a crazed laugh. "That's pretty funny, I am dying."

The smile slipped off everyone's faces and the room got deathly quiet.

Harry pushed the tray of half eaten food away and slipped out of the bed. "Hey, Doc, is it alright if I get a shower."

"Of course, Harry." Carlisle wrapped his arm around his mate and helped him to the bathroom that was attached to his room.

"Here, Harry," Rosalie said holding out some clothes. "Alice and I bought you a new wardrobe, I hope everything fits."

Harry felt like he could cry. Other than his school uniform, he had never owned new clothes before. He always had to wear his fat cousin's old castoffs even though they were a good five times too big on him. "Thank you for this, you have no idea..." Feeling choked up, he jerkily nodded his head and slipped into the bathroom and closed the door behind him.

"What was that all about?" Seth asked softly.

"His relatives," Edward said sadly, walking into the room. "They refused to buy him his own clothes. They made him wear his cousins old clothes even though the boy was huge. No one has ever bought clothes just for him."

Carlisle leaned against the bathroom door, pinching the bridge of his nose. Harry did a good job hiding it, but he was deeply scarred by the abuse he suffered...and he didn't mean the scars that you could see with your eyes.

***HP

Harry was leaning against the shower wall, tears streaming down his face. Why now? Why, when he was dying did he finally find a family that could accept him, and possibly even love him? When he had left Hogwarts, he was ready to accept death with open arms. Why did these amazing people have to come into his life when he could die at any minute? He knew that even with the chemotherapy he was going to die. The chemotherapy was only buying him another month or two. He didn't want the chemotherapy, he didn't want to fight...but now, he didn't want to die.

Feeling like his legs were going to give out on him, he quickly washed up and wrapped the large towel around his trembling body. He couldn't believe how incredibly weak he felt. Despite the abuse and malnourishment he suffered growing up, he was still always physically strong. His uncle would beat him until he passed out at night, and by morning he was up doing his endless list of chores. Now though, he felt as weak and helpless as a newborn kitten.

It took him a while, but he was finally able to dress himself and get a comb through his long hair. All the clothes he was wearing was brand new, from the underwear to the sox. Most times he went without underwear because he flat out refused to wear Dudley's nasty, old, skid marked underwear. The gray sweat pants that he was wearing fit perfect and was soft against his skin. The red t-shirt was a little big, but he figured that it was bought like that on purpose. Right now his chest was sore
from having the port put in yesterday and anything tight would have irritated it.

Looking at himself in the mirror, he cringed at the horrible image that was reflected back at him. He was already underweight before getting sick, but now he looked like a walking skeleton. The dark circles under his sunken eyes stood out like neon signs against his pale flesh. The only thing that made him look decent was his emerald eyes, long hair and clothes, and he would be losing his hair soon.

Walking out of the bathroom, he smiled at Carlisle who was there waiting to help him to the other room. "I can't believe how much energy it took just to shower and dress."

Carlisle quickly wrapped his arm around his mate before he could fall. Harry's legs were shaking and he was looking alarmingly pale. "Would you like me to carry you."

Harry blushed at the thought of being in Carlisle's strong arms. He knew that Carlisle carried him from the car yesterday, but he was too sick at the time enjoy it. The longer he was around Carlisle, the more he was falling for him. Carlisle would never be interested in him though, he was young, stupid, wrong sex, ugly...then there was the dying thing.

"No, I think I can walk." Harry froze mid step. It just dawned on him, he was going to die a virgin. Not only was he never going to experience the joys of having sex, the Potter name was going to die with him. There would never be another Potter in the wizarding world. The Potter's were one of the oldest wizarding families, and in a few months they would become no more...extinct...expired...terminated...dead and gone..."

"Harry," Carlisle called when Harry stopped walking and just stared off into space. "Harry, what's wrong?" Carlisle gasped when Harry's eyes started filling up with tears.

Harry shook his head, wiping away his tears. "Nothing, just thinking."

Using his thumb, Carlisle wiped a stray tear from Harry's cheek. "Obviously whatever you were thinking was not good."

"It's hard to have good thoughts right now," Harry said softly.

Carlisle pulled his mate into a hug. "It doesn't have to be all bad, Harry. Just live for the day and grasp what you have with open arms. Tomorrow may be better or it may be worse, but either way, I will be right here beside you helping to hold you up."
"So let me get this straight," Harry said looking around the room. "You two are a couple? he asked pointing to Alice and Jasper. He had just been introduced to Jasper and was shocked when Alice crawled up onto his lap and gave him a passionate kiss. "And you two are a couple?" he asked pointing to Rosalie and Emmett.

"Yup," Alice said, popping the P loudly and giggling.

Harry turned to Carlisle who was sitting on the couch next to him. "And you adopted all of them."

Grinning, Carlisle nodded his head.

"Riiight, that's not weird at all." Harry said awkwardly.

Emmett threw his head back howling with laughter.

"Harry," Rosalie said, shaking her head in exasperation. "None of us are blood related, so it's ok."

Harry nonchalantly shrugged his shoulders. "I wasn't saying that there was anything wrong with it. I just wanted to make sure I got everything straight." Harry looked at Edward. "Is Carlisle planning on adopting someone for you too?"

Before Edward could answer, Harry held up his hands. "Whoa, that's not why I'm here is it? I think you have this sexy, brooding, dark and mysterious thing going on, but you're totally not my type."

Emmett fell off his chair, laughing hysterically into the floor. Everyone else in the room tried their damnedest not to laugh too, but soon they were all bent over with laughter.

"I will have you know," Edward said, trying to look offended. "I do not brood."

"Yeah, ok," Harry chuckled, playfully rolling his eyes.

"Anyway," Edward said, giving Emmett a kick in the side since he was still on the floor laughing like a hyena. "I have yet to find anyone right for me."

Harry looked over at Esme, then turned to look at Carlisle. "You two are adopted brother and sister, but are you also...you know?" Harry felt a painful jolt to the heart at the thought of Carlisle and Esme being together.

Both Carlisle and Esme quickly said no. "Like Edward, Esme has yet to find the one," Carlisle said, staring deeply into Harry's eyes.

Harry nervously looked away from the intensity of Carlisle's gaze.

"Harry," Carlisle called trying to get the teen's attention. "You said that Edward wasn't your type."

Chapter 7
Do you have something against same sex relationships?"

Harry looked back at Carlisle, cheeks flushing a bright red. "I never really thought about it before, but love is love, whether it's with the opposite sex or with the same sex."

Grinning, Carlisle reached out and took his mate's hand. "I'm glad you feel that way."

Feeling overwhelmed and a tiny bit light-headed, Harry pulled his hand from Carlisle's and quickly stood up. "I have to use the..." Blushing, Harry turned and left.

"Too fast?" Carlisle asked, looking around at his family.

Jasper held up his thumb and finger, smirking. "Just a little."

Sighing, Carlisle collapsed against the couch and buried his face in his hands.

"I know that it's hard not to claim your mate, but try to be patient." Jasper said trying to reassure his father. "Harry likes you...a lot, there is no doubt there. Harry has been hurt and he has very low self esteem. He feels that he is unlovable and everyone he has given his heart to has broken it."

"He's also hurting because he was ok with dying, until he met us. Now he is scared and doesn't want to die, but he knows that he is going to anyway" Edward added softly.

***HP

Harry splashed some cold water on his face, trying to get the embarrassing red flush to go away. If he didn't know any better, he would have sworn that Carlisle had been flirting with him. Carlisle was handsome, rich, and classy, what the hell would he want with a low class, abused, dying orphan like him?

Walking back to his room, he collapsed on the bed and pulled his blanket up and over his head. It wouldn't matter if Carlisle did like him, he was going to be dead soon anyway. If he was smart he would leave now before he became too attached to the Cullen's, but he really didn't want to be alone. He had never been treated the way everyone here treated him, like he was truly special and worth something. If he was being honest with himself, he was already attached to the Cullen's, especially Carlisle.

Carlisle watched from a distance as his mate drifted off to sleep. He wanted to go in there and hold him, but he managed to restrain himself. It was getting harder everyday to deny his instincts, and he was starting to fear that he would snap and bite his mate.

"Everything will work out, just wait and see," Alice said, leaning against the wall next to Carlisle.

"I don't know how much longer I can fight my instincts."

Alice giggle softly. "Carlisle, you have been fighting your instincts since the day you were bitten. He's getting there, but he needs more time."

Carlisle turned to look at Alice. "But do I have the time? He's getting sicker, I can smell it."

Alice's lips turned down into a slight frown. "I saw you turning him, Carlisle, but I also had a vision where you were holding him in your arms while he died. My visions are subjective, you know that. Just keep doing what you're doing and he will come around."

"I can't lose him, Alice. I am already head over heals in love with him, and it isn't just because he's
my mate." Carlisle turned back to his sleeping mate. "Despite everything he has suffered and everyone who has hurt him, he still wants to love and be loved. Harry has such a big and pure heart, I have never met another like him."

"I have," Alice said, giving Carlisle a knowing look. "Look at you, Carlisle, you are a vampire who's nature it is to drink human blood, and yet you devote as much time as you can into saving humans. You are the most compassionate person that I have ever met. You took Jasper and myself in when we showed up on your doorstep, no questions asked. Not only did you take us in, but you gave us a family and treated us like one of your own. You and Harry are going to make an amazing couple."

"Now I just need to convince Harry of that," Carlisle chuckled.

"He likes you," Alice giggled. "He really, really likes you, he's just confused and scared right now. He's only fifteen and has never been in any type of a relationship before."

"And how do you know that?" Carlisle asked curiously.

Alice winked at Carlisle. "I asked. He did say that he went out on one date and kissed a girl once, but it was a horrible, wet experience."

Carlisle shook his head, chuckling. "Wet, huh? Well, hopefully I can do better than that."

***HP

Carlisle climbed onto the bed and pulled his trembling mate against his chest. "Shhh, it's alright, little one, just relax."

Harry buried his face into Carlisle's chest, trying to will the tears away. He had thought that getting his second chemo treatment would be easier, but he was wrong. All day he knew that it was coming and he had tried not to think about it, but now that the time was here, he was terrified.

Carlisle started to rub Harry's back with one hand, while his other gently ran through his mate's soft hair. He hated the reason that put him in his mate's bed, but he couldn't deny that it didn't feel wonderful holding him like this. "Tell me something about yourself," he asked, trying to distract him from the chemo coursing through his body.

Sniffling, Harry pressed his cheek into Carlisle's strong chest and wrapped his arm around his belly. He had never snuggled with anyone like this before, and it was nice. He felt safe wrapped in Carlisle's arms, it made him feel loved.

"I hate broccoli,"

Carlisle chuckled. "That's good, I hate broccoli too. What is your favorite food? Wait, let me guess, pizza?"

Harry snorted. "Wouldn't know, I never tried pizza before. My favorite food is Treacle tart."

"Never had pizza before, but I thought it was every teens favorite food." Carlisle didn't miss how Harry stiffened under his hands.

"I was raised by my aunt and uncle and they didn't exactly like me. They had many methods of punishing me, and one of those was withholding food. Pizza was my cousin's favorite food so they ordered it a lot, but I was never allowed any." Harry didn't know why he was telling Carlisle this, but it just felt right. Maybe it would do him some good to confess everything, kind of like cleansing
the soul before dying. It's not like he would ever have to see his relatives again. Uncle Vernon couldn't punish him this time for telling, not like he did when he was eight.

"What happened to your parents?" Carlisle didn't want to upset Harry with talking about his past, but he was no longer worried about the chemo so he wanted to keep him talking.

Harry started drawing little patterns on Carlisle's stomach with his finger. He couldn't help but notice that Carlisle's stomach was hard and muscular, he could feel no fat under the shirt.

Gritting his teeth, Carlisle tried to will his erection away. Harry's innocent actions were driving him over the edge. His erection wasn't the only thing he had to worry about, his fangs were also pushing through his gums and he desperately wanted to sink them in his mate's warm, delicate neck.

"My parents were murdered by a madman when I was fifteen months old. I was supposed to live with my godfather, but he took off after the man who betrayed my parents and got sent to prison for killing him and twelve bystanders. He didn't do it though, he was sent to prison without a trial. Sirius was innocent."

Carlisle recognized Sirius' name as the man who had hurt Harry. "What happened to him?"

Harry took a deep breath. "He escaped from prison when I was thirteen. He found out that the person who betrayed my parents was hiding out at my friends house and he wanted to warn me. A few weeks ago the man was caught and my godfather finally got his trial and he is now free."

"Harry, I don't want to upset you, but why aren't you with him? He sounds like he cared about you a great deal." Carlisle felt like an ass when he felt tears soak through his shirt. The last thing he wanted to do was make his precious little mate cry. He was curious about Harry's life, but not enough to bring him to tears.

Harry fisted Carlisle's shirt. "No, it's alright. I was supposed to move in with Sirius and his partner Remus after school let out for the summer. I was so thrilled that I didn't have to return to my aunt and uncle's, and I truly loved Sirius and Remus. They had even been dropping hints about adopting me. There was one last hurdle though before we could start our life together as a family...Sirius' trial. I was supposed to testify and Sirius begged me not to be late. A few days before is when I started coughing up blood, but I hadn't told anyone. After Sirius left I went to lay down for a bit because I wasn't feeling well. When I woke it was only minutes to his trial. I tried to make it, I honestly did, but I passed out in front of one of my teachers. When I woke again it was hours later and I was in the hospital. That's when I found out about the cancer."

"Are you telling me that he didn't want you because of the cancer?" Carlisle growled.

Harry shook his head no. "He was so mad at me for missing the trial. I tried to explain what happened, but he wouldn't let me talk. He told me to go back to my aunt and uncle's and to not contact him." Harry tightened his hold on Carlisle, afraid that he would lose him too. "My friends also said some horrible things and told me that they didn't want to be my friend any longer. I had promised the doctor that I would return to the hospital that night to start chemo, but I ran instead. There was no reason for me to stay, everyone hated me. I was going to get sent back to my aunt and uncle's and they would have loved watching me die."

Carlisle pulled Harry tighter to where he was almost laying completely on him. "That was so unfair of them. They should have known that you wouldn't have abandoned your godfather like that."

Harry now had his face pressed in Carlisle's neck, crying. "I should have made it to the trial in
"Time. I shouldn't have fallen asleep."

"Don't you dare blame yourself, Harry, you were very sick." Carlisle said sternly. "They were at fault, not you."

"I miss them so much, Carlisle." Harry cried harder. "We were supposed to be a family, he was going to be my dad. How could he just turn his back on me like that? I had already saved his life twice, he should have known that I had a reason for missing the trial. Why does everyone have to hurt me."

Carlisle lifted Harry's head up so he was looking at him. "Not me, Harry, I will never hurt you. You mean more to me than anything else in this world. I promise that I will never hurt you, and I will never let anyone else hurt you."

Harry looked into Carlisle's golden eyes and he could tell that the man was speaking the truth. "Why?" he asked softly.

Carlisle reached out and softly traced Harry's bottom lip with his thumb. "Because you're the one, Harry. You're the one perfect person on earth who was made just for me. How could I hurt someone that I care so much for?"

"I-I don't understand." Harry whispered breathlessly.

Carlisle cupped the back of Harry's head. "Maybe this will help you understand." Carlisle pulled Harry's head down until their lips met.

Harry's heart was pounding in his chest, he couldn't believe that Carlisle was actually kissing him. His lips were cold like the rest of his body, but the kiss was amazing. Moaning, he leaned in more, opening his lips to Carlisle's probing tongue.

Carlisle rolled to his side, carefully pinning half of his mate under him. He would have loved to have settled completely on top of Harry, but he had to be careful of his port. Gently he flicked his tongue inside his mate's mouth, rubbing his tongue over his and exploring everything that Harry was offering him.

Harry had only ever kissed Cho once, and it felt nothing like this. He had felt awkward and grossed out when he kissed her, but Carlisle's kiss had him getting painfully hard. Being a teenage boy he had wanked plenty of times, but this is the first time he had ever become hard because of another person.

Reluctantly, Carlisle broke off the kiss. He didn't want to do it, but his mate was mortal and unfortunately needed oxygen. Laying his head next to Harry's, he softly traced Harry's cheek and lips. "Do you understand now, my love?"

With a goofy grin on his face, Harry nodded his head. He never imagined that a kiss could feel like that. He had so many thoughts running through his head, but the thought that was the loudest, was the thought that he wanted Carlisle to kiss him like that again.

Harry turned his head, brining himself nose to nose with Carlisle. "I have always been a bit thick. I think I need you to explain it to me again."

Grinning, Carlisle leaned in a recaptured Harry's lips.

***HP
Emmett wolf whistled when Carlisle quietly stepped out of his mate's room, carefully closing the door behind him. "You sly dog."

Carlisle couldn't stop the grin that broke out on his face even if he tried...which he didn't. He just spent an amazing three hours cuddling and making out with his mate. They didn't do anything more than kiss, but it was still incredible. Harry was now unhooked from the IV and sleeping peacefully. He hoped that Harry slept through the night and didn't wake up vomiting like last night.

"I need to hunt," Carlisle informed his family. It was a battle just kissing Harry and not fully claiming him. He was feeling weak and he knew that blood would help. He didn't want to lose control and accidentally bite his mate.

Jasper and Alice stood up. "We'll go with you," Alice said grinning. She was so happy for her father and Harry. Those two deserved each other and she just knew that Carlisle was going to spoil Harry.

"Are you alright with Harry?" Carlisle asked Edward. Edward was the only one other than himself that had went to medical school. He never actively practiced, but he still knew what to do if Harry woke sick.

"Don't worry, Carlisle, Harry will be fine with me. If he does wake, I will contact you immediately."

Carlisle clasped Edward on the shoulder. "Thank you, son."

Edward grinned. "You don't have to thank me, I too care for Harry."

***HP

Sam glared at Seth. "Meeting in thirty minutes at Billy's," he snarled. Quickly he turned and walked away. He was so mad at Seth that he could easily throttle him. He had never been violent towards the pack, but as far as he was concerned, Seth had betrayed them. He needed to get far away from the boy before he went too far and hurt him.

Jacob walked up behind Seth and gently nudged his shoulder. "You alright?"

Seth chuckled nervously. "Sam's pissed." He had just returned from running the boarder and he wasn't surprised to find the entire pack waiting for him. If was the first time he had shifted since meeting Harry, and the pack now knew everything about him and his friendship with not only Harry, but also the Cullen's.

Jacob nodded his head. "You have to admit, it's pretty big. I mean, come on, you have been hanging out with the bloodsuckers."

"Is it any different than hanging out with you meat eaters?" Seth snapped. "Why the hell can't you see that the Cullen's are different? They don't want to hunt and kill people, they just want to live their lives in peace."

"Dude, their fucking vampires," Jared snarled.

"Yeah, and you're a fucking wolf," Seth snarled back.

"They're dangerous, Seth. You can't trust them." Paul growled.

Seth shook his head. "And we're not dangerous? Look at what Sam did to Emily. We are just as
dangerous as they are."

Sam furiously stormed up to Seth, hands shaking with anger. With a roar, he reached his hand out to grasp the teen by the throat. He growled in anger when both Jacob and Paul grabbed his arm, preventing him from reaching his target.

"Calm down, Sam," Paul said, dragging him away from Seth.

Leah got between her little brother and her alpha. "You leave my brother alone, he hasn't done anything wrong." She didn't agree with Seth befriending the Cullen's, but he wasn't breaking any tribal or pack laws by doing it. Seth was a very caring boy and she was proud that her little brother was helping a teen that was alone and dying. It wasn't his fault that the boy turned out to be the coven leader's mate.

Sam bared his teeth in a very animalistic way. "You are banned from having any further contact with that boy, or the Cullen's."

"No," Seth said flatly.

"What did you say?" Sam growled dangerously.

" I said no. No, I'm not going to stay away from the Cullen's, and no, I'm not going to stay away from Harry. Harry is my friend and I'm not going to turn my back on him just because you're a pack of prejudiced wolves."

Puffing out his chest, Sam stood tall. "I am your alpha and I'm giving you a direct order. You are to stay away from the Cullen's and that boy."

Seth could feel the weight of the alpha's order, and the longer he fought it, the more painful it became. Everything in him was screaming at him to obey his alpha. His instincts were urging him to lay on the dirt and roll onto his back, presenting his delicate belly and neck to his enraged alpha.

Whimpering, Seth stumbled backwards. He wasn't going to bow to to Sam like some weak little bitch. Harry was his friend and he needed him. Harry had been hurt by so many people and he wasn't going to add his name to the list. If Sam didn't like it, then tough shit.

With that thought, Seth felt something painfully snap in his chest causing him to fall to the ground. Panting through the pain, he looked up to see that Sam too was on the ground clutching at his chest.

"You severed the bond!" Sam gasped, still clutching his aching chest. It felt like someone very close to him had just died.

Seth struggled to his feet, feeling weak and lonely. He could no longer feel or hear his pack brothers or sister. This isn't what he wanted to happen, but Sam didn't leave him any other choice. He was now a lone wolf...a wolf without a pack. With a strangled cry, he shifted into his sandy wolf and took off.

***HP

The first thing Harry noticed when he woke was that there was a cool body spooning against his. Blushing, he recalled spending hours making out with Carlisle, and loving every second of it.

"How are you feeling?"
Harry shivered as Carlisle's breath caressed the back of his neck. Turning his head, he grinned at Carlisle. "I am actually feeling very good. I haven't felt this good in a long time."

Carlisle frowned slightly. It's not that he wanted his mate to be sick or anything, but Harry had slept peacefully all night, which was strange for after receiving such a high dose of chemotherapy.

Harry set up stretching. "I am starving. I think I'm going to get a shower than see what Esme has in the kitchen."

Carlisle reached out, grabbing his mate's hand and pulling him back onto the bed. "You're not going anywhere until I get a good morning kiss."

Harry blushed and grimaced at the same time. "But I haven't brushed my teeth yet, isn't that gross?"

Carlisle brought his lips close to Harry's. "Nothing about you is gross." Grinning, he leaned in and sealed his lips over his mate's.

Harry knew that he was going to have to relieve himself in the shower. The second Carlisle's lips touched his, he became painfully hard. He didn't fully understand what was going on between him and Carlisle, but he wasn't going to complain. He only had a short time with Carlisle, and he was going to savor every second of it.

Carlisle gave Harry a playful swat to the backside then reluctantly pulled his lips away. "Go get your shower, Esme's making waffles."

Harry's stomach rumbled loudly. "I love waffles."

"Go on then," Carlisle chuckled, watching as his mate scurried about to get clothes then disappearing into the bathroom.

"Is it the chemotherapy?"

Carlisle looked over at Edward who was standing in the doorway. "No, it's not the chemo, but something has him feeling much better. He slept for ten hours with hardly a twitch and now he's like a new person, it doesn't make any sense."

Edward grimaced, shifting uncomfortably. "Apparently your little mate is feeling very, very good this morning. I'm gonna go for a run, it's scaring to have to see your father doing such perverted things to his little mate."

Carlisle grinned. "So Harry's in there..."

Edward stepped into the hallway. "For the love of god, please don't finish that sentence. I will warn you though, that boy has a very active imagination."

Harry looked at himself in the mirror and for the first time in weeks he didn't cringe. Maybe it was the hot shower, but he would swear that he had some color to his cheeks. He no longer looked half zombie, half vampire. He also felt incredibly good, better than what he has since last summer. Maybe that chemo poison wasn't so bad after all.

Smiling when his stomach started protesting his lingering in the bathroom, Harry opened the bathroom door and stepped right into Carlisle's waiting arms.
"You look amazing," Carlisle purred in his ear.

Harry looked down at the baggy sweats and loose t-shirt he was wearing and giggled. "I think, Dr. Cullen, that you need eyeglasses."

Carlisle buried his nose in his mate's neck, moaning when his scent filled his nostrils. His scent was still polluted with the stench of sickness and death, but it wasn't as strong today. Unable to resist, he started licking and sucking on that warm flesh under his lips, fangs easily slipping out from his gums.

Alice skipped into the room and pulled Harry out of Carlisle arms, giggling. With a playful shove, she sent Harry into the hall. "Esme has breakfast all ready for you," she said, giving the blushing teen a wink.

After Harry disappeared, Alice turned back to Carlisle, gasping when she saw the slightly feral look in his eyes. "Carlisle," she called softly.

Carlisle's hands were tightly fisted by his sides and his eyes were as dark as night. "Tell Harry that I got called into the hospital on an emergency and that I won't be back until tonight."

"Carlisle, please don't leave him...not like everyone else," Alice cried softly.

Carlisle closed his eyes. "Alice, you don't know how close I just came to biting him. I need to get away for a bit, before I hurt him. If you hadn't pulled him away when you did, Harry would have been screaming in pain right now as my venom burned through his body."

Alice nodded her head. "Alright, Carlisle, I'll tell him. Just try not to stay away too long, Harry is finally trusting you."

Without answering, Carlisle jumped out the window and tore through the woods.

Jasper walked in and gave his mate a hug. "Don't worry about Carlisle, I'll watch over him."

Alice rested her head on Jasper's shoulder. "Don't let him stay away long, it will kill Harry if he does."

Giving his mate a kiss on the head, Jasper took off after his father.

Harry was happily eating his second waffle when Alice came into the kitchen. "Where's Carlisle?" he asked, looking behind the small girl.

"There was an emergency at the hospital and they called him in."

Harry tried to hide his disappointment. "I understand," he said placing his fork down. "Being a doctor is a very important job." Harry got up from the table. "I'm going to explore the backyard, but I won't wander far. Who knows how many days I have left feeling this good, I don't want to waste it moping around the house."

"Do you want me to come with you?"

Harry gave Alice a small smile. "No thanks, I think I want to spend some time alone."

Alice and Esme watched as Harry went out the back door, shoulders slumped and head down. Picking up his plate, Esme frowned at the half eaten waffle. "He was really enjoying them too,"
she said sadly.

Harry felt like an ass for being depressed because Carlisle had to go into the hospital. Carlisle was a doctor and he loved helping people, it's wasn't like he was abandoning him or anything. There was an emergency, what if it was some little kid that got hurt and here he was feeling sorry for himself? He should really be ashamed for being so selfish.

"What brings you this deep into my woods?"

Harry jumped, then relaxed when he saw Seth sitting on a low tree branch. "Just wandering." Harry looked around for the first time, surprised when he didn't see the Cullen house in sight. He had wandered a lot farther then what he thought. He was so wrapped up in his selfish thoughts that he didn't even realize that he had wandered deep into the woods.

Harry looked at Seth, blushing when he noticed that the larger teen was only wearing a pair of cut off jeans, no shirt or shoes. Harry couldn't stop staring at Seth's extremely muscular body. "How long does one have to work out to look like that?" Harry asked, pointing to Seth's chest.

Seth dropped down from the tree, chuckling. "I don't work out, it's just good DNA I guess." Seth looked around the woods, surprised when he didn't see any Cullen's. "You're not running away are you?" Seth knew that Harry had a habit of running when it came to anything medical.

Harry giggled. "No, just exploring. Carlisle had to go into the hospital for a bit and I didn't want to waste probably my only good feeling day watching tv or playing video games. What are you doing out here?"

Seth shrugged his shoulders. "Just needed to get away from the tribe for a bit. Would you like me to be your tour guide through the lovely woods of Forks and La Push."

"That would be great," Harry grinned. "But I don't know what La Push is."

"La Push is a beach. It's a bit of a walk, but if your up to it, I can take you there."

"Really," Harry said excitedly. "Like an ocean beach?"

"Yeah, haven't you ever seen the ocean?"

"Never," Harry said shaking his head. "I have always wanted to see the ocean. It was on my 'must do before I die' list."

Seth crinkled up his nose. "You have a death list."

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "It's a very small list. You know, see the ocean, lose my virginity. That kind of stuff."

Seth shook his head laughing. "I can help you with the ocean, but you're on your own with the virginity thing."

Harry mock pouted. "Come on, you won't even help a guy out with his dying wish?"

Seth backed away from Harry, holding his hands out in front of him. "I think Carlisle would rip my head off if I helped you out with that particular wish."

Harry dropped his head, blushing. "What makes you think that?"
Seth snorted. "Come on, everyone can tell that the guy has it hard for you."

Harry looked up and Seth was surprised to see the sadness in his friends eyes. "Harry, what's wrong?"

"Carlisle kissed me last night and told me that I was his one." Harry wiped a tear from his eye.

Seth couldn't help smirking. "And that has you sad, because?"

Harry started walking past Seth. "Because, he's just taking pity on the poor little dying orphan boy. There is no way someone like Carlisle could ever truly like someone like me."

"Wow, down on yourself much?" Seth asked, giving his friend a playful bump to the shoulder.

Harry chuckled weakly. "It's true though. I'm sure that Carlisle has woman falling at his feet everyday. What would he want with someone like me?"

"You're right, he does have women fawning all over him, but I have known Carlisle for years and he has never dated anyone. If he likes you, then it's the real thing."

Harry stopped and looked dejectedly down at the ground. "Seth, I'm dying. All the chemo in the world isn't going to save me."

"Then I guess you better enjoy him while you can. Maybe Carlisle can help you out with that pesky virginity problem of yours."

Harry's head snapped up in time to see Seth give him a wink. Chuckling, he smacked Seth on the arm. "Come on, how much farther to La Push?"

Seth snickered. "About three miles, and I'm not carrying you, princess."

"Jeez, if you treat all the damsels in distress like that, it's no wonder that you're still a virgin."

"Hey, what makes you think that I'm still a virgin?" Seth asked, playfully looking offended.

"Please, it's like there's a sign hanging over your head saying, 'virgin here'."

Seth almost choked on his laughter. "Whatever, I'm just waiting on 'the one'."

Harry shook his head. "What is it with you guys and 'the one'?"

***HP

Severus held the map out in front of him. This was it, his last tracking potion. If this didn't work, then he may never know what happened to Potter. Taking a deep breath, he uncorked the bottle and poured it on the map.

Bill anxiously looked over Severus' shoulder, praying the potion would work this time. It had to work this time, it just had to. "There!" he pointed excitedly at the map. "Why is the line so feint?"

Severus folded up and pocketed the map. "I don't know. It could be possible that Harry is a little past the fifty mile mark and the potion is still picking him up, or he could possibly be moving out of the fifty mile mark as we speak."

"Then let's go to Forks," Bill said with determination. This was their first lead on Harry and he wasn't going to lose him now.
"And here I was hoping to take a break and grab some lunch," Severus sneered.

"Whatever," Bill grumbled. Spending a week with Snape was really starting to get to him. For the most part he could ignore the man, but there were times that he wished he could curse his voice box out.

Severus grabbed Bill and apparated to the apparition point in Forks. They were given a list of coordinates by the American Ministry with multiple apparition points for each town.

***HP

"Harry, what the hell are you doing?"

"Isn't it obvious?" Harry chuckled, pulling his shirt over his head and dropping it in the sand.

"You can not be serious. Harry, you just got over pneumonia and that water is freezing." Seth picked up the shirt and handed it back to Harry.

Harry took the shirt and dropped it back in the sand. "Come on, Seth, it's summer."

Seth picked the shirt up again and this time threw it at his crazed friend. "Summer in Forks, isn't like summer in Florida. Harry, it's only sixty eight degrees out and you're sick."

Harry smirked at Seth, then with a wink, he dropped his sweat pants, leaving him in only his boxers. "Seth, I'm not sick, I'm dying, and I don't plan on dying until I experience swimming in the ocean."

"What, is that on your list too?"

"Yeah, along with deckung someone much larger than me. Do you care to volunteer?" Harry turned from Seth and made his way to water's edge.

Seth hurried after Harry. "Fine, if you don't care about your health, what about mine? Carlisle is going to kill me when he finds out that I let you in the ocean."

Harry turned to Seth. "Seth, what part of I'm dying don't you get? If I don't do this now, then I may never get the chance. Every summer my relatives spent two weeks at the ocean and they never took me. My cousin made sure to rub it in my face how much fun the ocean was and how I was too much of a freak to get to go. Well now that I'm here, I'm not going to pass up the opportunity to experience if for myself."

Seth visibly deflated. "Fine, but you're not going in alone." Seth waded out into the water then turned back to Harry. "Well, are you coming? I'm not going to stand here freezing my sexy ass off for nothing."

Grinning, Harry waded out after Seth. "Oh fuck, it really is freezing."

Seth rolled his eyes at Harry. Personally he wasn't cold at all, his wolf kept him from feeling the extremely cold water. "It's not too late to change your mind, princess."

Harry looked down at the goosebumps on his arm. He really wanted to do this, but he had to admit, it was freaking cold. "Nope, let's do this." Taking a deep breath, he dove head first into the oncoming wave.

"Crazy bastard," Seth muttered, diving in after him.
Carlisle was frantically pacing the backyard, trying not to overreact. He had just returned home after being gone for five hours and he found that his little mate was missing. Edward and Emmett was already out searching for him, but they had yet to return or call.

"How could you just let him wander off alone?" Carlisle growled.

"He was upset and wanted to be alone. Carlisle, he's fifteen, not five." Alice said trying to defend her actions.

"He's sick and dying," Carlisle snapped. "He could be laying out there dead somewhere."

"Then maybe you shouldn't have left him," Alice snapped back. "You should have seen the hurt in his eyes when I told him that you were gone."

Carlisle dropped his head. "I had to get away before I turned him."

"I understand that, Carlisle, but he doesn't. He was understanding that you had to go to the hospital, but he was still scared that you were abandoning him."

Edward and Emmett came running into the backyard. "We followed his scent through the woods where he ran into Seth. We lost their scent at the boarder, but they were headed for La Push."

Carlisle relaxed, if Harry was with Seth then he was safe. That didn't mean that he liked the idea of his mate on the wolves territory. If something happened to him, he couldn't cross the boarder to help.

"I'm going to run to the boarder and wait. Harry shouldn't have been out this long." Carlisle wasn't surprised when his sons took off with him. They knew that if they were close to the boarder, then one of the wolves would surely show up.

"Do you still think swimming was a good idea?"

Teeth chattering, Harry nodded his head. He may now be freezing, but swimming in the ocean had been well worth it. Now he could see why Dudley had loved it so much, riding the waves was awesome.

Seth didn't like how Harry was shivering or how his lips were turning blue. "Come on, we better get you back."

"G-Good i-idea," Harry stuttered.

They had only made it a mile when Harry sank onto a log, needing to take a rest. Not only was he freezing, but he was also starting to feel extremely nauseous. He had been feeling so good, why now did he feel like vomiting.

Seth sat next to Harry, wrapping his arms around him and pulling him close to his chest. "Dammit, Harry, you're like ice."

Harry snuggled into Seth's warm embrace. "You're not. Why are you so hot?"
Seth started to briskly rub Harry's arms and back. "Guess I just run hot." Seth was terrified for his friend. He couldn't call for help since he left his phone at home last night and never returned after his fight with Sam, and he no longer could communicate with the pack.

Harry pulled out of Seth's arms and violently vomited onto the forest floor. "Oh shit, Harry, we need to get you back to Carlisle." Seth cried, now fully panicking.

Harry weakly nodded his head then laid it on Seth's hot chest. "Just let me rest for a few minutes. You're so warm."

Seth looked around hoping to see one of his ex pack members lurking around, but there was nothing but woods. They couldn't remain sitting here, Harry needed help. "Harry, how good are you with weird?" It was a good five miles back to the Cullen's and he could only see one way of getting Harry there.

Harry gave a sleepy chuckle. "Me and w-weird go way back."

Seth slowly stood, feeling bad when Harry whimpered from the loss of his body heat. With trembling fingers, he unbuttoned his shorts and pulled them down. "Harry, what I'm about to show you will freak you out, but I promise I won't hurt you."

Harry curled in on himself trying to keep warm. "S-Seth, n-now is not the t-time to cross loss of v-virginity off my l-list."

"Not funny," Seth growled. "I should have never let you in the ocean. Harry, have you ever ridden a horse?"

Harry carefully shook his head no, he could feel another round of vomit working it's way up his throat. "I-I have r-ridden a B-Buckbeak before. B-By the way, that w-was a very l-lame pick up l-line."

Seth couldn't stop his lips from curling up in a smile. "That wasn't a pick up line, you ass. Look, just get on and hold tight. This is the only way I can get you back to Carlisle."

Before Harry could say anything, Seth shifted into a large sandy wolf. "Whoa, I didn't know you were an animagus!" Harry gasped, looking at Seth in awe. "You're freaking huge." Seth was easily twice the size of Padfoot and not much smaller than Moony.

Seth didn't know what an animagus was, but he was shocked that a Harry wasn't freaking out. Getting onto his belly, he crawled towards his friend, bumping his nose against his leg.

With a trembling hand, Harry reached out and grabbed a fistful of fur. It took a lot out of him, but he was able to crawl up on the giant wolf's back. He didn't have enough energy to sit up, so he burrowed down into Seth's thick, warm fur. "That's a good d-doggy," Harry mumbled into Seth's neck. "I will try not to v-vomit on you."

Seth gave a warning growl as he gingerly got to his feet. He really didn't want to be puked on, but he wouldn't be mad at Harry if it happened. Harry was his best friend and he would do anything for him.

"Shit," Edward cursed, picking up on Seth's thoughts. They had been waiting at the boarder for
close to two hours now, and Carlisle was about to break the treaty in order to fetch his wayward mate.

"What's wrong?" Carlisle asked, struggling to keep his vampire under control. His instincts were demanding that he cross the boarder and get his mate...wolves be damned.

"Seth is about a mile out with Harry. He had to shift because Harry was too sick and cold to make it on his own. Surprisingly, Harry didn't freak when he shifted and he is now riding on Seth's back."

Carlisle went to step over the boarder, but Edward yanked him back. "Carlisle, just wait. Seth is only a few minutes away."

"We've got company," Emmett growled looking into the woods.

"Wow, I didn't see that coming," Edward said in shock.

"What now?" Carlisle groaned. He just wanted his mate safe in his arms. He swore after this that he was never going to allow Harry out of his sight.

"Sam tried to force Seth from seeing Harry, and when he refused, Sam tried to use his alpha command to enforce his ruling. Seth still refused and he broke their bond, he is no longer part of the pack."

"Whoa, who knew the pup had it in him," Emmett said with respect.

All conversations stopped as Sam, Paul, Jared, Leah and Jacob stepped out from the woods in their wolf forms.

Edward sneered. "They blame us for Seth."

Carlisle held up his hand. "We haven't come to cause trouble. My sick mate is with Seth and he will be here with him any minute. We just want to take him and go home."

Seth stepped out from the woods, only hesitating for a minute when he saw his ex pack mates. Right now Harry needed help, he didn't have time to deal with them.

Harry lifted his head up, just barely making out the forms of five more wolves. "Relatives of yours?"

Seth growled when Sam stepped in front of him blocking his path to Carlisle.

"Edward, what's going on?" Carlisle asked anxiously. He didn't like how pale and weak his mate looked and he just wanted him in his arms.

"Sam's mad because he let Harry onto their territory. He wants to force him back into the pack."

Sam took a step towards Seth, baring his teeth at him and growling.

"Oh shit," Harry mumbled, burying his face back in Seth's neck. The larger wolf was pissed and he didn't want to get caught in the crossfire.

"Harry, get off of Seth and come to me." Carlisle called out. "I can't cross the boarder and get you, if I do, the wolves will attack us.

Not breaking eye contact with Sam, Seth laid down so Harry could slip off his back. Harry tried to
stand on his own two feet, but he was too weak. He had been holding back his vomit for the entire ride back, but now that he was off of Seth, he could no longer stop it. Falling to his hands and knees, he vomited between his arms, crying and shaking.

Carlisle tried to rush to his mate, but Paul stepped in front of him, snarling and snapping his teeth.

"Look at him!" Carlisle snarled, seconds from snapping. "He's a young boy dying from cancer. You can't be that heartless."

Seth stepped between Harry and Sam, hackles raised and teeth bared. He still considered Sam his brother, but he wouldn't hesitate to fight him if he attacked Harry. He couldn't believe that Sam or any of his old pack brothers would hurt an innocent, sick, dying kid. Harry was only fifteen years old, hell, he looked only thirteen, how could they attack him?

Jacob darted behind a tree, quickly phasing and slipping on a pair of shorts. Without hesitating, he ran to the sick boy and gently laid his hand oh his shoulder. "Hey kid, just relax. I will help you to Carlisle."

Harry couldn't acknowledge the stranger, he was still vomiting his guts out.

Jacob was startled when Sam turned on him, growling. "What the hell is your problem? This is not who we are. This boy has done nothing, he is innocent." Ignoring Sam's warning growls, Jacob picked up the boy and ran him to Carlisle.

"Thank you, Jacob," Carlisle said, gently taking his precious mate into his arms. "Harry, why the hell are you freezing?"

"Missed you," Harry mumbled before passing out.

"Carlisle, get him home," Edward yelled. "We are going to stay here for Seth." Edward wouldn't let Sam punish Seth for helping Harry.

Without needing to be told twice, Carlisle turned and ran for home.

Sam went to lunge at Seth, but was knocked down by a large russet wolf. Getting to his feet, Sam was shocked when Leah and Paul stood with Jacob and Seth.

"Why are we fighting amongst ourselves?" Jacob growled, using their link to communicate.

"You touch my brother, Sam Uley, and I won't hesitate to attack you." Leah snarled. "Seth has done nothing wrong. He made a friend, get the hell over it."

"Not only has he betrayed us, but he shifted in front of someone." Sam growled.

"Sam, you saw the kid, he's no threat to us." Paul said, not wanting to take sides, but not agreeing that the boy was a threat.

Edward had been relaying to Seth everything that the pack was saying since he no longer had a link with them. "Seth said to take it up with the tribal elders, he's done here." Before anyone could stop him, Seth tore across the boarder and ran to check on his friend.

***HP

Carlisle quickly pulled off Harry's damp clothes and tightly bundled him up with a mound of blankets. He didn't need Harry awake to tell him why he was cold and wet, he could smell the salt
water on him. "Swimming," Carlisle grumbled. "What the hell were you thinking?"

Esme, Alice and Rose were lingering in the hall, worried about the small boy. "Carlisle, is Harry alright?" Rose asked softly, not wanting to wake Harry.

Carlisle pinched the bridge of his nose. "He's hypothermic and dehydrated, but he should be fine." Carlisle got up and started prepping an IV bag of fluids for his mate. He had no doubt that Harry would wake vomiting again very soon.

"I'm so sorry, Carlisle," Seth cried charging into the room. "I tried to talk him out of swimming, but he said it was his dying wish. How was I supposed to say no when he pulled out the death card?"

"It's alright, Seth. You did everything you could to help him when he needed it."

"Carlisle, he didn't even flinch when I phased in front of him. It was like a common everyday occurrence for him." Seth had thought for sure that Harry would have freaked out on him when he turned into a large wolf.

Jasper walked into the room and stood at the foot of Harry's bed. "Maybe he was too far gone to understand what was happening."

"No," Seth said, giving his head a shake. "He was coherent and cracking jokes at the time."

All of a sudden Edward lunged for the bucket and tossed it to Carlisle. Not needing to be told what to do, Carlisle held the bucket out to Harry as he rolled to his side and started vomiting.

For two hours Harry drifted in and out of consciousness only staying awake long enough to get sick, then drifting off again.

"How can he keep getting sick, he has nothing left?" Seth said, sitting in a chair next to the bed.

"It's the chemo," Carlisle answered, carefully washing the sweat from Harry's face. He knew that Harry wasn't sleeping, but he was too weak to open his eyes and acknowledge them.

"He was feeling so good earlier though, it was like he wasn't even sick."

Carlisle looked up at Seth, thankful that the shifter had stuck with his mate and protected him. He still couldn't believe that Seth chose Harry over his own pack. "Chemo can do that. Everyone responds differently to it."

"Maybe it was your kisses," Harry said softly, voice barely above a whisper. "Maybe their magical."

Carlisle started to laugh, but froze when Harry's words sunk in. Harry was doing remarkably better after they had spent the night and morning kissing. Could it be possible that he was transferring a small amount of his venom while they were kissing and it was helping make his mate feel better? He knew that you couldn't change a person without biting them, but could it be possible that his venom was helping Harry?
"Do you think that your venom could cure his cancer?" Rosalie asked hopefully.

Carlisle sadly shook his head no. "I think as long as he is receiving my venom he feels better, but as soon as he goes a few hours without some, he's sick again. The only way that it will totally cure him, is to bite and change him."

Emmett leaned back in the chair chuckling. "Well, I'm sure that it won't be a great hardship on you to supply your little mate with plenty of venom to keep him happy and feeling good."

Rosalie smacked her mate on the arm. Even though she really didn't know Harry that well, she already cared deeply for him. She was very maternal, and she couldn't help but want to mother the poor boy that had never known a mother's love. She was very uncomfortable with him in a sexual relationship with Carlisle. She knew that kids everyday were having sex at fifteen and sixteen, some even younger, but she still didn't like the idea of Harry having sex. Despite looking so young, Carlisle was so much older than him. Carlisle was only twenty three when he was turned, but that still made him over three hundred and fifty years old. As far as she was concerned, that was just eew. She did understand that it wasn't Carlisle's fault, it was just something that she was going to have to get use to. That didn't mean she had to tolerate her mate's sick, perverted jokes.

"Are you going to tell him about us?" Edward asked. He knew that his father was thinking about it, and he desperately wanted to.

Carlisle thought for a minute. He wanted nothing more than to tell his mate the truth about them, but he didn't know if he could handle the truth yet. "I'm going to wait until he wakes and see if he remembers Seth shifting. If he remembers and is fine, then I will consider it."

