

From Blood and Magic

Chapter 4

“You have a lovely home, Mrs. Cullen,” Harry stated as he first entered the large, white house. As he looked around the living room, Harry noticed that while it had a charming, homey feel to it, it still looked as though it hadn’t been lived in. It gave him the vibes of some kind of furniture store showroom that was being used to sell furniture sets. There were no magazines or newspapers out of place. No toys were haphazardly strewn across the floor, and there were no stains or discolored patches on the floors, walls, or furniture. It all looked very clean ... a little too clean if he was being honest.

“Thank you,” Esme responded. “The house was originally built in the 1890s. It sat unused for decades before we renovated it.”

Harry was nervous as he sat down. It was almost like falling into a zoo pit and being surrounded by lions.

“What are you?” Rosalie asked as soon as his butt hit the seat.

“Rose, be polite,” Carlisle gently chastised her. Rosalie, however, glared at him.

“He knows about us. It’s only fair if we know about him,” she told them. Jasper nodded in agreement as he forced Alice to sit as far away from Harry as possible.

“How about a question for a question?” Harry threw out there. “No lies.”

The family of vampires looked at each other before Carlisle nodded. “That seems fair,” he replied. Harry nodded as well.

“I’m a wizard ... a male born with the ability to actively use magic,” Harry factually stated. This, of course, rendered them speechless. They likely thought that he was delusional. Proving his assumption correct, Edward scoffed and crossed his arms in front of his chest. With only the slightest flick of his finger, he made the rest of them gasp. All except Rosalie who burst into unkind laughter.

“What?” Edward looked around, not seeing what everyone else was. “What’s wrong?” he asked again.

“Edward ... your hair,” Alice slowly said before a giggle slipped from her lips.

“What’s wrong with it?” he asked, still confused. Alice reached into her purse and pulled out a miniature mirror. Edward sputtered as he saw himself with bubblegum pink hair. His mouth hung wide open as he reached up and ran his fingers through it. He even tugged on it to make sure it

was real. Then his eyes lowered into a glare which he aimed at Harry. "Fix it," he demanded. With another flick of his finger, his hair was back to normal.

"How are you able to do that?" Alice asked, leaning out from Jasper's side. Harry just shrugged.

"How many vampires are there? On this world, I mean," Harry clarified.

"While I can't be sure, it is safe to guess somewhere between five and ten thousand," Carlisle told him. 'Five to ten thousand,' Harry thought to himself. That was a significant amount.

"Alice witnessed you getting severely injured by a bear," Esme began. "She brought Carlisle and me over to try and help. He's a surgeon, you see. We saw your wounds healing astoundingly fast."

"There have been long stretches of time that I had to go without using magic, but the magic was still inside of me, desperate to get out. With nowhere else to go, it began enhancing my physical body. The rapid healing is a part of it," Harry explained.

"Are there other magical creatures or just vampires?" Harry suddenly asked.

"Magical creatures?" Rosalie raised one of her perfect eyebrows at him. She didn't enjoy being called a creature.

"Magical beings ... whatever," Harry easily brushed off her complaints.

"There are shapeshifters and true werewolves called Children of the Moon," Alice quickly answered.

"Alice!" Carlisle turned to her. "We promised that we wouldn't tell anyone about the wolves," he said. Alice simply shrugged her shoulders.

"Harry's not normal, so I imagine it would be okay," she told him. Carlisle sighed and continued on.

"I'm not sure if there are any werewolves left. They were hunted mercilessly by our kind long ago," he told Harry.

"What do you mean by magical beings?" Edward joined in. "We have no magic or whatever power it is that you are able to use."

"You are definitely magical beings. Not all are able to actively use magic though. Vampires, werewolves, and shapeshifters wouldn't be able to exist without it. In fact, werewolves and shapeshifters actively use magic to change their forms," Harry said.

“Do you know which area of the world where the first vampires and werewolves sprang up?” Harry asked them. Carlisle shook his head.

