

The Last of Me

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Edward Cullen is deranged and obsessed with Bella Swan. In his quest to claim her as his, he tortures, violates, and kills the people of Washington. Can he be stopped before it's too late? Warning: GRAPHIC VIOLENCE AND NON/CON

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Chapter 1

From the moment I smelt her, I knew she was mine. You see, I have never craved for someone like I did for Isabella Swan. I have never felt lust for anyone like I did for Isabella Swan. Most of all, I have never had these dark thoughts for someone like the ones I had for Isabella Swan. I couldn't hear a thing from her mind and it was driving me off the edge. She was my poison and my antidote. My thoughts were littered with different scenarios of me claiming her and drinking from her. I was obsessed and I knew I would have her.

"Hello," I introduce myself to her as soon as she sits down. I couldn't help but notice the way her body swayed in the most sensual way to her seat.

"Hi," Isabella says rather breathlessly, and in her haste to respond she somehow manages to fall into her seat dropping the contents of her unzipped backpack onto the ground. She gasps and promptly ducks her face into her right hand. I smile to myself, oh little lamb you need me to come to save you.

"Great," I hear Isabella mumble to herself in a voice too low for human ears. As she begins to bend down, I quickly gather all her belongings and present them to her like a gift. She jumps back a bit startled.

Hmm, perhaps I should ease up on the theatrics. No matter how much I wanted to impress her, I had to be sure to keep our secret long enough for her to be mine.

Isabella takes a moment to compose herself before responding; "thanks" and sits down before turning to me to follow up with an, "I'm Bella".

"Isabella," I reply. I let her name roll off my cool tongue, perhaps even being a tad too melodramatic once again. She shivers, good

I've excited her! "I'm Edward Cullen," I say in my tone that I know will dazzle the human girl. She looks at me, her big warm chocolate eyes inviting and mind blank. Oh, how many mysteries do you have my dear? Before I can continue the bell rings and the teacher begins his lecture. I'm immediately annoyed. I was just getting to know my beloved and this no-nothing idiot has to interrupt us? I look to my love and can't help but notice her heart rate increase when she notices me staring. My love, if you could only know much I truly desire you, in every way. She fidgets and I wonder if she can feel the sexual tension between us. I stare harder at the girl my erection straining to bust open the seam of my jeans. Yes, my dear, I know why you fidget, I can't read your mind but I know you want to feel me deep inside.

The class seems to take forever and to no avail, my desire does not diminish. Isabella struggled to not look in my direction, the few glances she did steal towards me were quickly returned to the board when she saw me looking. Don't play shy my love. I groaned lowly thinking about how submissive she'll be when we finally consummate our union. I saw her stiffen up. She heard me, and I smile at her when she glances towards me with inquiry in her eyes.

As the hour comes to an end, I see her prematurely start to pack her things. My love, I don't blame you, out of the dozen or so biology instructors I've had over the years, this one is by far the most incompetent and boring. When the bell finally rings, Isabella bolts out of her seat and towards the door. I make sure no one is looking before going too quickly to the door to open it for Isabella. Her heart rate spikes and for a second I worry she's going to faint. She smiles, and utters out a seductive, "thank you" before hurrying to her next destination. Don't worry my love, this won't be the last you see of me, not by a long shot.

From the moment I saw him, I was petrified. His eyes were like none I've ever seen and his movements were so flawless, too flawless that it made me uncomfortable. But what got me was the way he looked

at me... He looked at me like I was his heroin, he looked at me like a starved man would look at a premium meal, he looked at me like a predator going for his prey. Nothing about that bronze haired statue was normal. I dreaded nearly everything about Forks (Jacob being the exception of course), but the way this psycho stared at me made me want to come crawling back to Renee and Phil. Classes with his other siblings were bearable but the moment I walked into Biology and saw that bronze-haired freak I wanted to run for the hills. Just my luck the only empty seat left in the class was next to Edward Cullen. I try to walk over as slowly and nonchalantly as possible, trying to not reveal my lingering trepidation and spare myself of more unwanted stares.

But the closer I got to him, the more uneasy I felt. I could see how pale his skin was and the deep soullessness of his black eyes. It was unnatural, and the smile he gave sent a shiver up my spine. It fazed me, and I ended up falling into my seat dropping everything from my bag. "Great," I mumble to myself. When I bend up to clean the mess I've made, I see a pair of snow-white arms extending my school supplies to me. What the fuck? How the hell did he-

My inner monologue is interrupted when I see Cullen smile at me expectantly. To spare me of any more embarrassment and not be perceived as rude by the eyes of my peers now gazing at me, I decide to introduce myself to Cullen. "Isabella," he replied, ignoring my preferred name. Something about the way he said my full name gave me chills. It was possessive, and in a way, he challenged me. I gave him a facial expression that I am positive should be the verbal equivalent to what the fuck. All Cullen could do was reciprocate with warmer eyes and a bigger smile. The bell rings, thank God!

I spoke too soon apparently, turns out Mr. Banner's class entailed a non-stop staring session from the world's stillest teenager. It was freaking me out, I couldn't help but do anything to distract myself. I did everything, I doodled, I shifted, and Lord knows I got a few glances in. I regretted each time. It was almost like it was edging him on by the way he responded to it. My heart was beating out of my

chest, I was so uncomfortable I wanted to disappear, and I could've sworn I heard him growl. All I could do was wait for the minutes to tick by, and as soon as the fifteen-minute mark appeared, I was already packing my bags. When the bell rang, I headed out the door! I was inches away from grabbing the handle when Cullen appeared. I was horrified, how the hell did he-? I somehow gained some composure while avoiding hyperventilation, and with a rushed thank you, I bolt from Cullen's view.

I was slightly speeding when I arrived home, eager to get to my room where I felt some type of safety. The relief when I saw my father's police cruiser and Billy's truck was palatable. "Jake," I breathed aloud with a slight smile on my face. All my stress subsided when I thought about the young Quileute. When I walked in I was happy to see the smile that I'd anticipate to come. Every time I see my friend he seems to have grown an inch and a half, and even though Jake was slightly younger than me he seemed well above average in maturity physically and mentally compared to the boys my age. I couldn't help but be attracted to him. He was witty, fluid, and extroverted; absolutely everything I'm not. The conversation between the four of us was light and boisterous, Billy and Charlie deviated a bit to talk about the new fishing hotspots when Jake discreetly whispered the local tribe drama to me.

I don't know if I giggled too loudly at his jokes or smiled too brightly, but whatever I was doing was all Charlie and Billy needed to throw each other knowing glances to one another. Oh shit, I think to myself, recoiling from the embarrassment I knew would soon ensue. "So Bella," Charlie starts, "still not interested in any boys at the High School?" I glare at him, turning a slight shade of pink. "Or any girls?" asked Billy. "DAD," Jake exclaims horrified. "What?" Billy protested, fumbling a little on his reply. "You never know these days."

My entire body is hot with embarrassment, I feel myself slump a bit in my chair before closing my eyes and replying with a short no. "OOOOOh," Charlie says in a poor attempt to mask his excitement

for the news. "So YoU'rE SaYiNg YoU'rE SiNgLe AnD IOoKiNg" Oh my God someone kill me now. I gave him my signature, are-you-serious look and all he did was glance between Jake and me, obviously thinking I didn't get his implication. I was shooting Charlie daggers when I heard Jake cough and ask, "well?" I turn from my dad to look at Jake smiling sheepishly. "Well, I-"

"Hey Charlie I think I heard something wrong with my truck," Billy blabbered too loudly. Charlie gave him an incredulous look and told him to take it to a mechanic. "Um, I really think we should check it out together," Billy insists, now clearly annoyed. Charlie just gazes at him confusedly before the light bulb went off, "OOHH right"! The three of us sighed in relief loudly and simultaneously. Charlie and Billy began to leave and I heard Billy mutter good God man before the door was shut loudly.

"Well that was interesting" Jake chuckles out. I sigh and feel immediately relieved upon hearing the sound of his laughter. I smile and begin to apologize for my dad when Jake hushes me. "Don't worry Bells," the sound of nickname makes my heart flutter, "both of our dads are dorks, they didn't mean any harm". The sincerity of his tone makes me melt. There is nothing like a man who truly loves his family. We talk like that softly for the next half hour before Jake asks to see my new room. "YES," I blurted, startling Jake and setting him slightly off balance. Smooth Swan. When I regain my confidence I'm ready to take him upstairs, when we arrive he gives me the classic; looks nice, before sitting on my bed and motioning for me to join him. I run my fingers through my hair nervously before awkwardly joining him. We sit in slightly uncomfortable silence before Jake inquires about the unanswered question my dad asked. "No, I'm not interested in anyone in Forks". I see Jacob's smile falter slightly before I continue, "but there's this boy on the Rez-" CRACK! We both jump from the bed and look to my window in surprise. "Did you hear that? Did a tree branch just fall?" Jake asks confused and rattled.

