Forks Cuisine

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Forks Cuisine

by Vampirezdarkgurl

Summary

After the war ended in his seventh year, Harry studied up on the muggle world so he could move there after he graduated from Hogwarts. When that time came he went to culinary school for four years and graduated when he was 21 years old. After that he used money he got from his parents to move somewhere where his name wasn't known and opened up a restaurant in a friendly little town called Forks. Little does he know, his life won't be that simple. (Important: This is an old story originally written and posted on other sites back in 2009!)

Notes

Okay this story is an old story that I wrote and have posted on other sites, but I decided to put it up on here since others were interested in me putting up my old stories here (this is just one of many stories that I will be putting up over time). I haven't made any edits or changes to it since the final posting in November of 2009. All I've done is make sure the chapters are formatted correctly so they're easy to read. Anyway I hope you enjoy.
Chapter 1

Forks Cuisine

Summary: After the war ended in his seventh year, Harry studied up on the muggle world so he could move there after he graduated from Hogwarts. When that time came he went to culinary school for four years and graduated when he was 21 years old. After that he used money he got from his parents to move somewhere where his name wasn't known and opened up a restaurant in a friendly little town called Forks. Little does he know, his life won't be that simple.

Pairing(s): Eventual Edward/Harry, Some Edward/Bella (don't worry, she'll be out of the picture soon.), Rosalie/Emmett, Alice/Jasper, Carlisle/Esme

Rating: Nc-17

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Warning(s): Slash, Au,

Chapter One:

"For the last time I am not giving you a damn interview!" Twenty one year old Harry Potter shouted at the reporter standing on his doorstep. Slamming the door shut in the flabbergasted reporters face, Harry scowled and stomped back over to the couch.

"Poor Harry." Hermione Granger, now Weasley, said running her fingers through Harry's shoulder length black hair. "I can see why you want to leave, but do you really have to go all the way across the country?" She asked.

"We both know that that is the only way that I'll get a moments peace. They're getting through my wards, which I think the minister has something to do with, and won't leave me alone. They woke me up at three this morning banging on the door asking if I was studying to be the next dark lord." She asked.

"Oh Harry. Why haven't you told Ron and I that it's gotten that bad? And if the minister's done that you can report him for it." He asked.

"No proof that it's him and not just shoddy wards. Besides then I'd be back in the papers again and that's the last thing that I want. Anyway I had planned on moving anyway. I hate always getting stared at when I go out. This way no one will know me there and Sirius and Remus are there too."

"What are they doing there?" Hermione asked with a frown. "I didn't hear anything about them moving with you."

"They didn't plan on it, but Sirius found out that he had distant relatives there and wanted to meet them. Remus went up there after Sirius found out that they're werewolves that are able to change at
will and stay in control. Remus went up there to see if they could help him with his wolf."

"That would be so wonderful for Remus." Hermione said with a big smile.

"It would. He deserves it after everything he's been put through. Besides werewolves are accepted over there by the witches and wizards. They aren't immediately labeled as dark or evil just because they transform into a wolf."

"Maybe I'll have to talk Ron and the rest of the family into moving there. It definitely sounds like magical creatures get treated better there."

"There isn't a set magical community there. There is a shopping center, but the witches and wizards there aren't afraid of getting found out. They even sell ingredients to muggles because muggles like to pretend that they can do spells and potions." Harry said with a grin.

"What do the magical children do about schooling though? Isn't Hogwarts and the other schools too far for them to go to?"

"I honestly don't know. They must be home schooled or something."

Looking scandalized, Hermione said, "Well that isn't right. They deserve to have the opportunity to go to a school that has teachers that will teach them."

"Hermione you have that look on your face that says you plan on doing something about that. Do you really plan on trying to set up a school for the children? There isn't even a way to find all of the magical families over there."

"I'm sure I could think of something. Besides, with Ron away playing for the Cannons I need something to keep me occupied."

"Just be careful, Hermione. I don't trust certain people not to try and harm you if they find out about this. You know that if you get this done that witches and wizards from other countries will want to send their kids there too."

"You really think that they would do something like that?"

"If it interfered with their power or their security in their position? You bet they would. Fudge is a selfish wizard who needs to be in power and ruin people that can make him look bad. Look at how he dragged my name through the mud when Voldemort first returned. If he had admitted it everyone would have turned to Dumbledore and myself to see what to do. That would have taken him out of power." Harry said.

"How that man was ever reelected is a mystery to me." Hermione said making a face.

"I know, but just promise me that you'll be careful. I don't want anything happening to you. You're my sister in everything but blood."

"I will. If I even get an odd look I'll floo to your place as soon as I can."

"I'm holding you to that Hermione Jane Weasley. Ron would never forgive me if anything happened to you since I promised to keep you safe."

"And you would die trying to protect me if it was needed."

"Of course I would. Now, are you coming to the opening of Lily's Gryffin on Friday?"
"Of course I am. But I'm going to help you out with waiting tables and everything because I can have your cooking anyway. Besides it would look weird if you were the only one going in and out of the kitchen all night."

"I plan on hiring waiters and waitresses when I get there, but I'll be using my magic to work the stoves and everything."

"Well what about hiring Sirius' friends. They obviously know about wizards and everything."

"Maybe, but I don't want them to feel like they have to do it. I guess I'll just see when I get there. Besides it isn't like I can't do it by myself if I have to."

"Oh no you won't Harry Potter. You'll call me for help if you need it. You won't do all that work by yourself."

"Not if you're going to be working on a school for magical children there. You'd be overworking yourself."

"I'd only be doing research at first. By the time I moved onto anything bigger I'm sure you'll have found help."

"We'll see. Besides maybe the restaurant will be a big failure and I won't need to worry about hiring anyone," Harry slightly joked.

"Don't talk like that, Harry." Hermione scolded him. "Now since you aren't leaving until Thursday night, get your tush off of the couch and into the library and help me start looking for information on magical schools." She ordered.

"Yes Mistress Hermione, whatever you say, Mistress Hermione." Harry teased bowing.

Giggling, Hermione slapped him on the shoulder gently and said, "And don't you forget it."

****END CHAPTER****

AN: Okay, so I had to get into a Twilight/HP crossover. I couldn't help it. My precious little plot bunnies wouldn't leave me alone. I can honestly say, though, that I think this is an original idea. Well things that will happen in the future.
Chapter Two:

Across the country in the little town of Forks, Washington an eternal 17 year old teen named Edward Anthony Mason Cullen, was sitting on a new black leather couch trying to ignore the ranting voice of his 19 year old girlfriend.

"I mean honestly, Edward we've been dating for close to two years now. If you aren't going to propose to me anytime soon the least you could do is take me out once in a while. You may not eat human food, but I still do. Would it be so hard to take me out on a date and act like you've eaten? You did it in high school with no problem."

"Fine, Bella! Where would you like to go?" Edward asked while grinding his teeth.

Smiling since she had gotten he way, Bella dropped down onto the couch beside him and said, "Good. Then you can take me to Lily's Gryffin. It opens this Friday for the first time. I'd like to go on opening night."

"No, absolutely not on opening night." Edward denied.
"What? Why not?" Bella screeched, causing Edward to flinch at the noise.

"You said it yourself, Bella. Opening night."

"So? We'll be in the paper for being one of the first people to eat there."

"If it's opening night they'll be watching everyone closely to see their reactions to the food." Edward explained.

"Couldn't you manage to choke some down for me?" Bella asked batting her eyelashes at him.

Hearing the rest of his family returning from their hunt, Edward sighed and agreed so they wouldn't have hear him fighting with Bella...yet again.

Throwing her arms around his neck, Bella pressed a kiss to Edward's cheek and said, "I'm going to go and make reservations and then call Jessica. She'll be so jealous."

As she bounced away, Edward sighed sadly and buried his head in his hands.

"Edward? What's wrong darling?" Esme asked as she walked into the room.

"It's just Bella again, Esme."

Brushing her dark hair away from her face, Esme said, "Then maybe it's time to go your separate ways. It doesn't work out between certain people, Edward."

"But Alice's vision..." He started.

"They aren't always right. Remember when she and Jasper first joined our coven? She saw the Volturi killing us all and yet we are all still alive."

"I suppose."

"Just think on it. You don't have to make a decision right away."

Smiling slightly, Edward pressed a kiss to her cheek and said, "Thank you, Esme. But if I do break up with Bella, Rosalie is going to have a field day. I won't hear the end of it for centuries."

"Yes that may be true, but at least you'll be happy again. And who knows, maybe you'll find someone better than her quickly." Esme said giggling like Alice did when she had a vision.

"What did she see?" Edward asked with narrowed eyes, forgetting that he could just look into her thoughts.

"She won't tell you because I told her not to." Alice said waving her finger back and forth in a teasing 'no-no' gesture.

"Alice..." Edward growled out.

"No. This is a choice you have to make yourself. "Now go for a run and think about things." Alice said shoving Edward towards the door.

Looking back towards the room, Edward wanted to go back in, but when he saw the stern looks on both Esme and Alice's faces he turned and slowly walked out of the house and towards the woods.

As he reached the edge he gave a grunt of surprise when a heavy weight crashed into his back.
"Where ya going Edward? Little Isabella not giving you any?" Emmett taunted while awkwardly hanging onto Edward's shoulders.

Growling, Edward reached back and easily tossed Emmett's larger frame over him and onto the ground.

Chuckling, Emmett stood up and called out loudly, "Hey Rosie, poor little Edward isn't getting any. Maybe we should try and be quiet tonight."

When the blonde looked up from where she was filing her nails on the back porch, Rosalie rolled her eyes at her husbands antics and went back to her nails.

"Careful Em, she seems to be getting tired of your jokes." Edward said pushing Emmett back to the ground.

"Hey! Careful. Rosie just bought this shirt for me." Emmett said loud enough for Rosalie to hear him.

"Edward if you get that shirt dirty I'm taking it out on you." Rosalie warned him. "Next time Alice and I go shopping you just might have to carry our bags for us."

Shuddering at the thought of spending hour after hour in a lingerie store, Edward said, "I'm going for a walk."

As he walked into the woods he heard Bella call out, "Edward where are you going?"

Ignoring her, even though he knew he'd hear about it later, Edward kept walking deeper into the woods.

Jumping over fallen trees and puddles from the most recent rainfall, Edward ignored the deer and rabbits that scattered when he came close to them and just focused on running.

Before he knew it he was at the edge of the Quileute's property and he had to stop or else he'd cross into it.

"Getting close there blood sucker." Edward heard from behind the trees.

"What are you doing here mongrel?" Edward asked as Jacob Black stepped out into his side of the clearing with a few of his pack following him.

"Helping a werewolf...who I suppose I should introduce to you so you don't think we're breaking the treaty by not informing you of new members of the pack." Jacob said motioning a man forward.

The man stood at about six foot three inches and he had light brown hair with flecks of gray at his temples.

"He's a werewolf?" Edward asked raising an eyebrow. "He smells nothing like you mutts."

"He's not at one with his wolf so it's only obvious that he doesn't smell like us yet."

"That wasn't an insult. He smells better then you all. There's a slight hint of dog, but it isn't a wet dog smell." Edward said eyeing the new man with suspicion.

"That might be because I am a wizard as well." The man said stepping forward to stand beside Jacob.
"A wizard? Wizards aren't a part of our treaty, Black."

"No, but he is a werewolf. So he's on the treaty. Not to mention his mate is a Black."

"The only Black without a mate is you." Edwards said.

"Not that it's any business of yours, but a Black from England came over once he found out he had relatives here."

"So there are two wolves that you didn't inform us about?" Edward asked with a frown.

"No. Sirius isn't a werewolf. He is a wizard, but he isn't a werewolf." Jacob said.

"I think I should go and inform Carlisle about this." Edward said turning around.

"You do that, and send Bella over you leech. You've been keeping her away long enough." Jacob shouted at his retreating back.

"With pleasure." Edward mumbled as he started to run back to the house.

***END CHAPTER***
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Again, please note that this story was originally written and posted on other sites back in 2009. Only edits done upon posting today is to fix formatting to fit this site.

Forks Cuisine

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Warning(s): Slash, Au,

Chapter Three:

As Friday afternoon rolled around and the grand opening of Lily's Gryffin drew near, Harry nervously paced around in the dining room gracefully avoiding the tables. The floor was hardwood with a Brazilian ruby color that went well with the walls that were painted a soft pale yellow. The ceiling was done in a normal white so they wouldn't draw any attention to them.

Painted on the walls were pictures of mystical creatures that, to many people, didn't exist. There were pictures of animals like griffins and dragons. The paintings were charmed to move, but they moved so minutely that it seemed like an illusion.

The tables were both booths and normal round tables. The booths sat next to the windows and the tables were spread out around the rest of the room. The middle of the room had a set of stairs that led down to a decent sized dance floor.

There was also a sound system that played classical music that was great for dancing or just to enjoy while eating. The speakers were located around the room in multiple places so that even if you weren't dancing you could hear the soft music.

As Harry fidgeted around, Hermione chuckled and moved over to him. Grabbing onto his arm, she said, "Come on, Harry. Show me where I'll be working."
Jumping at her appearance, Harry sighed nervously and said, "Well I figured that you could seat everyone that comes in until it's full and then hop in the back and help Sirius wait tables."

"Sirius? Sirius Black is going to be waiting tables?"

"Don't worry. He promised not to do anything today. He knows how important this is."

Smiling, Hermione pushed her magically straightened hair away from her eyes and said, "I didn't think he would. I just hope he can stand wearing dress pants and a nice shirt for the duration of the service."

"He's had practice. Remus made him wear the clothes all day yesterday and most of Wednesday too."

Giggling, Hermione looped her arm through Harry's and said, "Alright. Now show me where I'll be standing as the hostess and let me see the menus."

Leading Hermione towards the front of the restaurant, Harry placed her behind a brown oak stand with a reservation book on top and a basket of menus that hung onto the side.

Pulling a menu out, Harry set it on top of the stand. On the front was a picture of a griffin laying in a bed of lilies with a lily that seemed to shine clasped gently in it's mouth. Above the picture was the name 'Lily's Gryffin' written in a medieval scroll design in a bright red hue. The letters looped and twirled in an intricate design.

That's a beautiful design, Harry."

"Thanks. That's actually what took me the longest to design."

"Well it's a job well done because everything is beautiful. Do you need any help prepping in the back?"

"No. I have everything almost done. Magic is a wonder while cooking. I used my magic to have the knives chop and dice everything. The only thing I'm doing is measuring out everything that has to be precise."

"So when is Sirius getting here?" She asked while placing the menu back in its basket.

"We open in two hours so he should be here in an half an hour. He's getting here so he can get a look at the setup and get familiar with the menu."

"Harry, I noticed that there was a little bit of magic in the menu. Why is that there?"

"Well Remus told me that there are vampires in the town too and that they apparently don't eat humans. So I made a special little section for vampires and werewolves. The magic is on there so that when they touch it, because a vampire's touch is so much colder and a werewolf's is so much hotter, it will activate that part of the menu and show it to them."

"But how will they order it without giving away that they're ordering something special that others can't see?"

"Easy. The menus, when the special section is activated, will give off a slight charm that will make the people the vampires or werewolves are with think they ordered something normal unless they already know their secret and are really comfortable with it."
"How did you learn to do that?" Hermione asked sounding slightly jealous that she didn't know that could be done.

"I asked Minerva before I left yesterday if she knew anyone who cooked for magical creatures and didn't want anyone to know. She knew how to do it because, apparently, when she was younger she worked in a restaurant, and they did that."

"Minerva worked in a restaurant?" Hermione asked, shocked.

Shrugging, Harry said, "Apparently she was bored over the summer when school was out and wanted something to do."

"I...can't picture that." Hermione said.

"I know it was hard to believe, but she had pictures and she showed me."

"So, back to your menu, how do you plan on doing the food for the vampires? They only drink blood."

"Well all the blood I use is animal blood. I got animal blood from the wizarding world too. I bet they've never tasted blood like that. Anyway it's things like soups, or pudding that has 'red food coloring', pasta with the same thing only in the sauce."

"But doesn't real food taste like dirt or something to them?" Hermione asked remembering the DADA class that had covered vampires.

"Only if it isn't prepared right. I talked to the chef at the restaurant where Minerva used to work and he gave me a list of ingredients that vampires can eat and not worry about it tasting like dirt and how to cook them. He even gave me almost two months worth of those ingredients and where I can order more from."

"So they can eat certain things? I think I'm going to have to talk to that chef and write down things to add to things I'll have the children taught." Hermione said tapping her chin.

"How's that going?"

"Great. I found a book of ghost towns in the book store and I'm taking tours to see if any of them would be good to use for a school and maybe even start a little town like around Hogsmeade and Hogwarts. There are even a bunch here around Washington. It would be great if one of them could be used. I'm going to start looking around at them soon."

"Well don't stress yourself out with it. If it's meant to work out it will. Now come on, I have a feeling Sirius is going to try and sneak into the kitchen."

Laughing, Hermione followed him towards the kitchen and said, "Well I don't blame him. Your cooking is delicious."

****END CHAPTER****

AN: Here's the next chapter. They're probably going to get longer once I start having Harry interact with the Cullen clan. It's just getting up to that point that each family needs different chapters.

Thanks for reading, I hope you enjoyed it.

If you'd like to see the the things I've described:

Floor: Brazilian Ruby

Walls: Optimistic Yellow

Ceiling: Chamomile

Menu Font:  http://tattoolettering.net/

Font: Medieval Scroll

Color: Red
Chapter Four

Sitting on the same couch as he had been a few days ago, Edward sighed and glanced at his watch for the third time.

"Bella we're going to be late." He shouted running his hands over his dark blue, silk shirt.

"I'll be there in two minutes." She called back from the bathroom.

"She said that ten minutes ago." Emmett said from where he was watching a movie with Rosalie.

Rolling his eyes, Edward said, "I'm going to talk to Carlisle for a minute. If she happens to come out before I'm back tell her to wait."

Snorting, Rosalie said, "That won't happen. Your little princess needs a lot of time to look good."

Standing up, Edward headed up the stairs and wrinkled his nose when a foul odor coming from the bathroom hit him.

Stopping at the door to Carlisle's study, Edward knocked on it and waited for an answer.

"Come in, Edward." Carlisle called from inside.
Stepping inside, Edward took a seat on one of the chairs then just looked at Carlisle.

"Was there something you needed?" Carlisle asked after a minute.

"Have you noticed anything about Bella's scent lately?" He asked.

"I don't really pay attention to her scent. What do you mean?"

"It's unappealing to me. It's not her normal menstruation scent or body odor, she just doesn't smell good to me anymore. It's almost like something rotten."

"I have never heard of that happening. She's your singer so her blood should always attract you."

"But it doesn't. Not since last month. I thought maybe it was just her stress over getting rejected from all the colleges she's applied to again, but it's still hanging around and it didn't happen the last two times she's applied and been rejected."

"I really don't know what to say, Edward. I've never heard of a singer's blood becoming unappealing to a vampire after so long. Although most singers don't live long enough to see if the blood becomes unappealing after so long."

"I guess I'll just have to wait and see if it returns to normal." Edward said shrugging his shoulders. "I mean, she could still be stressed."

Smiling at him, Carlisle said, "Of course. Now I think I hear Isabella trying to creep up the stairs. Why don't you go ahead and go before she becomes impatient."

"Of course. See you later, Carlisle."

Standing up, Edward made his way out of the room and instantly spotted Bella walking up the stairs.

"That cannot be what you're wearing." She said placing her hands on her hips.

"Yes it is. Don't start, Bella or else we won't go at all." Edward said moving down the stairs.

"Edward, it's the first night that it's open. People will be there taking pictures. Can't you at least wear your suit?" She whined.

"No. I'm wearing dressy clothes, Bella. I look good in this, and I'm not changing. Now either get in the car or I'm leaving without you." Edward said glaring at Rosalie, who was watching the scene with a smirk on her face.

"But Edward..." She whined, trailing behind him towards his silver Volvo. "Hey, why aren't we taking you Vanquish? I thought that was your 'special occasion' car?"

"Because I don't want to take the Vanquish." Edward ground out. Yanking the door open a little harder than he should have, Edward winced when the metal protested with a loud groan.

As Bella climbed into the car, Edward listened to the huffs she gave as she mumbled under her breath.

"I can't believe you're acting like this. All I asked for was one night for us to go out and you can't even dress up for it." Bella complained.

"Bella enough." Edward growled as he sped down the road. "I've had just about enough of your bitching and complaining. I'm taking you out on opening night like you wanted, never mind the fact
that my family could be exposed from how closely they watch people on those nights. I've dressed up nicely, and you want more. What more do you want from me?" He asked.

"I want you to do things for me without me having to ask you."

"I do things for you. If you remember I had a vacation to Arizona planned for us so we could go and see your mother, but you decided last minute that you had to go shopping with Jessica and didn't want to go. And then when I offered to bring you to Las Vegas for your birthday you threw a fit."

"Because I am not going to elope, and I wouldn't even be old enough to go into any of the casinos."

"We weren't going to elope and they have casinos that you can go in down there." Edward hissed.

Opening her mouth to retort, Edward held up his hand and stopped her.

"Enough, Bella. We're here. Let's just go in and try and enjoy the night." Edward said parking his car and climbing out.

Allowing Bella to take his arm, Edward led her inside and up to the hostess booth where a young woman in a long, sleeveless black dress was waiting.

"Welcome to Lily's Gryfinn. Did you have reservations?" She asked flipping the book open.

"Two under the name Edward Cullen." Edward said smiling at her.

"Eight O'clock. You're right on time." She said taking two menus. "Would you like a booth or a table near the dance floor?"

"You have a dance floor?" Edward asked.

"Yes. The owner loves to dance. I'm sure he'll be on it quite a bit in the future." The woman said with a big smile.

"We'll take a booth." Bella interrupted with a frown.

"Of course. Right this way." Hermione said giving her a tight smile. Sitting them down, Hermione handed them both their menus and said, "Your waiter will be with you in a minute to get what you'd like to drink."

When she had left, Edward said, "That was rude, Bella."

"What? She was obviously flirting with you." Bella said opening the menu.

Taking a deep breath to calm himself, Edward gave a soft growl when an arousing scent reached his nose, although, with all the scents from the kitchen and other people he couldn't tell where it was coming from.

Flipping open his menu, Edward watched in surprise as the words in front of him seemed to sink into the page before a whole new menu wrote itself out.

Reading the menu, Edward felt his jaw drop when he saw that it was made up entirely for vampires.

Looking over at Bella's menu, which she had laying on the table, Edward frowned when he saw hers was different, probably the original one.

When the waiter came over, it was an older man with shaggy, shoulder length black hair that was
pulled back into a ponytail and gray eyes that seemed to shine with mischief.

"Are you ready to order?" The man asked smiling at them.

"Is this menu for real?" Edward asked.

Frowning, the man leaned over and looked at it, then grinned. "Yeah it is. It's a special menu that the owner made. You could almost say it's magic."

Nodding in understanding, Edward allowed Bella to order first, then said, "I'll have the bloody Mary to drink."

"Did you need a few more minutes to decide on what you want to eat?"

"I'm ready to order if you are, Bella." Edward said.

Nodding, Bella ordered a soup for her appetizer and a salad for her main course then closed her menu.

"And I'll have the special red soup and the Lasagna with red meat sauce." Edward ordered.

"Great. I'll be back with your drinks in a minute." The man said taking the menus and headed back to the hostess' both to give them to her.

Sitting in an awkward silence, Edward looked around and watched some of the couples dancing while they waited for their food to come or before they left for the night.

"Do you want to dance?" Edward asked.

"No. Dancing at our prom was more than enough to last me a lifetime." Bella said making a face.

"Besides dancing is boring. All you do is move around."

"It's a way of being intimate with someone you care about without the sex." Edward said.

"Why not just have sex then?" Bella asked rolling her eyes.

Shaking his head, Edward went back to ignoring her and soon enough their drinks and appetizer arrived.

"Enjoy. The chef sends his regards." The waiter said directly to Edward.

Watching him go, Edward warily picked up his fork and speared one of the noodles. Bringing the fork to his lips, Edward cautiously nibbled on the side covered in sauce and moaned as he tasted the exotic flavor of blood.

Frowning at the taste of the blood since he'd never tasted anything like it before, Edward picked up the spoon and tilted it to see if his eyes were turning red in case the blood was a wizards blood.

The two finished eating and paid their check over an hour and a half later and stood up to leave still in silence.

As he made his way to the door with Bella leading the way, Edward glanced towards the doors leading into the kitchen and caught sight of a black haired, five foot six inch man talking to the
Smelling the enticing scent again, Edward hurried out of the building before he could embarrass himself by trying to kiss the man.

"So you didn't seem to have such a problem eating the food." Bella said crossing her arms over her chest.

Deciding not to mention anything about the wizard, Edward rolled his eyes and asked, "What are you going to complain about me trying to act normal and not expose myself now?"

