The Terrier and The Boy with Beryl Eyes.

by Teedoesthings

Summary

Little Harry Potter finds himself meeting a girl with ghost eyes, in a world of Dogs, Puppies, Magical Cats, and Shadow Snakes. No Pairing.

Notes

a/n: Hi, I haven't wrote a story in ages so please forgive any major misspelling or grammar mistakes.

I don't own Harry Potter nor do I own the Beka Cooper series, I'm just using their characters.

Going to try to make sure this story follows somewhat close to Beka's there will be some changes here and there but I can't promise that it will follow the exact story line. If I have messed anything up please let me know.

Please Leave a review or kudos on the way out!

~Cryptic
Day one

A little boy no older than eight could be seen walking around the library his hair was a wild inky miss that gently curled over his ears and at the nap of his neck. Thick oval glasses sat on a rounded nose, the bridge of the glasses were taped up multiple times but they still worked, though they blocked his bright beryl eyes. His aunt decided it was best to dress him in something a little better to wear before heading out. So he was only wearing two sizes too big clothing rather than his usual three or four and his sneakers weren't taped together which was a plus. Aunt Petunia didn't want to bring him and his cousin Dudley had thrown a large tantrum because of it, but she thought it wasn't like the 'boy' could do anything wrong in a library, and she didn't trust him home alone. And they'd only need to stay there one to two hour tops. It was for 'Dudders' school project. So she sent the boy away, and went to help her son find books on the first British Colonies in America.

This left Harry to wander as he pleased, it was most likely the first time he ever had so much freedom. It left him feeling giddy. There were so many books to choose from, so many different stories he could read. The library was split in two levels or that is what it seemed. The top held more of the recent event, classical, historical non-fiction and the lower was filled with fictional books. There were books on monsters and books on flying pirates ships and so much more. This is where he went, the entrance to the stairway down was behind an old wooden door at the farthest corner of the library. Downstairs Library read the sign that was posted on it, he pushed the doors open and it gave with a soft pop. He walked through not noticing the tender touch of warm magic that washed over the young wizard. The stairs creaked and groaned and it seemed to go on forever but once he landed on the bottom level of the library little Harry was soon overwhelmed, he walked along the aisles in between towering bookshelves eyes darting left and right a smile was stretching across his face. Dust had covered many of the selves in a thick blanket. It was strange, he thought to himself, it was almost like no one had been down here in awhile. There was no one at the desk when he descended the stairs, just an old boxy computer that had seen better days. Harry shuffled his feet across the dingy carpeted floors to a secluded corner on the bottom level. Here was a small table with two chairs, he gently wiped down the surfaces of both table and chair before sitting.

His sneaker hit something soft under the table as he sat, bending under the table he saw a strange lone book. He picked it up, it was clean in the sense that it wasn't covered in dust like every surface down there but he could tell that it was once a beloved book. The cover was worn and spine was cracked, yellowed pages held a faint musty smell that came with all old books. Many pages were still dog-earred as though someone sat it down to finish and never came back. Harry turned the book over to the cover it had a girl in black surrounded with flying birds and at her feet a black cat with strange glowing eyes. The title was almost worn away but he could make out the words 'Terrier' on the bottom. With time to kill Harry decided that this was the book he would read while waiting for his aunt and cousin. He doubted she would even know. With a yawn he took off his glasses and laid those beside him, he closed the book and used that as his pillow. He wrapped his arms around the book and laid his head down. He was a sleep soon after, gentle breathing was the only sounds in that little under level of the library.
The book Harry decided to use as his pillow began to generate a strange light, it spilled from the yellowed pages and curved around the young boy. Its gentle embrace was warm, little wisps of the strange light dance over him, down his back and around his feet. It curled around him almost like golden mist. Seconds ticked by and little boy began to fade away, the light seemed to mimic his breathing as it curled in and out. It only took a minute for the odd light to fade away back into the book along with little Harry. All that was left of the child was his pair of sneakers and his broken oval glasses neatly folded and placed next to the book.

Harry James Potter disappeared from the wizardry registration list that day, no one was able to understand where this little boy-who-lived went and who took him. His aunt and cousin would tell thousands times over they knew not where Harry went. There was no other place besides the first level of the library for the boy to wander around. By the time wizards and witches arrived to look for their savior the second level of the library seemed to have disappeared as though it never existed.

Rebekah Cooper lives on Nipcopper Close, though most common folk know her as Beka. Her little apartment is just perfect for herself and her cat, Pounce. Though as she stands in front of her wardrobe she wonders if she could invest in some storage soon, she'll have to save up some money for that. She turns to glance in the mirror that sits nicely behind the wash pan. Her hair was up in a simple braided bun, and her face looked clean enough. She grabbed her bag of coins tied it to her belt before leaving the room along with her basket. Pouncen her black cat was laying on the ground basking in the soft morning sun. "I'll be back soon," Beka told Pounce, who just yawned.

It was just about ten when Beka arrived at the day market, she had in mind what she wanted so she didn't just wander about and spend coppers where she couldn't afford it. It was the day before she was assigned her partners and she wanted to at least wanted to look somewhat presentable. A small booth that normally would sell simple wax perfumes and oils was not as busy this morning, so Beka walked over and bought a simple lavender and rose oil bottle. She then went to buy some necessities such as soaps, quills and ink. She might have splurged a little one a nice leather bound journal, Ahuda did mention it would be good for her to keep up on her writings as it will make it easier in the future to write her reports.

