

Immortals

Chapter 13

At the highest peak of the mountain, most people wouldn't expect to see a gorgeous, blonde girl sitting on a rock staring off into the vast distance of the Alaskan wilderness. Even though it was summer, it was still very cold up in the mountains, which made her seem all the more strange since she wasn't wearing nearly enough clothes to keep her warm. The blonde leaned forward and picked up a fist-sized rock. She absent-mindedly spun it in her palm as she thought about different things.

The main one was the death of the man that she was considering as a mate. She begged him not to return to Forks, even if he was only doing a favor for a friend. After he didn't return, she contacted the Cullens to see if they had seen him. As it turned out, one of them had. The human that Edward was so infatuated with. They told her that Laurent had attacked Bella and that a friend of hers killed him before he could harm her. Obviously, Irina didn't believe them. She knew that they weren't telling her something. What kind of friend could kill a vampire. The girl was human and had no other vampire acquaintances beyond the Cullens. Irina suspected that the mongrels that lived nearby were to blame. Just thinking about them made her see red. Closing her fist in anger, the rock exploded into dust and pebbles. A sudden whistle of appreciation snapped her out of her thoughts.

"You're pretty strong for such a small woman," came a heavenly-sounding voice from behind her. She had a hard time trying to describe it. It was strong, and yet soft at the same time. It was rich and velvety and made her skin crawl in a very good way. She was on her feet in less than a blink of an eye. Turning around, she was face to face with the most beautiful man that she had ever seen. She opened her mouth to say something, but nothing came out. It was literally the first time that a man had rendered her speechless. He smiled happily at her. If she were human, she imagined that her face would be heating up right about then.

As handsome as he was, however, he looked absurdly out of place. In fact, she was so out of it that she didn't even stop to ask why a human was standing on the peak of the tallest mountain in North America. He didn't even have any climbing gear. All that he had on was a skiing outfit with a snow cap and goggles placed up on his forehead. On his feet were a pair of Alpine skis.

"Who are ... I mean, what are you ...?" she stumbled over her words. She was saved from further embarrassment when he answered her unasked questions.

"The name's Harry Potter. I'm a friend of Bella Swan and the Cullens. They told me that I should stop in and meet their cousins from up north. A pleasure to meet you," he told her. What he said suddenly triggered something.

"Friend of Bella? The same friend that killed Laurent?" she clenched her fists tightly.

“One and the same!” he told her without a hint of remorse. Irina suddenly hissed at him and got into a fighting stance.

“Why?!” she asked, wanting to know before she killed the man.

“He tried to kill Bella, and she’s under my protection. Why? Was he something to you?” he asked, raising an eyebrow at her behavior.

“He was my mate!” she hissed. Harry, instead of being frightened by her, snorted in amusement.

“No, he wasn’t. There was no bond between you both. Believe me, I would have known. All he was was someone you liked and were attracted to. Nothing more.”

This did nothing to temper her anger. She was just about to scream and attack when suddenly, black military helicopters swooped in from above.

“They found me! Run!” Harry Potter screamed at her. She watched in shock as he placed his goggles over his eyes and jumped off the fucking peak of the mountain. When bullets began peppering the ground near her, she decided to take his advice. She ran after him and easily caught up. He was bent at the waist while looking forward with his ski poles tucked under his arms to achieve max speed. His speed would be blinding for a human, but for her, she could easily keep up. He suddenly looked over his shoulder and yelled, “SHIT!”

Looking back, she saw men in black commando suits riding snowmobiles and chasing after him. One pulled out a grenade launcher and fired it. She tracked the projectile as it flew after him. At the last second, he veered left and used a large, sloping rock as a ramp. He flew up into the air as the ground beneath him exploded. He landed expertly and slalomed in and out of the way of dozens of boulders. A repeated crack of gunfire made her jerk in surprise. She turned her head and saw the men firing submachine guns at him. She didn’t know what Harry pulled out, but when he fired it, a wire flew out from both sides and attached to a tree on either side of him. Being almost invisible, the first commando didn’t see it and was thrown from his snowmobile when he ran into it. The others ducked underneath it, returning fire as they did. Harry suddenly swerved to his right, nearly hitting a very thick tree. The men followed him. Unfortunately, they didn’t see the armed grenade sitting on the surface of the snow until it was too late. With a loud explosion, the rest of the men and snowmobiles went flying in every direction. Harry skidded to a sudden stop and moved his goggles back to his forehead, breathing heavily. Forgetting that she was mad at him, she stopped next to him.

She squeaked when he suddenly pulled her into a hug. “We did it! We’ve escaped!” he cried out in joy, but a menacing rumble cut his victory short. Both of them looked up the mountain only to see an avalanche of snow coming at them. As rocks were demolished and trees were splintered, both of them could only say one word, “SHIT!” Harry put his goggles back on and high-tailed it down the mountain, Irina running after him.