Climbing into the car, Bella turned and scowled at him. "My god, what is your problem, Edward? First you flirt with that bitch of a hostess and then you ignore me the whole time we were there. And now you're acting like I shouldn't be surprised that you ate."

Driving, Edward clenched his finger around the wheel and turned down a side road headed for Bella's father's house. Starting slowly, Edward said, "Bella, I think it would be best if you spent some time with your father."

"Why so you can go and get that hussy's number?" Bella asked crossing her arms over her chest.

"No, because I don't think it's a good idea for us to keep seeing one another. You've become a bitch, Bella. I don't know what's happened to you, but this isn't the Bella I fell in love with." Edward said as he pulled into the driveway.

"We are not over, Edward. You take your precious little time away from me, but don't you dare think for a minute that you can just walk away from me like this." She said climbing out of the car and slamming the door shut.

Sighing, Edward laid his head on the steering wheel and took a few unneeded breaths then put the car in reverse and sped towards home.

When he pulled into the driveway he parked his car in the driveway and headed into the house.

"How did it go?" Esme asked when he stepped into the house.

"It was nice there, and the owner is apparently a wizard because he's got a menu for vampires. The food was actually really good."

"A menu for vampires? How did he do that without scaring away the other diners?" Emmett asked frowning.

"Used his magic, apparently. Because when I opened the menu it changed in my hands. It must be able to tell when a vampire is holding it, because Bella's menu remained the same."

"Why would someone go through the trouble to cook for vampires?" Rosalie asked with a sneer.

"Someone who wants us to feel welcome." Alice said.

"Something else happened too. Someone's blood called to me like a singer's would, but I didn't want to attack them...it was the opposite actually." Edward said looking as if he would have blushed if he could.

"But Bella's your singer...isn't she?" Emmett asked.

"I thought she was, but for the last month her blood's repulsed me."
"So does that mean she's going to stay away from us now?" Rosalie asked, almost sounding excited.

"I broke up with her, but I don't think she's going to just let it go."

"She won't expose us, will she?" Jasper asked looking towards Alice.

"I don't know. I haven't seen anything. I don't think she'd do that though. Especially not if she wants Edward back."

"Yeah well, look how much the human has changed since we first met her. If she feels spurned she'll do anything to try and get Edward back. Even resort to blackmail." Rosalie said with a sneer. "I told you we should have just killed her."

"Rosalie you aren't helping." Carlisle scolded her.

"Hey I'm just telling the truth. Now that Edward dumped her the Volturi will be watching us closely as soon as they find out and if she decides to expose us they'll kill us all. I don't know about all of you, but I'd rather not have them kill me." She spat jumping up from the couch.

"It's not going to come to that." Edward growled out.

"And how do you know that?"

"Because if I even think that she's going to expose us I'll kill her." Edward said looking her straight in the eye. "I may care about her, but I care about my family even more."

"So can we go and see that restaurant owner tomorrow then?" Alice asked suddenly causing everyone to stop what they were doing and stare at her. "What if it's a valid question. We can go for lunch."

"I think that's a wonderful idea, Alice." Esme said smiling at her.

****END CHAPTER****

AN: Here's the next chapter. I hope you all enjoyed it. Again, I know Bella's OOC, but...I really don't like her and it's needed.
Chapter 5

Summary: After the war ended in his seventh year, Harry studied up on the muggle world so he could move there after he graduated from Hogwarts. When that time came he went to culinary school for four years and graduated when he was 21 years old. After that he used money he got from his parents to move somewhere where his name wasn't known and opened up a restaurant in a friendly little town called Forks. Little does he know, his life won't be that simple.

Pairing(s): Eventual Edward/Harry, Some Edward/Bella (don't worry, she'll be out of the picture soon.), Rosalie/Emmett, Alice/Jasper, Carlisle/Esme

Rating: Nc-17

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Warning(s): Slash, Au,

Chapter Five:

"Alice, I don't want to go back there." Edward said while he watched as Alice yanked open his closet doors and started to shuffle through his clothing.

"Well that's too bad, because you're going." Alice said pulling out two different pairs of pants and compared them before tossing one pair over her shoulder.

"Alice come on. Just tell me why you want me to go so badly." Edward said reaching out to see her thoughts.

When she felt Edward trying to get into her thoughts, Alice tensed up and started to hum the song from Barney the Dinosaur in her head while mouthing the words.

"Don't sing that song!" Edward shouted, horrified.

"Then don't probe my thoughts." Alice said reaching back into the closet. "You'd think that you would have learned your lesson by now." She added with a giggle.

"It's not funny! I had that song stuck in my head for days." He complained while wiggling his fingers in his ears as if trying to physically remove the song.
Giggling again, Alice tossed the leather pants she was holding to Edward and said, "Change into them and then we'll pick a shirt."

"Alice, I can dress myself you know. I've been doing it for over eighty years now...and where did these pants come from? I've never bought leather before in my life."

"I got them for you and hid them in your closet. I figured there'd eventually be an occasion when you could wear them."

"But I don't even know what this occasion is." Edward protested.

"Just change." Alice said turning around so Edward could change in peace.

"Alice..." He started.

"No. Now get changed before I come over there and help you."

Growling, Edward stripped down to his boxers then struggled to pull the leather pants up his hips.

"Alice, these things are way too tight." He said and he buttoned and zipped them up.

"They're supposed to be." Alice said while turning back around. "And you look good in them." She added.

"Come on, Alice. Can't I just wear normal pants? Leather isn't something for me." He said, making a face.

"Nope. Besides if you meet someone the leather just might make them fall into your arms."

"Alice, I just broke up with Bella, I'm not going to jump into another relationship so soon."

"I know, but it doesn't hurt to look nice."

"Alice, if we're going back there I think I want to dance. I'm not going to dance in leather pants." He said stubbornly crossing his arms over his chest.

Huffing, Alice said, "Fine, but the next time I go out I'm going to buy you something and you'll wear it when I say you'll wear it."

"Deal." Edward agreed quickly, "Now go and bug your husband about what he's wearing."

"Five minutes and then meet us downstairs." Alice said walking out of the room, shutting the door behind her.

Sighing in relief, Edward quickly stripped out of the leather pants, balled them up, and threw them into the back of his closet.

Pulling out a pair of black jeans that were a little tight, Edward slipped them on and then pulled a white tank top on and covered it with an emerald green button down shirt that was buttoned half way.

Slipping on his shoes, Edward pocketed his cell phone and wallet then headed out of his room and down the stairs. When he reached the bottom, Edward stopped in shock and started at Rosalie who was dressed in a soft pink dress with a white shawl wrapped around her shoulders.

"I thought you didn't want to go to the restaurant, Rose." Edward said.
"Well everyone else was going, so I thought I'd go as well and see what the fuss was about."

"If you say so. Is Carlisle going with?" He asked.

"No, he received a call from the hospital asking him to come in because one of his patients took a turn for the worst." Esme said. "So it will just be us six today."

"Shall we go then?"

"Of course. Now what cars are we taking?" Edward asked.

"Jasper and I are going with Rosie and Emmett in the BMW and Esme is going to go with you in one of your cars." Alice answered.

"Well then, shall we go?" Edward asked holding out his arm for Esme to take.

Taking his arm with a smile, Esme allowed him to lead her out to the car and help her in.

Walking around to the drivers side, Edward started the car and peeled out with Rosalie right behind him.

When they pulled up to the restaurant, not even five minutes later, Edward climbed out of the car and looked around at the full parking lot.

"Are you sure we'll even get in, Alice?" He asked.

"Yes. I called last night and made reservations for us." She said wrapping her arm in Jasper's.

"Well let's go in then." Rosalie said trying to sound uninterested.

Opening the door and stepping into the restaurant, Edward and the others were greeted by the same woman that had been there the night before.

"Welcome to Lily's Gryffin. Did you have a reservation?" She asked.

"A table for six under Cullen." Edward said, taking the lead.

"Would you like a booth or a table?"

"A table please."

"Of course. Right this way."

As they walked, the vampires rolled their eyes as they heard the whispers from the people there. While it wasn't rare to see the Cullen's around town, it was rare to see most of them together at the same time.

Sitting down at their table, Edward watched in amusement as his family opened their menus and discovered the vampires menu.

"You weren't kidding." Emmett said looking up with shock on his face.

"That's your job, Em." Edward said opening his own menu.

"How could someone do this? Wizard or not?" Rosalie asked.

"Mind magic." Esme said. "I remember Carlisle mentioning a wizard he had met once when he was
younger. Carlisle had accidentally exposed himself to a group of humans and a wizard, an Albus or Albert Dumbledore, used a mind magic to make them forget that Carlisle was a vampire."

"They can do that?" Jasper asked.

"Should we be worried about them attacking us then?" Rosalie asked.

"We should wait to find out. We can't judge them by what they can do." Edward said inhaling deeply, trying to catch the scent from last night.

As Rosalie opened her mouth to respond, she was cut off by the waiter coming over to their table.

As the waiter, one Sirius Orion Black, walked back into the kitchen, he grinned as he caught sight of his godson plating up the latest order.

"We got another ticket, Harry." He said handing the ticket over with a flourish. "And it's a familiar guest. That vampire from last night came back and he brought others with him."

"Really? That's great." Harry said taking the ticket. "Do you think I should introduce myself to them? I know Remus said he met one of them the other day and he didn't seem too pleased about wizards being here."

"That might be a good idea. Crush any negative thoughts before they cause troubles."

"Alright. Take this tray out to the table and then have Hermione put the closed sign up along with the sign saying we'll open for the dinner rush. You wouldn't believe how many people thought I only opened for lunch hours even though I was open for dinner hours yesterday." Harry said pushing the tray towards him.

Giving Harry a rough salute, Sirius scooped the tray up and left the kitchen.

Shaking his head, Harry looked at the vampire's orders and quickly made the drinks and then moved on to the main courses since they didn't order an appetizer.

Whipping up the soup and pasta quickly since they were the last table for the lunch session, Harry then started to clean up some of the other pots and pans so they would be ready for the dinner opening.

"Hey Harry. Do you need help with anything back here?" Hermione asked walking into the kitchen.

"Nah, I just started up the last table. Why don't you head on out and do what you have to do."

"Are you sure you don't need any help?"

"Yes I'm sure. Now go and do something or else I'll have to hire you to work here."

"Alright." She said moving over to his side. Pressing a kiss against his cheek she said, "I'll see you later."

"Thanks. See you later, Hermione." He said as Sirius stepped back into the kitchen. "Drinks are here and the food will be done in a second, so come right back." Harry said without missing a beat. "Oh and ask them if they'd mind sticking around when they're done eating so that I can introduce us."

"Sure." Sirius said taking the drinks and making an exaggerated turn as he left the kitchen again.

Shaking her head in fondness, Hermione waved, and made her way towards the door that led to the
alley so she could apparate to Harry's house and floo home.

Plating up the food, Harry set it on a tray for Sirius to use, then started on the last of the plates and pans.

"They agreed, Harry. They just said they'd call the head of their coven so he'd be here for the introductions too." Sirius said leaning against the wall.

"Great, now turn around and bring them their food." Harry said with a grin.

"You, Harry, are enjoying this too much." Sirius said taking the tray.

Chuckling, Harry wiped off his hands and threw his apron into the magically cleaning basket.

****END CHAPTER****

AN: Here's the next chapter. I hope you all enjoyed it. Next chapter is the meeting. I thought I'd get it in this chapter, but nope.
Chapter 6

Summary: After the war ended in his seventh year, Harry studied up on the muggle world so he could move there after he graduated from Hogwarts. When that time came he went to culinary school for four years and graduated when he was 21 years old. After that he used money he got from his parents to move somewhere where his name wasn't known and opened up a restaurant in a friendly little town called Forks. Little does he know, his life won't be that simple.

Pairing(s): Eventual Edward/Harry, Some Edward/Bella (don't worry, she'll be out of the picture soon.), Rosalie/Emmett, Alice/Jasper, Carlisle/Esme

Rating: Nc-17

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Warning(s): Slash, Au,

Chapter Six:

"So are you ready to go out there and introduce yourself?" Sirius asked Harry.

"You're going out there too, Sirius." Harry said.

"Of course I am. I'm not stupid enough to leave you out there alone. Remus would kick me out of bed for months...he's done it before."

Chuckling, Harry said, "Sirius, no offense but, I don't want to know if Remus has kicked you out of bed before."

"Oh come on, Harry. Don't you want to know how good he is in bed?" Sirius teased as they pushed through the kitchen doors and stepped out into the dining room.

"Sirius Orion Black don't you dare say anything else or I'll tell Remus." Harry said with a blush on his face.

Hearing the chuckle from the table where the vampires were sitting, Harry blushed even more and looked up at them and stopped in his tracks. The six vampires were extremely attractive. To Harry they seemed even more attractive then the Veela that he had seen years ago. But the one that caused him to lose his breath, in both a good and a bad way, was the vampire that looked so much like Cedric Diggory. The teen that died well before his time, and whose death still woke Harry up screaming.
"Thank you for agreeing to wait and meet us." He said clearing his throat before he continued over to the table and pulled a chair over from the neighboring table.

"It's no problem. Carlisle, the head of our coven, isn't here yet though." Edward said. "So you're the Black that the mutt...Jacob mentioned. You look nothing like them."

"We're related very distantly. Like seventh cousin four times removed." Sirius said with a shrug. "But family is important to us Blacks. So no matter how distantly related we are we're still family."

When Edward opened his mouth to say something, he was cut off by the front door opening to allow Carlisle to walk in. Carlisle was dressed in a pair of pressed black pants and black shirt that was covered in a slight sheen of water from the rain that was drizzling down outside.

"Ah we're all here. Good." Carlisle said taking a seat beside his wife. "I am Carlisle Cullen and this is my coven. My wife and mate Esme, and our children, Edward, Rosalie, Emmett, Alice, and Jasper." He said pointing to each of his children.

"It's nice to me you all. I'm Harry Potter and this is my godfather, Sirius Black."

"I must say that I was surprised to hear that we had wizards here. I only met a wizard once and that was in 1945. He looked like he had lost the most important thing in his life."

"1945? Why didn't we know about that?" Edward asked.

"It's when I went to the medical convention in New York. I just went about my business and nothing happened after so I didn't tell you all." Carlisle explained.

"Was it Albus Dumbledore?" Harry asked.

"Why yes. How did you know?"

"In 1945 Dumbledore had to kill his lover, Gellert Grindelwald. Grindelwald had turned to dark magic and was killing and torturing everyone and everything that didn't fit into his plans of Wizard supremacy. I wasn't born then, but I know losing someone you love is hard and you just want to get away from the places that remind you of them."

"So he's still alive then? How is the old codger?"

"He's dead. He died a few months ago protecting students at his school during our most recent war." Harry said lowering his eyes.

"Ah I'm sorry. You seemed to really care about him." Carlisle said.

"He was like my grandfather, but I know he went like he would have wanted to."

"He would have wanted to die while fighting in a battle?" Jasper asked with a frown.

"Protecting someone, I meant. Especially the children of the school. He cared about every student as if they were family." Harry said.

"What's this school you keep mentioning?" Edward asked, interested.

"Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. You start going when you're eleven and they teach you how to use and control your magic." Harry explained.

"Is that where you learned to cook for vampires?" Esme asked.
"No, I went to culinary school after I graduated from Hogwarts. I found out I can cook for vampires after I talked to a restaurant owner in the wizarding world. He told me that you can eat normal foods if it's prepared correctly."

"Would you mind teaching me how to?" Esme asked, looking excited.

"Of course I wouldn't mind." Harry said smiling at her.

"Can I ask what's brought you here to Forks instead of any other town?" Carlisle asked.

"Like I said our war just ended and lets just say I played a big part in it. I wasn't getting any peace back home." Harry said.

Narrowing his eyes, Edward nudged forwards into Harry's thoughts and managed to see flashes of a battle and bodies falling before he was shoved out of Harry's mind.

"I don't like it when people invade my mind without my permission. If you have questions just ask and I'll answer them." Harry said glaring at Edward.

"Sorry." Edward said, looking away from Harry's intense eyes.

"Were you a wizard before you were turned?"

"Not that I know of. Why?" Edward asked.

"Because that was a a type of mind magic. Legilimency is when you can go into someones mind and read their thoughts and memories." Harry explained.

"As far as I know I wasn't a wizard and no one in my family was."

"So maybe you were a muggleborn. A witch or wizard born to someone who doesn't have any magic. It's actually kind of scary to think of you being a wizard." Harry admitted.

"Why's that?" Edward asked, wondering if he should be insulted.

"When I was in my fourth year of schooling there was a student that looked just like you. He was killed because of someone that was after me." Harry said looking down.

"Stop blaming yourself for that." Sirius scolded him.

Smiling sadly, Harry looked around and asked, "Can anyone else do things like that?"

"I can see things that happen in the future and Jasper, my husband, can feel emotions." She said.

"You might have been. I'd say if you were you, Alice, Would have been a seer and Jasper probably would have been a mediwizard. A mediwizard is a doctor. They can feel and manipulate emotions so they can tell what's wrong with their patients and know how to help them quicker."

"If we were wizards before we turned can we still learn about magic?" Alice asked.

"Honestly, I don't know. I really don't see why not because your magical core shouldn't have been effected by the transformation, but I've never met a vampire that was a wizard before."

"I'd think that they'd be able to. I mean, Remus was bitten and turned into a werewolf and he can still do magic, so I don't see why it would be different for vampires." Sirius said.
"Rosalie you could be nothing more than a Veela. A magical creature so beautiful that you stop any man in their tracks." Harry said winking at her, causing Emmett to growl and pull Rosalie closer to his side.

"Relax I'm not trying to steal your wife." Harry said holding his hands up in the air. "She's beautiful, but I have no interest."

"And why not?" Rosalie asked with a frown.

"I'm gay. Even a beautiful woman like yourself couldn't tempt me." Harry said with a grin.

Giving a little smile, Rosalie said, "Well then, I suppose I can get over the fact that you wouldn't be interested in me."

As Emmett relaxed in his chair slightly, Harry chuckled and said, "I'm sure that this has been a bit of a shock to all of you, so if you'd like we can meet again once you've had time to register everything you've been told."

"I think that might be a good idea." Carlisle said standing up before helping Esme from her own chair.

Taking the notepad from Sirius, Harry wrote down his address and phone number and then held it out to Esme.

"Whenever you want to start your lessons just give me a call or drop by. If I'm not at the restaurant then I'll be at home." He said.

"This is by LA Push, isn't it?" She asked.

"Yeah, it's a small cabin on the outskirts of both Forks and LA Push...will that be a problem?" He asked.

"We'll have to see if any of it's located on LA Push territory, because we have a treaty with them that states we won't cross into their territory and they won't cross into ours." Carlisle said.

"If it is you'll just have to come to our house and use our kitchen." Esme said with a smile.

"Of course. Whatever is easier for you. I open at ten thirty in the morning for lunch since the students at the high school are allowed to leave for lunch and close at one thirty after the lunch rush. I open again at four for the dinner rush and close at nine. I'd offer to do the lessons here, but I put charms on a lot of my cooking utensils and they tend to rebel when I try to use them." Harry said with a laugh. "The last time I tried to use a spatula it kept smacking the back of my hand until I gave up."

Laughing, Esme said, "We'll use the kitchen at our home then. I'll get in touch with you once I have the kitchen stocked with plates and pans and everything."

Walking them out, Harry watched them all climb into their cars and drive away before he turned to Sirius.

"They aren't bad, I don't see what Jacob was talking about." Harry said, remembering his meeting with Sirius' relatives when he had gotten in on Thursday.

"I don't know. Maybe Jacob just has something against vampires...or maybe he's hot for one of them and is afraid to tell that one." Sirius said with a wicked grin.
Sirius if you say that to him, he's going to shift and tear you apart.” Harry said, shaking his head.

"He'd have to catch me to do that. Padfoot can probably run faster than Jacob."

"Are you really going test that idea out?" Harry asked raising his eyebrow.

"Well I can always borrow your motorcycle." Sirius said, nearly drooling over the thought of Harry's red and black 2002 Honda CBR Fireblade that had been released earlier that year. The Fireblade was made up of all different Honda racing bikes and was, currently, the only bike like it on the market.

"Oh no you won't. You could have bought one yourself, but you love your old bike too much.” Harry said.

"But Harry." Sirius whined. "Jacob hasn't finished working on my bike yet."

"And you're still thinking of teasing him?"

"Yeah, why not?"

Snorting, Harry started walking back to the kitchen so he could prep ahead of time for the dinner service, and said, "Because he might accidentally forget to tighten something."

"Huh...how did you get so smart?" Sirius asked, trailing behind him.

"Biologically from my mother and any other smarts I got from Remus."

"Hey, I'm smart." Sirius protested. "I know how to pull pranks and get away with them."

"That's just luck. Besides, most of the times we just let you think you got away with it." Harry teased.

Dramatically throwing himself at Harry, Sirius wrapped his arms around him and gasped out, "You let me get away with it? If I don't get away with it because of my incredible luck then I have nothing to live for!"

Laughing out loud, Harry grabbed a basket with eating utensils and handed it to Sirius and said, "Here, go set the tables and maybe your luck will be good and I won't know who pranks me in the future."

Grinning, Sirius took the basket and walked out of the room while mumbling about godsons who didn't know that it wasn't wise to taunt one of the great pranksters alive.

****END CHAPTER****

AN: Here's the next chapter. I hope you all enjoyed it. Next chapter will be up soon.

And if you'd like to see what Harry's motorcycle looks like, here's the link:

http://www.hondamc.com/upload/7317/CBR1000RR_B_1280.jpg
Chapter Seven:

"I can't believe that blood sucking leech!" Jacob Black ranted as he burst through the front door of Harry's cabin at nine thirty at night and threw himself down onto the black couch that sat against the wall.

"What? What happened?" Harry asked, while instinctively reaching for his wand.

"Poor Bella called me earlier tonight sobbing because that leech, Edward Cullen, broke up with her and now he isn't talking to her."

"Why did he break up with her?" Harry asked putting his wand away.

"All she said was that he broke up with her because she asked him to take her out once in a while."

"Just because he wouldn't take her out? Look, Jake, I don't know her or him that well, but I can safely say that you should probably get his side of the story first."

"Bella wouldn't lie about something like that." Jacob said stubbornly.

"I thought a girl I knew wouldn't lie either, but she did."

"What happened?"
"My best mates little sister was obsessed with me and would always ask me to go out with her. I'd turn her down, gently, but she'd always ask. Everyone thought it was just because I had saved her life and that she'd get over it and it seemed like she had. But a few years ago I started to go out with this bloke and she attacked him. She was saying that I was hers and that we were getting married and that the slut should stay away from me...her words, not mine. She had even stole my mothers engagement ring and wedding dress out of my family's vault and wore them in secret. She insisted that I had proposed to her and that the Minister of Magic, who hates me, had to marry us because I was lying. It was only her family taking my side that stopped him from forcing me to marry her."

"Ouch."

"Yeah, now I'm not saying that your friend is lying and going around wearing a wedding dress and ring in private, but the other side is always important to know, because if no one asked my side I would have been forced to marry her."

"You would have been forced to marry her? Why?"

"Engagements are something you don't break in the wizarding world. Not only would it shame the family, an engagement is made with a wizarding oath. If you break a wizarding oath you can kiss your magic goodbye."

"But what if both parties agree that the engagement should be ended?"

"If both parties agree then the oath can be broken with no repercussions except for a temporary drain of their magic."

"So what happened to her?" Jacob asked.

"Her family had her committed to a psychiatric ward. They hope that with time she'll be able to be let out and return home, but it doesn't look good. She still rants about me cheating on her and about going back on my promise." Harry said with a shudder.

"Sorry to hear that." Jacob said. "So what's this I hear from Sirius about you inviting vampires over to your place?"

"The matriarch of the coven asked if I could teach her how to cook. I offered to have her over here to teach her."

"Sorry, you can't do that. Your house is on Quileute territory."

"Excuse me? This is my home. I don't care if it's on Quileute territory. If I want to invite that whole coven over to my home then I will."

"Harry, they can't without breaking our treaty. Besides they're just blood sucking leeches." Jacob said with a sneer.

"So because they're different you won't let them on your land?" Harry asked in a dark voice.

"Exactly."

"I think you should leave, Jacob." Harry said, trying to stop his hands from shaking.

"What? Why?" Jacob asked, confused.

"You're telling me you won't let someone onto your land because they're different. If you remember
what Sirius told you about the war we came from, every person that died, died because they were different or had different views than the dark lord. That group of people included my parents." Harry said.

"I'm sorry..." Jacob started to say.

"Don't. I don't want a false apology. I realize you all don't like each other and it's years of hatred between your pack and their clan, but if you don't know them I don't see how you can act like that unless it's just a stupid hatred because they're different."

Sighing, Jacob ran his hand through his hair and stood up. Opening his mouth to say something, Jacob hesitated then shook his head and made his way out of the house.