The tree is shaking slightly and sure enough, there were several branches scattered on the grass. "That's strange," I reply, "there's no wind".

Chapter 4

When the final bell rang, I followed Isabella's scent to the parking lot. Luckily, she was just close enough for me to admire from a distance. I peered behind my vehicle, and there she was, her mahogany hair flowing down like waterfalls and her smooth and ivory skin wet with the few rain droplets that misted through the air. She shivered, the new girl having been slightly underdressed for Forks weather. I growled. Her chilliness caused the goosebumps on her skin to rise and her nipples to become erect through her shirt. I leaned into my driver's side door, pressing my erection just underneath the glass. Oh, how you tease me, Isabella. You will certainly be punished for that. My surroundings fade away when I start to fantasize about the glorious pleasures Isabella and I will soon have.

I stood before her sleeping form. "Edward," she moans. Her sleeping body now writhing and thighs rubbing together unsuccessfully alleviating her wetness. My beast hissed. I could smell her arousal and hear the faint drip of wetness drop from herself into her panties. "Isabella," I say aloud, rubbing my erection across the metal of the car door. I grip the top of my car leaving hand size dents in the process and scrape the tent in my jeans alongside the car door. Doing this surely was leaving a scratch by the screeching but Isabella was calling to me, so nothing else mattered. By now Isabella is in her truck and beginning to put her keys in the ignition when she flips her hair to one side sending her scent directly in my direction. Tunnel vision hit me, all I could see was Isabella and her chocolate eyes. I imagined her naked, on top of me, fondling her breasts... drinking her blood. It was too much, my legs jerked and I could feel myself release streams of cum into my jeans.

My thoughts are abruptly interrupted when I hear my family approaching. I flit to clean myself up before the rest of them arrive. My siblings all greet me normally, all of course except Jasper. He stayed silent but gave me a questioning look before thinking, "Is

there something you need to tell us?" I just glare at him before telling my family that I won't be joining them.

"Why," Alice asks innocently. "I need to hunt," I say in a cool tone. Jasper looks up to me inquisitively once again before thinking one single word; lie.

Emmett looked me over surprised, "damn man what happened? You definitely look like you need it!" I glance into his mind to see that he's right. My skin looks paler than usual, my eyes were hollow and black. He looks-, Emmett thinks

"-Like a vampire", Rosalie finished his thought. She gave me a look I couldn't quite decipher before thinking of sex positions with Emmett. Hmm, Rose was hiding her thoughts from me, I'll have to keep an eye on that.

I was at Isabella's home before she was halfway there and was pleasantly surprised to see a large pine tree outside of what I assumed to be her window. I perch in perfect view to her bedroom, already feeling myself get an erection from all the wonderful sights I'm going to view.

That's when I smell it; I retch, recoiling from the inhuman scent of wet dog. I look just over the pine needles to see two Quileute men walking to the entrance of the Swan residence. I could already feel the heat radiating from the young one, the fool probably is going to turn soon and doesn't even know it.

Isabella arrived a few minutes later pulling into her driveway a bit too quickly and with an accelerated heart rate. Tsk tsk bad girl. My playful tone is soon dissipated when I hear her breathe the name of another male; Jake. I nearly jump through the window and rip off the young man's arms when I hear them wrap around my mate. Damn those Quileute dogs! How dare he hug my precious Isabella, how dare he keep thinking of her the way he does. Bella is so beautiful, I hope she isn't seeing anyone! God knows how many of these small-town hicks would love to snag a girl like Bella! He's one to talk. Half

that reservation is a slum. I smirk to myself. Oh my, Isabella, you do not know of the wonders I will soon show you. I will treat you like one treats a God. I smile, loving the way my throat burned due to her proximity.

My beast growls in dissatisfaction having to listen to the conversation in the home, and as the evening went on my beast only grew more enraged. My poor innocent Isabella was being swayed into dating the young Jake. I knew she wouldn't want to break his heart being the kind sweet girl she was but it was making me truly angry seeing her manipulated by these males. When the dog asked to see her room I nearly gnawed the inside of my cheek off. I was too tense, too wound up, soon I would lose it. This was one of the times I was frustrated with my inability to hear Bella's thoughts; her silence made his deafening.

His thoughts are consumed by Isabella, my Isabella! Thoughts of him wanting to kiss her, hold her, treat her. I hissed. No, she will never be his! Mine! Only mine! I slam my hands down on the nearest branches, breaking them off the tree with a thundering crack. I flit from the tree headed to the forest; needing to stop myself from killing the wolf and breaking the treaty. I'm vibrating with anger. Isabella, my Isabella, only mine, my beast chants like a seance. Isabella, Isabella, I want to make love to you. I want to drink you. I want to make you hurt. I want to cherish you. A million thoughts were scrambling my brain when my legs give out. I curl up into a ball on the forest floor and I feel myself hyperventilating despite not needing air. My beast roars and like a man close to a bomb my hearing is obliterated and my senses are stopped.

Chapter 5

A/N: Hey guys this chapter has sexual assault in it so here's a trigger warning. I hate spoilers but I'd hate even more to ruin someone's day due to my carelessness. Please do like, follow, and comment as you see fit. Thanks, please enjoy it.

Lips move over mine sensually and roughly, I suppress a moan and can feel a smile form on the lips pressed against mine. I groan and turn my head to the right, exposing my neck. The lips travel down eagerly, greedily savoring me on their tongue.

I gasp as flashes of broken long-hidden memories come rushing forward; *"hey how you doin'," yells a large man in a petticoat from across the street. I shiver, not from fear yet, but from the chilly air. I am human again. "Rosie," a familiar voice calls out to me. "Royce," I answered confusedly. I had not anticipated seeing him tonight, oh well, at least I know I'm safe now.*

Break . *I'm on the ground, Royce and his friends are ripping off my clothes and tearing the pins and combs from my hair. I can feel my own blood rushing down my scalp to my face.* **Break** . *Royce is inside me now, I can feel the tears in combination with my now swollen face clouding my vision. I can feel the other men groping me as I cough up blood and semen. Royce's eyes are black and hollow, eager, and hungry for his prey. "Look at me," he bellows while thrusting in and out of me harshly. I whimper, "do it, look at me!" I reluctantly look deeply into my rapist's eyes. Those same eyes I saw today in Edward.* **Break** . *Royce and his friends are gone, but the eyes which frightened me dearly are still present. Only the face has changed. A face surrounded by copper hair. "NO," I scream and flip Emmet off of me. "No, no, no, no", I repeat while bringing my knees up to my face and rocking myself back and forth. Oh, Edward what is going on with you, I sob uncontrollably.*

"Rose," Emmett asks, tentatively rising from the position from which he was thrown, with raised hands and a relaxed posture. Despite what the rest of their family believed, lovemaking wasn't always easiest between them; fucking yes, but fucking usually came naturally to a vampire. Rose understandably had issues making the connection between love and sex for a few years. Emmet had been there during her panic attacks and crying fits however, Rose had never had such an intense reaction like this ever. She'd certainly never threw him off her so violently. In the beginning, Emmett was frightened but always understanding. It took several years for Emmett and Rosalie to learn how to not just have sex, but to make love. "I'm not going to hurt you, Rose," I hear her ragged breathing hitch. "I'm here Rose. I'm not going to let anyone hurt you. No one is going to ever hurt you like that again Rose." Her breathing steadies and her dry sobs start to subside. "They're gone, Rose. They're gone." I slowly walk to the bed where Rose is, she stayed still but I knew she was listening. When I reached the edge of the bed I crawled slowly to her, "I love you, Rosalie," I whispered gently. She then breaks from her position and wraps her arms around me tightly whimpering a small, I love you too.

She looks up to me, her eyes still welling with tears that'd never spill. "Emmett, there's something wrong, there's something wrong with Edward," she whispered frightened.

"Children come downstairs", Carlisle says, abruptly interrupting our moment together. I look to Rose, silently asking if she was okay enough to join them. She nods once before kissing me on the cheek apologetically. She had nothing to be sorry for.

As usual, Alice and I are the first ones at the table, she having requested that we delay our hunting trip until tomorrow for this very reason. She smiled mischievously at me and I roll my eyes playfully before kissing her cheek. Carlisle and Esme join us shortly after, who are then followed by Rosalie and Emmett. Edward trails in slowly walking past his usual chair next to Alice to stand behind Carlisle at the head of the table. I look to Alice for information but she looks just

as puzzled; so she had seen the meeting but not it's contents, how annoying. I am hit with a wave of rage that's coming from Rosalie, I stifle a gasp, regaining my composure to not alert the others. Alice just squeezed my leg, she had caught my little display. As fast as it was there the anger was gone, hmmm, Rose is trying to keep her emotions hidden. Me looking at her catches Rose's eye and she nods to me once before looking back to the head of the table.

Something is wrong here, very wrong but I do my best to not allude to anything by keeping my thoughts open and positive. "What's up," I try to ask my brother innocently. He stares at me a moment more before starting, "I have an announcement to make," everyone abandoned their relaxed poses anxious to hear what Edward had to say.