Alice looked down at her hands frowning. "I have tried to see if I could see anything, but I haven't gotten anything about Harry since he first came home."

Jasper covered her hand with his, giving her a loving smile. "It's not your fault, don't try to force your visions. If you are meant to have one about Harry, then it will come."

Alice gave Jasper a smile then laid her head on his shoulder. She didn't know what she would do
without Her mate. He loved her so much and she knew that she would be totally lost without him. She felt bad for Carlisle, it must be horrible watching your mate suffer from a disease as cruel as cancer.

Edward snapped his head up. "Carlisle, Harry's waking."

***HP

Shivering, Harry pulled the blanket over his head. He didn't understand why he was so cold, but it totally sucked.

"You owe me, princess," Seth grumbled, taking a seat on the edge of his friend's bed and yanking the blanket down. "I told you that I wasn't going to carry you, then you had to go and get sick, and I got stuck lugging you through the woods like a damn pack horse."

"More like a jack ass," Harry mumbled into the mattress. Cracking his eyes open, Harry busted out laughing at the look of shock on his friend's face.

"That was mean," Seth pouted, giving Harry his best puppy dog eyes.

Harry huffed. "Well that's what you get for not telling me that you were an animagus. I should have known you were a wizard, I could feel the magic in the bracelet that you gave me."

Seth reached out a laid his hand on Harry's forehead. "Weird, you don't have a fever, but you're obviously delusional."

Harry shrugged off Seth's hand. "What are you talking about?"

"What are you talking about?" Seth asked back, chuckling. "Dude, wizards aren't real."

Harry sat up, leaning against the headboard for support. He was feeling very weak and nauseous, but he knew he wasn't imagining that Seth had turned into one of the largest wolves he had ever laid eyes on. "Seth, if you're not a wizard, then how the hell did you turn into a giant wolf?"

Seth scratched the back of his neck, grinning. "Dude, wizards don't exist. I'm a shape shifter...a wolf shapeshifter to be exact."

Harry closed his eyes, slowly processing what Seth had told him. He knew that shape shifters existed, but it seemed that they didn't know that wizards existed. Not wanting to break any wizarding laws, he just nodded his head. "I take it those other wolves were shifters also?"

"Yeah, their my pack...well, ex pack. I can't believe how good you're taking this. I freaked out when I found out about wolf shifters." Seth dropped his head, chuckling. "Then again, I didn't find out until I was actually shifting. Talk about a shocker."

Harry slowly opened his eyes, cursing when the room continued spinning in front of him. "Believe it or not, Seth, you're not the first magical creature, or person with special abilities that I have met."

"Really, you have stumbled across something weirder than wolf boy here?" Edward asked, walking into the room with Carlisle. It wasn't the first time he had picked up on Harry thinking about wizards and magic, but he had assumed that Harry just had an overactive imagination. You only needed to look at his incredible drawings to see that he had an obsession with mythical stuff. Strangely though, there was also a lot of things he couldn't hear clearly from him. It was like his thoughts were being muted or scrambled.
Harry went to shrug his shoulders, but groaned when his stomach lurched. "Hmmm, maybe not as strange as Seth. Just a troll, a few centaurs, mermaids, ghosts, a basilisk, a werewolf and a few other miscellaneous creatures that pales in the awesomeness that is Seth."

Carlisle lovingly ran his fingers through his mate's hair. He could tell that Harry was still feeling very sick. "Are you still nauseous, love? I can give you some medicine that will help a little."

"Medicine, is that what you're calling it?" Emmett yelled from the other room, laughing.

Rosalie came walking into the room with a Ginger Ale and a plate of crackers for Harry. "Sorry about that, Carlisle. There are times that even I regret saving his ass from that hungry bear."

"All come on, babe, you know you love me." Emmett yelled back.

Rosalie rolled her eyes, but a lovely smile broke out on her face. Emmett may be a handful at times, but he was her world. He had saved her when she was in a very dark and scary place. "I brought you some crackers and soda, Harry. You don't have to eat them, but I was hoping that they would help settle your stomach."

Harry gave her a grateful smile, though he doubted that he would be able to stomach either the soda or the crackers.

"Harry, what's an animagus?" Edward asked curiously.

Harry looked up at Seth, then at the three Cullen's that were in his room. He was startled to notice for the first time, that despite them not being blood related, they all looked remarkably alike. They all were extremely pale, had dark circles under their eyes, incredibly beautiful, moved as if they were floating and they all shared the same eye color. Their eyes reminded him very much of Remus, and Remus wasn't completely human. He had only ever seen eyes like that on Remus and in pictures of other werewolves.

How could he miss that there was something obviously different, something creature like about the Cullen's? In his defense, he had been preoccupied with the whole dying thing.

Edward's eyes widened in alarm when he started to pick up on Harry's thoughts. How did he know that they weren't human?

Harry started to frantically catalog all the creatures that he could remember Remus teaching them about in third year. While the fake Moody was actually a damn good teacher, he didn't go over too many magical creatures. Defense against the Dark Arts was a total waste of time this past year with Umbridge. All he learned from her was that a blood quill hurt like a bitch and left a nasty permanent scar.

Harry looked closely at Rose and Carlisle and the first creature that popped up in his mind was Veela, but Edward, Emmett and Esme had the wrong hair color for a Veela. Jasper's hair wasn't as pale, but he could possibly pass as a Veela. Still, he didn't think that they were Veelas.

"Harry, is everything alright?" Carlisle asked, concerned for his young mate. He had never answered Edward's question and he seemed lost in thought.

Blinking rapidly, Harry nodded his head. He would have to solve the mystery of the Cullen's creature status later, right now he was feeling close to puking again.

Carlisle frowned slightly. There was something more than being nauseous going on with Harry. "Can I get you something for the nauseousness?"
Harry smiled at Carlisle. He wished he would get feeling better, he wanted to kiss Carlisle some more.

Edward choked slightly at Harry's thoughts. He had went from thinking that they were some kind of creature, to wanting said creature to kiss him. Harry really was a remarkable, one-of-a-kind human.

"Does it have to go in here?" Harry asked, pointing to his port and grimacing. He hated having that in his chest and he did his damnedest not to look at it.

"Yes, but it won't hurt." Carlisle answered, giving him an encouraging smile.

Harry closed his eyes and lightly shook his head no. "It's alright, I can handle it."

"Dude, if the meds will help with that green look you got going on, I would take them." Seth chuckled.

Without opening his eyes, Harry stuck his middle finger up at Seth.

"Harry James Potter, if I ever see such a vulgar display from you again, I'm going to force you to drink a gallon of Skele-Gro."

Harry's eyes snapped open, fear plain to see in them. Standing before him with one hand on her hip and the other pointing a wand at him, was a very pissed off Madam Pomfrey. Harry paled even farther when he spotted a smirking Bill Weasley behind her and a sneering Professor Snape.

"How dare you just up and disappear on me without even a note?" Poppy bellowed. "Do you have any idea how worried I have been? You were on death's door when Professor Snape brought you to my hospital wing, and then you disappear after promising me that you would go back to ST. Mungos for treatment."

Severus was happy now that he decided to fetch Poppy before tracking the boy down. Originally he only did it incase Harry was in need medical help, but now after listening to her have a go at him, he was doubly glad he brought her.

"Well, Potter, what do you have to say for yourself?" Severus snapped.

Eyes wide, Harry leaned over the bed and vomited all over the floor.

***HP

Carlisle stepped between his mate and the strangers. One of them, the dark haired male, was a vampire, but unlike any he had ever smelt before. He didn't know how these strangers got in his house without him hearing or smelling them before hand, but he would tear them to pieces if they got anywhere near his mate.

Rosalie and Seth were trying to help Harry through his sickness while Carlisle and Edward stood guard. "Carlisle, calm down," Alice said, stepping out from behind Bill. "These are Harry's friends."

Carlisle remained in front of his mate, a deep rumbling growl coming from his chest. Harry's friends had hurt and abandoned him, he wouldn't give them the chance to do so again.

Severus held up his right hand and reached out with his other to lower Poppy's wand arm. Muggle vampires were practically immune to all spells and could be very volatile and unpredictable. He did
have hope with this coven though seeing as they all had golden eyes.

"We mean neither you, nor Potter any harm." Severus explained, never breaking eye contact from the over protective coven leader. "I am Professor Severus Snape, a teacher from his school, and this is Madam Poppy Pomfrey, the school's healer. We have been searching for him ever since he went missing."

"It's alright," Harry moaned weakly. "They're not going to hurt me. Though, you might want to keep an eye on Madam Pomfrey, she's scary when she's mad."

Poppy slowly approached the bed, anxious to check on Harry. "Cheek, Potter," Poppy scolded. "You will be lucky if I don't tie you to a bed after this last stunt."

Carlsile blocked his mate's view of the stranger. "Mam, I don't know you, and I'm not going to just let you near him," Carlisle's eyes were getting darker.

Poppy huffed. "That boy is like a grandson to me. I have been treating him for various injuries since he was eleven years old. I may be extremely pissed off at him, but I would never hurt him."

Harry carefully crawled across the bed and took Carlisle's arm. "It's alright, she won't hurt me." Harry looked uncertainly up at his potions teacher. "None of them will hurt me."

Carlisle reluctantly backed down, but stayed at his mate's side. "I am Dr. Carlisle Cullen, I have been treating Harry since my kids found him at the airport."

"A vampire doctor?" Severus asked, shocked. Muggle vampires were known for their inability to control themselves around human blood. This vampire must be really strong in order to deny his true nature.

"Vampire," Harry loudly gasped, smacking his hand on the bed. "I knew you weren't human, but I never guessed vampire."

"That's because you have yet to have a decent DADA teacher, Potter," Severus snarled. "If you had, you would have known not to go off with a couple of vampires. Did no one ever teach you about stranger danger?"

"Remus was a good teacher," Harry defended. The man may have hurt him, but he would always love Sirius and Remus, despite them hating him. "And to answer your question, my uncle told me to get kidnapped. He would have loved nothing more than to have the cops knocking on his door informing them that they found my mutilated body in a dumpster."

"Remus is a bloody werewolf that's afraid of his own shadow," Severus snapped back. "And your uncle's an ass."

"Wait a minute," Seth stood up. "Am I the only one here that is totally confused?" Seth turned to Harry. "You already knew that the Cullen's weren't human and that vampires really existed." Seth turned to the dark haired man. "And you, what the hell are you? You smell like a vampire, but not like the Cullen's or any others that I have come across."

Harry slowly turned towards his professor, smirking. "So, it's true, you really are the dungeon bat. I always thought the rumors about you being a vampire were false, but you totally are a vampire, aren't you?"

"Ten points to Gryffindor," Severus said sarcastically.
"So you are a vampire?" Seth asked confused.

Carlisle turned towards his mate, afraid that he would see him looking at him in fear. It would kill him if Harry rejected him now, he was already head over heels in love with the boy.

Harry gave Carlisle a small smile. "I don't care that you're a vampire? Why didn't you tell me?"

Chuckling, Carlisle shook his head. "That's not exactly something we go around telling everyone."

Harry laid back on the bed feeling dizzy and nauseous. "I can see why that would be a good idea."

"Harry, how is it that you know about vampires?" Carlisle asked, still keeping an eye on the intruders.

Closing his eyes, Harry reached out and took Carlisle's hand. He felt safer when touching Carlisle, he didn't understand why, but he was currently feeling too crappy to think about it. "I learned about them in school."

"Excuse me," Poppy said impatiently. "I would like to check on my patient, if you don't mind? I would also like a run down of everything that has been done and given to him."

Carlisle looked at the older lady, then back down to his mate. Harry was looking a little green, and despite shivering, he was breaking out in a sweat. "Little one, is it alright if she checks you over?" Carlisle really didn't want the woman near his mate, but he could see how concerned she was for him. This woman seemed to honestly care about Harry.

Without opening his eyes, Harry nodded his head. He was still clinging to Carlisle's cold hand and he had no desire to relinquish it anytime soon.

Poppy stepped forward and pointed her wand at Harry. She was shocked at the speed in which it was yanked out of her hand. She had never even seen the vampire move. Severus had said that muggle vampires were fast, but she didn't think that they were that fast.

"What is this?" Carlisle snarled, staring at the wooden stick. He was prepared to trust the woman, but then she had went and pointed her weapon at his mate.

"You mean like Cinderella's fairy godmother?" Emmett snorted from the doorway. Holding up his hand, he waved it in the air. "Bippity Boppity Boo."

Rosalie closed her eyes and face-palmed.

"Look, here's the abbreviated version," Severus sighed. "Myself, Harry and the red head here are wizards, and Madam Pomfrey is a witch. Now, if you could kindly give her her wand back, she can scan Potter so we can see how he is doing."

"M'fine," Harry murmured into the mattress.

"Of course you are, Potter, that's why you vomited when we first got here and look on the verge of doing so again. Now, tell your pet vampire to give Madam Pomfrey her wand back so she can check you over and I can give you some anti-nausea potions." Severus snapped.

Harry cracked his eyes open. "You have anti-nausea potions?" He asked hopefully.

Severus rolled his eyes. "Am I not a potions master, Potter?"
"Wizards are real?" Seth asked gobsmacked.

"Dude, can you turn me into a frog?" Emmett asked excitedly.

"Everyone, shut up," Poppy bellowed. "We can discuss what we all are after I have checked on Harry." Poppy narrowed her eyes, glaring at the vampire leader. "My wand," she said coldly, holding out her hand.

Carlisle hesitated, not sure if he wanted to give the wand back. If it was true, and they were witches and wizards, then they could be extremely dangerous to his mate.

"Please," Harry asked weakly. "Give the wand back so I can get some potions. Your medicine is alright, but potions are better and they work instantly."

Carlisle reluctantly handed over the wand, but refused to budge from his mate's side.

Poppy snatched her wand back then pointed it at Harry. She was about to cast the diagnostic charm when she heard growling coming from the vampire leader again. "Look, I'm just going to point my wand at Harry, mumble a few words..." Poppy closed her eyes and counted to ten when she heard the large vampire mutter 'bippity boppity boo.'

Despite feeling like shit, Harry chuckled at Emmett. Cinderella was one of the only movies he had been allowed to watch as a kid, but that was only because he was cleaning out the fireplace when it came on. Dudley had been watching something else, but when a 'girls move' came on, as Dudley called it, he took off for the park. He was only eight at the time, but he thought that he was a lot like Cinderella. He was forced, like her, to do all the cooking and cleaning, and was hated by his relatives. She was lucky though, in the end, she got her Prince Charming. Blushing, Harry looked up at Carlisle. Maybe Carlisle could be his Prince Charming.

Edward covered his face, laughing into his hand. The image of Carlisle as Prince Charming riding a white stallion was too much for him. Well, at least Carlisle had the hair right for the part.

"What the hell?" Emmett gasped, when a piece of paper appeared out of the air.

"You really are wizards," Seth mumbled. "I honestly thought that you were joking," he said, looking to the guy who was a vampire...but didn't smell like one.

Harry giggled. "Professor Snape doesn't joke. I don't think he was born with a sense of humor."

Severus glared at the sick boy on the bed. "If I were you, I wouldn't go insulting the man with the potions."

Harry immediately stopped giggling. "Duly noted."

Paling, Poppy handed the test results to Severus. She was relieved to see that Harry's lungs were sounding better, but he was in the early stages of kidney failure. Severus could brew potions that would help, but it wouldn't be a permanent fix. Harry was very sick, and the cancer had already spread.

Severus pinched the bridge of his nose. "Potter, why the hell did you run?" The results showed that Harry was failing and all the chemo in the world wasn't going to cure him.

Harry's eyes swam with tears. "Everyone hates me," he whispered. "Sirius was going to send me back to my relatives, and I didn't want to give them the satisfaction of watching me die. I was scared and sick, I didn't know what to do, so I just ran."
"Harry," Bill said, slowly approaching the bed. He didn't miss how the muggle vampire was overly protective of The-boy-Who-Lived and how he tensed when he stepped forward. "Everyone has been searching for you day and night. Sirius and them may have said some mean words when they were angry with you, but they didn't mean it."

Tears finally started to fall from Harry's eyes. "S-Sirius is looking for me?" he asking, choking back a sob.

"Of course the mutt and the wolf are looking for you, you stupid child." Severus growled. "You know Black acts before thinking."

Harry didn't know what to think. He thought that Sirius and Remus hated him, he couldn't believe that they had actually been looking for him.

"Would you like me to bring them here?" Bill offered.

"No," Harry quickly answered. He knew that there was no way that Sirius would let him stay with the Cullen's. He had never been happier in his life and he wasn't ready to give that up. For the first time in his life he was going to be selfish. Sirius and Remus had hurt him bad, and while they may be ready to forgive him, he wasn't ready to forgive them.

"Harry, you just can't let them worry about you." Poppy scolded gently.

Harry looked pleadingly at Carlisle, he didn't want anyone to take him away. Yes he loved Sirius and Remus, but he was tired of having to be someone he wasn't. He only had a short time left and he wanted to spend it with people that truly cared about him for him, and not because he was James Potter's son.

Carlisle gripped Harry's hand. "We don't want you to leave, Harry. The decision is ultimately yours, but we would like you to stay. I care a great deal about you, Harry,...we all do."

Harry blushed remembering Carlisle's kisses. He hoped that the kisses wouldn't end now that Professor Snape and all were here. Looking up at his potions professor, Harry pleaded. "Please don't tell them that you found me. I want to stay here with Carlisle and the rest of the Cullen's."

"Harry, that's..."

"His decision," Severus said, interrupting Poppy. He could see that there was something big going on between Potter and the coven leader. The way they looked at each other, the subtle touches and the way that the vampire was overly protective of the boy, if he didn't know any better, he would say that Potter was his mate.

"Do you mind if I read the parchment?" Carlisle didn't miss how the older lady's heart skipped a beat or how she paled when she read whatever was on the paper. He still wasn't sure what to think about the whole wizard thing, but he was relieved that Harry now knew the truth about them and wasn't running away screaming.

Severus handed the paper over and started pulling out vials. "Potter, are you in any pain?"

Harry carefully shook his head. "No sir, but I'm extremely nauseous and hot and cold all at the same time. My head was pounding earlier, but it feels better now."

Severus handed Harry four vials. "That's a Pepper-Up, stomach soother, nutrient and anti-nausuea potion. You need to eat something with those."
Carlisle looked up from the parchment, saddened at what he read. He had hoped that the chemo would help his little mate some, but Harry was only getting worse. He had to admit, getting a detailed medical scan with a wave of a stick was pretty incredible. "Harry, are those safe?" Carlisle asked, pointing at the glass vials.

Harry snickered. "They taste like shit, but they work. Professor Snape may hate me, but he would never hurt me."

Severus sighed. "I don't hate you, Potter. Hate is a strong word that I reserve for a selected few, and you are not one of them. I was misled to believe that you were raised like your father, a spoiled, pampered little prince. You only proved to me that you were when you blatantly ignored my speech the first day of class."

Harry looked his professor in the eyes. "You are here to learn the subtle science and exact art of potion-making. As there is little foolish wand-waving here, many of you will hardly believe this is magic. I don't expect you will really understand the beauty of the softly simmering cauldron with its shimmering fumes, the delicate power of liquids that creep through human veins, bewitching the mind, ensnaring the senses... I can teach you how to bottle fame, brew glory, even stopper death—if you aren't as big a bunch of dunderheads as I usually have to teach."

Severus looked at the boy in disbelief. Harry had just quoted word for word his first years potions speech.

"Sir, I wasn't ignoring you, I was copying your speech word for word. Your class was the one I was most excited about. Magic I knew nothing about, but cooking was something that I was forced to do before I could even reach the stove. I figured that your class was one that I could probably excel at. After that first class, I knew that you would never give me a fair chance."

Once again, Severus was completely wrong about the boy in front of him. He had thought that Harry was a spoiled little brat, and it turned out that he was a child abused far worse than what he was. He thought that Harry had rudely disrespected him in his first potions class, when all he was doing was taking notes in a class that he was excited for. He never gave Harry a chance all because he was the son of James Potter. In the end, he turned out to be a bigger bully than both James and Sirius.

"Potter... Harry," Severus cleared his throat. Apologizing wasn't something he was good at and he tended to avoid it at all costs. "I apologize for labeling you before I ever met you."

Harry blinked owlishly at his teacher. Never in a million years did he ever think that the man would apologize to him. "It's... It's alright. Despite your feelings for me, you always protected me."

"I think we all need to get comfortable out in the living room," Carlisle suggested. "We have a lot to discuss." The biggest issue as far as Carlisle was concerned, was his mate's kidney failure. "Esme and Jasper will be back soon from grocery shopping and she will be thrilled to cook something up for everyone."

Seth subtly checked out the older, tall red headed wizard. Ever since he first laid eyes on him, he had felt the imprint pull. He never thought himself as gay before and he wasn't sure how to proceed. Right now though, Harry needed him. He would first try to get to know this stranger before revealing that he was his imprint. Maybe he would discuss it with Harry, he seemed to know the man pretty well.
Feeling better and showered, Harry stepped out of his bathroom. He didn't want to be part of the discussion that was going on, he just wanted to take a shower and relax in the hot water. He knew that Professor Snape was going to explain to the Cullen's and Seth all about the wizarding world and how he was considered their savior. In a way, he wished that they didn't need to know. He enjoyed being 'just Harry' and he was afraid that they were going to look at him differently after finding out the truth.

"Everything alright?"

Harry grinned when he spotted Carlisle leaning against the dresser waiting for him. "Are you all done talking already?"

"No," Carlisle reached out and took Harry's much smaller hand and pulled him to his chest. "When I heard the water shut off, I excused myself so I could spend some time alone with you."

Harry wrapped his arms around Carlisle's waist. "I'm glad. I was hoping to get some more kisses from you."

Carlisle gently ran his fingers through the back of Harry's hair and tilted his head back. "It would be my pleasure." The kiss started off chaste and sweet, but quickly turned to tongues, spit and moaning. Harry tasted absolutely incredible and he would never be able to get enough of him.

Harry fisted his hands into Carlisle's shirt, moaning. He had been thinking about Carlisle's kisses ever since he woke up. It didn't even bother him that Carlisle was a vampire, he was falling in love with the man.

Carlisle growled when he heard someone clearing their throat at the door. He just wanted to be left alone with his mate so he could kiss him senseless.

Severus wasn't surprised when he walked in on the vampire leader and Harry making out, but it still didn't stop him from wanting to snatch the man away from Harry, after all, he was only a child. "Am I correct in assuming that Potter is your mate?"

Groaning, Carlisle rested his forehead against Harry's. "That's not exactly how I wanted him to find out."

"What?" Harry gasped, taking a step back. "I'm your mate?" Harry didn't know how to feel about that. On one hand, Carlisle was made just for him and he would always love and take care of him. On the other hand, Carlisle only wanted him because he was his mate, not because of who he was as a person.

"Yes, Harry, you are my mate. I knew the second that I laid eyes on you. I have been searching for over three hundred and fifty years for my mate. You don't know how happy I am that you are the one."

Harry took a few more steps back, needing space. He had to drop his eyes from Carlisle's, he couldn't bare to see the hurt and confusion in them. "You only want me because of what I am, not who I am. I thought that I had finally found someone who wanted me, for me."

"No, Harry, don't ever think that." Carlisle pleaded. "I may have originally been drawn to you because you were my mate, but it was Harry that I fell in love with. Harry, the young man that despite being sick could still joke and make you smile. Harry, the young man that despite being terrified, bravely met his cancer head on and allowed his body to be pumped full of poison. Harry,
the young man who never asks for anything, but wants to give all of his heart to everyone he meets. Harry, the young man who's only desire it is to have a family."

Carlisle cupped the side of his mate's teary face. "It's Harry that I love, not the word mate."

Harry smiled at Carlisle through his tears. "Do you honestly mean that?"

Carlisle crossed his heart. "I promise that everything I just said was the truth."

"You never break your promises," Harry whispered.

Carlisle smiled lovingly at his mate. "Never, ever."

Harry flung himself at Carlisle, clinging to him as tightly as he could. "Since I'm your mate, does that mean that you want to turn me?"

"Desperately so," Carlisle said without hesitating. "That's why I had to leave you this morning. If Alice wouldn't have interrupted us when she did, I would have lost control and bitten you."

"Why haven't you bitten me then?"

Carlisle led Harry to the bed and sat him down. Looking up, he was relieved to see that the other man had left. "Harry, when you were first brought to me, you had no will to live. You had lost everyone you cared about and you just wanted to die. Not everyone survives a vampire's bite. I couldn't risk you dying during the turning because you didn't want to live. I was also afraid that if you did survive the turning, that you would never accept your vampire and become a danger to yourself. For years after my turning I didn't accept my vampire, and I would never wish you to suffer the way that I did."

Harry wiped the tears from his cheeks. "I didn't want to die, I was just tired of everything. Everyone I had ever cared for had hurt me, and I was dying. I just couldn't fight anymore. Until I met you, I had nothing to fight for."

Carlisle cupped both of Harry's cheeks with his hands. "I promise that I will never hurt you." Slowly he lowered his lips to his mate's trembling ones. This time the kiss was sweet, Carlisle expressing his love through his lips.

Severus rolled his eyes, clearing his throat again. "I hate to interrupt once again." Not really, he still didn't like the much older vampire making out with one of his students...especially Lily's boy. He was starting to get irritated with himself for these all of a sudden protective feelings he was having over the boy.

Carlisle reluctantly broke off the kiss. "Somehow I don't think that you do." He didn't like how easily the man could sneak up on him. He didn't know if it was because he was completely focused on Harry, or because the man was just that good at stealth.

"Not really," Severus admitted. "But I am concerned about what affects swapping so much venom will have on Potter. I understand that you wish to turn him, but I don't know how his magic will respond to your venom."

"I don't understand," Harry said, looking to his professor.

"Of course you don't," Severus groaned. "Dumbledore really must do something about hiring a competent DADA professor. Potter, your vampire is a muggle vampire. There is no known case of a wizard being bitten by a muggle vampire. I don't know if your magic will accept his venom."
Carlisle nodded his head, understanding what he meant. "Can you turn him?" He hated the idea of another vampire biting his mate, but he would deal with it if he had to. He didn't want to risk Harry's life by biting him himself.

Harry wrinkled up his nose at the thought of Professor Snape biting him...it just sounded wrong and gross.

"Relax, Potter, you're not going to get molested by your old, greasy potions professor. Unlike muggle vampires, a bitten magical vampire is not venomous. I was bitten at the request of the Dark Lord so I am no more venomous than a dandelion."

Carlisle was still having a hard time wrapping his head around the knowledge that there were different kinds of vampires. "Do you know of a magical vampire that would be willing to bite Harry?"

Severus was thoughtful for a moment. "I don't know of any decent magical vampires that would willingly bite The-Boy-Who-Lived and risk the wrath of the wizarding world for turning their savior into a dark creature. Those that I do know that will change the boy, will have their own agenda and that bite will come at a heavy price."

Bill knocked on the outside wall next to Harry's door. "I couldn't help but overhear parts of your conversation. Harry, do you even want to become a vampire? I have yet to hear anyone ask your opinion on the matter. Living forever as a teenager, watching those you love grow old and die...it's a huge decision."

Everything was happening so fast that he honestly didn't think about it that way. He had never been one who wanted to live forever. He wanted to eventually die, after he grew old, and meet his parents. To live on forever stuck as a fifteen year old, never changing, watching everyone else grow old...was scary. His life hadn't exactly been good to him so far, did he honestly want to risk spending eternity alone and suffering like he had spent the last fourteen years.

"You wouldn't be alone, Harry."

Harry slowly lifted his head up and looked sadly at Edward. "How did you know what I was thinking?"

Edward tapped the side of his head. "Like I told you back at the hospital, I can read minds."

Harry looked hard at Edward then started laughing. "Merlin, you really can read minds, can't you?"

Smiling, Edward nodded his head. "I can't control it, so please don't think that I'm riffling through your brain on purpose. You have actually managed to block me out quite successfully a few times."

Snorting, Harry smirked at his professor. "Guess your lessons paid off."

"He said a few times, you're still hopeless, Potter."

Harry laughed some more. He didn't miss how Snape's words has lost their usual bite.

"Potter, I'm not saying that you should accept being a vampire," Severus said. "In the end, the decision is ultimately yours, but you need to understand the importance of mates. You and Carlisle were made for each other, you are the other half of his soul. He will always love and care for you unconditionally. You will always come first in his life and there is nothing you could say or do that would make him leave you. He will never purposely hurt you, physically or emotionally. Our
mates are our world, Potter."

Rosalie walked into the room followed by Emmett, Alice and Seth. "You will also have us, you are part of this family now."

"Harry, I can see the future," Alice explained, giving the boy a warm smile. "Not everything mind you, but what I have seen, you and Carlisle are very happy together."

Carlisle took Harry's hand. "We are not just a coven of vampires, we are a family. Yes we argue and get mad, but we all love each other. I'm not going to lie to you, I want you to turn. I can't imagine my life without you, but I won't force you."

Harry exhaled loudly. "Wow, that's a lot to take in. Can I think about it for a while?"

"Of course," Carlisle said, kissing the back of his mate's hand. "I would have been worried if you didn't need to think about it."

"Not to put a damper on this sickeningly sweet moment, but, Potter, your kidneys are failing." Severus said seriously.

Harry paled. "Isn't there a potion that you can give me for that?"

"Yes, but it won't cure the problem, it will only slow it down."

"Oh," Harry said, choking back his tears. "Will I make it to my sixteenth birthday?"

Carlisle and Severus exchanged looks. "Your birthday is a month away, it may not seem like a long ways off, but for someone who's body is shutting down, it's a lifetime away," Carlisle said sadly.

"All we can do is take one day at a time," Severus added. "Continue with the chemotherapy and the potions, and I will start analyzing Carlisle's venom. I would like to think that since you two are mates, whoever it is that is up there looking down on us would have made his venom and your magic compatible."

Harry scoffed. "Whoever it is looking down on us likes to use me as their whipping boy."

"As much as I hate to condone your pity party, I have to agree with you," Severus smirked.

"Their home," Alice chirped excitedly, giving the stern man a sly grin. Alice grabbed Severus' sleeve. "Come, you have to meet Esme."

Edward's head snapped up. "Alice, how the hell did you hide that from me?"

Alice giggled. "I got the vision seconds before the wizards arrived. You were so busy hearing everyone else's thoughts that you missed out on me singing to block you out."

Carlisle looked between his two kids. "What's going on you two?"

Severus' head whipped towards the door, nostrils flaring. "Mate," he growled deeply and took off.

Esme had just placed the bags of groceries on the table when someone grabbed her from behind, spun her around and shoved their face in her neck. Moaning, her eyes darkened in lust when she caught the scent of her mate.

"I-I'm, Esme," Esme stuttered, hands coming up to caress the strangers hair.
"I'm yours," Severus moaned, face buried in his beautiful mate's neck, drinking in her intoxicating scent.

"Oh, professor, that was so cheesy, especially coming from you." Harry snickered.

"Go away, Potter!" Severus growled, pulling his mate closer to him. He had honestly thought that he would never find a mate. He had yet to get a good look at this mystery woman, but he already knew that she was going to be absolutely beautiful.

Grabbing his sides, Bill bent over laughing. "Oh, this is great," he said between bouts of laughter. "The two of you couldn't stand each other for the past five years, and now your mated to vampires in the same coven. If Harry chooses to be turned, the two of you are going to be together for all eternity."

Harry stopped laughing, bottom lip sticking out in a pout. "I told you whoever was up there looking down on us liked to use me as their whipping boy."

"Apparently I'm not on their good list either," Severus grumbled.

Carlisle wrapped his arms around his mate from behind. He was so happy for Esme, he knew that she was lonely and desperately wanted a mate. He could see the longing and sadness in her eyes when he had told her that he had found his mate. He didn't know Severus yet, but he seemed like a good man. He was stern and rough around the edges, but Esme would have him wrapped around her little finger in no time.

"Come, my love," Carlisle said, picking his mate up bridal style. "Let's leave them alone for a while."

"Yeah, if they turn out anything like Rosalie and Emmett when they first got together, you will be scarred for life." Edward laughed.

Harry felt his stomach roll. "Please don't, I can't think about Snape and sex." Harry yelped when he felt a sharp pain to his backside.

"Go away, Potter, or the next stinging hex will remove skin," Severus growled, still clinging to his mate.

Gulping, Harry looked up at Carlisle. "Maybe your right. We should leave the two of them alone so the can get better acquainted."

Laughing, Carlisle carried his mate out of the kitchen.
Chapter 9

I do not own Harry Potter it Twilight..

I hope everyone enjoys this chapter, it's nice and long. Up next will be Stark Truth. There was a baby goat naming contest on my FB page and the winner got to pick the next update. The little does official name, thanks to Eskimita Fanfics, is Miraculous Mystic Mayhem Maker. Thank you for giving her such an awesome name!

You can find new on FB at Potter Obsessed.

Please review :)

***HP

"I don't understand, if the chemo isn't working, then why do I have to keep taking it?" Harry asked, trying not to whine but failing spectacularly. He really, really didn't want the chemo again.

Carlisle looked up from where he was getting the port ready and gave his mate an understanding grin. "We're hoping between all the potions and the chemo, we can keep you alive to your birthday."

Harry scratched at his port, pouting when Carlisle grabbed his hand and gently laid it down on the bed. "I really don't like having that crap in my body, and it makes me feel horrible. Maybe you should just go ahead and bite me now."

"Is that what you truly want?" Carlisle asked, knowing that Harry wasn't ready for that. He hated how weak he was, but if Harry said yes, he wouldn't hesitate to bite him. He had always had such amazing control, well, it all went out the window when Harry came into his life.

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "I could be done with his mess," he said, pointing to his port. "I wouldn't be sick anymore, and I wouldn't have to worry about anyone taking me away from you. Those are pretty big incentives."

Carlisle lovingly caressed his mates cheek, thrilled that after only a short amount of time together, Harry didn't want to leave him. "Love, you have no idea how badly I want to bite you and end your suffering, but we don't know what my venom will do to you. Please, just give your professor time to analyze my venom."

Harry sucked on his bottom, he wanting to cry, but he tired of being a baby. "Fine," he answered in a whisper, jerkily nodding his head.

Carlisle leaned in and gently claimed his mate's lips. The kiss was slow and sweet, and he purposely produced extra venom, hoping that it would help with the side effects of the chemo. He had filled Severus in on his suspicions that his venom was actually making Harry feel better.

Moaning, Harry opened his mouth wider and deepened the kiss. Carlisle tasted amazing and he wanted more. It was almost like Carlisle was a drug, and once got a taste, he couldn't stop.

"This doesn't look like starting chemotherapy to me," Severus groaned, walking into the room.

"This also isn't very professional conduct," Poppy said, glaring at Carlisle.
"I don't know, I think it's excellent medicine," Harry smiled, pulling Carlisle back down for another kiss.

Rolling his eyes, Severus started pulling out the potions that Harry would require. After this he was going to have to return to Hogwarts to brew some more potions for the boy, even though it was killing him leaving his new mate. He had only known Esme for a few short hours, but he already found her to be the most compassionate, loving person that he had ever met. He knew that he didn't deserve a mate like her, especially with all the horrible things he had done in the past. Luckily for him he was a Slytherin, past be damned, he wasn't going to walk away from the best thing that ever happened to him.

Reluctantly, Carlisle broke off the kiss. Both Severus and Poppy were right, it wasn't very professional of him to be making out with his patient, even if he was his adorable little mate, and they really needed to get the chemo started.

"Are you ready to get started, Harry?" Carlisle asked, grabbing the IV bags.

"No," Harry answered quickly, covering his port with his hand. "I don't want that stuff."

Pinching the bridge of his nose, Severus snapped. "Potter, enough with your dramatics. I have better things to do than sit here and wait for you to finish with your little meltdown."

"Severus!" Esme cried from the doorway. "Don't talk to Harry like that. He's just a boy who's sick and scared, show some compassion."

Harry had to press his lips tightly together to keep from smiling. He had never heard anyone snap at Snape like that, not even Mrs.Weasley. Looking up at his professor, he had a hard time not busting out laughing when he saw the look of shock on his face. Snape had always been good at not showing any emotions and keeping his mask firmly in place.

Taking pity on the man, Harry gave Esme his best puppy dog eyes. "It's alright, Esme, Professor Snape wasn't being mean, he was just pushing me. If it wasn't for the professor pushing me, I never would have lived past my first year at school."

"Potter," Severus growled. "I do not need you defending me."

"So you were purposely being mean to a terminally ill child?" Esme asked with pain and sadness in her eyes.

Severus opened and closed his mouth a few times, not really sure how to answer his mate. He couldn't just come out and tell her that he was a rude, snarky bastard. He was not a nice person and never had been, and he didn't know how to start now.

"Esme," Harry said softly, looking up at his professor. "That's just how Snape is, he wasn't purposely being mean. No, he has never been nice to me, but I believe deep down...deep...deep...very deep down, that he might actually care for me. A very, very tiny bit," he quickly added when Snape scowled at him. "Ok, so he's the most feared professor in school and has been known to reduce first years to tears...and second years...and third...and fourth...and..."

"Potter," Severus groaned. "You're not helping any."

Harry flushed a bright red. Looking at Esme who was staring at Severus with uncertainty, he quickly added. "Snape has literally saved my life on numerous occasions despite my father and his friends bullying him in school." Harry cringed when Snape gave him a look promising death. He knew how much the man hated talking about his past, especially with the Marauders. "He has had
to fight in two wars and he had the most dangerous job, he was a spy for the light. He has never had anyone care for him or show him love...maybe you can break through the ice...the many, many, many thick, frigid, layers..."

"Enough, Potter," Severus growled, though his eyes were looking softly down at Harry. "Esme and I have plenty of time to get to know each other. I'm sure there will be plenty about me that she hates, but she can make up her own mind if she wants to follow through with the mating when she is ready."

Esme gave Severus a tentative smile. She had to admit, her mate was very dark and intimidating, the complete opposite of herself. His scowling and sneering reminded her of her first husband when she was human, and he was a mean, abusive drunk. Despite the darkness, she could see a softness to him, a longing. She could also see how much he wanted her, and she honestly didn't think that he would ever hurt her. They were mates, and mates were supposed to be incapable of hurting one another.

"I don't like how you talk to Harry," Esme gently scolded.

Harry snorted. "It's all good, he talks to everyone like that. He's..."

Carlisle slapped his hand over Harry's mouth before he could dig Severus into a deeper hole. He knew that his mate was only trying to help, but he was failing miserably. "I think it's time to get started with your treatment. What do you say, Harry?" Carlisle looked pleadingly at his mate, trying to beg him with his eyes to take the chemo.

Visibly deflating at the look Carlisle was giving him, Harry reluctantly nodded his head. "Fine, but not in here, I'm sick and tired of laying in a bed. I want to be on the couch so I can whip Emmett's butt at video games."

"Bring it on, squirt," Emmett called from the other room, chuckling loudly.

"Harry, you really need to be relaxing in a bed, not working yourself up playing games," Poppy huffed, pushing Harry back down and pulling the blanket up to his middle.

Harry looked up at Carlisle, tears swimming in his eyes. "I'm sorry, Carlisle, but I don't want to do this. I was only doing it for you, and I thought maybe if I was playing with Emmett, then I could forget about what was happening."

Without looking to anyone but his mate, Carlisle picked him up bridal style and carried him out to the couch. He could hear the nurse bitching behind him, but he was not only Harry's dominant mate, but he was also a doctor. Chemo was given all the time to patients while they did stuff, hell, some even received it while at work. If Harry wanted to play video games while hooked up, then he wouldn't allow that witch to stop him. She didn't know anything about cancer and Chemotherapy, what right did she have bossing around his mate?

"A rebel now are we?" Emmett grinned, tossing a controller at Harry.

"Just holding to my tradition of escaping the dragon lady," Harry giggled.

"What is the meaning of this?" Poppy scowled, hands on her hips. "He's sick and needs to be in bed."

"Madam Pomfrey, I'm sick, not..."

"Dying?" Emmett finished, nudging Harry with his foot.
Harry looked at Emmett and the pair busted out laughing. "Ok, so maybe I am dying, all the more reason to have a little fun while I can."

"Madam, I assure you that it is fine." Carlisle said, getting Harry started on the chemo before he changed his mind. "We strongly encourage chemo patients to do stuff to take their minds off of the treatment."

Poppy looked between Harry and the coven leader, not sure how to proceed. Goofing around while sick went against all her training, but Harry really did look much happier out here playing games. "If you're sure," she said, looking to Severus for guidance.

Severus nodded his head. "He will be fine, Poppy."

"Very well," Poppy said somewhat stiffly. Pulling out her wand, she waved it over Harry to check his condition.

Bill watched, totally engrossed as Harry and the large vampire played some sort of game on the tv. He had never seen anything like it before and it looked like it was a lot of fun. This was the first time that he had ever really been in a muggle home, and he couldn't get over how much more advanced they were than wizards. He had always assumed that wizards were far superior because of their magic, but muggles had them beat hands down.

"Hey, Bill, you wanna play?" Harry asked, holding out a controller. He had seen how Bill was eyeing up the game with interest.

Nodding his head excitedly, Bill took a seat next to Harry, and after a brief explanation on how to play, Bill was yelling and cheering along with the other two. He couldn't believe how awesome the game was, it blew any wizarding games out of the water.

After about an hour of playing, Harry started to feel tired and nauseous. Not wanting to worry anyone, he quietly placed the controller down and closed his eyes. He couldn't wait for this to be over, one way or the other. If it wasn't for Carlisle, he would have never agreed to the chemotherapy. It's not that he wanted to die, it's just that he couldn't stand the thought of that poison in his body, especially since he knew that it wasn't doing a damn bit of good. He still had to make a decision about being turned. Bill was right, it was a huge decision. He wanted to be with Carlisle, but the thought of watching everyone die, remaining barely sixteen for eternity and never meeting his parents...it was all very overwhelming.

Trying not to hover too close, Carlisle stood back behind the couch that his mate was laying on. He would have preferred to be holding him, but Harry was young and needed time to be with friends. If anyone was good at making Harry forget about the chemo, it was Emmett. Despite Emmett being way older than Harry, he had the attitude and playfulness of a teen. Emmett loved life and let very little bother him, hopefully some of that would rub off on Harry.

He knew that he was the only one keeping Harry going, his mate would never had made it out of the hospital if it wasn't for his desire to see him happy. He hated that Harry was suffering because of him, but Harry wasn't ready to be turned yet. He could see it in his eyes, the uncertainty and fear of becoming a vampire. It wasn't the vampire aspect that scared Harry, it was the thought of living an eternity alone. Harry had been hurt so much that he didn't believe that he would never hurt and leave him, despite his numerous reassurances.

"What about an aging potion?"

Carlisle ears perked up as he heard Severus and Poppy talking in the kitchen. Did they actually
have potions that sped up the aging process? Peeking at his mate and noticing that he had fallen asleep, Carlisle slipped into the kitchen.

"I don't think an aging potion would work?" Severus answered thoughtfully. "I think the venom would burn it out of his system during the turning."

"You have a potion that actually ages a person?" Carlisle asked intrigued.

"Yes, but it's only temporary, which is why I believe that the venom would only burn it out." Severus answered knowledgeably.

"That's still incredible," Carlisle said in awe.

"I am afraid that Pott..." Severus sighed when he heard his mate clear her throat. "Harry," he corrected with a smirk in her direction "will flat out refuse the chemo before too long. His age isn't the only reason I would like for him to be sixteen before his turning, but also the fact that he will becoming into his magical majority and I don't know what will happen if he is a vampire when that happens."

"But, Severus," Poppy interrupted. "As sick as Harry is, he may not survive the magical boost he is expected to get. Harry is very powerful, his majority is bound to be impressive."

"There are just too many unknowns," Severus growled. "Feeling completely helpless."

"So Harry will get even more power on his sixteenth birthday?"

Leaning back in his chair, Severus looked at the muggle vampire. He may not like the age difference between Potter and Carlisle, mostly the fact that Harry wasn't considered a consenting adult yet, but there was no doubt in his mind that the vampire didn't adore Harry. He could easily see how much the man already loved the boy, and Harry deserved to finally be loved.

"On their sixteenth birthday, witches and wizards receive a power boost. When born, their core has the capacity to hold a certain amount of magic, but their bodies are to young to handle it. At age eleven they come into a small boost which is why they don't officially start their schooling until then. If they were to cast a lot of magic before eleven, they would run the risk of burning out their core and becoming a squib, or possibly even dying. Midnight on their sixteenth birthday, the young witch or wizard receives the rest of their magic. For most average wizards it nothing much, but Harry is already extremely powerful, so his power levels could double, possibly even triple." Severus explained.

Carlisle sat quietly as he digested everything he had just learned. "Is it painful, the power boost?"

Severus gave his head a small nod. "It can be. I suspect with Harry that it will be extremely painful. My inheritance was unbearably painful for an hour or so, and while I'm considered a pretty powerful wizard, Harry is even more powerful than me."

Carlisle frowned, he didn't like the idea of Harry suffering even more.

"What you have to understand," Poppy said chiming in for the first time. "Their inheritance takes a lot out of them, it's not unheard of for them to sleep twenty four to forty eight hours after. With Harry being so sick, he may not be strong enough to handle the stress and extreme power boost."

"What the hell else could go wrong?" Carlisle groaned.

"Well, Billy Black and Jacob Black could be making their way up our lane right as we speak,"
Edward smirked, leaning against the door jam. "Do you consider that as something else that could go wrong?"

