### Red Dawn Rising

**by** [Abby_Ebon](mailto:Abby_Ebon)

**Summary**

For Rayvens Cave; Emmett Cullen/Harry Potter. Ron, Hermione, and Harry had come to camp in the outskirt woods of Forks; a hunting for the last Horcrux. Come what may of everything else, it was mostly an accident.
It was the first weekend that Bella was to work Newton's Olympic Outfitters, one which she would not soon forget. For she found her herself face-to-face with the oddest looking young man she had ever seen.

He was scruffy, looking as if he needed a shave, his black hair looked as if no attempt had ever been taken to tame it; it hung down past his shoulders. A wild and willful mass of disarrayed black strands, it would have been attractive, had it not looked unwashed – dull and flat.

Lovely green eyes peered around, squinting, as if he could not see everything that he should be able to, though it was with a odd sense that she thought in a certain forbidding way that he saw more then anyone else could, or would, however much his forelocks (in need of a good trim) hung down into his eyes. It looked as if someone had taken black eyeliner and dusted it into his eyes, given how tired he looked, Bella was not inclined to think this a trend; though she rued the day some numbskull thought it would be 'stylish' to look so harried, so tired and dried up – as if something unseen drained him day-to-day, unstoppable in its hunger.

There was a slouch to his shoulders, as if he thought the world rested upon his every choice; something deep in her sympathized and perhaps that had been what had urged her forward, cautious of him – and strangers just the same, being raised by a police chief - though she was, to speak with a stranger. Surely he was just passing through, as no one yet knew of him, and he had not lingered enough to be muttered about in gossip circles at school Friday, so he had not been here more then overnight; if that.

"Are you," - with a intetacy that left her breathless, green eyes pinned her as if she was no better off then thrown up against a wall, her voice faltered, and swallowing, she pressed onward for words, "alright?" it came out a half-choked whisper, stupid, as if she was too dumb to know better then to speak to a stranger.

"Not truly. Can't help that, though, can you? Nah, and I'd not ask it of you, even if you could and would try." There was a bitterness that she did not quite catch, that first time he spoke, so startled she was by his accent; it seemed to rumble out of his chest, crawling over her skin, sinking into the air, which seemed to tremble strangely in response to his oddity.

He was displaced here, he wasn't meant to be here – though she felt it, she had no words to tell him of his wrongness. He would have laughed, even so, if she had dared.

"I…I don't know - what… what do you mean?" It stumbled from her lips, frightened and rushed, before she could think to press them shut.

"Not many do. No harm, tell me, have you a tent among all this?" His hand flicked through the shop dismissively, his eyes narrowed and amused, as if he did not think Bella would match wits with him to help, even if it was her job to assist people who didn't think they knew everything there was about camping and hunting in these parts.

'What else does he think I am doing here, in this horrid orange vest?' The thought passed through her mind, quick and biting, the first flash of real anger she felt toward him in this encounter. Bella had not bothered to divert her eyes, though some sign of her ire must have shown over her face, as he stumbled back, looking away quickly, as if to give her room to prove him wrong. It was strange, even then, after that; he would not again meet her eyes.
"Are you planning on camping in the woods around here, then? Or hunting?" Bella asked, feeling bad for the thought, though he would not know she had ever thought it. Guilt licked at her, even as she led him along the aisle toward the back where they kept the tents and rifles. He gave them a long thoughtful look, considering, finally shaking his head from whatever thought or memory had snared him. She was secretly glad that he seemed to have decided against purchasing a rifle; it somehow seemed against his nature.

Brilliant green eyes seemed to burn in stifled annoyance, as he looked over the tents she had gestured too, something about them he found lacking. He was out of luck, as they did not have any others in stock. Bella allowed herself to be pleased at his discomfort; he would have to deal with the hand dealt him here – as there were no other decent sporting good stores within a fair distance from here.

"Staying around about here for a bit, not sure of that sport, hunting, but a good bit of adventure, yeah, that's worth living, I suspect." There was irony that rung in his tone, and an almost smile festered upon his lips. He glanced at her in the corner of his eye, speculative. Bella resisted the urge to squirm or fidget, as it was an uncomfortable moment to realize he was a sort of ruggedly handsome. Maybe this was a fashion over the ocean; he certainly fit the model well.

