



HARRY,
HOLD ON!

HOLD ONTO
WHAT?

I MEANT THAT
FIGURATIVELY!

MY BROTHER HAD ACTED INSTINCTUALLY,
HIS ARM MOVING WITH SUPERHUMAN
SPEED, CATCHING HOLD OF MY ANKLE
BEFORE THE OWL COULD PULL ME
INTO THE NIGHT SKY.

SOMEONE CLEARLY DIDN'T
WANT US TO REACH THE
RAITH ESTATE--BUT WHO?

THAT WAS SOMETHING WE COULD CONSIDER ONCE WE GOT OUT OF OUR CURRENT PREDICAMENT. IF WE GOT OUT OF IT.

MY SHOULDER, WHICH FELT LIKE IT'D BEEN DISLOCATED, WAS ON FIRE--AND BEING THE ROPE IN A TUG OF WAR BETWEEN A SUPERNATURALLY LARGE OWL AND A WHITE COURT VAMPIRE WASN'T EXACTLY THERAPEUTIC TO MY SPINE.

CAN YOU ENHANCE CAST A SPELL?

I'M TRYING...!

I WAS TRYING, BUT SPELL CASTING REQUIRES CONCENTRATION, FOCUS.

EXPERIENCE HAD TAUGHT ME TO BE PRETTY DAMNED GOOD BEING ABLE TO DO THAT, REGARDLESS OF DISTRACTIONS--BUT THIS WAS DIFFERENT.

CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER. NEED TO...

...PULL YOU FREE!

SKREEECH

GET READY FOR IMPACT--!

"IMPACT"? WHAT ARE YOU--

OH, █



SKREEEECH



ARRGHH!

THE JAG'S SUDDEN STOP, WITH MY BODY AS A TETHER, COMPROMISED THE THING'S ABILITY TO MAINTAIN FLIGHT.

NOW THE ONLY THING TO DO WAS BIRD MYSELF FOR...



...IMPACT!

HARRY--

--TELL ME YOU HAVE SOMETHING UP YOUR SLEEVE TO RESOLVE THIS SITUATION!



BESIDES A USELESS ARM, YOU MEAN?

I MAY HAVE AN IDEA. JUST KEEP THAT DAMN THING OCCUPIED!

WORKING WITH ONE ARM WAS NOT GOING TO CUT IT, THOUGH. I NEEDED TO POP MY SHOULDER BACK INTO PLACE, LIKE SOME LINEBACKER DESPERATE TO GET BACK ON THE FIELD.



NNNNGGHH!

KRAK



I HAD TO MOVE FAST. THOMAS WAS BADLY HURT--



--AND THE ENERGY THAT FUELED HIS STRENGTH WOULD SOON EBB.

UNLIKE HIS FELLOW WHITE COURT VAMPIRES, HE ONLY TOOK SMALL AMOUNTS OF LIFE FORCE FROM HIS LOVERS, ENOUGH TO SUSTAIN HIM.



IF WE WERE LUCKY ENOUGH TO SURVIVE THIS ENCOUNTER, WE'D BE MEETING WITH THE KIND WHO TOOK AS MUCH AS THEY WANTED, WHENEVER THEY WANTED, AS OFTEN AS THEY WANTED.



THAT'S FOR MY JAG, ANGRY BIRD--!

THRACK