"Damn," Carlisle cursed. He needed to talk to Billy, and he had planned on doing it shortly, but not until after things had settled down. Harry was his first priority, and he really didn't feel like dealing with moody wolves right now. There was so much on his mind, so many concerns, he didn't need more added to it. He had never before felt so close to losing it.

Getting to his feet, Carlisle walked out to the other room to check on his slumbering mate before Billy arrived. He noticed that Emmett and the red head were still playing games but they had turned the tv down and were keeping their voices quiet.

"Need my help?" Emmett asked, never taking his eyes off of the tv.

"No, it'll be fine," Carlisle softly laid his hand on Harry's head checking to see if he was running a fever. His vampire purred in pleasure when his mate leaned into his touch and gave a crooked smile. Harry was slightly warm, but not cause for concern as of yet,

Hearing the beat up old truck pull up, Carlisle met Billy, his son and surprisingly Seth at the door. "Billy, I'm glad you could make it out," he greeted cordially.

Billy nodded somewhat stiffly, obviously uncomfortable with entering a vampires home.

"Please come in," Carlisle invited, stepping away from the door. "Just please keep it down, Harry is sleeping in the other room."

Since the design was an open floor plan, Billy could look over into the other room and see a young boy sleeping on the couch, hooked up to a medical bag. "It's true that he has cancer?" Billy asked, eyes still on the small boy.

"Yes," Carlisle answered sadly. "Stage four and terminal."

"I'm sorry," Billy said, truly meaning it. "Children shouldn't have to suffer such horrible diseases."

Carlisle looked to his mate who was still in a deep sleep. He honestly thought that it was his venom that was allowing Harry to sleep so well while being so sick and getting pumped full of extremely heavy doses of chemotherapy.

"I agree," Carlisle said, leading the visitors farther into his home. Not wanting his sick and vulnerable mate out of sight while people he considered a possible threat were in his home, he led them to a side room where he could still keep an eye on Harry. He wasn't surprised when Severus and Edward joined him. The stern man may never admit it, but he cared for Harry more then what he even knew. Jasper had said that Severus's feelings towards Harry was extremely fatherly.

"First," Billy said, clearing his throat. "I would like to apologize for Sam's actions. He was way out of line, the rest of the elders and myself do not condone what he did."

"He was prepared to attack a boy that was on his hands and knees vomiting," Carlisle said through clenched teeth. "He knew that my mate was still human and sick with cancer, and yet he was still going to kill him. He was also going to attack Seth for befriending and helping a dying boy."

"I understand your anger, Carlisle, and Sam's behavior even shocked us. Sam was never meant to be the alpha." Billy looked up at his son and shook his head. "Unfortunately the rightful alpha doesn't want the responsibilities and refuses to step up. Sam made a good alpha until Jacob phased, but we fear that it is getting to be too much on him and he's becoming unstable."
"I am thankful that the other pack members stepped up to help." Carlisle said sincerely. "Jacob, thank you for helping Harry over the border, he would have never made it himself."

Jacob shrugged his shoulders. "He means a lot to Seth, enough for him to stand up to Sam and break the bond. We also don't hurt humans, even if their mates happen to be vampires."

"Jacob, you would make a fine alpha." Carlisle said. "Your pack needs you."

Jacob grimaced, being pack alpha was something he never wanted.

"It's in your blood...it's your heritage," Billy added, pleading with his eyes. The pack needed Jacob to step up and take his rightful place. He was scared to think what could happen if he didn't, Sam was a ticking time bomb.

Jacob shifted awkwardly. "I know, and Sam really is losing it. If he keeps it up, he's going to become a danger to the tribe. Even now he's still going on about your mate and how he's a danger to the tribe and Forks."

"A danger," Severus snarled. "The boy can hardly walk to the bathroom by himself. His kidneys are failing and he probably won't make it to his sixteenth birthday next month."

Billy looked sadly back to the boy that was sleeping on the couch. Even from here he could see how pale and sickly he looked. How could Sam see him as a threat, the boy was barely the size of a thirteen year old. "He's your mate?" he asked, turning back to Carlisle.

"Yes," Carlisle answered, tensing.

"Are you going to bite him?"

"I want to, yes, but only if it's what Harry wants. I won't turn him against his will, even if watching him die destroys me."

"The treaty..."

"I know the treaty," Carlisle interrupted shortly. "If you won't give me permission to turn my mate here, then I will take him somewhere else to do it. Despite Sam's actions, I will not break the treaty. I had planned on discussing this with you, but I have been afraid to leave my mate's side which him so sick."

"I understand," Billy said softly. Billy looked back at the dying young boy and sighed. "Carlisle, we understand the importance of mates and I would never wish the death of yours. Vampires may be our enemies, but your family has proven that you can be trusted. Despite your mate being sick and Sam threatening him, you still did not break the treaty by crossing the border. If it wasn't for the dangers and unpredictability of a newborn vampire, we wouldn't have had a problem with you biting and saving your mate."

"So the bloodlust is your only problem with Carlisle turning Harry?" Severus asked thoughtfully. Carlisle had explained to him about the treaty that they had with the local Quielette tribe.

Billy nodded his head, not sure who the stranger was. "Yes, we can't take the risk of a newborn attacking the people of Forks or our tribe."

"Then there is no problem," Severus smirked. "I can brew a potion that will stop Harry's bloodlust and allow him to remain in control."
Billy narrowed his eyes. "You're a wizard?" he asked.

"You know of wizards?" Carlisle asked, shocked.

Billy snorted. "I am from a long line of squibs that was tossed out like trash."

"Glad you're not bitter over it," Severus sneered.

"Well obviously we weren't completely without magic since we have the ability to shift." Billy snapped.

Severus inclined his head. "I can brew a potion that will allow Harry to retain his mind, lacking as it may be." Severus smirked when he heard his mate huff. "He will still need blood to survive, but he will not be consumed by bloodlust. It will be like you seeing a cow grazing out in the pasture, but having no desire to hop the fence and gnaw on the poor beast."

Both Jacob and Seth snorted. "So Harry will be safe to be around?" Seth asked hopefully. He really didn't want the Cullen's to leave Forks, and it wasn't just because of Harry. Since getting to know the Cullen's personally, he had come to care for them and think of them as a second, albeit an odd family.

"Yes, Harry will have no issues with blood," Severus confirmed.

Billy wasn't sure what to say, but he knew that wizards had many amazing potions so he didn't doubt that they had one for bloodlust. "I will agree on two conditions," Billy finally said. "First, I would like to talk to the boy to make sure that becoming a vampire is something that he truly wants. It's not that I don't trust you, Carlisle," Billy quickly added when he saw that the man was getting ready to protest. "I just want to make sure that the boy knows what getting himself into. I would also like to meet him before the turning."

Carlisle reluctantly nodded his head. "I can agree to that, and I appreciate you looking out for my mate."

Billy inclined his head. "Second, I would like for Jacob and Seth to be here when Harry wakes after the turning. It's not that I don't trust the potion, I would just like Jacob and Seth here for extra muscle incase there is a problem."

"I will agree to that as long as they promise not to hurt Harry," Carlisle said stiffly.

"I would never hurt Harry," Seth quickly said.

"I know," Carlisle said, giving the young shifter a smile.

"They will only be there to help restrain the boy, nothing more. If he can't control his bloodlust, then I expect for you to immediately take him and leave Forks."

"I can agree to that too." Carlisle said, relieved that they wouldn't have to relocate before turning Harry. He honestly didn't think that Harry could handle a long trip, not in his condition. "Thank you, Billy, I know this wasn't easy for you."

"We are not heartless, Carlisle, but the welfare of the residents of Forks and my tribe comes first." Billy said sincerely.

"I understand, Billy, and again thank you for understanding." Carlisle's head snapped around when he heard the shuffling of feet. "Harry, are you alright?" he asked when he spotted his little mate
groggily walking towards him while pushing the IV pole.

"M'hot," Harry mumbled, settling onto Carlisle's lap and sighing from the coolness of his skin.

Carlisle wrapped his arms around Harry and laid his hand on his forehead to check for a fever. "Oh, Harry, you're burning up."

Harry whimpered when Carlisle removed his wonderfully cold hand from his head.

Grabbing his wand, Severus summed a fever reducer then passed it over to Carlisle. "I know that Harry doesn't want to be found, but I think we need the help of his headmaster. I'm afraid that Harry won't make it to his sixteenth birthday, and even if he does, I don't know if he will survive his majority. We need help, and he's our best bet."

"I don't want to get taken away," Harry whimpered, clinging to Carlisle. "Everyone is so nice here."

"Harry, that old fool cares very deeply for you. He also understands the importance of mates, he will not remove you from Carlisle." Severus said, trying to calm Harry before he worked himself up. "Harry, we need help."

Harry rested his head on Carlisle's chest and looked uncertainly at his professor. "Can you ask him to take a vow that he won't take me away?" He had never had anyone care for him like the Cullen's and he wasn't going to let anyone take him away from them. He was also falling hopelessly in love with Carlisle.

Severus rolled his eyes. "Yes, Potter, if it will make you feel better."

Harry gave his professor a crooked grin. "Thank you, sir." Looking around the room, his eyes grew wide when he spotted the strangers.

"Well if it isn't Sleeping Beauty," Seth smirked.

Harry grinned. "Well if it isn't my pack mule."

"Not funny," Seth pouted.

="I don't know," Jacob grinned, looking Seth up and down. "I can greatly see the resemblance to a jack ass."

Harry started to giggle, already feeling better thanks to the fever reducer. "I like you, what's your name?"

Jacob held out his hand. "Jacob Black."

Harry sighed. "What is it with all you giant, muscled guys over there on the reservation?" Shaking his hand, Harry looked closer at Jacob. "Hey, you're the guy that helped me, aren't you? You're a shifter too, right?"

"That was me," Jacob admitted, chest puffing out. "I'm the biggest and baddest wolf in the pack."

"Also the stupidest," Seth mumbled.

"Thank you," Harry said, grinning at the large shifter. Jacob was even bigger than Seth, and he had thought Seth was huge.
"Harry, this is Billy Black, Jacob's father," Carlisle introduced.

Harry gave a warm smile to Billy, then held his hand out. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Black."

Chuckling, Billy shook the teen's hand. "Please, don't call me Mr. Black, makes me sound like some stuffy old man."

Harry giggled. "Ok, Billy."

Billy smiled, he could now see why Seth was so taken with the boy. Harry was a very sweet boy, it was a shame that he was so sick.

***HP

"Harry, we have to tell them something," Bill tried again. He had been pleading with Harry for the past hour to let him tell everyone that they had found Harry, just not his location. "Mom is worried to death about you and dad's missing work to help with the search.

Harry cringed, he really didn't want people to worry about him. Looking up, he gave Carlisle a searching look. Billy and Jacob had left an hour ago and he was still safely tucked into Carlisle's chest snuggled up on the couch. He was just soaking in the affection while watching Bill, Seth and Emmett battle it out on the game system.

"It's up to you, love," Carlisle said, kissing his mate's cute little nose. "Either way, I'm not letting anyone take you away, I promise."

Biting his lip, he looked back to Bill. "Fine, but don't you dare tell them where I'm at. You can tell them that I'm safe, being well looked after, and when and if I'm ready, I will get in contact with them." He did feel bad about worrying everyone, especially Mr. and Mrs. Weasley, they had always been extremely kind to him, treating him like one of their own.

Bill nodded his head. "Thank you, Harry."

Grabbing his chin and tilting it up, Carlisle leaned down and kissed his sweet mate. He never thought that he would be one to show affection so openly around other people, but he just couldn't get enough Harry.

Severus cleared his throat after five minutes of Harry not coming up for air. "I'm leaving, but I will be back after I brew some more potions. I also need to hand in my resignation to Dumbledore."

Severus looked to his mate who was shyly grinning at him. They had discussed it earlier, he was going to move in to help with Harry and that would also give them a chance to get to know each other. "I also placed a charm on you to alert myself and Poppy if something happens and you need immediate medical help."

"I will also be leaving," Poppy added. "During the summer I work at St. Mungo's, but I will be back to check on you. So help me, Potter, if you disappear again, I will kill you myself."

Flushing, Harry buried his face in Carlisle's neck. "I promise that I'm not going anywhere...ever."

Poppy smiled down at Harry, happy that he finally found a family. The poor boy had suffered so much and had been hurt by so many. She could tell that this family of vampires would care and look after Harry...give him the family that he has always craved.

Bill stood up stretching, not missing how the young shifter was checking him out. Ever since laying his eyes on the boy, his magic had been pulling him to him. He suspected that Seth was his
soul mate. He had always considered himself bisexual, so finding out that his soul mate was a male didn't bother him one bit. He had both topped and bottomed in the past so hopefully Seth would be open to switching occasionally.

"I will return with, Severus, Harry," Bill said, winking at Seth. He grinned when the shifter blushed and looked away.

After they left, Harry turned to Seth, smirking. "Alright, fess up, what is going on between you and Bill?"

Seth shrugged his shoulder. "I don't know what you're talking about, Harry? Maybe the chemo is messing with your head."

Harry huffed. "Nice try, wolf, but I saw how the two of you were checking each other out."

"I think your seeing things," Seth smirked. "Maybe you need your eyes checked."

"I don't think so, my eyes have already been magically healed. Now, either tell me yourself, or I will ask Edward." Harry looked over to Edward who was grinning big at the two of them.

"Fine," Seth moaned, knowing that Edward knew what was going on and would probably tell Harry if he asked. Harry knew how to use the puppy dog eyes to get what he wanted. "Bill is my imprint. Happy?"

"Thrilled," Harry squealed. "Bill is my brother in everything but blood. If you two are mated, then that makes you my brother too."

Seth shook his head chuckling. "I could live with that."

Carlisle reluctantly slid out from beside his mate. "Your chemo is done, I need to get you unhooked."

Harry grimaced. "I can't wait to get that thing out of me, it's gross and disgusting."

"I know love, hopefully you will only have to put up with it for another month." Carlisle said, gently covering the port back up. He knew how much Harry hated the sight of it.

"Have you decided to be turned?" Seth asked, knowing that Harry hadn't given a definite answer. It was a huge decision, he couldn't blame Harry for needing time to think it over.

Harry looked at Carlisle from under his bangs. He knew that Carlisle was anxiously waiting for an answer. "I can honestly say that I have never been this happy or content...despite the whole cancer and dying thing." Harry chuckled nervously. "For the first time since my parents were murdered, I have a home. Becoming a vampire is a huge decision, but I'm not ready to die yet. I wish that I had a few more years to come to terms with everything, but obviously I don't. I won't lie, I'm bloody terrified. Living for eternity is extremely intimidating, especially when your first fifteen years was a living hell."

"Harry, you don't have to decide yet," Carlisle said softly, hiding his disappointment. He completely understood where Harry was coming from, but it still stung.

Harry smiled sadly at Carlisle. "I want to stay with you, Carlisle, I really do. Just, let me get to know you better, please. Everyone has hurt me...I'm scared."

Carlisle sat back down and gathered his mate up into his arms. "Don't be upset, my love, I
I won't lie, I desperately want to hear you say yes, but I won't upset you further by trying to sway you. The decision has to be yours."

Harry buried his face into Carlisle's neck, hot tears soaking the collar of his crisp, white dress shirt. He wished that he could give Carlisle what he wanted, but he just wasn't ready yet.

Nodding to his family, Carlisle picked up his mate and carried him to the bedroom. Harry was physically and emotionally exhausted, the last thing he wanted was to add more stress. "It's alright, little one, don't cry."

Harry tried to stop crying, but all it did was make him cry even harder. He wasn't just crying over upsetting Carlisle, he was crying over everything. He was crying over his abusive childhood, he was crying over everything that happened at Hogwarts and with Voldemort, he was crying over what his godfathers and friends had said to him, and he was crying over his stupid cancer. He knew he was having a pity party, but he couldn't stop it. Everyone had always expected him to be the brave one that could easily bounce back from anything...well that wasn't him.

Carlisle talked softly to his mate while he soothingly rubbed his back. Severus had left potions behind, including one to calm Harry, but Harry needed this. He needed to let everything out so he could move on. Sometimes it was healthy to just break down and have a good cry. He continued his rubbing even long after Harry had fallen asleep, he wanted to be there for him, comfort him, even in his sleep.

***HP

"Where in the name of Merlin have you been?" Molly screeched, grabbing her eldest, tightly embracing him and then checking him over for injuries.

Bill hugged his mother back, grinning. "Honestly, mother, I'm fine."

"Don't tell me you're fine, William Weasley, you should been back hours ago. I have been worried to death; do you have any idea how dangerous those muggles can be?"

"Molly dear, Bill is fine, though he may suffocate if you don't let him go." Arthur chuckled as he nursed a cup of strong black coffee. Since Harry went missing, he had spent almost every minute that he wasn't at work searching for him. He wasn't a young wizard like his son anymore, he was exhausted and close to collapsing.

"We were getting concerned, William," Dumbledore said softly. "Where is Severus?"

Bill took a seat at the table of Grimmauld Place. He was a little bit put out that Severus left him to break the news about Harry, but he understood that the man had to get working on the potions. Harry was very sick, and he was only getting sicker by the day. He could also tell that Severus didn't want to leave his new mate, and that too he could understand. Since leaving Seth, he had an empty, almost painful longing feeling in his chest.

"Severus is at Hogwarts brewing potions," Bill said, looking the headmaster in the eyes.

"You found him?" Dumbledore gasped, unable to hide his relief. He dearly loved Harry and these last few weeks had been hell.

Bill nodded his head unable to talk over the hundred questions that were being fired at him at once. He knew that Sirius was going to go ape shit on him when he refused to give Harry's location, but he wasn't going to break that boy's trust. Being swarmed by Sirius, Remus and his family wasn't something that Harry needed, at least not right now anyway. Right now he needed Carlisle, the rest
of the Cullen's and Seth. He could easily tell that Seth had taken Ron and Hermione's place as Harry's best friend. The two of them shared an amazing connection, it was great to watch them interact. They reminded him a lot of Fred and George and the bond they shared.

It took Dumbledore firing off red sparks in the air five times to quiet everyone down. "Is Harry at St. Mungos?" he asked in concern.

"No," Bill said, cringing when everyone started firing off questions again. Standing up, he made a loud boom sound with his wand in order to get everyone's attention. "Look, if everyone will shut up, I will explain what's going on with Harry."

"Is he alright, William?" Molly asked, wringing her hands together.

Sighing, Bill slowly sank back in his chair. "No," he answered simply. "Harry is very sick and now in the beginning stages of kidney failure."

Sirius lunged to his feet. "Why isn't he in the hospital? Where is he? Where's my godson?"

"Sirius, please sit down. I'm sure William will tell us everything we want to know," Dumbledore said kindly.

"Severus, Poppy and I found Harry earlier today. He is being very well taken care of, is on muggle medicine for the cancer, and in very good hands. Despite all that though, the cancer is spreading and his body is failing. Harry is very, very sick and can hardly get out of bed."

Sirius collapsed back into his chair. "Take me to him, please. I will get him to Mungos where they will properly treat him."

Bill shook his head sadly. "They are doing everything for Harry that the medi-wizards at St. Mungos would be doing, and to be honest, the person Harry is with knows more about cancer than the best specialist at Mungos. That being said, he is doing a bit better and is more comfortable now that he is getting potions from Severus." Looking around, Bill didn't miss how there wasn't a dry eye at the table. Spotting Remus' flared nostrils, he was glad the remembered to mask the vampire scent.

"Why didn't you bring him home where we can look after him," Molly sniffled, dabbing at her wet eyes. "He must be terribly afraid being with strangers."

Bill cringed, he knew that this was where it was going to get ugly. "Harry doesn't want to come home. He..." Like he predicted, he was cut off with shouting and cursing.

Dumbledore lowered his head sadly. It hurt that Harry didn't want to return to them for his final days. He knew that it was his fault and he didn't blame Harry for staying away...but it still hurt.

Rubbing his temples, Bill waited until everyone tired themselves out. Sirius was ranting that Harry was his godson and he had custody of him, Remus was trying to calm Sirius but he was also agreeing with him, him mom was crying into his father shoulder, Hermione was crying, Ron was comforting her but also raging that he wanted to see Harry because he was his best mate, and the twins were just sitting there with their heads bowed, hair covering their faces.

"Shut it!" Bill roared, tired and wanting to get this over with so he could get some sleep before heading back to Forks. "If you don't shut up and listen then I will leave and you won't know anything." Looking around, he waited until everyone was looking at him. "Now, Harry is happy...happier than what I have seen him, despite the fact that he is sick and dying. The family he is with adores him and is spoiling him rotten. It took a while for him to trust them thanks to what
his muggle relatives put him through along with his best mates and godfathers, but Harry now
loves the people he is with." Bill glared at Sirius and Remus. "Harry doesn't want to come home,
he doesn't want to leave the people that he considers family."

"We are his family," Sirius said brokenly. He was furious when he first heard that Harry didn't
want to come home, but now he was just heartbroken. He knew that he had majorly fucked up, but
Harry had always been so forgiving before. Never once did he think that Harry would want nothing
to do with him after they found him. He loved Harry like he was his own son.

"Sirius, Harry made us take a vow to not tell any of you his location." Bill didn't feel bad for lying,
they brought this on themselves. "Harry is sick and he doesn't need you all causing him more
stress. You crushed that boy, he thought the world of you, Sirius. You should have seen the pain in
his eyes when I mentioned you and Remus and the shock when I told him you were looking for
him. He honestly thought that no one would care enough to notice him missing, let alone search for
him. Just leave him be until he's ready. "

Sirius shook his head. "I can't. He's my godson, and I know I was wrong, but I love him. I need to
tell him that I'm sorry and be with him for however long he has."

"That's a lot of I's, Sirius," Dumbledore said gravely. "This needs to be about Harry, not about any
of us. If he doesn't want to come home or see us, then we must honor his wishes."

Sirius shook his head. "I have to see him. I can't just sit back and wait for that damn paper from
Gringotts to list him as deceased. He has to know that I love him."

"We all need to see him," Hermione said, briskly rubbing her bloodshot eyes. "He was my first
friend."

"Be glad that he even let me tell you that we found him. The only reason he did was because he
didn't want mom, dad and Dumbledore out looking for him." Bill said, scowling at the little witch.

Molly nodded her head, lip trembling. "I'm going to make up some fudge for you to take Harry, and
a nice, new warm Weasley sweater." Crying, she got up and hugged her eldest then left through the
floo.

Rubbing his red nose, Arthur got up. "I'm just going to..." Shaking his head and clasping Bill on the
shoulder, he followed his wife through the floo.

"Headmaster," Bill said softly. "Harry does need to see you. There are some issues that need your
wisdom on."

"I'm going too," Sirius said firmly before Dumbledore could say anything.

"So are we," Ron and Hermione quickly added. "Harry has always forgiven us," Hermione sniffed.
"We are the golden trio."

Dumbledore raised an eyebrow at Hermione. "I think," he said somewhat strained. "That we need
to give Harry time. He is currently dealing with a lot, and we need to step back and wait for him.
The important thing now is that we found him and we know he is being looked after and cared
for."

"Time!" Sirius yelled, more in desperation than anger. "We don't have time. You heard Bill, Harry
is getting worse."

"Be that as it may," Dumbledore said sternly. "You have hurt Harry enough, it's time to show him
that you can respect his wishes."

Sirius went to lunge to his feet again, but Remus reached out and grabbed his shoulder, shaking his head no. "As much as it hurts, Sirius, we have to do as Albus says. We brought this on ourselves. At least we won't have to continue on not knowing what happened to our pup. It sounds like he found some good people, and Severus and Poppy are now there for him."

Sirius wanted to shout and scream, but he was too choked up to say anything. He just wanted to see his pup and beg for forgiveness. "Can you give him a letter?" he asked, choking on his tears.

Bill thought for a moment, he really didn't think a letter was a very good idea. "You can write one, but I can't promise that I will give it to him. I will discuss if with Severus, Poppy and his family and then let the headmaster decide after he talks to Harry."

"When are we leaving?" Dumbledore asked anxiously. He couldn't wait to see Harry. Bill may have said that he was in good hands, but he still needed to see for himself.

"When Severus is done brewing," Bill said, covering his mouth to yawn. "Harry has already gone through Severus' stock of fever reducers and stomach soothers. He also needs to brew a potion to help with the kidney failure."

"Very well, William. I think you should find a bed while I go talk with Severus." Dumbledore stood up and left, followed by an exhausted Bill Weasley."

Without saying anything, Sirius got up and left the room. He couldn't believe that his last words to his godson would be in a damn letter that he may never even receive.

Hurting himself, Remus got up to be with his mate. He wished that there was a time turner that would take him back to that horrible day. Harry's crushed face will forever be burned in his memory. Harry had tried to tell them, but they wouldn't listen. They tore into him, himself the worst by bringing up his dead parents.

"Come on brother," George whispered. "Let's honor Harry's wishes and pray that he will give us a second chance before...." Nodding his head, Fred got up and followed his twin.

"Mione, we know Harry better than anyone else. He may say that he doesn't want to see us, but he does. The three of us have been a team since we were eleven years old, a stupid argument isn't going to break us up."

Hermione looked at Ron with wide, teary eyes. "Ronald, that was not a stupid argument. We attacked Harry right after he found out that he was dying. We didn't even give him a chance to defend himself. We knew how much Harry hated it at his relative's, and you not only took away his friendship, but also your family that had always taken him in."

Ron lowered his head in shame. "I know, Mione, I know. We have to find him, we have to make it right."

Scratching at her head, Hermione sighed. "Alright, if Severus and Bill can find Harry, then so can we. We need to figure out their last search location and go from there. Bill said that Harry is being treated which means that he had to have been in a hospital."

"What about those vampires that he was seen leaving with?" Ron asked somewhat fearfully.

Hermione shrugged her shoulders. "Bill didn't say anything about vampires and Remus didn't smell any on Bill, so Harry must no longer be with them."
"Well, let's form a plan to find Harry and bring him home," Ron said grinning, relieved that they wouldn't have to deal with vampires. He wasn't too keen on running into a group of blood sucking vampires.

***HP

It started off as just a tickle in his throat and a tightening in his chest, but then it quickly escalated into a full blown coughing fit. He was trying to catch his breath between hacks, but the lack of oxygen was starting to make his vision go dark, and his head spin. He could hear people talking and hands on him, but they sounded miles away. He was trying not to panic, but that was almost impossible when you couldn't get any oxygen into your lungs.

Carlisle rolled Harry to his side to help keep his airway open. Blood was covering his mouth, chin and chest, and with each cough, blood was spraying all over the comforter. Harry had been sleeping peacefully before the wheezing then the coughing started. This was the first time since leaving the hospital that Harry coughed up blood.

"Carlisle, he can't breathe," Edward cried, feeling completely helpless. He could hear Harry's pleading in his head for oxygen, knowing that he was seconds from passing out. He was terrified that this was it, that he was going to die.

"We need to get him to the hospital!" Carlisle yelled, bending down to scoop up his mate. He was just about to stand with Harry in his arms when he froze, eyes going black. The smell of death was so strong on Harry that he started losing control. His instincts were screaming at him to bite his mate before he died. The pull was too strong, there was no way he could stop it.

At seeing what was about to happen, Severus lunged at the muggle vampire, knocking him away from Harry. He was quickly joined by Emmett and Jasper who helped restrain the feral vampire. He had just met up with Albus, Bill and Poppy to portkey back to Forks, when the charm he placed on Harry alerted him that Harry was in serious trouble.

"Anapneo!" Poppy cried, pointing her wand at Harry. Instantly Harry could breath better, but he was still struggling with the coughing as more blood started dribbling out of the corner of his mouth. "Anapneo!" Poppy cried for the second time, clearing Harry's airway again.

Dumbledore stood at the food of the bed watching as Poppy and Severus tried to save Harry. Looking to the vampire leader, whom Severus had informed him earlier was Harry's mate, he was relieved to see that he was once again fully in control of himself. If they would have been a few seconds later, then Harry would be turning right now. He had absolutely nothing against Harry becoming a vampire, he was actually hoping that he decided to go through with it, but he wanted it to be on Harry's terms. Severus had informed him that Harry had yet to make a decision.

"It's the tumors in his lungs," Poppy informed, scanning Harry while still clearing his airway of blood. "They have gotten bigger. If we can keep his airway clear and get his coughing under control, then with some oxygen he should be able to breath easier."

Severus dug in his bag and pulled out a brown potion. "This will help with the coughing if we can keep his airway clear long enough to get it in him." Severus looked over his shoulder at Carlisle. "Do you think you can control yourself long enough to calm Harry down? This is bad and his panicking isn't helping."

Nodding his head, Carlisle sat on the bed and started carding his fingers through Harry's hair, trying to calm him. "Relax, love, if you don't fight it, you will be able to breath easier."
Harry tried to do as Carlisle instructed, the man had never been wrong before. He was able to get a little oxygen into his lungs since Madam Pomfrey and Snape had showed up, but it wasn't enough to stop the spinning in his head, or the burning in his chest.

"Severus, can't you just spell it directly into him?" Bill asked nervously from the other side of the room.

"Can't," Severus grunted. "He needs to swallow it so it can soothe his throat and repair the damage he has done from coughing so hard. This will also make him very lethargic, almost comatose."

"Alright, Severus, I think he is calm enough to try the potion.\(^\text{"}\). Poppy informed after a few more minutes of Carlisle caressing and speaking calmly to Harry.

"Harry, I need you to swallow this. I know it will be hard and it will probably burn, but you must do it\(^\text{"}\)" Severus said sternly, hoping the boy heard and understood him.

Carlisle carefully propped Harry up and against his chest and tilted his head back some. Between him and Severus, they were able to get almost all of the potion down him, and almost immediately the coughing stopped.

"That's some pretty amazing stuff," Carlisle said, impressed. Still rubbing Harry's head, he watched as some of the color returned to his face. Even though he was no longer coughing, Harry was still having problems breathing, though considerably less than before.

"Edward, can you get me the oxygen tank please?" Carlisle asked softly, never taking his eyes off his sick mate.

Propped up a bit with pillows, and nasal cannula in place, Harry was breathing must better and resting peacefully. He wasn't sleeping, but the coughing episode and lack of oxygen had taken a lot out of him. The potion that Snape had given was also keeping him in a drugged like state, unable to move or talk. His breaths were coming much shorter and it felt like he couldn't quite get enough oxygen into his lungs, but at least he was breathing.

"He probably panicked when he woke and couldn't get enough oxygen and that triggered the coughing which tore at his throat," Poppy explained, waving her wand and vanishing the blood from Harry, his clothes and the bed.

"The tumors have grown?" Carlisle asked in dread.

Poppy nodded, looking sadly at the vampire. He had so much love for Harry, and Harry deserved someone like Carlisle. "I'm sorry, the chemotherapy isn't strong enough to hold off the fast progression of the cancer due to the curse he was hit with. I don't see where continuing with it will benefit him, it's only stressing him out."

Feeling like he had been hit with by a train, Carlisle took a seat next to the bed and reached out and grasped Harry's hand. "What now?" He may be a doctor, but he was clueless on what to do. He didn't want to hear that they had to give up already, but if the chemo wasn't working at all, then it wasn't worth putting Harry through the hell of it.

Poppy looked to the bed and the small dying boy on it. "We make him as comfortable as possible until he decides to be changed, or until..." Poppy lowered her head to hide her tears. She wished she could switch places with him, she would gladly die so he could live a happy and fulfilling life.
Harry heard what they were saying, but he didn't have the energy to say anything. He could feel Carlisle gripping his hand almost painfully, and he felt bad for scaring him.

"He needs oxygen around the clock now, and this probably won't be the last episode he has. The tumors will continue to grow until..."

Dumbledore draped his arm over Poppy and pulled her into a comforting embrace. There was nothing he could say that would make her or anyone else feel better, so he just held her while she silently wept.

Cocking his head to the side, Edward started chuckling. "Harry told me to tell you that he's not dead yet. He's just bloody tired after all that coughing."

"Potter," Severus grumbled, running a shaky hand through his long hair. He would never admit it, but seeing Potter like that scared the shit out of him. He thought the boy was going to die right then and there.

"Oh, and he said that he doesn't want to hear the 'next great adventure speech' from Dumbledore. He wants the barmy old codger to find a way for Carlisle to safely turn him." Edward added, grinning at his father.

As gently as he could, Carlisle first kissed Harry on the forehead, the cheek and then the lips. "Thank you, my love, I promise to make you happy for the rest of our lives. This means so much to me." Carlisle could never remember a time being this happy. Harry had agreed to be turned...he agreed to be his. "I love you, Harry," he whispered in his ear.

Edward placed a hand on Carlisle's shoulder. "Harry said that he doesn't know what love feels like since he has never experienced love before, but he's pretty positive that what he is feeling for you is love. He knows that he never wants to be without you, and just now when he thought he was dying, all he could think about was you and how he didn't want to leave you."

Carlisle rested his head on Harry's forehead. "Never, never will you leave me, and never will I leave you."

Dumbledore cleared his throat, subtly wiping the tears from his eyes. "Well, Severus, this barmy old codger will need your help analyzing Mr. Cullen's venom." Dumbledore turned to Bill. "I think our friends the goblins will have some information for us on magical majorities."

Bill nodded his head. "Right, I will head to Gringotts." Bill grabbed Harry's hand and squeezed it. "Stay strong, little brother, we will get this figured out."

Harry didn't even have the strength to squeeze back, he had never felt this weak and helpless before. He was thankful for everyone for wanting to help him, and now that he had made up his mind, he was anxious to be tuned and cancer free. When he couldn't breath and he thought he was dying, all he could think was that he didn't want to die. He wanted to have a life with Carlisle, he wanted to experience what love was. He had no doubt now that what he was feeling for Carlisle was love...and he wasn't ready to give that up. He desperately wanted to meet his parents, but he knew that his parents would want him to be with Carlisle. Carlisle was his soul mate, the one person made just for him, and his parents wouldn't want him to walk away from that.

Feeling Carlisle's cool body press against his made him feel safe, secure and loved. Now that his mind was made up, it felt like a huge weight had been lifted off his chest. Content with his decision, he drifted off to sleep safe in his mate's arms.
Chapter 10

I do not own Harry Potter or Twilight.

Happy Easter all! I hope you enjoy this early Easter gift...it's a long one. ;). Again I apologize for my lack of updates. Things have just been busy around here and I have been too exhausted to write after kids fall asleep...

Not sure what my next update will be. I have over a thousand words written for my Harry/Daryl fic and over 13,000 on my new Harry/Charlie fic. that one was supposed to be a one shot...obviously I suck at writing shorter fics.

Trying to figure out how to end this fic! Do I continue on? Maybe make this an mpreg. Or do I clear things up with Sirius and company and wrap this up with a pretty bow in the next chapter or two?

PLEASE REVIEW!

***HP

"Would you like a drink or something to eat, dear?" Esme asked, touching the sick boy on his foot to get his attention. Harry was laying on the couch leaning against Seth quietly watching as he carved a piece of wood into a wolf.

Harry gave Esme a weak smile and shook his head no. He knew that they were all concerned over his lack of eating, but he just didn't have the energy or the oxygen to waste on eating. Since the coughing incident a week ago, he had been getting progressively worse. He was on oxygen and IV around the clock and he had to sleep sitting up because he couldn't breath if he laid down. Everyone took turns letting him lean against them and right now it was Seth's turn.

Esme frowned down at Harry. He had hardly eaten a mouthful of food in the past week and she could clearly see that he was losing weight. Carlisle had said not to worry because he was getting liquids and nutrients through his IV and potions, but she still couldn't help herself. She wished that there was something more she could do for the poor boy, some way to help ease his suffering.

"Seth, can I get you something to eat?"

Seth grinned up at Esme. "Do you even need to ask? You know that I will never turn down your amazing cooking."

"Pig," Harry said breathlessly, giving Seth a cheeky grin.

"Hey, this perfectly hot body didn't get this way by eating lettuce and starving," Seth smirked as he flexed his muscles.

Harry's laughter turned into another round of uncontrollable coughing. Seconds later Carlisle was at his side, sitting him up and offering him a potion that helped control the coughing before it tore at his and caused it to bleed.

"Easy breaths, my love," Carlisle said softly.
Harry closed his eyes and concentrated on his mate's soothing voice. Panicking always made it worse, but it was easy to panic when you couldn't get enough oxygen into your lungs. He didn't know how much longer he could keep going, his body just wanted to give in and he didn't have much strength left to keep fighting.

Carlisle frowned up at Severus who was standing behind the couch looking concerned. Harry was fading fast, and if they didn't figure out something soon then they were going to lose him.

"M'fine," Harry wheezed, cracking his eyes open and giving Carlisle a reassuring smile. "W...Wanna go for a w...walk?"

Chuckling, Carlisle gave Harry a peck on his lips. There was no more passionate kisses between them because Harry couldn't breath as it was. "I'll take you up on that after you're turned."

Harry closed his eyes again and rested back on Seth. Seth was incredibly warm and he tended to gravitate to him the most to lean against. Seth was an awesome best friend and he would have been lost without him. In the short time that he had known the large shifter, he had become a better friend than what Ron or Hermione ever was. He had never realized how conditional Ron and Hermione's friendship was. Seth very seldom left his side, but he also didn't hover and bug him. He was there for him however he needed him, even as a large, warm recliner.

Seth relaxed when Harry started breathing easier and snuggled back against him. Every coughing fit he had he feared that it would be his last. He was terrified to go home because he was afraid that Harry would die while he was gone. It was incredible how Harry had become one of the most important people in his life. He just couldn't imagine life without him. Harry was the brother that he never had, more so than even his pack brothers.

"He can't take much more," Seth whispered so softly that only the vampires could hear him.

Carlisle tilted his head in Seth's direction in acknowledgment. Seth was right, Harry had only days left...if they were even that lucky. He wasn't going to make it to his sixteenth birthday.

***HP

"The goblins are as clueless as us," Bill sighed. "They don't how Harry's inheritance will effect him if he's a vampire and they also don't know if his magic will accept the muggle vampire venom."

"Even if Harry makes it to his birthday, which we all know he won't, there is no way he would be strong enough to survive his inheritance," Severus said, running his hand up and down his distressed mate's back. Esme hadn't been handling Harry's dying very well. She was a very compassionate and motherly woman, and it was killing her watching Harry suffer.

Dumbledore took off his glasses and rubbed his tired eyes. For over a two weeks they had been working almost nonstop trying to find solutions to all of Harry's problems, but it seemed like there was one brick wall after another in their path. They had tested and retested Carlisle's venom and they still didn't know if it was safe for Harry. They had put a drop of Carlisle's undiluted venom on Bill's arm and it had caused his skin to instantly blister, but when they did the same to Harry, nothing happened. It seemed that Carlisle's venom was compatible with Harry's magic, but there was no way positive way to test it.

"What if we put a stasis charm on him?" A haggard looking Madam Pomfrey asked. "We can remove it minutes before midnight on his birthday."

Dumbledore shook his head. "Harry is too far gone now, he would never survive his inheritance."
With eyes lacking their normal twinkling, Dumbledore looked to Carlisle. "You're going to have to turn him tonight."

"But my venom could kill him," Carlisle protested weakly. Despite his concerns, a thrill of excitement raced up his spine at the thought of turning his mate that night.

"If you don't do it, he will die for sure," Seth said, hiding his trembling hands under the table. They had all gathered around to have this meeting while Harry slept propped up against Emmett's broad chest. Three hours before, Harry had suffered a terrible episode where he had lost consciousness and had to be resuscitated. Everyone was currently on edge knowing that they were out of time.

"Alice, can you see anything?" Jasper asked, eyes pleading with his mate. He had never met anyone as courageous as Harry and he had come to love the funny little spitfire. Despite how terrible Harry was suffering, he still gave everyone a smile and told them that he was fine.

Alice bit her bottom lip and shook her head no. "I have tried, but all I see is Harry as a vampire, not who turned him. I'm also still getting visions of him dying," she added quietly. She hated those visions, they felt so real and they tore at her heart.

Carlisle looked to Dumbledore and Severus, both men looked grave, but also determined. With a nod of his head, he turned to Seth. "Get Billy and Jacob for me, please." He wouldn't go back on his word. Billy could talk with Harry before he bit him, and Jacob could stay during the turning. This was it, in a few hours Harry would either be turning...or dead.

Severus squeezed Esme's hand then got to his feet. "I have a bloodlust potion to brew."

"Can I help?" Esme asked softly, not wanting to be away from her mate. Severus was strong and she needed his strength to see her through this.

Severus took her hand and helped her to her feet. "I would be honored," he said, kissing her delicate looking hand. As a muggle there wasn't much she could actually help him with, but he knew that she just needed his support and reassurance. They were all scared that they would be losing Harry before the night was through...even him.

Looking like he was about to be sick, Seth walked out of the room so he could call Billy. He was trying to be strong, but his best friend could dying in just a few hours. When Harry had stopped breathing earlier and they had to resuscitate him, he had actually cried. He hadn't cried since his dad had died, and the thought of losing Harry hurt just as bad as losing his dad did.

"Seth!"

Sniffing back his tears, Seth turned around to face Bill. He hadn't discussed his imprinting on him yet, but he had a feeling that Bill felt something. Bill was always looking at him and sitting close to him whenever he could, but with everything going on with Harry, he felt that it wasn't right to bring it up.

"You ok?" Bill asked, taking a step closer. He could see the pain and fear in Seth's eyes and he just wanted to hold his mate and comfort him.

Seth shook his head no, a lone tear escaping from his eye. "Harry's more than a best friend to me," he said, swallowing the lump in his throat.

"I know," Bill said, taking yet another step closer. "My brother use to be Harry's best friend, but Harry was never as close to him as he is with you. The two of you are like twins, the bond between you is very similar. I have known Harry for a few years now and I can tell that he loves you."
Seth wiped at his eyes as more tears fell. "You're my imprint," he blurted out. He didn't know why he did it, but he was hurting and he wanted Bill to comfort him.

"I know," Bill said, holding out his arms.

Seth unashamedly walked into Bill's arms and wrapped his arms around his waist. He was a little taller than Bill and packed a lot more muscle than him, but right now he needed Bill to be the stronger one. Laying his head on his shoulder, he allowed himself a few minutes of weakness to cry for his dying brother, in everything but blood.

"Harry will make it," Bill said calmly. "He has an incredible knack of not dying."

Seth chuckled, Harry had told him all about his many escapes from death. "Thank you," he said, stepping out of Bill's comforting embrace. He could have stayed in his arms all night, but he really had to call Billy and Jacob and get them here.

"When Harry is better and all vamped out, we need to talk about this imprinting."

Seth blushed a little. "Yeah, that may be a good idea."

***HP

"Sirius, can you please stop staring at that damn piece of parchment?" Remus growled.

Sirius's grey eyes snapped up and met Remus's almost glowing amber ones. The full moon was in two nights and Moony was close to the surface. "No," he snapped, looking back down at the parchment."

"Dammit, Sirius, that's not helping any?"

"It's helping me," Sirius yelled, picking up the parchment and waving it in the air. "This is my only connection to Harry."

"And what are you going to do when that paper lists the date of his death?"

"I don't know," Sirius choked out. "but right now Harry is alive and that's all that matters."

Remus looked sadly at his mate. Dumbledore had been keeping them informed on how Harry was doing so he knew that they would be seeing the date of Harry's death on that parchment soon. He was afraid it would be very soon since he hadn't seen Dumbledore in days. The man had been stopping in every other day so the lack of visitation was a very bad sign.

He wished that Harry would have agreed to see them. They knew that they were wrong, but after their tempers had cooled they had been prepared to apologize to him. If they would have been thinking properly then they would have known that there was no way that Harry would have stood Sirius up.

Sirius sat back down and covered his head with his hands. "This is killing me, Remus."

"Me too," Remus said, voice noticeably cracking.

"We haven't heard anything for days."

"Last time Albus was here he said that Harry was bad," Remus gently reminded him. "He had said that Harry could no longer eat and could barely stay awake longer than an hour or two a day."
"I have never seen the headmaster look so worn and old," Sirius said, wiping tears from his eyes. "Maybe it's better that we aren't there watching as our pup slowly dies."

"Still, we should have been there for him." Remus said, not looking Sirius in the eyes. "We have failed Harry since the day James and Lily died."

Sirius closed his eyes, Remus's words felt like a knife to his heart. He had sworn to James that he would look after his son if anything happened to him. It was bad enough that he failed him as a baby, but when he finally had the chance to be there for his godson, he had failed him once again.

Sirius looked down at the parchment when he felt it warm up in his hands. Paling, he looked back up at Remus with tears falling from his eyes.

Remus shook his head. "No!" he cried brokenly. "It can't be true."

The parchment slipped from Sirius' trembling hand and slowly fluttered to the floor. Two loud howls filled with grief and pain echoed throughout Grimmauld Place as the parchment landed face up...where the date of Harry James Potter's death was clearly listed for all to see.

***HP

Carlisle settled his mate comfortably on the bed, propped up by a mountain of pillows. Harry was so weak that he couldn't control his body and all he could do was blink up at him with pain filled eyes.

"Do you still want this, my love?" Carlisle asked again. He knew how badly Harry wanted to turn sixteen before being bitten, but there was no way that Harry could hold on for two more weeks. The only thing keeping Harry alive was potions and his stubbornness.

Harry tried smiling at Carlisle, but all he managed was a grimace. "He said that you can't get rid of him that easy," Edward chuckled.

Carlisle smiled. "You are amazing, Harry. When this is behind us and you are strong and healthy, there is so much that I want to do with you."