"I've found my mate," Edward says, coolly.

"Oh wonderful," Esme begins, her eyes welling with tears and genuine happiness radiating off her.

"Congrats brother," Emmett says boisterously. Relief coming off him in waves and his smile illuminating the room. I'm sure he thought it was something bad given the tension in the room.

Carlisle congratulated him in his usual manner, never quite dropping his composure but his emotions gave away his excitement.

But Rose gave away nothing, both physically or emotionally she was still.

Alice's happiness was bubbly and pure. Edward was by far her most favorite brother and she had always wanted him to find true love. "I can't wait to meet her," she pants.

"NO!" Edward yells slamming his hands on the table cracking the hardwood and sending the table legs through the floor. The family is stunned into silence and Alice shrinks back into my side. I am immediately pissed off, you better watch it, Eddie, I think to him. His

eyes are black and face strained, his emotions were not like someone typical of them finding their mate. His were angry, possessive, and jealous.

"Edward," Esme cried, "what has gotten into you!"

"I'm sorry," Edward quickly composes himself and twists a non-genuine smile. "She is still human and I'm just protective."

"Of course", Esme replies quietly and not looking at Edward.

Hmm, his emotions are telling me that wasn't the entire truth but I pressed forward trying to get the entire story from him. "A human? Who is she?" I ask.

"Isabella Swan," Edward replied possessively. I feel a surge of worry coming from Rose before it again quickly dissipates. The others forget Edward's little drama display to congratulate him more. I looked to Rose to see she again returned my stare, her eyes reading urgency. I will admit I've never really cared so much about my sister but it appears that she and I were the only ones noticing something very wrong going on with our brother. I nodded to her and she smiled faintly in understanding. Looks like Rose and I will be getting to the bottom of this.

AN: 1

A/N: Hey guys just so yall know Edward has never ever touched Rose in that manner. Sorry for not making that clear. Seeing Edward's eyes reminded her Royce and triggered a flashback. I will be expanding on that in the next chapter, just didn't want to leave anyone confused or pissed. Will be updating very shortly. Thanks for the support.

Chapter 7

I stifle a groan while stroking my cock to the beautiful sight before me. There entangled in messy sheets with the moonlight hitting her ivory skin, was my mate touching herself and dreaming of me. I sniff and lick the air, savoring the taste of her arousal on my tongue and the flames in my throat before increasing the speed of my jerking. Yes, *Isabella*, yes, the eyes roll into the back of my head as I listen to her mews, the flames erupt again, and I groan lowly. The temptation to take what is rightfully mine is overwhelming; I can picture myself walking over to her and just forcing myself down her throat. MMM, the image makes me harder, my little minx chocking on my diamond hard cock, ripping a few teeth in the process, allowing her sweet blood to coat my manhood. No, I shake my head furiously she's my mate. I can't, but I need-

" **Blood** ", my beast answers for me. Yes, I hiss quietly, bathing in the pleasure of the white-hot flames encasing my throat as I come closer to my climax. "Isabella," I moan walking closer to my mate before bucking and shooting ribbons of cum inches from her face. Just then I realized my mistake, her heart rate, her breathing... Isabella was waking up.

Shit, shit, shit. I flit to from Isabella's view to the back corner before she opened her eyes. I could not help the smile that formed when I heard her breathing stop when she looked at my figure. Can she feel the mating pull already, I wondered. Maybe this is the right time? But alas, maybe her turning the light on and seeing me with dripping manhood wouldn't be the best start to our fairy tale. Damn. I look at my mate longingly just until her hand reached the light, before flitting to my next destination; school.

"Mmm yes", I moan eagerly while anxiously grinding up against Jake's erection.

"Fuck Bells," I hear Jake groan faintly in a husky voice. I don't reply, I simply drink up his outdoorsy scent and spread my legs, further exposing my soaked center to his bulge.

"Please", I beg for relief as he looks into my eyes.

Dribble dribble dribble. What the fuck was that? I jerk myself up from my sleeping position and direct my blurry eyes to where the noise came from. I suck in a sharp breath when my eyes single out the figure of a tall slender man in the furthest corner of my room. I freeze for a few short seconds before reaching to turn on my bedside lamp. Gone, I think to myself when the light illuminates my room, there's no one here.

I eye the corner suspiciously before carefully making my way out of bed to the direction where I saw the stranger. I grab the nearest item I can get to protect myself before I reach the corner, relieved to see that I'd been right. Definitely nothing. I look in my closet and under my bed, relieved to find my vision had been playing tricks on me. I sigh heavily, happy to find the only suspect thing I found was the wet spot on my floor. I eye the small puddles of liquid again, hmm now that I think about it, it is where I usually dry myself off after I shower. The drops probably just pooled there or whatever.

I glance down at the febreze can I hastily decided would be my weapon of choice. Thank God no one was actually here, I would've died, I thought to myself while shaking my head in disapproval. I look to my alarm clock to get the time; five thirty-two am. Damn, I need to hurry up and get all the sleep I can!

BEEP! Ugh, I groan loudly while instinctually slamming my alarm off. No, please no, that hardly felt like anything at all, I whimper before begrudgingly making my way to the bathroom to get ready. Yikes, is my first thought when I glance at my reflection. My hair was a tangled mess, my eyes had dark circles, and I had a line of drool stretched on the right side of my face. How the hell do people wake up cute in movies? I roll my eyes once more before getting ready and making my way to school.

Chapter 8

Jasper

There she is, I look up a few rows ahead to see the Swan girl nodding off during the lesson. Her emotions were slightly on the fritz, and I was getting remnants of worry and sadness off her. Poor girl, she's not looking great. Did Edward do this? I look across the room feeling Rosalie's concern, she turns her eyes back to me and gives me a look as to say, are you seeing this. I give her a sad smile before returning to the board and waiting for the class to end.

Rosalie

I must admit I have never thought of too many people besides myself, much less a mortal, but I was surprised how protective I felt over this young woman. Huh, maybe that was it after all. The thought of seeing a young woman end up with another predator like I did makes me feel ill, and as much as I loved my brother, I could not allow him to cause harm to her in any way. I believe seeing Edward's dark eyes last week locked unlocked something in me, a new ability perhaps. Several times this weekend, I have found myself coming across situations where a woman was going to or is being harmed. My first two times I thought were coincidences, the one stopping rape in Port Angeles and the other seeing Lauren Mallory's dad beat her from outside her window. As the weekend progressed and there were far more instances of me coming across women in danger, (women about to be stolen from, being fondled without consent, or being berated) I knew that I had somehow gained a new ability. That being said, this made me more worried about Bella because the intense pull of a threat coming off her paled in comparison to anything I've seen. Bella was in real danger, but for now, I had to figure out a way to protect her without alerting Edward and ripping apart our family. Maybe I could talk to him, but first, I would need to get closer to Bella Swan.

Bella

The first two periods went semi smoothly, given that I slept through the majority of them. I did manage to get a good elbowing to the ribs to wake me up by Lauren, who claimed she was trying to help, but I suspect that ulterior motives. Now that lunch is here, I'm at least semi-awake and capable of enduring some of the dim conversations Jess and the others are bound to engage in. I sigh and take a sip from my lemonade, tuning out the buzz of the cafeteria before feeling the stare of my unwanted admirer. Edward was looking at me intensely, only this time there was a smirk plastered on his stone-cold face. Just what the hell was he so smug about? I hunch a bit and divert my eyes back to my lemonade, I'm suddenly not so hungry anymore, too focused on the pair of ember eyes burrowed into my back. I wince, feeling the sting in my ribs from Lauren's jab. She notices and snickers, "damn Swan, I didn't mean to hurt you that bad."

"It's whatever," I say faintly, she probably didn't even hear me. I don't bother to repeat myself feeling the anxiety beginning to overpower me, Eager to find any excuse to get Edward's stare off me, I excuse myself to the bathroom.

I walk a little too quickly to the hallway, practically running to the girl's room. I was nearly there when I felt myself trip over my own feet. I close my eyes, inhale sharply, and wait for the pain to hit, when it doesn't, I open my eyes to find myself being held up by two cold albino-white arms covered in bronze hair. "Isabella don't be scared, you're safe honey", Edward said sweetly while embracing me tightly and rubbing my back. Ouch, I winced feeling the pain in my ribs exaggerated from Cullens squeeze. "Shhhh", he hummed while tightening his hold on me, "I know what that awful whore did to you, I'll take care of that". He moaned lowly, so content he started spinning me slowly. I felt him sniff the top of my head deeply, and a rumbling sound erupted from his chest. I will myself not to shudder and begin to worm out of his hug when I feel a large object rubbing against my stomach just above the hem of my jeans.