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Tanya was sitting at her desk while browsing the internet. As much as she loved living in Denali, she found the shopping to be dreadful. Her only choices were to either go where the best stores were or shop online, which is what she was doing. Even though she loved shopping, as did her sisters, she was a little distracted. The reason for her distraction was because of her sister, Irina. She was beside herself with anger at the death of Laurent and blamed the Cullens for it. As the leader of the Denali Coven, it was her duty to try and smooth things over between everyone.

Carlisle was easy to placate. His gentle and forgiving nature was what drew her Coven to his in the first place. Irina, on the other hand, could be more than a handful. While normally a very pleasant woman, she could be quite stubborn at times. With Laurent's death, for example, she was digging in her heels, and it was creating a fracture in their relationship with the Cullens. At the moment, she really didn't know what to do about it other than supporting her sister. Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of an avalanche in the distance followed by a feminine shriek. The sounds were so far away that no human would have been able to hear them from that distance, but she was no normal human, and she knew that voice from anywhere. It belonged to her sister, Irina. In less than a second, she was in the living room of their house and was quickly followed by her other family members.

"That was Irina's voice," said Carmen, going to the window and looking out of it. She couldn't see anything from that angle.

"Let's go see what's going on," Kate said, disappearing out the door. The others ran after her. Since the mountain wasn't far from their home, they were able to get there in only a handful of seconds. Looking up the slope, they could see the wall of snow barreling toward them in the distance. They couldn't see Irina, but they did see a male figure that appeared to be skiing. If Tanya was honest, he looked like a pro in his movements. He was expertly zipping in and out of rocks while racing the deluge of snow. As it got closer and closer, so did he until finally, he skidded to a stop right in front of them, his cheeks pink and his warm breath billowing out a cloud of cold mist. Right behind him, the avalanche finally came to a halt and ended at his heels. He lifted up his goggles and smiled.

"Greetings on this fine day!" he said cheerily. Not believing the craziness of the situation, Tanya cleared her throat and took charge since she was the leader of the Coven.

"Greetings," she said, stepping up. She was still looking around for Irina. "Have you by chance seen my sister?"

"Short, pale blonde hair, goes by the name Irina?"

"YES!" Kate said, stepping up. "Where is she?"

"She's around here somewhere," Harry muttered, turning around to take a look. Just then, a blonde head popped up out of the snow and spit out a mouthful of the white powder. She did not look pleased.

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Irina held back a snarl as she watched this Harry Potter fellow laugh and charm his way through her entire family. She also noticed how her traitorous sisters sat a little too close to him. Harry claimed to be some powerful deity, but she didn't see it. Maybe he was some sort of vampire using mind tricks on them. Either way, she was biding her time until she could strike out at him. He seemed to know this. She didn't know how, but every time that she had a terrible thought about him, he would look at her and smirk. Even then, he turned his head toward her, and Irina could have sworn that his eyes twinkled.

"I can't believe that the Cullens never mentioned you," Eleazar said, laughing at his joke.

"I asked to keep my presence a secret. I usually don't get involved in the lives of mortals," he told them.

"Oh, stuff it!" Irina blurted out. Every eye turned toward her, and if she had been human, she would have blushed. "He's obviously lying! What proof has he given to his claims? Not only that, but he killed Laurent!" she snarled.

"After he tried to kill Bella," he reminded her. She opened her mouth to say that he was lying when he stopped her. "Would you like to see what happened?" he suddenly asked her. She just stood there seething.

"I would," Tanya joined in, and just like that, they were no longer in their cozy house, but standing in the middle of the rainforests of the Pacific Northwest. All of the Denalis jumped from being startled at the sudden change. They were about to ask what was going on when Harry pointed. They looked and saw Laurent menacingly stalking forward toward a cute human girl.

"You don't want to do this, Laurent," Bella gasped out with a shaky breath. She could see the venom pooling in his hungry mouth.

"Forgive me, Bella. It was not supposed to be this way, but I can't help myself. You smell too delicious. Victoria will not be pleased with me. She very much wanted to play with you before avenging James. At least with me, there will be no pain. I promise, Bella," they heard Laurent say before he held Bella in his arms.

When he was just about to bite her, they watched as Harry appeared out of thin air and raised his hand. A bolt of lightning blasted from his palm and struck Laurent on the shoulder. He corkscrewed through the air and hit the ground hard. He got back on his feet, crying out in pain.

The Denalis winced at the gruesome wound. Laurent was then struck in the chest once again, and they watched as his body was blown to pieces. Suddenly, Bella was in Harry's arms.

Irina sniffed at the semi-romantic sight of the pair. If this was true, then maybe she needed to admit that Laurent had brought the trouble on himself. Still, she cared about him and was still angry.

"So this is Bella? Edward's human?" Tanya asked as Bella wrapped her arms around the other Harry's neck before disappearing. Suddenly, they were all back in their home.

"Such a wonderful skill!" Carmen gasped. They began talking and admitted that he was telling the truth when it came to Laurent. Even so, Irina wasn't going to let it go so easily. She didn't care how handsome or charming Harry Potter was.