Shaking his head, Harry stood up and made his way to the mudroom located on the side of the house, where the most used entrance was located, and slipped on his calf high motorcycle boots. Then, grabbed his helmet, keys, and side saddle bag and made his way out to his bike.

Slipping onto the bike, Harry turned the key and started it up and turned on the headlight, then revved the engine a few times before he sped out onto the road going well over the speed limit knowing that the spells he had put on the bike would protect him.

He had barely gotten into Forks, the only way to get to Port Angeles from his house, when he heard and saw a police car pull out behind him with its lights flashing and siren going.

Groaning, Harry pulled over and turned off his bike as the dark haired officer climbed out of his car and walked up to him.

Pulling off his helmet, Harry set it on the bike in front of him, and plastered his cheesiest smile on his face.

"I haven't had anyone going twenty miles over the speed limit in months." The man said. "I need to see your license and registration, please." He said, holding out his hand.

Digging into his pocket, Harry pulled out the two papers and gave them to the man, C. Swan, if his coat was correct, then watched as he made his way back to his car.

Looking around, Harry saw Remus and Sirius coming out of the grocery store and waved at them. After a brief stop to stare at him, both Sirius and Remus made their way to their own car while shaking their heads. Even though it wasn't known that he was a werewolf, Remus still tended to avoid people and did his shopping late at night or early in the morning.

After only about five minutes, the cop came back over and handed Harry both of his papers back.

"Alright, since you're new here and I know that there isn't a speed limit sign on the road you came from, I'm only going to give you a warning this time. The speed limit in town is only thirty miles per hour. If I pull you over again for speeding I won't be as nice."

"Of course, and thank you officer Swan."

"Chief Charlie Swan. Welcome to Forks Mr. Potter, and remember no speeding."

Grinning, Harry said, "I'll try my hardest, Chief."

Shaking his head, Charlie said, "See that you do."
Pulling his helmet back on, Harry started his bike and slowly drove down the road until he had reached the short interstate that would bring him to Port Angeles.

It was about thirty minutes later that he was pulling into the parking lot of the mall and climbing off of his bike. After glancing around to make sure the coast was clear, Harry shrunk his helmet and placed it in his bag.

Walking into the mall, Harry was unaware of two pairs of golden eyes staring at him. As he walked, the owner of said eyes, crept up behind him and one latched onto his arm.

Tensing up, Harry reached for his wand, as he turned towards the person attached to his arm. When he saw Alice Cullen, he sighed and said, "You should be careful when you jump on someone that's been in a war. We tend to react before we think." Harry said.

"I'm a seer, Harry. I would have saw it if you were going to attack me." Alice said.

"You mean you don't see my death?" Harry asked with a grin.

"What?" Rosalie asked, looking at him as if he was crazy.

"Long story short, a seer from my old school used to see a new way I'd die everyday. I think she was a fake, but..." Harry trailed off with a shrug.

"If I ever see your death I'll be sure to tell Edward."

"Edward? Why would you tell him?" Harry asked, confused.

"No reason." Alice said with a giggle.

Shaking his head fondly at her, Harry said, "What ever you say, Alice. Now what were you two beautiful ladies doing here this late at night without an escort?"

"We're going shopping for clothing. Rosalie and Emmett are going away to college soon and Rosie needs more clothes." Alice said.

"You guys go to school? Doesn't that get boring?" Harry asked.

"In high school, yes. But there are so many different courses we can take in college that it hasn't gotten boring yet."

Nodding in understanding, Harry asked, "What are you going for, if you don't mind me asking."

"Emmett is going to the Birkbeck college in London and I am going to Chelsea a college of art and design, also in London." Rosalie said.

"Well you'll be used to the weather. It's the same as Forks." Harry said.

"That's why we picked it. It's hard to find a school that has bad weather most of the year." Rosalie said.

"Well I'd offer to join you, but I shopped enough for clothes before I moved here. Maybe the next time you go I'll join you."

"Oh Emmett and Jasper are going to want to kill you now, gay or not." Alice said.

"Why's that?"
"Because not only do you flirt with us, even though we all know nothing will come from it, you like shopping from time to time. Emmett and Jasper absolutely hate shopping with us and do anything to avoid it."

"Well maybe you can use that to get them to go shopping with you." Harry said. Noticing the look that passed between the coven sisters, Harry chuckled and added, "I'm gonna head off now. Have fun and try not to skin your mates alive...you know what I mean."

Heading towards the bookstore, Harry waved to the two girls and watched as they walked into the lingerie store.

Blushing at the sight of the store, Harry turned and hurried into the bookstore and over to the cuisine section and began to browse.

****END CHAPTER****
Chapter Eight

A month later, Harry had grown closer to the coven and some of the wolves as he adapted to living in Forks and running his restaurant. Unfortunately he had been avoiding the wolves since his and Jacob's little fight.

It was the end of August and Emmett and Rosalie were leaving for college that night after they spent some time with their coven and friends. Harry was currently in the kitchen helping Esme whip up dinner for the whole family.

"Oh Harry, I really must thank you for helping me out. I love cooking, but I've never had a reason to since we don't eat." Esme said with a beaming smile as she stirred a pot of sauce.

"It's my pleasure, Esme. I even have something coming in for you later so you can easily order the ingredients."

"Oh you didn't need to do that dear. We don't mind just drinking blood. We've done it for years now." Esme protested.

"Nonsense. I'm happy to. I love helping out the people that I care about, and your coven has become close friends quickly, besides just drinking the blood has got to be boring by now." Harry joked, smiling at her.

"Oh it can get quite boring...that's why we switch up what kind of animal we hunt."
Smiling, Harry looked out the window above the sink where he was washing up strawberries for the dessert and frowned when he saw Edward sitting out back in the grass with a pensive look on his face.

"Esme do you have this?" Harry asked her.

"Of course. Is something wrong dear?" She asked.

"I just want to go and speak with Edward for a few minutes. He asked me something the other week and I don't think he was pleased with the answer."

"Let me guess he told you he was fine and now you can see that he isn't." She said looking out the window.

"Yeah."

"I can handle the kitchen for a little while. Go ahead and talk to him."

"Thanks. I'll be back inside in a little while." Harry said washing his hands off quickly, then walked out the back door and over to the brooding vampire.

"If I knew this was how you were going to react to what I told you, I would have lied to you." Harry said dropping down onto the ground beside the brooding vampire.

"You wouldn't have lied." Edward said without looking away from the sky.

"Yeah, you're probably right. Now I know from first hand experience that it always helps to talk about it. So what's bugging you?"

"Were you serious about your menus?" Edward asked, dropping down to lay on the grass.

"What part?"

"That if the person you're with knows and accepts what you are they could have seen the changes in the menu too?"

"Yeah. I learned the spell from a man who's been in the restaurant business for years. Why do you ask?"

"Because the girl I've been dating for years never did see it. When your restaurant first opened I went with her. Her menu didn't change." Edward said. "She doesn't accept who...what...I am."

"I'm sorry." Harry said, not really knowing what to say.

"It isn't your fault. I should actually be thanking you, because before then I was planning to propose to her. Of course she was changing, so I might not have proposed even if you didn't open a restaurant here."

"Is that the person that's been calling you nonstop?"

"Yeah. I told her it was over, but she didn't seem to accept that. She's been calling everyday, at least fifty times a day."

"Have you tried talking to her again?"

"Twice, but she kept ranting about how I need to come see her and how we needed to start going out
Cringing, since that brought up memories of Ginny, Harry said, "Maybe her parents should think about getting her a psychological evaluation."

"To be honest, I don't think her father knows about what's going on."

"Why do you say that?" Harry asked, curiously.

"Because her father, Chief Swan, would have come over here to have a go at me for hurting his daughter.

"He'd want to fight you?"

"More like he'd want to yell at me for hurting his daughter. Plus if he knew, I think he'd be watching the roads more carefully for me so he could give me tickets for speeding." Edward said.

Laughing, Harry bumped their shoulders together and said, "He's got me for that. He's pulled me over like five times since I've moved here. Of course he's only given me warnings though."

"He hasn't given you any tickets? Wow he must like you or something, because the first time we moved here he pulled Rosalie over and gave her a ticket."

Laughing, Harry said, "Maybe. Now come on, I know you wanted to see how I anything with strawberries."

"What are you making with strawberries?" Edward asked, licking his lips.

"You just love tasting strawberries again." Harry teased.

"Well they were my favorite food when I was still alive."

"I found a recipe for strawberry cheesecake crepes. I tried them the other night and they came out great." Harry said standing up and holding his hand out for Edward to take, even though the vampire could easily lift himself up with only one finger.

"Never tried cheesecake before. I don't think it was around when I was turned." Edward said.

"It didn't exist around here until the 1900's and it was most popular in New York...sorry, my teacher crammed this into my head in school." Harry said, grinning.

"So is it any good?"

"Oh yeah. Cheesecake is great. Especially when you add different things to it. The last one I made was a strawberry and banana cheesecake...of course I didn't get to try it because Sirius had it gone so quickly."

Chuckling, Edward walked into the house followed by Harry and stopped short when he saw Esme smacking Emmett on the back of the hand with a spatula.

While Emmett whined and rubbed at the back of his hand, Harry whispered to Edward, "I'd feel sorry for him, but I think the poor spatula took the most damage."

"If you stick around in the kitchen I'm gonna have to put you to work." Harry warned him as he moved back over to the sink.
Pulling out a few packets of blood that had been sitting in a pot of warm water, Harry sliced a little hole in it and poured some of the blood into the crepe mix.

"What kind of blood is that?" Edward asked while sniffing the air.

"Unicorn blood. What's it smell like?" Harry asked pulling out a little notebook.

"It smells sweet. I could probably help you more if I tasted it." He said nonchalantly.

Chuckling, Harry motioned for him to come over and scooped up some of the blood into a large tablespoon.

"Here, tell me what it tastes like so that I can write it down." He ordered, flipping open his notebook to a page with a chart.

"It has a tangy, sweet aftertaste. Almost like an apple," Edward said, tossing the spoon into the sink.

"Oh now that's just not fair." Emmett said from his spot in the doorway. "How come he gets to taste and I don't."

Rolling her eyes, Esme said, "Boys will be boys no matter what their age."

Laughing, Harry wordlessly held out another tablespoon that he filled with blood.

Grinning, Emmett strode forwards and accepted the spoon. Slipping the spoon between his lips, Emmett let out loud slurps and moans causing the others in the room to laugh at his antics.

Shaking his head, Harry turned back to the crepe mixture and mixed the blood into it then set it back on the counter.

Moving over to Esme's side, Harry helped her plate up the salmon and pasta then carried it into the dining room.

Calling out to the others, Esme set the plates on the table then moved back into the kitchen to gather up the drinks that they had whipped up.

It was a fruity drink with a few different kinds of alcohol and blood for the vampires, while Harry's was just the alcohol and fruit. It tasted pretty much like a spiked fruit punch.

Forty five minutes later Esme and Harry were back in the kitchen to finish up the dessert.

Pouring a small ladle full of the crepe mix, Harry slowly tilted the pan in a circular motion to evenly spread the crepe around.

Flipping off the stove two minutes later, Harry flipped the crepe onto a plate and moved over to help Esme construct the rest of the crepes that had already been cooked.

Slathering some strawberry jam on the bottom of the crepe, Harry then placed a large glob of the cheesecake mixture and a few chopped up strawberries then folded the crepe.

Carrying the plates into the living room, Esme and Harry passed them around before they both took a seat. Harry sat on the couch beside Edward, and Esme sat beside Carlisle on the love seat.

"Are you not having any?" Edward asked.

"No. I had so much sugar in the past few days that if I eat anymore I'm going to go sugar crazy."
Harry said with a laugh.

While everyone else ate, Harry excused himself and made his way outside to his bike. Flipping open the bag that hung off the side of it, Harry pulled out two wrapped presents, a wrapped bundle of parchment and then gave a sharp whistle, causing a small black owl that blended into the dark night to soar down and perch on his shoulder.

When he stepped back into the living room, Harry was pleased to see that the plates had all been scraped clean.

"What's with the bird?" Emmett asked while wrapping his arm around Rosalie's shoulder.

"This is for the family. I've gotten him so that Esme, or any of you, can order supplies for the food you want to cook." He said carefully shrugging his shoulder, which caused the owl to hoot and fly over to one of the chairs and perch on it. "I've also gotten this parchment made up with the suppliers address and information on it."

"What good does that do?" Esme asked, curiously.

"Nothing, but I figured it would make it easier so you didn't have to hunt for one piece of paper with the address until you got it memorized." Harry said.

"You know you really didn't have to get...what's his name?" Esme asked.

"He's yours to name." Harry said pulling out his wand and resizing the two packages that were bound together. "This is also for you all. One Rosalie and Emmett will take with them when they go and one that you can hang here in the house."

"You didn't have to do that." Esme said.

"No I didn't, but I wanted to. I have few friends, and the friends that I do have, are more like family to me." Harry said handing one of the packages to Rosalie and the other to Esme.

When they had both carefully unwrapped the gifts, Emmett said, "A mirror? Rosie will never leave our apartment now."

Chuckling, Harry said, "It's not just any mirror. It's a mirror that you can use to see and talk with your family. I have set it up so that all you need to do is say the name of the coven, or the coven member, that you want to talk to, but I can have it changed to where you'll need to say a certain phrase or set of words to get it to work."

"What like, 'mirror, mirror, on the wall?" Emmett teased.

"It could be that, or a story. I heard that one person was so paranoid that you had to say the whole history of Merlin, word for word, before the mirror could be used."

"Thank you, Harry. Very much." Esme said moving over to pull him into a hug.

Blushing, Harry returned the hug, while looking towards Edward for help.

"Esme, why don't you and Alice go see where you can hang the mirror up." Edward suggested.

"Oh I think I know the best spot." Alice said jumping up from her seat. "Come on, Esme." She added before she bounced out of the room.

"Is she always that bouncy?" Harry asked.
"Oh yeah. My Alice has been like that since the day I first met her and hasn't had a day she's been down yet." Jasper said with a laugh.

"Harry thank you for this, but I have packing to finish up." Rosalie said, giving Emmett a look.

"Huh? Oh packing...right." Emmett said with a grin as he jumped up from his seat. Tossing a wave over his shoulder, he followed his wife up the stairs.

Noticing as Jasper began to tense up, Harry asked, "That potion not working with the blood lust?"

"It works when I'm in close proximity to most of the others, but it doesn't work when I'm alone or only with one or two of the coven." Jasper said.

Nodding, Harry said, "I guess I'll have to try and get in touch with a different potions master. I know one that might be able to tweak it and make it work."

"Until then I think I'll call it a night, because it's getting to be a little much. Goodnight, Harry." Jasper said exiting the room.

"I believe I shall also retreat for the night." Carlisle said standing up. "I have a few cases I would like to review before tomorrow."

"Goodnight, Carlisle." Both Harry and Edward called out as he left.

Sitting in silence, Harry stroked the owls head as he flew over to get attention from the two remaining people in the room.

"Do you have any plans on going to college?" Harry asked.

"Not for a little while. I've done so much learning since I've been turned. I was thinking of just hanging around and relaxing. Maybe even bug you into teaching me about Wizardry."

Smiling, Harry stood up and said, "Come on, let's go for a walk."

Nodding, Edward stood up and followed Harry to the door then held his coat up for Harry to slip his arms into it.

"Still a gentleman after so many years." Harry teased as he reached out and pulled open the door.

Stepping outside, Harry was struck by something that caused a burning in his cheek and his face to jerk to the side.

****END CHAPTER****
Chapter Nine:

Acting without thinking, Edward surged forwards with a snarl and yanked the person backwards and away from Harry. Grabbing onto the person's throat, Edward started to tighten his hold until Harry threw a spell at him that caused a shock to pulse in his body and his hold to slacken.

"Don't, Edward. You'll regret it as soon as you get control of yourself." Harry said while tugging at the snarling vampires arm, ignoring the heat radiating from his cheek.

Snarling at the staggering figure, Edward moved back beside Harry and protectively wrapped an arm around his waist.

"So this is the little whore you left me for? I have to say, Eddie, I didn't take you for a queer." Bella Swan spat as she wobbled on her feet.

"Says the drunk little princess who isn't even old enough to drink." Rosalie sneered as she and Emmett stepped outside with the rest of the coven hovering in the doorway.

"I've got this." Edward said darkly as he glared and bared his teeth at his ex. "Go back inside."

"We'll be out here in a flash if you need us, Edward." Carlisle said, ushering the other members of the coven back inside.

"What are you doing here, Bella?" Edward snarled.
"I told you we are not over, and you've been ignoring me. That's not something a good boyfriend does." Bella said, stumbling over the words.

Tilting his head to the side, Harry studied the girl in front of him and said, "So you're the one Jacob told me about. I take it back. You *must* be a crazy bitch if you walk around slapping people just because they're talking to your ex."

"He isn't my ex!" Bella screeched, trying to lunge at him.

"Bella, that's enough." Edward snapped, grabbing a hold of her and squeezing her wrist until it became painful.

"Let go of me, or else I'm going to tell Jacob." She shouted, tugging on her wrist.

"Seems to me like you're using him when you don't get things you want." Harry said crossing his arms.

"Shut up you little slut. He's mine and he'll always be mine. You're just a little replacement until Edward decides to come crawling back to me."

"Bella, for the last time, it is *over* between us. Go home and sleep off the alcohol and I won't tell your father that you showed up drunk."

"No." She said, crossing her arms over her chest. "I'm not leaving. And if you try to make me I'll tell Jacob you hurt me."

"Oh yes, because that will just make him welcome you back." Harry said dryly as his cheek pulsed from the slap. "I think it's time for you to go home."

"You can't tell me what to do. This isn't your house."

"No, it isn't. But I'm not going to let you stand here and insult and upset my friends. Besides, what would daddy think if he found out that you got drunk?"

"Are you threatening me?" She asked glaring at him, trying to step towards him only to fall to the ground in a heap, unconscious.

Sighing, Edward moved over and picked her up. "I guess I should take her inside and let her sleep this off."

"I think you should bring her home and let her father take care of her. She'll never learn if you keep her here. She's going to think that you really do want her back and that you're only playing hard to get."

"I suppose you're right. I just don't want her to get in trouble. I mean, I *did* break up with her."

"So? Just because you broke up with her gives her the right to stalk and harass you?"

"Of course not, but..."

"Then don't blame yourself. You're how old? You should know that."

"Well I didn't exactly date when I was human or after I was turned." Edward said in his defense.

"Okay. Now bring her home so her father can deal with his daughter. Want me to go with you?"
"No. I think I can handle this."

"You sure?"

"Yeah. Go ahead and head on home. I'll see you later."

"Alright. Just be careful, huh?"

"It takes a lot to kill me, Harry."

"It might take a lot to kill you, but only a little to expose you." Harry said as Edward carried Bella over to his car and placed her into the back seat.

As Edward walked back, Harry led the way into the house and gathered up his things and said goodbye to the Cullens.

A few minutes later, Harry was pulling his helmet on and starting his bike up. Following Edward down the driveway, they separated at the end with waves.

Speeding down the street, Harry was lost in thought and it seemed as if he was pulling into his house quicker than normal.

As soon as he crossed the threshold into his house, Harry saw the fire spring to life as a recorded message from a missed fire call started to play.

"Harry you need to get to St. Mungos as soon as you get this. Ron's had an accident during his latest match with the Cannons." Hermione's head said. "We'll be in the broken bones and fractures ward. They're releasing him after they fix him up, but that won't be for a few hours. I know you'd want to be here."

Dropping his helmet and keys onto his end table then made his way over to the fireplace and tossed in the floo power. Shouting out his destination, Harry stepped into the fire and was swept away.

Stumbling as he came out in St. Mungos floo room, Harry made his way out into the hallway ignoring the stares from the doctors, nurses and patients.

Making his way into the broken bones and fractures ward, Harry headed towards the small group of redheads that mingled around outside of one room.

"What happened?" Harry asked, slightly panicked, when he caught sight of Molly Weasley slumped against her husband in a daze one of the chairs. "I thought Hermione said it wasn't anything bad."

"It isn't. Mum just freaked out a little bit. She had a flashback to losing Fred, George, and Bill. The doctor gave her a mild calming potion." Charlie explained.

Smiling sadly, Harry cringed as he remembered the deaths. Bill had been taken down by Fenrir Greyback who had ruthlessly tore out the eldest redheads throat and then left him on the stoop of his parents house in a sick prelude to the upcoming battle.

George had been taken down by a stray killing curse in front of his mother seconds before the battle ended.

Fred had followed only days after by taking his own life because of the silence of the bond he shared with his twin. He had left a note begging for forgiveness and understanding, but that he couldn't live with the other side of his bond silent.
"Shouldn't Percy be here?" Harry asked.

Scowling, Charlie said, "That jerk sent an owl saying that Ron probably deserved what happened to him."

"What's wrong with him?" Harry asked, scowling.

"He's getting over the boys deaths. He's turning right back into his old self; obsessed with work and ignoring his family. I think that's what really pushed mum over the edge."

Shaking his head, Harry looked up when the door to Ron's room opened and he limped out with Hermione hovering behind him.

"What happened to mum?" Ron asked, almost throwing himself into the chair next to his mother.

"Mum was just worried about you." Charlie said, knowing that if he brought up Percy and the letter, Ron's temper would get the best of him and he would storm off to attack Percy for upsetting their mother.

"Mu." Ron called, moving to kneel in front of his mother with a wince from his protesting bones.

Shaking herself with a dazed look, Molly wrapped her arms around Ron and cried out, "My little Ron. You're alright."

"I'm fine, mum." Ron said, rubbing his mothers back. "It was just a little break. Nothing horrible." Ron said.

"Breaking four ribs, all the bones in your leg, and both arms is not 'nothing horrible', Ronald. You know better than to lie to your mother." Molly said, giving Ron a soft swat on the back of his head.

"Sorry mum." Ron said, sounding anything but.

"That's alright, Ronald." She said turning to face her husband. "Arthur dear I think I'd like to go home and rest for a few hours."

"Of course, Molly." Arthur said, helping her stand up.

"I'll stop by a little later." Ron whispered to his father. "I'll fire call first, just in case she's sleeping."

Nodding, Arthur wrapped an arm around Molly's waist and said, "Come on, dear."

"I've got to get back to the dragon reserve. I wish I could stick around, but ten of our female dragons are about ready to give birth." Charlie said, staring at his parents backs. "If mum seems to get as bad as when it first happened call me and I'll get back here."

"I'll fire call you later and let you know how she's doing." Ron said as he slowly pushed himself up from the kneeling position he had been in.

Immediately moving forwards, Hermione allowed Ron to lean on her so that he wasn't putting all that weight on his leg.

"How bad are you really hurt?" Harry asked after Charlie left.

"The doc said that if I fell from about a foot higher I would have broken my back, and not even potions can truly fix that. I'll be lucky if I lose this limp."
"What about your position on the Cannons?" Hermione asked her husband.

"I'm off for the rest of the season and I need to do some physical therapy in the muggle world. The owner said that he wouldn't replace me until we know if I'll be able to play next season."

"But you're healed? Why would you not be able to play next season?" Harry asked.

"Because my bones will still be weak from this accident. The physical therapy will help strengthen my muscles and I'll be taking calcium to strengthen my bones."

"Don't worry, Ron. I'm sure you'll be just fine for next season." Hermione said, pressing a kiss to his cheek. "Harry, I hate to be a bother, but would you mind going to check out that town for me tomorrow? I think with Ron's accident and mum having a little breakdown it would be best for Ron and I to spend some time with her."

"Of course, Mione. What do you want me to look for?"

"You remember that camcorder I got you for Christmas last year? Take that with and film everything. The site you're going to is Hanford, Washington. It's about five or six hours from Forks, but it has a High School that's still standing and it's huge...from what I've seen online." Hermione explained. "It's also great because it's all gated in except for a few walking paths and people tend to avoid that area because a few nuclear reactors were built close to it. The last was was decommissioned over fifteen years ago and even if there's any residue left over in the air a few wards will block it."

"I gotta say, Mione, you've got a lot of things planned after such a short amount of time." Harry said, shaking his head.

"This is the easy part. I just need to look around. The hard part will be getting the area, getting word out about the school, finding teachers, getting supplies, finding..." Hermione said before she was cut off.

"We get it 'Mione." Ron said, pressing a kiss to her cheek. "The rest will be hard work."

"Just for that, you'll be looking through books for information for me." Hermione said, glaring at him.

Groaning, Ron whispered, "Me and my big mouth."

"It always does get you in trouble mate." Harry said with a laugh as Hermione and Ron stopped at the main desk to pick up the portkey that would bring them home.

"When will I ever learn?"

Chuckling, Harry followed them towards the room with the fireplaces and said, "I'll stop by after I get home tomorrow to drop off the video so you can look at it."

"Thank you, Harry. I really appreciate you going."

"It's no problem. I'm probably going to go early in the morning because I do have to open the restaurant tomorrow."

"That's no problem, Harry. You know I'm up by six in the morning every day."