"Get off, " I shout while pushing his impossibly hard body off me as forcefully as I could. By then, lunch was coming to end, and many students bleed out into the same hall Edward and I were in. When they got closer and heard the commotion, most of them seemed puzzled as to why the usually quiet Edward Cullen was being yelled at by the mousiest girl in school. A small crowd was beginning to circle us as Edward continued, "Isabella love, please, you're making a scene. I didn't mean to startle you, dear." Cullen looked at me with warm, inviting eyes, but a dark smile was plastered against his face.

"What? Are you insane? I'm not your love, I don't even know you," I screeched at him. A part of me felt bad for him, I don't like embarrassing others, but he needed to get this. His eyes hardened slightly and his body grew stiff. "Isabella, he hissed in a commanding tone," I wince a bit, rattled "I am your mate, you stop this nonsense right now."

This man was insane.

"I'm your what? What do you even mean? I'm not your girlfriend!" I stand my ground and answer firmly, leaving no room for argument

"Of course not love, I'm much more than that, I'm your mate," Edward replied angrily. Murmurs started through the crowd.

" Cullen has lost it."

" He said she was his what?"

"Were they even dating?"

"Edward", I hear the voluptuous Rosalie call while shooting daggers at him, "Edward, we have to stop this now". Every eye in the crowd is looking at her. Most in shock, some in a vixens trance, but all in respect. I was in all three, I couldn't believe Rosalie Hale is protecting me.

He turned his eyes now black and menacing, "mind your own business Rose", Edward barked out, "this is between me and my mate". His face then contorts to an expression I can't quite understand, he looks at Rose with a hard stare, seeming to talk to her without words. He turns his gaze back in my direction, looking demonic. Something was not right with Edward Cullen.

His black eyes look as if they could consume me and he smiles a twisted, crooked one before taking a single step forward. Several of the students in the now large crowd surrounding us gasped in his attempt to intimidate me. I saw Mike Newton's face behind Edward's look as if he wanted to stand in between us, but he didn't dare move. I didn't blame him, something about Cullen was dangerous, and every person in the hallway knew it.

Just as Edward opens his mouth to speak, the tall blond Cullen cuts him off and moves through the crowd to stand next to me, "Edward, this is not the time," he says with a slight southern drawl.

Jasper looked uncomfortable standing next to me, almost like he was in pain, but he continued, "home now" he said so sternly it stilled and hushed everyone in the crowd.

Edward directed his eyes at his brother and gave him a look that could kill. The two of them stood there for a moment and seemed to be silently exchanging words before Edward finally dropped his stare towards Jasper to return his eyes to mine.

"Later," Edward breathed quietly. I shudder, knowing that this means that he had no intention of leaving me alone. Edward then hastily walks through the crowd, rudely pushing past many students and exits the building heading for the parking lot. Emmett and Alice look to me sadly, while Rosalie mouths a silent apology before following them. Jasper waits for a beat longer and whispers a hushed sorry before following his siblings. The crowd gets louder and speculates more about the non-relationship between Edward and me before dissipating, leaving me there stunned and worried.

Chapter 9

Jasper

Lunch went as usual between the four of us, but Edward was slipping. He wasn't shifting like a normal human would, he wasn't picking at food, and worst of all, he would not stop staring at the human girl. I concentrated hard, trying to get a read of his emotions, but for the most part, I could only get flickers of what he let slip by. His entire focus was on Swan, totally disregarding, and tuning out any other thought within his proximity.

"Edward," Alice asked semi quietly, "Edward are you okay? Do you need to take a minute?"

Her question went unanswered as he just continued to stare at the human. Rose and Emmett look at one another, worried. Alice sinks back into her chair in disappointment. I frown, hating to see her lose her favorite sibling before my eyes. I would have to handle this situation with expert care, as much as I didn't particularly care for Edward, Alice loved him, and I know hurting him would deeply hurt her.

Maybe I was missing something? This girl had to be quite the stunner to impress Edward. I mean, sure, he couldn't read her thoughts but was that really enough to entrance a vampire? I took a moment to examine Isabella, I mean Bella, that's what she liked to be called anyway. She was okay, I guess, pretty in that small town kinda way but nothing to ride home about, especially in our world.

She looked very tense, clearly seeing Edward's strange display. That's odd, mates typically love to be looked at by their significant other. I decided to look into her emotions a little further, and upon finding the confirmation I was looking for, I felt myself still.

Edward's emotions towards the human girl were intense and inappropriate. At first, I was simply skeptical about him finding his mate in the Swan girl, but now that I could feel her disdain towards him, I knew it would be impossible. The Swan girl was projecting so much uneasiness and hate towards my brother that I almost confused her emotions for mine. My brother, on the other hand, was masking his emotions as much as he could, but when he did slip, he projected possessiveness, hunger, and jealousy. This wasn't even close to a mating connection at all; she was his singer, and he was obsessed.

I hear the human excuse herself, and Edward follows her. I feel Rose kick my shin, and I glare at her in response.

"What," I ask annoyed.

"Are you seeing this? We can't just sit around waiting for something to happen! We have to do something," she says feverishly, but just loud enough for our table to hear. Rose's emotions were filled with trepidation, worry, and urgency. I've never felt her feel so strongly for anyone besides Emmett and herself.

I cocked up one eyebrow and answered her, "what can we do? If you haven't noticed there are humans everywhere, there's not much protection we can provide".

Our conversation, though not too loud in the cafeteria, was just loud enough to be too loud to be talking about in public.

"Guys keep it down", Alice said with annoyance etched upon her beautiful face. She looked between Rose and me curiously, knowing that the two of us have never been close and are now keeping something from her likely would bring her great discomfort. I gave her a sheepish smile, and she rolled her eyes. I knew I would be in for it later.

"I'm sorry, but am I the only one who doesn't know what the fuck is going on here," Emmett asked lightly, but his emotions told me he

was looking for an answer.

"Was that Swan," Emmett wonders out loud as several children already leaving the cafeteria direct themselves to the commotion.

"Bella," exclaims Rose before running at human speed towards the confusion.

"Well shit", I mutter before following her.

Rose

I shifted through the crowd at a painfully slow pace, still trying to do my best to remain as human as possible despite my brother seemingly trying to expose us all. I hold my breath and swallow the venom pulling in my throat. I hadn't hunted well in a while too preoccupied with the development of my new ability to waste time chasing venison. I had to try especially hard to remain in control.

"What? Are you insane? I'm not your love, I don't even know you," I heard the human girl screech. I groan, feeling frustrated by my hunger, and even worse, all I wanted to do was take Bella away from the freak that was my brother. I finally got a break in the crowd a few feet behind Edward. I tensed when seeing him, my brother seemed to completely abandon the human charade now. He was too still, too angry, and unnaturally intimidating. I could hear the murmurs of curiosity and now concern rise the more Edward continued.

"Cullen has lost it."

"He said she was his what?"

"Were they even dating?"

"What's wrong with Cullen, his eyes? They don't look normal."

"The Cullens have always been off? What else are they hiding?"

"Oh shit, this is bad" I heard Emmett say lowly to who I would assume would be Jasper.

"Y'know they all never really eat right, I hear the Lauren girl whisper to Jessica hastily, "all they do is play with their food while this one stares! I didn't even notice until this one started acting like such a freak!

Jesus Edward, I thought loudly. You've been leaving us wide open for God knows how long. I saw his head tilt in my direction slightly but I was otherwise ignored completely. I looked at my family, Alice's eyes were brimmed with tears, while Emmett hunched a bit as if trying to make himself seem smaller, and Jasper, he just looked beyond pissed.

"This needs to end now", I thought as loudly and as fiercely as I could.

"Edward", I said in a commanding tone while giving I'm sure would be a look that could kill, surprising several of the children as it was the first time many of them have even heard me speak. I couldn't help but appreciate their stares in awe.

"Rose", I heard Emmett gasp in shock.

She's not your mate, I thought confidently. Hearing that thought, his head swung around to face me, his eyes now dark surrounded by deep purple circles. Even for a vampire, this sight was frightening, this was a man crazed beyond anything I've ever known. Alarms are going off in my head, stay away from him, danger! Get the girl! Protect the girl! I had to resist swooping Bella in my arms and raking her right then and there. Obviously hearing my inner turmoil Edward cocked his head in curiosity; rightly so, no one else knew about my new ability. He stared at me intently for a moment, his mouth in a thin line before Jasper interjected.

Jasper dismisses Edward and has a silent conversation with him before he finally decides to leave. I looked at Bella, she was pale

and disheveled looking by now, but still, I had to admire her courage, she stood up to him. I smiled sadly to myself before nodding and giving her a silent I'm sorry before making my way to the parking lot. As I walk to my vehicle I am frustrated to see Edward long gone. That little asshole is intimidating women and nearly exposing us and now he decides to run away, I think bitterly. By now, the rest of my siblings are by my side with Edward following at human pace behind, Emmett is eyeing me curiously but I can also tell he was proud of me for sticking up for someone other than myself. Alice looks distraught and guilty, probably feeling bad that she hasn't been able to see today's transgressions. I give her a side hug and smile a bit when she looks at me warily, seems like this new ability has turned me into a softy. Just then, her face goes blank and eyes wide before it is flooded with fear. Jasper flits to her side and I stifle a disapproving glance in his direction. Alic, what is it, he questioned urgently.