She leaves the day market basket filled with needed items and heads off to Charry Orchard in the Lower city, here she finds Hasfush. The dust spinner is calm today as he spun just barely three feet high. She stepped into him, but first opened a small bag of dirt she collected earlier that week. The sounds of the street and of people talking meet her ears in gentle whispers, the wind ran its invisible fingers through her hair and clothes taking enjoyment in greeting her once more. With a thank you Beka leaves Hasfush, who hugs the ground at two feet of swirling swirling wind, leaves, and dirt. Beka begins her walk home, along the way Pounce meets up with her, his tail twitching ever so slightly. "You have a small shadow following you," he tells her as they walk. "I know," She says, she keeps her eyes trained ahead because if she would to look back her little shadow might just disappear.

She knew of his presence once she left Hasfush, all she caught was a dirty face with green eyes before she began her travel back home. Though to know that this child has followed her this far is disconcerting, maybe she should just turn around and tell the boy she had no coin for him. When her apartment building was in sight the boy just disappeared. From one street to the other the feeling of being followed just vanished. Beka turned around, the boy who had followed her so far was gone. "Where did he go?" She asked her cat, as she glanced around. "He went down one of the alleys, maybe he realized stalking you was odd," Pounce told her from his spot on her shoulder. "Don't be mean Pounce,"
Beka went to bed that night with a mind of thoughts. Most were on tomorrow, she feared she would be given partners that were lazy for she loathed a laziness. Some of her thinking though was on the young boy from before, she fell asleep with a mind filled with Dogs and Puppies and jade eyes surrounded by a moving night sky.

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When morning broke Beka was already up, having woken early with a knotted stomach. She splashed her face with clean water and got ready for the day. She was meant to be at the kennels by five, so to make the time move a little faster she grabbed his journal and began to write. When the time came for her to leave she did. Rounding the corner to Jane street Kennel a small figure in an alleyway catches her eye, she turns her head slowly so not to scare the boy. For the first time she see's the child completely, a young boy no older six or eight he is too thin for her to really guess. He has wild dark hair and a dirt smudged face, his bright eyes are what holds her attention. It's almost like staring into raw emerald. She looks away and hurry's off to the kennel. What a strange boy, Beka thinks to herself.

Night falls when Beka returns to her street, she is dead tired. Though it was goodnight for her first Night shift, she was blessed by the Goddess because her partners are Clara Goodwin and Matthias Tunstall two of the best Dogs in the lower city. And to add to the kick they never had a Puppy, she hopes that this doesn't come back to bite her in the end. She stifles a yawn as she nears her apartment. In her left hand she holds the uncut stone that Tansy let her take, she wonders if the stone has to do with anything about Roland the poor lad. She'll need to buy incense for her mother and Roland tomorrow. Something makes her pause in her thoughts, there a sound. She looks around her but the street is clear besides some Dogs doing patrol, but she was sure she hear something. Beka continues her walk but freezes just steps from the stairs that lead to her place. With a quick jerk, Beka spins around on the hill of her butt, her hand grabbing a thin wrist. "Oh" It was the boy from before. The first thing she realizes is how tiny he is, most likely no taller than 3'10" and that he is freezing to the touch. "Methros!" Beka swears, the boy whose wrist she is hold flinches and gently tries to tug his wrist free.

She kneels down on the cobblestone street and slowly lays a hand on top of his head. "Lad, what are you doing out in the middle of the night? Where's your parents?" The boy stills before continuing to tug at his wrist. He mutters something she can't hear.

"I can't hear what your saying, speak up."

"I don have any," His words are cut and hoarse as though he hasn't spoken in a while.

"That don't tell me why you are out here at night? It's about to be winter, it's cold out here." Gods be kind and let no one know she is speaking this way, she lets go of the child's wrist. The boy holds it close to his chest. His bright beryl eyes shone bright under the moonlight, she could hear his teeth chatter as he tried to stop shaking.

She should not be doing this, this wasn't something she was known to do. "C'mon then. I don't have an extra bed, but I have sheets you can use and some meat pies. I know you're hungry." Goddess please help me, I can't just leave him out here in the freeze cold. He's barely clothed. Which was true, a long baggy shirt of some kind seemed to be the only clothing on him besides some shorts that she'd never seen before, but knew they were a couple sizes too big he had them tied up with a long string. His feet were bare and faintly blue.

The young boy blinked at her then backed up, "I'm not gonna hurt you c'mon. My name is Rebekah, but you can call me Beka." She held out her hand for the boy, he keep looking at her. After a couple moments his small cold hand was in hers. "I just live up here," Beka told the boy as she lead him up stairs. Her room was warmer than what it was outside, once she made sure the
boy was inside she closed the door. "Ignore the cat, he is grumpy" Pounce looks up from his spot on the bed at the boy "What made you bring him in here?" He asks her, "I couldn't leave him outside," She whispers knowing Pounce will hear her. Pounce just blinks and smiles a cat smile. He jumped down from the bed, and curls through the boy's legs. "You made a good choice,"

Beka pulls out some older sheets from her storage chest and lays them on the floor. She adds a small pillow and a slightly thicker blanket she doesn't use anymore because she needs to sew up some holes on it. "I have food if you'd like to eat." She motions to a food basket where some meat pies, cheese and bread are stored. The boy shakes his head no, and pets Pounce once he is sure the cat won't hurt him. "Well get the bed then. And I'll see what I can do for you in the morning."