"Have you anything bigger?" He spoke slowly, as if he had asked this before. Perhaps he had, and she had not heard him. Bella felt her cheeks flush, as she looked away, pretending to look over the offered tents; these were the two person kind, but some were not suited to so little a living area, even if it was for a few days. Somehow, she had thought that he wouldn't really complain, but having been proved wrong, Bella bit her lips in thought.

"How many do you have with you?" Bella questioned him, though she made sure to look as if it didn't really matter to her. And why should it? Bella did not often connect to a stranger like this, and it hurt, a bit, that he seemed so disinterested in her. He would not be so interesting himself, Bella told herself firmly, if she did not read so much into him.

"Two." It was a quick reply, biting, as if warning her off to judging.

"Might take a family size then, six person, it's the biggest we have." There was something like respect in his eyes when he glanced to her again. Bella, having pointed the family tent out and resigned herself to helping him carry it out, saw him kneel and as if it was nothing, lift the long and thick box from the bottom most shelf.

Bella knew her eyes were wide, and she was pale, expecting and dreading in his rush that he had miscalculated the weight and would cry out in pain – but he did not, remaining mute and turning to her incredulous gaze. Wiry and slender he did not look like he could have had much muscle on him, he was as short as she was, and just as slim! It seemed a impossible feat, but he had done it with such ease, as if it was instinct and not to be second guessed.

"It'll do then." His green eyes were smug and teasing, if nothing else. Bella managed not to gape, shutting her mouth, clenching her teeth until they ached. She was sure, his was a mocking grin– or at least, he was silently making fun of her! He said nothing though, obediently following her back to the register. Here, at last, he seemed fidgety – nervous, and she wondered for the first time if he might not have all the money he might need.

"How long are you…camping." Bella paused remembering that he never said he was or wasn't camping, though she got the impression this was as good as a word for what he was doing as any other, "around these parts, if you don't mind my asking?"

"Long as it takes, not much more then a month, I'd guess." He half mumbled the words, looking
toward the door as if he expected it to open up with or without someone behind it. Puzzled by this, Bella named the price, almost absent mindedly, and found green eyes looking into hers.

'As long as what takes, I wonder…' Belatedly, the thought passed though her mind.

He seemed to cringe a little, though he could not have heard her thought – this was the second time such a thing had happened and Bella found it as uncomfortable as the first time. The ring of the bell startled them both into looking towards the door, which had suddenly sprung open. A couple came though the door; a red head with freckles and pretty sky blue eyes, he stood tall and was burly and looked as if he was very fit – the girl was a head shorter then the red head, though just as tall as Bella herself, she was thin, with hair that frizzed untamed though the length of it was kept back and away from her face with clips.

It took Bella a moment to realize that they were looking right at her, or rather, right at the stranger – who was, apparently, no stranger to them. He seemed relieved to see them there, offering up the most sincere smile she had seen upon his face in the handful of time she had known him in.

"Harry, mate, what's this keeping you?" It was the red haired man who had asked, walking easily up to 'Harry' and wrapping an arm about his shoulder, while eyeing the packaged tent, seemingly dismayed. He took no notice of her, which was just as well as any thought to speaking (and what, indeed, would she say?) had slipped away from her.

"That it, huh?" He sneered a little, as if the size of the tent was somehow a personal insult. Harry sighed a little, as if resigned to this flare of temper.

"Ron, I honestly swear, sometimes, any manners Molly taught to you went in one ear and out another in the same hour." It was a lecturing tone, though slightly strained and scandalized; Bella could not help but feel a little bad for her for Ron's sake. She smiled though, when she saw Bella was looking so Bella suspected that things were not as bad between them as she might otherwise be led to think by their actions and words.

"Hermione, you should know that for truth, what with all the rule breaking we've done this year, I'd think it'd be a fairly clear truth, even by now." Ron teased right back, there was something about the 'bickering' that made it feel comfortable, soothing, rather then a honest fight - though Bella thought that once it had been a truth, that they had fought and been hurt, but those hurts were healed.

"How much is it again?" Harry asked after clearing his throat, looking intently to Hermione as he spoke. It was Hermione who knew the currency, Bella noticed right away as intelligent eyes peered to Bella as she answered, that much was obvious – they had not been long away from home.