Nodding, Harry tossed a hand of floo power into the fireplace and called out his destination. Waving
at Ron and Hermione, Harry stepped into the fireplace and was whisked away.

****END CHAPTER****
Chapter Ten:

The next morning, Harry sat on his living room couch, rubbing his temples as he listened to the vampire and werewolf arguing in front of him. Feeling a headache beginning to form, Harry stood up and moved in between the two of them.

"Edward, Jacob, that's enough. If I knew the two of you would be at each others throats this whole time I wouldn't have asked you to come with me. I'd rather risk going there alone and end up getting hurt then have you two bickering the whole time."

"You aren't going there alone!" Edward snapped, turning towards Harry. "I just don't see why Black has to go with. I can keep you safe myself."

"Jacob has to go because I want him to go with. Is it so wrong for me to want two of my friends to get along?" Harry asked, crossing his arms.

"If the leech can't stand the idea of me going, he can just stay here." Jacob said with a grin.

"That's enough. You're both acting like immature teenagers...and only one of you should be." Harry said looking pointedly at Jacob.

"He provokes me into it, Harry." Jacob protested.

"I do not! You're the one that provokes the fights." Edward growled, glaring at the wolf.
Groaning in disgust at their actions, Harry grabbed his things and made his way out to his bike. Stopping besides Jacob's beat up car, Harry pulled his wand out and flicked it, causing damage to the engine.

"There. Now only one of them will show up...or they both will and one will be dead, but at least it'll be quiet." Harry mumbled as he straddled his bike and started it up before peeling out of the driveway.

Glancing back once, Harry saw both Edward and Jacob shouting after him, but he ignored them and kept on driving.

He drove for three and a half hours straight until he reached the Seattle, Washington and pulled off to use a restroom. He had planned to continue as soon as he had gotten a quick drink and meal, but on his way out of town he spotted a tiny bookstore and stopped...he ended up spending almost an hour in the store before he started off again.

The rest of the journey had taken him another three and a half hours and had arrived at around nine in the morning. Since it was such a long drive, Hermione had agreed to run the restaurant while he was away. Luckily most of the dishes that were ordered were the pasta dishes and Hermione knew how to cook them. For anything else he had cooked the night before and left in the fridge with a sort of stay fresh charm on them.

As he pulled up to the large brick gate and the guard house, Harry was impressed to see barely any holes or breaks in the gray stone wall that circled the whole town and no graffiti littering anything. The glass, while broken from time, still sat in the guardhouse. Driving through the open gate and onto the bumpy gravel road, Harry was surprised to see Edward's Volvo parked a little further inside the gate beside an old gas station. What surprised him the most, though, was that both Edward and Jacob were leaning on the hood of the car talking...amicably.

"Didn't I leave the two of you back in Forks at each others throats?" Harry asked as he killed the engine and pulled off his helmet.

"We had a long drive to talk. Besides he isn't that bad once you get around the whole blood sucking thing." Jacob said.

Raising an eyebrow, Harry asked, "Weren't you the one that, just last week, was arguing with Sam about vampires coming into my house?"

"Yeah, but I can change my mind." Jacob defended himself. "Besides Sam was right. Even if the house is on Quileute territory, you still bought the house and have the right to bring whomever you want inside."

"Exactly. So if you have a real problem with how the vampires smell just put a clothes pin over your nose to block out the stench."

"Hey! We don't have a stench." Edward protested. "You wolves have the stench."

Rolling his eyes, Harry opened the bag on his motorcycle and pulled out the camcorder. Turning it on, Harry ignored the two bickering teens and started to walk around to film the tiny, rundown, town.

The whole town seemed to sit on about three and a half acres of land. Most of the town was just
open fields with a few buildings interspersed. Most were just the shells of either businesses or homes that had long since been destroyed.

The high school was the largest building and it looked like it had sat at the edge of the town. What had once been a vibrant white stone, was now a dark gray with dried mud splashed all over the base from recent hard downpours.

The school was a large two story building with multiple windows that no longer held the glass that had once resided in the frames. The whole building was a large square building that had been built around a courtyard in the middle. The main doors were both rotten and one had completely fallen off and sat on the few stairs that led up to the entrance.

Walking around the side of the building, Harry saw an entrance that probably led down into a basement and behind the building was just a large open field.

Walking back around to the front, Harry made his way up the four stairs and slid into the school building.

"Harry wait! Don't go in there." Edward shouted, rushing to get to Harry's side. "It's an old building and could have weak spots in the floor that you could fall through."

"Well if you and Jacob would stop arguing for a few minutes maybe you could help me avoid those weak spots." Harry said while rolling his eyes.

"The inside actually doesn't look that bad." Edward said, even as he moved closer to Harry...just in case the looks were deceiving.

"Well according to the research I did yesterday night, the school was used in World War Two as some kind of office. So I assume that they reinforced it for the military use. After the war it wasn't used for almost thirty years until SWAT teams began to use it for practice...you can even see the bullet holes in the walls."

"Shouldn't we be worried about them wanting to use it again?" Jacob asked.

"Nah. They haven't used it in close to twenty years now. I don't know why, but it hasn't been used since they left. Well not for anything legal." Harry said when he spotted a large pentagram painted in blood red paint in the center of the room. Giving a sigh of disgust, he muttered, "Why does everyone think that pentagrams are the symbol of magic. We don't use them."

"Some do...don't they?"

"Only one or two actually use the pentagram. But it's more just a sign of faith. It doesn't really do anything." Harry explained.

"So what are we looking for?" Edward asked.

"Just getting a feel for the structural condition." Harry said, even as he started to gently bounce on his feet. "I want to take a look upstairs and look in some of the classrooms. See how big they are and if we'll need to hire an architect to resize the rooms as well as fix them."

Heading for the stairs, Harry carefully put a foot on the bottom step and slowly made his way up.

"Jacob, why don't you take a look around down here. There should be a gym or something down here along with the offices."
"Sure...what should I be looking for?" Jacob asked.

"Just look for any noticeable damage and the size of the rooms."

Nodding, Jacob made his way towards one of the halls.

"I'm coming with you." Edward said before Harry could ask him to look elsewhere. "You may be a wizard, but I can hear and see things before you and some things that you can't."

"I wasn't going to ask you to go anywhere else." Harry said.

"Oh."

Smiling, Harry walked up the rest of the stairs and turned to the left to go down the hall and stepped into the first room. The room was about fifteen feet by eighteen feet. Too small to be used for a classroom, but about the right size for a bathroom.

Backing out of the room, Harry made his way into the room across the hall and noticed it was the same as the previous one. So retreating, once again, he walked further down the hall.

This room was about twenty five feet by thirty feet. The walls were covered in graffiti and various curse words. The wall furthest from the door was full of broken windows that looked out over the courtyard.

Walking over to the widows, Harry looked down at the tall grass, he said, "That would be a great spot to grow potion ingredients. The courtyard looks like it's was about the size of two classrooms put together."

"So you think your friend will like it?" Edward asked.

"I think she will...maybe not the state of the building, but it has the potential to be a good school once it's refurbished." Harry said, heading back to the door and flipping the camera off. "So have you heard from your ex lately?"

"Not since I dropped her off at her father's house. I've heard rumors around town that he's grounded her though and he sure was angry when I dropped her off. I mean after he stopped yelling at me for hurting his daughter and then apologizing for her deplorable actions."

"I don't really blame him for that. She was drunk and she drove half way then crashed her car, and left said car. She's lucky she wasn't arrested for leaving the scene of an accident."

"I still don't know how she's changed so much. She was so nice when I first met her and started going out with her."

"You said she had just moved here when you first met her, right?"

"Yeah."

"So who wouldn't be nice when they're new to a place."

"I guess you're right. I'm actually surprised that Jacob isn't at my throat because of it and that he's being polite."

"I'm actually surprised that he's being polite. I thought he'd be one of those people that kept quiet because he didn't have anything nice to say. But I guess he's taking my advise not to judge people just because they're different to heart."
"I wonder what Rosalie would think of his new tone." Edward said.

Chuckling, Harry said, "I think she'd think it was a lie."

"Yeah that's probably right. She doesn't trust many people easily...I'm actually kind of jealous that she trusted you so quickly."

"I have that effect on a lot of people." Harry said, shrugging. "Now let's get out of here." He added starting back down the hall and staircase.

"There is absolutely nothing good here." Jacob called when they both reached the bottom of the stairs.

"What did you expect, a pile of dead bodies?" Harry asked with an amused grin.

"No, but something interesting." He said with a pout. "Now are we done here because I'm hungry." He added even as his stomach let out a loud, rumbling growl.

"Yes we're done and yes we can leave now. Maybe I'll even cook for you when we get back." Harry said.

"Yum I can already taste that rare sirloin steak." Jacob said licking his lips. "Will you keep those potions that make us get fuller quickly out?"

"For you, sure." Harry said smiling.

"A potion that makes him fuller quicker?" Edward asked.

"It's just something so they don't draw attention to themselves while they're eating at the restaurant. One small person eating like six large sirloin steaks isn't normal and would really draw attention to them."

"Wouldn't a spell like the ones you have on the menus work?" Edward asked.

"There is no big variation of that spell. There's only the small one that you can only do on tiny objects." Harry said starting for the door, followed by the other two.

As they approached the door, Edward gave a shout when he heard a groan from the floor before a large chunk caved in and fell into the basement. Unfortunately it happened to be the part of the floor that Harry was standing on.

****END CHAPTER****
Chapter Eleven:

"Harry!" Both Edward and Jacob shouted staring down into the dark hole. Their only answer was a groan of pain drifting up to their ears.

"Harry are you alright?" Edward called out, keeping his eyes glued on the dust covered man on the ground below him.

"Well I'm alive...if that's what you consider alright." Harry called back, in a pain filled voice.

Shifting, Harry coughed as more dust settled down on him from the broken floor. Reaching up, Harry brushed the dust off of his face and grimaced as all he did was spread it around.

"Are you hurt?"

"I'm pretty sure that my leg is broken." Harry answered.

Shifting again, Harry ran his hand down his right leg and flinched when he felt the slight bump of a bone pressing against the skin. Shaking his head, Harry repeated the process and sighed in relief when he felt no bones sticking out of place in his left leg.

"Don't move I'm going to jump down beside you." Edward called down to him before turning to Jacob. "Here take my phone, call Carlisle and tell him I'm bringing Harry to him because he's hurt. Then take my car and get back there." With that, Edward jumped down into the hole and landed
beside Harry with a soft grunt.

"Wouldn't it be best to take him to one of the nearby hospitals?" Jacob called down even as he flipped the phone open and searched for Carlisle's number.

"No, because Carlisle already knows Harry's medical history. If we went to a nearby hospital they'd either make us list everything first or they'd insist on getting in touch with Carlisle to get the information."

"I'll apparate us back so we get there faster. Jacob just hide my bike. I don't want it getting stolen and I'll get it once I get my leg fixed up." Harry called up, fed up with their chitchat and just wanting to get home so he could get rid of the pain radiating through his body.

"Alright. I'll come and see you as soon as I get back to Forks...if Sirius doesn't smother you to death before I get there."

"I'll make sure to tell him not to." Harry said as Edward scooped him up in his arms.

"Let's get going." Edward said with a scowl as he felt Harry's body shuddering from the pain.

"I'd tell you to close your eyes, but I don't know if that will help with your enhanced senses."

"It's alright. Just get us back to my house and Carlisle will decide what to do from there." Edward said.

Nodding, Harry closed his eyes and pictured the sitting room of the Cullen's house. As he stood there holding Harry tightly in his arms, Edward wondered what was going to happen when all of a sudden he felt as if he had been shoved into a tight, enclosed space. If he still had to breathe, Edward doubted he would have been able to from all the pressure pressing into him from all sides.

When they appeared in the sitting room, Edward stumbled as he felt his previous meal trying to force its way back up and swallowed hard.

"You did good for your first time." Harry teased as Edward gently laid him down on the sofa as Carlisle rushed into the room followed by Esme, who immediately started to hover over Harry while wringing her hands.

"Good? How was that good? I almost threw up."

"Most people do throw up." Harry said with a grin which dropped into a grimace when Carlisle gently moved his leg.

"Unless you have a way you can fix your leg I'll need to bring you to the hospital to realign the bone and get your leg in a cast."

"I don't have anything on hand. I'll have to get in touch with my potions supplier, but he usually doesn't keep bone mending potions on hand and they take about a week to prepare."

"Alright then. Edward bring him out to Esme's jeep and get him in the back seat. I'll call ahead to the hospital and tell them to prepare a room for me."

Nodding, Edward scooped Harry up again and followed Esme out to her dark blue 2001 Toyota Highlander. Even though she rarely drove, it seemed wrong for Esme not to have her own car
parked in the garage... and right now, Edward loved the fact that Carlisle had ignored Esme's protests and never returned the car since none of the others would have held Harry comfortably.

As he placed Harry into the car and climbed in beside him, Edward winced as Harry hissed in pain when his leg was jostled.

Sitting with his back against the door behind the drivers seat, Harry had his injured right leg resting in Edward's lap and his left leg pulled up towards his chest.

As soon as he was settled, Esme climbed into the passenger seat and started the car for Carlisle, who was heading towards it while on his cell phone with the hospital.

"You know, this is the first time I've been injured after the war ended. It's actually nice not having it happen while someone is trying to kill me."

"Did you get hurt a lot?" Esme asked with a frown.

"Quite a bit. Mostly during the school year. I was in the hospital wing so often that I had my own bed there."

"That's a scary thought." Edward said with a frown.

"It is. But I suppose we'll just have to keep a close eye on him to make sure he doesn't get hurt so often." Esme said.

"Not to try and change the subject, but when we get to the hospital I told them it was only a bad sprain so you'll be put in a temporary cast and when I take it off it a week or two there won't be much, if any, questions." Carlisle said. "I do wonder why you don't go to that hospital that you told us you visited your friend in yesterday though."

"If I went there I'd be harassed by other patients and when the press got there, by them too. That's why I left and moved to a muggle town here in America. The harassment just got so bad over there that I had to get away." Harry explained.

Leaning his head back against the window, Harry sighed and shifted slightly in his seat. Cringing when the vehicle hit a bump and jostled his leg, Harry drifted into his mind and just let his thoughts drift freely.

He was pulled out of his mind a few minutes later by both Edward shaking his shoulder and gently pressing against his occlumency shields.

"What is it?" He asked without opening his eyes.

"We're at the hospital." Edward replied.

As he opened his eyes and went to open the door, a bolt of lightning made him jump. "When did the storm start?" He asked with a frown.

"A few minutes ago. Are you alright? You were so deep in your mind."

"I'm fine. I was just thinking and avoiding the pain." Harry said and then scowled when he saw Carlisle making his way over with a wheelchair and Esme holding an umbrella over them. "I can walk." He protested as Edward climbed out of the car and reached in to help him.

"You've got a broken leg, Harry. Besides it's the policy." Carlisle said.
Nodding, Harry allowed Edward to pick him up and set him down in the chair then crossed his arms over his chest with a pout.

Chuckling, Carlisle ruffled Harry's messy hair then pushed the chair towards the entrance doors.

As the group walked in and headed for a room, Edward chuckled and said, "It looks like all the nurses want to rush over and coddle you."

"I think it would be partially to make eyes at you." Harry teased.

Shuddering in mock horror, Edward asked, "You'll protect me, won't you Harry?"

Smiling at Carlisle from behind the two, Esme felt happy that Edward was finally being playful and smiling instead of brooding all of the time.

"Alright, Harry hop up onto the table so I can see how bad your leg is." Carlisle said stopping the wheelchair beside the bed.

"Here let me help you." Edward said, instantly reaching down to help Harry up and when he started to wobble on his only good leg, scooped him up and set him on the bed.

"Thanks." Harry said, with a half amused and half thankful grin.

"Need any help in here, Doctor Cullen?" A young blonde nurse asked, sticking her head in the room and fluttering her eyelashes at both Harry and Edward.

As Carlisle declined the help, Harry leaned his head against Edwards shoulder and tried to muffle his laughter.

When the nurse left the room, with a pout and slight stomp in her step, Carlisle shook his head and moved the portable X-Ray machine, just so it looked like it was used.

Lifting his head up, Harry fluttered his eyelashes at Edward and teased, "You're so cute and handsome fall into my fluttering eyelashes so I can take you home to meet my family and we can start to make cutesy little babies with one another."

Snorting, Edward wrapped an arm around Harry so he wouldn't fall over from his laughter.

Chuckling himself, Carlisle said, "Alright that's enough. Let's get your leg in the cast so you can rest it. Do you want me to just cut off the leg of your pants or do you want to try and take them off?"

"You can go ahead and cut the leg off. I can easily replace them." Harry said without giving a glance to his faded blue jeans.

Nodding, Carlisle picked up a large, sharp pair of black handled scissors and cut the leg of the pants from the ankle all the way up to mid calf. Once both sides of the leg were cut, Carlisle cut them off completely and tossed them into the waste bin in the corner.

Running his hands over the injury, Carlisle said, "I have to reset the bone since it's sticking out of place. I can give you anesthesia if you'd like it."

"Yeah that'd be good. I may have had a lot of broken bones before, but I'd rather not feel the pain from a resetting."

Nodding, Carlisle grabbed a capped needle and a small bottle of the local anesthesia, Novocain and injected it right above the wound below his knee.
"Alright. Now you shouldn't be able to feel anything. Let me know if you do," Carlisle said gently grasping Harry's leg and straitening it out to get the bone back where it belonged.

As the bone was reset, Harry cringed when he heard a slight crunching sound in his leg as the bone was moved.

"Great. We're almost done now. All I need to do is wrap your leg and then let it dry before we can leave."

"Cool. Edward would you go and call Sirius and Remus and tell them to go to my place instead of rushing here since we're pretty much done." Seeing the hesitation in Edward's face, Harry teasingly fluttered his eyelashes and said, "Please."

Chuckling, Edward nodded and said, "Alright. I'll go and give them a call."

"Esme dear can you slide that water basin over to me please?" Carlisle asked while he rummaged around in a drawer full of sponges.

Silently doing as he asked, Esme moved it over to him then stepped up besides Harry and set her hands on his shoulders.

"What's the water for?" Harry asked.

"Just to clean your leg up before we put the cast on." Carlisle said as he dunked the sponge into the water and ran it over Harry's leg.

"So just how big is this cast going to be? I mean the break is just below my knee so..."

"The cast will go right up your whole leg and end about mid thigh. It will be a little hard getting used to it. To be honest I think by the time you're used to it I'll be taking it back off."

"Ah well. At least I'll have the practice if this ever happens again...and with me it probably will happen."

Chuckling, Carlisle set aside the sponge and grabbed a large roll of cotton and started to wrap it around Harry's leg, starting at the ankle and working his way up.

"This will just keep the cast from sticking to your skin." He said as he rolled the last bit into place then reached for the fiberglass that would become the cast.

Dunking the fiberglass into a thing of water, Carlisle quickly began to mold it around Harry's leg so that it was in place and didn't begin to dry before it was perfect.

"I told them to get the black cast because I doubt you would have wanted a bright pink one."

"Black is fine. Besides it will keep Sirius from doodling weird things on it."

Laughing, Carlisle said, "I would not put it past him to find something magical to allow him to."

"Yeah, but at least I can fight back with my magic. If I didn't have that I think I'd have no chance against Sirius...and Remus when he was feeling playful."

It only took about ten minutes before the cast was in place and it was time for Harry to leave.

"Not bad." Harry said, eying the cast. "But I'd still prefer to see my own leg."
"I would be afraid if you preferred the cast." Carlisle said as he grabbed Harry's chart to fill in all the information that needed to be put in the file. "Alright. I just have to bring this out to the desk. Why don't you try to stand and work with the crutches while I do that." He suggested while grabbing the crutches that one of the nurses must have left when they set up the room.

Staring at the crutches while Carlisle adjusted them to fit his height, Harry wondered if he'd be able to use them without embarrassing himself.

Silently taking the crutches from him, Harry slowly stood up with Esme's help and wobbled as he placed the crutches under his arms. Scrunching up his face at the uncomfortable feeling under his arms, he hesitantly moved forwards and nearly fell.

"I guess I'll really need to get used to using these." He said.

"Don't worry, honey. You'll get used to them in no time." Esme said smiling at him.

Carefully putting all of his weight on his good leg, Harry again, tried to move forwards on the crutches and managed a short, unsteady step.

"See you're already getting the hang of it."

"I don't know about that." Harry mumbled as he made it to the door and nearly fell through it, only to be caught by Edward.

"Sorry about taking so long, but Sirius kept trying to talk me into letting him come."

"I figured he would. Thanks for dealing with him though. He's a bit overwhelming at times."

"It's no problem, but he said that Remus and he would be staying with you for the next few days just to keep an eye on you."

Grinning, Harry rolled his eyes since he couldn't shrug and said, "I expected that too."

Chuckling, Carlisle said, "We're all done here. How about we give you a ride home so you can relax."

"That sounds wonderful...oh god. Edward do you think Jacob grabbed the camcorder? Did it fall down with me?"

"I don't know. I was too worried about you to think about it. I'll call him and ask since he won't be back for a few hours anyway. If he doesn't I'll run there and get it for you. I'll even grab your bike so it isn't there for a week."

"You're a lifesaver, you know that?"

"I've been called that and other things over the years."

Laughing at his friend, Harry shook his head and slowly made his way to the elevator so he could head home.

****END CHAPTER****
Chapter Twelve

Chapter Notes

Again, please note that this story was originally written and posted on other sites back in 2009. Only edits done upon posting today is to fix formatting to fit this site.

Forks Cuisine

Summary: After the war ended in his seventh year, Harry studied up on the muggle world so he could move there after he graduated from Hogwarts. When that time came he went to culinary school for four years and graduated when he was 21 years old. After that he used money he got from his parents to move somewhere where his name wasn't known and opened up a restaurant in a friendly little town called Forks. Little does he know, his life won't be that simple.


Rating: Nc-17

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the characters associated with Harry Potter or Twilight. They belong to their respective owners and I don't make any money from the writing of this story.

Warning(s): Slash, Au,

Chapter Twelve:

"Remus, Sirius I'm serious. I'll be fine. It was just a little accident. I'll be okay to go in to work. I'm just going to be sitting on a chair and using my wand in the kitchen." Harry said stubbornly crossing his arms over his chest.

"No. There is no way you're going to the restaurant today." Remus said setting down a tray laden with food and tea on the coffee table.

Accepting his plate from Remus, Harry picked up his fork and picked at the eggs and bacon.

"Sirius can you run into the kitchen and grab me my pain potion? My leg hurts a little."

"And we all know that means that it hurts really badly." Sirius said rushing towards the kitchen to get the potion for his godson.

"Harry you really should stay home for the day. The restaurant can go a day without opening." Remus said.

"I know, but it would take a lot more work canceling all the reservations and then trying to reschedule them."

"So Sirius and I can do that for you today. You need to rest."
Rolling his eyes, Harry went to respond when Sirius called out.

"Harry where did you say the potion was?"

"I'll go and help him. You just sit here and eat." Remus said quickly when Harry reached for his crutches.

Watching him walk away, Harry reached into his pocket and pulled out a vial filled with a purple potion and quickly poured a few drops of the sleeping potion in both Remus and Sirius' cups.

"Oh you know what, I had Edward move the potions up to the bathroom so I had them close by if I needed them." He called out.

"Sit down and eat, Sirius. I'll go up and get it." Remus said as he saw Sirius contemplating whether to take his plate with him or not.

Placing a sloppy kiss on Remus' cheek, Sirius dropped onto the couch and pulled his plate to him.

Even after years of escaping from Azkaban, Sirius still ate as much as he could before he felt like he was going to throw up whenever he could.

"You know that Remus and I will tie you down if you try to go right?" Sirius asked.

"We'll see about that." Harry said.

Accepting the potion that Remus held out when he came into the room a few seconds later, Harry downed it then ate some of his breakfast while waiting for the potion to kick in and soon enough he watched as Sirius fell sideways onto Remus' shoulder and immediately started to drool.

A few minutes later, Remus followed Sirius into a potion induced sleep. His head fell forwards onto his chest and he started to snore quietly.

Sighing in relief that they didn't notice the potion, Harry stood up and gathered his crutches and slowly made his way outside after grabbing his keys. When he stepped outside he caught sight of Edward's Volvo making its way towards the house.

"Thanks for giving me a ride in this morning." Harry said, glancing over at Edward.

"It's no problem, but are you sure you should be opening the restaurant today? I mean you just broke your leg yesterday."

"Oh not you too. I had to slip a sleeping potion in Remus and Sirius' drinks this morning so I could slip out because they threatened to tie me down if I went in today."

"Won't they come after you once they wake up?"

"The potion won't wear off until later today and by the time they show up they'll see that I'm fine to work."

"If you say so, but I get the feeling that they won't like that you put them to sleep."

"They won't, but they'll get over it. Besides they've done it to me so it's only fair that I do it to them."