Edward snorted, burying his face in his hands laughing. "I think Carlisle meant traveling and going places, you little pervert."

Carlisle threw his head back laughing. "I'm not going to object to doing that," he winked.

"Does someone need the sex talk?" Emmett asked, walking into the room with his mate. "I'm the expert here if you need any advise."

"Emmett," Rosalie moaned. "Now is not the time to talk about sex."

"Hey, he started it," Emmett pouted, pointing a finger at Harry.

Harry managed a weak smile, face red from embarrassment. He was a fifteen year old virgin and it was normal to always think about sex...even on his death bed. He missed Carlisle's intoxicating kisses and he planned on attacking the man as soon as he woke.

"Billy and Jacob are here," Edward said, looking between Carlisle and Harry.

"Let them in," Carlisle answered, never taking his eyes off his mate. Now that the time was here, he was anxious to get started. He couldn't wait to have Harry's scent not tainted with the stench of
death. The last few days it had been overpowering and every time he got near Harry his fangs would slip out. He knew that it wouldn't be too much longer before he lost control and bit Harry. He was stupid to think that he could have actually allowed his mate to die and not turn him—even against his will.

Billy stopped in his tracks when he the spotted the small boy on the bed. How the hell was he still alive? Jacob had visited the Cullen's a few times and he had said that Carlisle's mate didn't have much longer, but he never imagined him looking like that. The boy didn't look like he weighed more than ninety pounds, he couldn't hold his head up, his skin was transparent and he was hooked up to all kinds of wires and tubing. He looked as though he was already dead.

"Billy," Edward said, snapping the man out of his thoughts.

Billy wheeled to the bed and smiled down at the dying boy. He couldn't believe how far he had deteriorated in just two weeks. "Harry, do you know why I'm here?" he asked kindly.

Harry tried to nod his head but his body wouldn't cooperate with his commands. "Blink once for yes and twice for no," Edward suggested. "Billy, is that alright," the telepath asked.

Billy nodded his head. "That's fine, Harry. I just want to make sure that you truly want to be a vampire and understand what it means."

Harry blinked twice and managed a crooked smile. "He said that he's scared, but it's what he wants. He never had a family and he loves Carlisle and the Cullen's with all his heart. He hopes that he can make a good vampire like the Cullen's so he can remain here in Forks. Seth is his soul brother and it would kill him having to leave him." Edward relayed.

Carlisle wiped the tears from Harry's eyes. "We love you too, Harry. You have become the heart of this family and you will always have us."

"You're a brave young man, Harry," Billy said. "I have no doubt that you will make a compassionate vampire, just like your mate." Billy held his hand out to Carlisle. "Thank you for agreeing to our terms and good luck."

Carlisle took the offered hand without hesitating. "Thank you, Billy, for understanding."

Seth nervously cleared his throat. "So this is it, huh? In a couple days I will have a bloodsucking leech for a brother. As if you weren't a royal pain in my ass as a human, princess."

Edward shook his head grinning. "He said now he will be able to pester you around the clock since he will no longer need sleep. He also said that you love him so shut the hell up, Jack Ass."

"Well, see if I carry your scrawny ass through the woods again," Seth joked.

"I'll be strong enough to carry your flea bitten ass for now on," Edward said for Harry.

Grinning, Seth leaned in and gave Harry a hug. "I do love you, you pest." When he stood back up he couldn't hide his tears. This could be his last time ever talking to his best friend.

It broke Harry seeing someone as strong as Seth crying over him. He didn't know what he did to deserve these people, but he would never take them for granted. There was no way he was going to die during his turning and leave his family behind.

"Harry," Dumbledore said, stepping in his eyesight. "I'm sorry for leaving you with your aunt and uncle when you were a baby, I honestly thought that you would be safest with them. I was blinded
that there was no greater evil than Voldemort and his Death Eaters, and I couldn't imagine family hurting family the way yours did to you."

"He understands," Edward said tightly. He liked the old man, but he couldn't believe that he never checked in on Harry, not once in all those years. He even confessed that the lady he had keeping an eye on Harry had suspected that something wasn't right. "You had a lot to worry about at the time and he knows that you never meant him harm," he added.

"Your parents would be so proud of you, my boy. All they ever wanted was for you to be happy and they would approve of Carlisle and the Cullen's."

Severus walked into the room looking serious and carrying various potions. "You ready, Potter?"

"As ready as I'll ever be," Edward said. He didn't tell them how terrified Harry was, but he knew that Jasper could feel it. Harry was not only afraid of the pain during the turning, but also the fact that there was a good chance that his magic would fight the venom and he would die very painfully.

Severus stiffly nodded his head. Taking a syringe, he started injecting the potions into the IV bag. "This is a cocktail mix of dreamless sleep, pain potions at the highest strength that can be made, morphine and muscle relaxants. Combining all these can be fatal, but seeing as you can't get any deader than what you will be, I figured I would make good on my threats of poisoning you."

Harry smiled weakly at his professor as he cried silently. He had come to care for the snarky bastard. Snape had helped him tremendously these past few weeks and he wouldn't have made it this long without him. Deep down, his potions master really was a good man with a compassionate heart.

"So help me, Potter, if you die, I'm going to ring your irritating little neck. I didn't spend the last five years saving your ass from your foolish actions only to lose you now. Do you understand me, Potter."

Harry summoned up enough strength to give his professor a jerky nod. "I always knew you cared for me, professor," Edward chuckled.

Severus rolled his eyes, but gave Harry a genuine smile. "We'll leave the two of you alone," he said addressing Carlisle.

Everyone gave Harry a quick hug before leaving Carlisle alone to bite his mate. They all knew that it was going to be a long and stressful few days waiting for Harry to wake...if he survived the turning.

***HP

Carlisle laid on the bed beside his mate and hovered slightly over him. "You're going to be fine, my love. Just think, when you wake, there will be no more cancer or ports. You just have to be strong for a little while longer and then I will spend eternity being strong for you. You will never want for anything again...especially love. Are you ready?"

With fear in his eyes, Harry rapidly blinked his eyes twice. One way or the other, he wanted this to end. He prayed with everything that he had in him that he survived, but dying and being with his parents wouldn't be so bad either.

Tilting Harry's head to the side, Carlisle ignored the rapid beating of his mate's heart. He could also smell fear on him, and he hated that he was the cause of it. Gently he started to nibble and
suck on his neck, hoping to relax him some before sinking his fangs into his delicate flesh.

Harry closed his eyes and tried to control his breathing. He could feel all of Snape's potions taking effect and he was having a hard time remaining awake. He didn't want to fall asleep before Carlisle bit him. It may seem weird, but he wanted to feel and remember the bite.

"I love you," Carlisle whispered, then he sunk his fangs deep into Harry's neck and flooded his bloodstream with his venom. He tried to keep from drinking any of Harry's blood, but what little he did taste was exquisite. Thankfully, he had no desire to drink from his mate so it was easy to stop and pull away.

Seth lunged to his feet when a blood curdling scream came from Harry's room. Before he could even take a step towards the room, Carlisle came bursting out.

"Severus, something's wrong!" Carlisle called, panic raw in his voice.

Severus rushed to the room, everyone piling in behind him. Harry was thrashing on the bed, blood pouring from his mouth as he screamed and magic was visibly crackling on his skin. The magic was so powerful that he could feel it from a few feet away.

"The venom triggered his inheritance," Dumbledore gasped.

"Everyone out," Severus snapped. "Harry's magic is wild and uncontrolled, he could seriously hurt someone."

Everyone left except Carlisle, Dumbledore, Severus and Madam Pomfrey. "Is there anything we can do for him?" Carlisle asked in concern.

"No," Severus said, pulling out his wand and warding the room so Harry's magic couldn't get out. "All we can do is wait."

"And pray," Dumbledore added gravely. Out of all the scenarios they have thought of, they never expected this to happen. Harry needed a miracle, he wasn't strong enough to survive such a violent inheritance.

Harry felt like his blood was boiling and his skin was being peeled like a banana. What the hell good was all those potions if they weren't going to work? He had expected pain, but this was a thousand times worse than what he ever imagined. There was no way he could survive this kind of pain, and in all honesty he didn't want to. He screamed for it to end.

***HP

"This isn't good," Emmett mumbled. "It's been five days, he should have woken by now."

"Carlisle is about to lose it," Edward said softly. "I'm afraid of what's going to happen to him if a Harry doesn't wake. He doesn't want to live without him."

Emmett dropped his head in his hands and pulled at his hair in frustration. "Harry hasn't even twitched since he stopped screaming days ago."

"He's not gone yet," Rose snapped angrily. She didn't want to hear it, she loved Harry and she wasn't going to lose him.

"Rose baby, his heart stopped beating three hours after Carlisle bit him. Harry is gone."
"Shut up!" Seth yelled from across the room. "Harry's not dead."

"Seth's right, Emmett. Harry's heart may have stopped, but I'm still getting some brain activity. He's not gone...yet," Edward added, hoping to prevent a fight between his brother and Seth. Seth was strung tight and ready to snap. The shifter had hardly eaten or slept since Carlisle bit Harry.

"Harry survived the killing curse, a curse that no one has ever survived, he will survive this too," Bill said, rubbing Seth's back and massaging his tense shoulders.

Jacob had been at the Cullen's since Carlisle bit his mate. He was anxious to get home, but in the past five days he had gotten to know all of the coven and he had come to see that there was more to them than just bloodsucking vampires. This was truly a family whom dearly loved each other and just wanted to live a peaceful life and not kill any humans.

"What the hell?" Jasper cried, jumping to his feet and looking at Harry's closed door. "Was that a...?"

"Heartbeat," Seth finished, grinning from ear to ear. "That's not supposed to happen, is it?"

"Hell no!" Emmett said excitedly. "What the hell is that kid doing?"

"Harry!" Carlisle called softly. "Can you hear me?"

Severus was casting multiple diagnostic spells on Harry trying to determine why the hell he had a heart beat. It was weak and sluggish, but the damn thing was beating. "This is incredible, every spell I cast says that he is dead."

Carlisle couldn't wipe the grin off his face. He had started fearing that Harry wasn't going to make it. For days he had laid there looking like a corpse. There was no heart beat, no moving, he was cold to the touch and his lips were blue. The only reason that they knew that he wasn't dead was because Edward picked up on brain activity and Severus had said that his magic was still alive.

"Severus, what's his body temperature?" Carlisle asked, caressing Harry's moderately warm cheek. He was cooler than a human, but not cold like him.

"Ninety seven point five," Severus answered in awe. "How can this be possible? He has been physically dead for days."

"Magic, my boy," Dumbledore answered proudly. Like everyone else, he hadn't left. He couldn't leave Harry not knowing the outcome. He also wanted to be here incase Harry needed him. He had left Harry once without looking back, he wasn't going to make that mistake again. One thing that he did learn during his stay with the Cullen's, they loved Harry and were going to give him the family that he deserved from day one. This coven of vampires were truly unique and special.

"Harry, if you can hear me, squeeze me hand." Carlisle winced when Harry squeezed so hard that if he were human, every bone in his hand would have shattered. "He's strong, that's for sure," he chuckled.

Harry was trying to fight his way out of the darkness that he had been locked in. The pain had lasted what felt like for days, but when the pain stopped, the darkness came. He couldn't see, feel or hear anything, and that was almost worse than the pain. Hearing Carlisle's voice calling his name was the most wonderful sound in the world. He had feared that he had died and was going to be stuck alone in the dark nothingness for eternity.

"Love, can you please open your eyes for me?"
Harry tried to open his eyes but they felt like lead weights. "For crying out loud, Potter, open your damn eyes," Severus snapped.

Whimpering, Harry forced his eyes open, only to snap them shut when it felt like the light was trying to pierce his brain. "Too bright," he mumbled.

With a wave of his wand, Severus dimmed the lights. "You're good now, Potter, the lights have been dimmed."

Slowly Harry opened his scarlet red eyes, grinning goofily when he saw that Carlisle's face was only inches from his own. "You smell yummy," he slurried. As if being pulled by a string, Harry sat up and buried his nose in Carlisle's neck.

Carlisle moaned, he was getting aroused by his little mate snuffling at his neck. "H-Harry, how are you feeling?"

"Hungry," Harry moaned, licking at Carlisle's neck.

Carlisle grabbed Harry by the shoulders and pushed him back. He wasn't surprised when he saw that Harry's red eyes were already turning black. "You need to feed."

"Drink this, Potter," Severus said, thrusting a glass with red liquid in it under his nose.

Harry crinkled his nose up in disgust. "That smells awful, what is it?"

Severus raised one black eyebrow. "Blood, Potter, you are a vampire now."

Harry looked between Carlisle and the glass. "Don't want it," he pouted. "Smells bad."

Carlisle frowned at Severus, Harry should be going crazy with bloodlust. "Harry, if you don't want blood, what do you want?"

"You!" Harry chuckled, leaning back into Carlisle's neck. "Please, you smell so good."

"It must be because I'm his mate," Carlisle explained somewhat nervously. "I must be confusing him. I know the first time I smelled him, it was the most intoxicating scent that I have ever come across."

There was a knock at the door and Edward walked in looking at Harry somewhat anxiously. "Uhm, Carlisle," Edward said, scratching at the back of his neck. "That's not it at all. You really smell good enough to eat to him."

Carlisle quickly stepped away from his mate. "Excuse me!"

Harry whimpered at the loss of his mate and held his hand out to him. "Please," he begged weakly. "I'm hungry."

Carlisle looked to Severus and Dumbledore at a loss of what to say or do. He had never heard of a newborn or any vampire desiring to feed from their mate or sire. As far as he knew, that was something only done in the movies.

Harry slowly dropped his hand and red tears started to fall from his eyes. "M'sorry, I'm such a freak. I can't even be a proper vampire, can I?"

"You're not a freak," Seth growled, storming into the bedroom despite Emmett's and Jacob's protests. Harry was a newborn and very dangerous.
"Seth!" Harry cried, launching off the bed and tackling the large shifter.

Seth fell to the ground with an armful of newborn Harry. "You're not going to eat me too, are you?"

"Nah, I'm just happy to see you," Harry said, crying into Seth's shoulder. "It was so lonely and scary in the darkness. I thought that I had died and would never see you all again."

"Can't get rid me me that easily, princess." Seth groaned. "Now, as much as I'm happy to see that you're somewhat alive and well, I think you may have broken a rib or two when you tackled me."

Harry scrambled off of Seth looking horrified. "Oh Merlin, I'm sorry Seth. I never meant to hurt you, please don't let Billy send me away." Before anyone could say anything, Harry placed his hand over Seth's ribs and a bright blue light erupted from it. "I don't want to leave, Seth. It was an accident, I swear."

"What the..." Seth gasped when he felt his side get hot and his broken bones snap back into place.

"Now that's a gift!" Emmett said in awe.

Harry backed away from Seth and looked around at everyone in fear. "I-I'm sorry," he cried in a small voice. He didn't understand what was happening and what he just did. What was wrong with him?

Carlisle held his hand out to his scared mate. "It's alright, love, it's always confusing at first."

Harry shook his head and backed away from Carlisle until he bumped into a wall. "I don't want to hurt you," he whispered, sliding down the wall until he was sitting with his knees drawn up to his chest.

Jasper was trying to calm Harry, the boy was terrified. He wasn't just scared, he was also confused, disgusted with himself and starving. "Carlisle, he really needs to feed."

"Severus, have you ever seen anything like this before?" Carlisle asked as he slowly approached his mate. Harry's heart was racing and his large eyes reminded him of a frightened deer ready to flee.

"No, but there is no other vampire like him."

"Please," Harry cried as Carlisle knelt in front of him. "I don't want to hurt you, but I'm so hungry and you smell so good. I love you, Carlisle." He didn't understand, no one else in the room smelled like food. Carlisle not only smelled like food, but he was also his mate and his scent was turning him on. How fucked up was that?

Carlisle locked eyes with Edward. "Don't hurt him, but if he doesn't stop when I say, carefully pull him off of me," he said telepathically.

Edward nodded his head, hoping that Carlisle knew what he was doing. If Harry didn't stop feeding on his own, it would be damn near impossible to stop him.

Carlisle brought his wrist up to his mouth and slit it with his fang. Vampires didn't make blood on their own, but stored the blood from their victims until they used it up and needed to feed again. As they fed, the victims blood got mixed with their venom, so the blood in their body also contained their venom.

Harry's eyes turned pitch black when he saw Carlisle's blood. The smell was so much stronger now
and his mouth started to water. "Car...I-I...plea...please." He didn't want to do it. He didn't want to hurt Carlisle.

"It's alright, I want to feed you." Carlisle said gently. "Please, my love, I can't stand to see you suffer. Remember what I said before I bit you? You don't have to be strong anymore, I'll be strong for you. I'm your mate and I'm going to take care of you...that includes feeding."

Harry's hands were trembling and he was losing what little control he had. Seeing the sincerity in Carlisle's amber eyes, Harry grabbed his wrist and brought it to his lips. "S-Stop me," he cried before latching onto his mate's bleeding wrist and drinking heavily from him.

Carlisle closed his eyes, a deep moan escaping from his chest. Edward and Jasper looked at each other, both fidgeting where they were standing. Edward could hear their thoughts, and Jasper was experiencing their emotions.

Harry started purring when the first mouthful of Carlisle's lukewarm blood hit his tongue and slid down his throat. He should be grossed out that he was sucking Carlisle's blood, but it tasted too damn magnificent. It was the other problem he was having that was bothering him. Feeding from his mate had turned him on and he was sporting a raging hard on.

"Leave!" Carlisle snarled, eyes black and fangs bared. He was also suffering from a similar predicament as his mate and he didn't want a crowd to witness his or his mate's pleasure. He needed to find release and so did his little mate.

Severus cleared his throat. "You heard, everyone out," he said, ushering everyone out and closing the door behind him. He thought about warding the door so they wouldn't have to listen to whatever happened between the two, but he needed to hear incase Carlisle called for help. He honestly didn't know if Harry would stop drinking before draining and killing him.

Harry instinctively licked his mate's wound closed and crawled onto his lap, whimpering in frustration. Never before had he been so turned on and hard. It was almost physically painful for him. "Please," he cried, thrusting his hips against his mate, trying to find some kind of stimulation.

Carlisle rolled Harry onto the floor and lay on top of him, grinding his hard cock down onto his mate's. Harry's cries and moans were like music to his ears. He desperately wanted to properly claim his mate, but they were both too far gone and needed to cum. Neither of them had expected the intense pleasure that came from the feeding. He sure as hell never got aroused from feeding from a deer of bear.

"Please... Please... Please," Harry begged and pleaded as he met each of Carlisle's thrusts. Harry had never had any kind of sexual experience with another person before and this was so intense that it felt like he was going to explode. Feeling his balls tighten, he wrapped his arms tightly around Carlisle and sunk his fangs deep into his neck as he came.

Carlisle came with a roar, the pleasure from Harry feeding from his neck was damn near blinding. There was no pain from his mate's bite, just pleasure unlike anything he had ever experienced before.


Chuckling, Carlisle rolled off of his mate. "Good, that was incredible!"

Giggling, Harry looked at Carlisle, his red eyes sparkling with love. "Yeah it was, but now I feel all sticky and gross."

"Harry, vampires don't get tired," Carlisle chuckled. When he didn't get a response, he gently tilted his mate's head up. "Harry," he whispered in shock. Carlisle could tell from his even breathing that Harry had actually fallen asleep.

"You're full of surprises, little one," Carlisle chuckled, getting up off the floor with Harry in his arms and carrying him to the bed. "Life will never be boring with you around."

***HP

"Well, that was interesting," Severus chuckled when Carlisle came walking out of Harry's room. Unfortunately they all had heard Harry and Carlisle.

"To say the least," Carlisle agreed, not one bit embarrassed about what just happened. First thing he was going to do after everything got settled was whisk Harry to their family island for a month for some serious alone time and bonding.

"You sly dog," Emmett wolf whistled.

"Harry, is he..." Seth started.

"Sleeping," Carlisle finished. "How are you?" He had heard three of Seth's ribs break when Harry tackled him.

Seth poked at his ribs. "It's as if they were never broken."

"Incredible!" Carlisle turned to Dumbledore. "His heart beats, he's not cold like us, he cries, he feeds from me and he sleeps, do you have any idea what he is?"

"Harry James Potter," Dumbledore answered with twinkling eyes. "Harry has always been able to make the impossible possible. There has never been a known case of a muggle vampire turning a wizard, it seems Harry has created his own hybrid species."

"He still has his magic," Carlisle said in relief. Losing his magic had been a concern of his little mate's.

"Yeah, we saw that when he repaired my ribs," Seth said still rubbing at his side. His ribs didn't hurt, but there was a slight tingling feeling there.

"That wasn't his magic," Severus said. "Emmett was right, it seems Harry was gifted with a remarkable healing ability."

Esme walked up to Carlisle, eyes full of concern. "Are you alright? I have never heard of a vampire feeding from another vampire."

"I'm fine," Carlisle reassured. "Though, I do need to hunt. Do you think Harry feeding from me will be a regular thing?" he asked Severus. He hoped that it was, he liked feeding his mate and not just because the sexual part of it. It made him feel closer to Harry and he liked taking care of him. He was Harry's dominant mate and he wanted to do everything in his power to provide for him.

"I would think so since the glass of animal blood disgusted him. I would also expect since he is a newborn that he will need to feed frequently. You might want to take in extra blood."
Carlisle nodded his head. "I'll be as quick as I can." He wanted to get back before Harry woke.

**HP**

Harry was jumping out of bed before he was even fully awake. He felt better than ever and he didn't want to waste a single second lazing in bed. It seemed like he had spent the last year in bed sick, and now he felt like he could take on the world. Without changing, he ran out the door and slammed into something incredibly hard, knocking him flat on his ass.

Harry looked up, grinning sheepishly when he saw that it was Jacob that he slammed into. "Hi, Jake, what are you doing here?"

Chuckling, Jacob held his hand out to Harry so he could help him up. Harry may now be a vampire, but he still saw him as the sick and dying boy that Seth befriended. Strangely enough, Harry didn't smell like a vampire and he didn't think a normal vampire could get knocked down so easily. Vampires were supposed to be really strong and agile.

"I'm here to make sure that you won't be a threat to the tribe or Forks, remember?"

"I didn't mean to hurt Seth, I swear, Jacob. Please don't send me away," Harry cried, clinging desperately to Jacob's hand.

Edward rushed to the distressed newborn and gently grabbed the hand that was currently crushing Jacob's. "Harry, you have to remember that you're a hell of a lot stronger now."

Harry quickly let go of Jacob's hand. "D-Did I hurt you, Jake?" he asked fearfully. "Jake, I'm sorry!"

Wincing, Jacob opened and closed his hand a few times. "Don't worry, Harry, I'm tougher than Seth."

Wrapping his arms around himself, Harry frantically searched the room for his mate. He couldn't smell him and it was scaring him. "Where's Carlisle?"

"Calm down, Potter, he went to feed." Severus grumbled. He had his wand hidden up his sleeve just incase he needed it. Right now Harry was unpredictable and he wasn't going to take the chance of him accidentally hurting somebody or even himself.

"How long was I sleeping for?"

"Forty five minutes, princess," Seth answered, popping his head up from the couch he had been sleeping on. Now that he knew Harry was going to be alright, he had days worth of sleep to catch up on.

Harry looked longingly at his friend. "Seth, I'm so, so sorry."

Seth grabbed his pillow and hurled it at Harry, smacking him in the face with it. "Shut up, will ya? You're not going to get control of your new strength instantly. Hell, I think I tore eight doors of their hinges, broke the refrigerator twice, and cracked the kitchen countertop before I got a handle on mine after I first shifted."

"You're not mad?" Harry whimpered. "I was just so happy. I forgot that I was going to be a lot stronger after turning."

"Harry," Seth sighed, "you have no idea the hell you have put me through the past five days"
worrying if you were ever going to wake. You can break my ribs everyday as long as you're alive...or whatever the hell it is that you are."

"I was out for five days?" Harry gasped. "It was only supposed to take three."

"Since when have you followed the rules, Potter?" Severus sneered.

"Harry!" Esme snapped in frustration. "His name is Harry and he is part of this family. I'm tired of you always calling him Potter, and you say it like it's something disgusting and filthy."

Severus closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "Fine... Harry," he growled. "You came into your inheritance almost immediately after Carlisle bit you. After hours of screaming your heart stopped beating and you were dead until minutes before you woke when your heart all of a sudden started beating again.

"Oh," Harry said quietly, trying to process that he had missed five days and died. "Is.. Is my cancer gone, sir?"

Severus eyes softened when he saw the genuine fear in Harry's eyes. "Yes, P... Harry, you are not only cancer free, but according to all my scans, you are dead."

"It's gone!" Harry cried, rushing his professor and giving him a hug. "I'm cancer free!"

"Easy, Harry, remember your strength," Severus groaned, awkwardly patting him on the back.

"Congratulations, my dear boy."

"Headmaster!" Harry spun around and hugged the old wizard. This time he remembered to be super careful, Dumbledore wasn't as tough as Seth, Jacob and Snape. "Did you hear? The cancer is gone, sir." Stepping back, he roughly patted at his chest. "The icky ports gone too!"

"I'm happy for you, though you had us all scared there for a few days."

"M'sorry, I didn't mean to be difficult." Harry grinned. "But you know that I can't do anything the easy way."

"Harry, does his blood call to you at all?" Jasper asked curiously. If you didn't know any better, you would never guess that Harry was a newborn vampire. Up until Severus had given him a potion, he himself had still struggled fiercely with his bloodlust.

Harry took a deep breath, breathing in Dumbledore's different scents. His old headmaster smelled like books, electricity and lemon drops, but he sure as hell didn't smell like food. "No, Jaz, I have no desire for his blood."

"What about mine?" Bill asked, coming up behind Harry. It was thrilling to see him up, moving around and happy. He had never seen anyone as sick as Harry was before.

Harry threw himself at Bill, giving him a big but gentle hug. "Did you hear, Bill, no more cancer?"

"I heard, little brother, and I'm so happy for you." Bill was thankful that Harry remembered to be careful with him. "So, how about my blood?"

"Nope!" Harry giggled. "You don't smell tasty to me at all. Am I even a vampire?" he asked looking around the room at his vampire family.

"Whatever you are, love, you're one of a kind and all mine."
"Carlisle!" Harry moaned breathlessly. Harry was across the room and in his mate's arms faster than what a human could blink. "Now you smell good enough to eat."

Chuckling, Carlisle ran his fingers through Harry's inky black hair. "Do you need to feed? I had hoped to return before you woke up. You didn't sleep very long."

Harry purred as Carlisle's fingers massage his head. "That feels so good," he said, leaning more into the hand. "Seth said that I only slept for forty five minutes, but it felt like hours and I woke full of energy."

"Sounds like you won't require too much sleep, but it seems like you will need to sleep at times. Are you hungry?" Carlisle asked again.

Harry nodded his head, face turning bright red. He remembered how the last feeding went and he couldn't help but wonder if the same thing would happen again. "I'm hungry, but I don't wanna feed just yet. It feels so good to be up and about. Did Sev tell you that I'm cancer free?"

Carlisle laughed at the look on Severus' face at Harry calling him Sev. "Who do you think removed your port? Everything is going to be fine now, love. No more cancer, no worries about your inheritance, and you have a family who loves you and plans to spend all of eternity proving it to you."

Harry started to cry red tears. "I don't think I have ever been this happy." With big wet eyes, he looked over at a Jacob. "Can I please stay in Forks? I only want Carlisle's blood, not humans. I promise to work really hard on my strength too so I don't accidentally hurt Seth or anyone else again."

Jacob looked thoughtfully at the newborn. "I will tell my father and the elders that you are safe on one condition."

"Anything!" Harry cried excitedly. He really, really didn't want to leave Forks. It was beautiful here, Seth was here, and most importantly, this is where he found a true family.

"I want to be able to visit and hang out with you. I can easily see how you were able to bewitch Seth."

"Of course," Harry laughed. "You don't have to ask, I already consider you a friend."

***HP

Dumbledore tiredly stepped out of the floo and into Grimmauld Place. It had been over a week since he had visited and he was sure that Sirius and Remus were going mad. He knew that Sirius would have seen that Harry died, but Harry was his number one priority and couldn't leave until everything was settled. There was still a lot more that needed to be done, but he felt that the Cullen's and Severus could look after Harry so he could check in with everyone else.

After much debating, and some tears on Harry's part, they had decided to let everyone know that Harry was alive and a vampire hybrid. Harry still wasn't ready for everyone to know his location, but he didn't want them to mourn his death any longer...especially Molly and Arthur. Harry needed to come to terms with being a vampire, fully bond with Carlisle and get his life in order before dealing Sirius and everyone else. Harry was still hurting deeply from how they treated him.

"Molly, what are you doing here?" Dumbledore asked when he spotted Molly at the stove.
"Albus!" Molly cried in relief. "Oh, Albus, Harry?"

At seeing Molly's red and swollen eyes, tired and worn appearance, he felt guilty for letting her believe that Harry had died. "Where's Sirius and Remus?"

"Sirius and Arthur went to help Remus down for lunch,"

"What's going on?" Albus asked in concern. Something had to have happened for Molly to be here cooking and not at the Burrow.

Molly shuffled to the table and sat heavily down. With tears in her eyes, she looked sadly up at the headmaster. "Both Sirius and Remus have taken Harry's death hard, but when Remus transformed on the full moon after, Moony hurt Remus bad in his grief over losing his pup. Moony blames him for Harry leaving and dying. When Sirius tried to stop Moony as Padfoot, Moony attacked him. Hagrid found them both in the Forbidden Forest the following morning and called us. Remus didn't wake for two days and he suffered multiple breaks, lacerations and bruises. Sirius wasn't in any better shape, but the potions were able to heal him faster. Remus is too weak and the potions aren't helping him as much. They have hardly eaten since finding out about Harry and I'm afraid that they are just going to give up and die."

Dumbledore looked to the door as Arthur and Sirius walked in practically carrying a battered and bruised Remus between them. Both men looked horrible, no life was to be seen in their eyes whatsoever.

"Albus!" Sirius cried in a scratchy and weak voice. "Harry, did...did you b-bring him home?" Tears fell from his swollen and bloodshot eyes.

"Please, everyone sit," Dumbledore ordered, taking a seat of his own.

"H-he needs to be buried with his parents," Remus croaked, voice barely above a whisper. His throat had been shredded during the full moon by Moony's sorrowful howls.

Dumbledore held up his hand. "I have a lot to say, but first, Molly, why don't you get Ronald and Hermione if she still with you."

Molly didn't ask why, she knew that he was going to tell them about Harry and his passing. She still couldn't believe that he was going to tell them about Harry and his passing. She still couldn't believe that he was gone, he was such a sweet, brave and loving boy. To think that he turned out so well after being abused his entire life. He didn't deserve what his family did and he sure as hell didn't deserve what Sirius, Remus and her kids did. At least her oldest was there for Harry when he needed family. It warmed her heart to know that Bill was there for Harry in his final days.

"Did he suffer?" Sirius asked in dread. He had to know...he had to know how his godson's last days were.

Dumbledore sighed loudly. "Watching a loved one die from cancer was the worst experience of my life, and that is saying something. To see a child so full of life slowly and painfully slip away and be completely helpless to do anything is the worst feeling ever. Harry never lost his smile though...not even when he was too weak to grace us with it.

A loud sob tore through Sirius as his tears fell faster. Losing Harry hurt worst than losing James. James was older and got to experience life, Harry was still just a child. A child who only wanted love and got nothing but pain and abuse from everyone...including him. It should have been him, not innocent Harry. He would have happily switched places with and died so his godson could live.
Remus just sat there with his head bowed and shoulders shaking with his silent cries. Harry died believing that they hated him, he died with their harsh words ringing in his ears. He would never be able to forgive himself, not that he deserved forgiveness.

Ron, Hermione and the twins looked almost as bad as Sirius and Remus. The guilt, on top of Harry's passing was eating them all alive. The only one that was not crying at the table was Dumbledore.

Dumbledore cleared his throat. "First, let me start off by saying that you all deserved this for what you did to Harry. You all should have known, especially you Ronald and Hermione, that Harry would have never turned his back on Sirius. You all also knew that Harry had been sick since the battle at the ministry. It's too late to point fingers or dwell on regrets, what's done is done. Sadly there is no going back in time. I spent the last couple weeks watching a young man whom I considered a grandson fight a losing battle and not once did he lose his sense of humor or take the unfairness of it all out on those who were caring for him. It may have come too late, but Harry had found a family that loved him unconditionally."

Dumbledore looked to Ron. "Harry befriended a young man who saw Harry for Harry, not for the scar on his forehead. He didn't care about what he had done in the past, hell, Seth was never even interested in his past. Seth only cared for the lonely young man that he made friends with in the hospital and he stood by Harry's side until he took his last breath."

Ron's ears were as red as his hair. "Harry was my best mate and I loved him like a brother. I didn't care that he was The-Boy-Who-Lived. I wanted to be there for him...I should have been there for him."

"Right!" Fred snorted.

"You only sat with Harry because you overheard us telling mum that Harry Potter was in there," George growled.

"Shut up! I was eleven at the time."

"Be that as it may, Ronald. I watched over the years how you would let your jealousy come between the two of you. Don't you know, Harry would have given every thing he had to be you." Dumbledore said sadly. "Despite you turning your back on him in your fourth year, he forgave you without even demanding an apology from you. You, who had spent more time with Harry than anyone else should have known that he would have had a damn good excuse for missing Sirius' trial."

Dumbledore let his gaze fall Hermione. "You are considered the smartest witch of your age. You knew that Harry had been sick and even begged him to go to the hospital wing. Harry risked his life to save you from a mountain troll despite not even truly knowing you. You were a good friend to him, up until he needed you the most. How could you have doubted Harry's fierce love for his godfather?"

Hermione didn't say anything, she just hid her face behind her bushy hair and cried.

"Sirius and Remus, you wanted to be Harry's father, but a real father doesn't abandon their child just because they are mad at him. You may not have known the extent of the abuse he suffered at the hands of his aunt and uncle, but you knew he hated it there and you knew that they hated him. You denied him a home, a family and your love and told him to go back to the people that physically and mentally abused him."
"When Harry found out that he had stage four cancer, he didn't care. All he cared about was you, Sirius, and the fact that he had missed your trial. The healer begged him to remain in the hospital, but he refused because he needed to see you. He needed to make sure that you weren't sent to Azkaban or kissed. Sirius, he put your life above his own."

Sirius hid face in his hands, unable to look at anyone.

"Now, I'm going to tell you everything that happened to Harry after he ran away."

Remus lifted his bruised face, left eye completely swollen shut. "Did you bring him home?"

"Please, just listen to what I have to say, there is a lot to go over." At seeing everyone nod, Dumbledore continued. "When Harry left Hogwarts he was pumped full of potions and not feeling too bad. When his second plain landed in Washington he was too sick to continue on. The potions had worn off and fluid was building in his lungs. There he met two young adults who wanted to help him, but Harry was leery of the strangers so he politely declined. He was making his way to the bus station across from the airport when he collapsed and couldn't go on any farther. He was burning with fever, coughing up blood and beyond exhausted. The same two young adults found him and offered to take him to the hospital."

"The vampires," Remus growled.

Dumbledore nodded. "As leery as Harry was, he was also desperate for help and didn't want to die alone. The muggle vampires loaded him in their car and took him to the hospital in their small town. Harry was on deaths door when he got to the hospital but the doctors were able to help him. He remained in the hospital for sometime and that's where he met a volunteer by the name of Seth. Harry and Seth became very close and Seth very seldom left his side. Harry also became good friends with the vampires and the rest of their coven."

"Did he know what they were?" Hermione sniffed. Harry was smart, but he could be a bit thick at times.

"No, and he also didn't know that Seth was a wolf shapeshifter. On the other hand, they didn't know that Harry was a wizard."

"A wolf shifter!" Remus gasped.

Dumbledore smiled at Arthur and Molly. "My guess is that you will be meeting Seth soon."

"Whatever for?" Arthur asked.

"He's Williams soul mate."

Molly smiled through her tears, she was so happy for her eldest. Bill had been alone for so long. "I can't wait to meet him, he sounds wonderful."

"Seth is a remarkable young man, and the bond he shared with Harry was incredible. Before he died, Harry had called Seth his soul brother." Dumbledore was telling the story as if Harry was truly dead. If he came out first and said that Harry was still alive, no one would listen to what he had to say. Everyone would be demanding to go to Harry, but they had to hear how he suffered first. They needed to understand that Harry wasn't ready to forgive them just yet.

"Soul brother," Ron grumbled. "I was Harry's soul brother."

Dumbledore pinned Ron with a glare that had him fidgeting in his seat. "The difference between
you and Seth is, is that he would be thrilled that Harry had other friends, not jealous. Jealousy is an ugly thing, Ronald Weasley."

"Ron, Seth will be a member of this family," Arthur reminded. "He is your brother's mate."

"M'sorry," Ron muttered. He couldn't help it, he was jealous. He had been Harry's best friend since they met on the Hogwarts Express. How could Harry replace him so easily with some stupid shapeshifter?

"While at the hospital, they had discussed with him his options for treating his cancer. After a lot of thought he decided to try the chemotherapy...despite his fears. If it hadn't been for Seth and the vampires Harry would have never agreed to the treatments and he would have never left the hospital alive. You see, Harry had no will to live. He had lost everyone he had ever cared for and he felt that he had no reason to live. He was prepared to just let the cancer consume him.

"The vampires were at the hospital with him?" Sirius asked. Muggle vampires were supposed to have no control over themselves around human blood.

"This coven is truly remarkable. Not only do they feed only from animals, but their coven leader is a doctor."

"That's impossible," Hermione cried in her 'I know better than you voice'. "Muggle vampire are controlled by their bloodlust. I read all about them."

Dumbledore took off his glasses and pinched the bridge of his nose. "Miss. Granger, I would have thought that someone of your age and intellect would have figured out by now that most books are based on a single person's opinion. I can assure you, not all muggle vampires are mindless blood sucking monsters."

Hermione flushed with embarrassment. Harry, on a couple of occasions had pointed out how most of the books on creatures were written by people who hated and villainized them.

"The coven practically adopted Harry, and since their leader was a doctor, Harry was allowed to go home with them and be treated. The chemotherapy was very hard on him and it left him vomiting for hours and as weak as a newborn baby. Throughout it all, his new family and Seth never left him. Seth even defied his alpha to be with Harry and ended up breaking the bond that tied him to his pack."

Remus winced, that must have been both physically and mentally painful for the young man who befriended his pup. "Vampires and wolves are natural enemies."

"They both were able to overcome their instincts for Harry. Seth practically lives with the vampires now. Harry never stopped being Harry though." Dumbledore chuckled fondly. "One day when he wasn't feeling too bad, he slipped away and met up with Seth in the woods. There he guilted Seth into taking him to the ocean where he decided to go swimming in the frigid water...despite just getting over pneumonia. That is also where Harry discovered that Seth was a shifter. Harry became too sick and weak to walk home so Seth shifted and carried Harry on his back for miles. Severus, William and Poppy found him shortly after that and was able to help him."

"Sadly, despite the chemotherapy, the cancer was spreading and Harry's kidneys were failing. When I arrived at the vampires home, Harry was literally dying. The tumors in his lungs had grown making it difficult for him to breath. He was also coughing up blood and choking on it. After that he was too weak to move around on his own and had to remain on oxygen, potions and muggle medicine. Since the cancer was spreading and the chemotherapy wasn't helping, they
decided to stop treatments. Harry hated the chemotherapy and would cry before each treatment.”

Sirius got up and stumbled to the trash can where he vomited up what little food he ate that day.

"After that Harry deteriorated fast. Because of the tumors in his lungs restricting his breathing, Harry could no longer lay down. Everyone took turns holding him around the clock, letting Harry use them as a recliner. Eventually talking and eating became difficult for him and he was too weak to even smile. He desperately wanted to reach his sixteenth birthday, but..."

"Why wouldn't he let us say goodbye?" Sirius wailed. "Yes, we made a mistake, but we love him. We should have been there with him."

Dumbledore waited a few minutes until Sirius calmed down from his crying. "I spent the last few weeks researching, along with Severus, Bill and the coven leader, how muggle vampire venom would effect a wizard."

"They're not compatible?" Hermione said softly. "A... A muggle vampire can't turn a wizard."

"You are correct Miss. Granger. When we placed venom on Williams skin he instantly blistered, however Harry did not."

"What are you saying?" Sirius asked, anxiously hanging off of the headmaster's every word.

"You see, Harry was the coven leader's mate. They had discovered that at times, Carlisle's venom had actually made him feel better and helped him deal with some of the chemo's side effects."

"And how did they discover that?" Remus growled.

"Oh, the old fashioned way," Dumbledore said, eyes twinkling. "It was after a night of making out that Harry had felt good enough to go on his little swimming adventure."

"How old is this vampire?" Sirius snarled. "Harry was just a boy...a dying boy. How dare he take advantage of my pup like that?"

"What happened with the venom?" Remus demanded.

"Well, I didn't ask him his age, Sirius, but I would guess that he's a few hundred years old. He was turned young though, in his mid twenties. He's a very caring and compassionate man who has never killed a human for blood. I can't say that he has never tasted human blood since he has turned four people, three of which he considers his children and the forth a sister."

"Obviously Carlisle wanted to turn Harry since he was his mate and already in love with him. Carlisle refuses to turn anyone against their will though, that's why he didn't bite Harry the second he scented him like any other vampire would have done. He gave Harry the choice and allowed him as much time as he needed to think it over."

Remus lunged to his feet. "Albus, is my pup still alive!" he roared.

Dumbledore ignored Remus and continued. "After a close call, Harry decided that he wanted to be with Carlisle and the Cullen's, they were the family that he had always longed for. There was just two major hurdles, the venom, and Harry's magical inheritance."

Sirius staggered back to his chair, eyes wide with hope. "Please, was Harry turned?"

"Harry held on for as long as he could, but after having to resuscitate him we knew that we were
out of time. All our tests showed that Harry's magic was compatible with Carlisle's venom, but the only way to know for sure was for Carlisle to bite him. We were out of choices, it was either die from the cancer, be bit and turned or be bit and die from the venom."

"Albus!" Molly pleaded desperately.

"Carlisle bit Harry and moments later it forced a violent inheritance which left him screaming for hours. Harry's heart stopped beating shortly after his inheritance and he died." Dumbledore paused for a few minutes for a dramatic effect. He knew he was being mean, but he wasn't happy with them...with the exception of Arthur and Molly.

"It didn't work," Hermione cried. "I-I thought since it was Harry..."

Sirius shoulders slumped and the tears began to fall again. For one wonderful moment there he had thought that maybe Harry had survived the venom.

"For five days Harry laid motionless with no heart beat or outward signs of life. One of the vampires is a telepath and he was able to pick up brain activity despite there being no heart beat and I could feel his magic."

Sirius' head shot up and he gripped Remus’ hand tightly.

"Four hours ago Harry's heart started beating on it's own. It was slow and sluggish, but it was beating."

Sirius jumped from his chair whooping for joy. Everyone else was cheering and clapping too."

"Vampires don't have heartbeats," Hermione yelled over all the cheering.

Dumbledore tilted his head in Hermione's direction and everyone else settled down. "It seems that Harry is a hybrid of some sort. His heart beats, he cries red tears, he sleeps, he's fast, and he's strong as hell as poor Seth found out the hard way."

"Oh dear," Molly cried. "What happened to Seth?"

"Harry, in his excitement after waking, tackled Seth for a hug and accidentally broke three of his ribs."

Ron chuckled, but stopped when Hermione smacked him on the arm. "Knock it off, Ron, that's not funny."

"Shifters have remarkable healing abilities," Remus explained to Molly. "I'm sure that Seth is fine."

"More than fine," Dumbledore chuckled. "Some muggle vampires inherit special abilities after they turn. This coven has a telepath, empath, and a seer. Carlisle himself has compassion unlike anything I have ever seen and another vampire has strength greater than a normal vampire."

"I bet my pup got something cool," Sirius said excitedly.

"Harry has the healing touch. We haven't tested it, but after he broke Seth's ribs, he healed them with just a touch. It was quite magnificent."

"D-Does he drink blood?" Ron asked wide eyed.

"Yes, but oddly enough only Carlisle's. It's going to take a while before we know the full extent of Harry's turning."
"I want to see him...now!" Sirius snarled.

"Not yet, Sirius," Dumbledore said sternly. "Harry's not ready to deal with all of you yet."

"Please," Sirius begged weakly. "Please let me see him. These last few days thinking he was..., well, they have been hell. I love Harry, please."

Dumbledore sighed, in a way he did feel bad for Sirius. "I will give Harry the letter you wrote before he goes away with Carlisle."

"What do you mean...go away? Where's he taking my pup?" Sirius asked, panicking.

"Relax, Sirius. Carlisle is taking him to their private island for a few weeks. A lot has happened to Harry the past few months and he needs to take it in and relax. He also needs to get a handle on his vampirism before he accidentally hurts someone."

Sirius grit his teeth but nodded his head agreement. "I understand. Please, tell him how much we love and miss him." He wanted to rush to America to see his pup, but if getting his godson back meant being patient...even if it killed him. The important thing was that Harry was still alive...somewhat.

"Private island, huh?" Ron couldn't help but to feel jealous. He was going to work on his jealousy though, he didn't want to lose Harry over something as stupid as him being jealous over his fame or fortune.

Dumbledore shook his head. "Ronald, the Cullen's are very rich. They have had hundreds of years to amass their fortune and having a seer in the family helps."