Bella had to wonder, even as she counted the money out, all American made for all their foreign accents, and her unfounded half fear of turning away foreign currency – why had they left?
Bribing Prey

There was something comforting to Jacob about mechanics. It was why he didn't mind spending his weekend in the only engine shop La Push could lay claim on. It wasn't so much someone wasn't expected to drop in; it was only that if they did – it was half expected to be a recognizable face.

This was a face that Jacob knew he would never have forgotten; had he ever seen it before today.

Under a too big maroon sweater, hunched shoulders were squared defensively. There was nothing really very intimidating about the engine shop, as Jacob saw it. Pale hands (at least, that was what Jacob assumed, as the rest of him was unhealthy pale under the faded tan) were shoved into too big jeans (in fact the whole outfit looked as if it could fit someone three times as big) the oddest thing was, he was as old as Jacob – but very alone. No one had come in with him. Jacob hadn't heard a motor come or go. Yet, here was this stranger having just appeared, as if from thin air, and no other explanations to be had.

"Can, I – uhm – help you? Are you lost?" Jacob's first assumption, of course, was not an unreasonable one. Though with the look he got, he wasn't certain he had not entirely screwed up with some mishap of being insulting to a customer.

Startling bold green eyes took him in, from his dirty brown boots, to his ripped and greased jeans, and favorite white tank top that was more of a grey with black spots. He was entirely too aware that he looked like a grease monkey, and that compared to the stranger he was bulky and too tall, his black hair pulled back in a messy braid. The sickly looking stranger had black hair as well, though it hung about his face and past his shoulders, ragged and unkempt, though somehow still attractive. That was a feat, as Jacob well knew.

"No, I'm looking in the right place, I think. What can you do about a motorcycle?" Alarm thrilled though Jacob, making him pause. He'd grown up on the horror stories of the La Push motorcyclists speeding though the mountain trails only to end up worse off. All too often, they ended up dead.

"I'll need to have a look at it." Jacob hoped that would be the end of it. It was short lasting, as with a gesture, it was clear that however the other had arrived he had managed to bring with him a motorcycle. Jacob felt an odd sense of displacement, as if he wasn't really standing on a dirt road with a motorcycle that was clearly one of the classics and in – if not fair condition, at least memorable, as it would make a lovely trophy.

"Where did you manage to find this?" Jacob hoped the awe in his voice was at least a little in check, though with the half-smile he received, he hadn't managed it. He couldn't bring himself to care.

"Inheritance…" For the first time, Jacob took real notice of the accent. Rich.

"What's wrong with it then?" Jacob scanned for flaws, the paint was sleek gold with red borders and crimson flames that licked at the seat; the metal was polished and there wasn't a sign of rust.

"Wrong? Oh…nothing, I just want it looked over to make sure everything is in working order. It hasn't been driven in a while; I'd like to give it a try. Sentimental of me, I suspect." There was humor in his voice, alongside the dry despairing tone, but Jacob wasn't fool enough to ask why this was "inheritance" rather then a gift, and what had happened to that someone who had clearly mattered to the other man, and was, apparently, sorely missed.
"Have you ever had lessons?" Jacob let himself ask, trying to keep his tone light. In part, it was in hopes of distracting the stranger from unpleasant memories. It was also to keep from asking about the past of a stranger he'd met not even an hour.

"Nah, I thought to try as touch and go, why, is that a bad idea?" There was a reckless hope for – something, a challenge, or a death wish, that surprised Jacob.

"I wouldn't advise it. I'm Jacob, by the way, and I'll look the 'bike over – you can leave it here, but, you see, I've been working on two bikes for a friend of mine. If you want, we could practice together rather then go at it alone. We're going on a test drive tomorrow, if you like, show up here before noon." Jacob wanted to know this stranger better, even though he hadn't so much as exchanged names yet. He knew he'd regret it if he hadn't bothered to ask about the trip, though it was bold, and something someone who was a family friend of the local police chief ought to know better then to do. Strangers weren't to be trusted.

Yet there was something. Yes, something very like familiarity, or kindred spirits or some such nonsense, that none the less, bordering on outright trust, made him want to have a chance, in the very least, at friendship. Maybe it was only that this stranger with his foreign accent wasn't like anyone else.