“I’m sorry, but I don’t know. That information has long since been lost to time. It is thought that they came from somewhere in Eastern Europe.”

“Are there more people like you out there?” Esme wondered. It was strange that they had never come across another like Harry. He shook his head.

“I’m the last of my kind,” was all he would say on that subject. Seeing that he would say nothing more about it, they decided to let the subject rest.

“Does the sun burn your skin?” Harry asked. Back in his world, vampires wouldn’t burst into flames, but their skin would sizzle and burn if exposed to the sun.

“No. Our skin is crystalline and refracts the sun’s rays. For obvious reasons, we avoid going out in the sun. It’s the reason why we only live in places where overcast days are abundant,” Carlisle explained.

“Why were you spying on us earlier?” Rosalie suddenly asked.

“Alice’s skin is always cold, her body isn’t squishy like a human’s, and her eyes are a strange color. That and she always seemed to be in the same places that I was. I got curious,” Harry shrugged.

“Is the process of turning humans into vampires the same as in the myths?”

“Similar, but not exact,” Carlisle said. “We produce a natural venom in our mouths. Upon entering the bloodstream, the change will begin. In theory, we could collect our venom in a syringe and inject it that way ... no biting necessary.

“Why do you live in that filthy dump?” Rosalie asked, not caring about rudeness.

“Rose!” Esme gasped, scandalized. Harry just chuckled.

“What? If he has magic, then he could just rob a bank and live like a king,” she said, justifying her rudeness.

“I try to keep a low profile and avoid breaking the law unless necessary. I don’t have any identification which makes it hard to get a job or a proper home. Besides, I’ve stayed in worse.” Rosalie wrinkled her nose at the thought.

“If you need help getting papers, we can ...” Esme began but was cut off by Harry. He waved away her generosity.

"I've taken care of it. I should be good to go in a few days. Thank you for the offer though," he genuinely thanked her. Esme smiled in response. Harry then stood up, making it known that he was about to leave.

"From what Rosalie told me and from the way Alice speaks about you all, I'll take a guess that you mean me no harm. I assure you that I don't mean you or anyone else any harm either. I'm more of a live-and-let-live kind of guy. I hope that we can live amongst each other in peace."

Carlisle and Esme stood up as well. "I'm certain we can. You're welcome to visit anytime," Esme told him, holding out her hand. Harry shook her hand, finding her skin cold like Alice and Rosalie's. He then shook Carlisle's.

"I've got more questions," Rosalie stood up, looking less than pleased. Harry smirked which annoyed her to no end.

"Well, you'll just have to learn to wait. After all, you so rudely interrupted the gourmet dinner that was waiting for me," he said with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Those cans of soup you bought?" Alice chimed in. Rosalie scoffed.

"I was going to put crackers in them," Harry defended his choice of meals.

"My god ... He has the world at his fingertips, and yet he still chooses to live like a hobo," Rosalie insulted him.

"What about you? You're probably a thousand years old and still living at Mom and Dad's house. Go get a job, you bum," Harry teased. Rosalie's eyes turned into slits.

"Why you ..." she threatened and stepped forward. Harry disappeared with a laugh. "Ugg! So annoying," she complained, flinging her hair aside. Alice annoyingly giggled from Jasper's side. Not in the mood, she went upstairs to her room. She could hear her family's conversation fine from there.

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It wasn't even a couple of hours later when someone knocked on his door. Harry got off of his bed with a groan. It was either one of the Cullens or the police coming to evict him for being a squatter. He wagered that it was the former. Sure enough, as he opened the door, Alice and Jasper were right there waiting for him. Alice was her normal, happy, bubbly self while Jasper was stiff with a look of suffering. Harry silently stepped aside and let them in.

"I would say to grab a seat, but you might end up needing a tetanus shot," he said, looking around at the old and grubby furniture.

“That’s okay. We’re more than comfortable standing,” Alice replied with a smile on her pretty face.