Chuckling, Edward shook his head and kept driving. Even though he knew he could easily avoid anything long before Harry could see it, Harry still asked that he drive carefully.
As they reached the edge of town, Edward scrunched up his nose as the scent of burning wood reached him.

"What's wrong?" Harry asked when he saw the face.

"Someone's burning something."

"Leaf piles maybe?"

"No it smells like wood."

"Then wood piles."

"It's been raining all morning. Unless they had the wood covered they would have had a hard time to get the wood to go up." Edward said indicating the dark, cloudy sky with rain still falling in a slow drizzle.

As they pulled up in front of Lily's Gryffin Edward tensed up and shouted, "Stay here!"

"What? What's going on?"

"It's something inside that's on fire." Edward called back as he dashed towards the building.

"What!" Harry shouted as he nearly fell out of the car and wobbled after Edward on his crutches. "Edward wait! You need my keys to get the door open."

"No you don't. The lock was busted." Edward said pushing the door open and rushing inside.

Hobbling in after him, Harry stopped in shock at the sight of all the table tops blazing.

"Where's the fire extinguisher?" Edward asked.

"Right beside the door leading into the kitchen." Harry said as one of his crutches fell to the ground.

Leaning against the hostess stand, Harry watched as Edward rushed around with the fire extinguisher putting out all of the fires. As the scent of burning linen reached his nose, Harry gagged from the thought of losing the hours of hard work and his restaurant which in turn, caused his eyes to water.

When the fires were all out, Edward dropped the extinguisher and rushed over to Harry's side.

"I'm calling the police." He said pulling out his phone and dialing the number.

Listening to Edward talking to the police, Harry summoned his fallen crutch to him and made his way outside since he couldn't stand to see the sight of his burnt tables.

Thanking Hermione for her thoughts to put up wards that protected the building from fire and weather damage, he cursed himself for not doing the same for the tables and kitchen.

Leaning heavily against the hood of Edward's Volvo, Harry almost didn't hear Edward come out of the building and over to the car.

"Are you alright?" He asked quietly.

"I'm in between okay and not okay. Is everything okay in there?"

"The tabletops are a little burnt, some of the booths will need to be replaced, and the linen covering
the tables are gone, but everything else seems okay.

"Are you alright? I mean you senses?"

"Yeah. My nose is clogged from the smoke and I can't smell anything but that, but it's not like I need to breath and my eyes sting a bit, but it isn't too bad. You?"

"I'm fine. I was too far away from the fires." Harry said as they both heard sirens coming towards them.

It was only seconds later when two cars pulled up. One was Chief Swan's car and the second was a small firetruck.

"Is the fire still going?" The fireman asked as he jumped out of the truck.

"No. I got them put out, but the air still smells like fire and smoke." Edward said.

"Alright. I'll go in and check out the place while you ask questions, Charlie."

"Thanks, Dave." Charlie said nodding at the man.

"So what happened?" Charlie asked.

"Edward was giving me a ride so he could help me do stock and see if I'd be able to open today, but when we got here the tables were all on fire."

"The tables were the only thing on fire?" Charlie asked scribbling in his notepad.

"And the lock has been broken. I came ahead to open the door so Harry could just go in and the door was slightly open with the lock broken."

"Have you checked to see if anything was missing?"

"No. Edward grabbed the fire extinguisher and put the fires out and then we came out here and he called you."

"Alright. Stay here and I'm going to get a look inside. After that I'll have you come in and see if anything else is missing."

Nodding, Harry watched him walk into the restaurant and dropped his head with a sigh.

"Why do I attract so much trouble?" Harry asked.

"Hey this isn't your fault. Don't you dare think that way." Edward said seriously.

Smiling grimly, Harry looked away from his and grimaced when he saw Remus' truck heading towards them.

"I thought you said they'd sleep for a while."

"They should have." Was all he said as the truck stopped and Sirius and Remus jumped out of the truck.

"What happened?" Remus asked upon seeing the police car and firetruck.

"We got here and the tables were all on fire and the lock was broken on the door."
"Are you alright?" Sirius asked rushing over to his side.

"I'm fine. Just shocked."

"I'd think that you would be shocked." Charlie Swan called out as he walked out of the restaurant looking grim.

"What's wrong?" Edward asked.

Sighing, Charlie ran his hand through his hair and asked, "Do you know anyone that would want to destroy your restaurant or hurt you?"

"Not really. I mean I've had rivalries when I was younger, who hasn't, but nothing that would make someone want to destroy my life. Why do you ask?"

"We found some type of accelerant spread over the tables and the walls, but the ones on the walls didn't go up. Someone deliberately set fire to your restaurant."

Feeling his legs grow weak, Harry nearly fell before Edward grabbed a hold of him and held him up.

"Easy, Harry. Let me get you in the car and I'll take you home."

Nodding, Harry allowed Edward to help him into the Volvo and set the crutches in the back of the car.

Leaning his head back, Harry felt numb with shock that someone would try to burn down his place. If it hadn't been for the wards the whole restaurant probably would have been gone.

Wrapping his arms around his waist, Harry felt a cold chill wrap around him. Unsure if it was because he was wet from the drizzling rain or if it was just from the shock, Harry dropped his head down and shut his eyes.

He didn't know how long he sat there, but the next thing he felt was Edward gently taking his hand in his own and giving it a gentle squeeze.

"Sirius and Remus are going to go and speak with the wolves. See if they can find anything here or around town."

Quietly nodding, Harry looked out the window and smiled sadly at Remus and Sirius.

"I'm going to take you home and keep you company. Maybe you can watch and scoff at my poor attempts of making tea." Edward joked.

Chuckling, Harry said, "I doubt your that bad at it."

"You'll have to try it and tell me because tea with blood is just vile...even when you made it."

As Edward started the car and drove away from the restaurant, Harry leaned over and rested his head on the vampires shoulder.

Grinning at the top of Harry's head, Edward lifted his arm and wrapped it around Harry's shoulder and gave it a light squeeze.

****END CHAPTER****
Chapter Thirteen:

"Honestly, Harry I don't see how you attract so much trouble." Hermione said taking a sip from her cup of tea.

"Neither do I. It just happens."

"What are you doing about the restaurant?"

"Well Charlie said that they didn't find anything there to help them find out who had done it, but they don't plan on stopping their investigation. I can open the restaurant again, but Edward and I thought it might be a good idea to wait until my leg is better before opening again." Harry explained blushing slightly. "Besides I'm having professional ward setters come in to set up wards on the whole building as well as wards that stop anyone that wants to injure someone or damage something from coming inside."

"Harry Potter, you're blushing. Is there something you'd like to tell me?" She teased.

"NO! I mean not really...and shouldn't you be telling me about the school? Don't you have new ideas since you saw the video I took?"

"You're changing the subject. So what did you do? Kiss him or something?"

"No. I just snuggled up to him in the car yesterday and held his hand. Now what's going on with the
school?"

"Oh Harry you shouldn't get that close to him. You said he was turned in the 1900's. Same sex couples weren't accepted or tolerated like they are now. There's no telling how he'll react."

"I know that, Hermione. Can we please just drop the subject now."

"Of course. Anyway, Molly has decided that she's going to help with the cleaning of the school once the architects are done in there. The wonderful thing of having wizard architects is that they can get a years worth of work done in about half a week."

"I can get in touch with the store here where I purchased all the stoves and kitchen gear for the restaurant if you'd like to get ahead and start looking at that kind of things."

"That'd be good. I think getting a head start on getting everything is a good idea. Anyway I should get going. Ron's meeting with his team should be over soon. He's going to quit and take on the position of teaching Quidditch at the new school."

"That's great. I'm sorry I can't walk you to the fireplace."

"It's alright, but what happened to your crutches?"

"Sirius stole them because I haven't been resting. He said I'd get them back later tonight." Harry said shrugging.

Shaking her head, Hermione said, "Well you should be resting. I'll see you later, Harry. Just rest and get better."

Smiling, Harry waved as she tossed floo power into the fireplace and disappeared into the flames.

Grabbing the remote to his television, Harry turned on the set and started to flip through the channels with no real interest in what was on.

As the end middle of September was drawing to a close, Harry began to feel the need to stay indoors. The weather was beginning to get colder and it was raining almost constantly. He almost dreaded seeing what kind of snowfall the winter would bring.

Giving up after five minutes of constantly changing the channel, Harry tossed the remote onto the coffee table and reached for his cell phone. As he went to dial a number he heard the doorbell go off before the door opened and someone stepped inside.

"Hi Harry. I come bearing movies and snacks." Edward called as he toed off his shoes and walked into the living room carrying a large plastic bag and a black thermos.

"You're a lifesaver, Mr. Cullen." Harry teased.

"More like Alice is. She told me that Sirius stole your crutches and you were bored."

"Ah then I'll have to thank her when I see her." Harry said shifting around so he could put his leg up on the table and Edward could sit on the couch. "So what'd you bring?"

"Well I brought a few. I figured I'd let you choose." He said handing over a few movies.

"This one looks good." Harry said holding up a movie titled, The Mummy.

Nodding, Edward picked it up and moved over to the television to put the movie on.
"Don't tell anyone, but Emmett sent me a bootleg of the sequel that's in theaters now."

"Oh my you Cullen's are so naughty."

Snorting on his laughter, Edward grabbed the remote for the dvd player and took the seat closest to Harry.

"Have you watched it before?" Harry asked as he used his wand to pop the popcorn and summon a bowl to him. Placing the bowl in the tiny spot between them, Harry summoned a soda to him.

"Nope. I just got it after Emmett sent the sequel to me, but if he liked it then the movie should be good. I haven't known him to suggest bad movies."

"Okay. Do you want some blood to drink?"

"I have some with me." Edward said holding up a black thermos.

Half way through the movie when the group was getting chased through the streets of Cairo by the mummy, Harry shifted around on the couch and propped his injured leg up on the arm of the couch then leaned against Edward's side.

Into the movie, Edward took only a second to grin at the top of Harry's head, before he draped an arm over Harry's shoulder and turned back to the movie.

Reaching into the bowl of popcorn, which was balancing precariously on the edge of the cushion, Harry's hand brushed against Edward's. Blushing, Harry went to pull his hand away, but Edward caught it and laced their fingers together.

Glancing up at Edward, Harry saw that he was engrossed in the story and decided to just enjoy his hand while it lasted. Smiling, he lifted their hands out of the popcorn bowl and gently lowered them to the couch then went back to the movie himself.

While they were watching the movie, Edward shifted so that he was laying on the couch with Harry reclining on his chest.

"Wow, I bet if something like that actually happened, it would happen to me."

"Why do you say that?" Edward asked with his arm still around Harry and their hands still clasped together.

"I don't know if you know this, but I'm a bit of a trouble magnet." Harry whispered.

Chuckling, Edward asked, "Okay, so if you're the Evelyn who's the Rick that rides to the rescue on a camel?"

"Well I know he had eyes that I can get lost in and a body that I just curl up against for hours, and...oh god I sound like such a love struck teenager." Harry said.

Tilting Harry's face up so he could look him in the eyes, Edward hoarsely whispered, "No it's romantic."

"Never been told that I'm romantic."

"Oh yeah? Well I think you are. You're romantic, handsome, and any man would be honored to have you as their mate." Edward whispered, leaning down slowly.
"What if I said I know who I want as my mate?"

"I'd hope that you' be happy with that person." Edward said with a slight growl.

"What if I said that person was you?" Harry asked, and without waiting for an answer leaned up and pressed his lips against Edward's in a soft kiss. It lasted only a few seconds before Harry pulled away and covered his mouth with his hand.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done that." Harry whispered before he gathered his magic and apparated out of the room.

Landing with a grunt of pain as his broken leg hit the ground hard, Harry looked around at the clearing located in the forest that Edward had showed him a while ago.

"Stupid move, Potter. What were you thinking? Are you trying to drive away all of the friends you make?" Harry berated himself.

Dropping back into the grass, Harry looked up at the sky which was quickly being overcome with dark storm clouds.

It wasn't long before the sky opened up and the predicted rain began to fall in fat drops, which also happened to be cold.

Moving slightly, Harry grabbed his wand and cast a charm that would keep the cast from getting wet, but other than that he stayed where he was lying in the grass. Pillowing his head on his arms, Harry looked to the side when he heard a twig snap in the dark forest.

"Hi, Jacob." Harry said when he saw the shaggy wolf lumbering out of the woods not even trying to be quiet.

Whining, the russet colored wolf made his way over to Harry and dropped down beside him on the grass.

Rubbing at Jacob's ears, Harry grinned when Jacob's back leg started thumping against the ground.

"What are you doing out here in the rain?" Harry asked him.

Giving another little whine, Jacob trotted over to one of the closest trees and disappeared behind it. A few seconds later he came back dressed in only a faded pair of blue jeans.

"I could ask you what you're doing out here in the rain myself, but considering I went to your house and ran into a frantic vampire I think I know."

"Oh."

"Yeah. He was really frantic because you disappeared. He was worried that something might happen to you."

"That's why he was upset?"

"Yeah...is there another reason he'd be upset."

"I sort of kissed him." Harry whispered.

"So? What's wrong with that?"
"What's wrong with that? Edward was turned in the 1900's, Jacob. I doubt he went around getting kissed by a lot of men."

"And he's been in this time for years now. Men and women kiss the same sex a lot now a days."
Jacob said, dropping onto the grass beside Harry again. "Tell me something, did he kiss you back?"

Opening his mouth to answer, Harry had to stop and think and nearly went boneless as he remembered the feeling of Edward's lips moving against his in response to the kiss.

"Yeah he did."

"So do you really think that he'd be upset with you?"

"I guess not...hey what were you doing at my house anyway?"

"Sirius felt bad about taking your crutches and leaving you couch bound so he sent me over with them. Now get out of here and go talk to that vampire before he has a heart attack."

"He can't have a heart attack, but I'll go back there." Harry said.

"Good. Now go and see your vampire and I'll keep Remus and Sirius away so you can do the naughty deed...just keep the details to yourself."

"Jacob! We aren't going to do any 'naughty deed' as you put it." Harry said with a blush.

Grinning, Jacob stood up and said, "Get out of here before you catch a cold."

"Thanks, Jacob." Harry said as he felt the shivers racking through his body. "I'll make sure to share the details with you tomorrow." He teased.

Gathering his magic around him, Harry disapparated and popped back to his house. He had barely landed on the couch before Edward was beside him and checking him for any injuries.

"Harry! Are you alright? You just left and I was going to look for you, but Jacob showed up and told me he'd find you because I was more likely to expose myself then..." Edward started.

Covering Edward's lips with two fingers, Harry stopped him and said, "I'm fine. And I'm sorry I ran off like that."

"Am I that bad of a kisser that you had to run off?" Edward joked.

Blushing, Harry hid his face against Edward's chest.

"If I sit down and suggest that we try that again are you going to disappear again?"

"No. I promise to stay here...and Jacob is even going to keep Remus and Sirius away for the night." Harry said, then quickly added, "But I don't expect us to go that far tonight."

"I think this is what Alice saw around the time you and the others came to town."

"Why do you think that?"

"Well she shared the vision with Esme and then they were always giggling together and Alice even tried to get me to wear leather when we all went to the restaurant together."

Humming at the idea of seeing Edward in leather, Harry said, "That is definitely something that I'd
"Really?" Edward asked.

"Yeah. I bet you'd look hot."

"Well okay, but then I get to see you in leather too." He said.

"Deal." Harry agreed quickly.

"So if we're kissing does that mean I get to take you out on a date once your leg is healed up?"

"Oh definitely. Heck I might even let you take me on two if you're good."

Grinning, Edward said, "I'm looking forwards to seeing if I'm good enough for a second date then."

"Me too." Harry said nudging Edward so he was leaning against the arm of the couch. Snuggling up against him, Harry repeated, "Me too."

****END CHAPTER****
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

Again, please note that this story was originally written and posted on other sites back in 2009. Only edits done upon posting today is to fix formatting to fit this site.

Forks Cuisine

Summary: After the war ended in his seventh year, Harry studied up on the muggle world so he could move there after he graduated from Hogwarts. When that time came he went to culinary school for four years and graduated when he was 21 years old. After that he used money he got from his parents to move somewhere where his name wasn't known and opened up a restaurant in a friendly little town called Forks. Little does he know, his life won't be that simple.


Rating: Nc-17

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the characters associated with Harry Potter or Twilight. They belong to their respective owners and I don't make any money from the writing of this story.

Warning(s): Slash, Au,

Chapter Fourteen:

It was a week later and Harry was anxiously standing in front of his mirror getting ready for his first official date with Edward.

He had taken the bone mending potion that Snape had sent him and, even though they didn't get along, he had to admit that the potions master did a great job on his potions. Harry barely felt any pain in his leg due to the pain potion that Snape mixed into the bone mending potion.

Clad in only a pair of skin tight leather black pants just for Edward, Harry walked over to his bed where both his silk emerald shirt and his black denim jacket were laid out.

Slipping into the shirt, Harry glanced at his alarm clock for the third time in only twenty minutes. Mentally slapping himself, he grabbed his jacket and wand then headed downstairs.

Since he didn't know where they were going, Harry was wondering if he was dressed right for his date.

Walking down the stairs, Harry was shocked to see Edward perched elegantly on the couch with Remus and Sirius standing in front of him with serious looks on their faces.

"Sorry to keep you waiting." Harry said to Edward while glaring at his godfathers.

Looking over, with amusement in his eyes, Edward said, "It's no problem. I just got here."
"Yeah. So go back upstairs because you interrupted my 'you hurt him and I hurt you' speech." Sirius said with a pout.

"Sorry Sirius, but your speech can wait." Harry said moving over to the couch so he could get a good look at Edward.

Edward was dressed in his own pair of leather pants and he wore a white button down shirt which was tucked into the pants.

"Sorry Sirius, but we've got plans." Harry said tugging Edward up from the couch. "I'll be back later...don't wait up." He teased.

Walking outside, Harry shared a smile with Edward and headed over to Edward's black Aston Martin, Vanquish.

Edward was just opening the door and helping Harry inside when Jacob pulled up in his car.

"Oh were you going somewhere?" He asked, looking slightly miffed.

"Date."

"Oh...well are Sirius and Remus around?"

"What's wrong?" Harry asked.

"Nothing, just Edward's ex is hanging around the reservation trying to talk me into going out with her. I think she's just trying to use me to make him jealous."

"I wouldn't put it past her...so you're going to hide out here?"

"Just for a little while. Sam is going to tell her that she needs to stay away for a while and then it'll be safe for me to go home."

Chuckling at the thought of a werewolf afraid of a tiny human, Harry said, "That old wreck that Sirius grabbed off of the side of the road is in the garage. I'm sure you can talk him into working on it for a few hours." Harry suggested wondering, not for the first time, why Sirius took the black 1967 Chevy Impala off of the side of the road or why it was sitting in his garage.

"Well in that case, go and have fun...but not too much fun." Jacob said with a laugh as he made his way to the front door.

Shaking his head with a snort, Edward said, "He's like an annoying little brother that you care about anyway."

"That's better than hating him." Harry said as he climbed into the car.

As Edward climbed into the drivers side, he said, "I'm sorry that we couldn't help you figure out who set fire your restaurant. There was just too much gas spread throughout that it's all we can smell."

"It's okay. I know you all tried. Besides if magic couldn't tell us then whoever did it did a good job covering their tracks." Harry said knowing it was true. While magic hadn't found anything, the police had managed to find a fingerprint on the broken door, but it couldn't be used since it was only a partial print and couldn't conclusively be used to find who did it.

"Do you think it was a person with magic then?"
"No. I know that since there was no leftover magic in the air. Once you've had your magical core unlocked, no matter if you get stripped of your magic after that, there will still be a hint of magic in the air."

"Oh."

"Yeah, but lets not talk about that. I'd rather just have fun." Harry said smiling at him.

Grinning, Edward laced their fingers together and nodded.

"So are you going to tell me where we're going or do I have to wait until we pull into the parking lot?"

"You'll have to wait." Edward said before he quickly changed the subject. "So I know that Remus and Sirius have their own house on the reservation. So I just want to know, did they just show up at your house to try and give me that speech?"

"Knowing them they did. They're trying to make up for all the years that I was stuck at the Dursley's and away from them. They're a lot better than when I first started living with them, but they still slip at times...like when I bring home a date."

Smiling, Edward pulled into a familiar parking lot and turned off the car then turned to Harry.

"Our date's at my restaurant?" Harry asked as he stared at the building.

"I was going to do something outside, but it's been raining so much that we couldn't, and then I thought it would give you better memories then seeing it on fire..."

Placing a finger over Edward's lips, Harry said, "Don't worry about it, I'm not that hard to please. I think it will be great."

Smiling, Edward climbed out of the car and rushed around to Harry's side and helped him up and out of the car.

"Close your eyes and let me lead you." Edward said.

Closing his eyes, Harry teased, "You trust me not to peek?"

"Well I'm sure I can find a blindfold somewhere if you do."

"Oh kinky, Edward."

Knowing that the vampire would be blushing if he could, Harry closed his eyes and slid his hand around Edward's arm.

Slowly leading Harry into the restaurant, Edward opened the door and led his wizard toward the decorated table.

"Alright. Go ahead and open your eyes." Edward whispered in his ear.

Opening his eyes, Harry was shocked to see the table in front of him covered in a beautiful, cream colored tablecloth. On top of the table were two red candles with the wick already lit and burning merrily. There were two sets of utensils set out and on top of one was a letter. Beside the table was a covered tray and the scent of food told them both what way on it.

Snagging the letter, Edward quickly read it, then said, "Esme says to enjoy the food and she hopes
we have fun." Setting the letter aside, Edward helped Harry out of his coat and draped it over a chair then pulled it out for him then sat down in his own.

Lifting the top of the tray off, there were two separate bowls of pasta and a basket of bread sticks. Edward grinned and knew that they were Esme's homemade bread sticks because while Harry could make homemade rolls, his bread sticks always seemed to come out more like loaves of bread.

Putting the basket of bread sticks between them, Edward set Harry's plate of pasta in front of him, after taking a sniff and making sure that Harry didn't accidentally get the plate of pasta with blood sauce.

"Esme's a quick learner." Harry said as he snagged a bread stick and broke it in half, dunking a piece into his sauce.

"Well she learned from the best."

Blushing, Harry grinned and said, "I don't know about the best."

"Well I sure think you are."

"You're just saying that because we're dating now and don't want to get thrown in the dog house." Harry teased.

"Neither of us have a dog or a dog house." Edward pointed out.

Chuckling, Harry said, "I can always transfigure one for you to stay in."

"Ah the wonders of magic." Edward said with a smile. "Well if I can learn I'll be able to say the same thing."

"I still don't see why you don't want me to train you. I may not be a teacher, but I know how to teach someone the basics."

"I just don't think it's a good idea. Especially since we're dating now. I get grumpy if I don't pick something up quickly. I don't want to take that out on you and ruin our relationship."

"I don't think you would, but it's your choice." Harry said putting his fork down. Grabbing his wand from his pocket, Harry waved it and soft music started to play out of the speakers.

"Want to dance?" Edward asked with a smile.

"I would love to." Harry said, flicking his wand to send the empty dishes to soak in the sink. Standing up, Harry allowed Edward to take his hand and lead him over to the dance floor.

Moving over to the dance floor, Edward wrapped his arms around Harry's waist and Harry wrapped his own around Edward's neck.

Swaying from side to side, the two kept their eyes firmly on their partner and ignored everything around them.

"You know, I don't want tonight to end. It's been such an amazing night."

"If this night never ends you won't get to see what I have planned for our second date."

"Do you think you were good enough to get another one?" Harry asked teasingly.
"I sure hope so. Besides if I wasn't I'll have to turn into a stalker and follow you everywhere while sighing all the time."

"Oh well then, I suppose I'll have to grant you a second date...although I think you're one stalker I wouldn't mind having."

Chuckling, Edward asked, "Why don't we head back over to your place and watch a movie. I hear thunder and rain in the distance and it doesn't sound like it's going to be a mild storm."

Sighing, Harry slowly moved away from Edward and headed back over to his chair to grab his coat.

"I guess we should, but that means you might get stuck at my place...you know, cause it could be dangerous for you to drive home."

Taking Harry's coat from him, Edward held it so he could slip his arms in then brushed out and wrinkles.

Wrapping an arm around Harry's waist, Edward led him outside and towards the car, missing the two giggling female figures that slipped into the dining room from the kitchen.

"See Esme. I said it'd be a good thing when Harry got here." Alice said as they moved to clean up any of the hints that a romantic dinner had been held in the restaurant.

"Oh young love. It's so romantic."

"Not to mention that it makes Edward unaware of his surroundings." Alice added with another giggle as she blew out the candles that had been left burning.

****END CHAPTER****
Chapter Fifteen:

The next day as he stood in the kitchen cooking up the latest order, Harry shook his head to try and dislodge the thoughts of his date that kept inching to the front of his mind.

Dropping into the chair that he had in the room since his leg had a tendency to start hurting if he stood on it for too long, Harry waved at Markus, one of the three Quileute pack members that had taken a job as a server.