"Harry. It isn't a bad idea...I'll have to check in with some friends of mine, but I don't see anything wrong with coming along unless something has come up." It took a moment for Jacob to realize that he now knew the stranger's name. And that Harry would most likely be here tomorrow, if for anything else, then to collect his bike - which he'd left behind.

O.o.O.o.O.o.O

Bella arrived earlier then Jacob had been expecting, her truck rumbling like a living thing announcing her arrival more promptly then a knock on the door. Jacob is waiting in the garage for her, their bikes polished and ready to be loaded onto the bed of the truck. He already has a tarp large enough to cover them ready at hand.

It's almost too late to ask Bella to stop by the auto shop –just to check and see that Harry is, or isn't, there – when it comes to Jacob that he really should ask. For a moment he wonders if that is the best idea. Bella has only started to open up to him; he heard enough of how she seemed to be nothing more then a walking doll for months after Edward (he still wants to smash his face in) abandoned her.

Jacob could keep his mouth shut, and leave Harry there (if he is there) waiting and wondering if he missed them, or if they missed him. The moment passes.

"Bella, I hope you don't mind, but I, ah, asked …" Jacob tumbles over how to describe what the familiarity between Harry and he is, less then friends, more then strangers, "one of the guys – he wants to ride his 'bike to, was in the shop yesterday for a tune up, I told him, that is – if you want to – he could come up with us."

Bella gets a look on her face, half relief, half exasperation. Maybe she wasn't as eager to be alone with him, to let whatever it is between them that isn't friendship grow as he might hope. He is almost disappointed, but it passes. He knows too that Bella probably feels guilt at using him – at hanging the thread of being something more then friends – it comes in a wash of clarity.

Jacob is suddenly, viciously, glad that Harry is coming with them. Or maybe isn't.

It half looks like the auto shop is abandoned, as it comes into view, but as they pass the front of it,
Harry appears from the far side of the building. Jacob wonders for half a minute what he could have been doing back there, but doesn't bother to question it – as Harry looks as startled to see them.

Jacob hollers a hello, making it plain to Bella that this is who he wants to take with them. Jacob lurches in his seat, and as it digs painfully into his chest he looks to Bella, a half thought question on his tongue. Something in her expression stops him short; familiarity.

He looks again to Harry – it isn't, as he thought, that Harry is startled to see Jacob or the truck – he is looking directly at Bella. They recognize each other, its plain enough. Jacob feels a little hurt, a little betrayed. Bella never mentioned knowing Harry. And, Harry, well, Harry, he hadn't known long enough to know anything for-sure about him.

Jacob doesn't say anything though, he knows he'll get the story from them soon enough. He gets out of the old truck that used to be his fathers, but is Bella's now, and helps Harry to load his motorcycle onto the truck after a round of meaningless pleasantries and hellos.

"So, ah, Bella, back there… it looked like you recognized Harry…?" There nearly there, and Jacob can't stand the silence anymore, so he breaks down and asks - rather then waiting them out. Beside him, Harry quirks his lips, though it's clear - squished between Jacob and Bella that he can't exactly be dignified and answer. Instead, Bella does, with a sidelong look at Harry.

"He was in buying a six-person tent yesterday, is all. I didn't think to see him again." 'Ever' hangs in the silence, unspoken. It isn't exactly approving, but it isn't dislike either, so Jacob takes that to heart.

Then the words sink in.

"Don't you have a place to stay, Harry?" At the question, Harry shifts; uncomfortable it's clear that while he isn't hiding it, he doesn't want people prodding at his business. Jacob almost regrets asking.

"Usually do, if we stay anywhere for a length of time, but the house I arranged for is rotted and there isn't any heat or water, so I just as soon camp outdoors. It isn't as if we aren't used to it by now." There is something regretful about Harry saying those words, but he is usually dry if a bit humorless. Or, at least, his humor is odder then most. Jacob doesn't pay it any mind, but he does wonder what a person could see to make them so reserved and yet so impossible as to leave with strangers within a day of meeting them.

"So you move around a lot?" Bella asks Harry, sympathy in her tone. She'd know what its like, out of the two of them, because Washington and Arizona sometimes seem worlds away from each other. There is loneliness to Bella and Harry, though Jacob can't imagine being overseas for any length of time, which seems to be what Harry is doing; it's the why that Jacob can't grasp and doesn't ask over. There must be a good reason. If he earns that trust, he has faith that Harry will say.