Hermione squeezed Ron's hand in warning. She didn't want to ruin their chance at making up with Harry. "He will be returning to Hogwarts in September, right?"

"I haven't discussed it with Harry, but I doubt he will be returning. Harry is extremely attached to this family and I don't see him leaving them. The wizarding world also hasn't been very kind to him and I'm afraid that they will be even worse if they find out about him being a hybrid."

"B-But his education! What about his NEWTS?" Hermione cried.

"If Harry decides that he wants to continue then we can set him up with a homeschool program. He will have the added benefit of a live in professor with three masters after all," Dumbledore snickered. He found it funny as hell that Severus and Harry would be living under the same roof. Though he would never admit, Severus cared very deeply for Harry.

Remus was impressed, most wizards stopped with only one master, it was almost unheard of to have three. "Who is that, Albus?"

"Well," Dumbledore snickered. "Not only did young William find his mate, but alas so did Severus. The woman Carlisle considers a sister is Severus' mate, so I expect Harry and Severus will be spending a lot of time together."

"Snivellus!" Sirius yelled. "Snivellus is going to be living in the same home as my pup? That greasy bastard hates him. He will make Harry's life miserable."

"That greasy bastard, as you put it," Dumbledore snapped. "Worked day and night researching Carlisle's venom. When Harry was vomiting, Severus was holding the bucket, when Harry was giving up, Severus pushed him to hold on. If you don't learn to respect Severus, then you will lose
your godson. They are family now, and Harry ferociously protects those he considers family."

Remus grabbed Sirius' arm when he opened his mouth to say something. "Thank you Albus for coming here and telling us about Harry. Please, congratulate him for us on finding his mate and hopefully he will give us a chance to meet him soon. Please, stress to him how much we love him and how sorry we are."

"I'll do that, Remus, and I will give him the letter." Dumbledore looked to Ron. "I suggest if you wish to remain Harry's friend, that you learn to control your jealousy and not insult Seth. I don't mean to hurt you, Ronald, but if it come to you or Seth...you will lose."

***HP

Harry stood in front of the mirror staring at himself. He couldn't believe how different he looked. The freaky red eyes were going to take some getting use to, in a way they reminded him of Voldemort. Carlisle had promised him that in a few months they would match his and Snape had even offered to glamour them back to his emerald. He was going to take him up on the offer in the morning, the blood red eyes were just a bit too much for him.

Taking off his shirt, he marveled how the many scars that had littered his body were now gone. The only scars that remained was the one on his arm from the Basilisk, and the lightning bolt on his forehead. He was surprised that the scar he had on his hand from his detentions with Umbridge had disappeared since that had been created by dark magic. He wasn't going to question it though, he loved that all those hideous scars were gone. Even though Carlisle had seen them, he had still been uncomfortable walking around without a shirt on.

Now that he was a vampire, his skin was paler, colder and tougher. It wasn't as tough or pale as the rest of the Cullen's, but there was a noticeable difference. A normal human wouldn't be able to break his skin, but something like the sectumsempra probably could. He now looked a lot like the Cullen's, especially Alice. Unfortunately he still looked like a young teen and that was going to cause some problems with the humans. Carlisle and him were going to have to hide their relationship from the humans, he didn't want his mate to be accused of being a child molestor. It was going to be weird calling Carlisle, Uncle, when in public."

"You're stunning."

Harry's eyes darkened as strong arms wrapped around his waist from behind. "Carlisle," he moaned, both from hunger and desire. He wanted Carlisle to mate with him, and he wanted it now.

Carlisle saw in the mirror that Harry's eyes had gone completely black. He hadn't fed since first waking and that was over eight hours ago. Newborns had an insatiable appetite and needed to feed two to three times a day for the first few months. "Are you hungry?"

Harry turned in Carlisle's arms and buried his nose his neck. "I'm starving."

Grinning, Carlisle led him back into the bedroom. "Can you make it so they can't hear us." He asked huskily,

Harry started licking and sucking at Carlisle's neck while digging in his pocket for his wand. Without stopping what he was doing, he warded the door and tossed his wand onto a chair. "Claim me," he said breathlessly.

Carlisle moaned loudly, grabbing Harry's waist in a bruising grip. "You're not ready yet."

"Oh, I'm ready," Harry snickered, rubbing his very hard cock against his mate's leg. "Please, I need
Carlisle closed his eyes and took in a deep unneeded breath. "Harry, I had planned on claiming you on the island. I wanted to make it special for you."

Harry started to unbutton Carlisle's shirt. "It will still be special, Carlisle. I don't need a fancy island and beautiful palm trees to make my claiming special...I just need you."

Carlisle could feel his resolve weakening. He wanted to claim his mate so bad that he was close to losing control. He had been through so much with Harry, and now that he was healthy and strong, he wanted to claim him as his. He had been fighting his instincts since day one, and Harry's sucking on his neck was making it impossible to continue denying himself.

When Harry's hands dropped to his pants and started unbuttoning them, he picked him up with a snarl and tossed him onto the bed. He was the dominant and he was going to control the claiming.

Harry blushed at the hungry and feral look in Carlisle's eyes. He knew that he had won, Carlisle was going to claim him. Sucking on his bottom lip, he slowly pulled his shirt up and over his head. He was scared, but he desperately wanted to be Carlisle's

Carlisle venom was pulling in his mouth and he was certain that his eyes were as black as the darkest night. Harry looked so innocent and beautiful sitting on his knees on the bed while he slowly undressed for him. Shaking himself out of his daze, he slowly approached the bed and kneeled in front of his topless mate.

"Are you sure, my love? I have been denying my instincts for so long, I can't promise that I'll be able to stop once we start."

Harry crawled to Carlisle and wrapped his arms around his neck. "I want this. I want you. I'm not going to ask you to stop."

Carlisle gently grabbed Harry's face and claimed his lips. He growled in approval when his mate immediately opened his mouth and welcomed his probing tongue.

Harry moaned in delight when his mouth was flooded with Carlisle's venom. His venom was delicious and he just couldn't get enough of it. He wondered for a minute if he was venomous. He never thought to ask if he was. He didn't recall tasting anything different in his mouth, then again, he didn't even know if your own venom tasted like anything.

Carlisle's eased Harry onto his back and quickly worked on the button and zipper of his jeans. He was literally trembling with anticipation. "Harry, I'm going to have to bite you during the claiming," Carlisle explained as he slid Harry's pants off. "I need to mark you as mine."

"Oh fuck that's hot," Harry panted.

Carlisle chuckled, most wouldn't find a painful bite hot.

"C-Carlisle, am...am I allowed to feed from you during the claiming?" Harry stuttered. "L-Last time I couldn't stop myself from biting you when I was coming."

"Love, I will never deny you feeding from me...never!"

Harry threw his head back with a strangled cry when Carlisle wrapped his hand around his hard cock. Having someone else touch you there was incredible. "Oh... Oh, Carlisle!"
Carlisle slid down Harry's body and took the youths hard cock into his mouth, chuckling when Harry screamed and bucked his hips forward. He was having a hard not just claiming his mate, but he wanted to make this enjoyable for his love. This wasn't just a claiming, this was also Harry's first time and he wanted to make sure he found only pleasure in the act.

Panting, Harry gripped at Carlisle hair, totally lost in the pleasure his mate was giving him. Carlisle's mouth wasn't hot like a humans, but the coolness around his throbbing cock was still intense. He could feel himself getting close, but he didn't know if Carlisle wanted him to come, especially in his mouth.

Carlisle grabbed Harry's knees and lifted them up and spread his legs, giving himself his first view of his mate's tight little pucker. He couldn't wait to bury himself deeply inside his mate. Grabbing the lube from his pocket, he flipped the lid and dipped his finger in it. He wasn't planning on claiming his mate until on the island, but Severus had just finished brewing his special lube and handed it to him on his way to feed his mate. The snarky man must have known what was going to happen, even if he hadn't.

With his mouth still working Harry's cock, Carlisle took his lubed finger and started rubbing his mate's tiny pucker. He knew that Harry was close, he could tell by his frantic breathing and moans and the tightening of his balls. Taking his mate all the way down his throat, he pushed his lubed finger inside Harry's tight passage.

Screaming, Harry came hard down Carlisle's throat, vision going dark.

Carlisle drank Harry's come as he worked his finger in and out of his ass. Harry was now more relaxed after his orgasm so he was able to add a second, then a third lubed finger. Soon Harry would be prepared enough to take him.

Harry was surprised at how fast his cock sprung back to life. At first he wasn't so sure about having something in his ass, but after Carlisle hit something that had him seeing stars, he couldn't wait for him to take and claim him.

Carlisle kicked off his pants and lubed up his cock. "Are you ready?"

Harry arched his back and spread his legs farther. "Please, please, pleas! I need you, Carlisle, please!"

Carlisle laid his body down on Harry and started ravishing his mate's mouth. He needed to bite and claim his mate as he first entered his body, that's how a dominant claimed his submissive. Reaching down with one hand, he held his cock steady and placed the tip at his mate's entrance. Tilting Harry's head up and to the side, Carlisle bit down hard while at the same time burying himself deeply inside his mate's channel.

Harry screamed loudly in both pain and pleasure from Carlisle's bite and breaching. How could something both hurt and feel good at the same time?

Carlisle wished that he could eased himself inside his mate, but that's not how the claiming worked. Harry had to take him all the way in with one thrust while he buried his fangs deeply into his neck, permanently marking him as his. Now that he had claimed him, he could rest and let Harry relax around his much larger cock. Retracting his fangs, he licked at the wound, soothing it but not healing it. The claiming mark had to heal on it's own, but with their accelerated healing it wouldn't take long.

Eyes clenched and panting, Harry tried to relax around Carlisle's girth. He had been expecting pain,
but that was a little worse than what he had expected. He knew that it would get better though, well at least he hoped it would.

Carlisle once again claimed Harry's mouth as he slowly started to pull out and push back in. He knew Harry was hurting so he was taking it slow. Harry's erection had also deflated and he wasn't going to come until his little mate did.

Harry bit his bottom lip as Carlisle started to move inside of him. The pain wasn't as bad now and it was actually starting to feel a little good. His eyes flew open and he cried out when his mate hit that sensitive spot that he had hit earlier. The pain had vanished and his cock sprung back to life.

Carlisle was no virgin. You couldn't live as long as he had and still be a virgin. He didn't make a habit of taking lovers and all of his lovers had been vampires, both male and female. Being with Harry though, his true mate, sex was beyond words. He knew that he wouldn't last long, he was already close to coming. Finally, after hundreds of years of roaming the earth he felt whole. He had his submissive mate, the one person that was made just for him. He would make sure that nothing bad ever happened to his little one and he would do his damnedest to make everyday a happy one for him. Harry's life had been a nightmare up until now, never again would Harry feel unwanted or unloved.

Harry started meeting Carlisle's thrust, he needed to feel more. He was close to coming and his cock hadn't even been touched once. "Harder! Please, I... I need..."

Carlisle claimed his lips and started thrusting harder and faster. Reaching between their bodies, he grabbed Harry's leaking cock and started pumping it.

Feeling his orgasm coming, Harry lifted his head and sank his fangs into Carlisle's neck. He only managed two mouthfuls of blood before he was coming hard all over Carlisle's hand.

Carlisle cried out in intense pleasure when Harry bit him, sending him over the edge and coming deeply within his body. As he rode out his orgasm, Harry continued to feed from him as he trembled from his own orgasm.

Harry fed until he could no longer keep his eyes open. With one last mouthful he retracted his fangs and sealed the wound close. With a content sigh, he drifted off to sleep.

Carlisle smiled down at his content, sleeping mate. Carefully he pulled out of Harry's ass and walked naked to the bathroom to retrieve a washcloth. After washing the mess off both himself and Harry, he slipped under the blanket so he could watch him as he slept. Harry was everything and more than he had ever dreamt of in a mate. He was kind, caring, funny, smart, beautiful and just all around perfect. There were still a lot of issues to work through, but they could wait until after they returned from the island. He was fully mated and no one was going to take Harry away from him, the rest he could easily deal with as they came.
I do not own Harry Potter or Twilight

WARNING: I only gave this a half assed read through. I had planned to post yesterday but after a small mental break down I didn't want to be bothered. Today wasn't much better so I just quickly glanced over.

Hope you enjoy.... Please review.

***HP

Panting and sweating, Harry collapsed onto Carlisle's chest. "It's not fair," he pouted.

Carlisle was carding his fingers through his mate's sweaty locks. "What's not fair, love?"

Harry sat up, moaning when Carlisle's still hard cock pressed against his prostate. "This," he said, waving his hand between the two of them. "After four rounds of incredible sex, I am dripping in sweat and can hardly breath, and you're laying there with hardly a hair out of place looking as though you had been watching tv, not engaged in vigorous sex."

"Yes, but you look sexy as hell all hot and sweaty." Carlisle thrust up, jabbing his mate's prostate."

"Fuck," Harry moaned, biting at his bottom lip. He could already feel himself getting hard for the fifth time in three hours. "I don't think I have enough energy to ride you again. What kind of teenage vampire am I? Aren't we supposed to have unlimited stamina?"

Chuckling, Carlisle flipped Harry over before he could even blink. "I like that you sweat and pant, I find it a huge turn on." Carlisle started to slowly thrust in and out of his mate while nibbling on his neck."

"S'not..." Harry closed his eyes, losing his train of thought to Carlisle's expert love making."

"You are different, my love," Carlisle whispered in his ear. "I love you just the way you are...sweat and all."

Harry started to meet Carlisle's thrusts, wanting his mate deeper and harder. He may get tired and sweaty, but his body was always ready for another round. "Feels so good," he mumbled into Carlisle's neck. You would think after a month of almost continues sex he would be sore, but all he felt was pleasure at his mate's loving hands."

Carlisle hooked his arm under Harry's leg and pushed it up and over his shoulder, lifting his ass higher in the air. "You're so incredibly tight," he said, speeding up his thrusts.

Harry clawed at Carlisle's back. "Please, harder. I need to come."

Hooking Harry's other leg over his shoulder, Carlisle's sat up and started to pound into him. In the beginning he was afraid of hurting his mate, but now he knew what he could take. Vampire sex could be incredibly rough, but he learned to keep himself in check because Harry wasn't as strong as a normal vampire. Still, the sex was incredible and Harry was open and eager to try everything."

Harry threw his head back screaming as he came. Normally he would feed when coming, but after so many rounds, he was too exhausted and full.
Carlisle rode out Harry's orgasm, loving how his channel spasmed around his throbbing cock. He found it incredible that even after three hours of being buried in his mate's ass, he was still incredibly tight. Dropping his legs, he flipped Harry over, grasped his hips in a bruising grip then started to pound into him so fast that he was almost a blur. It took a minute, but then he was coming hard and fast deep in Harry's bowels.

"Fuck!" Harry screamed as his cock shot out another stream of come. He hadn't been expecting another orgasm so soon after the one he had just had.

Carlisle collapsed next to Harry, finally leaving his body. He would have happily stayed buried in his mate, but unlike him, Harry need to rest. "Are you alright? I wasn't too rough was I?"

Harry barely had the strength to turn his head so he could look at Carlisle. "S'perfect," he slurred. "Though, probably won't be able to walk for a month."

"I'll carry you," Carlisle grinned. "And we leave tomorrow so no sex until we get home. That should give you plenty of time to recover."

"That's what you think," Harry smirked. "I plan on inducting us into the mile high club."

Carlisle threw his head back laughing. "The perks of owning a private jet," he winked. "You're on."

Harry snuggled into Carlisle, grinning when he pulled the sheet over them. "I'm going to miss the island, though I can't wait to get back and see everyone." Carlisle had whisked him away to his private island three days after he woke from his turning. He loved the island and the last month had been by far the best time of his life, but he missed Seth and the rest of the Cullen's.

"We can return whenever you want."

"At least once a year," Harry yawned. "This has got to be the most beautiful place on the planet. To think, a little over a month ago I was plunging into the frigid water back home because I had never swam in the ocean before, and now I can swim at our own private beach." He loved the island and he loved swimming in the ocean. When he wasn't having sex with Carlisle, he was either swimming, or exploring their tropical paradise.

Carlisle smiled lovingly at his mate while he watched him fall asleep. He was never consistent with his sleep, sometimes he needed an hour, and other times six hours. They were still learning about him as they went. He loved watching him sleep though, except for the nights when he had nightmares. It broke him to watch as he whimpered and thrashed, caught in a memory that he couldn't wake him from. He tried desperately every time to wake him, but he remained trapped until the nightmare was over. Sometimes he had nightmares about his abusive relatives and the dark wizard he had killed, and other times it was about his cancer. The worst though was when he relived his godfathers and friends betrayal. He prayed that those nightmares would stop after he finally confronted them.

Reluctantly he slipped out of bed and got dressed. He hated leaving his mate, but he had to feed. There wasn't much on the island or the neighboring islands, which is why they had to return home, he had to feed every night so he had enough blood to feed Harry. Harry was a newborn, and newborns were almost constantly hungry. With a gentle kiss to his mate's forehead, Carlisle tore out of the house in search his prey.

HP

Carlisle wrapped his arms around Harry's waist and pulled him back against his bare chest. "Ignore it. We land in two hours and I feel that we haven't enjoyed the perks of the Mile High Club enough."

Giggling, Harry wiggled his ass. They were on Carlisle's jet spooning naked on the black leather couch, Carlisle deep inside of him. "You have enjoyed the perks ever since we got in the air."

Carlisle was working on leaving a very noticeable hickey on his mate's neck. He couldn't help it, his vampire loved marking their beautiful mate and showing the world that he was his. "It helps pass the time on an otherwise long and boring flight."

Harry growled when his phone started ringing again. Leaning forward and impaling himself harder on Carlisle, he grabbed his pants and dug his phone out. Blushing, he tossed the phone on the chair across from them and buried his face in his hands.

"Is something wrong?" Carlisle asked in concern.

"It was from Emmett," Harry mumbled in mortification.

"And," Carlisle prompted.

Harry dropped his hands and looked red faced up at his handsome mate. "He said... Welcome to the Mile High Club."

Carlisle loved that his little one-of-a-kind vampire mate could still blush. "I'm guessing Alice saw us and told him."

"I'm going to have a talk with her about privacy. I knew when I first met her that she was a pervert." Harry giggled.

Carlisle laughed, remembering the story about Alice and the box of condoms. "We are highly sexual creatures, my love. We did nothing that they haven't done countless times themselves."

"I think we have time for one more round," Harry said seductively, giving his butt cheeks a squeeze. "And I'm putting permanent silencing charms on our rooms when we get home."

Carlisle didn't need to be told twice, slowly he started to thrust in and out of his mate. "I say we have time for two more rounds."

*** HP

Harry dropped his bags and took off down the hall when he spotted Seth. "Seth!" he cried, leaping into the shifters arms. "I didn't know that you would be picking us up."

Seth marveled at how full of life his friend was...now that he was dead. He was happy for him though, Harry deserved this...he deserved to be spoiled and loved. "I was worried that you weren't going to come home."

"I thought about it," Harry giggled, beaming up at Seth. "but then I'd miss your ugly mug."

"I'll have you know, Bill finds my mug irresistible."

"Have you gotten rid of that pesky virginity problem yet?" Harry smirked.

Seth blushed. "Did you explore the island or just spend the last month bent over for Carlisle?"
"I was on an island?" Harry asked innocently.

Seth choked on his laughter. "Who would have known under that sweet, sick and dying boy was a little pervert?"

"I knew," Edward chuckled, spinning Harry around and giving him a hug. "I have been privy to your thoughts all along. We have missed you, Harry, the house has been boring without you there."

"Of course," Harry grinned, hugging Edward back. "You have been stuck with Snape for the past month."

"I don't know," Edward said, stepping back. "It's been fun watching Emmett get under his skin. Not that it's hard to do."

"I can't believe I missed it," Harry pouted. "I'll have to give him some pointers."

Harry and Carlisle followed Seth and Edward out to the car. "How is everything back home?"
Carlisle asked Edward. He had wanted time alone with Harry and so he had asked only to be disturbed if there was an emergency. Luckily, he hadn't heard from anyone until Emmett had texted Harry on the plane.

"Pretty much the same as usual," Edward shrugged. "School started a few days ago."

"Woo hoo," Seth mumbled grumpily.

Edward rolled his eyes at the shifter. "Severus and Albus went to the hospital and modified everyone's memories. They remember your nephew Harry and the fact that he had cancer, but they think that it was caught in the early stages and that he is now in remission."

"That's good, but is messing with their memories dangerous?" Carlisle asked in concern.

"Only if it's done a lot or by someone inexperienced," Harry answered, snuggling into Carlisle's side in the back of Edward's Volvo. "Both Professor Dumbledore and Snape are a Masters in the mind arts."

Seth turned around in the passenger seat so he could see Harry. "So, are you going to be going to school too? What's the plan?"

Harry cringed, peeking up at his mate. "Carlisle thinks I should, but I would be totally lost in an American muggle school. I still also have to finish my wizarding education."

"Are you going to return to that pig school?" Seth asked, frowning at his best friend. Harry just got back, he didn't want him leaving again.

"Hogwarts," Harry giggled, despite the fact that Carlisle was gripping him tightly. He knew that his mate was afraid that he would return and leave him. "In a way I'll miss Hogwarts, but there is no way that I can leave you guys. If I could go for a few hours and return, I would consider it, but that won't happen. Hogwarts is a boarding school." He was glad, he really didn't want to go back. Carlisle relaxed, relieved that his little mate didn't want to leave him. Deep down he knew that he didn't, but he also knew that Harry was strongly against attending Forks High. He didn't want to force him to go, but he also didn't want to draw attention to themselves. Harry could easily pass as a freshman in high school and the last thing they needed were people asking questions.

"We will discuss your education more when we get home?" Carlisle sighed, knowing that Harry
wasn't going to be happy.

Harry gave a big yawn and snuggled more into Carlisle. It had been a long flight and he hadn't wasted a second of it by sleeping. "M'not going to school," he mumbled sleepily.

Edward glanced in the rear view mirror, chuckling when he saw that Harry had fallen asleep with a cute little pout to his lips. "What are you going to do about him?"

"I don't know," Carlisle sighed. "I figured I would discuss it with Albus and Severus. He needs to finish his magical education, but he also needs to blend in. Half the town probably already knows that my nephew moved in with us, it's going to raise a lot questions if he doesn't go to school."

Seth shook his head. "I still find it odd that he sleeps."

"We took the liberty of moving him into your room," Edward explained, "and we set his old room up as an art studio for him. Everyone else has their own personal space in the house, and we figured he would enjoy a quiet place to get away and let his creativity take flight. He really is talented."

"He is," Carlisle said fondly. "I think he could sculpt, you should have seen some of the sand sculptures he built."

"Don't worry," Seth chuckled. "Esme hooked him up with drawing, painting, and sculpting supplies. I think she bought out the art store."

Carlisle couldn't wait for Harry to see his new studio, his little one really was talented. Having a personal space and special activity was important in their family, it wasn't healthy to just sit around twenty four seven. With so many people in the house not sleeping or having any private thoughts thanks to Edward's mind reading, tempers could flare very quickly. He had his work, Edward his music, Alice her shopping and fashion, Rosalie her cars, Emmett had his games, Jasper loved reading and researching history, and Esme loved painting but she was also an architect, it was good that Harry now had something too.

"So," Edward smirked, "did you leave the island house standing?" He chuckled when he heard Seth make a groaning gagging sound.

"Mostly," Carlisle grinned. He was sure that his face would be red if he had the ability to blush. "The master bed needs replacing, some holes in the wall patched up, tiles in the master shower also need replacing along with a new shower door, the couch we left in multiple pieces, and the kitchen island is shot to hell."

"How...?"

"Don't ask," Carlisle chuckled, cutting Seth off. "Don't forget, Harry is a teenager."

"Too much information," Seth moaned. Things had progressed nicely between him and Bill, but they were taking it slow. They had spent a lot of time together over the past month, but they had yet to go all the way.

***HP

Harry groggily woke up when he heard Carlisle call his name. For some reason, waking before he was ready was very hard on him. Thanks to his relatives abuse, he learned to wake instantly the second someone called his name. Now, it was like trying to wade his way through very thick, black fog. Sometimes it even took Carlisle fifteen minutes or longer to wake him.
"Come on sleepy head, we're home." It concerned Carlisle how hard it was to wake Harry. He was a doctor and Harry's extremely deep sleep wasn't normal. Then again, nothing about his mate was normal.

"Home," Harry mumbled, finally forcing his eyes open. "When did I fall asleep?"

Carlisle slid out of the car, pulling Harry out with him. "Not long after we left the airport."

"Oh," Harry grumbled. "Well, you wouldn't let me sleep on the plane."

"You were the one who wanted to join the Mile High Club," Carlisle shot back.

"Yeah, but you only need to do it once to get a membership."

"You were the one who kept attacking me," Carlisle reminded.

"Details," Harry grumbled, grinning up at his dominant mate.

"Please!" Emmett bellowed. "Us kids don't like to hear about our parents having S.E.X," he spelled out.

Harry buried his face in his hands in embarrassment. "Yes, you do," Rosalie defended. "Emmett, you're the biggest damn horn dog."

"True," Emmett grinned proudly.

Giggling, Harry walked up and hugged his new family, stopping at Professor Snape. "It's good to see you again, sir," he said, not daring to hug the strict man.

"Po...Harry," Severus corrected himself. "I guess since we are family now, you can call me Severus."

Harry smiled up at the stern man, it looked like it had pained him to say that. "Thank you, Sev," he giggled, lunging forward to hug him then darting off into the house.

"Po...Harry!" Severus roared. "My name it not Sev!"

Jasper shook his head. He doubted that Harry or Severus would ever admit it, but they both cared very deeply for each other.

Still laughing, Harry ran to the room that had been his bedroom before he left. He froze when he saw that it was no longer a bedroom. His first thought, thanks to his past, was that the Cullen's no longer wanted him. His bed was gone, along with his dresser full of clothes and all his other personal belongings.

"Do you like your new art studio?" Esme asked somewhat shyly.

Harry turned to Esme, eyes filling up with red tears. "This... This is for me?"

Smiling, Esme nodded her head. "We figured since you would now be sleeping with Carlisle that this room could be turned into a studio for you. We fully stocked it with supplies, all you need to do is get creating."

"This is..." Speechless, Harry tuned and hugged Esme. "Thank you. I never had my own room let alone something like this."
Esme wanted to cry for the dear boy. It was disgusting that his family refused to furnish him with the basics. "All your belongings are upstairs. I'm glad that you like your art studio."

"Like it? I love it!" Harry cried, wiping at his bloody eyes. "Damn, I hate when I cry," he said, looking down at his blood smeared hands. "I make such a mess."

Rolling his eyes, Severus waved his wand, vanishing the blood. "Honestly, Po...Harry, please remember that you are a wizard."

Harry smiled sheepishly at his professor. "Thank you, Sev...erus," he quickly corrected.

"Cheeky brat," Severus grumbled.

Harry was thrilled to be home...thrilled to have a place to call home. He couldn't believe that they had made him an art studio. He had only dreamt of having something like that before. He couldn't wait to get a chance to get drawing. He now had the island as inspiration for some pieces.

"You could always do a nude drawing of me," Emmett offered, posing for Harry. "I could give it to Rose for her birthday," he winked.

"Emmett!" Rosalie shrieked.

"Just kidding," Emmett chuckled, looking at Harry and giving him another wink and a nod.

Harry couldn't stop from blushing, Emmett was serious about the nude painting. "Ignore him." Carlisle chuckled.

Everyone wandered out to the living room and took a seat. Harry grinned when he saw that Bill and Seth were practically sitting in each other's laps. "Are you living here now, Bill?"

"No, though I did put in for a transfer to Seattle's Gringotts branch." Bill took Seth's hand. "This is Seth's home, I would never ask him to leave here to live in the wizarding world."

"Good thing," Harry said, mock glaring at Bill. "I would have to hurt you if you took my soul brother away." He was only half joking, his bond with Seth was strong. He didn't know what he would do if Seth moved.

"I wouldn't mind visiting there, but I have no desire to leave my tribe, even if I'm still not part of the pack." Seth said sadly. He missed his pack brothers but he refused to submit to Sam. Even after the Elders reprimanded Sam for his behavior, he still saw Harry as a threat and the cause of the pack being broken.

"Are you going to school with us?" Alice chirped up. "Tomorrow is Monday."

Harry didn't answer or look at Alice. He really didn't want to go and he didn't want to throw a childish fit over it. He just wanted to stay home and be close to his family. He wasn't ready to reenter the real world. He felt safe here, safer than what he had ever felt before.

"We need to discuss this, Harry," Carlisle sighed. "I'm also returning to work tomorrow."

Harry's head snapped up. "You...you are?" he asked softly, heart rate picking up. He hadn't been separated from Carlisle since first meeting him. He felt panic threaten to overtake him.

Jasper rubbed at his chest. "Relax, Harry," he pleaded as the boy's emotions flooded him. "Everything will be alright."
Carlisle gently cupped his mate's cheeks, his eyes were blown wild with fear. "What's wrong, little one?"

"I-I..." Harry shook his head. "M'scared."

Carlisle pulled Harry to his chest. He could understand his fears, he had been through so much. First his abusive family, then the crazy madman out to kill him, the cancer, his godfathers and friends betrayal, dying from the cancer, then the turning...of course he was going to be terrified of what was next to come.

"It's going to be alright," Carlisle said gently, wiping the bloody tears away with his thumbs. "I know that you're scared, but you're not going to lose us. I have to go back to work, we have to blend in."

Harry looked to Professor Snape. "What are you going to do now?"

"I'm opening an apothecary in Seattle's wizarding district. I have always hated teaching, you know that. Harry, you still have to finish your wizarding education, you are too powerful to go untrained."

"I can't go back," Harry said adamantly. "I-I won't leave my family."

"Relax, child," Severus quickly said when he felt the boy's magic spike. "We're not going to drag you back to Hogwarts kicking and screaming. Headmaster Dumbledore and I have been discussing how to handle your education and we have come up with a few solutions."

"I'm not going back," Harry grumbled under his breath.

Severus raised one eyebrow, glaring at Potter. "Are you ready to listen?" he snapped.

Shrugging his shoulders, Harry leaned back against Carlisle. "I guess, but I refuse to let anyone force me to do something that I don't want to do."

Carlisle tightened his arms around Harry. "Just listen to him, love. I'm not going to let you leave, you're mine, but an education is also very important."

"Just think how boring it would get sitting around here all day alone," Emmett chuckled. "It's the only reason why I keep going back to school."

"I have had enough excitement," Harry said flatly. "I just want to stay home."

Severus pinched the bridge of his nose and recited the ingredients used in a calming draught to keep from snapping at Potter. "Potter, you still have two years to go before you can take your NEWTS and you have to make some kind of appearance at the muggle school. It's important that the muggles don't start questioning the Cullen's more than what they already do. Professor Dumbledore had to pull a hell of a lot of strings, but he got the Board of Governors to agree to let you attend Hogwarts part time and return home to your mate every evening via portkey. I myself will be teaching you potions and defense so you will only need to attend Hogwarts for the rest of your subjects. As for the muggle school, Carlisle can explain to them that you are not healthy and can only attend half a day and homeschool the other half."

Carlisle nodded his head. "That could work," he said somewhat reluctantly. He wasn't overly thrilled about Harry spending hours a day back in Scotland though.

"What about me being a vampire now? I'm a dark creature, everyone will hate me." Harry was
failing at hiding his panic. He didn't like this plan, he never wanted to go back to a Hogwarts. It's not that he hated the school, he just didn't want to risk anything keeping him from his family. It would kill him to lose them.

"I'm sure that you can hide the facts that you are a vampire," Severus sneered. "I managed it for fifteen years and Lupin hid the fact that he was a mangy wolf for seven."

"Hey!" Seth growled. "No insulting wolves."

"You said that you have a few solutions. What other options do I have?" Harry asked.

"I lied. That's it," Severus deadpanned. "Because of the time difference, you will have to portkey from here to Hogsmeade at midnight where you will then floo from the Three Broomsticks to the headmasters office. Depending on the day, you will spend anywhere from five to eight hours there then portkey home and go to the muggle high school here until noon. You will then be homeschooled for you evening classes."

"What about wizarding schools here?" Harry asked...more like whined.

"All schools here in America are boarding schools that do not allow day students. You are only being granted this privilege at Hogwarts because our world owes you for destroying the Dark Lord," Severus explained.

"This is ridiculous," Harry snapped, his magic lashing out and shattering Bill's glass that was sitting on the coffee table next to him. "Not only will I have to go back to Hogwarts, but I also have to attend muggle school. When the hell am I supposed to sleep or spend time with Carlisle? I haven't even been to a muggle school since I was ten years old."

"Everyone will help you," Carlisle reassured softly, trying to calm his irate mate down. He could understand Harry's frustrations though, that was an awful lot to ask of him.

Harry turned wide eyed to Carlisle. "Are you alright with this?"

"Harry, I..."

Harry wrenched out of his mate's arms and jumped to his feet. "You are, aren't you? You want me to go back there with all of them. Back to where I was miserable. I thought you loved me." Before Carlisle could say anything, Harry stormed off to his art studio and warded it so no one, not even Dumbledore, could get in.

"Well that went well," Emmett chuckled.

***HP

Carlisle was anxiously pacing outside Harry's art studio. He had expected Harry to pout for an hour or so then come back out, but it had been eight hours since his mate disappeared and he now had to leave for work. He hated the thought of leaving him while he was still upset and without saying goodbye, but more importantly, he hated leaving without feeding him. He had a twelve hour shift in the ER and Harry had never went that long without feeding. His last feeding was on the plane about an hour before they landed.

"Harry!" Carlisle called, banging on the door. "I have to leave."

Harry rubbed at his red and swollen eyes, ignoring his mate at the door. He knew he was being a baby, but he couldn't help it. For the first time in his life things were going perfect and now the real
world was going to ruin it. Why couldn't he just stay home for now? He was going to be almost sixteen for forever, he had plenty of time to go to school. He didn't want to go back to being the Boy-Who-Lived just yet. Didn't he deserve a rest?

Carlisle ran his fingers through his blond hair in frustration. "Harry love, I have to go. Please let me in?" he pleaded.

Harry warded the door so he couldn't hear his mate. It was hurting him ignoring him, but he wasn't ready to come out. So much had happened to him in such a short time that he just needed to be alone and think. He also had to reevaluate his feelings for his godfathers and friends, especially if he had to return to Hogwarts. He could no longer hide from them, he had to confront them. He still loved Remus and Sirius, desperately so, but he knew that their relationship would never be the same. He would never be able to get their words out of his head. He could have dealt with them being mad at him, but their words had meant to hurt him, to break him. Their words had been cruel and hurtful.

Giving up, Carlisle turned to Edward and Severus. "I have to go to the hospital. If he comes out and needs feeding, bring him to my office."

"He's being childish," Severus growled after Carlisle left. "He needs to learn that the world doesn't revolve around him."

"No!" Jasper snapped angrily. Even with Harry's wards, he could still feel his emotions. "Harry is honestly terrified of going back to Hogwarts and going to Forks High. That boy has been through hell, can you honestly blame him for wanting to stay in the place where for the first time in his life he found safety and love?"

"You are right," Severus conceded. When put like that, he could understand Harry's feelings. He still had a hard time separating him from his father at times and he tended to react without thinking.

"Let's just leave him to his thoughts," Edward suggested. "I'll stay home from school today incase he needs feeding."

"Playing hooky already, bro," Emmett joked. "We haven't even had a full week of school yet."

"I just think that other than Seth, I'm the best to handle Harry in Carlisle's absence," Edward explained.

"Good luck," Severus grunted. "Harry's a stubborn Gryffindor." Shaking his head, he apparated out. He was in the process of setting up his new shop and he had dozens of potions that needed brewing.

***HP

Ron and Hermione were sitting at the Gryffindor table the morning after the welcoming feast trying to ignore all the questions about Harry. Everyone wanted to know where he was, was he still sick, was he coming back, had they seen him lately, and a dozen other questions. There wasn't much that they could tell them, Headmaster Dumbledore had made everyone in the Order take an oath to never reveal anything about Harry, especially the fact that he was now a vampire.

"I can't believe that Snape is gone," Neville grinned, taking a large bite out of his toast. "This year is going to be great. No Voldemort and no Snape."

"No Harry," Seamus said sadly.
"No Harry," Neville repeated dejectedly. "He's alright though, right Hermione?"

Sighing, Hermione nodded her head. "I haven't seen him or exchanged letters with him, but Professor Dumbledore said that he's happy and he has personally seen him."

"I wonder if I write him a letter if Dumbledore will give it to him?" Neville asked.

"He doesn't want ours!" Ron snapped angrily, jumping to his feet and storming out of the hall.

"Looks like Ronnie is having jealousy issues again," Dean snickered.

Without saying anything, Hermione slammed her book shut and followed her friend out the door. He wasn't the only one that was upset with Harry. It had been over a month since he woke from his turning and he had yet to contact anyone.

"Stupid private island," Ron snarled, kicking the wall.

"Ron, we'll hear from him," Hermione said, sounding exhausted.

"It's not that I'm jealous," Ron whined. "Alright, maybe a little bit, but how could he just turn his back on us and never look back? We have been his best friends since he was eleven. We stuck beside him through every dangerous situation that he ever got himself into."

"I'm hurt too," Hermione said softly. "I know we were wrong, but he isn't even giving us a chance to apologize. Poor Remus and Sirius are growing more depressed everyday."

"I don't want to be mad at him, Hermione," Ron huffed, "but I am. He now has a new family and new friends, we are no longer good enough for him."

Hermione reached out and took Ron's hand. "We still have each other. All we can do is move on and try to forget about Harry."

Ron didn't want to forget about Harry, but he nodded his head anyway.

***HP

Harry eyes snapped open, grimacing at the burn in his throat. It took him a minute to remember where he was and what had happened, but when he did the tears started leaking from his eyes again. He missed Carlisle something awful. He was also starving, to the point where it was painful. Gingerly he rolled off the small loveseat that he had fallen asleep on. It wasn't fair, he was a freaking vampire, he shouldn't feel stiff and sore from sleeping on a small sofa. Why the hell couldn't he do anything right?

Glancing at the clock on the wall, his face paled when he saw that it was almost three o'clock in the afternoon. It had been close to seventeen hours since he locked himself in his studio. No wonder he was starving, it had almost been twenty four hours since he last fed.

With shaky legs, Harry stumbled his way to the door and opened it, falling out and into the arms of Edward. "Dammit, Harry," Edward growled. "You are starving. Even your eyes broke the charm that Severus put on them and they are as black as night now."

"M'sorry," Harry said weakly. "Where's Carlisle?"

"Work," Edward sighed, scooping Harry up and carrying him outside. "He has been worried sick about you. He has texted me every fifteen minutes since he left."
Harry tried struggling to get down, but he was too weak so he gave up and rested his head on Edward's shoulder. "Where are we going?"

"The hospital. You need to feed." Edward placed Harry in the passenger seat and buckled him up. Closing the door, he sent a quick text to his father, alerting him that he was on his way with his very weak and hungry mate. Normally starved newborns became feral and vicious, Harry just looked like he was about to drop dead.

"Do you have a desire to feed from anyone other than Carlisle?" Edward asked curiously.

Harry scrunched his nose up in disgust. "No. Why, doesn't he want to feed me anymore?" Harry couldn't stop a pitiful whine from slipping out. Did Carlisle hate him because he wouldn't let him into his studio.

"I see starving robs you of your senses," Edward smirked. "Of course Carlisle isn't mad at you. He's worried about you and sad that you locked him out, but he would never be mad at you just because you got upset and needed some alone time."

Harry was too weak to raise his occulmancy shields. Ever since learning about Edward's mind reading, he had been doing his best to keep him out. "Do you think I'm being stupid about school?"

"There's nothing stupid about being afraid, Harry," Edward said gently. "Since you were a toddler you have dreamt of having a loving family, and now that you have one, you don't want to let them out of your sight. I don't blame you for not wanting leave the house. Still, I think locking yourself away in a bubble is a bad idea. All you are going to do is feed that fear, and before you know it, you will be too afraid to step outside just to take a walk. We're not leaving you Harry...promise."

Harry wiped at his tears, Edward was right. He wanted to hide himself in the safety of their home and never come out. "I'm sorry," he cried brokenly.

Edward stopped the car outside the hospital. "There's nothing to be sorry for. Now, are you up to walking in the hospital or do you want me to get you a wheelchair?"

"If you let me lean on you, I should be able to make it," Harry said, waving his wand and vanishing the blood from his face and hands.

***HP

"What time is it?" Harry asked, sitting on the couch, nervously bouncing his knee.

"Five minutes past the last time you asked," Carlisle chuckled, taking his mate's hand and giving it a reassuring squeeze. "Try to relax, love."

"I don't know if I can do this," he whimpered.

"Say the word, love, and they're gone," Carlisle said fiercely.

Harry took a couple deep calming breaths. "No, I can do this. I-I don't need them anymore, I have all of you."

"Always," Carlisle reassured, even though he knew deep down that Harry needed these men. These were the only men that Harry had ever known as a father figure. He may still be upset and hurt over what they said, but he still loved them.

After taking a week to think about it, Harry had given in and agreed to Dumbledore's plan. Monday
through Friday he would take a portkey at midnight to Hogwarts where he would take the classes that he needed in order to graduate in two years. Three days a week he would be stuck there for eight hours, while two days he would be there for five. After getting home, he would then change and go to Forks High until noon. When he got home, he would sleep for a few hours then get up and be homeschooled on his afternoon subjects then do all his homework. On the weekends, Severus would teach him potions and defense. It was a grueling schedule, but with the help of his family he could do it.

Just because he gave in and decided to go to school didn't mean that he was happy about it. He wasn't looking forward to either Hogwarts or Forks High, but he didn't want to put his family in danger. He hated being away from Carlisle so much, but his mate would have been working anyway. Carlisle had decided since Harry was going to be gone overnight that he would work the graveyard shift at the hospital. It wasn't like he needed sleep anyway.

It was now Sunday afternoon and he had reluctantly agreed to meet with Sirius and Remus. He couldn't avoid them forever, especially since they were now the new DADA teachers. At midnight he would be portkeying back to Hogwarts for the first time since the incident. He didn't want then to be the first time confronting his godfathers. He had also wanted his mate with him when he did for safety and support.

Harry jumped to his feet when three men suddenly appeared in front of him. Wide eyed, he backed up until his back came in contact with the large glass window.

"Harry!" Sirius whispered, drinking in the sight of his pup.

Carlisle stood up, stepping in front of the two men and his mate. "Give him a minute," he ordered, glaring at the men. They may be his mate's godfathers, but they had also seriously hurt him.

Mooney howled inside of Remus, wanting to bare his teeth at the vampire that was keeping him from his cub.

"Remus, Sirius," Albus barked. "Be patient. This is Carlisle Cullen, Harry's mate."

Sirius wanted to yell and strangle the vampire for being in a sexual relationship with his underage godson, but he held his tongue, knowing that he would only upset Harry if he did. Carlisle was also there for Harry when they had abandoned him, the vampire had saved his pup.

Sirius stiffly stepped forward and held his hand out to Carlisle. "I'm Sirius Black, and this is my mate Remus Lupin."

Carlisle stared at the outstretched hand for a minute before finally taking it. He was very protective of his mate, and these men were responsible for some of his worst nightmares. His whole family was very protective of Harry, which is why he had made them all leave the house for this confrontation. Things were going to be stressful enough on his mate, he didn't need all of them adding to it.

"Please, take a seat," Carlisle offered, turning his back on them and approaching his trembling mate.

Harry stepped into his mate's arms and clung to him. "Are you alright?" Carlisle asked softly.

Harry shook his head into Carlisle's neck. "It hurts."

"Do you want them to leave?"
Harry shook his head again. "No, I need to do this so I can move on."

Nodding his head, Carlisle led Harry back to their seats. "Can I get you anything?" he asked of the men.

Sirius shook his head, never taking his eyes off of Harry. For some reason he had expected him to look different now that he was a vampire, but he still looked like the boy he loved.

"How was your vacation, Harry?" Dumbledore asked, eyes twinkling brightly.

Heat flooded Harry's cheeks as he remembered how he spent the majority of his vacation. "It was wonderful, Headmaster. I honestly can't wait to go back."

"Harry is like a fish in the water," Carlisle added. "We are planning on spending our Christmas vacation there with the whole family."

"Seth is so excited," Harry grinned. "The farthest he has ever been off of the reserve was Seattle."

"Oh yes," Dumbledore chuckled. "He's a fine young man. Molly and Arthur are anxious to meet him, Harry, along with your mate."

Harry nervously fiddled with the buttons on his shirt. "Are they mad at me for running away?"

"No," Sirius quickly answered. It was killing him that Harry was ignoring him. "They were worried to death, pup, so were we. You have no idea how scared we were, especially after we found out about the cancer. Why the hell did you run like that?"

Harry couldn't hide the shock on his face. "Do you forget what you said to me that day! I had just found out that I was dying from a horrible disease and then you and everyone else attacked me. You didn't want me. You ordered me to return to my abusive relatives and to not contact you."

"I didn't mean it," Sirius cried. "None of us meant it. We had just spent hours in a locked courtroom with Dementors. You know they affect people."

"No I don't," Harry snapped back sarcastically. "I only took on over a hundred Dementors when I was thirteen years old to save your life. I then jumped in front of Bellatrix's curse to save you. How the hell could you think that I would blow off your trial without having a good reason?"