“That’s good. So ... what can I do you for?” he asked in a sing-song voice.

“First, I wanted to apologize for Rose’s behavior. She can be ... difficult at times,” Alice told him. Harry waved it away.

“Believe it or not, I enjoy a bit of bantering. It keeps my wits sharp.”

“That’s nice. Most take offense to her callous way of speaking.” Again, Harry just waved it away. “Second, I have some more questions if you’re willing to answer them.”

“You can ask, but no promises,” he told her.

“How old are you?” was her first question. Harry thought about it for a minute.

“It’s hard to give an accurate answer, but I’d say eighty-five ... give or take,” Harry answered. She raised her eyebrows at that.

“But you look so young ...”

“It’s all part of that physical enhancement that I told you about. My body heals so rapidly that I don’t age ... or I age very, very slowly. Magical people like me also naturally live well over two hundred years normally.

“And you eat and sleep like a normal human?” she then asked. Harry nodded.

“Although, I typically need less sleep because I have such great stamina and strength ... also part of the enhancements. I usually sleep three to four hours a night.”

“And you don’t get sick?”

“I don’t get colds or the flu or anything like that. I have gotten food poisoning, but it doesn’t last long.”

“Do you feel the normal amount of pain?”

“Same as always, but thankfully it doesn’t last long because of the healing,” he said.

“You said that you found a way to get yourself some identification,” Jasper finally opened his mouth. “How did you go about that?”

"I found a crooked lawyer in Seattle," Harry told him.

"Jenks?" he raised an eyebrow. Harry shook his head.

"A guy named Jason Scott."

Jasper rolled his eyes. "That's one of his aliases. His real name is Jason Jenks, and he's a high-price lawyer in Seattle. I go to him for our papers. He does a very good job."

"He's also very expensive," Alice added. "How'd you get the money to pay for that? If you had that kind of cash lying around, you could easily move out of this craphole."

Harry tried to keep the smile from his face but found it difficult to do so.

"I swindled some rich doctor out of his hard-earned tax evasion money. He won't miss it too badly I hope," Harry proudly stated. This time it was Jasper trying not to smile. It seemed that he didn't mind Harry's criminal actions.

"Do you have any of the cash left over?" Alice suddenly asked.

"Some ... why?" Judging by their house and fancy clothes, he was certain that they didn't need a loan.

"I have certain skills," she said proudly. "I can see the future."

This was a shock, Harry thought. Was she some kind of Seer?

"The future?"

"It's kind of hard to explain properly. If someone decides to walk to the store, I can see what will happen to them. If they suddenly decide to turn home halfway there, their future will change. It can be a bit of a hassle to keep everything straight. For some reason, I can't see yours though," she admitted to him.

"That's strange. Must be the magic or something. I've got no other explanation," he told her, perplexed.

"Anyway ... I'm the one that handles our family's finances. I can easily see when stocks are going to go up or down. I've never lost a cent since I started," she bragged. Harry whistled appreciatively.

"That's definitely a useful skill to have," he admitted. Alice nodded.

"I also use it to keep my family safe. You know ... watch out for any bad actors who might want to come and start trouble. I was thinking though ... If you have money to spare, I can set up a bank account and stock portfolio once you have your papers. I'll manage your money for you," she said excitedly.

"I don't know ..." Harry was hesitant to trust anyone so early after his latest arrival.

"Alice does a very good job. Depending on how much you initially invest, you probably won't ever have to work again after only a few months," Jasper told him.

"Oh, come on!" Alice whined. "I promise that you'll be happy with the results. You can trust me," she said, her head tilted up while smiling cutely. "Then you can buy me a present as a thank you," she quickly added. Harry couldn't help but chuckle.

"What's the reason for this sudden generosity?" Harry wondered. Alice shrugged her small shoulders.

"I kind of feel bad for befriending you under false pretenses ... Not that I didn't want to be your friend, mind you," she quickly added.