"Yes." Harry leans back in the seat, as if trying to get away from the subject that Bella is bringing up.

"Will you be attending classes at Forks?" Jacob wishes Bella would shut up and leave it alone as he feels Harry flinch beside him, drawing impossibly further away from them for all that he is sitting in the middle, trapped.

"Ah, no." Harry folds his arms defensively, defiant.
"La Push, then?" Bella isn't thinking about what she's saying, she is only filling the silence. Jacob half wishes he never started talking.

"No, neither, I'm afraid we aren't staying long enough to get that comfortable…" Bella looks to Harry, clearly uncomfortable now.

"Won't you get in trouble…I mean, you are underage. Skipping out like this…" There is something wrong with the way Harry is grinning. He shows his teeth, Jacob thinks of cats and the way they snarl, lips smiling, sharp too white teeth.

"If they could find us, do you think we'd be out on our own? It isn't as if anyone would know where to start to look for us." Harry is all too confident, and Jacob knows it isn't unfounded. He remembers the way Harry seemed to appear and leave without being taken notice of, except when he was standing right in front of Jacob as if waiting to be recognized. Jacob also remembers the way that Harry stayed out of sight of the road until Bella almost passed the auto shop. It makes sense now. He'd been hiding. They would never have known he was there if he hadn't shown himself.

"It's dangerous out there, Harry…lately, there have been attacks on hikers and hunters and…and they think its bears or wolves…so, please…please just be careful, alright?" Bella bites her lips, blinking. She isn't used to being told off, or rejected, not like how Harry has just done. Harry seems to accept this, as his smile looses its fierce edges.

"Not to worry, Bella, you saw Hermione and Ron, have to be an addle brained beast to tempt those two with something that thinks it has right to their flesh and blood but each other." Jacob wonders what that means. He sees the way that Bella sort of grins at a memory he doesn't share. This time he doesn't ask. Instead he notices where they are, a bit of road sheltered off by the wood. In the distance he can hear waves, and know the cliffs are nearby here. His thoughts go to Embry and Quil, and to the gang that Sam Uley has.

"We're here." Jacob can only hope that they aren't interrupted.
Shadows slid and shifted about them, as if reluctant to envelop what human eyes did not understand, and would not easily – or simply - accept. Overhead, trees sprouted upward, sky reaching, overcrowding. Nature seemed to have made up for what the shadows would not hide. Certainly it would take a keen eye to realize what lucked in the shadow of trees.

Among the fallen leaves and the scent of earth, hunters – predators - moved easily through the trees, powerfully build, solid natured. For all that they looked like over sized wolves - though with the coloring of dogs - they were much more then that. For wolves do not have the minds of man.

Wolves do not hunt as humans do.

Yet strangers had brought them to this. Only as a wolf could a hint of them could be found on the faintest of strong breezes, for human ears had failed to catch even the whisper of people who did not belong.

As they moved carefully through the forest –slow, deliberate, careful not to loose the elusive scent that seemed as faint as to flee before their very presence. The strangers - who were numbered at least two – it was unlike anything they had encountered before. So, they followed it, wary and alert. Though it wasn't possible, the scent was elusive; it was easily hidden by the musk of forest, or by the sweat of their furred bodies. It seemed almost as if it was sentient (though it was only a scent) and, most disturbing, did not want to be found.

It infuriated Sam Uley.

Surely it was not the Cold Ones, whose scent smelt of the first choking frost, and something like barren earth. This scent – these strangers – was thrilling, addicting, and alive in a way that they could only compare to turning into the wolf. In the least, there was something about them – and Sam was determined to find out what – and, if he could – why.

Despite this determination; the anticipation of the hunt, and the mind-numbing single mindedness it took to track the scent through the forest. It was, Sam could later admit with some reluctance, if purely by some accident that they found the hiding place of wizards. And that was because a voice spoke – not to them, for that would have been too much, even for Sam – and broke the sameness of the scent and brought it bubbling to the surface.

"Damn fool, I am …tell me again, 'Mione, what was I thinking? Letting him go off…" There was sorrow there, that Sam didn't need wolf ears to hear – or a wolf nose to smell. Despite being close enough to hear the boy – there was distance there, it was strange like the boy was trying not to be there – like something wanted to keep them at arms length. As if, as well as they could be heard (echoes) and scented (barely there) there was something more to them, this couple.