The boy nods, but before getting into the makeshift bed, he glances at his clothes and frowns. Beka notices this and bites her inside cheek from smiling. She walks over to her wardrobe and pulls out a night shirt, it'll be large on the boy but it'll be clean. "Here,"

She turns around to change, and hears the boy to the same. Once she is done she glances over to see boy already under the blanket and sheet, pounce in laying next to him. Beryl and amethyst eyes look at her, "Goodnight" she says to cat and boy.

Before sleeping she quickly writes in her journal about her day, once done she blows out her candle by the bed. She doesn't remember is she hears the boy whisper his name or if it was a part of her dreams. But she smiles in her sleep for the boy, named Harry.

"My name is Harry"
Day 2

Chapter Summary

Breakfast with Beka, New clothes and a visit with pigeons.

Chapter Notes

A/n: Hello again, Thank you for the follows, reviews and favorites! I'm going to try to update this at least once or twice a week. Depending on my schedule.

Warnings: Triggers on being Homeless, and hungry are in this chapter.

I do not own Harry Potter nor the Beka Cooper series. I just use their characters.

~Cryptic

When morning came shining through Beka's wooden shutters, she found that Harry the boy from yesterday was still asleep on the wooden floor. The blankets and sheets were pushed around, and he was curled up in the middle of it all like a fledgling in a nest. Being quite Beka stood up from her bed, and went to open the shutters. Once open, the small room was lit up quick nicely but the early morning rays. She sniffed at her arms just to make sure she didn't happen to smell like fish guts. She knew today would be filled with stories about how she went after a rat and fell in fish guts. Fishpuppy.

Her gaze drifted over the building tops of Nipcopper Close, for it being a thursday the streets were pleasantly filled with walking mothers and children and groups of talking men, most of which were heading to the day market. Her stomach gave a quiet rumble, at the thought of food. Beka turned from the window, and startled when she saw Harry standing next to folded sheets and a blanket.

"How long have you been up?" She asked him, he just shrugged in reply. Beka sighed softly, "C'mon now, let's get something in that stomach of yours"

Beka's food storage basket wasn't large by any means but it held a few loaves of bread, some salami and cheese. And in the corner of the basket was a small jar of jam and two meat pies wrapped in cloth from the day before. She took out some bread, the jar of jam, cheese and the pies. She hadn't yet bought a table so she laid down a large piece of cloth and sat. She motioned to Harry to do the same.

"Come, sit Harry," Harry seemed shocked she used his name, but nevertheless he sat down legs crossed.

Beka handed him a small knife and a slice of bread. "You can choose from cheese or jam to go with your bread. And don't worry about saving some, today I'm going to the day market to buy some more."
Harry nodded and scooped out some jam from the glass jar, and spread it thickly over the dense bread. He brought the bread to his mouth and bit a huge chunk off. His eyes widened as he chewed.

"Good right?" Beka helped herself to some of the jam as well, "It's gooseberry, too bad it's only seasonal. Next year I'll buy a couple more jars." They spend a few more hours just eating together. There was hardly any more words spoken between the two of them which was fine. Once the bread was gone and the cheese Beka packed the food up and put it back into her food basket. A quick glance at the sky let Beka know she still had plenty of time to do her morning runs, an idea came to her as she looked at the little boy with hair like liquid ink and eyes of raw emerald

"Harry,"

Harry looked up, jam was on the corner of his mouth and crumbs dusted his chin and night shirt like sand. Beka smiled at him, so like a child she thought to herself, because he is one. With simple ease Beka rocked back on the heels of her feet and stood. She stretched her arms out wide and enjoyed to feeling of the muscles and joint popping.

"Would you like to join me on my morning runs?" she asked him, and watched as his eyes widened before abruptly looking down. She had yet to understand why she wanted Harry around, she should have just sent him off in the morning, however something told her to help the lad. So she will to her best ability. "Well?" After a moment's hesitation Harry nodded, his hair bouncing.

"Good then, let's get you cleaned up some."

Fortunately she still had some of Nilo's old things in the back of her wardrobe from a couple years ago when he stayed over. She pulled out a nice linen shirt and cotton breeches for Harry, they would be only slightly big on the boy much better than what he had on before. With her help she dressed him. Off came the night shirt she let him wear, his undergarments would have to stay until she found some new ones. The shirt was big nevertheless she could roll the sleeves and tuck the bottom into the breeches. Beka had to cuff the bottom of the legs on the pants so Harry wouldn't step on them.

Harry gave her a funny look as she dressed him, but he didn't complain. She was so nice! He held his leg out so she could layer some socks on his feet to be able to fit some shoes. The shirt felt soft and smelt clean, he wasn't to keen on the cotton pants yet they fit him a lot better than his cousins stuff. These clothes must belong to her siblings, he thought, there was no child his age in this room and she looked to young to be a mum. Once done with the shoes, Harry sat on the bed his back to her as she tried to tame his black mane.

When he landed in this strange land a few weeks ago he felt as though he was in a dream, he could see perfectly even though his glasses. He was ecstatic at first because there was no Aunt Petunia here nor Uncle Vernon or Dudley, he was able to wander around as he pleased though the people here gave him odd looks for his clothing and eyes and whispered to their young not to play with him. After a few hours the excitement ran out and he was left scared and hungry. The clothes he had on held no protection against the cold nights, he was forced to sleep on wood crates or any place he could find without anyone noticing him. He found out something strange the second night alone, he could make fire without wood. He came upon this discovery by rubbing himself to warm up, he was doing it for a while when there was a sudden wave of heat that washed over him. It startled him to see green fire dancing over his hands, the green flames licking his fingers, wrapping around his wrists. It didn't hurt. He went to touch the fire with the other hand to see if he could feel it better when the flames disappeared suddenly as soon as they came. No one was near
him during the incident, so his secret was safe with him. It saddened him to know his aunt and uncle were right about him being a freak, though.