Flicking his wand every so often to plate up an order or stir a sauce, Harry felt boredom creeping up on him.

A few seconds later, a pair of ice cold hands slipped over his eyes and a voice whispered, "Guess who?"

"Um...Emmett, no he's at school. Carlisle...no..." Harry joked.

Without the hands moving, a pair of lips pressed against his own and, Harry gave a fake gasp and said, "Oh now I know who it is. Jacob shouldn't you be at school, and why are you so cold?"

Sputtering, Edward moved around in front of him and said, "Hey!"

"Ah so close." Harry said, snapping his fingers.
"I don't kiss anything like him."

"I wouldn't know, but how about another kiss so I can remember how you do."

"My pleasure." Edward said bending down to press his lips against Harry's again.

"Well if that's the reaction that I get from you for teasing, then I'm going to be teasing you a lot."

Smiling, Edward said, "So I figured since you're closing for the night soon that I'd see if you'd like me to accompany you home."

"I'd like that. And Sirius and Remus won't be since tonight's the full moon."

"I thought Remus had gotten control over the wolf and can change at will now?" Edward asked.

"He did, but he's been feeling antsy as the full moon got closer. Probably after effects of changing only on the full moon for years. I'm sure in a few months time he won't even think about changing on the full moon."

Smiling, the look only lasted for a few seconds before a pout, almost childlike, appeared on Edward's lips.

"What's wrong?" Harry asked. Amused.

"Carlisle is taking the family camping for the next three days."

"I thought that was an excuse you guys used to use for when it was sunny out or you needed to feed."

"It is, but Carlisle thinks we've been getting spoiled by your cooking and we need to go out and hunt lest we forget how."

"You're going for the next three days? Well at least you'll have our date on Saturday to look forwards to."

"But I don't want to go." Edward whined, childishly.

"Aren't you too old to be acting like that?" Harry asked.

"I have a right to. We just got together and now we have to spend three days apart? Not fair."

Mentally laughing at the way Edward was acting, Harry shook his head and said, "You forget that I won't see you for those three days too, but remember what they say, 'absence makes the heart grow fonder'."

"My heart's already fond." Edward mumbled.

"Nonetheless, you need to spend time with your family too and I can spend the time with Remus and Sirius. So um when do you leave?" Harry asked, already looking forwards to playing with Sirius and Remus in their animal forms. It had taken Harry a long time, but he eventually gotten the animagus transformation down.

"We're leaving later tonight. I figured I'd see you for a little while before we left. Kinda hoping that they might 'forget' to get me."

"I doubt anyone could forget you." Harry said with a fond smile. "Anyway I'm just finishing up the
last few orders. I think the excitement of a new place opening up is finally starting to die down since the restaurant hasn't been booked to capacity for a few days now. I'll probably be changing the hours to one long service instead of doing two separate ones soon."

"Won't that hurt the restaurant?"

"Maybe if it was in a bigger town, but since Forks is so small I don't think it will. Besides I'm going to have a notice in the paper and here for about a week or two before the changes."

"Harry the last tables leaving now. Would you like me and the others to stay and help you clean up?" Markus asked, sticking his head in the kitchen with a wrinkled nose.

"Nope. Go ahead and head home and if you see Jacob tell him I'll be stopping by later."

Turning off the stoves and banishing any leftovers, Harry and Edward made their way out through the dining room where Harry waved his wand and sent the used utensils to the kitchen sink where they'd get washed and put away.

Stepping outside, Edward groaned when he saw Esme's car heading towards the restaurant.

"So I guess that means our time is done for now?" Harry asked.

"Yeah I guess so...unless they're here to tell me we aren't going."

"I think they would have called you if they changed their mind."

As the car stopped the back door opened and Alice bounced over to hug Harry.

"Hi Harry."

"Hello, Alice. Nice to see you." Pulling back, Harry waved at the other vampires in the car then asked Jasper, "How's that potion Snape sent you working?"

"Good. I still have slips when I'm around humans, but he said it was to be expected for the first few months."

"That's great." Harry said with a smile.

"Come on, Edward. We've got to go. There's another storm coming and I want to get us to the cabin before it starts. You know how bad traffic will get."

"Do I really have to go?" Edward asked.

"Yes, now get in the car." Carlisle said with an amused smile.

"Go, Edward. Go and have fun...and if you don't I might just have to call off our date on Saturday."

Laughing, Alice said, "Harry you have got to share your dating tips with me."

"Hey!" Jasper protested.

"Don't worry, Jasper. We're already married so we don't go on dates. So therefore I can't call them off." Alice teased.

"No, but there are other things you can call off." Jasper mumbled as his wife climbed back into the car.
Shaking his head, Edward started to climb into the car, but was stopped when Harry gently tugged on his arm and turned him back around.

Standing on the tip of his toes, Harry pressed his lips against Edward's for a kiss then pulled away and said, "Something to hold you over until you get back."

Smiling, Edward stole another kiss of his own then climbed into the back of the car.

Waving as they pulled away, Harry hopped onto his bike and started for home with a smile on his face.

Pulling into his driveway, Harry stopped the bike and headed into the house to put together a tiny bag of clothes that he could change into after he spent some time in his animal form.

When he finished, Harry headed downstairs with the bag in his hand and set it on the floor. Stripping out of his clothes, Harry laid them on the back of the couch then drifted into his mind as he allowed his magic to shift his body.

It only took a few minutes and when it was complete there was a small adult black panther standing where Harry had just been.

Giving a large yawn, Harry picked up his bad and trotted out of the open front door, only stopping long enough to use the piece of rope attached to the doorknob to pull it closed.

Picking the bag back up, Harry started for the woods at a full out run heading for the clearing where the wolves changed and the young wolves could play and tire themselves out.

As he grew closer to where he could hear the playful yips and growls, Harry set his bag down beside a tree then lowered himself to the ground and prowled towards the oblivious black dog and dark brown wolf with gray in its fur.

As he approached them, Harry felt a pleased purr building up in his throat, but before he could pounce on them a large russet wolf plowed into his side and sent them rolling through the grass.

Hissing at Jacob in displeasure, Harry gently swatted him as he walked over to Sirius and Remus and laid down beside them while ignoring the whining wolf that tried to get his attention.

Nudging in between his two godparents, Harry dropped down into the grass and made a show of getting comfortable.

Growling in displeasure, Jacob seemed to get a mischievous glint in his eyes and followed Harry in between the two adults then dropped himself directly on top of the cat.

Trying to stand up and dislodge the wolf, Harry hissed again when he didn't move an inch. Rolling over, he brought up his back paws and gently kicked at the wolf.

Huffing in laughter, Jacob stood up and nipped at Harry's side.

Standing up, Harry brought his front paws off of the ground and pushed the unsuspecting wolf, causing him to stumble and fall.

With green eyes flashing in amusement, Harry tilted his head then took off towards the tiny lake that sat directly in the middle of the clearing. Crouching down, Harry crept around the large boulder and tried to sneak around the back of the rock so he could knock Jacob into the water, but as he got close enough to push him, both Harry and Jacob were pushed into cold water.
Yowling in displeasure, Harry surfaced and crawled onto dry land and glared at the large black dog that was practically prancing back to its mate.

Sharing a look with Jacob, the two silently made a truce then charged towards the black dog and shook the remaining water out of their fur and onto him.

With shock in his eyes, the dog slowly stood up and then charged at the two while letting out a war howl.

As the three ran around the clearing, they were joined by other wolves and quickly made a game of ‘splash’ out of the group. Splash was a game that the Quileute played during the summer when it was hot out. It was like laser tag. There were two teams and both teams had to try and eliminate all the members of the other team first. A person was eliminated by getting pushed into the water a certain number of times. The number of times was decided when the total number of people playing was decided.

The game came to a sudden end when Remus, who had laid in wait for the most opportune moment, shoved the only remaining opponent into the water. That opponent happened to be his own mate.

As the night drew to a close, the group managed to drag themselves to their homes and climb into their beds to sleep.

****END CHAPTER****
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

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Forks Cuisine

Summary: After the war ended in his seventh year, Harry studied up on the muggle world so he could move there after he graduated from Hogwarts. When that time came he went to culinary school for four years and graduated when he was 21 years old. After that he used money he got from his parents to move somewhere where his name wasn't known and opened up a restaurant in a friendly little town called Forks. Little does he know, his life won't be that simple.


Rating: Nc-17

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Warning(s): Slash, Au,

Chapter Sixteen:

It was only two days after Edward left when Harry started to have a bad day. It started out with him waking up with a pounding migraine and a slight fever as well as having slept through his alarm.

Jumping out of bed he raced to the bathroom to get a shower only to find out that his hot water heater wasn't working and he'd have to fix it before he could use his hot water.

After his quick shower, Harry stumbled down to his kitchen where he downed a pain potion since he could work with a fever but not with a headache beating in synchrony with his heart.

Deciding to just apparate instead of taking his bike, Harry gathered up his wand and slipped into his coat then apparated away to the restaurant.

Landing in the kitchen, Harry leaned against the wall as a wave of dizziness and nausea rolled through him.

"Ugh. Maybe I should have taken a flu potion or something instead." Harry mumbled to himself.

Gathering up the pots and pans he'd need, Harry started to chop up vegetables and mix up the ingredients for other dishes.

It was only a few minutes later that he felt another wave of dizziness that caused him to summon a comfortable chair to sit in.
Curling up on the chair, Harry used his wand to complete the preparations and start cooking the food.

"You alright Harry? You look horrible." Markus said as he entered the room to clock everyone in.

"Yeah just woke up feeling sick. Nothing a potion won't clear once the one I just took is out of my system." He answered, shrugging his shoulders.

Hours later when the last customers and the waiters left, Harry stood up from his chair with a relieved sigh. So far the potions that he'd taken hadn't done anything to relieve his sickness.

Magically cleaning up Harry made sure everything was locked up then headed outside to wait for Sirius. Since his last try at apparating had nearly made him lose his lunch, Harry had called Sirius and asked him to give him a ride home.

"You look horrible cub." Remus said as he opened the door to the truck and helped Harry up into it.

"Yeah and I feel even worse, but hopefully a good nights sleep and a potion will clear that right up." Harry said snuggling into Remus' side to try and steal the warmth from his body.

"Are you cold?" Remus asked, wrapping an arm around Harry's body.

"Freezing." He answered, and as if to prove it, his teeth started to chatter.

Frowning, Sirius said, "I can almost feel the heat from your body from here and I can see the sweat on your forehead."

"Well that happens from time to time when you're sick...I'm sure you remember when you were sick last winter, Sirius."

"Oh I remember. I was under about six blankets and a warming charm and I was still cold."

Sniffing, Harry smiled at the memory and said, "Wake me when we get to my place."

"Of course cub. Go ahead and sleep."

Staring down at the top of Harry's head, Remus frowned and said, "I've never seen him this sick before."

"Well we've known that it would happen sooner or later." Sirius said, even though there were worry lines marring his face.

"I know. I just hate seeing him like this."

"Me too, Rem, but at least he'll be better in a few hours after the potions start to work." Sirius said as he pulled into Harry's driveway.

Seeing Harry's bike sitting out in the open and the dark clouds hanging in the sky, Remus said, "I'll
bring Harry inside if you move his bike under the carport."

"Alright. I'll be in in a few minutes. I'm just going to move his bike then call Billy and have him send Jacob over to our place to lock up and turn off the lights."

"Come around and open my door first. I don't want to move and wake him up."

Nodding, Sirius got out of the truck and moved around to open the door then, once Remus was out with Harry settled securely in his arms, closed the door quietly.

Making his way up to the house, Remus stopped when he reached the door and tried to figure out how to open it without disturbing Harry. As he shifted Harry to see if he could get the doorknob he was stopped as the door swung open. Turning towards his mate, Remus smiled in thanks as the man pocketed his wand.

Walking up the stairs, Remus laid Harry down on his bed and pulled off his shoes and jacket then covered him up with the heavy blanket.

Running his fingers through Harry's hair, Remus smiled down at the young wizard for a few seconds then made his way downstairs when he heard Sirius come inside.

"What's wrong?" Remus asked as he walked downstairs and saw the wary and angry look on Sirius' face.

"Someone slashed up Harry's tires. I asked Billy to send someone over to try and get a scent to see if they recognize it from anywhere."

Growling, Remus started for the door but was stopped when Sirius grabbed his arm.

"Remus enough. Harry needs us right now. Wait for the person from the Reservation to get here. They'll have a better chance of recognizing the persons scent."

"But..."

"No. Come sit down until the person gets here. I don't want you charging out of here...even though I want to too."

Growling again, Remus allowed Sirius to pull him over to the couch and sit down on it.

Pressing a kiss against Remus' forehead, Sirius ran his fingers through the graying hair, trying to calm him down.

It was about ten minutes later when there was a soft knock on the door and Jacob walked in.

"Billy sent you? I thought he would have sent someone else since you have school in the morning."

"I wouldn't let him send anyone else when I heard that something happened to Harry. Where is Harry?"

"He's upstairs in bed. He's sick. So did you find anything?" Sirius asked.

"There was a scent out there, but except for a slightly familiar scent it wasn't one I know and it stopped at the road. Whomever it was had a car waiting for them."

"So the bastard who did this is going to get away with it." Remus said with a snarl as he jumped up to pace back and forth.
"Our cub is fine, Remus." Sirius said moving over to the raging werewolf. Wrapping his arms around Remus' waist he whispered, "He's fine and nothing is going to happen to him."

"I'll kill anyone that wants to hurt my cub." Remus said, shaking Sirius off so he could continue to pace.

"Why don't you head on home, Jacob. Thank you for coming over to try and sniff them out."

"It's no problem. Harry's like family." Jacob said. "Does his vampire know what happened?"

"No and I think Harry would prefer that he didn't find out."

Nodding, Jacob said a quick goodbye then made his way outside to head home.

"How can you be so calm about this?" Remus hissed.

"I'm not. I'm pissed off that someone would do that to my godson, but getting angry won't do anything."

"Aren't I supposed to be the one telling you that?" Remus asked after a few minutes.

"Usually. Now come here and sit down." Sirius said moving to the couch and dropping down onto it.

Moving over to the couch, Remus curled up against Sirius' side with a sigh.

"I'm going to run a potion up to Harry along with something for him to eat and drink. Stay here and relax Rem." Sirius said standing up and heading into the kitchen.

Waking over to the counter, Sirius bowed his head and grasped the counter as his body started to shake in anger at the thought of the person that had ruined his godson's property.

Taking a few deep breaths, Sirius stood up straight and reached up into the cabinet to pull out a bowl and a tall glass cup.

Pouring some orange juice into the cup and heating up some canned soup, one of the few things he could cook without ruining, Sirius let the motions calm him down.

Grabbing a tray from under the counter, Sirius set the juice and soup on it then grabbed one of the vials of potions from Harry's potion cupboard and set it on there as well.

Carrying the tray upstairs, Sirius walked into Harry's room and set the tray on the bedside table then cast spell over the soup to keep it warm until he woke up.

Sitting down on the bed beside Harry, Sirius unknowingly copied Remus' actions from earlier and ran his fingers through Harry's hair before standing up.

Stopping in the doorway, Sirius turned back to watch Harry and a few seconds later he was joined by Remus.

Standing side by side the two watched over Harry as he slept vowing to protect him and take care of him no matter what.

*****END CHAPTER****
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

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Forks Cuisine

Summary: After the war ended in his seventh year, Harry studied up on the muggle world so he could move there after he graduated from Hogwarts. When that time came he went to culinary school for four years and graduated when he was 21 years old. After that he used money he got from his parents to move somewhere where his name wasn't known and opened up a restaurant in a friendly little town called Forks. Little does he know, his life won't be that simple.


Rating: Nc-17

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Warning(s): Slash, Au,

Chapter Seventeen:

The next day, Harry was sitting on his couch still feeling a little sick, when there was a soft knock on the front door. Standing up, he made his way over and peeked out. Seeing Edward, he quickly undid the locks and opened the door while ignoring the harsh wind that was bending the trees.

Smiling at his boyfriend, Harry said, "I suppose this is your first stop."

Grinning ruefully, Edward said, "Yeah. I had Carlisle stop so I could head over."

"Come on in." Harry said stepping out of the way.

"Are you looking forward to our date tomorrow?"

"Oh definitely and I even canceled the reservations that were set for tomorrow as per your instructions."

"It'll be worth it. Trust me." Edward said as Harry led the way into the living room.

"I do trust you." Harry said without missing a beat.

"Do you trust me enough to tell me if something happened while I was gone?"

Tilting his head, Harry said, "Of course."
"Okay. Then did anything happen while I was gone?"

Shaking his head slowly, "Harry said, "No...why would you ask?"

"Because Jacob was nice enough to call me and tell me that the tires on your motorcycle were slashed the other day."

"It's not that big of a deal, Edward. It was probably a stupid prank by one of the local teenagers. And besides I didn't find out until this morning when Sirius told me. I was sick yesterday and was out of it when I got home."

"How can you say that after your restaurant was almost burnt down?" Edward asked. "I mean, what if it's one of those enemies from your war? Some of them weren't caught."

"They wouldn't do something as mild as trying to burn down my restaurant or slash my tires. They'd try to kill me." Harry said bluntly. "Besides there was no trace of magic in the air."

"So then that means that some human is trying to kill you. That makes me feel so much better." Edward said dryly.

"No one's trying to kill me, Edward. I'm telling you it was just a stupid prank."

"You know that for a fact?"

"No, but..." Sighing, Harry ran his hands over his face and said, "Edward look, no one is trying to kill me. I may be a trouble magnet that attracts trouble at every turn, but I think I'd know if someone was trying to kill me."

"Alright, but just promise me that next time something happens that you'll call me right away."

"I doubt anything else will happen, but I promise to call you if something does happen. Now how about we sit down and you tell me how your trip went?"

Dropping down onto the couch, Edward pulled Harry down so he was leaning against his chest and started to talk.

"Well Emmett's going to be jealous because we ran into a large group of bears. Whenever we go hunting he always goes out of his way to find a bear or two." Edward said, while fondly shaking his head.

"And Rosie lets him get away with that?"

"Most of the times because he sulks for weeks if he doesn't get a bear, but sometimes she scares them away." Edward said, then after a few seconds said, "I still can't believe Rosalie lets you call her 'Rosie'. She still barely lets us call her that."

As Edward ran his fingers through his hair, Harry smiled in content and said, "That's because one, I've never insulted her and two, I've always complimented her."

"I guess that's true."

"Of course it's true. So are you going to give me any hints about where we're going tomorrow or do I have to wait and see like last time?"

"You just have to sit back and wait, but I will tell you that you can wear something comfortable and worn if you want to. We aren't going anywhere fancy."
"Oh that's so helpful." Harry said sarcastically. Rubbing at his eyes, Harry yawned and stretched then said, "I don't want to force you to leave, but I doubt that watching me sleep will be very entertaining."

"I disagree. I could sit here and watch you sleep forever. You know you have really good dreams." Edward teased.

"Hey! I thought you said you don't go into my head without my permission." Harry said, blushing.

"I don't, but there have been one or two times that I've been drawn into your head. I leave once I'm not...distracted."

"Oh god." Harry said, burying his head in his hands. "Now I really think you should go so that I don't embarrass myself any further."

Chuckling, Edward nudged Harry so he could stand up then pressed a kiss against the top of Harry's head.

"Don't be so embarrassed. I like what I saw." With that, Edward vanished from the house at a speed too quick for anyone to see.

Shaking his head, Harry headed up stairs and shrugged out of his shirt and pants then dropped onto the bed in only a pair of black boxers. Grabbing the edge of the blanket that was furthest from him, Harry yanked it over him and tucked it around himself.

Curling up, Harry fell asleep hoping that he wasn't going to have any of those dreams while Edward was perched outside his window watching over him.

Unfortunately for Harry his wish didn't come true, because as soon as he fell asleep he started dreaming.

Sitting outside of Harry's window Edward wondered if he should leave for a little while to give Harry's dream a chance to end, but before he could make his choice, he felt Harry's mind stretching out.

Feeling slightly guilty since he wasn't fighting the pull or leaving, Edward felt himself tense in anticipation at what he was going to see and feel since in most, he was able to feel the sensations.

Laying on a large, soft bed there were two bodies; one warm and the other ice cold. While others would be put off from the chill that radiated from the other body the smaller man seemed unaware of the difference in body temperature.

"If I didn't know any better I'd say that you've done this before."

"You know what they say, Harry. Practice makes perfect."

"Then we should practice a little more."

Leaning up, Edward ran his hands over Harry's naked chest and bent down to kiss him. As their lips brushed against each other, he ran his hands teasingly down Harry's side avoiding his sensitive spots.
"Don't be a tease." Harry whispered, reaching down to grasp Edward's wandering hand.

"But I like teasing you. You respond so beautifully."

Grinning, Harry flipped them over so that Edward was on the bottom then straddled his hips.

"I bet you'd respond beautifully too if I teased you...maybe I should find out."

"I think I'll enjoy trying to find out too." Edward said, crossing his arms behind his head.

"Lets find out." Harry whispered.

Dipping his head, Harry pressed a kiss to Edward's neck, causing the vampire to shudder. Grinning, Harry worked his way down Edward's chest, stopping every so often to press kisses onto the marble like skin.

Working his way down, Harry stopped when he reached the vampire's stomach and set his head down on it.

"I wonder what you'd do if I stopped right now." Harry asked, teasingly.

Growling at the thought Edward opened his mouth to reply...

Jerking out of the dream, Edward fell out of the tree as another crack of thunder rumbled. Landing on the ground, Edward took deep breaths of unneeded air as the rain falling from the sky started to soak into his clothing and make it heavier.

Standing up, he took one last, longing look towards Harry's room, then took off through the woods heading back towards his house.

****END CHAPTER****
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

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Forks Cuisine

Summary: After the war ended in his seventh year, Harry studied up on the muggle world so he could move there after he graduated from Hogwarts. When that time came he went to culinary school for four years and graduated when he was 21 years old. After that he used money he got from his parents to move somewhere where his name wasn't known and opened up a restaurant in a friendly little town called Forks. Little does he know, his life won't be that simple.


Rating: Nc-17

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Warning(s): Slash, Au,

Chapter Eighteen:

The next day as noon rolled around, the time Edward said he'd pick him up, Harry was gathering up his wallet and slipping on his shoes.

Heading downstairs, Harry was greeted to the site of Edward casually leaning against the wall dressed in a faded pair of blue jeans and a black turtle neck sweater.

"Do I get to know where we're going now?" Harry asked.

"Nope." Edward said. "I do have a blindfold if you feel like you'll peak if I ask you to shut your eyes."

"You kinky little vampire." Harry teased.

"Don't let the others know about that. It'll be our little secret."

"I don't think I like the idea of others knowing whether you're kinky or not."

"Well then we're even, because I don't want others to know if you're kinky." Edward said. "You might want to bring a coat with you. It's mild outside right now, but it might get colder."

"So we're going to be outside then?" Harry asked, walking over to the closet with his jackets.
"I'm not telling you anything. Now go to the car and get in."

Slipping on his tan jacket, Harry said, "Alright, alright I'm going. No need to get bossy."

Leading Harry to the car, Edward opened the door and helped him in then moved around to the driver side and climbed behind the wheel.

"So you mentioned a blindfold. Does that mean that I have to close my eyes for the ride?"

"Not right yet. It's a longer ride then last time. I mean unless you want to lay back and take a nap until we get there."

"Nah I don't want to go to sleep on you. Besides I can try and guess where we're going as we drive."

"Am I going to get a kiss for every guess you get wrong?"

"I don't know. That'd be kind of dangerous if you're driving. Besides what would I get if I guessed right?"

"You'd get your own kiss from me."

"So are we going to the movies? Dinner? Brunch..."

Covering Harry's mouth with his hand, Edward said, "Save some guesses for later...and no we aren't going to any of those things."

"So I guess I have to give you three kisses then." Shrugging his shoulders, Harry leaned over and pressed three quick kisses to Edward's lips.

Okay. Now at least save some guesses for when we get on the highway." Edward said as he started the car and pulled out of Harry's driveway.

Really wondering where they'd be going, Harry turned and looked out the window to pay attention to the road signs.

"I'm just wondering, are you going to not tell me where we're going on every one of our dates?"

"No this is the last time I'll do it. I promise."

"You don't have to stop. I mean I'd like it every now and then, but not every time we go out."

"Alright. So every now and then I won't tell you where we're going."

Smiling, Harry turned back to the windows and focused on the signs that they sped by.

Almost an hour and a half later, after getting stuck in traffic, Harry saw a big sign coming up. Squinting to try and read it, he was distracted when Edward tugged on his hand to get his attention.

"What's up?" He asked.

Getting only a grin in response, Harry turned back to look at the sign but sighed in frustration when he realized they passed it already.

"Cheater." Harry mumbled with a pout.
"Hey we didn't make any rules. Besides we're almost there so go ahead and take your last guess because you'll be able to figure it out once we get around the next turn and clear the trees."