"Running off like he does, it's dangerous – bad enough when we knew the area, but this? This is recklessness, even for him." Shoes crackled twigs and dirt, noisy, and Sam shook his wolf-head, as if he could not quite believe that this was what he hunted. There was no sense of self-preservation, as if it didn't matter how loud or annoying movement was, or the whine in his nasal voice –
something else overlapped all that, washing it away, dimming it to something barely there, barely noticed.

"There are two here." Jared stated the obvious; he was crouched down near a tree, brown fur blending into the moss and shadows. He was still closer to the two strangers then Sam. They still, strangely, could not see them.

"Yes and at least one other." Paul added, bitingly sarcastic.

"Would you rather we leash him like some kind of pet?" More amusement and curiosity were inlaid in those words then any real truth, yet they weren't playful, as if they really could make it happen – turn their friend into a pet. Even more daunting, there was intelligence to the feminine words; Sam didn't know how to interpret this conversation. It sounded like an argument, but there was no fight in them, only worry and strain. Sam felt a flare of jealously, they could have a sort of talk like this – but he, Jared and Paul? No, not even when they knew each others thoughts and feeling in the wolf shape could they try to be anything like this.

"Sometimes, honestly, I'm tempted, but can you imagine? Bad, Harry, no chasing those rats!" Mocking him self now, voice less tense and stressed, there seemed less tension to the air, the scent was cleaner as if it was in flux. Sam felt better about this, and edged closer to this odd pair, crawling along on his belly next to Jared.

"That'd get a laugh," it sounded a bit too dry and sarcastic, but there was a joke in there something that smoothed things between them, "Ron, we have to let him do his own thing, you know how he gets." There was sadness there, she didn't like it anymore then 'Ron' did, this 'Harry' going off on his own. Sam realized then that there was a bond between these strangest, something that was surely stronger then what the wolves had – it scared Sam, that realization, even as he was in awe of it – how was now the question they had to ask; as listening and waiting might get them closer to finding out about these strangers who were odder natured then the pack.

"Ever since the attack, Hermione, he hasn't been the same." There was mourning for whatever their Harry had lost, but it wasn't depressed – there was hope there too. Sam felt for them, they were vibrant and alive and there was something about them, this pair that Sam ached for. They had, without knowing it - drew in Sam and his pack, despite whatever kept them from being seen or smelt; there was more to them then that. Sam realized his feeling of protecting them were echoed in Jared and Paul.

"I know Ron, but this, maybe it's for the best." Only then, when the shadow shapes drew closer together, did then (as if whatever kept them from being seen apart, whatever kept their scent and voice in flux, could not obscure them while they stood together) they get a good look at the pair – the boy-man was tall and gangly with red hair and pale skin and freckles; his eyes were blue (not red, or gold, blue – thank the ancestors) the other was smaller but her eyes were keen doe brown and her brown hair frizzy and wild enough to try to make up the difference of height. She leaned against him, taking comfort and giving it.

That was how a team – a pack – was supposed to be, Sam wanted to say, but didn't knowing Jared and Paul would feel it in him – his envy, and jealousy, and above all his protectiveness of these two. They weren't threats, for all their oddity, of that much, Sam was certain.

"He, their Harry - sounds worse off then what we are." It surprised Sam, the sympathy Paul seemed to have for them.

"We should find him, if he's off by himself – if something happened to him, they'd come looking and if they knew he might be in danger here and didn't do anything to help him…" Jared tended to
ramble in his thoughts when he didn't have his mouth to keep him in check. His message still came though loud and clear, Sam didn't want to think of how upset the two would be having lost Harry – and Sam didn't like the idea of failing them, even if they didn't know of Sam and his pack – if or when they found out, well, there would be no excuse.

"We'll go find him – he'll be easier to track then what they were." In this they held agreement, and with a sense of achievement in having found their strangers (not Cold Ones, odder –like them, the pack – and just as alive if not more so) who hid so well, they trailed the scent of the other, their third. Along the way, they mused and daydreamed about confronting their strangers.