"Carlisle, she panted, "we need to talk to Carlisle".

Chapter 10

After what happened earlier in the day with Edward, I was relieved to go to LaPush to spend quality time with a man who didn't look like they wanted to eat me. Jake wasn't perfect. How could he be when he was seventeen? He was unorganized, joked too much, and sometimes smelled like B.O., but he was kind, patient, and gentle. I was falling for him, and I think he was falling for me too. The day went by too quickly, but we cherished each moment. We weren't having the storybook romantic day, but the pizza, beer, and motorcycles were more than enough to satisfy me. Once I was buzzed enough, we got to talking about the events between Edward and me earlier in the day.

"No fucking way", Jake boasted in response, "my dad always said The Cullens were strange, but I never thought they were full-on crazy."

"Dude, I know! Never in my 18 years of life have I had an experience like the one I just had!

I thought a bit more about Jake's statement before asking, "what would your dad have to say about The Cullens?"

"Uhhh, "he started uneasily before giving me an embarrassed smile. He was so damn cute. "Jake," I asked again, but added a bit more flirtation to my tone and batted my lashes.

"Well, he stumbled blushing, and I smiled, satisfied,

"there's this old Quileute legend of the cold ones".

"The cold ones," I ask, interrupting him. "Yeah, the cold ones, or blood drinkers," he continued. The more Jake talked, the more silent I became as realization swept through me. The pale, cold, still

impossibly agile Edward Cullen with his inhuman eyes. " *Blood drinkers*" , Jake's voice echoed in my mind.

**Sorry about the length but this chapter needed to happen!
Please review, things will start to get very evil pretty
soon!MUAHAHA**

Chapter 11

Carlisle, Esme, and Emmett stood still, patiently waiting for the explanation for this hasty meeting. I looked over to find Alice and Jasper gaze at me expectantly. Ok then, I scoot my chair up, straightened my posture, and lace my fingers between one another before clearing my throat to begin. "There is something wrong with Edward."

"What do you mean", Esme, asks hurriedly in concern, "is he okay?"

I breathe in sharply and look at Esme. Her beautiful gold eyes were shimmering with worry, and her lips were slightly parted in anticipation. She examines myself, and my siblings as if she were going to be able to decipher what exactly was going on. Carlisle's face remains expressionless, refusing to break the role as leader and head of household, however, I do see him clench his jaw as if he were bracing himself for something. *Fuck you for making me do this to them, Edward.*

I shakily breathe out the breath I'd been holding before finishing reluctantly. "Edward isn't in trouble, he is the trouble", I say sympathetically, keeping my eyes on my hands, unable to bring them to the faces of my parents.

"What," Esme questions. "What does that mean," she asks louder now, looking between my siblings and myself. "What does she mean," she now asks Emmett loudly and frantically, looking uncharacteristically disheveled and stressed.

"I mean, I believe he has desires that he can no longer control," I say softly, trying to make this easier on her by laying it on gently.

She looked at me with glossy eyes and shakes her head slightly in confusion. "He is obsessed with Bella Swan", Jasper clarifies for me.

"His mate," Carlisle questions, confused.

"He is not her mate," Jasper continued. Esme gasps horrified, and Emmett looks stunned. "I felt both of their emotions. He has lust and extreme bloodthirst projecting from him whenever I manage to get past him blocking me. She, on the other hand, despises him and feels great discomfort around him."

"No, Esme whispers, heartbroken before lowering her eyes to the table and putting her face in her hands to sob quietly. Carlisle shakes his head in disappointment, his impossibly white form now whiter with lines contorting his smooth face. I have never seen him look so small.

My heart breaks for them, and I can feel myself wavering when I get a boost of confidence from Jasper. I look at him briefly and give him a forlorn smile before starting up again. "There's something else," I say before pausing briefly. I shift in my chair slightly and look to Emmett, who was uncharacteristically still and quiet, absorbing all the information. Carlisle's grief-stricken eyes rise to meet mine, and he nods encouragingly, coaxing me to finish. I shift a bit more, "he's been doing things to her," I say uneasily. Several of my family members stiffen, and Jasper growls lowly. "I could smell the semen droplets in her hair, he likely has been masturbating on her while she slept."

"NO, EDWARD," Esme screeches while sobbing uncontrollably. "Mom," Emmett says while silently scooping her into a large tight hug.

"No no no no", Esme sobs, oblivious to her surroundings and burrowing herself into Emmett's chest. "I got you, mom," Emmett murmurs into her hair.

I keep my eyes focused on my parents, too scared to gauge my siblings reactions. Carlisle is silent before coving his eyes with his hand in an attempt to hide his tears.

I swallow the lump in my throat and sit back in my chair before lowering my eyes to the floor sadly.

A tiny cough from my left breaks the silence beside Esme's sobs. "I saw something", Alice mumbles, clearly uncomfortable with the serious, and depressing tone the day has taken. I and the rest of my family, meet her tearful gaze before she continued uncomfortably, "I saw him raping and killing girls with long brown hair and brown eyes, girls that looked like Bella. I saw death," Alice says, traumatized and shaking slightly with her voice wavering, "so many people." She stopped, unable to continue. Jasper wraps one arm around her small shoulders and rubs her tenderly. Alice smiled softly at her mate, just preventing a sob from escaping her lips.

"No," Esme says, breaking the silence. "How do you know? Alice's visions aren't always true, so how can we be sure", she asks frantically, looking for any reason that we may be wrong. Jasper looks at me curiously and Emmett suspiciously. "I think," I start sheepishly, "I think I've got a new ability."

"What," Emmet exclaims while giving me a hurt look.

I look at him shyly, "look I'm sorry I didn't say anything, but I couldn't risk Edward hearing about it any of your thoughts. I wasn't even sure it was happening until today".

Emmett's expression softened a bit, before grumbling, "I wouldn't have said anything"

I breathed a sigh of relief and smiled a bit, "Emmett, Christmas 1953, white elephant party."

He rubbed his head in embarrassment before gazing at his feet. If he was human, I'm sure he would've blushed. I smiled at him in adoration.

"Erm," Jasper interrupted our moment, "do you mind continuing Rose," he asked kindly.

I quickly composed myself, hiding my embarrassment knowing that what I was doing was inappropriate given the circumstances.

"I think seeing Edward around Bella triggered something in me. I could see Royce in him. I can feel the danger in men, and I know that Edward is a threat".

"Impossible", Esme scoffed in disbelief. "It couldn't be, right Carlisle?"

Carlisle frowns, a deep line forming in his forehead before correcting his mate, "actually, it is not unheard of. "

"No," Esme's sobs once more before flitting out the house.

"Esme", Carlisle cries in surprise. He looked at me apologetically and longingly before I gesture for him to follow her. *God damn you, Edward, I will kill you for this.*

Jake

The day was a pleasant one. The wind was calm and the sun was dancing its rays on my tan arm as I cruised to Bella's. I sighed content. She was beautiful and I think she likes me as much as I did her. A smile crept on my face imagining her long dark tresses blowing in the wind. Bella was perfect to me, in almost every single way. I sped up a bit in anticipation, tonight would be the night; I'm going to ask her out properly. My heart leaped with joy at the thought, my Bella, I whispered as I crossed the border into Forks.

Whoosh! What the- I brace myself as my car is airlifted several feet off the ground and thrown quickly and vertically forward. My car hits the asphalt left side up with a giant thud and with it, I hear the cracking of metal and bone. I sputter as fire hits my lungs, it feels like I'm drowning. I cough desperately trying to get in air, only to spit up blood. I take a deep breath and gasp loudly from the pain. Oh God no, I wheeze breathlessly. I can feel the tears now leaking from my eyes when I am once again propelled into the air with a force like I've

never known. This time it is different. Everything moves slowly now and the pain subsides slightly. I feel the breeze of the wind brush against my face and I savor its touch. Dad, I thought, images of my younger self flashed before me. I could see myself with my friends, at school, hugging Bella, and unwrapping Christmas presents with my sisters. The last image was of my late mother kissing me and holding me tightly. "Mom", I whispered, tears now running slowly down my face as I saw her long inviting copper arms extend to me. I blink once, seeing the asphalt grow closer. I extend my arm out to meet my mothers before I hear her whisper, "Jacob" with a small adoring smile.

Important!

Hey, guys sorry for not updating. This story isn't perfect but it is very real to me. I am currently getting out of my own domestic violence situation and today I moved back in with my mother. It's hard. Really hard, seemingly regressing by moving back now that I'm 22. I'm rooting for Bella because some of her experiences are an exaggeration of my own, (older guy obsessed with a younger woman and not wanting to let her go) and I do intend updating now that I'm safer. Thank you for all the reviews, they help immensely with motivation. I'm not hoping for a lot honestly, but I hope to God he doesn't hurt me too badly before I finish the only piece of independence and privacy I have left.