It was probably his third day in this weird place when someone spotted him. Harry had just walked out of his nightly sleeping quarters, he hadn't slept much, he stayed up playing with the strange green fire. The moon's light still bathed the dark streets with a grayish hue and his bare feet felt like ice as he stood on the edge of the paved sidewalk, the sound of booted feet walking towards him, made him look up.

A man dressed in black was heading his way, and he was looking right at him. Harry knew that he wouldn't be able to outrun him so he stayed still watching him out of the corner of his eye. The man walked right up to him, and he noted the man held something in his right hand.

"Here," It was a bag of cloth, the man held it in front of Harry's face. The smells from the bag made his mouth water, though he knew not to grab it.

"Smart lad. Don't you worry now, this food is safe. I can't stand to see hungry urchins, I know people here don't make a lot of money but they could afford to buy ye' a small loaf of old bread and maybe some cheese." The man kneeled down so they were eye to eye, Harry watched him look him over. "You got those magic eyes you do. I know a lass who has some too, though her's are ghost like. Here lad take the food and eat. It'll be easier to ignore the cold and fall asleep on a full stomach." And with that he stood and left.

Harry ate everything in that bag, that night and the next.

It took him a few days to get to used to begging and to learn how to do it right. At first he watched other children, ones older than him do it. Sometimes they might get lucky often than not they left empty handed. Harry learned about the good places that gave out old produce and goods at the end of the day to the line of hungry citizens, he just had to make sure he was one of the first few people there. He learned that even starving mothers would give him some bread or maybe some dried meats, he made sure he said his thanks.

It was hard, but it got easier once he knew where he was. Corus one of the roughest districts in the Lower City. He doubted he would ever be able to go home, that didn't bother him as much as it should. He liked the freedom the adventure, sure he was hungry most of the time but he had gotten used to that at his Aunt's place. Harry liked the open city with its pigeons and people and the strange spinning vortexes of wind that live on some corners.

About a week into him getting used to the Lower City, he found out about the Dogs. Which funny thing was, we're not actually dogs. They were a form of police he guessed in this town, they wore all black and most of the time look grumpy. He never truly met one, he always watched from street corners or from a hiding spot as they chased thieves, killers and other folk. They had whistles in their mouths and large fat sticks in their hands. Harry rather liked them, because they took away the mean people and the bullies. He hated bullies.

A few day after him finding a new place to sleep, he spotted something strange. A girl with dark blonde hair dressed in pants and a long sleeved shirt walked straight into the spinning air columns. He watched enthralled, it seemed that she enjoyed it. Her hair was flying around and her clothes were flapping in the wind, yet a smile was on her face and laughter could be heard. It only took a moment, and then she was walking out. Harry should have left by then he knew this but he had to watch where she was going. He wanted to ask her if she was the only one that could do that like how could make fire.

He followed her amongst the shadows until he decided it was time to go, he'd find her the next day.
And he did find her, it was at night when he spotted her again. She was dressed like a Dog though she had a white band around her sleeves, he wondered what that meant. She looked exhausted and sore. She was walking alone down a street, so he had to be careful. He followed her for sometime, until she stopped at an apartment building. He was right behind her, and suddenly she had a hold on his wrist. He looked up and noticed her gray eyes, it looked like a storm inside her eyes. The next thing he knew he was inside her room, falling asleep in her sheets and blankets on the floor with her cat next to him. What a strange place.

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Once Beka made sure Harry hair looked not like a birds nest, she patted him back to let him knew she was done. The boy had been quiet up until now, maybe he has fallen asleep. Beka thought. But no Harry was awake, as he looked over his shoulder at her. "C'mon. We have lots to do before I have to head off to baton practice then patrol later today."

They left the room soon after, Beka waving good-bye to Pounce and taking Harry's little hand as they descended the stairs. The first stop was Old man Bis, who asked whom Harry was. Beka told him that Harry was a friend of hers. Here she bought a few loaves of stale bread, and bite off the head of a bread the shape of a fish as her face glowed red. As they walked away she handed the other half to him. "Here Harry, eat this while we walk."

He nibbled on the tail of bread as they continued their walk. Beka ignored the shouts and laughter aimed towards her, she knew the people here since she was little, they meant no harm. But little Harry didn't he stood rigid as they passed by. "Ignore them Harry," she told him. Harry glanced up the end of the tail bread sticking out of his mouth. "They are only teasing me about last night. I, erm, fell into a barrel of fish guts. I'm afraid they will never let that down." A twitch on the corner of his mouth told her that he found that funny too.

The walk to Glassman Square took only a few minutes along the way Pounce meet up with them, he walked on Beka's right as they neared the washing pools. Beka and her companions sat at one of the raised stone blocks, she took out one of stale loaves of bread. "Now Harry I'm going to need you to be still okay? The pigeons scare easily they do." He only looked at her in confusion.

She threw a few handfuls of bread on the floor and the pigeons came in hoards. "Wow." Harry whispered behind her. Beka bit her lip to keep from smiling. She needed to pay attention to the birds below her. Most never knew that pigeons were servants of the Black God of Death, carrying the souls of those who are not ready to enter his realm. It didn't take long for the voices to be heard, Beka keep an ear out for one of the pigeons who seemed to have a young boys spirit as its rider. Perhaps is was Roland. But soon a hawk flew over and the birds scattered, she knew it would take a long while before they would feel safe to come back.