Sirius' eyes filled with tears. "I..."

"I loved you," Harry cried. "I would have sacrificed myself if it meant saving you. I didn't mean to miss the trial, but I was so tired and sick that I fell asleep. I-I was so excited about us being a family...I was finally going to have a dad." Harry looked to Remus. "Dads," he corrected.

"We can still be a family, cub," Remus said, choking on his tears. "We still want to adopt you."

"And what happens the next time you get mad at him?" Carlisle asked, his eyes getting darker with his anger. How dare them make it sound like his perfect mate was the one at fault? "When my kids brought Harry to me, he had no will to live thanks to you all. I couldn't immediately turn him because he would have never accepted me or his vampire because he couldn't trust anyone. He had to suffer from his sickness while we proved to him that he was worthy of love, all because the people he loved broke him."

"We didn't mean what we said," Sirius snapped. "And what, you're so perfect?"
"No," Carlisle growled. "My kids have angered me plenty of times, but never would I treat them the way you treated Harry. You didn't even give him a chance to defend himself. If my daughter hadn't been a seer and seen Harry coming, he would have died that night at the airport, scared, alone and feeling unloved."

Both Sirius and Remus hung their heads in shame. "Will you ever forgive us?"

Harry's heart was hurting, both Sirius and Remus looked horrible. He wanted to tell them that he forgave them, but he couldn't. He wasn't going to lie to them. "I still love you both, nothing can change that, but you hurt me worse than what Voldemort or my relatives ever did. They may have left scars on my body, but you left scars on my heart. I never trusted or loved my relatives, but I did you guys. Having someone you love and trust treat you like that, hurts worse than broken bones, whippings and a crucio."

"Please, please forgive us," Sirius pleaded. "We still love you, we still want you to be our son."

Harry took a shaky breath, he felt like his heart was being trampled. Just a few months ago he would have given anything to hear Sirius say that. "I can't...not right now. I need time, please understand."

Sirius looked desperately at his godson. "Harry, please..."

"It's not just about what you said," Harry snapped in frustration. "It's everything. So much has happened to me and I just want...need a break from it all. I'm happy now, Sirius. I have never been this happy in my entire life. Not only do I have an incredible mate, but I have brothers in Seth and Bill, an uncle figure in Severus, siblings in the rest of the Cullens, and even a mother figure in Severus' mate Esme. They all love me, and I think I have even grown on Severus."

"That you have," Dumbledore admitted, eyes sparkling. "Don't let him fool you, he cares about you."


"You...you don't need us," Sirius said numbly.

"You can never have too many people in your life who care about you," Harry explained. "but I'm still hurting. Almost every night I have nightmares reliving what you all said to me. I have more nightmares about that than what I have of Voldemort. I can't go back to how things were, at least not yet. The both of you abandoned me when I needed you the most. I can't just brush that under the rug and act as if it never happened."

Remus looked desperately at his cub. "Tell us what to do, cub. We will do anything to win your trust back."

"Leave me alone," Harry gasped, clinging to Carlisle as he fought his tears. It hurt him more than what he had been expecting to say that. "Give me time. When I'm ready, I'll come to you. Don't you see, I died. I died and none of the people I had come to see as family were there for me. You all turned your backs on me without letting me explain. I had blamed myself. On the flight here and for weeks after, I had blamed myself for how you treated me. You were the people that I loved most in the world, and if you thought that about me, then it had to have been true. My aunt and uncle had always said that I was a no good, worthless little freak who would end up dying alone and unloved. Then when I found out that I was dying, you all walked away and told me to never contact you."
Harry looked at Carlisle and gave him a loving smile. "It took a while, but with the help of my new family, I came to see that it wasn't my fault. You were the ones that were in the wrong. I am only guilty of putting my love and trust in the wrong people. I had done everything that was ever asked of me and yet it still wasn't good enough. I gave and I gave, and I got nothing in return. I'm done proving myself to all of you."

"That was very well said, my boy," Dumbledore said, getting to his feet. "We will leave you now. I believe that you need to get a few hours of sleep before joining us for classes."

"You're returning to Hogwarts?" Sirius asked, perking up a bit. What Harry had said had hit him hard. He was going to honor Harry's request and leave him alone, but he was also going to prove to him that he loved him and wanted to be a part of his life.

"Just part time," Harry explained with a pout. He still wasn't looking forward to retuning. He was going to have to go through all of this again with Ron and Hermione. He wasn't ready to be friends with them again. They, more than anyone, should have known that he would have never abandoned Sirius like that unless he had a damn good reason.

"I don't understand," Remus said. "How can you go part time?"

Harry rubbed at his eyes. The emotional roller coaster he had been on was exhausting him. He just wanted to snuggle up with Carlisle and sleep for a few hours. "Sev will be teaching me potions and defense here on the weekends and then I'll be portkeying to Hogwarts for the rest of my classes. I won't be staying though, I'll be retuning home everyday to my family."


"So...so you won't be in our class?" Remus asked sadly.

"No," Harry said firmly.

"Sirius, Remus, it's time to go," Dumbledore ordered. "Just give Harry his space."

Both men stood up, looking like they were walking to their death. "Please don't forget about us," Sirius whispered.

Sucking in and biting on his lips, Harry turned and hid his face in Carlisle's neck. He didn't want his godfathers to see how upset he was. He had hoped that seeing and talking to them would help him move on, but it didn't. It felt good getting everything he wanted to say off his chest, but he still loved them.

Carlisle waited until the men left then scooped his mate up and carried him to their room. "Are you alright?" He could feel his mate's tears on his neck and soaking his shirt.

Harry shook his head no. "Make love to me. Show me how much you love me."

Carlisle gently laid Harry on the bed. "Anything you ask, my love."

Harry smiled when his mate carefully lowered himself on top of him and stared lovingly in his eyes. This was all that he needed now, Carlisle and his new family.

***HP

Harry stumbled out of the floo and fell flat on his face. "I see your new status as a vampire hasn't helped with your floo traveling."
Rolling onto his back, Harry glared up at Dumbledore. "At least I didn't throw up. I can't say the same for the portkey though. You may want to leave a bucket behind the Three Broomsticks, I don't think I will ever be able to stomach portkeys."

Dumbledore extended his hand down to Harry. "Welcome back, my boy. I have missed seeing you here. I'm sorry that your travel wasn't pleasant, hopefully it will get better with time. Come, I will walk with you to the great hall for breakfast."

Standing up, Harry brushed off his robes. "Headmaster, I no longer eat human food."

"Ah yes, there is that. Still, you can join your classmates and get reacquainted with them. Will you getting sick cause a problem with needing to feed sooner?"

"I honestly don't know, headmaster," Harry said thoughtfully. "But even if it does, I'm not a danger to anyone. I only feed from Carlisle, and if I get hungry, I only get weak, not bat shit crazy."

"That's good to know," Dumbledore chuckled. "Though, I know that you would never hurt anyone."

Harry walked side by side with the Headmaster trying to hide his nerves. No one, except the teachers, knew that he was returning today. He still didn't want to be here, but Carlisle had given him a nice going away present to make him feel better. The present consisted of an hour of mind blowing sex that had left him too exhausted to pout when it was time to leave and almost too sore to walk. He was going to miss his mate, it was going to be an agonizing twelve hours before he would see him again.

Dumbledore stopped outside the closed doors to the Great Hall. "Are you ready for this, my boy?"

Harry shook his head no. "Excellent," Dumbledore grinned, and with a wave of his hand, the double doors swung open.

Harry wanted to turn and run, but instead he held his head high and walked towards the Gryffindor table. Why did Dumbledore have to be so damn dramatic? Why did he have to come to the great hall anyway? It wasn't as if he could eat.

Harry ignored all the murmuring, his name being whispered by everyone sounded like a swarm of angry bees. "Harry!" Hermione cried, jumping to her feet and rushing to her best friend.

Seeing Hermione heading his way, Harry hurried and took a seat next to Neville. "Hey, Nev, how was your summer?"

Neville was sitting frozen in his seat, his toast halfway to his mouth. "Where the hell have you been?" he blurted out.

Ignoring the frizzy haired witch that was standing behind him tapping her toe, Harry busted out laughing. It was rare for Neville to cuss. "Traveling," he finally managed to get out. It was good to see Neville, he was a loyal friend.

"Was it true that you were dying from cancer?" Seamus asked, leaning around Dean who was sitting between them. He was a half blood raised in the muggle world so he knew all about cancer.

"If it was, wouldn't I be dead?" Harry chuckled nervously. "Honestly though, I was very sick and dying, but I found some people who were able to help and heal me. I'm perfectly healthy now."

"Harry Potter, why are you ignoring me?" Hermione snapped.
Harry rolled his eyes. "Neville, can you please tell Hermione that the last time I saw her she said that I disgusted her. I don't want to offend her by forcing myself on her." Harry knew that he was being childish, but he didn't care. He was so mad at Ron and Hermione that he didn't even want to look at them. Seth had shown him what true friendship was, and that wasn't what he had with them.

Neville's eyes snapped up, glaring at Hermione. He never got the full story, but he figured that something bad had to have happened for Harry to run like that.

"Please, Harry, you know that we didn't mean it. Come, sit with us?" Hermione gave his robe a tug.

"Hands off," Harry snarled, spinning around on the bench and facing his ex-best friend. "You and Ron made your feeling perfectly clear. Now here are mine, stay the hell away from me."

With her hand over mouth, Hermione fled the hall in tears. "What the hell is your problem?" Ron roared. "You have no idea what we have been through this past summer looking for you."

"And I don't care," Harry snapped. "I am done with you, Ron. I am done with your mood swings, and I'm done with your damn jealousy. You guys are the ones who attacked me, how dare you expect me to act as if nothing happened. This summer changed me, I'm no longer going to be yours and everyone else's whipping boy."

The hall was deadly quiet, everyone was shocked over Harry's outburst. A chuckling came from the Slytherin table and all heads turned when Draco Malfoy stood up and started clapping. "Well said, Potter," the Slytherin smirked.

"Piss off, Malfoy!" Ron yelled.

"No, you piss off," Harry snapped. Turning to Draco, he gave him a half a smile. He remembered the time in the airport bathroom when he had thought about the blond Slytherin and regretted never giving him a chance. He had decided that this time he would, after all, Draco was Severus' godson and eventually he would want to visit his godfather in Forks. Severus had done so much for him that he wanted to thank him by befriending his godson.

Draco smiled back at the Gryffindor, though it was somewhat strained. He didn't know how he felt about the golden boy, but his godfather had told him some of what happened to him this summer. He didn't tell him everything, but it was enough to know that it had been bad and his so called friends and godfathers had only made it worse. He also knew that Harry was now living with Severus in America, and while he was a bit jealous, he was also happy that his godfather had finally found his mate.

Snarling, Ron stomped out of the Great Hall mumbling something about spoiled, stuck up bastards.

***HP

Harry had to literally drag himself to his last class of the day, transfiguration. When planning his return to Hogwarts, they never took into consideration that all the walking, stair climbing and magic use would drain him faster causing him to need nutrients. It also didn't help any that he had vomited up all the blood he had taken from Carlisle before leaving when the portkey dropped him off in Hogsmeade this morning.

Neville helped Harry to his seat, not liking how he was looking. "Harry, you don't look so good. I think maybe you should go and see Madam Pomfrey."

Harry gave Neville a weak smile. "I'm alright, Nev, just tired. There is nothing Madam Pomfrey can do to help me. Anyway, I'll be going home after this class."
"What do you mean that you'll be going home?" Ron asked, rudely interrupting their conversation. He had been trying to keep his mouth shut around Harry because he was still hopeful that he could repair their relationship, but now he needed to know what the hell he meant. Students weren't allowed home unless it was an emergency.

"Not that it's any of your business, Ron," Harry sighed, resting his head on the desk. "But I'm only here for the classes. After my last class, I get to go home."

Ron's ears turned an impossible shade of red. Once again perfect Potter gets special treatment. He wanted to rant and rave and scream about how unfair it was, but he bit his tongue. Despite his jealousy, he still wanted to be friends with Harry. He missed him.

"Lucky you," Ron finally managed to get out.

"Mr, Potter," Professor McGonagall called, stopping next to Harry's desk. "Do you need to go to the hospital wing?" Despite her stern tone, you could easily see that professor was worried about her student.

"No, Professor," Harry yawned, sitting up and blinking his eyes back into focus. He was afraid that if he didn't feed soon, he was going to pass out or slip into a coma or something. "I'm just struggling with the time difference. It's currently 3:30am back at my house."

Minerva wanted to reach out pet the boy's head, but that was inappropriate behavior. She cared a great deal for Harry. James had been her favorite student, a prodigy at transfiguration. She had also been extremely close with Harry's grandparents. "Mr, Potter, just because you are a part time student does not mean you're not allowed to participate in extracurricular activities. Were you planning on retaking your position as Gryffindor seeker? If you accept, you will also be made the Gryffindor team captain."

Harry's mouth dropped open in surprise. Not once had he thought about playing quidditch. He hadn't even given the sport a thought.

"You said that you hadn't picked a captain yet," Ron snapped bitterly.

"That's because I was waiting to see if Potter was returning." McGongall answered shortly. "I have had his name down as this years captain for two years."

Biting his tongue, Ron stiffly crossed his arms over his chest and leaned back in his chair. He thought for sure that he would have been made captain. Ginny may have been on the team loner than him, but he was older. It was hard, but he had to keep reminding himself that he was going to be jealous of Harry, or at least not show it.

Harry looked thoughtfully at his head of house. He would love to stay on the team, but that would mean less time at home and with his mate. How would he handle the practices? He didn't think he could handle portkeying to Hogwarts twice a day.

"Can...can family members come and watch the games?" Harry remembered seeing Lucius Malfoy in the stands for most of Draco's games.

"Yes, Potter," Minerva smiled. She was so happy that poor Harry finally had a loving family. "We can set it up so your family can watch you play."

Harry grinned, he loved the thought of his family watching him play, especially sports loving Emmett and Seth. He had never had anyone there for him for school activities. Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon would always go to Dudley's school functions and parents night, but they would
never allow him to go so he could show off his work.

"Is that a yes, Potter?" Minerva chuckled.

"Yes!" Harry quickly answered, "but how would we handle practices? When I leave here I have to go to muggle school."

"We will come up with a solution. Maybe have practice an hour or two before breakfast or on the weekends."

Harry eagerly nodded his head. "Thank you, Professor McGonagall. I'll let you know tomorrow when I want to hold try-outs."

"I suggest that you have them soon, Potter. We are already two weeks into the school year."

Harry tried to focus during class, but between his hunger, exhaustion and daydreaming about playing in a game with his family watching, it was almost impossible. He couldn't wait for everyone to see Hogwarts, especially Carlisle and Seth.

Minerva was growing concerned with how pale and sickly Harry was looking. She knew all about him being a vampire hybrid of some sort and obviously he was suffering some ailment from it.

"Class is dismissed," she suddenly said, fifteen minutes before class was over. "Potter, would you like Weasley to help you to the Headmaster's office?"

Ron eagerly jumped up. "I can help you, Harry."

Harry went to stand up but fell back into his chair. "Not Ron, Draco."

Draco was in the process of tossing his bag over his shoulder when he froze. He couldn't believe the Potter wanted him of all people to help him.

"If you don't mind, Malfoy. I wanted to talk to you about your godfather anyway."

"Harry!" Ron screeched. "Why the hell do you want to talk to the ferret?"

Harry ignored Ron. "What do you say, Malfoy?"

Draco raised a single elegant eyebrow. "Sure, Potter, but don't expect me to carry your Gryffindor a...butt."

Harry laughed, Draco sounded just like Seth. "I'll do my best, but no guarantees."

Furious, Ron stormed out of the classroom. "Weasels," Draco murmured, grabbing Harry's bag out of his hand. "Well, let's go!"

Harry was so damn tired, every step through the castle was a major effort on his part. "Malfoy, I need to sit and rest for a minute," he panted.

"What's your problem?" Draco asked impatiently. "Why couldn't the blood traitor have the honor of escorting the Gryffindor golden boy to the Headmaster's office?"

Harry was sitting on the cold stone floor resting the back of his head against the wall. "Because Ron's a jealous prat."

"Caught on have you?" Draco sneered.
"Always knew," Harry said, closing his eyes. "I had hoped that he would have out grown it by now."

Draco's snorted. "Right. So why did you ask me to help you? You hate me."

With his eyes still closed, Harry gave Draco a lopsided grin. "I don't hate you. I just find you fun to fight with. Believe it or not, in my darkest hour, I thought about you. I regretted not accepting your hand on the train in our first year. I was young and stupid and Ron was the first kid to ever talk to me and want to be my friend. I was afraid that I would lose him if I accepted your friendship."

"And now?" Draco asked curiously.

"Screw Ron," Harry growled. "I'm no longer going to do what's expected of me or be someone that I'm not. I would like to get to know you better, to maybe be your friend someday. Your godfather is important to me now and we live together, so that kind of makes you and I family."

"You wish," Draco grumbled, but there was no bite to his words. "Did you honestly think about me?"

Harry nodded his head, eyes still closed. "I was in an airport bathroom in America coughing up blood and burning with a fever and I had wished that you were there. I never thought you were that bad, Malfoy. Arrogant and stuck up, yes, but I believe that your bark is worse than your bite."

"Fine," Draco sighed dramatically. "I will give this friendship thing a try. If anything, it will piss the Weasel off majorily. That'll be good for a few laughs."

"Thanks...Draco," Harry chuckled, opening his to see the look on the blond's face.

"Fuck!" Draco gasped, backing away from Harry. "Potter, what the hell is wrong with your fucking eyes."

"Shit," Harry cursed, struggling to get to his feet. "Come on, I really need to get home."

Draco grabbed Harry's arm to help support him. "Potter, why the hell are your eyes black?"

"I'm hungry," Harry said, his voice slurring a bit.

"I have a chocolate frog in my bag," Draco offered.

"Thanks, but that won't help. I need to get home to my mate."

"What do you mean by mate? Only creatures have mates, Potter."

"Funny, huh?" Harry giggled.

Draco was relieved to see the gargoyle that guarded the headmaster's office. "Are you trying to say that you had a creature inheritance on your sixteenth birthday?"

"Not exactly," Harry answered cryptically.

"Mr, Malfoy, Mr, Potter, is everything alright?" Dumbledore asked, getting up and walking around his desk. "Harry, you're not looking so good."

"Well spotted," Draco mumbled.

Harry gave Draco a friendly shove. "I'm not feeling to good, Headmaster. I'm thinking that I may
have to bring a packed lunch tomorrow. I didn't think about how much energy I would use walking the castle and performing magic."

"Ah, yes. How could we forget about that? I'm sure that you can arrange something for now on."

Harry nodded. "I will discuss it with Carlisle." Harry went to step away from Draco to grab some floo powder but he fell to his knees.

"Oh my," Dumbledore said, reaching out to help Harry up. "Perhaps Mr, Malfoy could escort you home. Classes are over for the day, he can return with you in the morning."

"Excuse me?" Draco cried. "I don't know anything about Potter or where he even lives."

Harry turned to Draco. "You'll get to see Severus."

Draco opened his mouth to protest, but then snapped it shut. He hadn't seen his godfather since the last day of school. Normally he would spend two weeks with him every summer, but thanks to him needing to help Potter and finding his mate, Severus didn't have time for him. "Fine, I'll go."

Harry gave Draco a tired grin. "Thank you," he said sincerely.

"Don't thank me," Draco sneered. "I also want to find out what the hell is going on with you. You're different."

Harry inclined his head. "Understood, but you will have to make a vow to Severus to never reveal what you learn."

Draco rolled his eyes. "Are we going?"

***HP

Draco tried to support Potter as they stepped out of the floo together at Three Broomsticks, but golden boy's added weight drug him down. "Bloody hell, Potter." he groaned, as they both hit the ground hard. "Can't you do anything right?"

Harry was too busy fighting his churning stomach to answer Draco. He knew that he was going to lose it with the Portkey. "M' sorry. I'm not very good with magical transportation. You may not want to stand too close to me when we portkey."

Draco glared at Potter. "That's just disgusting."

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "Sorry, I can't help it."

Grumbling, Draco hauled Harry up and helped him out of the restaurant. "Severus better be there. I'm not spending the rest of the evening with you."

"You wound me, Draco," Harry chuckled. "Anyway, with the time difference, it will be early morning there and my family is forcing me to go to muggle school. You will get to spend some quality time alone with your godfather. He will probably take you to the shop he's opening up there."

Draco perked up at hearing that. He wanted to be a potions master like his godfather so he was extremely interested in the apothecary he was setting up. "His mate, is she nice?" He could admit that he was spoiled and was a tad bit jealous that he now had to share his godfather. He was afraid that if she didn't like him then he wouldn't want anything to do with him anymore. A vampire's
mate always came first to them.

Harry could easily pick up on Draco's nervousness. "Don't worry, Esme is great. She loves everyone, and even though you're a snot, she'll love you too."

Draco stopped, making Harry stop too. "Did you just call me a snot?"

Giggling, Harry nodded his head yes. "I know that you don't believe me, Malfoy, but I would like to become friends. It would make things easier on Severus if we could get along."

"It's going to be hard," Draco sighed over dramatically. "but for Severus."

Digging through his robe pocket, Harry held out the portkey for Draco to grab. With a grimace, he activated it knowing that he was going to land in a pile of his own vomit.

Slamming hard into the ground, Harry managed to crawl away from Draco before losing his stomach. He flinched when he felt hands on his neck pulling his hair back.

"Easy, Harry," Severus soothed. "Edward is texting Carlisle to let him know that you need to feed."

Harry collapsed back against Severus's legs. Looking up at him, he whimpered when his eyes refused to focus. "Sev! " he slurred before passing out.


Draco had to jog to keep up with his godfather. "It's good to see you too," he snapped.

"Draco!" Severus growled. "I'm happy you're here, but right now I need to see to Harry. Now, what the hell happened?"

"I don't know," Draco grumbled. "He was fine this morning, but got weaker as the day went on. By our last class he could hardly hold his head up and Dumbledore asked me to escort him home since he couldn't do it himself. I'm to return in the morning with him."

"Carlisle will be here in ten minutes," Edward said, keeping pace beside Severus. "His eyes were seriously black."

Draco almost tripped over his own feet when he spotted all the muggle vampires. "Uncle Severus?" he called nervously.

"You're safe," Severus said absently. "I taught you about vampires, look at their eyes."

Draco's eyes nervously darted around. All the vampire had bright gold eyes indicating that they were strictly animal drinkers. He was shocked to see how many of them there were.

Severus laid Harry on the couch than quickly scanned him. "Is he alright?" Esme asked anxiously, placing a small hand on her mate's arm.

"He's exhausted and his magical core is seriously depleted." Severus answered briskly.

"He said that he was hungry," Draco added, trying to be helpful.

"I didn't take into consideration that he would need to feed more while using magic," Severus spat,
disgusted with himself for not thinking about that. If Harry had been a normal vampire, he could have drained half of Hogwarts in his bloodlust.

"What's going on?" Draco huffed, tired of not getting any answers.

"Ah, kid, you may want to step aside," Emmett chuckled.

"Excuse me?" Draco sneered. "I'll have you know, I'm... Hey!" Draco cried, when a blur sped past him, knocking into his shoulder.

"What happened?" Carlisle asked in a panic, picking his mate up and cradling him against his chest.

"He needs to feed," Edward answered.

Sitting back on the couch with his small mate still safely in his arms, Carlisle slit his wrist with his fang and brought it to Harry's lips. As soon as the first drop of blood hit Harry's tongue, his lips latched on and he started to furiously suck.

"Potter's a vampire!" Draco squeaked in a very undignified way.

"Aren't you the little genius," Rosalie snapped, irritated at the blond and all his demanding questions.

"Rose," Esme scolded.

Carlisle had been so worried about Harry that he never noticed the strange boy in his home. "Severus, do you know him?"

"He's my godson, Draco Malfoy." Severus explained. "Harry was too weak to get home on his own so he helped him. He will be remaining the night."

"Welcome, Draco," Carlisle said kindly. "Please me yourself at home."

Draco couldn't take his eyes off of Potter and how he was eagerly nursing blood from the tall, blond and very handsome vampire. His godfather had taught him all about vampires when he was very young, and until Harry's eyes turned black, he would have never suspected that he was one. How the hell did the golden boy, the savior of the wizarding world, become a dark creature?
Carlisle gently tapped his young mate on the cheek. "Come on, love, it's time to get going to your first day at Forks High." He hated waking him, especially after suffering from such a horrible blood crash, but they were all going to be late if they didn't get going right now. He was also needed back at the hospital.

"Do you think that maybe he should stay home today?" Esme asked in concern. After everything Harry had been through, she couldn't help but be extra mothering towards him.

"He'll be fine," Severus said, pocketing his wand after reading Potter's medical scan. "When I return this evening we will have to discuss him taking some blood to school with him for now on."

Carlisle helped his still groggy mate sit up. "I can't believe that none of us took into consideration how him doing more and using magic would drain his energy faster."

"Let's not forget vomiting my brains up from the portkey," Harry grimaced. "I don't think that I can take two more years of this."

"Always dramatic," Severus said flatly. "I will see if I can make an anti nausea potion that will be safe for you to take." Normally vampires couldn't ingest anything except for blood, but with a few tweaks he had been able to alter the formula of a few common potions and made them safe for them, such as the bloodlust potion.

Harry turned his big pleading eyes to his mate. "Do I really have to go to muggle school? Can't I just be homeschooled all day? Other kids do it, why can't I?"

Carlisle's heart clenched from the look his mate was giving him. "Just give it a try, love. If you really hate it then we will give full time homeschooling some serious thought. I just think that sitting around the house all day won't be healthy for you."

Harry wanted to beg and plead, but Draco was still in the room hovering nervously close to Severus. "Relax, Malfoy, no one here will eat you."

"You're a vampire, Potter," Draco said in disbelief.

"Really!" Harry gasped. "That would explain why I just chugged a half a gallon of my mate's blood."

"Mate!" Draco squeaked.

Smirking, Harry was about to respond, but Severus interrupted him. "School, now!" he barked.

Pouting, Harry slid off his mate's lap. "Fine!" he said, sticking his bottom lip out. Giving Carlisle a kiss, he turned to Severus. "You don't have to be so mean, daddy Sev." Grinning, he ran from the room and hopped in Edward's waiting Volvo.

"Uncle Sev, what the hell is going on?" Draco demanded.
Still staring at where Harry had been standing, Severus gave his head a shake. What the hell was up with Harry calling him dad? "I take it you will be spending the day with me at my shop? I could use an extra hand if you're willing."

Still feeling lost and confused, Draco nodded his head. "How the hell did Potter become a vampire?"

Shaking his head, Severus walked to the door, ignoring Carlisle's and his mate's chuckles. "I will explain everything when we get to my shop."

***HP

Harry was anxiously bouncing his knee refusing to get out the car. "Come on, Edward, you can't tell me that you honestly want to go in there? Let just ditch and go spend the day goofing off."

"Not going to happen, Harry," Edward chuckled, getting out of his car. "In four hours Carlisle will be here to pick you up, it won't be that bad."

"Says the vampire that has been going to school for the last three hundred years. I haven't been to a muggle school since I was ten, they are going to think that I'm mentally challenged or something."

Still chuckling, Edward opened Harry's car door and easily yanked him out. "One, I am not three hundred years old, and two, if you keep acting like this I'm going to think you're mentally challenged. Just pay attention in class, do your work and we can help you with the rest when we get home. You will live."

Harry roughly tossed his backpack over his shoulder and stuck his tongue out at Emmett who was laughing at him. "I'll have you know, Edward Cullen, I'm already dead."

"You'll be fine," Alice chirped, linking her arm with Harry's. "Just stay away from Jessica Stanley."

"Who?" Harry asked, looking around the parking lot.

"Jessica Stanley," Rosalie said, pointing to a short girl with brown, wavy, shoulder length hair and big breasts. "School gossip and biggest slut in Forks High. She has tried on multiple occasions to get with Emmett, Jasper and Edward."

Edward's face lit up as he turned to the newest Cullen. "Maybe now that you are here she will finally leave me alone."

Paling, Harry turned around and headed back for the car. "I'll just sit here and wait for Carlisle. I'm not going in."

"Don't be such a baby," Emmett chuckled, scooping the vampire hybrid up. "School won't be that bad. You only have English, Algebra, Biology and Gym. So technically it's only three classes and some rough housing."

"And you won't be alone," Alice grinned. "Edward is in your Biology and gym class, I'm in your Algebra class and Jasper is in your English class. See, you'll always have one of us with you."

Entering the school, Harry tried his best to ignore all the nosy eyes staring at him. Because of his small size they were originally going to enroll him as a freshmen, but he had flat out refused. He was sixteen years old, he didn't want to be stuck with a bunch of kids much younger than him. So now he was a junior with Edward and Alice. There was also no way in hell he could have continued going to school alone if he was the only Cullen left. At least now he would graduate with
Alice and Edward the following year.

Jasper grabbed Harry shirt sleeve and directed him towards the school office. "First class is English so I will go with you to the office to get you signed in."

Still ignoring all the other students who were unashamedly gawking at him, Harry waved bye to the rest of his family. He probably wouldn't see Emmett and Rosalie again until they got home after school. "I should have just stayed on the damn island," he grumbled.

"I hear you," Jasper snickered. "I hate doing this too." Like Harry, he despised going to school, he would much rather stay home and read, but at least he was no longer in pain from his bloodlust. Thanks to Severus's potion, human blood no longer bothered him.

***HP

Feeling like his head was going to explode, Harry stared at the math equation on the board. Groaning, he looked across the room to Alice and mouthed, 'help'. He had absolutely no clue what he was doing. He hadn't had a math class since before he entered the Wizarding World, he didn't have the foggiest clue what the hell the teacher was talking about.

All he wanted to do was go the hell home and disappear into his art studio until his mate got home. He was tired, cranky, sick of being stared at and fed up with feeling stupid because he had no clue what was going on. Maybe if he wasn't so damn tired he could concentrate better, but he had already done eight hours of Wizarding school today and this was his third muggle class so that made a total of eleven hours of school with still one more hour to go. Dumbledore must have been off his Lemon Drops when he thought of this plan.

"Yo, Cullen!"

Blinking out of the numb trance he had slipped into, Harry looked to the blond boy who was trying to get his attention. "What?" he whispered.

"Mr. Long asked you a questioned," Mike chuckled.

"Fuck!" Harry cursed, soft enough that only Alice heard him. "Yes, sir?"

"Mr. Cullen, please pay attention," Mr. Long snapped irritably. He had called on the boy three times before Mike Newton finally got his attention. He knew that the boy had been gravely ill, but that was still no excuse for him to be daydreaming in his class. "I asked for you to come up to the board and solve the problem for the class."

"The problem," Harry mumbled, looking back to the board with dread. "Yeah, I think I'm going to sit this one out."

"The board now, Mr. Cullen!" Mr. Long snapped, tossing the piece of chalk at the boy. He was shocked when the kid's hand shot out and easily snatched the chalk out of the air.

"Alice," Harry desperately whispered, "please help me." The last thing he wanted to do was make an idiot out of himself in front of the entire class.

Alice took pity on Harry and talked him through the problem. She could see that he was getting frustrated and she felt sorry for him. Everyone was asking a lot of Harry by expecting him to go to two different schools, especially after everything that he had been through recently.

"Correct," Mr. long said grudgingly. He was surprised, he honestly didn't think that the boy knew
the answer. He had been kind of looking forward to showing up one of the perfect, yet strange, Cullen children.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Harry collapsed back in his chair hating his math teacher. For some reason it seemed like the man didn't like him. Whatever, he was use to it, the stupid muggle couldn't hold a candle to Professor Snape. He just wanted to get this class over with then gym so he could go the hell home and go to sleep. He had hardly gotten any sleep before portkeying to Hogwarts thanks to him worrying about returning and seeing everyone.

"Mr. Cullen, please remain after class," Mr. Long said, with his back to the class.

Raising his eyebrows, Harry looked to Alice. "What the hell, am I in trouble or something?"

"I don't know, Harry," Alice whispered back, shrugging her shoulders. Whatever was going on, she hadn't gotten a vision on it.

***HP

Mr. Long walked around the desk that the boy was still sitting at. The classroom was now empty and the door was closed. "Mr. Cullen, I don't appreciate being disrespected in my own class."

"Excuse me, sir?" Harry asked, eyebrows crinkling up in confusion. "I didn't disrespect you, sir."

Mr. Long grabbed another student's chair and placed it across the desk from the boy then sat down. "Daydreaming in class is disrespectful, Mr. Cullen."

Harry felt awkward sitting so close to a teacher. For a teacher, the man wasn't very old at all, maybe in his early to mid twenties. He wasn't a bad looking man either with his wavy brown hair and blue eyes, but there was something about him that made the hairs on the back of his neck stand up. "I wasn't daydreaming, sir, I was just trying to work through the problem. I'm a bit behind from missing so much school because of my cancer."

Mr. Long clenched his teeth at the mention of the boy's illness. He knew all about how the boy was terminally ill from cancer thanks to his sister Mary who use to be his nurse, and yet here he sat looking healthy and fit. This was the boy that got his sister fired from a job that she loved. Thanks to him, she had to move over three hundred miles away because no one else would hire her.

"Well we can't have that," he smirked. "I will give you private tutoring after school so you can get caught up."

"No, you don't have to do that," Harry quickly said, grabbing his bag and getting to his feet. "My uncle is going to help me and he's real smart."

"Carlisle Cullen," Mr. Long said darkly. His sister had been head over heals in love with the man, but he wouldn't give her the time of day. "Yes, he is the finest doctor at Forks General, but I'm afraid that I must insist on the tutoring. Meet me after school here at four."

"Sir, but I'm only attending school for half days, I leave after my next class."

"Four o'clock, Mr. Cullen, or you can take it up with the Principal." Mr. Long said dismissing the boy. "Now run along, you're late for your next class."

Harry quickly left the classroom, not liking how the man made him feel. He didn't want to go to the private tutoring session with him, but he didn't know how he was going to get out of it.
"Harry, is everything alright?" Edward asked, wrenching his father's mate out of his thoughts. For once he wished that the boy couldn't block his gift, it seemed like something was really bothering him.

Biting his lip, Harry shook his head no. "Why aren't you in class?" he asked looking around at the deserted hall.

"I was waiting for you," Edward said, still concerned for his friend. "What happened with Mr. Long?" Alice had told him that Harry had to stay after class, but he had been across the school in music class so he hadn't picked up on the teachers thoughts. That was one of the main reasons why he loved music so much, it tended to drown everyone's thoughts out.

"He's forcing me to attend after school tutoring," Harry sighed, leaving out the fact that the teacher had made him feel very uncomfortable. He didn't want Edward and the rest of the family to think that he was overreacting just because he didn't want to go to school in the first place. "Guess I won't be getting to sleep after I'm done school after all."

Edward could still see that something was wrong with Harry, but he decided to drop it. "We'll also help get you caught up. The faster you get caught up the faster you can drop the tutoring classes. Come on, we're really late for gym."

***HP

Yawning, Harry gave his family a quick hug before sprinting out to the parking lot to find Carlisle. Other than the incident in math class and being extremely tired, school hadn't really been that horrible. He didn't go out of his way to try to make friends since he had the Cullens and Seth, but he had enjoyed joking around with Mike Newton when they were paired against Edward and some other guy in tennis.

It was only a little after noon, but he was already dead tired. The time difference and the two different schools were going to be the death of him. Now he couldn't even go home and crash like he had originally planned because he had to be back here at four for tutoring. He knew that with the way he slept, there would be no way in hell that he would wake in time to be back. The teacher already seemed to dislike him, he didn't want to make it worse by being late.

Seeing his mate's car, all thoughts of Mr. Long fled his mind as he sprinted across the parking lot and jumped in the car. "I wish that I could kiss you right now," he pouted, drinking in the site of his strong and handsome mate.

"How was school?" Carlisle chuckled, taking his mate's hand and giving it a squeeze. He too was having a hard time not grabbing Harry and devouring his mouth. This had been the longest that they had been apart since first meeting.

"Horrible," Harry sighed over dramatically. "I have decided that we are going to spend the rest of our lives on the island."

Shaking his head in amusement, Carlisle drove out of the school parking lot and headed for home. "Well, you only have a few online home classes to do today and then you're free."

Harry groaned at the reminder that he still had a good four hours of school to do at home. He was originally going to sleep for a few hours before doing the other work since he could do it whenever he wanted, but the damn tutoring with Mr. Long was fucking everything up. At the rate he was going he would be lucky if he got four hours of sleep before having to portkey back to Hogwarts. He still had a shit load of homework to do for both schools on top of everything else.
"Harry, did something happen?" Carlisle asked gently.

"No," Harry said moodily, looking out the window.

Scowling, Carlisle peeked at his mate from the corner of his eyes. He couldn't believe that Harry was still upset over having to go to muggle school. "How about a walk when we get home?"

Harry shook his head. "I can't," he whispered. "I have to get my online classes done, be back at the school by four for math tutoring with Mr. Long and then I have hours of homework."

"Tutoring?" Carlisle asked, stopping outside the house. "What's that about?"

Biting the inside of his cheek to keep from snapping at his mate. Harry grabbed his bag and got out of the car. "Like I have told you all countless times before, I haven't been to a regular school since I was ten."

Carlisle watched as his mate stormed into the house and went directly to his art room and slammed the door.

"Bad day?" Esme asked, looking to Carlisle in concern.

Carlisle took a seat on the couch and dropped his head in his hands. "I think we are asking too much of him."

Esme nodded her head in agreement. "I said that when Severus first suggested this plan. Harry isn't like us, he gets tired and needs sleep. He still also hasn't healed emotionally from his past."

Feeling tired even though that was impossible for him, Carlisle got back to his feet. "I'll go and talk to him. Maybe after he feeds he will feel better."

"You're not getting in there," Draco smirked, walking out from the kitchen. "Potter threw up some pretty impressive wards."

"Mr. Malfoy, I thought that you would be spending the day with Severus," Carlisle asked, frowning at his mate's door. He didn't like that once again Harry had looked himself away from him.

"He sent me home a bit ago to get some dinner and sleep. It's eight o'clock at night my time and I still have homework to do."

"You can use Severus' and my room," Esme offered kindly. "I'll get you when I'm done cooking."

Draco smiled at his godfather's mate, she really was a nice woman. He had been terrified that she would hate him and keep him away from Sev, but Esme was kindest and gentlest woman that he had ever met. "Thank you, mam."

"I guess I'll leave him for now," Carlisle said after Draco left the room. "Do you think we are doing right by forcing him to go to Forks High School?"

"I understand the need to blend in and the desire to have Harry out of the house and experiencing life, but you have to take his happiness and desires into consideration too." Esme said thoughtfully. "He's being forced to go two different schools full time, that's a lot. When is he going to get time for himself and for sleeping after he's finished with classes and homework?"

"Carlisle, you work ten to twelve hour shifts five days a week then get to come home to do what you want. You don't sleep so that gives you even more time. Harry has to go to Wizarding school
five to eight hours a day, Forks for four hours, online school for at least another four hours and then he has a shit load of homework at night. Right there you are looking at sixteen hours a day of school not counting homework. Carlisle, I saw some of the homework that Draco has, it's insane. He has to write a two foot long essay on some plant that I have never heard of before, but it apparently can sing and its deadly. That's just for one subject. Then on top of all that, Harry has to do classes with Severus on the weekends. Harry is going to run himself ragged with that schedule."

"Now I'm not saying that you are wrong forcing him to do all that, but I definitely don't think that it's healthy. He's a sixteen year old boy who just a month ago was dying from cancer. I think he needs time to come to terms with everything, and pushing him like this is only going to cause him to snap."

When put like that, Carlisle felt horrible for his small mate. When Severus suggested the plan, he had thought that it sounded like a good idea. Harry had to go to school for his magic, there was no denying that, and by him going to muggle school, that would stop all the questions. He hadn't considered all the homework he would get stuck with between the two schools. Harry wasn't like the rest of the coven, he needed his sleep. He was also learning subjects new to him, unlike with the rest of the kids where they have been going to school for over a hundred years and could do the work with their eyes closed.

"I really messed up," Carlisle groaned. "I will have a talk with him....if he ever comes out."

***HP

Rubbing at his tired eyes, Harry closed his laptop with a groan and dropped his head on it. He managed to finish all his online crap and now he had fifteen minutes to get back to Forks High for tutoring with creepy Mr. Long. He was tired and hungry and the last thing he wanted to do was be alone in a room with that man.

He didn't understand why he couldn't just do all his muggle schooling online. It had been hard, but at least he could work at his own pace and not look stupid in front of a class full of kids his own age. There was also no homework, something he was more than happy about.

Looking at the clock again, he felt like crying when he saw that he only had ten minutes to get back to school. He was going to have Carlisle drive him, but he didn't have time for that now. He would have to run for it, something that he had enjoyed doing while on the island, but he was too tired to get any thrill out of it now. Grabbing his bag, he dropped the wards on his room and took off out the window.

Harry stopped at the edge of the woods behind the school parking lot. He had been hoping to see one of his family members, but they were already gone. Seeing that he had five minutes to spare, he pulled out his cell phone and sent a text to Seth, bitching about having extra tutoring in his math class. He also told him that Mr. Long didn't like him and gave him the creeps.

Dragging his feet to the classroom, he chuckled when he got Seth's reply. He loved his soul brother, but he didn't think the school would appreciate it if he brought his pet guard wolf with him to his tutoring session. Even though he could take care of himself, Seth was still a bit overprotective of him. That was alright though, he found it very sweet.

"Mr. Cullen, so glad to see that you could make it."

Cringing, Harry looked up to see his math teacher leaning against the outside of the door waiting for him.
"In you go, Harry," Mr. Long said, taking just a small step to the side. It was enough to allow the small boy to pass, but not without brushing against him as he did so.

Harry quickly took his seat and pulled his math book out of his bag. It felt like his skin was crawling where he had touched his teacher. Hearing the door close, his head snapped up, eyes going wide when he saw the his teacher was unbuttoning his shirt.

"I hope you don't mind, Harry," Mr. Long chuckled. "It's been a long day and I just want to unwind some."

Harry was relieved to see that his teacher only removed his tie, rolled up his sleeves and unbuttoned the top three buttons of his shirt. The man didn't have a half bad body, and he was pretty fit, but his chest didn't look half as hot as Carlisle's.

"Alright, Harry, why don't you start with this problem." Mr. Long stepped behind the small boy, leaned into him and placed a piece of paper on his desk. "Let me know if you need help," he said squeezing his shoulder.

Harry's heart was pounding in his chest. He really, really didn't like the man that close to him. He didn't know if it was an American or muggle thing, but professors at Hogwarts never brushed themselves against the students. It was highly inappropriate. He was so shook up that he couldn't even concentrate on the math problem.

Smirking behind the boy, Mr. Long cleared his throat. "Harry, is there a problem?"

"No, Mr. Long," Harry answered softly.

"Please, Harry, after school hours you can call me Barry. Now, watch as I work the problem out for you." Again Barry leaned over the boy, pressing his front against the boy's small back.

Harry tried to concentrate, but he just couldn't focus with the man pressing into him. He never liked being touched before meeting Carlisle, and this man's touch had him wanting to vomit.

Standing back up, Barry grabbed a chair and put it flush against Harry's. Taking a seat, he smirked when his leg pressed firmly against the boy's. "Alright, Harry, we will work through the next few problems together."

***HP

Carlisle was pacing in front of Harry's studio door waiting for him to come out. It was quarter after five and his mate had never came out to go to his tutoring session at four. He wondered if he had had fallen asleep.

"Carlisle, are you sure he's in there?" Jasper asked. "Even when his wards are up I can feel his emotions, and right now I'm not feeling anything.

"He went straight in after we got home and he hasn't come out. He has to be in there," Carlisle sighed. He was growing really concerned, Harry had been in there for over five hours and he hadn't fed in over ten hours. He had planned on feeding him before his tutoring, but Harry never came out to go.

"Let me guess, Princess locked himself in his room again?" Seth chuckled, flinging himself onto the couch. "How'd his tutoring go with Mr. Creepy?"

"Who?" Carlisle asked, approaching the shifter.
"Oh, I don't know his real name, that just what Harry called him. He texted me on his way into the school. He said that the teacher gave him the creeps. I offered to sit it on his session as a wolf, but Harry didn't think that it was a good idea. I tried texting him before coming over, but he never answered."

"Are you telling me that Harry isn't here? That he took himself to school?" Carlisle growled. He couldn't believe that Harry would leave without telling him.

"Yeah, I guess I am," Seth said slowly, hoping that he wasn't getting his best friend in trouble. It seemed that there was something going on between Harry and Carlisle. "He said that he was in the parking lot getting ready to go in the school. Is there something going on that I should know?"

Carlisle ran his fingers through his hair trying to control his anger. He had never discussed with Harry about not leaving the house without letting someone know so it wasn't entirely his fault. He was just newly mated and his vampire was freaking out that their mate was missing.

"Do you want me to go and check on him?" Jasper offered.

Carlisle wanted to say yes, but he didn't want Harry to think they he didn't trust him. "No, not yet," he reluctantly answered. "Harry is sixteen years old, he'll be alright."

"Potter is never alright," Severus said, walking into the house after a day of working at his shop. "What the hell is that boy getting himself into now?"

***HP.

Harry was numbly walking home through the woods ignoring the rain that was beating down on him. He had just spent two hours with Mr. Long, call me Brad I insist, and he felt dirty and sick to his stomach. For the entire two hours the man hung all over him, inappropriately touching him whenever he got the chance. He knew that he should have said or done something, but he didn't know what.