Not responding, he went into his bedroom and removed the cash from the floorboards. He brought it out to them and handed Alice the cash. It was obvious that the Cullens didn't need the money, so the chances of it being stolen from him were slim to none.

"Fifty grand ... My entire life's savings," he said in a grandiose fashion.

"You stole this a few days ago," she reminded him, handing the stack of bills to Jasper.

"It's hard work being a criminal genius," he countered.

"I know the feeling. By the way, Esme wants to cook you dinner. She's been learning to cook for years but has never had anyone to cook for. Make sure to go and talk to her so she can ask you herself ... and you better not say no because she's really excited," Alice warned. Harry rolled his eyes.

"Wait ... Do you guys even eat normal food?" Harry asked, confused.

"No. Human food smells unappetizing to us. It tastes even worse. It's like eating dirt. We can physically eat the food, but we can't digest it. We'll have to vomit it out later. It's unpleasant," Jasper explained to him.

"I can imagine," Harry responded. "I'll stop by once I pick up my stuff from this Jenks character. She can invite me then if she still wants to."

Alice smiled and nodded. "I'll let her know. See you soon!" she chirped, dragging Jasper out the door. Harry saw them speed off in a blur. He stood there blinking his eyes for a moment, marveling at how fast they were. They were much faster than he was, and he was way faster than any other human. Shaking his head, Harry went back into his room to read a bit.

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Harry was led into the back of the Italian restaurant. A curtain was pulled aside, revealing a private room. Mr. Scott, or rather J. Jenks, was sitting down at the table with a large, manilla envelope resting on top. Harry thanked the waitress and joined him at the table. When the woman left, Harry asked, "No trouble I take it?"

Mr. Scott shook his head, sliding the envelope across the table. "No problems at all."

Harry took the envelope and opened it up. The first thing he pulled out was a large piece of paper. It was his birth certificate. He then pulled out a little, paper card ... his social security card. Next came his driver's license and then his passport. Everything looked very high quality. "You do excellent work, Mr. Scott," Harry praised him.

"My clients expect the best," he countered. Harry nodded.

Not interested in small talk or chit-chat, Harry asked, "So how good is the lasagna here?" Mr. Scott could only chuckle.

The following morning, Harry appeared just beyond the Cullen's tree line. Before he could even walk halfway across the yard, the front door opened. Esme stepped out and waved at him. She was wearing a long-sleeved, dark-blue sweater that showed just the barest hint of cleavage. Black dress pants covered her legs, and he could see that she was wearing black heels. He had to admit, Mrs. Cullen was a very attractive woman. She was a small woman and slender. Her figure was a bit more rounded as if she had a little more meat on her bones than Alice or Rosalie. She had thick, luxurious-looking hair that fell past her shoulders. It was a pretty, caramel color, Harry thought. Her heart-shaped face was quite beautiful, and her smile was kind and inviting. Harry returned her smile and waved back.

"Mrs. Cullen," Harry called out. "It's nice to see you again."

"And you as well," her lovely voice practically sang. "But please, call me Esme."

Harry smiled and nodded. "Esme's a beautiful name and very unique. I don't think that I've ever met another woman with that name."

"Nor have I," she continued to smile, her golden eyes glittering. "Would you like to come in?" she suddenly asked.

“Well ... I really just came to drop this off to Alice,” Harry told her, holding up the manilla envelope that he had received from Mr. Scott.

“They’re at school until this afternoon,” she kindly reminded him.

“Oh, yeah. I forget that they go to school,” he told her. “Why do they want to go to school? I find it a bit strange.”

Esme let out a tinkling laugh. “They don’t enjoy going to school, but it’s something we do so that we can stay in the area for the longest amount of time. By acting young, we can usually live in one place for five to seven years before the townspeople start noticing that we never seem to age. Once they start to notice, we pack up and leave for a new town far enough away,” she explained to him. Harry scratched his head as he thought about it.