"Pounce, Harry it's time we headed back." She stood and brushed off the bread crumbs. She would need to write down what she heard before she left for patrol. Harry's voice broke her train of thoughts. "Did you seen them?" He asked her voice so quiet it was almost lost in the breeze, his green eyes staring right into hers. Great Methros, It felt almost like he could see her soul with those eyes.

"I'm sorry?" she didn't understand what he was asking, see what?

"Oh, the pigeons. Why were you feeding them?" That wasn't the first question he asked, but she let it go. They were walking by this time, Pounce was on Beka shoulder his tail curling around her neck, and Harry has holding onto her shirt. "Because I like too, and they help me in return." she explained.
"How so?"

"They tell me things," Harry frowned at her answer, "Pigeons don't talk.."

And Beka laughed, she wrapped her arm around him and grinned, "You're right they don't". For some odd reason Harry too was smiling, the walk back was more cheerful and light.

Yet, Harry still wanted to ask 'did you see the lights dancing on the birds? They reminded him of what will-o-wisps would look like though he knew she would think him odd to ask such a question. People don't just see lights dancing around birds. But at the same time people don't have conversations with them either.

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The three of them spent an hour or so in Beka's room before she had to leave. "Now Harry, I'm going on patrol with my partners. I would like you to stay here for me, okay? You can sleep in my bed if you'd like. There is some food left in the basket if you're hungry. I promise tomorrow I'll try to get you some more clothes and maybe a cot to sleep on. I doubt the floor is soft." She bent down to place a kiss on the top of his head. "I'll be seeing you soon, Pounce watch over Harry will you?"

I'll try. And Beka scoffed, sarcastic cat she thought.

"Bye," She told them, and closed the door behind her.

But Harry had to plans on staying in the room all night, he wanted to see where Beka was heading. Once he was sure that she was gone he snuck out, Pounce the cat watched him with his Amethyst eyes as he closed the door behind him and walked in the night.
Day 3

Chapter Summary

Harry runs into Tunstall and Goodwin. Eats a meal and is mistaken as a God.

Chapter Notes

Hello! Thank you for reading this chapter, and sorry about this story taking so long to update. College started back up and what not. I'll try to update it every week or so.

I don't own Harry Potter nor the Beka Cooper series.

~Cryptic

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The sun was just barely touching the horizon when Harry finally caught sight of Beka, he hugged a corner of a nearby building as he watched her walk by. It was almost odd to see her decked out in her guard clothing, it wasn’t the first time he’d seen her dressed up that way, but it was the first time he’d ever seen her in action. Beka was a total different person, when she wore her black. She held herself in a more stiffer manner, her eyes moved left and right always checking her surroundings, her hand was never too far from her baton.

He also noticed two other people with her one woman and one man, they were older than her he could tell. And much more experienced in the field, they too were watching their surroundings but not so stiffly. The woman had dark brown hair cut along her jaw with brown eyes she was walking calmly, arms folded loosely under her chest. Her booted feet made hardly a sound on the stone paved street but her could tell even with her relaxed posture she would be able to deal some hurt if she ever needed too. The other figure was a man, quite tall but he held his body like a bird almost. It reminded Harry of an owl he saw a few nights back. The owl looked almost sleepy and from one blink to the next the owl had flown from the roof caught a rodent and flown away. He even had a crooked nose like a beak, though Harry thought it could have happened from breaking his nose over and over.

Each time they walked out of his sight Harry would move to the next shadowed area to watch them. He made sure to keep quiet and small so they wouldn’t notice him, when Beka was done from her shift Harry would ask her about the white strip on her uniform and what it meant.

A few hours had passed and Harry’s eyelids began to drop, he had propped himself up against an apartment brick wall, his arms were crossed over his chest to keep some heat on him. At least his feet weren’t freezing he had Beka to thank for that. Which is why he was out here, he couldn’t just let her get hurt after all that she did for him, there was no way he’d allow her to get hurt. Just before he drifted off to sandman's land he heard a shout from above him.

* “She’s curst near done him!” *

He startled, and jumped away from the wall. Harry’s legs almost gave out from being numb, that’s
what he got from standing so long without moving much. He wasn’t able to catch what the mot was said next because he saw Beka and her partners run into the building, he sprinted after them. The wooden stairs creaked as he climbed them, neighbors were standing outside their rooms on the main landing and seemed to be all looking in the same direction. He moved through them.

“Where you going boy?” A large hand grabbed his shirt, he was jerked to a halt. Blood was pounding in his ears, his chest felt like it was on fire. He gasped out “Beka..I have too.. Beka..” The woman who stopped him gave him a weird look, it was a cross of concern and angry.

“You can’t just run in there! Let the Dogs handle it, if you go in there you’ll surely get hurt.” Harry pulled in a lungful of air, and yanked his shirt out of her hand. “I have too!” And he was off before she could stop him.

The room he entered was a disaster, a table was flipped over, chairs scattered across the ground. There was people in the room, more than he anticipated, he quickly glanced around when he couldn’t spot that familiar blonde braid he began to fear the worst. “Where’s Beka?” No one seemed to even notice that he came in, but now five pairs of eyes met his. Three of which were young children, all around his age. There was a man in the room, he was most likely the father, and the last set of eye belonged to Beka’s partner. “Where did she go?” It was like something static fell over his ears, he was drowning in white noise. He knew that there should have been a women in the room, with a knife. And that Beka was in the room at some point with her partners.