One last thing before I finish this little authors note; if I die or go missing Christopher V did it.

Chapter 13

Lord, help me, I muttered to myself as I struggled through Biochem. I chewed on my pencil intensely before figuring that it'd be best to take a tea break and come back to the problem at a later date. I groaned while getting up from the couch, forgetting about the slight pain in my ribs due to Laurens elbowing. Fucking school, I think to myself while I roll my eyes. I slam my book onto the coffee table, snickering at my F U gesture to the inanimate object before I walk to the kitchen to fill my cup at the sink. When I gaze out the window, it was hard not to admire the unusually warm day in Forks. I move as close as I can to the window and stand still; reveling in the sun's rays, and embracing the warmth as if I were a flower.

I smiled in contentedness, the warmth reminding me of Jacob Black. I sighed once more and leaned against the countertop as images of Jake flashed through my mind. Maybe Forks isn't so bad, I thought to myself, before the warmth from the sun quickly dissipates. Ugh, I open my eyes to see a snow-white cloud eclipse the sun and replace the warmth with a coldness. I shiver before putting my full mug in the microwave and start my search for Charlie's teabags. Cold, the word echoed in my mind; The Cold Ones.

Pictures of pale skin, perfect features, and black eyes were brought to the forefront of my mind. Cullen. The mere thought of his name brought about a rage inside me. I hated the way he talks to people, me included. Almost like he expected everything to always go his way, and if it didn't, someone had to pay for it. I shook my head, trying to erase the image of him from my mind like an etch a sketch, but I couldn't. His black eyes bore into my soul. Edward Cullen was a very disturbed individual, and for whatever reason, he decided that I would be his new interest.

Stop it, I mutter to myself. I'm just freaking myself out. The Cullens are not Cold Ones. Vampires are not real, that's just silly. Beep! Beep! Beep! I jump, my inner monologue, having been interrupted by

the ding of the microwave. Damn it, I groan, no tea bags. Just as I open the microwave door, Charlie comes bustling in quickly and clumsily, surprising me once more.

"Jesus Charlie", I shout, slightly annoyed. Charlie stood in the doorway, keeping his head down and his eyes low. He moves to the right to face the coat rack while turning his back towards me.

"Charlie," I ask, he lifts his head for a moment but still keeps his back towards me while removing his jacket.

Something is not right here, I think to myself as dread slowly starts to encroach upon me. I look at Charlie to see if there are any clues as a million questions go through my head. Is he okay? Has he been hurt? What time is it? I look at the clock on the stove to see that it isn't even three. He's home so early, what's going on? "Charlie," I try again, only to continue to be ignored. I listen to him intensely, only hearing what seems to be a quiet snuffle. My breathing hastens, and my anxiety becomes almost overwhelming, "DAD," I shout loudly. Charlie stiffens for a moment before turning around to face me. I gasp, Charlie's eyes are red, blotchy, and have deep under-eye circles from crying, his skin is pale and nearly translucent, and his usually young face has deep-set wrinkles that make him look far older than his usual self.

"Dad", I ask, softer now while walking closer to him. "Are you ok-". I'm cut off from my question by Charlie's embrace, he sobs loudly and harshly onto me, his chest heaving and arms tight around my back. I reciprocate his tight hug, my tongue burning to question him more, but knowing that it would be best for Charlie to emote as much as he possibly could, knowing full well that he would most likely never do it again. When his sobs finally subsided, he raised his head from my hair and looked at me sadly. I looked into his eyes and cupped his cheek, waiting patiently before he started to speak. "Bells", he croaked hoarsely, "he's gone".

I look up to him with teary eyes, confused but scared, knowing now that something terrible had happened. He looked at me with pity

before continuing, "Bella, Jake is dead."

Lauren

I limped back to my room, recovering from my father's usual torment, happy to be away from his punches and beratement again. Since it was around 9 by now, I decided rather than dwell on the chaos of home, it'd be best to go to sleep. I sigh and bend my knees to get into the prayer position before starting;

"Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come,"- SQUEAK!

My eyes flash open, and I look around my small room in haste. Nothing appeared to be out of place, except for the small movement of a curtain next to a closed window. I shift my weight on my knees uneasy, before continuing.

"Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread,"- CREEK!

The sound of the floorboards squeaking once again interrupting me from my prayer and again, making me more uncomfortable. I look around the room before my eyes zero in on a dark space in my closet. "Dad", I ask meekly. No response. I get up from my kneeling position and peek my head outside my bedroom door; My father lay on the pullout chair with his shirt pulled past his stomach and a beer in his hand. He was nearly completely out, and he was far too fat, and slow to be running back and forth from here to my room to be messing with me.

I shake my head and slowly go back to the position I was previously in; it was just in my head, I think to myself repeatedly, before regaining my composure and continuing, "And forgive us", I start,

"our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," I said with a familiar voice in unison. I gasp, and just before I scream, I see the face of Edward Cullen rushing to me at an unnatural speed. "So

you think it was fun to hurt my mate?" He asks sharply, "I will show you how to hurt a rib". He squeezed me so hard the air propelled from my lungs, and my ribs started to push inward. I could not breathe, I looked at him pleadingly, but all he could do was look at me with a hatred like I've never known. He secured his hold around me more tightly, and I could hear the snapping of several bones. Tears started to run down my face, and my vision blurred as I felt his grip tighten on me once more.

"Amen," he whispered.

Chapter 14

WARNING: RAPE SCENE. SKIP TO *THE PACK SCENE* IN BOLD IF OFFENDED.

Ding Dong the witch is dead, I sang the lyrics in my head over and over, absolutely giddy and filled with elation as I've never felt. That stupid mutt is gone, and that awful bullying bitch will never tough my poor Isabella again. I smiled brightly, feeling the blood from my most recent girl dripping from my teeth. "AAHHHH", she screamed in agony, her thoughts filled with pain from the torturous venom. "PLEASE MAKE IT STOP", she blubbered in her mind, the rest almost unintelligible as pain consumed almost every insignificant human thought. The brown-haired girl managed to squirm a few feet away using the same method a slug would as if it were crawling up a leaf during my happy episode. I smile, she didn't quite look like her, smell like her, and I could hear her thoughts, but she did seem to have a tenacity about her, which I admired. She would be fun. Tsk tsk tsk, I reprimanded such a bad girl, seems like I'll have to teach you a lesson about listening to your elders.

"No, please God, no", the girl begged in her mind. I chuckled, she had to know what would happen by now, I'm certainly not going to disappoint. I ripped her jeans off quickly, making sure to drag my nails against her skin, tearing the flesh and exposing the muscle in her thigh. AHH, she screamed again in pain,

"Shhhh," I whispered to her as lovingly as I could. "Don't worry my love, it's alright" I whispered in her ear as she sobbed. "Please", I heard her beg in her mind. "Please, just kill me".

Oh dear, I will, I said sweetly, but not before you learn. I proceeded to rip off the rest of her clothes and chastise this new Isabella for her poor decisions.

"How dare you choose that mutt over me, I'm your mate", I moaned as I thrust myself into her violently. She screamed, I could feel her blood coat, my member, as I thrust into Isabella violently, I heard the pops of her hips breaking from their sockets and grinding as I heard her pelvis turn into powder. I was elated to find that my venom not only kept her from dying immediately, but it also would keep healing her so that bones would break and heal. I could do this for days.

With each thrust, I increased my power, I broke her clavicles as I held her down and yelled at her for embarrassing me at school. I grabbed her face and squeezed while forcing her to apologize for denying me. She did in her mind, her voice too weak from the pain to speak. I made her look into my eyes as she learned her lesson, squeezing her chin so severely several bottom teeth fell out as she begged for me to stop. I didn't. I could feel her sex become a mushy pile of flesh as I pounded into her. Eventually, as the night drew on, she started to choke up blood and pieces of flesh.

Unfortunately, unlike my Isabella, this new Isabella's thoughts were loud and very much present. She wouldn't stop apologizing, begging, or praying. I just wanted her to shut up, so I stroked my fingers through her hair and accepted her apology, deciding that making love with my mate would be far superior.

I take that thought and run with it, envisioning Isabella and I making love on the corpse of that dead mutt. I start thrusting faster into bootleg Isabella and roar out my mate's name as I finish in her, squeezing and breaking the bones of the human beneath me as I orgasm. She cried out loudly feeling the pain of more bones breaking as her pelvis started to snap back together.

I grab her broken but healing face and look into her brown eyes which now held a slight tint of red. Poor thing, she looks so terrified. I move my head to kiss her cheek, and right after I do, I direct my mouth to her neck and rip out her jugular, drinking as much blood as I can before she bled out, and her heart stopped entirely. I utter a small but genuine thank you to the corpse before skipping happily to the home of my beloved.