“Yeah ... I suppose that’s something that I’ll have to do as well. It’s a shame. Forks is a nice, little town.”

“Yes, Alice mentioned that you age very slowly. You can still come in and drop off your paperwork. I can make you coffee or tea ...”

“I suppose ...” Harry began slowly, and Esme’s face lit up.

“Excellent! Come inside and I’ll put the kettle on,” she waved him over.

They made their way inside, and he found the home empty. He guessed that her husband was working at the hospital.

“I have to ask ... umm ... Esme ...” he said, feeling unsure if he should use her first name even though she had asked him to. “If none of you eat human food, why do you keep some in your home?” he asked as he followed her into a large and fancy kitchen. Every counter and tabletop looked sparkling clean.

“We do things like that to keep up appearances. People might notice if we never shop for food. All the uneaten food gets donated to the local food drive before we stock up again,” she told him while filling a shiny, silver kettle and placing it on the stove.

“That’s nice of you,” he complimented her. She looked up and smiled prettily at him. He tried very hard to keep his cheeks from heating up.

“And what about you?” she asked in turn. “Alice said that you eat like a normal human.”

“I usually eat the normal amount. When I burn a lot of energy or I stay somewhere that’s very cold, I tend to eat more,” he explained.

“Oh? And what are your favorites?” she asked, genuinely curious. Harry spent the next hour just talking with her. He got the feeling that she didn’t get to talk to many people outside of her family circle. That wasn’t surprising considering that they were a family of vampires. Harry found her very likable and easy to talk to.

“So you’re saying that there are many different realities and that you’ve been to some?” she asked, fascinated by his story. Harry nodded his head as he drank his third cup of tea. After hearing his English accent, she went out and bought the best tea that she could find. “How did this all start?”

“I won’t go into the finer details since it’s a very long and complicated story, but the skinny is that there was this Dark Lord ... that’s just a very evil wizard who’s trying to take over. Anyway, he murdered my parents and tried to murder me when I was only a year or so old. Because of certain magic involved, I was destined to defeat him.” Esme’s eyes were open wide as though she couldn’t believe the tale.

“I did end up killing him, but as he was dying, he set off a backup plan that he had. He poisoned the world’s magic. Soon after, all the magical people and creatures began slowly dying ... my friends included,” Harry sadly explained. He still didn’t like thinking back to those days even after so much time had passed.

“Because of certain events in my past, my body was better able to deal with the poisoning. Unfortunately, that meant that I was the last to go.”

“You had to watch them all die?” she asked with her hand over her mouth. Harry nodded.

“There was, however, another magical still alive, though he didn’t have long to go. His name was Nicolas Flamel, the creator of the Philosopher’s Stone.”

“There are tales of Nicolas Flamel on this world,” she told him. “They say that he had a stone that could turn anything into gold,” she told him.

“It’s probably just a tale. I’ve found many worlds with the same stories. In my original world, it just happened to be true. The stone acted like a very powerful magical battery. It could absorb magic and store it to be used later. He made this watch for me,” he told her, holding up his wrist.

“Inside the watch is a piece of the stone. It absorbs magic, and when it’s full, I can use it to cross the barrier that divides the different universes. I can’t explain exactly how it works. Mr. Flamel was much smarter than I’ll ever hope to be. He gave it to me so that I could find a world with enough magic to live as my normal self. This is the first world that even comes close to having the magical level of my original.”

“So you plan to stay ... For good, I mean?” she asked him.

“Most likely. I’ll only leave if I have to. I should probably get going, Esme. Thank you for the tea,” Harry said, standing up. Esme stood up as well.

“Will you come visit on Friday? I’d love to cook you dinner, and I’d love to hear about all the different worlds that you’ve visited,” she asked excitedly. Harry just smiled.

“Traveling between them isn’t all it’s cracked up to be,” he told her.

“Even so ...”

“I’ll visit on Friday,” Harry relented, which made Esme happy.

“Good,” she smiled as she escorted Harry to the door.