He paused, the woman where was she? He moved forward slowly, his feet felt like lead. There wasn’t an explanation for what he was feeling, and it scared him. Harry saw a pair of feet before the rest of the woman came into view. The white noise got louder. Pots hanging on the wall to the left of him began to sway, and the room felt heavy. “Where did Beka go?” He’d lost her, Beka was somewhere, not here. The window panes shook slightly as his became more scared. A voice broke his train of thoughts, the pots stopped swaying and window panes stopped their shaking. He turned slowly, hands fisted in the hem of his shirt. Harry hadn’t noticed that he was shaking, it was that one partner of Beka’s that spoke. He was standing near an open window, he had propped the woman under his arm and was looking at him. “Beka will be back.” he said.

“But that doesn’t tell me where she is!” Harry yelled, before covering his mouth with both hands. He hadn’t meant to yell, but it just happened. He was scared that she wouldn’t be coming back and that he’d be by himself again. Beka was his only friend in this strange place, he can’t lose her! His vision began to blur as tears spilled over his cheeks and ran over his hands. “I can’t lose her.”

“Poor laddie” The voice was muffled, it took a moment for Harry to recognize that it was the woman who spoke, he wiped his eyes and sniffed. She must have woken up from his yelling, guilt mixed in with his fear. “If Tunstall says that Beka will be back she, she will.” With the man's help, Tunstall, the woman stood up on her own. She was unsteady on her at first but with the walls help she gained her balance. Not wanting to cry any more in front Beka’s partners he rubbed at his face with the back of his hands.

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“Take it easy Clary, you were knocked out not moments ago,” Tunstall told her. Clary Goodwin shook off his worry, “I'm fine. My jaw hurts is all.” She looked at the child standing in the middle of the room. He wasn’t the child of this family that was for sure, he had probably the most wild hair she had ever seen. It was so black it had a dark purple like shine to it under the firelight. His eyes were bloodshot and the brightest green ever known. “Methros be good” Those where magic
eyes, no normal eyes could ever be such a powerful green they seemed to glow almost. The next thing she noticed was how thin the boy was, he had on new clothes but she could tell he hadn’t taken a bath in some time.

“You know Beka?” She asked him softly not to scare him anymore then necessity, watching as he nodded and twisted his hands. His face was still wet from his tears even though he tried to dry them, “does she know you?” Again he nodded. Clary sighed, looks like the lad would need to come with them then, knowing that Beka wouldn’t be coming back here anytime soon.

“Follow us laddie, we will take you to Beka,” With Tunstall’s’ help she walked down the stairs taking care not to make any sudden harsh movements so she wouldn’t twinge her jaw. The lad followed them all the way to the kennel. He said sorry to the father for barging in, and promised to help clean up if he needed help but Jack Ashmiller declined with a wobbly smile. It took longer to walk to the kennel, but they made it. Tunstall was guiding Goodwin carefully, he made sure to keep up a no-business attitude as they made their way over. Harry was right behind them, small booted feet echoing the footfalls of those in front of him. The moon was fully out by then, its light casted odd shadows that crawled against the ground.

Once inside Harry watched as people took Goodwin off to a corner, they casted strange lights over her and made her drink a few colored liquids. Tunstall was still standing by him, the older male placed a gentle hand on Harry’s shoulder, his large fingers splayed over the thin bones. “C’mon lad, let’s get you something to drink. Does water sound good?” Tunstall had an odd accent, Harry never noticed it before, he nodded and followed Tunstall over to where a container held water. He gave Harry a wooden mug fill with cool refreshing water. Harry gulped down the water and refilled his mug.

“Thank you,” he said, he didn't look up at the man instead he was looking at his mug. It was worn and looked well used, he wondered who else drank from this over the years and if they wanted their mug back.

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Matthias Tunstall was a fair man he thought as he leaned against the plastered wall watching the boy, “No problem lad”. He wanted to ask about what happened back in the Ashmiller house, how he caused the pots to move and windows to shake. It magic for sure, raw emotional magic. He felt that static wave that washed over him it had left his hair standing on end. Those green eyes shone like polished gems, godly enough, Tunstall hummed as he drank his water, could the boy be a young god? He rolled his eyes, no that was fairly unlikely. But he couldn't rule it out just yet, he'd have to watch the young boy.

Tunstall soon took the boy over to some chairs in the corner of the room, and they sat. He watched the healers fix Clary, he knew that even though they could fix the bone it would take a few days before the pain went fully away.

The door to the Kennel slammed open, and a pair walked in. More like one walked in and the other was dragged in. Matthias couldn't believe his eyes, there stood Beka Cooper in all her glory. Her braid was messy, dirt and god knows what else clung to her clothes. In one hand she held her baton, and the other gripped the shoulder of Orva Ashmiller. Her hard gray eyes were moving across the room before they landed on them.

People were shocked, there was no way Beka Cooper stood there but she was and she had caught the rat.

*“I didn't even have to say fetch” * Matthias said as he stood up, a smile on his face. Before he could even reach her, a small blur moved past him and tackled Beka. She leaned back on her heels
to absorb the impact before glancing down at the small figure at her waist.

“Harry?”

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“What are you doing here? Why aren't you back home?” Beka asked him, the Dogs had taken Mrs Ashmiller away moment ago. She went kicking and screaming the whole way about wanting to see her children and where was her Jack. Her knees were weak and body exhausted, Ahuda had told her to take a seat which she did and Tunstall brought over a tea for her. She held the warm mug in her cold hands relishing the warmth. The taste was horrid but it did its job. Harry stood next to her, hands twisting together like a knot of human fingers. “Stop that before you break a finger Harry.” He nodded and unlocked his fingers from each other. He looked frightful, his face was ashen and eyes wide.