"They have those sticks and only three of them - and that we couldn't see or smell them – their special, I think...I think its magic, something like what we can do." Jared confessed as they sped through the woods, Paul keeping his nose to the ground. Sam felt the hope bloom between them,they only had legends to work with, meeting someone face to face that would be familiar with what they faced – and friendly, well it only added to the attraction of the trio and the urge to protect them tugged more fiercely.

"I'm wondering where they came from – they sound English, or at least from overseas. How'd they get here – why here…? Maybe there are more of them, somewhere over there – or here – enough to have some sort of battle, but not enough of them so we'd take notice." Paul muttered darkly within their minds, suspicious – Paul only didn't want to be disappointed, or hurt.

"Their trying to find something…they probably have been looking for a while." Sam stated, remembering the brief conversation they'd overheard.

"We'll ask their Harry, he's alone, he'll talk to us." Paul assured Sam in his own way.

"We won't hurt him." Jared snarled at the other, short tail fur bristling.

"I know that." Paul managed to convey the sense of rolling his eyes without looking in Jared's direction.

Sam realized too late that they hadn't been really paying attention to where they were going; for all that they were indeed following a scent. It had led them faithfully to the mountain-roads, near the cliffs that hovered over the sea. This is where motorcyclists came, recklessly speeding to get a small thrill in their lives – near always at the cost of said life.

Sam also smelt others with 'Harry' – Jacob, and Bella.

"Shit." Paul whined with frustration, Sam realizes too late that all three of them are riled up and edgy – they'd been eager to meet Harry, and that much feeling spread out between the three of them won't go away easily – they have to do something, or Sam knows this situation might get out of control.

It's too late, now, because even if Sam couldn't smell Jacob – he can now scent Harry, there is something crisper to his scent, a power, as if whatever hides them, can not quite hide Harry however much it might try.

A thrill of triumph rides them, and caution is dismissed as they part from the brush and trees to appear in the clearing that marks the road; Bella's truck is sitting cold in the shoulder off the dirt road, and its clear enough what they're planning on doing, Jacob, Bella and the stranger – Harry, all three of them have motorcycles.

A growl thums through Paul's throat. Sam is frozen in memory, literally, as Paul's mind rolls
through theirs, and *they* remember it – the twisted pale thing that used to be alive, breathing, but isn't any more. Paul takes a step closer, still growling low in his throat, white teeth sharp at the memory and it must look like a threat, how could it not?

Bella is the one to see them first, and she panics, wide eyed and already atop her bike, Sam will never forgive himself for what happens next. Somehow, in her surprise, Bella manages – as only Bella could – to make it worse, her bike is thrumming while it idles and Bella somehow makes it jolt to life. She cries out, in shock and now horror, as the bike takes off with her atop it – but not controlling it.

There is a sickening crunch as tree bark and metal – and *worse*, soft human flesh - meets. Harry is, impossibly, the first to move, swift as something winged, he is at her side, still, and Sam can't remember seeing him move. Yet he kneels beside her, bloody handed, while his black motorbike seems a wall between the pack and what they've done without meaning to.

"Bella...Bella!" Jacob cries, and scrambles clumsy (humanely) off his own 'bike, going to Harry, he looks to the wolves and Sam knows that when Jacob finds out what they are – who they are – he'll never forgive them.

"It'll be alright." Harry murmurs, because what they haven't noticed is that Bella, blurry eyed and bloody, is blinking up at him puzzled. Harry looks to the trio of dog-colored wolves, and there is something more chilling then Jacob's bottled and twisted ache; familiarity.

"Hurts...?" Bella asks, and Sam whines, because he can smell the blood on her - so like creeping death; they hadn't meant to, and its worse – so much worse – then when they are on the hunt.

"Yes, you're hurt Bella, but I'm going to make you better, okay? You'll be alright, but sore for a few days, hear me?" It strikes Sam, then, how pale Harry is, and no sun shines – but Harry and his two stranger-friends aren't Cold Ones, of that much Sam is sure. So he does nothing but wait. This is something he knows he needs to see, to understand. Harry looks up at them again, and Sam knows that if they were normal wolves, if they wanted to still pretend – so Jacob didn't get a good look at them, at what he would become - they should have run, should have pretended – but they aren't, so they stay at the fringes of the clearing, waiting and full of sorrow.