When the man rested his his on his thigh, his first reaction had been to rip the fucker's arm off and beat him over the head with it. The only reason why he didn't was because he didn't want to draw attention to the Cullens. He also didn't want the Elders in Seth's tribe to use that as an excuse to make them leave. He loved it here in Forks and he didn't want to have to move.

He was also afraid that he was overreacting. What if the man was just overly friendly and didn't mean anything by it? If he screamed rape or something, the entire town would know about it and would be staring at him and his family. They would say that he was nothing but a no good trouble maker, just like they had done back at Privet Drive.

Feeling bile burn it's way up his throat, he collapsed against a large tree and threw everything up that had been in his stomach. No, there was no way that what that man had done was ok. It wasn't ok to touch someone's legs, back, shoulders and face when they didn't want to be touched. He never told the man no, he didn't want to piss him off, but he had to have known that he was making uncomfortable. Each time he touched him he tensed and tried to move away, but the man just gave him that insanely creepy smile of his then would leave him alone for a few minutes before touching him again.

What was he going to do? Should he tell Carlisle? He had another tutoring session with Mr. Long tomorrow and he was terrified to go. What if Carlisle freaked out though and attacked his teacher. He couldn't risk Sam and the wolf pack hearing about it and attacking them. Sam already thought that he was a danger to everyone, he was just looking for an excuse to kill him.
Ignoring the ringing of his phone, he pushed off the tree and slowly continued walking on. His head was a mess right now and he was in no rush to get home. It wasn't that he didn't want to see his mate and family, he desperately wanted to, he just didn't know what he was going to say to them. How was he going to hide how upset he was? Why did everything always seem to happen to him?

***HP

Sam had been running the boarder when he picked up the scent of a vampire. Not just any vampire, but the newly turned Cullen that was responsible for Seth's breaking away from the pack. He wanted to attack the lone boy, but so far he wasn't doing anything to break the treaty. If it wasn't for the stupid mind link he shared with his pack he could just kill the leech and lie about it, but the rest of the pack would know the truth.

It seemed as if something was bothering the kid. He was just kind of stumbling along, ignoring his phone and had even vomited once. Maybe he could say that he thought that the kid has some kind of disease so he killed him before he could infect anyone else. Were there even any vampire diseases? Probably not, he was just going to have to follow him for now and hope that the kid would do something to warrant him attacking.

Leaning against a tree, Harry slumped to the ground ignoring the fact that his pants were getting wet and muddy. He was so tired, maybe a little five minute power nap would be enough to refresh him and clear his head. Dropping his head to his knees, he started crying.

Sam curiously approached the boy, nose up and sniffing the air. He could smell tears and blood, but how could that be? Normal vampires couldn't cry, but if there was human blood on him, then that was all the excuse that he needed to attack. Human blood on a vampire meant that he had attacked someone. Seth and Jacob had reassured the Elders that the kid only fed from Carlisle, he either changed his feeding habits, or Seth and Jacob had lied.

Hearing a twig snap, Harry lifted his head, heart freezing when he came face to face with a large black wolf. He knew from Seth's description that this was Sam, the current pack alpha. "I'm not doing anything wrong," he sniffed, wiping at his bleeding eyes. "I haven't hurt anyone and I haven't crossed the boarder. Please, I don't want any trouble." He had enough to deal with already, he didn't want any trouble with Sam now.

Growling, Sam inched closer, sniffing at the pink, bloody tears leaking from the kid's eyes. He had seen through the mind link with Jacob that the kid could cry, but seeing it in person was really freaky. He too could also hear the feint heartbeat coming from the boy despite him smelling like a vampire. If he was being honest with himself, the vampire scent was pretty feint, except for Carlisle's scent which was all over the boy.

Huffing because he couldn't kill the boy since obviously the blood that he had smelled was his own, Sam sat down in front of the little vampire thing and just glared at him. There was no use following the boy now since he knew that he was there and he wasn't going to leave him so he could kill some unsuspecting human. He was just going to sit and wait until he either went home, or gave him an excuse to rip his head off.

Harry stared at the large wolf, his fur color and eyes painfully reminding him of Sirius and Remus. He could really use Remus right now, someone levelheaded that he could talk to. Carlisle was great and all, but he didn't want to talk to him about how uncomfortable his teacher made him feel. He wanted someone who was more of a father figure than a mate. Sev was close to filling that role, but the man didn't have the patience for all the drama that came with him.
"Sam, I know that you are only doing your job and I respect you for that, but I promise that I won't hurt anyone. I'm not a threat to the people of Forks or your tribe, I'm the same kid as I was before Carlisle bit me, I'm just a lot more of a freak now." Still crying, Harry looked down at his hands. "Did Jacob tell you that my special gift is the healing touch? I don't think someone who is capable of remarkable healing abilities has it in them to hurt and kill."

Sam thoughtfully looked at the kid. In an odd way what he had said made sense. He had seen through the the mind link how the boy had healed Seth's broken ribs in seconds just by laying his hands on him. It really was an incredible gift.

Leaning back against the tree while still looking at the giant wolf, Harry gave him a sad, teary eyed smile. "My parents were killed when I was fifteen months old and I was sent to live with my mom's sister, husband and son. They hated me from day one because I was different and they didn't hide the fact that they did. For the first ten years of my life I lived in a small utility cupboard under the stairs with just a ratty old blanket. The Headmaster at my old school said that's how I got cancer. Apparently it's not healthy to live in a small space with harsh cleaning chemicals and no proper ventilation."

Harry didn't know why he was telling Sam all this, he hadn't even confessed everything to Carlisle yet. He just needed someone to talk to, and since Sam couldn't talk back, he seemed like a good choice. "By the age of three my aunt started making me clean the house, small stuff at first, but if I cried or did it wrong, she would smack me around and send me to my cupboard without dinner. Not that they fed me much anyway, I was only given left over scraps....when I was that lucky. By five I was doing the majority of the cooking. I was too small to reach the stove so I had to stand on a stool. I'm not going to tell you the punishment I got for burning something, lets just say that on more than one occasion my hands looked like the food I burnt."

"As bad as my aunt was, my uncle was a hundred times worse. He was an extremely overweight man that found more than one use for his belt other than just keeping his pants secure around his bubbler. I know first hand what it's like to be hurt by others and I have no desire to hurt anyone else. I'm not an evil person, Sam, and neither are the Cullens. They took me in and gave me a loving family when no one else would."

For the first time ever I'm happy....well at least I was. Damn Mr. Long my math teacher for fucking everything up. Why couldn't he just keep his creepy hands to himself? I don't know what the hell I'm supposed to do now." Hiccuping from his tears, he dropped his head back to his knees.

Sam couldn't believe what he was hearing. Not only had this kid been abused, but it sounded like one of his teachers was messing with him. The last thing he wanted to do was find himself feeling sorry for the kid, but he couldn't help it. If there was one thing he hated more than vampires it was child abusers and molesters.

"Do I tell Carlisle about Mr. Long touching me?" Harry cried looking back up at the wolf. "I'm scared that he will get angry and attack him and then you will attack us. Honestly, Sam, I didn't ask for him to touch me. I dunno, maybe I'm just overreacting. Is it normal here for a teacher to rest his hand on a kids thigh while tutoring him?"

Sam started growling. He was going to hunt that teacher down himself and bite his fucking hand off.

"I have to go back tomorrow for tutoring and I'm terrified. I can't allow him to paw all over me again, but I'm scared that if I try pushing him away that I will hurt him. Sam, Forks is the first place that I have ever been happy. I have a family here with the Cullens, Seth and Jacob and it would kill me if you make me leave. Seth is my soul brother, I don't know what I would do without..."
him. Just the thought of leaving Seth makes me cry. What am I supposed to do, Sam?"

Snarling, Sam darted behind a tree to shift and slip some shorts on. Stomping back out, he towered over the small, trembling boy. "I'll tell you what the hell you are going to do!" he snarled. "You are going to go home and tell your mate that that piece of fucking trash is making you uncomfortable and touching you, and if he doesn't fucking rip his head off, then you come and find me and I'll do it for you. I mean it kid, don't let that fucker molest you because you're afraid that I will attack you. I may despise vampires, but I would never condone what your teacher is doing."

Drying his eyes with his sleeves, Harry clambered to his feet. Sam was even bigger than Seth and he hated how small and helpless he felt next to him. "What if I'm wrong though? What if Mr. Long is just a touchy feely kind of guy? I don't want to stir up trouble if I'm just being a stupid baby."

"Tell me about his touches," Sam demanded, crossing his arms over his bare chest. Was the kid that freaking small the day that he was going to attack him when he was riding Seth? What the hell had he been thinking? The poor kid was even dying of cancer at the time.

Harry nervously licked his dry lips. It was harder to talk now that Sam was no longer a wolf. "At first he was just brushing up against me and pushing his front against my back as he bent over me to help me, but then he started to touch my arms, my back then he kept placing his hand on my thigh. Each Time I tried to move away he would just smirk and do it again. When I went to leave, he caressed my cheek with the back of his fingers."

"What he was doing was most definitely inappropriate, kid. You should have broken his fucking arm."

"I wanted too," Harry grimaced, "but I didn't want to do anything that would upset you. If putting up with Mr. Long touches means that I can stay with Seth, then I will just have to grin and bare it."

"And what happens when he takes is farther and wants to have sex with you? Are you just going to bend over his desk and take it up the ass for Seth" Sam spat. He was so fucking furious that he wanted to smack some sense into the stupid kid. He was also disgusted that it was his fear of him that allowed that teacher to get away with touching the boy today.

Slapping his hand over his mouth, Harry tried to swallow his vomit back down. He never thought of that. Did Mr. Long want to fuck him? Whimpering, he turned his back on Sam and lost his battle with his stomach.

Sighing, Sam rubbed the small boy on the back. "I apologize for my rudeness, it was uncalled for. You were right, you know. If you would have hurt that man today, I would have went after you without waiting to hear why. You're a vampire and I blamed you for tearing my pack apart, I was looking for any little excuse to take you out."

"And now?" Harry asked, slowly backing away from the shifter.

"I may have been wrong about you," Sam reluctantly admitted. "I was just trying to keep everyone safe."

Harry grinned up at Sam. "I'm not a bad person, Sam, I swear. Please stop punishing Seth for being my friend and let him back in the pack. He's lonely and he misses everyone."

Sam nodded his head. "I will have a talk with Seth, but right now we need to deal with that child molesting teacher of yours. Are you hiding out in the woods in the rain because you're afraid to go home?"
Harry started chewing on his bottom lip. "That, and because I was trying to wrap my head around what Mr. Long had done. Other than being with Carlisle, I don't have any other experiences. I didn't know if what he was doing was wrong or if I was just being stupid."

"It was wrong....very, very wrong," Sam growled. "Come, I'll walk you home. I want to make sure that you tell your mate everything."

Harry had followed the very large man for about a mile before speaking up again. "Sam, do you think you could ever learn to like me?" he asked hopefully. He wasn't stupid, he knew that it wouldn't happen over night, but for Seth's sake he wanted Sam to like him. He also loved it here and it would make things much nicer if the local wolf pack wasn't always wanting to bite his head off.

"No," Sam growled, though there was no heat to it.

"Why?" Harry pouted, though he was grinning up at the man.

"You're a vampire," Sam answered flatly.

"Not a full one though," Harry smirked cheekily. "My heart still beats and I still bleed, that means that I'm still partially human."

Sam stopped and stared at the boy. "Fine, you're irritating," he shot back, the corner of his mouth twitching up in a smile.

"You got me there," Harry huffed. "Well I like you so maybe someday you will see my irritating personality as endearing."

Sam couldn't mask his chuckle, it was getting easier to see why Seth and Jacob were so taken with the boy.
"Sam," Harry called softly, getting the alpha's attention. "Do you think Carlisle will be mad at me for what Mr. Long did?"

"No," Sam said without hesitating. "Harry, you are a sixteen year old boy, a minor. You didn't ask, nor want, that man to put his grubby hands all over you."

"But I didn't tell him no or push him away. Nothing like that has ever happened to me before. I didn't know what to do."

Sam placed his hand on Harry's shoulder and gave it a comforting squeeze. "You did the right thing by telling me. Carlisle isn't going to blame you for this."

Harry smiled up at Sam. "I'm glad that we're friends now."

"We're not friends," Sam said, turning his back so the boy couldn't see his grin.

"You like me, Sam, admit it," Harry chuckled.

"I don't like you," Sam said, rolling his eyes as Harry jumped in front of him. "I still want to bite your head off."

"That's not very nice," Harry pouted. "Besides, I don't think that I will taste very good. Though, Carlisle tells me different."

"Don't want to hear it," Sam groaned. "I don't want to hear about what you bloodsuckers do behind closed doors."

"What about in a plane then?" Harry giggled madly. "Carlisle and I joined the Mile High Club."

Sam stopped to say something, but shook his head and continued walking. "I'm surprised that the Cullens let you wander out alone already.

Grimacing, Harry scratched the back of his neck. "Yeah, I may have snuck out through the window to go to my tutoring session."

"Problems at home already?" Sam asked. "The Mile High Club wasn't all that?"

Harry was so caught off guard by Sam's question that he would have walked into a tree if Sam hadn't grabbed his sleeve and pulled him out of the way at the last minute. "The Mile High Club is all that and more," Harry blushed. "I was just mad at Carlisle because he doesn't see that he is asking too much of me. I'm trying to be the perfect mate and do what he says, but I'm exhausted and all I want to do when I see him is smack him on the back of the head."

Sam stopped again so he could look Harry in the eyes. "There is no such thing as 'the perfect mate. A mateship is a partnership, not one person telling the other what to do. If you don't agree with something he wants or expects, then tell him. What is it that he has you doing?"
Harry wasn't sure if he should bring up magic, he didn't know if Billy Black told him or not. Then again, Jacob knew, and since the pack learned everything when he phased, Sam and the rest probably already knew. "You know that I'm different, right?"

"Billy told us," Sam admitted. He hadn't been too shocked when he found out that witches, wizards and magic were real, after unexpectedly turning into a giant wolf and finding out that vampires were real, everything is kinda pales in comparison.

"Well, I still have two more years left in Wizarding school and my old school arranged it so I can go there just during the day instead having to live there since it's a boarding school. Because of the time difference I have to leave here around midnight, attend school there from five to eight hours a day, come home to go to Forks High for four hours a day then do online school for an additional four hours. I want to make Carlisle proud of me, but I'm not like him. I need to sleep. I'm exhausted, Sam."

Growling, Sam shook his head. "That's an insane schedule and you need to put your foot down."

Harry was relieved that Sam was agreeing with him. He was afraid that he had been overreacting over the schedule. "I haven't even been in a muggle school since I was ten." Seeing the confused look that Sam was giving him, he added. "A muggle is someone without magic. I started Wizarding school when I was eleven. We learn Potions, Transfiguration, History of Magic, Astronomy, and other magical subjects, I don't know a damn anything about Algebra or the Civil War. That's why Mr. Long insisted on tutoring me."

"That's not why he insisted," Sam growled. "The man is a sick pervert. He doesn't want you there to help you with your math."

Harry felt his bile burn his throat again. Just the thought of that man touching him again made him want to vomit. "I can't believe that I let him get away with touching me. I feel so dirty."

"You were scared and confused," Sam said, continuing his walking. They were only a few miles from the Cullen house now. "You didn't do anything wrong, Harry. Now that you know that I won't attack you for going after him, feel free to break his hand off tomorrow."

Paling, Harry looked fearfully up at Sam. "You don't think Carlisle will make me go back, do you?"

After spending this last hour with Harry, he was glad now that he was an only child. Still, the boy was starting to rub off on him. He could see why him and Seth got along so well, they were a lot alike. "If Carlisle makes you go back, then he has failed as a dominant mate. You should always, and I mean always, come first."

Before Harry could think about what he was doing, he wrapped his arms around Sam and gave him a hug. "Thank you. I'm glad we're friends now."

Groaning, Sam awkwardly patted the boy on the back. Even his damn wolf was starting to like and become protective of the boy.

***HP

Carlisle looked as his watch for the hundredth time. "That's it, I'm going to the school. It's after six thirty, he should have been home by now." He couldn't believe this, he was damn near going out of his mind with worry. What if Harry had another blood crash and was passed out somewhere in the forest? What is Sam attacked him while he was on his way home? Something had to have
happened, that's the only excuse why Harry wouldn't have answered his phone.

"I'm going with you," Seth said, lunging to his feet. He had wanted to hunt his soul brother down an hour ago but Carlisle had talked him out of it.

Severus would never admit it, but he too was worried about the brat. There was still so much they didn't know about Harry's vampirism. Maybe him going to muggle school so soon hadn't been such a good idea.

"Wait!" Edward called, walking closer to the window.

"What is it," Carlisle asked, joining his son at the window. He couldn't see or hear anything, but Edward's telepathy could stretch for miles if he concentrated hard enough.

Edward slowly turned to his father. "Sam's coming....with Harry." Before Edward could stop him, Carlisle was out the door.

"Shit!" Seth cursed, phasing and following Carlisle and Edward out the door. He was glad that the old wizard had made it so he could phase back and forth without tearing his clothes.

"What now?" Severus groaned, reluctantly getting up and following the others. It was always something with that damn boy.

"Shall we go?" Jasper asked, turning to the rest of his siblings and his mate.

"Hell yeah," Emmett crowed. "We can't let them have all the fun."

***HP

Sam's head snapped up. "We got company."

Harry's hearing wasn't as good as the other Cullens. He could hear way better than a human, but he couldn't hear as far out as everyone else. He was just getting ready to ask Sam who it was, when Carlisle knocked into him, stepping between him and Sam.

"What's going on, Sam?" Carlisle asked tensely, keeping one eye on the shifter while the other was scanning his mate for injuries.

"I found something of yours out wandering the woods," Sam explained, tensing as the rest of the Cullens plus Seth in wold form showed up.

Carlisle turned to Harry, no longer worried about Sam because he knew that his family had his back. "Did he hurt you or threaten you? Are you alright? Why the hell didn't you answer your phone?"

Harry had opened his mouth to answer, but Carlisle kept shooting off more questions rapidly. "Carlisle!" he finally shouted. "I'm fine, Sam didn't hurt me, I didn't want to answer my phone, and Sam and I are friends now."

"Are not," Sam mumbled under his breath. "He's a stubborn little shit that can't take no for an answer."

"Thank you," Harry grinned sweetly at the shifter. "I like to think of myself as persistent, not stubborn."

"Dammit, Harry, do you have any idea how worried I have been," Carlisle scolded. "You left the
Harry shamefully lowered his head. "M'sorry," he mumbled, tearing up.

Edward's head snapped in Sam's direction, picking up everything that had happened between him and Harry. When he got to the part about Mr. Long, his unbeating heart fell fell to his stomach. "Carlisle, don't," he warned, not wanting his father to upset Harry anymore than what he already was.

"It wasn't his fault," Sam snapped. He couldn't believe that he was taking up for the little pest. Just a few hours ago he wanted to kill him, saw him as a bigger threat than the rest of the Cullens.

Wide eyed, Harry looked to Edward. For the most part he could mask his thoughts from the telepath, but Sam could not. "Edward, not here," he pleaded. He just wanted to go home. They could talk about Mr. Long after he showered.

Deflating, Carlisle grabbed Harry and pulled him into a strong embrace. "Don't ever scare me like that again," he whispered. "I thought that I lost you."

Unable to hold back his tears any longer, Harry buried his face in his mate's neck and started sobbing. Deep down he knew that Carlisle wouldn't be mad and kick him out of the house because Mr. Long touched him, but after spending his entire life being rejected, it was hard not to have doubts.

"Harry, what happened?" Carlisle asked, knowing that this wasn't normal. Something happened to his precious mate.

"What did you do?" Seth screamed, getting in Sam's face. It was killing him seeing his brother so upset.

"Stand down, Seth," Sam said calmly. "Believe it or not, I have been helping Harry."

"We need to go back to the house and talk," Edward said, giving a knowing look to Sam. "Sam too."

Without asking Harry if he needed help, Carlisle scooped him up and took off for the house. Now that he had his mate safely back in his arms, he never wanted to let him go.

As upset as Harry was, he couldn't help but notice how good Carlisle smelled. He hadn't fed since before eight that morning and he was starving. He was tempted to sink his fangs in his mate's neck right now, but he desperately wanted to wash Mr. Long's touch off of him before feeding or allowing Carlisle to get close to him.

Carlisle ran into the house and gently placed Harry on the couch then knelt in front of him. "Harry, love, tell me what's wrong."

"Nothing's wrong. I'm fine."

"Nothing's wrong. I'm fine." Harry couldn't help it, he was never one to spill his problems. He always had to deal with everything himself. He also hated seeing the worry in his mate's eyes. It was nothing really anyway, he was just overreacting like normal.

"Quit your blubbering," Severus drawled. "If you're not going to tell us what's wrong, then go do your homework." He regretted the words the second they were out of his mouth. He was trying to be nice to Potter, but Rome wasn't built in a day. He did care for the boy, a lot, sometimes his mouth just got away before he had a chance to filter himself.
"Don't talk to him like that!" Sam warned, turning on the man that was dressed all in black. He knew from the mind link with Jacob that this man was some kind of magical vampire. "You don't know what the hell he has been through."

"It's alright, Sam," Harry sniffed wiping at his eyes. "Severus didn't mean anything by it."

Sam angrily shook his head. "You need to stop letting people walk all over you. It's not all right. First their ridiculous demands, then that fucking teacher and now him. You don't need to take it."

"See, you do like me," Harry chuckled, giving the alpha a watery smile.

Carlisle gently cupped his mate's face. "Harry, I'm sorry about making you do so much, we will talk it over, but right now I want to know what happened with your teacher. Mr. Long I assume?"

Harry looked to Sam, taking comfort in his supportive presence. He couldn't believe how close he felt to the shifter in such a short time of knowing him, especially since just a few hours ago Sam had wanted to kill him. "Mr. Long didn't want me to come after school just for tutoring," he said in a small voice.

Carlisle turned to look at his first child when he started growling. He was shocked to see that Edward's eyes were turning black. "Harry, did he do something?" Whatever Edward saw must have been bad to have him so upset.

Harry submissively lowered his eyes, but snapped them back up when Sam started growling. "Mr. Long kept touching me," he quickly admitted. "Inappropriately. I -I didn't want him to, honest, but I was scared that I would hurt him if I did something and I didn't want to give Sam and the Tribal Elders an excuse to kill me. I also didn't know if I was just overreacting."

Carlisle closed his eyes and counted to twenty. His first instinct was to hunt down the bastard and kill him. Harry may be a sixteen year old boy, but he was still innocent in a lot of ways. "You should have come straight home and told us.

Harry's eyes started to water again, but he really didn't want to cry again. He had shed enough tears over Mr. Long. "I was scared and confused. I didn't know if what Mr. Long was doing was wrong, or if I was just overreacting. Professor Snape is always saying that I overreact and rush into things. I just needed time alone to clear my head think things through."

"That's where I stumbled across him," Sam said, taking up the story. "I had been following him hoping for a reason to kill him when he sat down under a tree and started crying. He knew who I was immediately and for some reason he felt the need to unload everything on me."

"I needed someone who would listen," Harry admitted sheepishly. "You were a wolf at the time and couldn't talk back. You also couldn't think any worse than me."

Alice knelt down and took Harry's hands in hers. "I'm so sorry, Harry, I didn't see anything."

Harry gave Alice a smile and squeezed her hands. "It's alright, Alice, I know that you don't always get visions of me. You got the important one, me coming to America. I would be dead right now if it hadn't been for you and Edward."

"Princess, you are dead," Seth snorted. It was either make jokes or kill the teacher, he would much rather kill the man, but right now Harry needed everyone's support. Still, he wasn't going to let the pervert get away with fondling his brother.

Carlisle looked around the room, he wasn't surprised to see matching looks of fury on everyone's
faces. He was surprised to see that Sam looked like he wanted the teacher's blood too. "Harry, explain to me in detail what happened?"

"Do I have to?" Harry whined. He really didn't want to talk about it anymore.

"Yes, Pot...Harry, you have to," Severus said darkly.

"Harry, if you don't want to talk about it, you can show Edward," Jasper said gently. "Just drop your shields and think about what happened. He can tell everyone what happened." He could feel how upset Harry was and he didn't want him to be forced to talk about it.

Harry breathed a sigh of relief. "That would be great. All I really want to do is get a shower and scrub my skin off."

Edward took a seat next to Harry and nodded that he was ready. He wasn't looking forward to seeing this, but they needed to know exactly what happened before going after Mr. Long. He had never before picked up on any inappropriate thoughts from him or from other students that he may have messed with. It wasn't that he didn't believe Harry, he absolute did, but they still needed absolute proof.

Gripping Carlisle's hand tightly, Harry dropped his shields and started flooding Edward with his memories. He started from when Mr. Long unbuttoned his shirt, and ended it when the man caressed his face saying that he couldn't wait until the next session.

Jasper winced when he started picking up on the rage coming from Edward. "Harry, why don't you go and get your shower now," he suggested. "You don't have to be here while we talk." The poor boy was upset enough, he didn't need to be there when everyone reacted to the details.

Jumping to his feet, Harry took off up the stairs, stopping at the top and turning around. "Sam, thanks again for being there for me. I hope to see you again."

Sighing heavily, Sam smirked up at the boy. "I guess I can't get out of it, can I? Seeing as how we are now friends."

Harry's smile was blinding. "See, I told you, you would end up finding me endearing." Giggling, he turned and sprinted to the room that he shared with Carlisle.

***HP

After Carlisle heard the water turn on, he turned to Edward. "How bad was it?" he growled, fangs pushing through his gums. He wanted to kill the man that upset his mate so much.

"Not only did he touch and rub himself against Harry, but there were also a lot of sexual innuendos that Harry never picked up on." Edward explained. "The worst was him placing his hand on his thigh and attempting to move it higher. Harry was very uncomfortable and scared, but other than move away he didn't say or do anything."

Sam looked apologetically to Seth. "Harry was afraid if he upset or hurt the man that he would be forced to leave Forks...and you. He was willing to deal with the touches if it meant not losing you."

Seth threw his head back blinking away his tears. He couldn't believe that Harry would allow that to happen for him. Even if Harry would have had to move away, they still would have remained soul brothers. "What are we going to do about that filth?" he asked brokenly.

Carlisle had never been a violent man, he had experienced enough violence with his father when he
was younger. He witnessed innocent men, women and children get hung, burned at the stake and stoned to death all because his father found them guilty of witchcraft or other unnatural activities. For the first time ever though, he wanted to commit murder. He wanted it so bad that he could taste it. That man violated his sweet mate.

"We need proof," Severus said in an attempt to be the voice of reason in room full of supernatural creatures that were thirsting for the man's blood. Don't get him wrong, he wanted the bastard's blood too, but they had to do this the proper way.

"Oh we have proof," Emmett snarled. "I'm going to smash Mr. Long's head in. I never liked the creep anyway."

"I'm with Emmett," Rosalie said, speaking up for the first time. She hated that Harry had to go through this, but at least they found out before Mr. Long raped him. She had no patience or forgiveness for a person that forced themselves on others. As far as she was concerned the only solution was to permanently eliminate the man.

"We can't just kill him," Esme said, taking her mate's hand.

Carlisle could feel his control slipping. He knew that if he let his vampire take control that he would kill his mate's math teacher, and right now that sounded like a very good plan to him. He kept seeing his little one crying and scared and that angered him even more. He wanted the happy, full of life mate that he had back on the island.

"Carlisle?" Edward asked, he had been closely monitoring his father's thoughts.

"I'm going to check on Harry," Carlisle ground out between clenched teeth.

"Carlisle, we need to talk about this," Severus called as the man took the steps two at a time.

"Not now," Carlisle hissed over his shoulder. He needed to calm himself before he could make a decision on how to handle the teacher.

***HP

Carlisle smiled sadly when he found his mate fast asleep on their bed with dripping wet hair and wearing only a pair of boxers. Grabbing the spare blanket from the foot of the bed, he covered Harry up then kicked off his shoes and joined him. He was debating on whether or not to wake him for a feeding when Harry turned his face into his neck and sunk his fangs deeply into his vein and started drinking.

He was the world's worst mate for allowing his submissive to get so exhausted that he couldn't even wake to feed. He shouldn't have even went this long without feeding in the first place. He had been a mated dominant for less than two months and he was already making a mess of things. He had to find a way to make things right for Harry.

"Edward, do you think you can find Mr. Long's home?" He whispered, knowing that his son could hear him.

"Not a problem," Edward answered back. He was still down in the living room with everyone else listening as they each voiced their opinions on how best to handle the sick bastard.

"Go and monitor his thoughts. Call or text me immediately if he starts thinking of Harry." He needed to know how far the man's obsession went with his mate. While what he did was inappropriate and would see him fired, it wasn't enough to get him thrown in prison. He wouldn't
allow that man to walk around free ruining what peace and safety his mate had found here.

"I'm on it," Edward said, taking off out the front door.

Carlisle was trying to control his reaction to his mate's feeding from him, but he always got extremely turned on during the act. "Severus," he called clearing his throat. "If Harry wakes I will see if he wants to go to school tonight, but if not I'm not going to wake him. We were wrong asking him to do so much and now he's exhausted. He will still be attending Hogwarts since learning to control his magic is imperative, but I'm pulling him from Forks. I will just tell the school that we decided to homeschool him full time."

"If you think that's what's best," Severus replied.

"It is," Carlisle answered. "I was wrong to not take his opinions into consideration."

Carlisle looked down when Harry released his neck and curled up against him still out like a light. He had a feeling that his exhausted little mate wouldn't be waking until sometime tomorrow morning.

*** HP

Four hours later Carlisle quietly slipped from his room dressed for work. He hated leaving his mate, but he couldn't leave the hospital short staffed. It would be an agonizingly long twelve hour shift but he had to do it.

Throughout the night he had received four texts from Edward, all of them bad. Not only was the teacher lusting over Harry, but he also wanted to hurt him as a way to get back at him for having his sister fired from the hospital. He didn't know that the two were related, but it seemed crazy ran in their family.

He still wasn't sure how he was going to handle the situation. Right now he was currently at war with himself, a big part of him wanted to kill the man in order to guarantee Harry's safety, while the other part wanted to handle the situation properly and go to Chief Swan.

"I don't think Chief Swan is the way to go." Edward said having just recently returned. Mr. Long had went to bed so his mind reading skills were no longer needed. "Harry would have to give a statement. There is no way he could handle that."

"Edward's right," Jasper agreed. "Harry's been through enough, the last thing he needs is the entire town looking at him and talking about him behind his back. He's already struggling with dealing with everything that has happened to him in the past, he doesn't need this on top of everything else."

Carlisle couldn't believe that he was agreeing to this, but he couldn't see any way around it. His first priority was his mate and keeping him safe. He also had to think about other children that the man may target in the future. "We'll discuss it more tomorrow. Edward, keep monitoring his thoughts tomorrow. Harry not being there will surely upset him."

"Shall I text you if I hear anything?" Edward asked.

"Please," Carlisle answered. "Now I can't believe that I'm doing this," he groaned, looking to the shifter that was asleep on his couch. Seth had refused to go home, he hadn't wanted to leave Harry incase he needed him. Reaching out he gave his foot a shake.

"Wha?" Seth mumbled, refusing to open his eyes. "'Arry?"
"Harry is still sleeping, Seth," Carlisle explained, "but I have to go to work. I'm worried about leaving him alone so I was wondering if you could sleep with him?" He really couldn't believe that he was asking another man to sleep with his mate, but he knew that there was absolutely nothing going on between his mate and Seth. He really didn't want to leave Harry alone in case he had nightmares and he always slept much better with someone next to him.

"Yeah, sure," Seth yawned, groggily sitting up. "You sure?"

"I don't want Harry alone," Carlisle repeated. "Besides, I know that you love your red headed wizard and Harry loves me."

"I love Harry," Seth confessed, "but only like a brother."

It warmed Carlisle's heart knowing that his mate had a friend as fiercely devoted to him as Seth was. What was really shocking, and something he would have never guessed possible in a million years, Sam seemed to be falling for his little mate too. He wasn't complaining, it would only make living here in Forks easier for everyone all around if they weren't constantly worried that the pack was going to attack them.

Seth got up and started trudging up the stairs. "I have to leave around seven," he reminded, wishing that he didn't have school in the morning...or ever.

"Thank you, Seth," Carlisle said sincerely. "Esme will wake you in the morning and she will make breakfast for you and pack you a lunch."

Seth perked up a little at hearing that, all his friends were going to drool when they spotted all the food Esme was bound to pack him. "Awesome!"

Edward stopped Carlisle as he was going out the door. "Did Harry feed?"

"He fed while sleeping," Carlisle said, still feeling horrible about that. "There's blood in the refrigerator for when he wakes. That should hold him over until I return around noon."

"Carlisle, are we honestly going to kill Mr. Long?"

Carlisle stared long and hard at his son. "No, Edward, I will be the one killing him, not you guys." With that he turned and left.

***HP

Alright everyone, what would you like to see happen to Mr. Long? Do we kill him or do something magically to him? I'm open to suggestions."
Snuggling into the warm body next to him, Harry sighed happily. He was so comfortable and warm that he never wanted to get up. He was also so comfortable that it took a few more minutes before his brain registered that the body next to him was too warm to be Carlisle's.

"You're not Carlisle," Harry slurred, staring into the warm brown eyes of his soul brother.

"And you're not Bill," Seth snickered. It was nice getting some cuddling time in with Harry, he hadn't been able to do this since his turning. When Harry was dying from cancer, he was always snuggled against him in order to keep warm.

"No, but I'm way cuter than Bill," Harry shot back.

Seth snorted. "Fine, I'll give you cuter, but Bill is hotter."

"I can agree with that," Harry giggled. He may be mated to the best and sexiest dominant in the world, but he could admit that Bill was hot as hell.

"Seth, not that I mind at all, but what the hell are you doing in my bed?"

"What, aren't I allowed any loving now that you're all mated up?" Seth asked, reaching out and tickling Harry's ribs.

"Stop! Stop!" Harry shrieked, desperately trying to get away from Seth.

Laughing, Seth released Harry and sat up. If he wanted to have time to eat before school he was going to have to jump in the shower now. "You feeling better today?"

"Today?" Harry asked in confusion. Turning to look out the window, he was shocked to see the sun shining through it. "Merlin, Seth, the sun!" he cried.

Getting out of bed and stretching his stiff back, Seth smirked at Harry. "What, are you afraid that the sunlight is going to turn you to dust or something?"

"Seth, what time is it?" Harry asked, jumping out of bed and searching for a pair of jeans. If the sun was up then he had totally missed his Hogwarts classes.

Seth picked Harry up and tossed him back onto the bed. "It's a little after seven, and unfortunately I need to get my sexy ass ready for school. You, on the other hand, get to lazy around all day. Lucky little bastard."

Harry scrunched his forehead up in confusion. "What are you talking about, Seth. I already missed
"No more muggle school," Edward explained, walking into the room with a large glass of Carlisle's blood for Harry. "For now on its just Hogwarts and your computer classes. Carlisle isn't even going to make you do a full day of that, just your original four hours. It's not like you don't have enough time to learn everything."

"Really!" Harry cried leaping off the bed and hugging Edward. "I get to stay home. No more muggle school or creepy Mr. Long?"

Edward's face darkened at the mention of that bastard's name. "Nope, you're free to do what you want."

Harry started dancing around the room. "This is great. I'm going to focus on my art and just relax for the first time in my life. When's Carlisle going to get home?" He hardly saw his mate yesterday and now he was ready for that walk.

Edward pushed the glass into Harry's hands. He too had to get ready for school but he wanted to make sure that Harry fed first. "He will be home around noon, earlier if everything is quiet at the hospital."

"I'm so happy," Harry grinned excitedly.

"Good, now drink!" Edward ordered. "Some of us still have to go to school, though Esme will be here with you until around eleven."

Harry brought the glass to his nose and sniffed, moaning when the scent of Carlisle's wonderful blood hit his nose. Without needing anymore prompting, he quickly downed the glass. "Not as good as from the tap, but still tasty."

"So gross," Seth groaned, walking out of the bathroom with one towel wrapped around his waist and another scrubbing at his hair.

"Damn, Seth, do all those muscles hurt?" Harry asked, eyeing his brother up appreciatively. It had been a while since he had seen Seth topless and he must have gained another thirty pounds of pure muscle. Now that Seth could phase with his clothes on, he actually wore clothes instead of walking around half naked all the time.

"Like what you see?" Seth asked, wagging his eyebrows up and down.

"You're defiantly are easy on the eyes?" Harry answered still admiring all of Seth's muscles. "How much bigger can you get before your skin splits open?"

"It's a good thing Carlisle isn't here," Edward said, shaking his head at the pair.

Harry scrunched his nose up in disgust. "Seth may have one of the hottest bodies I have ever laid eyes on, but ewe, he's my brother. Besides, I'm not into beastility."

"No, just necrophilia," Seth shot back.

"How can it be necrophilia when I'm dead too?" Harry asked, tossing Seth's shirt at him.

Smiling, Seth pulled his shirt on. "Like you keep reminding everyone, you're not all the way dead. So technically it's still necrophilia."
"Would you two please stop?" Severus growled, walking into the room. "You're giving me a headache, which is impressive seeing as how I'm a vampire, and as such, incapable of getting one."

"Sev, did Draco go back to school?" Harry asked. He had totally forgotten about the blond git.

"Obviously," Severus drawed. "Now, Potter, I am leaving for my shop, but here is a portkey in case you need me."

Stunned, Harry took the chain that Sev was holding out to him and put it around his neck. "Wow, thanks, Sev."

"The activation word is pest. I don't think I need to explain why I picked that word?"

Blushing, Harry shook his head no. Of course he would use that word since that's what he thought of him...fondly he hoped.

Severus turned to leave, but stopped at the door. "Oh and, Potter, next time you call me Sev, I will use parts of your body in my potions?"

"Thanks for the warning," Harry gulped, stepping back away from the man.

Looking out the window, Seth waited until Severus apparated out before looking back to Harry. "Alright, it's safe."


"This is great!" Emmett crowed from where he was standing in the doorway holding his iPhone up and recording every second of Harry's song and dance. "This is excellent blackmail material."

"Son of a... Emmett!" Harry screeched, chasing after the large vampire.

"Harry seems much better today," Seth chuckled, wincing as he heard Harry tackle Emmett. Harry may be little, but he was quick little shit.

"Too better," Jasper scowled, walking into the room. "He's smiling and laughing, but the emotions he's projecting are completely different. He is happy about not having to return to Forks, but he's still feeling sad, confused and extremely out of sorts."

"So he's faking it?" Seth asked dejectedly.

"Not all, but yes," Jasper said. "I think he's putting on an act so no one will bring up Mr. Long."

"God I want to kill that fucker," Seth snarled. "Harry was doing so good. Well, except for the whole doing too much school shit. I mean, what the hell was Carlisle and Severus thinking?"

Edward pointed to clock, reminding Seth that he need to eat and get going. "It's been resolved so hopefully Harry can start healing."

Jasper looked around the room at all Harry's drawings that Carlisle hung up. "His art will help him. He needs this time to himself. He's been through a lot."

***HP

Esme smiled fondly at the mess she just walked in on. "Are you getting the hang of it yet?"

Harry looked sheepishly up at Esme, his face, neck and arms covered in clay. "Uhm, maybe." He
answered, but it came out sounding more like a question. For the last three hours he had been trying to get the hang of his pottery wheel. He may be making a horrendous mess, but he was having a blast doing it.

Harry held up a hunk of lopsided clay. "I made a...? Honestly, I don't know what the hell I made. It was supposed to be a vase for you."

"That is so sweet of you," Esme gushed. "Drawing and painting have always been more my thing, not so much pottery. I'm sure we can find lessons for you somewhere, or maybe check YouTube."

Harry jumped up excitedly. "Yes, I didn't even think about YouTube. I was never allowed near Dudley's computer so looking on there never even crossed my mind. Thank you."

"Harry," Esme chuckled. "You may want to wash up before getting on your laptop."

Harry froze right as he was reaching for his laptop. "Right," he blushed. "I'll just go and do that."

Esme stopped Harry before he could disappear into the bathroom. "Harry, I have to run out and look at a house that someone wants me to decorate, will you be alright on your own. Carlisle should be here in about an hour."

"Yeah, I'll be fine," Harry reassured. "I have been staying on my own since forever."

Esme didn't know all the details of Harry past, no one did as far as she knew, but it sounded absolutely frightful. "You have your cell with mine and Carlisle's numbers if you need anything, plus you have the portkey that Severus made you. If you decide to use it or go out, please just leave us a note or text one of us."

"Stop worrying," Harry grinned. "I'll be fine, Esme. I think that I'm going to get a shower then scour YouTube afterwards for helpful pottery hints."

"Good Luck," Esme called over her shoulder.

Harry quickly cleaned up his mess and put all his pottery supplies away. Once that was completed, he jogged upstairs and hopped into the shower. He had been having an amazing day so far. It was nice to get to relax and do what he wanted to do for once. His entire life he had done nothing but cater to his relatives and go to school. While most kids were enjoying their summer vacations, sleeping in and doing what they wanted, he was cooking, cleaning, gardening, hiding from his cousin and praying that his uncle came home in a good mood. This was the first time he got to spend the day doing exactly what he wanted to do.

The only dark cloud on his day was that he still had to do his Hogwarts homework. He really wasn't looking forward to returning later that night. He loved everything about Forks, his new home and his new family, he had no desire whatsoever to leave. Hogwarts would always be his first home, but here was where he wanted to stay. It was a good thing they weren't making him attend Hogwarts full time, there was no way in hell he could have been away from his family that long.

It was crazy, but who would have thought that his cancer and his godfathers and friends turning their backs on him would have been the best thing in the world to happen to him. If it hadn't been for that, he never would have ran away and found his mate, family and soul brother. He never would have found a real home.

***HP
Carlisle still didn't know how he was going to handle the situation with Mr. Long. All night at work he had done nothing but think about it and run through a million different solutions, all of them ending with the bastard's death.

He had dedicated over three hundred years of his life to saving humans, and now here he was plotting the deliberate murder of one. Mr. Long wouldn't be the first to die at his hand, he was a doctor and had lost plenty of patience while he was still working on them, but he would be his first murder. He didn't know how he felt about that, but he had to protect his mate.

Edward had texted him a few times that morning keeping him updated on Mr. Long's thoughts. The man had been extremely upset that Harry wasn't in class and then had been furious when he found out that they decided to homeschool him full time.

The man had been pretty confident that he could get Harry and then use him against him as a way to get back at him for his sister. He not only wanted Harry sexually, but he also wanted to physically hurt him. Why he targeted Harry out all of his kids he didn't know. He could understand him not going after his boys, but why Harry over Rose or Alice? The only answer he could come up with was because Harry had been the patient his sister had been treating when she got fired.

It was frightening how planning Mr. Long's death wasn't upsetting him as much as he thought it would. The man was a pedophile, he had not only laid his hands on his mate, but he planned on raping and hurt him. He couldn't help but wonder if he had done this before? The man hadn't been a teacher that long, but how many other children had he fondled or possibly had sex with before becoming a teacher?

When he thought about that monster touching his sweet Harry, he saw nothing but red. He didn't even know that he was capable of that much anger and hate. Capable of cold blooded murder. There was nothing that he wouldn't do for his mate though, nothing that he would stop at to keep him safe and happy.

Pulling up to the drive, he smiled when he heard Harry in the shower. This would be their first time having the house to themselves. Hopefully his precious would be up to some fun. He greatly missed their one on one time that they had on the island. Why did they return home again? Everything was much nicer on the island where the real world wasn't in the way.

Quickly darting up the steps and into his bedroom, he softly knocked on the bathroom door. He thought about just stripping and joining him, but after the shit with Mr. Long he didn't want to startle him. There was even a chance that Harry wouldn't be comfortable with sex right now, not after that pervert groped him. He had to keep reminding himself that his mate was only a sixteen year old boy.

"Carlisle, is that you?" Harry called, head sticking out from the shower door.

"It is," Carlisle said through the door. "Just wondering if you want company?"

"You're not company, you're my mate," Harry chuckled. "You're always welcome."

"Except when you ward the door against me," Carlisle growled, already stripping out of his clothes as he entered the bathroom. "I don't much like it when you do that. It panics me when I can't get to you or at least check that you're alright."

Harry moaned appreciatively when his gorgeous, naked mate entered the shower with him. "I'll try not to do it again, but I'm not making any promises. When I get upset my magic gets a little unpredictable and I really don't want to blow you or anyone else up like I did my Aunt Marge."
"You blew someone up?"

"Well, not like exploded with blood and guts," Harry chucked. "I blew her up like a hot air balloon and she floated right out the door and into the night sky. If I hadn't been afraid that my uncle would kill me I would have really enjoyed the sight. The woman, if you could even call her that, was really horrible."

Pulling his much smaller mate against him, Carlisle grabbed the soap and started washing his back, paying extra close attention to his perk little bottom and between his cheeks. "I just worry that if something happens I won't be able to get to you. If you use just the normal door lock, I promise to respect it, unless I feel that you are in danger."

"Deal," Harry moaned, kissing and sucking at Carlisle's neck. Feeling a finger rubbing his entrance, he pushed back on it hoping that it would enter him.

Carlisle didn't like denying his mate when he so obviously wanted something, so with the help of the soap, he eased his finger inside his mate's tight entrance.