“I promise not to get mad. Please tell me why you are here.” She ignores that both Tunstall and Goodwin are gaping at her as she talks to Harry. “Harry”

“I wanted to make sure...you didn't get hurt…” He mumbles, his chin is tucked to his chest and he isn't looking at her. Beka takes a part from Goodwin's book as she says “Harry look at me when you're talking. Say that again please.”

Harry slowly looked up at her, he chewed at his bottom lip. “I followed you, once you left I waited a few minutes to make sure you wouldn't notice. I stayed back far enough” his lip began to wobble and he left like his throat was clogging up. “I just wanted to make sure you'd be okay! I didn't mean to run into that building after you! But when I did and you weren't there..” Before he could even cry, Beka pulled him to her. She wrapped her arms around the young boy. “I told you to stay at home for this reason Harry. What I do can be scary,” she then moved back to look at him in the eyes; storm gray to emerald green “but I promise I won't leave you.”

How this boy whom she'd only know for not even two days wormed his way into her heart she'd never know.

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After Harry calmed down Beka decided it would be best if she gave to knife to one if the older Dogs. They took it, whistled at how if Mrs. Ashmiller hit Goodwin a little harder her jaw would have shattered beyond their help and walked away with it.

Beka was about to leave with Harry to go get something to eat when Goodwin called out. *“You’re starvin’, an’ so’m I”* she looked at the healer who warned her about eating soft foods *“May I feed our puppy now?”* Beka looked shocked and Tunstall told her that Goodwin will get over if soon enough.

“How can I bring Harry?” She asked, she had his small hand in hers. His fingers felt like small sticks that she could snap without even trying. He could do good with some food.

“Sure, brin’ the lad,”

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Mantel and Pullet was empty of the normal Dogs by the time they arrived. A server took them to a quiet room in the back after Tunstall snuck her a silver noble. After a few moments food arrived, Beka helped Harry with buttering a roll and cutting his chicken leg. Once she was sure he could eat without making a mess of the utensils she began on her own meal. Half way through the meal Tunstall moved their plates to the side and Goodwin took out a small bag. Out she spilled five
They looked just like the one Beka had in her pocket, when Tunstall brought the lamp on the table closer the stones blazed in brilliant colors of reds, blues and greens. A few even had purple specks in the rocks, these are the ones Tunstall picked up and rolled between his fingers. Luckily for them Harry had fallen asleep his head leaning against Beka’s shoulder. They talked for a few more minutes about the stones, Crookshanks and a new threat called the Shadow snake. After the food was gone, they got up. Tunstall picked up little Harry like he was nothing but a bag of flour.

“You’re little friend here is ready for bed. Why don’t you lead us to your house and put him to sleep, we still have all night left for our shift,” She agreed.

The walk to her apartment took only a moments, and she made sure that Harry was tucked in the bed with blankets up to his chin. She would have to change the blankets in the morning, and find a place to give him a bath. But now she had to finish her shift, even if her legs protested the thought of more hours patrolling.

“Cooper, you might want to tell us how you came across your little friend here,” Tunstall said as she descended the stairs, Goodwin as standing next to him. They both were waiting for her to talk. She took a breath and began her tale about how she found the little boy with green eyes and ink hair watching her from dark alleys.

Chapter End Notes

Please leave a kudo or a comment on the way out. It lets me know if you like what I am doing.
Thank you.
When Harry woke the next morning he wasn’t alone. Laying next to him was a sleeping Beka, being careful not to wake her Harry carefully maneuvered out of bed. The sun’s rays were barely raising over the windowsill, casting a warm light across the wooden floors. Pounce the black cat was watching him as Harry walked over to the water pitcher to pour cup of water. Little Harry felt like a fool, he had gotten so worked up over nothing yesterday night. Beka had warned him about what her job would entail and asked for him to stay in the room, but he didn’t and now she might get in trouble. He bit his already raw lip, and contemplated leaving. It would be better for Beka so she wouldn’t have to look after him anymore, plus he can take care of himself. He knows where to get food and semi-clean water. With that thought Harry quickly began packing, he didn’t have anything with him when Beka let him sleep in her room on the first night. But now he has new clothes, and shoes. He takes the clothes off and changes into his old ones, being careful about folding them and putting them in a small sack on the floor. Next he take out some old bread that he stored under the bed along with a small cut of cheese.

But before he can even unlock the door, he hears Beka move. Glancing over was not a good idea because there she was sitting up in bed watching him. Her hair was a mess, but her light grey eyes looked bright.

“Are you sure you want to leave?” She asked, watching him. “I was just about to have breakfast, would you like some before you go?”

Harry’s body betrays him, as it begins to shake. “Y-yes please” he whispers, now looking at dulled doorknob. He tilts his head down letting his hair fall over his face, he was about to leave; Beka wouldn’t have even needed to know where he was going. He was a needy child that no one liked because he took up too much space, and was too loud, and ate too much. Harry knew this was true because his Aunt would tell him that every day. And now here he was taking up Beka’s space, eating her food and being a burden she didn’t need to care. A wet sob rolled up and out his throat, and he was then crying.