The pack

It was a somber day at The Black Residence. The normally sparsely dressed men of the reservation adorned black suites and frowned faces as the body of Jacob Black was presented in a silver casket in the living room of the small home. The house was quiet besides the murmur of a few conversations about the deceased and the wails of Billy Black. Sam Uley sat in a chair beside Black's father with red-tinged eyes and a face deep in thought. Embry, Seth, Leah, Paul, Quil, and Jared shared looks between themselves and the leader of the pack nervously.

They all knew Jake had been murdered and the stink of the Cullen's was all over the site where Jake was found. This, at the very least, would mean some kind of confrontation with the family, and as no one on the reservation has fought a vampire in around a hundred years, the feeling of anxiety was nearly palpable. Leah shifted her weight and stepped slightly forward, drawing the eyes of several pack members as she did so. Sam still didn't notice, his eyes staring forward blankly, surely now feeling the weight of pack leader on his shoulders.

"Sam," Leah questioned almost too softly. He gave her nothing, his mind even impenetrable as she attempted to ask him again in her thoughts. She shrunk a bit before lowering her eyes and falling back in line. The pack waited a few minutes more, patiently waiting for the alpha to come back and lead. The tension was abruptly interrupted as the stink of a vampire entered the small home. Growls filled the air, and Sam snapped up in a defensive position in front of Jake's body, ready to phase and strike immediately.

But rather than The Cullen's walk into view, the sight of Bella and Charlie Swan silenced and stunned the pack.

"Outside. Now," thought the commanding voice of the leader. Immediately the pack huddled outside, while Billy watched but said nothing.

"What the fuck was that", Embry thought loudly.

"Were the Swans around vampires? Do they even talk to each other", asked Seth

"The Cold Ones killed our brother, we must attack tonight", Paul thought

"They attacked him before he even was officially on their land. We must do something", Leah chimed.

"He didn't deserve it. Why Jacob? Why now? He didn't even do anything wrong", Quil thought sadly.

The softest thought came from the youngest member of the pack, Seth. "This doesn't make sense. The Cullens were already here for over a year. Why now? What changed?" As soon as it was heard by Sam, his thoughts were released like water breaking from a dam.

What did change, the leader thought over and over. There had to be a reason. The Cullens were bloodsuckers, but they'd never caused trouble with humans as far as he knew. For God's sake, one of them was a doctor. Swan, he thought. Why does Swan smell so much like them? With that thought, Sam jerked his attention from his pack and ran in the direction of the home. When he reached his destination, Sam nearly tore the screen door from the wall and called out Swan with such force that everyone in the small home stopped what they were doing to look at him.

Bella stood still for a moment, taking one final look at her friend in the casket before turning around to face Sam with red eyes, blotchy skin, and anger contorting her face. She walked to him slowly, every step seeming to be forced, and right before she passed him, she looked into his eyes and whispered, "the cold ones" before making her way outside to join the rest of the pack.

Chapter 15

Crowds of teenagers mourning the murder of their peer exaggerated the already rainy Forks day but knowing that the Mallory girl was killed by my own brother depressed me even more. Throughout the day, whispers of what must've happened were speculated;

"y' know her father was beating her I saw the bruises."

"I hope they arrest him, what kind of father can abuse their own daughter?"

"Jack Mallory deserves everything that's coming to him."

I wanted to scream. The only semblance of a family I've ever known or at least remembered was being torn apart by my brother's obsession. Esme only cries, Carlisle drowns himself in studies, Emmett doesn't joke, Rosalie has turned into some kind of vigilante superhero. And Alice... my poor Alice is only a shell of her former self. "I'll kill that fucker for what he's done," Rosalie growled, breaking my trance. I sighed and looked down to see that I had been stirring my fork so forcefully into my meal I'd bent the tips. "Ugh", I threw the utensil in disgust and cupped my face in my hands. "What are we going to do? We can't just let him run around and murder innocents," Alice affirmed. I looked to mate, she looked unusually unkempt and exhausted, adorning a grey sweatshirt, plain jeans, and dark black pupils. She hadn't felt like hunting since the family meeting.

Rosalie sighed and slumped her shoulders, "this is getting out of hand, I don't want to but we may have to-"

"Don't. Rosalie please just don't," Alice said while closing her eyes tightly and putting her fingers in her ears. "He's still out brother we can't, we just can't," she tried to finish her sentence strongly but ended prematurely with a sob.

Silence over the table followed her, the four of us deep in thought and struggling to find a solution that could somehow restore our family. Unfortunately, my feeling the despair projecting from my siblings, I knew there would be no other way.

"Has anyone seen Bella," asked Emmett hesitantly. I turned around to where I would normally see the human girl, she'd been missing from our period today, but I hadn't thought much of it because I didn't hear anything about her disappearance. "No," Alice said slightly surprised, "and I haven't seen her at all this weekend." She sat up abruptly and looked between the three of us quickly, "do you think-" she started.

"No," Rose said softly. "Her father is the chief of police, the whole town would've known if she was missing".

"Yeah but that doesn't mean he couldn't have gotten rid of him too," Emmett interjected.

Rosalie seemed to pale a bit and projected a bit of annoyance. Seemingly to be directed at either Emmett or herself. "Idiot," she whispered lowly to herself, "We should've been watching her this weekend."

"You know we couldn't Rose, most of us had to hunt, and Edward was too much of a threat for any of us deal with alone right now".

"I could' ve,-" Alice mumbled pouting.

"Absolutely not," I chimed in "he would know your every move."

"But he's my brother. I could've,-" she started again before I interrupted her a second time.

"He's not our brother anymore", I hissed sharply

She shivered at my tone, venom welling in her eyes. She shook her head in disbelief, still thinking that the Edward she knew would come

back. Emmett shrunk and slumped in his chair, knowing full well the brother he knew was dead and gone.

"Please Alice," I murmured pleadingly as I turned my chair and lower my gaze to stare into her caramel eyes. I don't like using my abilities on my mate, but I try and project as much sincerity as possible and give her my puppy dog look. Absolutely anything to make her get it. "Please, do not do this on your own. He is not the same Edward anymore".

She narrowed her eyes while looking into mine, saying nothing but keeping her posture straight. She huffs loudly once and turns her back to me, ignoring my plea. I shake my head, disappointed, we'd need to revisit this. I sigh and lean back in my chair, directing my eyes to the crappy fluorescent lights while running my fingers through my hair in frustration; Eddy-boy, you are fucking shit up for me here.

"Oh no, didn't you hear? Her boyfriend died," the loud voice of Jessica Stanely interrupted my sulk session. I turned to look in the direction of Stanely to see Rose questioning the annoying girl.

"What, Rose asked loudly, startling several students and causing Newton to drop his pizza from his mouth. "She had a boyfriend? Who was he", she asked more gently but still with a hint of urgency.

"Oh y' know Jacob Black, that cute Indian guy,- I mean Native American guy from the Rez. He was younger than us but pretty cool. Sucks he died, it was like some kind of freak accident!"

"Ja cob Black," Rose said, slowly emphasizing each syllable of his name.

"Black," Emmett spoked slowly like,-

"Ephraim Black," Emmett, Alice, and I said together. Oh fuck.

"Yeah, Jessica said sadly yet excitedly, happy to have the attention of a Cullen on her. "His truck was like flipped even though there wasn't any ice or anything. Weird."

"Huh," Rose said once before dismissing herself from the conversation and walking back to our table.

"He killed him", she whispered horrified. "He killed the grandson of Ephraim Black."

Oh my God, Alice murmured as a heartbeat and angry footsteps approached our table.

"We need to talk," Bella stated forcefully.

Chapter 16

The room was dark besides the light of the projector illuminating a small white screen at The East Precinct Portland Police Bureau. Surrounding the table and directing their attention to the slides, sat several officers of neighboring towns. Officer Charlie Swan sat upright and focused with a furrowed brow and his thin lips pursed. Never in all his years of police work had such a meeting on this scale been called; He knew that this wouldn't be good.

While they waited for the meeting to begin, hushed voices speculated to what could be going on. The voices lowered as the double doors opened, and a flood of a few more officers and the press made their way into the room. Not good at all, Charlie thought nervously. He got the impression the other officers felt the same way with their new arrivals, as all conversations ceased almost immediately.

"Uh oh," Charlie turned his attention to the direction of the noise to see Portland Deputy Brian McNolds walk to the podium to start speaking. Uh oh indeed.

"Gentleman, we have a problem," began McNolds "over the past week or so, it has come to our attention that young women in the surrounding area have been disappearing at an alarming rate." The sounds of shuffling and creaking in the crowd followed that statement, along with the scribbling of pencil on paper by many members of the press. McNolds continued, "if you'd all direct your attention to the slides, you can see here some of the figures above.

Deerfield; 2 missing.

Canterbury; 3 missing, two dead.

Forks; one dead".

Lauren , Charlie thought. He knew that it wasn't likely that her father had been the killer, even if the son of bitch was laying hands on her; No forty-year-old man could pulverize ribs into dust.

"Hanover; 1 missing

Portland; 12 missing, 2 dead

And the Seattle numbers are still in dispute".