Looking around for anything that would help him figure out where they were, Harry eventually said, "I really have no idea. I guess I'll just have to give you another kiss once we get there."

"Okay then close your eyes and I'll tell you when you can open them." Edward instructed with an excited grin.

"Anyone else and that grin would scare me...especially if it was on Sirius' face." Harry said as he leaned his head back and closed his eyes. Feeling excitement building up inside of him, Harry had to fight to keep his eyes closed as he felt the car come to a stop and turn off.

"Stay there. I'm going to come around and help you out and then you can open your eyes when I tell you to."

"Alright." Harry said while, again, stomping down on the urge to peek like a child searching for hidden presents while their parents weren't looking.

When Edward opened the door, he reached in and carefully helped Harry out of the car and turned him towards their destination.

As he stood up out of the car, Harry frowned and tilted his head as he heard a lot of people talking, multiple mechanical whirs, and shouts and screams of joy.

Turning him towards the sounds, Edward said, "Stop trying to figure it out and go ahead and open your eyes."

Opening his eyes, Harry was shocked when he saw a large fair and rides in front of him.

"I hope you don't mind, but Sirius told me that you've never been to a fair before and I thought it might be fun."

Smiling at him, Harry said, "It is. It's great. Thank you." Harry said leaning up to press a kiss against Edward's smiling lips.

Wrapping an arm around Harry's waist, Edward led him over to the line to wait for their tickets.

Ignoring the glares that some people sent their way, Harry snuggled closer to Edward and asked, "So are you going to win me a stuffed animal while we're here?"

"Of course I will. What kind of date would I be if I didn't try." Edward said while glaring right back at the bigots that were staring at them with disgust.

"So why did you ask Sirius about when I was younger instead of me?" Harry asked as they slowly moved forwards with the line.

"I know that you hate talking about your past so I didn't want to ask and upset you by bringing it up."

"You really are sweet, you know that."

"So I did good then?"

"Yes you did. You know you think you wouldn't be so insecure about this after so long."
"Well when I was dating Bella no matter what I did there was something wrong."

"Well she's a bitch...sorry."

"What are you apologizing for?"

"Well you used to date her. It isn't really right for me to say something like that about an ex of yours."

"But it turned out to be true so you can say it. If it was false, then maybe it wouldn't be right, but since it's true..."

Moving up to the ticket booth, Edward said, "Why don't you go ahead and get us a spot to get in and I'll be right over."

"I could pay you know."

"I know, but since it was my idea I'll pay. Now go on."

"Alright, but the next time I'll pay."

"Yeah sure." Edward said with a grin.

"I will. Just you watch." Harry said as he walked over to the line waiting at the gate to get in.

Chuckling, Edward paid for their bracelets then moved to join Harry in line.

"What do you want to check out first? There are tents where we can buy things, the rides, or the games?"

"I don't know. What do people usually check out first?"

"I don't really know either. We could walk around for a while until we see something we want to do."

"How about we walk through the tents and just look around for a little while."

"Sounds good." Edward said as they slipped their bracelets on and got the stamp on their hand that would get them back in if they left for a little while.

Walking into the tent they saw multiple tables covered in shirts, figurines of animals, jewelry, and other miscellaneous things.

As they looked at the things in the tent they made note of any shirts or figurines that they wanted to come back and buy once they were ready to leave and head home.

A few hours later as the sun was going down and they purchased the few things they wanted, which Edward was carrying in two plastic bags, the vampire wrapped an arm around Harry's waist and said, "We've got one more thing to do here before we leave."

"What's that?" Harry asked, as he held a large brown teddy bear with a white stomach under his right
Edward had won it at the game where you had to throw a ball and knock down the bottles...little did the Carney know that a vampire had enough strength to knock the bottles out of the glue sticking some of them to the table.

"Just follow me. I think you'll figure it out soon enough."

"If you say so." Harry said, shrugging his shoulders.

As they approached the ferris wheel, the lights started to go out on the attractions.

"Looks like they're closing for the night. Shouldn't we be heading for the gate?" Harry asked.

"Nope." Edward said as they got into the short line at the ferris wheel.

"What are we doing?"

"Wait and see." Edward said with a smile.

It only took a few seconds then they were at the front of the line and Edward was handing over a gold ticket.

As the conductor made note of something on a notepad in front of him, Edward helped Harry into the cart in front of them.

Setting their bags on the floor in front of them, Edward wrapped an arm around Harry's shoulders and said, "You'll enjoy this."

"I already do." Harry said with a grin as he snuggled into his vampires side.

"I got us the best seats." Edward said as the ride stopped at the very top before the lights went out.

"Watch and enjoy." Edward said as a flash of colors lit up the sky and a crackling, boom followed.

"Fireworks?" Harry asked.

"Yep. So did I do good?"

"You did great." Harry said turning Edward's face towards him so he could press their lips together in a chaste kiss.

Kissing a few more times, Harry pulled away and turned back to watch the fireworks.

The fireworks lasted for about a half an hour before the lights started to come back on and the ferris wheel started to move and let the riders off.

When their cart reached the ground, the two gathered up their things and headed towards the exit leaning against one another.

"That was great, Edward."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it, but next time we'll have to do it when it's a little warmer so you don't get sick."

"I rarely get sick, but it's a nice thought." Harry said as they reached the car.

Opening the passenger side door, Harry put the bear into the back then dropped into the comfortable
"Why don't you go ahead and take a nap and I'll wake you up when we get home? Your body is still recuperating from when you were sick so I bet you're feeling really tired."

Opening his mouth to deny it, Harry let out a yawn and smiled sheepishly.

"I guess you're right." Curling up on the seat as best as he could, Harry leaned sideways so he could rest against Edward.

It took them about an hour and a half to get back to Harry's house, and Edward put the car into park.

"Harry we're here." Edward said, gently nudging the sleeping wizard's shoulder.

"Already?" Harry asked as he sat up straight and stretched his arms over his head.

"Yep. Unless you want me to drive around a little more."

"Nah, I'll just end up falling asleep on you again and no offense, but my bed is a little more comfortable than the seats in your car."

Unbuckling his seatbelt and opening the car door, Harry pressed a kiss to Edward's lips.

Pulling back, he said, "I know I've already say this, but I had a great time tonight."

"I'm glad I could make it fun for you."

"You did. The fair and fireworks were amazing, and I'll make sure that the bear gets a comfortable place inside." Harry said reaching into the backseat for the bear and his bag of things. "Tell everyone that I said 'hi' when you get home."

"Alright. I'll try and come by and see you tomorrow."

Nodding, Harry climbed out of the car and shut the door then headed towards the house and opened the door. Waving at Edward, he stepped into the house. Once Edward started to drive away, Harry closed the door and walked into the living room.

Setting the bear on the couch, he shrugged out of his jacket and set it beside the bear.

Smiling at the bear, Harry made his way towards the staircase so he could take a shower before he went to bed for the night.

Walking into his bedroom, he stopped to grab a pair of boxers out of his dresser then made his way into the bathroom. Turning on the shower, Harry stripped out of his clothes then jumped under the warm water.

He stayed in the shower only long enough to wash off the grime from the day then stepped out of the shower and dried off. Stepping into his boxers, Harry hanged the damp towel over the shower to dry then headed into his bedroom.

Heading for his bed, Harry only made it halfway before he was struck over the head with something.
AN: Here's the next chapter. I hope you all enjoyed it. More will be up soon.
Chapter Nineteen:

As he drove home from his date with Harry, Edward smiled and couldn't believe that he was lucky enough to find someone like the little wizard.

Harry was amazing and so understanding about being different yet hating it at times that Edward couldn't help but talk to him about things he sometimes couldn't even talk to the rest of his coven about.

When he turned onto the road closest to the house, he pulled over and frowned when a group of thoughts reached his mind.

'Crazy bitch. I can't believe she wants me kill the kid. But whatever as long as I get my money. Just go in there knock him out and set the place on fire. Easy enough.'

As a feeling of dread washed over him, Edward abandoned his car on the side of the road and rushed back towards Harry's house.

Barging through the door, Edward nearly ran over an older man, probably about thirty, with cropped dirty blonde hair.

"Who are you, man?" The guy asked, as his eyes darted around the room.

"Where's Harry?"
'"Who?"

"The owner of this house." Edward growled as he began to smell smoke.

"Uh out, not here. Sorry man."

Growling loudly, which caused the man to jump, Edward grabbed him around the throat and shoved him against the nearest wall.

"Look you little punk, he's mine and if you don't tell me where he is I'll tear your limbs from your body and let you bleed out." Edward hissed as his eyes started to turn black.

"He's in the basement. Look man I didn't want to do it, but the money was too tempting."

Snarling, Edward threw the sniveling man across the room then rushed towards the door in the kitchen that led into the basement. The basement had once been a bomb shelter that had been converted in the sixties to a basement for the house.

Stopping in shock, Edward took in the sight of Harry tied to the metal support beam in the middle of the room with the wood that was stored for the fireplace set up around him burning.

Seeing the fear in Harry's wide green eyes, Edward jumped through the flames and ripped apart the ropes. Gathering Harry close, he moved back through the fire, hoping that it didn't hurt the wizard.

"We need to put the fire out." Harry said in a shaking voice.

"I'm not leaving you alone with that man upstairs."

"Just get my wand and I can put the fire and then we can get out of here."

As Edward rushed out of the room, Harry moved as far away from the fire as he could get and covered his mouth and nose.

It took Edward less than a minute to return and when he did he handed Harry his wand.

"I'm going to call Charlie Swan to come and pick the guy up as soon as I get you outside."

Waving his wand, the fire was doused with a white foam like what would come out of a fire extinguisher. Then with a flick of his wand he transfigured a fire extinguisher like the ones that he had in his restaurant.

"Come on let's go outside so you can get some fresh air." Leading Harry upstairs, Edward grabbed the concussed intruder by the arm and dragged him behind them.

Stopping at his closet to grab one of his longer coats, Harry followed Edward outside.

Shoving the guy to the ground, Edward asked, "So do you want to tell me who hired you to kill him, or should I call the cops."

"Call the cops, man! At least they won't kill me."

Pulling out his cell phone, Edward called the police first and, once he hung up with them, he called Carlisle to come over to take Harry back to the house.

"I should stay here and talk to the police."
"You can, and have to, but once the police leave to take him to the station I'm going to follow them. Don't get me wrong I trust them to do their jobs, but I want to make sure he doesn't get away before he's punished for what he did to you."

Leaning on Edward, Harry listened as the sirens from the police cruiser drew closer as it sped up the driveway.

It was only a few seconds later that the cars, both the police cruiser and Carlisle's own, came to a screeching halt in front of the house.

As the suspect was handcuffed and placed into the back of the cruiser, Carlisle made his way over to Edward and Harry.

"How are you doing?" He asked Harry.

"As good as can be expected."

"I know Edward planned to stay over here with you tonight, but I think we'd all feel safer if you'd come and stay with us." Carlisle said as Chief Swan walked into hearing range.

"Considering the suspect all but confessed so we'd, and I quote, 'save him from that monster', I just need to get a statement from both of you. If you'd like I can stop by later to get the statements."
Charlie offered.

"I think Harry should go ahead and take a warm shower and I should keep an eye on him in case he goes into shock, but I'm sure Edward wouldn't mind going with you to the station to give you his statement." Carlisle said.

"Alright. After I get your statement I can drive Edward back home and get Harry's statement from him. If that's alright with you."

"It's fine by me. Will I be driving with you to the station?" Edward asked.

"Yes. You can sit up in the front and my officer can sit in the back with the suspect."

Nodding, Edward moved over to Harry and tilted his head up. "Harry I'll be home soon, but don't worry, Carlisle and the others will take care of you until I can get back."

Nodding, Harry took a minute to steal a hug from Edward, then allowed Carlisle to lead him over to the car.

Climbing in, Harry watched as Edward got into the police cruiser and turned to look at the man in the back and almost instantly the suspect went from calm and collected to kicking at the door trying to get out.

"Are you alright, Harry?" Carlisle asked.

"I'll be alright. I just wish I knew why he did it. I mean whenever someone has tried to kill me before I knew why, but this time..." He said with a shrug.

"Chief Swan will figure it out and if he can't I'm sure Edward will be more than happy to do a little digging through his mind to find out why he did what he did."

Leaning back in the seat, Harry let the movement of the car relax him. It was only a few minutes later that the vehicle came to a stop in front of the Cullen's house.
"Come on inside, Harry. Esme said she's prepared a warm bath for you to relax in." Carlisle said as he reached over to gently shake Harry's shoulder.

Climbing out of the car, Harry was immediately grabbed by Alice and pulled into a hug.

"I don't know why I haven't seen any of this happening." She cried.

"Don't worry I'm fine, Alice. If you didn't see it it means that you weren't supposed to."

"That's right. Now come and help me in the kitchen while Harry relaxes." Esme said.

Nodding, Alice hugged Harry once more then followed Esme into the kitchen.

Smiling at Jasper and Carlisle, Harry trudged his way up the stairs and into Edward's room. Edward's room had it's own bathroom attached to it and it also had the biggest tub. The bathroom had only been added onto the house a few months ago.

Tossing his long coat onto Edward's bed, Harry then rummaged through the closet to try and find something he could wear. Pulling out a pair of black gym pants and a plain white long sleeved shirt.

Moving into the bathroom, Harry draped the fresh clothes over the counter then stripped out of his boxers and lowered himself into the lavender scented water.

While not his favorite scent of bath beads, the lavender was helping him to relax. Laying back in the water, Harry closed his eyes and just let his mind drift away from his thoughts.

He stayed in the tub for almost a half hour, before the cooling water made him climb out and dress in the clothes he had borrowed from Edward.

Stopping to grab his coat, Harry made his way downstairs and said, "I'm going to take a little walk. I'll be back in a few minutes."

"Are you alright?" Carlisle asked, looking up from the medical file he was scanning.

"Yeah, I just want to get some fresh air."

"Alright. If Edward and Chief Swan get here before you return I'll have Edward get you."

Nodding, Harry opened the door and walked outside heading for the forest. As he walked he lost track of how far he had gotten and before he knew it he was near the edge of the Cullen's property. Dropping down onto the ground, Harry leaned against a tree and closed his eyes.

It wasn't long before he heard the sound of footsteps heading towards him.

"Is it time to go back?" Harry asked without opening his eyes. After a few seconds without an answer, Harry frowned and called out, "Edward, is that you?"

"Why don't you open your eyes and find out who it is." A female voice said with a hiss.

Opening his eyes, Harry tensed up when he saw Bella Swan standing about five feet away from him with a muggle weapon, a gun, pointed at his chest.

Reaching into his pocket, Harry tried to grab his wand, but only encountered empty air. Standing up slowly, Harry pulled his hand out of his pocket and glanced around to see if he could spot his wand.

"What do you want?" He asked.
"I want you to leave my Edward. I don't know what you did to make him leave me for you, but you aren't going to get away with it."

"What ever you're planning you don't want to do it. Do you really think you'd get away with shooting someone."

"Maybe not, but at least it will keep you away from my Edward." She said as she cocked the weapon.

As if in slow motion, Harry watched as she pulled the trigger and the bullet was ejected from the gun.

Gasping as the bullet struck his chest, Harry fell to the ground. Laying on his back Harry brought his hand up to look at the blood covering it before he coughed on a liquid that was building up in his throat.

Choking and gasping on the blood that was bubbling up in his mouth and running out of the sides, Harry watched as a blur tackled Bella to the ground with a snarl.

It only took a second for Edward to incapacitate the woman and another second to get over to Harry's side.

"Harry! Hang on, Harry. You're going to be fine. Carlisle's gathering up things to help you. I just need to get you back to the house."

Spitting out the blood, Harry whispered, "It'll be too late. I'm dying."

"You can't die. I just found you." Edward whispered as Jasper gathered up the unconscious woman to drag her back to the house. Jasper had ran out of the house after Edward when Alice had gasped out what she had seen.

Looking at Harry's blood, Edward felt nausea well up inside of him. "Carlisle's going to fix you up, Harry. Don't give up."

"I wish I didn't have to go. I finally found someone to love and I get taken away from it." Gasping to try and bring air into his lungs, Harry reached up and gently touched Edward's cheek. "It happened so quick, but I do love you."

"I love you too." Edward said as Harry's eyes rolled back in his head and his hand slid down, leaving a smear of blood on the vampires cheek.

***END CHAPTER***

AN: Here's the end of this chapter. Bit of a tearjerker there. :( Please don't kill me. More will be up soon.
Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

Again, please note that this story was originally written and posted on other sites back in 2009. Only edits done upon posting today is to fix formatting to fit this site.

Forks Cuisine

Summary: After the war ended in his seventh year, Harry studied up on the muggle world so he could move there after he graduated from Hogwarts. When that time came he went to culinary school for four years and graduated when he was 21 years old. After that he used money he got from his parents to move somewhere where his name wasn't known and opened up a restaurant in a friendly little town called Forks. Little does he know, his life won't be that simple.


Rating: Nc-17

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Warning(s): Slash, Au,

Chapter Twenty:

Sitting next to the bed, Edward stared at the still, cold body of the man he loved. Leaning forwards, he ran his fingers through Harry's hair then pressed his lips against his forehead.

Hearing footsteps coming towards the door, Edward looked up when Carlisle stepped into the room.

"Edward, Chief Swan is here to speak with you. Go ahead and see him. I'll sit with him until you get back."

Pressing one more kiss onto Harry's forehead, Edward stood up and made his way out of the room.

Walking down the stairs, Edward saw Charlie standing in the main foyer fiddling nervously with his hat.

"If you're here to tell me that your daughter isn't in jail because you're a cop you might want to turn around and leave." Edward said.

"I wouldn't do that." Charlie said, both mentally and verbally. "I'm just here to tell you that Bella's been admitted into the psychiatric ward until her case is presented to the judge. Her lawyer is going to try and use the mentally insane card...and part of me wishes it would be true. I hate the thought that my daughter could kill someone in cold blood."

"Well she did." Edward hissed. "The proof is laying upstairs in my bed."
"Technically the proof is undead." Esme said from the kitchen.

"So it's true then? Bella's been saying that your whole family is made up of vampires."

"If you believe that then you belong in a room beside your daughter."

"Edward enough." Carlisle said coming down the stairs. "Go upstairs and sit with your mate. He's waking up."

"He doesn't plan on exposing us." Edward said quietly as he walked by Carlisle on the stairs. Once he was out of sight, even though he knew that his family could still hear him, Edward ran down the hall and into his room.

Crawling onto the bed beside Harry, Edward pulled him into his arms and started to stroke his hair.

"Harry can you hear me?" Edward whispered.

Mumbling, Harry turned his head from side to side before his eyes slid open. Bolting upright Harry grabbed at his chest where he had been shot and looked at Edward with wide eyes.

"She shot me! That bitch actually shot me!" Harry hissed.

"Don't worry. She's awaiting trial for what she did. But there's something else that we need to talk about."

"You mean the fact that I can hear a heartbeat downstairs, smell the blood as well, and the fact that I don't seem to need to breath?" Harry asked.

"You can hear him and you don't feel the need to attack him?"

"No and I think that might be because I've seen too many deaths of innocent people growing up that I can't kill anyone. I mean I do smell blood out in the forest though and it does smell good."

"That's great! That might mean that you can only kill animals. We should go downstairs and tell the others." Edward said standing up.

As he headed for the door, Harry said, "I meant it, you know. When I said that I love you. It wasn't just because I was dying. I understand if you don't feel the same since we've only been together for a short time."

Rushing back over to the bed, Edward pulled Harry into his arms and kissed him. "I do feel the same way! I just don't want you to be too overwhelmed right now."

"I actually need the comfort right now." Harry said while snuggling into Edward's arms.

"What ever you need I'll give it to you." Edward said as he crawled back onto the bed and cuddled with Harry.

As they sat there they heard the front door open and close, followed by the sound of the only heartbeat fading away as Charlie left.

"I really should take you out hunting so that you can get some blood in you." Edward said, even as he snuggled closer to Harry.

Almost as if she could predict what they'd want, Esme appeared in the doorway holding two large glasses filled with blood.
"I figured you boys might want something instead of going hunting tonight." She said handing them both a glass. "Carlisle wants to know if you want us to call Sirius and Remus for you."

"Will...will they want to see me now?" Harry asked quietly.

"Harry they're your family, just like we are. No matter what you are we'll always love you and want to help you."

Nodding, Harry said, "Alright. I would like to see them."

Once they finished their blood, Edward said, "How about we go for a walk so you can relax a little until Sirius and Remus get here."

Silently handing over his cup, Harry stood up and allowed Edward to wrap an arm around his waist.

Leading Harry down the stairs, Edward stopped only briefly to let the others know where they were going, even though they had probably been listening in since Esme brought up their blood.

"So what is it that's bothering you?" Edward asked the tense fledgling.

"I'm worried about Sirius and Remus." Harry said, then quickly added, "Not about them accepting me, because I know they will and Esme was right, but I'm worried about watching them grow old and pass."

"Harry werewolves live for a long time or until their mate passes away."

"They're both still going to die. I mean Sirius is only a wizard. Wizards may live for hundreds of years, but they die eventually."

"Yes that's true, but I have a feeling that Remus will eventually as Sirius to let him bite him and change him."

"Were you doing any snooping?" Harry teased.

"No...not this time, but you can see the feelings they share and I think they'll want to spend an eternity together."

"I guess that's true. I can see Remus asking him now. Before he loathed being a werewolf, but now that he's found a place where he's accepted and he knows how to control his wolf without the fear of injuring someone I think he loves it."

Smiling, Edward tugged Harry closer and walked in silence for a few minutes.

"Are...are you really alright with being a vampire now?" Edward asked hesitantly.

Shrugging, Harry said, "It's not much different than being human. I'm just stronger, live longer, and eat differently. Besides I get to be with you now. I can't complain about that."

"How about how you were changed? Are you okay with that?"

"Edward I'll never be okay with how it happened. I was shot and killed. I may not care that I've become a vampire, but I'll always be upset about how it came around."

"I'm sorry that I couldn't get there in time. I got back to the house about ten minutes after you left and Alice had the vision just a little too late."
"Don't you dare say that in front of her. She feels bad enough without hearing you say that." Harry warned. "Besides it's like I told her, if she was meant to see it and stop what was happening she would have seen it earlier."

"I wouldn't say something like that to her. I know Alice can't control when she gets a vision. We should start heading back. I hear Remus' truck."

"Did anyone find my wand? I had it with me when I got to the house, but when I went for my walk I didn't have it anymore."

"Yeah. Esme found it by the front door. She probably has it in her apron...she's been cooking away since you were hurt. I think it was her way of coping until you woke up."

"It's a good thing that Rosie wasn't here. If she hated Swan that much before she met me I can only imagine how she'd react now."

"Well we're lucky that vampires can't run across water because Rose would have been back here already if she could."

"Wait, you guys told her...them?" Harry asked.

"Emmett and Rose will be able to feel that there's a new member to our coven. They needed to be told. Besides it's against the vampiric law not to inform your coven if there is a fledgling turned or an older vampire accepted into the coven."

"Oh...I guess I have a lot to learn about the 'rules'."

Walking side by side back to the house, Harry watched as they got closer to Remus' truck.

As soon as they were within sight, Remus growled and asked, "What happened to my cub?"

"Remus calm down."

"No, I want to know why my cub is a vampire. Who do I need to kill." He growled as he yanked Harry into his arms.

"You can't kill her, Remus." Carlisle said soothingly. "It's already public knowledge and if something happened to Miss. Swan then we'll become the prime suspects."

"So? We could get out of it."

"You could, but are you willing to risk exposing what we really are?" Harry asked Remus.

Grunting, Remus scowled and looked up to Sirius to see if he'd agree with him.

"I have to agree with the others. Sorry Remus." Sirius said as he pulled Harry to him for his own hug. "No matter how much I want to torture her for what she's done it can't be done for a while."

"Let's head back inside. Charlie said he would stop by again to fill us in on the psychologists findings." Carlisle said ushering the group into the house.

Sitting on the long couch, Remus and Sirius sat on the outside with Harry in the middle and Edward stood behind the couch with his hands resting on Harry's shoulders.

"Alice and I are going to go out and hunt. Try to calm down. Did you want to come with us?" Jasper asked the remaining vampires.
"I believe Esme and I will join you and Harry and Edward can fill us in on what Charlie says when we get back."

When they left the remaining four sat in silence for about a half an hour until Chief Swan arrived at the house.

"Harry I'm so sorry about what my daughter did." He said as soon as he saw Harry sitting on the couch.

"You couldn't have known. When someone sets their mind to something, good or bad, they can hide what they're planning. Even from the people that are closest to them."

"The psychiatrist finished with Bella's evaluation and found that she is slightly insane, but found that she knows the difference between right and wrong and that she knew that attacking you was wrong. She'll be tried and the insanity plea will most likely be considered, but dismissed in the end."