“Oh Harry,” He hadn’t heard Beka get out of bed, but there she was warm arms wrapped around
him. She turned his body around so his face was nestled into her neck as she held him. “Don’t cry. You don’t have to leave and you are not a burden little one.” Oh no! He must have spoken aloud the thoughts he had, now she knew! Oh god now she knew!

“I’m sorry! I’ll leave, you don’t need to look after me...I can feed myself and-” He was silenced with a gently placed kiss on his forehead right over his lighting bolt scar.

“Oh hush, you are not a burden. I wanted you here, so relax and sit down while I get us situated for breakfast” As she went to stand Beka’s legs gave out, “Oh hells.”

“Beka!” Harry panicked as he watched Beka fall, “Are you okay?” He fretted around her, he noticed her leg muscles twitching. “Do your legs hurt?”

“You hit on the mark kid, can you unlock my trunk over there and hand me the ceramic jar please?” Harry did as he was told, the jar was quite large but felt almost empty. He handed her the jar and sat down.

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After she finished rubbing her Mama’s special ointment on her legs, the spasms went away and she prepared some breakfast for the two of them. As they ate some bread with a small summer sausage and a jar of jam Beka talked. “So today we can get you some more clothes and perhaps a I can buy a bath token for you as well. I wonder if they have any spare ointments for cuts and bruises at the bath houses I can buy. We can also go see the pigeons today and visit some old friends of mine later too.” They spent about an hour or more just chatting, well it was mostly Beka talking and Harry nodded in agreement.

Once breakfast was finished, Harry swept up the crumbs into a small bag for the pigeons and placed a fresh bowl of water out for Pounce. Beka had placed his ‘runaway’ sack on the bed, and allowed Harry to change clothes. She changed into more common civilian clothing, keeping a small knife under her shirt. She tugged the shirt somewhat straight, found an old belt for the pants. “Hmm I think your hair needs to be trimmed as well. We will see if I can get it cut for you today, for now let’s see if I can pull it back in a small tail.”

She grabbed a small thin leather strap and a brush, soaked the leather in some water and brushed Harry’s hair back into a small tail and tied it off. Some hair fell forward, framing his face with ink colored strands. “There! Now we are ready to head out.” She took his hand in her’s and headed down stairs.

Her landowner was oddly quiet as they left, but Beka didn’t think much of it. She tugged Harry away from a garden window box, and noticed that Pounce had followed them out. “But I swear I locked the door!” Harry exclaimed as he saw the black cat sitting on the bottom step. “It's okay Harry, he somehow allows get out. He’s magical like that.” She ignores the flinch he makes, “Let's head this way Harry”

Beka turned and was hit with rotten vegetables. One square in the shirt and one glancing her shoulder. She made a motion to grab something that wasn’t there, and looked for the enemy. She caught the culprits in the form of children, Orva’s gixies to be exact. “What are you doing?” She asked, the wetness of the rotten vegetables soaking through her shirt.

*"Y’ took our muma!” the eldest yelled, tears falling “Giver ‘er back, y’ stinkin’ puttock!”* Beka swore, she knew this would happen. But before she could do anything, a strange feeling fell over her it was thick with static. The hairs on her arms stood on end, and the children across the street also seemed to feel the same sensation. “Wha’?”

“Why are you being mean to Beka!” Harry’s scratchy voice carried over, Beka turned on her heel
and blinked. There Harry was a few feet from here, there was no wind blowing yet it looked like 
Harry was standing in harsh winds. His hair had fallen out the tail and was flying around, she 
couldn’t see his face but she had a feeling that if she could his bright green eyes would be 
glowing. “Your mama was mean! She hurt Beka’s friend! You should be glad that she didn’t 
die!” Harry yelled.

Beka went to calm Harry down, she had a feeling that if she didn’t this could get much worse. But 
before she could do anything, Rosto was there. He shooed the frightened children away, and gave 
them each a coin. Rosto slowly made his way over to her, his eyes glancing over to Harry who 
calmed down during the exchange. Beka rushed over to him, placing her hands on his thin 
shoulders and looked him over. “Are you okay? They wouldn’t have hurt me, they were just 
angry that’s all Harry.”

“They threw yucky vegetables on you, and we're calling you mean names.” Harry’s voice seemed 
to have vanished, all that was left was a raspy whisper. “And that’s okay Harry, they can call me 
names and throw things at me. I wouldn’t have let hurt me, okay?” She pulled his body closer and 
hugged his stiff frame. “Don’t scare me so.”

“M’kay.” he whispered into her shirt.

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Harry was let go, and he moved back. The tall blonde man that made the mean children leave 
tapped Beka on the shoulder and afford her a wooden disk, he told her what it was and she passed 
the disk over the wet vegetables spots on her shirt. The wood glowed and the pieces fell off, and 
the stains disappeared. She thanked him, Harry concluded that they must be friends. He watched 
them but headed no mind to what the two of them were saying, instead he was thinking about 
what had happened a few moments ago. He did something bad again, he used his freakish abilities 
again. He used it last night when he got scared and now when he got mad. He needed to be more 
careful, he could hurt Beka!.

His thoughts were cut short by Beka gently tapping his shoulder, he looked up at her. She was 
grinning and holding two silver coins. “C’mon Harry if we hurry we can visit my old friends and 
buy some goodies for later.” The tall man from before was gone, but it looked like he gave Beka 
some money. Was she not making enough money? Did she use too much on him already? “Oh 
stop thinking so hard Harry, or you face will be stuck that way,”

Harry patted his face, to make sure it wasn’t stuck. Beka laughed, and smiled. “Hurry up Harry 
let’s go meet Hasfush.”