"Oh fuck, Carlisle," Harry cried as his mate sunk a second finger into him. "I need you in me." He may have only missed one day of sex since their mating, but it felt like a lifetime to him since he had been with his mate.

"Wrap your legs around me," Carlisle instructed as he lifted Harry up and pressed his back against the wall. Coating his cock with soap, he lined himself up and then lowered Harry onto his cock.

Harry clung to Carlisle and let him take complete control. Having his mate back inside of him felt incredible. He knew that he wouldn't last long, he was close now as it was.

Carlisle ravaged Harry's mouth while he thrust up into him fast and hard. After their falling out yesterday, this is what they both needed. They needed to feel close, to feel the connection that they shared.

Panting, Harry wrenched his mouth away from Carlisle's then sunk his fangs into his neck. He had only managed a few mouthfuls of blood before he was coming hard between their bodies.

Growling out his pleasure, Carlisle thrust himself hard one last time into Harry then froze with his cock buried deep as he came, flooding his sensitive insides with his seed.

Harry was still sluggishly feeding from Carlisle when he finally retracted his fangs and licked the puncture wounds to heal them. Normally Harry didn't take so much, but he still must be recovering from the previous day.

"Are you alright?" Harry asked checking his mate over to make sure that he was alright. "I just couldn't stop."

"I'm fine," Carlisle reassured. "Though I will have to hunt tonight."

"I'm so sorry," Harry said, eyes tearing up. "I was just so hungry."

Carlisle cupped his mate's cheek. "It's alright, you have had a physically and emotionally draining
couple days. You also haven't been feeding properly."

"That and you just taste too damn good," Harry grinned cheekily.

Carlisle nipped at Harry's neck but didn't break the skin. "You taste good too."

Laughing, Harry snuggled into his mate just soaking in the love. "Carlisle, can we go for that walk now?"

Carlisle kissed his mate's temple. "Would love to."

***HP

Harry was walking hand and hand with his mate in the woods enjoying the peace and quiet. "It's really beautiful here, though I miss the ocean. It's a shame that the treaty prevents us from going to La Push beach."

"You're like a fish in the water," Carlisle chuckled. "Don't forget, we will be spending Christmas on the island."

"I can't wait," Harry grinned. "It's going to be so much fun with everyone there, especially Seth. He has never been out of Washington before."

"Are you saying the island wasn't fun when it was just the two of us?"

Harry playfully slapped his mate. "Of course it was fun. You know what I meant."

Carlisle did know what he meant. So many people desired money or material things, Harry only desired the love of a family. He truly was an amazing creature. "I'm looking forward to it too."

"Today has been a great day," Harry said wistfully. "I may not have figured out how to use that damn pottery thing, but I'll get the hang of it soon enough."

"I'm sorry about making you go to Forks High on top of everything else, that was very unfair of me," Carlisle wanted to talk about Mr. Long to see how Harry was handling the situation, but he really didn't want to ruin the good mood Harry was in.

Harry stopped and looked at his mate. "Carlisle, I was never upset over the unreasonable expectations that you and Sev put on me, I was upset that I was never given a choice or a say. All I want to do is make you proud of me, even if it means killing myself by attending three different schools."

"Proud of you?" Carlisle asked, gently grabbing Harry by the shoulders. "How could I not be proud of you? I have never meant anyone as strong, as courageous, or as compassionate as you. After everything you have suffered through, after being hurt by everyone you have ever loved, you still have the capacity to love with more fierceness than anyone I have ever met before. You are truly one-of-a-kind, Harry Potter, and I thank god everyday that you are mine."

With tears in his eyes, Harry allowed Carlisle to hug him. "If anyone should be thankful, it's me," he sniffed. "Not only did you save me and give me a home, you showed me what real love was. I love you, Carlisle."

"I love you too."

Harry was enjoying the extra long hug that Carlisle was giving him when he heard a rustling in the
leaves and a twig snap. He had been so engrossed in their overly mushy moment that he never noticed that something was watching them. He was getting ready to step away from Carlisle when two huge wolfs stepped out.

"Look, Carlisle, puppies," Harry cried, stepping out of Carlisle arms. "Can we keep them?"

Sam pulled back his top lip and started growling. He was a massive wolf, not a puppy.

"Harry," Carlisle groaned. He had heard the wolves approach but he had been hoping that they would keep moving.

Harry ran up to wolf Sam and wrapped his arms around his thick, furry neck and gave him a hug. "Hey, Sam, I was hoping to see you again," he said, ignoring the beast's growling. "You have a friend?" he asked, admiring the other large wolf that was glaring at him.

Carlisle couldn't believe that Harry had actually hugged Sam while he was a wolf. His instincts were screaming at him to snatch him away from those killers and run like hell with him. Did Harry not know how dangerous they could be?

Harry wasn't sure who the other wolf was as Seth had only described Sam to him. "Aren't you a big beautiful boy?" he said to the sleek looking silver wolf. "If I didn't know any better, I would mistake you for the alpha. You just have that look about you."

Carlisle chuckled when Paul puffed his chest out and stood taller. "Harry, that's Paul, Sam's third in command." He hated Harry standing so close to Paul, he was the most volatile in the pack and extremely unpredictable.

"Wow, you guys are really incredible," Harry said in awe. "I wish that I could become a wolf too. Hey!" he cried, spinning back around to Sam. "If I can learn to shift and become a wolf, can I become part of your pack too? Well, that is if you take Seth back. If not than I'll just have to be in his pack, and we'll be way cooler than you guys." He wondered if he could still become an animagus or would the fact that he was technically dead put a stop to that. It's a shame he wasn't talking to Sirius, he could probably help him.

"Is this kid for real?" Paul asked Sam through their mind link.

"He's something," Sam growled back.

"He kinda makes it hard for you to hate him, doesn't he?" Paul chuckled. "He has a way of getting under your skin."

"Like a thorn," Sam grumbled.

"Sam, my family and I will be hunting tonight, but I would like to talk to you tomorrow about yesterday's subject." Carlisle said cryptically.

"Real subtle," Harry mumbled. Like he didn't know what Carlisle wanted to talk to Sam about.

Sam nodded his big shaggy head. He had been expecting this, he knew that Carlisle wouldn't make a move on Mr. Long without letting him in on the plan first.

Harry walked up to Sam and gave him another hug. "You're really soft, you know that?" he whispered in the wolf's ear. "Visit me sometime, yeah?"

Sam just didn't know what to make of the boy. Just yesterday the kid new that he wanted to rip his
head off, and today he was hugging him to death. It was enough to make his head spin.

"Paul, next time Sam visits come with him. I would love to meet you when you have two legs and a lot less fur."

Carlisle took his mate's hand and started leading him back home. With Harry, there was never a dull moment.

***HP***

Closing his Transfiguration book. Harry leaned back in his chair and stretched his back. Three hours of Hogwarts homework done and now it was time to get some sleep before he had to take the dreaded portkey back to Scotland. Now that he didn't have to go back to Forks High in the morning he was kinda of looking forward to going back to Hogwarts and seeing Neville and the rest of his friends. He may even go and see Sirius and get his opinion on whether or not he could still be an animagus.

"Are you heading to bed now?" Carlisle asked, embracing his mate from behind.

Harry tilted his head back, grinning when Carlisle pecked him on the nose. "Yeah, I have to be up by eleven to shower and feed. Are you all going hunting?"

"I am for sure, but I don't want to leave you alone in the house."

Harry stood up and started packing his school bag. "Carlisle, I'm a sixteen year old immortal vampire, I think I'll be alright home alone sleeping while you're gone. Hell, I won't even know that you or anyone else gone."

Carlisle really didn't like leaving Harry alone, but he knew that he was being ridiculous. Nothing could hurt Harry here and he was going to be sleeping anyway. "If you're sure."

"Carlisle, I'm sure," Harry chuckled. "Go and have fun hunting with everyone else. I'll just stay here dreaming about your sexy body."

Laughing, Carlisle swatted Harry on his ass. "I'll be home before you wake. Sweet dreams."

***HP***

"Carlisle," Harry moaned, unwilling to open his eyes just yet but enjoying the special attention his mate was giving his neck with his mouth and teeth. "This is my kind of wake up call," he moaned. He couldn't believe that it was already time for him to wake for school, it felt like he had just fallen asleep.

Feeling a hand slip down his pajama bottoms, he eagerly thrust up, already hard despite still being half asleep. When the hand wrapped around his cock and started pumping, he whimpered and turned his mouth towards Carlisle's wanting his mate to kiss him. When the mouth did claim his and the tongue plunged into his mouth, he recoiled back in horror. Whoever was kissing him was not Carlisle.

"Wakey, wakey, my little sweet, I don't want you to sleep through all the fun."

Eyes snapping open, Harry screamed when Mr. Long's face came into focus hovering just inches from his own face.

"Now that's better," Brad purred still lazily jerking the boy off. "You have the most stunning eyes I
"Get off!" Harry cried, pushing at the man's chest. He had expected his teacher to go flying across the room, but all he did was snicker at him.

"Now don't fight, Harry, I know that you want this." Brad dropped a finger and let it brush the young boy's pucker. "I could have had you while you slept, but where would the fun have been in that?"

Kicking out, Harry managed to stun his teacher enough to roll out of bed. "What the fuck are you doing here?" he asked, losing his balance and stumbling into the dresser. Something was wrong, why was everything spinning.

Smirking, Brad got out of bed and stalked the small boy. Harry was only wearing a pair of loose pajama bottoms and he looked good enough to eat. "Now, Harry, there is no use trying to fight me. It will be much easier on the both of us if you just lay down like a good little boy and enjoy yourself."

Harry tried backing away, but he stumbled and fell onto his butt. Groaning, he dropped his head back and closed his eyes. The room was spinning so fast that he felt like he was going to puke.

"Up we go," Brad chuckled, easily scooping the boy up and placing him back on the bed. "The more you struggle the sicker the drug will make you feel."

"Drug?" Harry slurred, eyes still clenched tight against the spinning. He really wasn't feeling that good at all. It reminded him of the side effects of the Chemotherapy.

Brad took off his shirt and joined the boy on the bed. "Just a little something I whipped up," he boasted, tracing one of the boy's tiny nipples with the pad of his index finger. "I was always very good at potions."

Harry tried batting the hand away that was touching him, but he couldn't even lift his arm up. It felt like it was being held down by lead weights. "P-Potions?" he stuttered, carefully attempting to open his eyes.

"I must admit though, I had my doubts that it would work on vampires. Though you aren't a full vampire, are you, Harry? No, I can feel the magic in you. It's incredible, I didn't think that a wizard could survive a muggle vampire bite."

Harry felt the hand slip back into his pants, but he was too weak and sick to fight it. Whatever Mr. Long gave him left him as weak as a newborn baby. "Please don't," he begged, eyes spilling over with tears.

"You are a little treat, Harry Cullen. When you walked through my door I just knew that I had to have you. Not only because I wanted to get revenge on Carlisle for having my sister fired, but because I also found you incredibly irresistible. Part human, part vampire, and part wizard all wrapped up into a delectable little body, how could I not want you?"

Harry desperately wanted to get away from the hand that was fondling him, but all he could do was cry weakly.

"You didn't know that I was a wizard, did you, Harry? Of course not, I mask my magic, have ever since the Cullens came to town. I didn't know if they knew about wizards but I didn't need them asking questions and nosing around. Me, I knew what they were the second I laid eyes on them."
Harry was trying to fight the drug, but the more he fought the sicker he felt.

Brad pushed the boy back and hovered overtop of him. "Here's what's going to happen, Harry. I'm going to fuck you into this mattress and there isn't a damn thing you can do about it. I designed this potion to leave you practically paralyzed, but you will be able to feel everything that I do to you. You can cry and beg all you want, but it won't help. See, Harry, I always get what I want, and you are what I want. Just imagine how upset I was today when I found out that you had withdrawn from school. I had so many plans for us."

Harry started to cry harder when he felt his pants being lowered. "You're a wizard?" he asked, hoping to distract the man. He didn't know what time it was but hopefully his family would be returning soon.

"The first in my family." Brad said, spreading the boy's legs and settling between them. "My twin sister had been extremely jealous when we found out, but I had promised her that I would find a way to give her powers too. Of course I had been young and stupid at the time, there are no spells or potions that can give a muggle magic. Then the Cullens came to town and she fell for Carlisle. I figured if she couldn't be a witch that she could at least be a vampire and live forever. I was even going to find a way for her to turn me. See, my sister and I are very, very close. Then you came to town and ruined everything. You and Carlisle got my sweet sister fired and she had to move away in order to find work. I was going to take my anger out on Alice, but then you showed up."

Harry started gagging when Mr. Long started rubbing his cloth covered cock over his. "Carlisle will kill you for this," he said brokenly, fighting the vomit that was working its way up his throat.

Brad threw his head back laughing. "Carlisle will never know, at least not until I want him to know. Right now it's just you, me and my video camera. After I'm done fucking you, I have another special little potion that will make you forget and a spell that will vanish my scent. I then will place another spell on you alerting me to when you're all alone again. We will keep having our fun until I get bored and then I will send Carlisle a copy of my tapes."

Harry was begging and pleading in his head for someone to come and save him.

"C-Carlisle will be b-back any minute," Harry cried, trying to move away from the finger that was poking at his entrance."

"I know," Brad panted. "That's why story time is over. I put up wards that will alert me if a vampire is within ten miles of this house. That will give me plenty of time to apparate out."

"How about shapeshifters you sick mother fucker?" Seth roared, barreling into the room. He hadn't planned on visiting Harry that night, but he had left his phone at the house that morning. Originally he had planned to pick it up right after school, but Sam had cornered him about joining the pack again.

Brad rolled off Harry and got to his feet, with wand in hand, he pointed it at the intruder. "How did you get through my wards without alerting me? I had it set for both humans and vampires."

Seth so was mad that he was trembling. His brother was naked on the bed in tears and not moving. The fucker had to have done something to him or else he would be fighting. "I'm not either, I'm a shapeshifter." Snarling, he leapt at the man who was attempting to rape his brother and shifted.

"What the...?" Brad bellowed, completely taken by surprise by the wolf. He had heard of the legends of the local Indians, but he hadn't believed in them for a minute. Staggering backwards, he cried out when sharp claws tore at his chest and teeth sunk into his shoulder forcing him to drop his
Harry couldn't see what was happening and he was terrified for his brother. Seth may be a wolf shifter, but Mr. Long had magic.

He wasn't good at wand less magic, but Brad summoned up enough power to be able to blast the wolf back and through the wall. Getting to his feet, he picked up his wand with his uninjured arm. "I wasn't expecting that," he snarled, inspecting the large bite wound on his shoulder. "I'm going to kill you, you fucking mongrel!"

"Seth!" Harry screamed, trying to force himself up. His limbs still didn't want to cooperate, but he managed to wiggle his body some.

"Looks like the venom is helping you fight my potion faster," Brad snapped. "After I take care of the dog I'll have to give you a second dose."

Seth staggered to his feet, pain lancing through his side. Glancing back, he spotted a two foot long piece of wood sticking out of it. Ignoring it for now, he launched back into the room to save his brother.

Smirking, Brad hit the wolf with a Crucio, laughing madly when the beast started to scream.

Harry started screaming when Seth started screaming. It was killing him knowing what his brother was going through. He had been under that curse multiple times and there was no pain greater than that. He had to do something before Mr. Long killed Seth.

Brad watched in amazement as the wolf morphed back into a man while still under the curse. "That was pretty wicked," he chuckled.

"Please stop!" Harry cried. He had managed to sit up but he still couldn't walk or move his arms that well. "I'll do whatever you say if you stop hurting Seth."

Sighing, Brad ended the curse and approached Harry. Cupping his cheek, he smirked down at him. "Harry, my sweet, you are going to do what I say regardless if I kill this beast or not. Baby, I have to kill him, he'll ruin everything if I don't."

"No!" Harry cried when Mr. Long dropped his hand and approached Seth who was still laying on the ground panting.

"Don't worry, Harry, an AK will end the poor beast's suffering and then we can get down to business."

Harry managed to get to his feet, clinging desperately to the bed. Everything was still spinning and he felt like he was going to throw up, but at least his legs were cooperating a little bit better. Hearing the killing curse leave his teacher's lips, he launched himself at Seth, covering him with his much smaller body.

"No!" Brad bellowed when his curse slammed into the Cullen boy instead of the wolf. Snarling, he pointed his wand at the shifter and was getting ready to fire another killing curse when three more giant wolves came bursting into the room. Knowing that he was outnumbered, he quickly apparated back home.

"Paul, you know where he lives, keep an eye on him but don't engage," Sam ordered through their mind link. "Jacob, you have Carlisle's number, call him and let him know what happened." He had been out running patrol when Seth's connection with him slammed into him like a freight train. He
had discussed earlier with Seth about rejoining the pack, but it hadn't been made official yet. When he saw what was happening through the link, the three of them had rushed to help Seth and Harry.

"Sam, get Harry!" Seth cried. Despite his muscles feeling like they were on fire, he was trying to get up to check on his brother. "That bastard hit him with the killing curse." He knew all about the three Unforgivable curses, especially the killing curse. Harry had told him about them.

Shifting back to human, Sam carefully scooped up the boy and placed him on the bed then covered his exposed groin with a blanket. "How the hell am I supposed to tell if he's dead?"

Seth staggered to the bed and collapsed on it. "Harry, dammit, wake up!" he cried, smacking his brother hard on the cheek. "Please," he begged when nothing happened.

"Seth, what the hell happened?" Sam growled.

"I don't know," Seth cried, still desperately trying to revive his brother. "I left my phone here this morning, and when I came to pick it up, I heard that fucker threatening to rape Harry. I tried to stop him, but I wasn't expecting him to be a wizard too. He was going to kill me, but Harry threw himself on top of me and took the curse instead."

Sam looked down at the youngest in the pack, and he was now pack again, and noticed that he was shaking horribly. He knew that he was concerned about his friend, but that wasn't a normal shake. "Seth, why are you shaking so bad?"

"Well, it could be from the horrible pain curse that I was held under, or it could be from the large hunk of wood sticking out of my side," Seth hissed between clenched teeth. He was in so much pain that he was close to passing out.

Sam rushed around the bed, gasping when he saw the piece of wood that Seth was talking about. "Seth, we need to get you to the hospital. That could have punctured something important."

"Fuck the hospital!" Seth roared, tears rolling down his cheeks. "Harry took the killing curse for me and now I can't wake him. What if he's dead?"

Jacob came running back into the room. "I got in touch with Carlisle and..." Before he could finish there was a loud crack and two men appeared in the room.

In a panic, Carlisle rushed to his mate. "Seth, talk to me," he barked, running his hands over his mate looking for injuries. He had been set to run home after he hung up from Jacob, but Severus had grabbed him and apparated back. He had to admit, the feeling of apparating had been horrible, but he was too worried about his mate to concern himself with his queasy stomach.

While Seth retold as much of the story as he knew, Severus started scanning Harry. Normally the killing curse wouldn't hurt a vampire since they were already dead, but Harry technically wasn't a hundred percent dead. Then there was the fact that Harry survived the curse before.

"His heart is still beating but it's slower than what's normal for him," Severus stated, relaxing a little. He was still worried about him though, he should have woken by now.

"Harry, I need for you to open your eyes for me," Carlisle said sternly, hoping to get through to his mate.

"There's a video camera," Edward spat in disgust. He was a lot faster than his siblings so he was the first to make it home. "I'll hook it to Harry's laptop."
Carlisle was still anxiously fretting over his mate, trying everything that he could think of to wake him. He knew that he shouldn't have left him all alone while they hunted. "So Long is a wizard?" he growled. There was no way in hell he was going to let him live after this.

"Here we go," Edward said, turning the laptop so it was facing everyone. They watched in horror as the man magically administer a potion to Harry then climbed in bed with him and started kissing on him. The only sound that could be heard during the rest of the video was the growls from both the vampires and the shifters.

"I'm going to need a sample of his blood," Severus said pulling out a vial. "I don't know what he gave Harry, but that in combination with the killing curse could be why he's still out of it."

Carlisle reluctantly took his eyes of off his mate so he could check Seth over. He had been so worried about Harry that he had never noticed that the shifter was hurt. "I'm sorry, Seth, please let me look at the puncture wound."

Wincing, Seth got up and turned so Carlisle could see his wound. It was not only hard to move with the foreign object in his body, but it was also hard to breath.

"Seth, you're going to need to go to the hospital," Carlisle instructed, he didn't like how labored his breathing was.

"I'm not going anywhere," Seth panted.

Severus didn't look up from where he was analyzing Harry's blood. "Give me a minute and I will see what I can do."

Sam was in the back of the room pacing back and forth in agitation. "Paul said that the fucker is packing up to leave. We have to do something now." Since he was the alpha, he could still communicate with his pack even when in human form.

Carlisle looked down at his mate, he didn't want to leave him, but he wasn't going to let Long get away. "Severus, can you sit with Harry?"

"You going after him?" Sam asked, stopping his pacing.

Looking to the shifter, Carlisle nodded his head. "Is that a problem?"

"Only if you don't kill him," Sam snapped.

"Not alone," Severus sighed, pocketing his wand. "He's a wizard and a pretty powerful one. You're going to need me."

Carlisle shook his head. "You need to stay and heal Seth."

"I'm good," Seth reassured. "I'll have Jake take me to the hospital." He wouldn't, he wasn't going to leave Harry, but he didn't want that bastard getting away just because Carlisle insisted that he get treated. He could tough it out for a few more hours. He wanted to be here when Harry woke anyway.

Edward knew what Seth was thinking, but he planned on forcing the shifter to go to the hospital as soon as Carlisle left. He would have liked to give the raping bastard a piece of his mind too, but Harry was Carlisle's mate, and it was his job as dominant to handle these situations.

"No one touch this," Severus ordered, motioning to Harry's blood. "It needs to sit undisturbed for
an hour before I can read the results."

Kissing his mate, Carlisle whispered that he loved him in his ear then took Severus' arm and braced himself for the horrible feeling of apparating.

Edward waited until his father and Severus disappeared before turning to Seth. "Hospital, now!" he barked.

Seth glared at the vampire. "Don't worry about me, Cullen," Seth snapped. "I'm not leaving Harry."

"Bullheaded dog!" Edward growled. "You can barely breath. You need a doctor."

"What I need is for Harry to wake up!" Seth hollered. "I'm not leaving him."

Edward went to take a step towards Seth when motion from the bed had him freezing. "Harry!" he called, rushing back to the teen's side.

"Fuck, everything hurts," Harry cried, looking tearfully up at Edward. "Seth, is he alright?" he asked, head still spinning and vision blurry.

"I'm too tough to be hurt," Seth said, joining Edward at Harry's bedside. "I can't believe that you threw yourself in front of the killing curse for me. What the hell, Princess?"

Harry stared at Seth, drinking in the sight of his brother. "I thought that I was going to be too late," he cried loudly. Seeing the wood sticking out of Seth's side and blood dribbling from it, he launched himself from the bed, ignoring the pain that lanced throughout his entire body.

Seth was shocked when Harry tackled him and pushed him back onto the bed. "Harry, what the hell...." he ended his sentence with yell when Harry yanked the wood from his side and placed his hand over the now gushing wound. He gasped when heat spread up his side and Harry's hand started glowing.

"I'm so sorry," Harry cried concentrating on not only healing the gaping wound in Seth's side but also the nerve damage from the curse. "This is all my fault," he wailed.

"He's healing him," Edward warned when Sam stepped forward to interfere.

"I forgot that he had the ability," Sam said, watching in awe as Seth's side started knitting back together.

"Harry, stop blaming yourself," Seth said, grabbing Harry's hand when he went to pull it away. "None of this is your fault." Gently he tugged his trembling brother down and covered him up.

Crying, Harry laid his head on Seth's shoulder. He felt absolutely horrible, both physically and emotionally. "Are you sure you're alright?" he asked in a small voice.

"I'm fine, Harry. Are you?"

Shaking his head, Harry leaned over the bed and vomited up blood and a dark green substance all over the floor.
I do not own Harry Potter or Twilight.

This is it, the last chapter for Sickness. I hadn't planned on ending it so soon, but I decided that I wanted this fic to be about Harry's cancer, meeting his new family and bringing the wolves and the vampires together. The ride isn't over yet! I'm either going to write a sequel or a bunch of little one shots giving a sneak peak into their life together. It will be Mpreg.

PLEASE REVIEW

*** HP

"Easy, Harry, I have you," Edward soothed, his voice laced heavily with concern. "Don't fight it, you need to get that poison out of your system."

Trembling and whimpering, Harry continued to vomit blood and green sludge, the poison burning his throat as he forcefully expelled it from his body. Whatever the potion was, it tasted absolutely vile as he vomited it back up.

Seth, now fully healed, hovered anxiously next to his best friend's bed. "You're going to be alright," he said shakily, more trying to reassure himself than Harry.

Breathing hard, Harry collapsed weakly on the bed, head half hanging off. "I don't feel so good," he whimpered.

"Seth, go and get me a cold washcloth," Edward barked, placing his hand on Harry's forehead and noting that it felt abnormally warm. Harry didn't run as cold as them, but he was most definitely running a few degrees hotter than his normal.

Seth quickly returned with four wash clothes and handed them over to Edward. "What's wrong with him?" he asked nervously.

Edward started to gently wash Harry's head, face and neck with the cool cloth, folding one in half and leaving to sit on his forehead. "I don't know, Seth, but I'm sure that it has something to do with the potion. It looks as though he's having an allergic reaction to something that was in it. Our bodies are meant to only consume blood."

"Carlisle," Harry moaned pitifully, desperate for his mate.

"I'm going to go to that fucker's house," Sam snarled. He knew from the link with Paul that Carlisle and the dark man were there already, but so far they hadn't made a move on the guy. Harry was now safe with Seth, Jacob and Edward, he now had to go and make sure that Paul didn't do anything stupid. The pup had an incredibly short fuse. He may not be the true pack leader, and he had made plenty of mistakes, but he cared for his pack brothers and he would die for them.

"Send my mate home," Harry asked weakly, eyes pleading with Sam. He didn't care what happened with Mr. Long, he just wanted his mate. Carlisle always made him feel better.

Nodding his head, Sam turned towards Jacob. "Stay in your wolf form so I can communicate with you incase there is a problem."

"Be careful," Jacob said sincerely. Vampires they knew how to handle, but wizards were a whole
different story. They may be powerful wolves, but they had no protection against magic...at least none that he knew of.

Crying out, Harry dropped his head the rest of the way off the bed and started vomiting again. Worriedly rubbing his bare back in support, Edward looked to Seth. "Can you get me some clothes for him?"

"No!" Harry groaned, gagging up more vomit. "I need a shower first. I...I...He had his hands all over me. I have to wash him off."

"Harry, you're too weak," Edward protested.

"Then carry me," Harry sobbed, grabbing desperately at Edward's arms. He didn't care about his nudity, he had to get the feel of that man's hands and his scent off of him.

"You're sick," Edward pointed out. "You need to stay in bed."

Crying hard now, Harry looked to Seth. "Please, I need him off of me."

Seth couldn't take seeing his brother so broken. Scooping him up, he carried him to the bathroom, turned the water on hot and then stepped in the shower with Harry in his arms, clothes and all. He could hear Edward protesting, but he didn't care. "Stop bitching and strip the bed," he snapped back.

"Thank you," Harry whimpered, burying his nose in Seth's neck.

"I'll always have your back, Princess," Seth growled ferociously. Grabbing the loofa sponge and soap, he started scrubbing his brother since he was too sick and weak to do it himself. Seeing or holding a naked body didn't bother him. He had seen his entire pack, including Leah, naked, and Harry was the second most important person to him on the planet...of course his imprint came first. Harry was right, they were soul brothers, and scrubbing his naked body didn't bother him.

"I'll take him," Edward offered when Seth went to step out of the shower. "I left some of Emmett's clothes for you on the sink. They should fit."

Wrapping Harry in a large towel, Seth reluctantly handed him over. "Thanks," he grumbled.

Harry stomach was still churning dangerously but just showering had him feeling a bit better. At least the man's scent gone. All he could smell now was soap and Seth. "I'm sorry I'm such trouble."

"You're no trouble, Harry," Rosalie reassured softly. She had only just returned with her mate and the rest of the coven. Edward had filled them in on what happened and Emmett and Jasper took off for Mr. Long's house to see if Carlisle and Severus needed help.

With Edward's help, and Rosalie's back turned, Harry was dressed in a pair of sleep pants and t-shirt and then tucked back into bed. "Harry, how are you feeling?" Esme asked worriedly.

"I'm fine," Harry slurred, eyes clenched tight against the spinning in the room.

"How about the truth now, Princess," Seth demanded, taking a seat at the foot of his brother's bed. He was poking at his own side, still in awe of Harry's healing gift. His wound had been very bad and there wasn't even a scratch left behind. It was incredible.

"The truth," Harry grimaced, cracking open an eye just enough to see Seth. "My head is spinning, my stomach is cramping horribly and I'm close to vomiting on you. Is that better?"
"We can't help you if you don't tell us the truth," Esme chided gently. "We're just worried about you, love."

"Bucket!" Harry cried, slapping his hand over his mouth with tears in his eyes.

***HP

"Seth hurt him good," Carlisle noticed, lurking outside the sick, bastard, teacher's house with Severus and wolf Paul. "That arm is damn near ripped completely off."

Pacing back and forth, Paul growled appreciatively. He didn't think the pup had it in him, but he had left the pack for the little vampire, human, wizard thing so obviously he was extremely protective of him. He was proud of Seth.

Severus could see that Carlisle was anxious to get this over with. The man wasn't a violent man, but Long had attempted to rape his mate and kill Seth. There was only one outcome for this confrontation. The man had to die. "Let me set up anti-apparition wards, we don't want him getting away."

Earlier that day Carlisle had his reservations about killing, but they were gone now...long gone. Seeing his mate laying lifeless and naked on their bed, watching that video with that man's hands down his mate's pants, fondling his precious mate as he cried and begged for him to stop, watching as the love of his life threw himself on his brother in everything but blood and took the killing curse for him...death was too good for this man. Even now he didn't know how his mate was, if he was even alive. He just wanted to get this over with so he could go home and hold his mate and never let him go. Harry's idea of never leaving the island was sounding pretty damn good right now.

"Sam, I'm going to kill him, treaty be damned," Carlisle said, not turning from where he was looking up at the house watching as Mr. Long sopped up blood from his shoulder with a towel. He didn't need to turn to see that Sam had joined them, he heard him and could scent him.

"Treaty be damned," Sam agreed gruffly, standing next to the vampire stark naked. "If it wasn't for Harry, my pup would be dead right now. He threw himself on him not knowing if that curse would kill him." He had ran as fast as he could as soon as his bond with Seth opened back up, but he would have been too late to save him. It had been a horrible feeling...watching helpless as the youngest in his pack almost died.

"Harry?" Carlisle questioned, finally looking to the alpha wolf.

"Awake, but vomiting up some nasty shit and running a fever," Sam explained. "He's been crying for you."

Carlisle was relieved that Harry was awake, but it broke his heart that he was crying for him and he couldn't rush to his side. He couldn't leave, not until Long was dead. "You coming with me? You have a right to him too."

"I'd like to see you try to stop me," Sam snarled.

"He's getting ready to apparate out," Severus informed. "When he does, the wards will drop him right in front of us."

Looking to Sam, Carlisle inclined his head. "Stay safe," he said, watching as the man phased.

***HP
Carlisle didn't even bother with the front door, as soon as he got home, he leapt through his bedroom window, Edward having already opened the window after hearing his thoughts. He just needed to see his mate, to take in his scent and just know that he was alright. The fight with Mr. Long hadn't lasted Long, but it had ended bloody and with the man's death.

"How is he?" Carlisle asked, drinking in the site of his mate asleep in the bed clinging to Seth who also was asleep. He was thankful that the bastard's scent no longer clung to Harry, he didn't think that he could handle it if it did.

"He drifts in and out but at least the vomiting has seemed to stop. How did it go with Long?" Edward asked.

"He will no longer be a problem," Carlisle said darkly. "Forks High will be looking for a new teacher." Smiling sadly down at his sleeping mate, he thought back to what had happen just minutes before.

Edward watched through his gift as a stunned Mr. Long landed in front of Carlisle, Severus, wolf Paul and wolf Sam. Panicking, he immediately tried to apparate again, but each time he would land right back in front of them. The look on the man's face told that he knew that he was going to die, but he wasn't going to go out without taking someone with him. He was outnumbered and he had only one good arm, Seth having practically torn the other one completely off, but he held his wand out confidently in front of him.

"Drop the wand and accept your death," Carlisle ordered, his rage turning his eyes black. This was the man that had attempted to rape his precious mate.

"Oh I accept my death," Mr. Long snarled, "but I'm taking you with me." Flicking his wand, he sent a powerful cutting curse at the vampire.

Smirking, Severus lazily batted the curse away. "You're going to have he do better than that." The teacher may be powerful, but he wasn't as powerful as him, or as experienced.

"I tasted your boy," Mr. Long boasted, sneering at Carlisle. "I didn't take you for a pedophile like me, but Harry is a sweet little thing. If it hadn't been for that wolf, I would have sunk balls deep into him and he would have loved it."

Roaring, Carlisle lunged for the man, falling for his trick. Stepping back, Mr. Long flicked his wand, sending Carlisle soaring over his head and head first into the brick side of his house. Unfortunately for him, in his cockiness, he took his eyes off of the wolves. Snarling, wolf Sam sprung forward, clamping his teeth around the man's injured arm and tearing it completely from his body.

Severus grimaced when the wolf spat the bloodied arm out next to where the man was thrashing and screaming on the ground. Not wanting to interfere since this was Carlisle's and Sam revenge, but also not wanting to do nothing, he summoned the man's dropped wand and snapped it in half. Snarling and with drool and blood dripping from his jowls, Sam grabbed the man by his foot and drug him to where Carlisle was standing and watching. His trip head first into the wall hadn't even stunned him. He had been back onto his feet in less than a half a second and watching as Sam got his revenge.

Tossing the man at Carlisle's feet, Sam lowered his head and backed away. He never thought that he would be working with the leeches, or befriending them, but here he was condoning him killing a man all because of a pain in the ass little hybrid who couldn't accept that they couldn't befriends.
Damn him and his wolf for falling for the brat.

Grabbing the screaming man by his hair, Carlisle gave a quick jerk of the wrist, instantly snapping the man's neck. He could have wasted time by giving a speech, listening to his blubbering or just having a little fun torturing him, but he just wanted to get home to to sick mate. This piece of trash wasn't worth it. He felt no guilt for ending his life, the man was vile. He was sure if they went looking through his house that they would find other videos of him raping children. The man knew what he was doing, he had the potion, the video camera and he had even admitted to being a pedophile. As far as he was concerned, he got what he deserved.

"We should burn his house with his body in it," Jasper suggested, always the strategist. "He was a wizard so he probably has a lot of magical stuff."

"I'll do it," Severus offered. "Harry needs you."

"Thank you, Severus," Carlisle said tiredly.

"I'll stay and help too," Sam said, stepping out from behind a tree in a pair of shorts.

Approaching the alpha, Carlisle held his hand out. "Thank you, Sam."

Nodding his head, Sam accepted the vampire's hand and gave it a firm shake. Maybe the leeches weren't so bad after all.

"When everything has settled, bring your pack by and I can perform a spell that will allow your clothes to shift with you," Severus sighed. "No offense, but I have seen enough male bits to last me a lifetime."

Throwing his head back, Emmett howled with laughter.

***HP*** TIME SKIP

Grinning from ear to ear, Harry peeked out from the locker room for the tenth time. Giggling, Ginny grabbed him by his Quidditch robes and pulled him back. "Are they here?"

"Yeah," Harry cried excitedly, "even Sam, Jacob and Paul came." He hadn't been sure that they would come, they had been a little bit leery over the whole magical transportation thing.

Peeking over Harry's shoulder, Ginny gave a loud appreciative whistle. "I don't know which one is your mate, Harry, but all those men are fucking hot!"

"That one," Harry smiled, pointing to Carlisle who was sitting between Severus and Seth. It had been a month and a half since Mr. Long had drugged him and attempted to rape him. At first Carlisle had been overly protective of him, he had even missed school for an entire week because his vampire mate couldn't bare to let him out of his site, but now things were running smoothly and he was very happy with his life. Despite still not talking to his ex-friends and godfathers, school was great and he had even made some new friends...some Slytherin friends. Everything at home couldn't be better, especially between his family and wolves. They now had a tentative friendship, and they even altered the treaty so he could go to the ocean occasionally with Seth. For the first time in his life, everything was perfect.

"Damn, Harry, he is sexy," Ginny drooled, poking Harry in the back. Unlike Ron and the twins, Ginny hadn't attacked him on that horrible day after Sirius' trial so he was still friends with her.

"You should see him naked," Harry winked.
"I'd like to," Ginny sassily winked back. "You nervous? It's the first game of the season and we're going against Slytherin."

"Excited is more like it," Harry confessed, reluctantly heading back in the locker room so he could finish getting ready. "For the first time in my life I have a family to cheer me on. I never had anyone to share this with before. Emmett and Seth love sports, they're going to freak when we hit the air. I tried explaining Quidditch to them, but they just weren't grasping it."

"You had me," Ron pouted childishly.

Harry was tired of dealing with Ron's mood swings. One minute he was trying to be his best friend again, and the next he was showing his jealousy. That was the main reason why he wasn't letting him back in his life, he just couldn't deal with his attitude. Seth had shown him what a true friend was. "It's not the same," he snapped, glaring at his ex-best-friend. "When you first made the team the first thing you did was send an owl to your parents, Bill and Charlie sharing the news with them. I never had that, I never had a family that I could tell stuff to...good or bad. Well I have that now and I'm not going to let you make me feel guilty about it. The people who mean the most to me in the entire world are sitting in the stand waiting to watch me cremate Draco, and you better damn well believe that I'm not going to let them down."

Ron scowled when the entire team started clapping and cheering. He needed to stop opening his bloody mouth without thinking. "You're not going to take it easy on Malfoy now that you're all buddy, buddy with him, are you?"

"Hell no!" Harry cried, grabbing his broom. "Draco would curse me into next week if I did. He may be a Slytherin, but he wants to beat me in a fair game."

"He'll never be able to get the snitch before you!" Dean crowed loudly. "Let's go out and kick some Slytherin ass!"

***HP

"I can't believe that he did this while human," Carlisle cringed, watching as his mate pulled out of a dive just inches from the ground. "It's no wonder he was in the hospital wing all the time." He was relived that his mate was now immortal, he didn't think that he could handle watching this if he was still human and very breakable.

"I'll never be able to watch football again after this," Emmett grinned, his eyes easily tracking Harry's every movement. "This has got to be the best and most dangerous sport in the world."

Sam had been leery about coming, having never left Washington and all, but the sites he had seen so far were unlike anything he had ever experienced before. This magical world, this hidden magical world, was absolutely breathtaking. He couldn't believe that all this wondrous magic existed right in front of them and no one knew about it.

"He's a crazy bastard," Paul muttered, shaking his head as the small hybrid just missed being hit in the head by one of those freaky, rogue balls.

Seth was almost hoarse from all his hollering and cheering. He had been looking forward to this match for weeks, especially since Harry and Draco had been riding each other about the match almost nonstop. After the first visit, Draco had been a regular at the Cullen house. Since Draco wanted to be a potions master, Dumbledore granted him permission to portkey over on the weekends so he could start apprenticing under Severus. The previous weekend had been so bad with the rivals bragging and playfully threatening each other that Carlisle had taken Harry away
for a little weekend getaway.

"Anyone want to make bet with me on who wins?" Alice asked whimsically.

"Thanks, Alice," Edward said grumpily. "Now I know who wins." He had been enjoying the match too.

"Sorry," Alice giggled. "I can't control my gift any better than what you can control yours."

Rosalie, who normally despised sports, was glued to her seat totally in awe of the game. "Obviously Slytherin is going to win. They're up by a hundred and ten points and they have a better Keeper."

"As much as this pains me to say," Severus sighed. "Potter is an exceptional player and he will catch the snitch." He may no longer be a teacher, but he was a Slytherin and he would always cheer for his house...even if he knew that there was no way in hell that Draco could beat Potter to the snitch.

"Who is an exceptional player?" Esme asked sweetly...too sweetly.

"Someone's in trouble," Jasper snickered.

Seeing his perfect mate glaring at him, Severus leaned over and captured her lips, ignoring all the cat calls coming from his Slytherins. "I said Harry, my sweet. Harry is an exceptional player and you are an exceptional mate."

Smiling, Esme happily kissed her mate back. She knew now that Severus didn't call Harry by his last name because he was being mean and hated him, not like how he had when she first met him. Calling Harry by his last name was just a habit for her mate, a habit that was going to take a long time for him to break.

Carlisle rose slightly from his seat when his mate pressed himself flat against the broom and took off like a rocket. "He sees the snitch!" He yelled excitedly. He could tell from Harry's body language that this wasn't just another ploy to trick Draco. This was real and this was for the win.

Seth was on his feet cheering loudly and wildly flailing his arms. Even with his exceptional eyesight he hadn't seen the little golden ball at first, but now he could see it fluttering near the other team's goal post.

"Harry Potter has caught the snitch. Gryffindor wins!" The announcer screamed loudly.

Snitch still struggling in his hand, Harry looked proudly over at his family and beamed when he saw them all jumping up and down cheering for him. This moment was like a dream come true for him. It was mind blowing how much his life had changed in just a few short months. He went from being a dying, orphan, runaway boy without a friend in the world, to a hybrid immortal with a loving mate, the best brother in the entire world, siblings, incredible friends and even semi-parental figures in Severus and Esme. His life couldn't get any better.

"Congratulations, Potter," Draco said snootily, flying along beside Harry. "I only let you win because your family is here," he said casually. "I didn't want to show you up in front of them."

"Right!" Harry snickered. "Keep telling yourself that, Malfoy." Seeing his mate waving to him, he shot off past Draco and headed for the stands. He couldn't wait to see how everyone liked the game.
Freshly showered, Harry was last to leave the Gryffindor locker room. He had hung out with his family for a while as they congratulated him and talked about the game. He was glowing under their praises and their attention. Even Severus had congratulated him. It had been an amazing moment for him. Stepping outside, he froze when he saw Sirius standing there waiting for him.

"Excellent game, Harry," Sirius said, his eyes drinking in the site of his pup. He had done what his godson had asked and had left him alone, but he was desperate to talk to him...even for just a minute.

"Thanks," Harry said, nervously fiddling with his robe.

"Your father would be so proud." Sirius added.

Harry flinched as if struck, Sirius' and Remus' harsh words from a few months ago replaying in his head. They had said that he was nothing like his father, that he was selfish and spoiled. Their words had shattered him worse than the cancer had. Still, a little voice in the back of his head kept saying that if it hadn't been for their betrayal, he would not only not have his family right now, but he would also be dead. There was nothing the healers could have done to save him, he was only here right now because his mate had turned him.

"I miss you," Sirius said in a small voice.

"I miss you too," Harry reluctantly admitted. He did, he missed Sirius so much that it hurt. Despite everything, he still loved his godfather.

With tears in his eyes, Sirius looked up towards the castle where he could see his pup's new family waiting for him. "I guess I'll see you around."

Harry watched as his godfather turned around, his head hung in defeat. "Sirius!" he called. "Can you teach me how to become an animagus? I don't know if it's possible with what I am, but..."

"Yes!" Sirius cried, spinning back around, his eyes lit up with excitement. "I would love to teach you."

"Excellent," Harry said with a small genuine grin. "I'm hoping that I'm something that can run with the pack."

Sirius wanted to beg Harry for forgiveness, but he knew that words wouldn't help. He had to prove to his godson that he would never hurt him like that again. Hopefully Harry had room in his heart and his life for Remus and him.

"I have to go," Harry said, looking to where Carlisle was standing and watching them, tense with Edward's hand in his arm. It was clear to see that his mate was worried about him him and that Edward was the only thing keeping him from rushing to him. He loved how protective Carlisle was of him.

"He treating you good?" Sirius asked, following Harry gaze to the group of vampires and shifters.

"The best," Harry replied honestly. "I never thought that I could be this happy."

Harry's words hurt, but he knew that he didn't say them purposely to hurt him. Harry was being honest, speaking from his heart. He could tell just from looking at him that he was madly in love and incredibly happy. Despite the gut wrenching pain, he was happy for his pup. "You know where
to find me when you're ready to start training."

Giving his godfather a small wave, Harry turned and sprinted towards his family. He had to keep a human pace incase anyone was looking out the castle windows.

"You ok?" Carlisle asked, embracing his mate and searching his eyes. Last time he had spoken to his godfather he had been extremely shook up.

"I'm amazing!" Harry cried, clinging his mate. "This has been the best day ever."

"It's celebration time!" Seth cried, picking Harry up and spinning him in a circle. "Let's get home and get the fun started."

Home! That was a word that Harry would never get tired of hearing. So many people, like Ron, take that word for granted. Ron doesn't know what it's like to live in a home and be an outsider. To be unwanted, hated and abused in a place that is supposed to offer you safety and comfort by people who are supposed to love you unconditionally. He may have had a roof over his head, but he never had a home. He may have had an aunt, an uncle and a cousin, but he never had a family. He didn't know what having a family and home felt like up until a few months ago. Now...now he wouldn't trade his home or family for all the money or material things in the world. For the first time in his life he was truly happy, safe and loved.

"Yes, let's go home!" Harry repeated happily.

***HP

THE END!

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