"How did she afford to hire a hit man and where'd she get the gun from?" Edward asked.

"Her mother sent her a thousand dollars for her birthday to make up for the previous holidays and birthdays that she missed while she was traveling with her husband. The gun was my backup service piece. I didn't even know she knew I had another gun let alone where I put it."

"Is there any word when the trials will start?"

"Not a definite time because her lawyer will try to keep putting it off, but it will be soon. I'm sure you'll both be getting a summons to show up to testify against her." Rubbing at his temples, Charlie sighed and said, "I should go. I have to go and call Renee and let her know what her daughter's gotten herself into."

Smiling sadly as the bereft man left, Harry tilted his head back and looked at Edward. "I think he's the one losing the most now."

"Unfortunately he will, but there's nothing that we can do about that." Edward said bending over to press a kiss against Harry's forehead.

****END CHAPTER****

AN: Here's the next chapter. I hope you all enjoyed it. More will be up soon. This story's almost over, but I've already got a lot of ideas for the sequel.
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

Again, please note that this story was originally written and posted on other sites back in 2009. Only edits done upon posting today is to fix formatting to fit this site.

Forks Cuisine

Summary: After the war ended in his seventh year, Harry studied up on the muggle world so he could move there after he graduated from Hogwarts. When that time came he went to culinary school for four years and graduated when he was 21 years old. After that he used money he got from his parents to move somewhere where his name wasn't known and opened up a restaurant in a friendly little town called Forks. Little does he know, his life won't be that simple.


Rating: Nc-17

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Warning(s): Slash, Au,

Chapter Twenty One:

A month later Harry was sitting inside the courtroom fiddling with his wand, which was in the wand holster Sirius had bought for him after he was killed. His wand was always inside the holster except for when he was sleeping...well resting since he couldn't sleep, or doing anything in water.

"Are you alright?" Edward asked from his seat beside Harry.

Shrugging, Harry looked around at the other people in the courtroom and was glad that the trial would be ending today. While it hadn't lasted very long, it seemed to go on forever to Harry. Especially when the reporters would gather around outside of his house at all times of the day trying to talk to both Edward and himself.

It had brought up too many memories of before he moved to Forks when the wizarding reporters would bother him at all hours of the day trying to give him a rare interview.

I just want this to be over with." Looking across the room, Harry frowned when he caught sight of Charlie Swan. His face was pale and gaunt and it looked as if he had lost a lot of weight in the past month. There were dark circles under his eyes and his hair seemed to be gaining strands of gray.

Next to Charlie sat his ex wife who looked as if the whole proceedings weren't bothering her at all and looked as if she was simply waiting to get her hair done. All that was missing was a magazine sitting in her hands.
Leaning his head against Edward's shoulder, Harry watched as Bella was led into the room, her hands and feet shackled together, but dressed in a professional looking black skirt and shirt.

As she was placed next to her lawyer, one appointed by the state, the bailiff motioned for everyone to stand and introduced the judge, an elder Hispanic woman who seemed to be in her late forties or early fifties.

As everyone settled back into their seats she started to speak.

"This is probably the first and last case I'll ever try where an attempted murder trial will end in only a months time. The jury has informed me that they have reached a decision. Before the verdict is read is there anything you would like to say, Miss. Swan?"

Turning to sneer at Harry, she said, "No your honor. There isn't anything I'd like to say."

"Very well. Foreman what is the jury's verdict."

"We the jury find the defendant guilty of attempted murder."

As the verdict was read, a slight murmur broke out among the few people that had been allowed in the courtroom.

"Quiet in the court!" The judge shouted. "We will break for lunch and when we reconvene I will announce my sentence." Banging her gavel the officers that had stood silently by the doors moved forwards to take Bella out of the room.

Standing up, Harry allowed Edward to lead him out of the room and towards one of the break rooms, but as soon as they stepped out of the courtroom they were accosted by reporters all shouting questions at him.

"Mr. Potter how does it feel to know that the woman who tried to kill you has been found guilty?" One shouted.

"Mr. Potter what's your reaction to the verdict?" Another called out as Edward started to elbow through the throng.

"Mr. Potter has no comments at the time for you." Edward said with a growl as they stepped into the room. Slamming the door, Edward pulled Harry into his arms and asked, "Are you alright?"

"Overwhelmed, but I'm glad we made the others stay at home for this. I don't think I would have been able to handle their coddling as well as those pests also known as reporters."

"I'm just sorry that you have to go through all this. If I could stop it I would."

"It's annoying, but I'm used to it. It's the way my whole life has been. I'm just glad I don't get headaches anymore or I might not have been so nice right now." Leaning his head against Edward's shoulder, Harry said, "It will be over soon and hopefully we won't have to deal with anything like this ever again."

Resting his eyes, Harry thought back to the day he had to testify during the trial.

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After being sworn in Harry sat ramrod straight in the chair beside the judge. As the Defense Attorney stood up.
"I only have a few questions for you, Mr. Potter. Is it true that you encountered problems with Miss. Swan when you first moved to town?"

"Almost as soon as I did."

"Can you explain why, please."

"Well her ex, Edward, and I met and became friends. The first time I encountered Miss. Swan was when after I spent some time with Edward at his house. We were talking so Edward was walking me out to my motorcycle and as soon as I stepped outside I was slapped by Miss. Swan."

"Did she say why she struck you?"

"She called me, and I quote, 'the slut that stole her boyfriend'."

"Did you?"

"No. We were just friends at the time."

"Now I recall that your restaurant was set on fire at one point..." The DA started to ask before Bella's lawyer cut him off.

"Objection your honor. Relevance."

"Withdrawn. No more questions at the time." The DA said as he returned to his seat while straightening his tie.

"Does the defense have any questions for the witness."

"Yes your honor." Bella's lawyer said as she stood up brushing her blonde hair out of her eyes.

"Mr. Potter you said that you were 'just friends at the time'. Can we now assume that you and Mr. Cullen are more than friends now?"

"You don't need to assume anything. We started dating about a month ago."

"Do you have proof that you only started dating a month ago and that my client wasn't being cheated on?"

"Objection your honor. The witness isn't the one on trial." The DA called out.

"Sustained. Watch your questions councilor."

"My apologies." She drawled. "Mr. Potter, you're sure that you started dating only a month ago? Maybe Mr. Cullen was courting you before then?"

"That's not possible and if you knew him you'd understand that. He's old fashioned."

"Old fashioned? Please explain."

"You know where when you're with someone you're with them forever. He felt horrible when he broke up with her."

"If he felt like that why wouldn't he get back together especially when he saw how broken up she was?"
"Because he was unhappy when he was with her."

"If he was old fashioned why would he care if he was unhappy? Would he not still stay with her?"

"I don't know. I'm not him so I can't answer that. But I know that even if I was old fashioned, I wouldn't stay with someone if I was unhappy. That just leads to an unhappy home."

Standing there with a slight frown, Bella's attorney slightly tapped her foot as she thought.

After a few minutes the judge raised an eyebrow and asked, "If there are no more questions counselor then I think we should proceed."

"I don't have any more at this time." She said with a frown as she made her way back to her seat beside Bella.

"You can step down now, Mr. Potter. Thank you." The judge said.

Moving away from the booth, Harry made his way back to his seat beside his family and friends.

"Harry it's time to head back in." Edward said while gently nudging Harry.

"Can't we just stay here?" Harry asked.

"We can. We don't have to go back in if you don't want to."

"No. I'm not going to let her win. If I don't go back in there she's going to think she's won."

Nodding, Edward helped Harry up and led him back to the court room while glaring at the reporters as they tried to get Harry to talk.

Slipping into the courtroom, quietly since the judge was already back and talking, Edward pulled Harry down into a seat close to the back.

"Miss. Swan what you did was despicable. To injure a person simply because they are with an ex of yours. But what's done is done and justice is served. Do you have anything to say before I announce your sentence?"

Glancing around the room, Bella stopped to glare at Edward and Harry and snapped out, "No. I have nothing to say."

"Very well then. Stand up beside your lawyer while I read out your sentencing."

Standing up, Bella stared at the judge with a blank look on her face.

"Bella Swan as you have been found guilty on the charge of attempted murder and have been sentenced to ten years in a women's prison, but the first year will be spent in a psychiatric facility to receive help. If at the end of that year, it is decided that you still haven't received the help needed you will have another year there. Court is adjourned." She said, banging her gavel.

As the police gathered up Bella and led her out, Edward stood up with Harry and led him out of the room. Luckily all the reporters were gathering around Charlie and Renee trying to get their reaction on their daughter's sentencing.
"Come on let's slip out of here before anyone notices us." Edward whispered to him. Turning around, Edward led Harry towards the side exit that was guarded by an armed police officer.

Smiling and nodding at him, Edward slipped through the door and led Harry to the car. Helping the teen in Edward went around to the drivers side and climbed in.

Running his fingers through his hair, Harry sighed and said, "If I was still alive I'm sure I'd have gray hairs by now."

"I bet you'd look good with a little bit of gray in your hair." Edward said as they pulled out onto the road.

"Um Edward home's the other way." Harry said turning to look out the back window.

"I know. We aren't going home just yet."

"Edward as much as I love it when we go out, I'm not really in the mood for going on a date right now."

"We're not. We're going on vacation. You need one after all this."

"Edward I have my restaurant. I can't just disappear and hope it runs itself."

"Relax Esme's going to take care of the restaurant. You've taught her how to cook and she can move quick. She could mess up on every dish and still serve the whole restaurant in about a half hour."

Sighing, Harry said, "I guess you're right, but I wish you had told me."

"If I had told you, you would have refused to go. You're too dedicated to your restaurant."

"Oh poor Edward. Do you feel neglected?" Harry said with a teasing smile.

"If I say yes will it get me a kiss?"

Laughing, Harry snuggled against Edward and said, "You can get a kiss from me at any time. So where are we going?"

"Esme and Carlisle were nice enough to allow us to use their private island. That way we can go out in the sun and not worry about sparkling."

Snorting on his laughter, Harry shook his head and said, "I still can't believe that we sparkle in the sun. I may be gay, but sparkling just isn't something that I want to do."

Laughing, Edward gave Harry a squeeze and held him close as he drove towards the airport.

****END CHAPTER****
Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

Again, please note that this story was originally written and posted on other sites back in 2009. Only edits done upon posting today is to fix formatting to fit this site.

Forks Cuisine

Summary: After the war ended in his seventh year, Harry studied up on the muggle world so he could move there after he graduated from Hogwarts. When that time came he went to culinary school for four years and graduated when he was 21 years old. After that he used money he got from his parents to move somewhere where his name wasn't known and opened up a restaurant in a friendly little town called Forks. Little does he know, his life won't be that simple.


Rating: Nc-17

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Warning(s): Slash, Au,

Chapter Twenty Two

Laying on his towel under the sun with his eyes closed, Harry smiled when he heard his mate approaching.

"Okay I have to admit that this was a good idea. I think I'll have to let you plan any vacations we take from here on out."

"I do have good ideas every so often. How about we go to Las Vegas next time? I haven't been there, believe it or not." Edward said as he stood over Harry, dripping water onto the sunbathing vampire.

"Sounds good...we could even beat the house. We move so fast we could cheat and see what the next card is without them ever knowing and beat them." Gathering the water droplets onto his fingers, Harry flung them back and Edward and said, "Stop dripping water on me or I'm gonna throw you back in there."

Laughing, Edward dropped onto the towel beside Harry and pulled him over for a kiss. "I know you'd never cheat even if you could get away with it...but I'll be sure to mention that to Emmett the next time I talk to him. He's been to Vegas with Rosalie about five times now and he's never thought to do that."

"I think Carlisle would ground us if we told Emmett how to cheat."
"Probably."

"You know it's funny. You guys are so old, but you still get grounded like a bunch of children when you do something wrong."

"Just wait until you do something wrong and Carlisle grounds you. You won't find it so funny then." Edward said with a pout.

"When have I ever done something wrong...that I've gotten caught doing?"

"I don't know because Sirius won't tell me those things."

Snorting, Harry said, "Sirius won't tell you those things because he did them with me. Heck most of the things we did were his ideas."

"I can believe that...You know I've never met an older person that loved to play as many tricks as Sirius does."

"I think it might be the magic in him. I haven't met a normal human that did it that much either, but I've known a few wizards that loved to use their magic and cause mayhem. According to Remus, Sirius, and other people my father was a great prankster too."

Chuckling, Edward asked, "How about we head up to the house and I'll warm us up something to eat."

Nodding, Harry stood up and gathered the towel. "I still can't believe Esme wouldn't let us bring anything for me to cook."

"She thought you needed a break from that too, but mainly I think she used it as an excuse so she could cook for us."

"I'm glad she has a reason to again. You can tell that she really enjoys cooking. And maybe in a few years she and I can go to Paris or Italy or...well someplace, and learn some of their cooking techniques and their cuisine."

"I think she'd like that. Maybe the whole family will end up taking that trip too." It's been a while since we've been to Paris. Well over fifty years. I'm not too sure about Italy though. The Volturi doesn't exactly love our Coven."

"Who cares. If we aren't doing anything wrong then they can't punish us. Besides we won't have to go anywhere near their little hideout."

Chuckling, Edward wrapped his arm around Harry's waist and led him back up the path to the house.

"So I'm actually a little surprised that no one called us yet."

"I turned off the phones. If they need to get in touch with us you already set up the fireplace so they can fire call us or they have the owls that they can send out."

"That isn't a good idea. Go and turn the phones back on. Hide one if it will make you feel better, but we should leave them on."

"But if we leave them on then Hermione is going to be calling you almost nonstop." Edward said with a whine.
"Well that's what happens when I'm whisked away on a secret vacation when I'm supposed to be helping her set up her school. You realize that she'll be opening up next year with a few hundred students to see how it works out."

Pressing a kiss against Harry's lips, Edward blindly opened the door and pulled the smaller vampire inside.

"Yes I realize that, but this is our time together. She can have you for a few hours when we get home."

"Oh you're so nice." Harry teased. "Go pick set up a movie for us to watch and I'll be in with our food in a few minutes." He ordered as he shook the towel out, dislodging the sand that had stuck to it.

Brushing his fingers over Harry's cheek to remove a few grains of sand, Edward said, "I think we should go up and get a shower first. We're both covered in sand."

Grinning, Harry said, "Last one upstairs has to wash the others back." With that Harry turned and ran up the stairs with Edward right behind him.

Right before he entered the bathroom, Edward grabbed Harry around the waist and moved them both into the bathroom at the same time.

"It's a tie. So now what?" Edward asked.

"You wash mine and I'll wash yours." Harry said with a shrug.

"I was hoping you'd say that."

Reaching into the large shower, Harry turned the water on, not bothering to pay attention to see if he turned on the hot or cold water.

Kicking off his swim trunks, Harry climbed into the shower and let the clear curtain fall shut. Popping his head back out after a few seconds, Harry asked, "Are you coming in?"

It took Edward less than a second to discard his own swim trunks before he was climbing into the shower behind Harry.

Gently pushing Harry underneath the steady flow of water, Edward reached up and grabbed the washcloth that always hanged over the top of the shower.

Popping the cap off of the body wash, Edward dropped a glob of the musky gel onto the washcloth. Lathering it up under the water, Edward turned Harry towards the wall and ran the cloth over his shoulders and down his back while using enough strength to make it seem like a massage.

"You're getting good at that." Harry said as he turned around to grab the remaining washcloth. Lathering up his own, Harry ran it over Edward's chest while using his own strength as a massage for the older vampire.

Leaning up, Harry pulled Edward down so he could reach his back without having him turn around. After a second, Harry grinned and pressed his lips against Edward's.

Dropping his washcloth, Edward wrapped his arms around Harry's waist and pulled him closer as they lazily exchanged kisses.
Reaching behind him with one hand, Harry shut off the shower then led Edward out of the shower and into the bedroom.

Tugging on Edward's shoulders, Harry fell backwards onto the bed and made sure to pull Edward down with him.

Running his hands down Harry's sides, Edward pulled away from the kiss and gasped out, "Are you sure you want to do this?"

"I wouldn't be right here if I didn't want to." Harry said, looking Edward in the eyes.

"I don't know if I'll be able to stop if we keep going." Edward admitted.

"I don't want you to." Harry said, before he silenced Edward by pulling him down into another kiss.

Holding himself up over Harry on one hand, Edward gently traced his other hand down Harry's chest and stomach.

"You're absolutely gorgeous, Harry." Edward whispered dipping his head to run his lips over Harry's neck.

Moaning as Edward nipped, licked, and kissed at his sensitive neck, Harry brought up his legs to frame Edward's body. Digging his fingernails into Edward's shoulders, he gently rocked his hips back and forth against Edward's.

Tilting his head, Harry attacked Edward's neck in retaliation to the sharp nip Edward gave him that nearly split the skin.

Pulling away with a growl, Edward reached over and rummaged through the bedside table until he found a small tube of lubricant.

Popping the cap, Edward poured a large glob into his hand then dropped the tube over the side of the bed.

Bringing his right hand down, Edward gently traced around the tight ring of muscle, slowly starting to prepare Harry.

Reaching up, Harry pulled Edward down for a kiss as Edward wiggled and scissored his fingers inside of him.

When Edward brushed against the small bundle of nerves, Harry dropped his head back with a groan and wiggled his hips.

"Do that again." Harry half begged and half ordered.

Chuckling, Edward pulled his fingers away from Harry's body and pressed a kiss to his lips.

"Have a little patience." Edward said as he grabbed up the lubricant again.

Spreading some over his erection, Edward pressed a kiss to Harry's lips as he guided himself into Harry's body.

Breaking the kiss, Harry arched his back with a hiss as a slight burst of pain jolted up his spine.

Bringing his legs up, Harry framed Edward's body and grabbed onto his shoulders when Edward gave his first, tentative thrust.
Writhing together, the two shared heated kisses as their hips brushed together quicker and quicker.

Raking his fingernails down Edward's back, Harry gave a muffled scream at the pleasure and reached down to take a hold of his erection.

Batting away Harry's hand, Edward said, "No I'll handle that."

"Handle away." Harry said as he gasped for unneeded breath.

Wrapping his hand around Harry's erection, Edward stroked it in time with his thrusts. Growling, Edward pulled Harry closer as his thrusts became more erratic as he approached the peak of his pleasure.

With a few more strokes and twists of Edward's hand, Harry arched his back and came with a shout of pleasure.

Growling again, Edward pressed a kiss to Harry's lips as the tightening of Harry's passage pulled him over the edge.

Gently pulling out of Harry, Edward dropped onto the bed and gasped for unneeded breath.

Rolling over, Harry snuggled up to Harry and said, "Wow."

"Yeah. Wow." Edward agreed.

"This is the best part of being a vampire. We don't have to sleep after and can just bask in the afterglow...or in some cases act like we're asleep."

When the elder vampire didn't respond, Harry looked up with a frown and saw Edward with his eyes closed. "Hey, what are you doing?" He asked as he poked Edward in the side.

Snickering, Edward said, "Shh, I'm acting like I'm asleep."

Laughing, Harry gently slapped Edward on the stomach and said, "You're lucky that I love you."

"I know, and I love you too."

****END CHAPTER****
Chapter Notes

As stated, this was originally written and posted back in 2009. The sequel is already written and I'll probably be posting it in the next day or two or on one of my days off next week.

Forks Cuisine

Summary: After the war ended in his seventh year, Harry studied up on the muggle world so he could move there after he graduated from Hogwarts. When that time came he went to culinary school for four years and graduated when he was 21 years old. After that he used money he got from his parents to move somewhere where his name wasn't known and opened up a restaurant in a friendly little town called Forks. Little does he know, his life won't be that simple.


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Warning(s): Slash, Au,

Chapter Epilogue

A few weeks later, Jacob huffed as he dropped a box onto the ground beside the door to Harry's house.

"Explain to me again why I'm helping you move? You're the ones that can't die from exhaustion." Jacob said.

"You're helping because Harry asked you to help move me in." Edward said as he set his own box down.

"And I promised to feed you once everything was done." Harry said as he walked by them with six boxes floating behind him. "You had better wipe that snow off the bottom of those boxes before you bring them in. I don't want snow all over my floors."

Earlier that day snow had been falling from the sky and now there was almost six inches on the ground. It had stopped, but it was only a lull in the storm. According to the weather channel the snow would be starting back up again in about two hours and would keep falling until there was about two feet of snow.

Nodding, Jacob picked up the box, wiped the snow off of it, and said, "Oh yeah." Setting the box
down in the living room, Jacob looked around and asked, "How exactly are you supposed to fit the leeches piano in here?"

"I'm going to shrink it and put it in here. We're going to be putting it in the basement and make it into a music studio for him."

"Okay...and why am I the only one helping the two of you?"

"Remus and Sirius are dealing with hiring a worker to convert the basement, Esme and Alice are cooking, Carlisle is at work, Rosalie and Emmett aren't going to be home until later this week, and Jasper is doing something for Alice." Harry easily recited.

"We'd be done a lot quicker if you'd stop talking and save your energy." Edward said.

Rolling his eyes at their bantering, which had, thankfully, turned into true bantering rather than stinging insults, Harry headed back out to the van and pulled a few more boxes out.

"Let's go. Enough chitchat." He said teasingly as he walked by them again.

Sharing a look the two waited for Harry to pass and then picked up a handful of snow, packed it into two snowballs, then chucked them at the young vampire.

Jumping, Harry turned and glared at the two of them. Floating the boxes into the house, Harry then bent down and scooped up his own handful of snow.

"You realize that this means war."

Sharing a grin with Edward, Jacob dove for cover behind the older vampire's car and quickly gathered up snow to make into a pile of snowballs.

"You realize what I can do to you, right?" Harry asked Edward.

"Yep, but it gets rather lonely in bed when you can't sleep." Edward answered with a grin.

"I'm sure I'd be able to amuse myself." Harry said dryly.

Grinning, Edward scooped up another handful of snow and gently tossed it up and down.

"Don't you dare." Harry warned.

Grinning even wider, Edward shaped the snow and tossed it from hand to hand.

"I'm serious, Edward." Harry said as he bent down to gather up his own snow.

"You're not Sirius! He's with Remus." Jacob teased from the safety of his hiding spot.

Rolling his eyes, Harry formed the snowball then tossed it over the car.

Yelping as the cold ball landed on his head, Jacob jumped up and immediately threw two of his own.

Dodging out of the way, Harry grinned and dove for cover behind the small moving van they had rented to move some of Edward's boxes.

Making more snowballs, Harry tossed a few at Edward, who was still standing in the same spot.

"Come on, Edward! The point of a snowball fight is to avoid getting hit. Standing out in the open is
what you *shouldn't* be doing!"

Running off, using his quick speed, Edward left both Harry and Jacob looking around frantically for the vampire.

Grabbing up a snowball into each hand, Harry looked around for his mate so he could hit him. Unfortunately for Harry, Edward was still too quick for the new vampire and Edward was able to pelt Harry multiple times before Harry hit him once.

Shaking his head, Harry dashed over to Jacob's side and said, "Alright. I call a temporary truce."

"Get the leech?" Jacob asked.

"Yep." Harry said with a nod. "You go to the left and I'll go right." He added.

Creeping to the right, Harry opened up his hearing, trying to hear where Edward was. Ducking back as a snowball came sailing towards him, Harry landed next to Jacob.

Shoving Jacob out into the open, Harry said, "Go distract him."

Glaring, Jacob charged towards the van, took cover, then started to throw snowball after snowball towards the mound of snow where Edward seemed to be hiding.

Watching as Edward slowly edged around the mound to get a clear shot at Jacob, Harry jumped out from behind the car and tackled Edward to the ground.

Landing with a grunt, Edward grabbed a hold of Harry's waist and steadied him.

"We win." Harry said smugly with a grin.

"I guess so." Edward said leaning up. Pressing his lips against Harry's, Edward dropped back into the snow, pulling Harry with him.

"Yuck! Cut that out." Jacob called as he emerged from his hiding spot.

Pulling away from Edward, Harry laughed and stood up. Reaching down, Harry held out his hand for Edward to take.

Accepting the hand, Edward allowed Harry to pull him up and off the ground then stood beside Harry and wrapped his arm around his waist.

Opening his mouth to respond, Harry was cut off by the sound of his phone ringing. Pulling it out he frowned at the unfamiliar number.

Flipping the phone open, Harry said, "Hello?"

Listening to the other side, the smile that had been on Harry's face slowly fell away and became a frown.

"How and when?" He asked. After a few minutes, Harry sighed and said, "Thanks for letting me know Charlie and I'll be sure to keep my eyes open."

Hanging up the phone, Harry slipped it back into his pocket and pulled away from Edward's hold.

"What's wrong?" Edward asked since he hadn't listened into the conversation.
"Bella Swan escaped from police custody about an hour ago."

****END STORY****

AN: Wow that's the end of the story. I know you all probably hate me right now, but I swear I'm not leaving it there. :) I will be posting a sequel.

Thanks to everyone that's stuck around to read the story and have reviewed.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!