Harry puts his fingers to Bella's chest, and there is blood there, soaking in. Harry breathes out, shallow and slow and Jacob is staring at Harry, wide-eyed, but not fearful. His fingers flex and knot, tighten into a fist – the blood hue is wrong, Sam sees then – its lighter, a pulsing blue-green, like a living thing. Sam realizes, then, when Harry closes his eyes, that it isn't the blood he's seeing coat Harry's hand. It's something else, and it smells of him – them, it *calls* and lures them closer, but Sam snarls and the pack reigns in, nearer to him.

Harry opens his eyes again, and there is *gold* in his green eyes.

Bella breaths then, gasping, easier, it isn't wet or heavy.

"Tell no one." Harry says, softer then a whisper, Bella only nods, while Harry seeming to know that Sam is listening (how could he not?) and that he'll be obeyed.

"How...?" Jacob demands, and as Harry tries to stand, wobbly and pale, he holds Harry's hand – the hand that had healed Bella – stopping him from getting all the way to his feet. Crouched there, Harry pauses, looking into Jacob, staring intently into his eyes, tense and full of – overflowing with *something*, however weakened he looks. Sam wonders if the ability to save a life somehow makes Harry skilled in taking one.
"Magic." Harry offers, with a weak grin, Jacob laughs and if it's a bit believing and hysteric, no one else will say so.

"Where are you going?" Bella asks, confused and hurt sounding, as if it just occurred to her that she should be dying and while she's mostly healed, now, Harry's brushed her off as if he did nothing; as if saving her life meant nothing.

"To let them know what I've done. I'll be around, though, soon, to see how you're healing up. I'll not run, yet." Harry tells her, and Bella only grits her teeth to nod her head, blood drying in her hair. Jacob, reluctant but unable to keep Harry close when it is against what Harry wants, so he lets Harry go, and Harry is looking to Sam and Paul and Jared, then he isn't as if he doesn't want Jacob and Bella to notice them, not just yet.

Sam huffs then, to get Bella and Jacob to look at them – to at least acknowledge right in front of their eyes. But they don't, don't even stir, as if they can't see and don't remember - and Harry looks him in the eye, gives him a narrow eyed, annoyed look, wolf-shape or not.

"Be silent. They will not know, will not see, will not hear, and will not remember you." Sam stills, frozen, as a mind – Harry's, smelling of that scent (magic?) - joins their pack, rolling over them like a summer storm, and is just as swiftly gone. Harry looks to his black bike, and seems more amused then. It glimmers in the cloudy mountain fog, and then, is gone. Like it never was there; for a moment Sam fears Harry will leave the same way. But he does not, Harry walks toward them, his step sure and firm, he does not stumble, weak as he looks. He looks at them again, and meets Sam's eyes.

"Follow me, we must speak." Sam does so, not so much because he agrees (which he does) but more like some half-formed need born of instinct, like some pup or duck, and for all how it must look strange, it seems the natural thing to do, following Harry into the woods. Jared and Paul do not stir to fight what Harry asks; for all that Sam knows if Sam asked it of them, they might. Sam does not question how Harry asks and they obey, he has better questions in mind to demand. Still, Sam is glad that Bella and Jacob can not see – and no one else is about to witness this; he feels like he's about to be lectured, but for all that, he doesn't still. They need this; to know. Whatever this will be...

Chapter End Notes

…that isn't gleeful snickering you hear, its, uh, hm…Alice – yes, Alice –…. plotting. I get a kick out of all those stories swimming about where Harry is in the States for a vacation – while going to high school (high school, a vacation, really? How good is your memory – maybe in Twilight-land and Harry-land its alright, if a bit devious health wise, but I mean, is going from fire to frying pan so much of a "vacation" now-a-days, more of a torture, I'd say). Okay, well, maybe school systems there generally suck, but, calling even it a "reality check" vacation from a magical world – really? No, I don't think so. Harry isn't going to a muggle high school for some sort of twisted warped "vacation" neither is his magic is not out of control; thank-you-very-much, as well, the war is far from over. If I were to do something of that sort, well, you'd know – as Harry would be a was a bit more crazy- as in, no one believing him about that little trip to magic-land and maybe squib-level of snazzy magic. But, I digress; this Harry is quite sane if a bit scary. Oh, and that "war"? Harry hasn't run away.
In fact, it's happening now.

Oh, well, that's just peachy, ain't it?

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