The press section came alive with that information, interrogating and bombarding McNolds with questions.

"Chief, are they connected?"

"Is it some kind of sex ring or cult?"

"Those numbers are still relatively small for Portland, why do you think something else is going on."

"Aaah," McNolds breathed, 'I'd been waiting for that question". He clicked the mouse to the next slide, and Charlie's heart dropped to his feet. There on the projector were 20 or so pictures of young women with brown hair, brown eyes, and nice features all presented in rows with smiles and their whole lives ahead of them. All of which remarkably resembled Charlie's daughter, Bella.

The crowds gasped as the flash of several cameras went off.

"Unbelievable."

"They look like they could be related," a woman bolstered.

"What is this," an officer asked earnestly.

"We don't quite know", McNolds said sadly, "but what we do know is that we don't want to sit on this. The oldest body we've found was from Thursday afternoon". *The day before Jake died* , Charlie

thought. "And now that it's Monday, we're looking at possibly 20 dead in four days, not including Seattle".

"Oh my God!"

"Jesus, someone is having a fucking frenzy!"

"Indeed", the Chief continued, "the bodies we did find were-", he swallowed slowly before clicking to the next slide. Gasps of horror came from nearly everyone in the room when a slide full of mangled naked bodies, distorted and scattered limbs, and loose organs were revealed. A league of camera shots went off almost synchronized the same instance several officers ran out the room hastily to vomit.

"He rapes them", the Chief said quietly into the mic, "he rapes them and tortures them until their hearts give out".

"Do you have any suspects", asked the Chief from Deerfield who was shaken up, "any DNA?"

"We thought so, but it doesn't make sense, maybe it was some kind of contamination, but nothing about this is normal. We'll be getting some reinforcements later this week. I even heard talk that the FBI is interested," McNolds responded.

Murmurs again rose from the group, as Charlie went deep in thought. Bella was the only thing on his mind, and if there was some kind of psycho preying on brown-haired young women, he knew with every fiber of his being, he had to do whatever it took to protect her. *Not her*, he thought to himself, *not my little girl*.

Rosalie

"Soooo", this is awkward Emmett accentuating the word so, trying to ease the tension.

I shot him a quick glare to shut him up before looking at Bella as kindly as I could. "So, I guess you know huh," I asked.

Bella said nothing but looked at me unintimidated with hard eyes and her usually plump lips in a thin line. I had to admit, it wasn't every day a human could stand looking at me in the eye, and I was proud to see that not only Bella could do this for a prolonged amount of time, but also she could confront four of us at once. My new superpower made me want to chastise her for potentially putting herself in danger, but the old Rose wanted to high five her for her bravery.

"What. The. Fuck". Bella shouted in the parking lot, surely loud enough for some nosey human to hear. I put my hands up, making a gesture to signify that I meant no harm, and gave her a pleading look for her to keep it down. She didn't.

"You KILLED HIM, YOU KILLED HIM, HE WAS MY FRIEND," she screeched, her face turning a bright red while stomping her foot on the ground. She was having a full-on breakdown.

"YOU BLOODSUCKERS!"

Alice gasped while putting her hand on her chest. I rolled my eyes at her and shoved her a bit. Such a fucking drama queen.

She shot me a dirty look and turned her head in the direction of Bella, who was now crying hysterically.

"Jazz", I asked him sweetly. He nodded once and sent Bella enough of whatever to stop her crying abruptly but still leaving her visibly upset.

"Bella," I said nicely, "Bella please, I hope you know by now that it wasn't all of us. You know who-"

"Edward", she cut me off by saying my brother's name coldly.

"Edward killed my friend", she said with her eyes on mine and welling up with tears.

I closed my eyes and nodded twice shortly. When I opened them, I saw the tears that she tried to keep from falling were trickling down her cheek. She sobbed, openly in front of the four of us circling her. I looked to Jasper again for literal emotional support, but all he did was shrug sadly. Apparently, his power couldn't totally eliminate her despair.

This was horrible. These women were suffering because of us. This should be the easiest time of her life and she's here being pursued by a homicidal maniac I couldn't catch because I needed to hunt. Classic me, putting myself first at the expense of others. Ugh, I felt heavy, this guilt was overwhelming me, and keeping this unbothered facade was exhausting. Edward, I thought. Flashes of our moments together went through my mind; him attempting to teach him to play the piano. Me, teaching him how to repair cars. *My brother.*

And for a moment, I let myself feel everything I didn't want to. I let myself feel the hatred I had towards Edward, I let myself feel the sadness for my family that I knew would never be the same again, and I let myself feel the hurt. I missed him, I realized. I missed my brother. Jasper looked at me empathetically, as I burst into sobs stopping Bella's abruptly. I cried loudly and without restraint in front of my family and Bella, too sad to be embarrassed and feeling nothing but sadness for the loss of my brother. *Edward* .

"I'm so sorry," I breathed through gasps. "I'm so sorry you have to deal with this Bella, I'm sorry you have to deal with him. I'll take care of it," I vowed through my sobs. Emmett placed his arm around my shoulder and held me to him tightly. I shook my head again, ashamed, how could I miss that monster. How could I love a rapist and murderer? Bella gave me an expression I couldn't quite discern when I heard sniffing to my right, Alice, I thought.

When I examined the crescent-shaped circle my family was in, I could see that everyone nearly felt the same way as I did. Even Emmett and Jasper seemed to have eyes slightly welling with tears.

"I'm sorry for yelling at you like that," Bella said shakily, her previous crying still distorting her voice. "The wolves told me everything... they said you didn't hurt people. It was Edward. It was only Edward."

I smiled sadly, fighting back a frown, and nodded. "I'm not going to let anything happen to you Bella, this is our mess and I'm going to fix it"

"Not alone, ma'am", Jasper chimed in, giving me a kind crooked smile.

"No, not for a second," Emmett said lowly while patting my back softly. I smiled at the two of them before looking at Alice expectantly.

She looked back at me and Jasper mumbling, "I still say we talk to him," before flitting to the woods.

I sighed, Jasper looked at me empathetically and took off to talk to his mate.

I shook my head in disapproval when Bella asked me, "okay, what's the plan".

Chapter 17

Alice

Since she was a human, Mary Alice Brandon had always known what to expect. She knew her mother would be murdered, she knew she would meet her soulmate in a diner, and she knew she'd spend the rest of her days with the Cullen family. What she didn't know was how to reunite with her estranged brother and make everything the way it was. *Edward* , she thought exasperatedly, *Edward, you've put us all in a real pickle* . Wherever he was, she'd hope he somehow heard her. The small vampire stopped her running, knowing that it'd be around forty-five minutes or so until her mate caught up with her. She smirked, happy to know she was the second-fastest in the family, her small gloat ended abruptly as she realized this fact was no longer true. *First now* , she thought sadly.

She pulled out her phone and stared at it longingly. She'd been sending her brother twenty or so text messages a day for the past few days, and all but one had been returned. The single sentence that read; you'll see where to find me. *Ugh* , the small pixie huffed while falling backward into the forest floor, the sun just peeking through the leaves to dance upon her sparkling skin.

Edward sat in a clearing, dead plants around him and red eyes bright in the light. "I'm sorry", he whispered with tears in his eyes "I really messed up, I really-". Edward was cut off by Alice's embrace, "it's okay", she whispered, "it's okay."

She gasped after the abrupt end of her vision. *Edward! Edward, I'm coming*, she yelled in thought.

Edward

Where is she? I thought impatiently. Despite being a clairvoyant, she certainly didn't have the best timing, I made up my mind about where

I'd be about twenty minutes ago. I would've already left, but I needed her. I admit things may have gone a bit too far, I'd never anticipated those mutts to be so forgiving and actually protect my mate. *Huh as if, she'd need protection from me*, I scoffed. But those dogs have put a rut in my plan.

Maybe, just maybe, if I can find my way in with someone in the family, they'd be willing to take me back. Then, I could get my Isabella. Yeah, that'll work. I know Alice won't say no to me, that bitch Rosie may be a problem along with Jasper, but Carlisle, I'm sure would protect me. I just need Alice alone, just for a few minutes to convince her. I quit my pondering as I heard familiar footsteps quickly approaching, Alice. Showtime.

I bent my head down, trying my best to induce some venom in my eyes before she could see my face. "Edward?" She called out hesitantly even though she knew I was here.

"Alice", I cried, making sure to emphasize the warble in my voice. "Alice I'm sorry, I really messed up, I really,-" I was cut off by her embrace,

"It's okay", she whispered, "it's okay."

I held her for a moment, making sure to not end the hug too quickly and alert her of my plan.

"GET AWAY FROM HER", Jasper shouted, interrupting my performance. I snarled, this bitch led him straight to me. I held Alice by her shoulders and held her at arm's length away from me while shaking her and looking into her frightened eyes.

"How could you do this! How could you do this?" I yelled into her face as I peered into her mind. She was as surprised as I was, she thought she'd be meeting me alone, but apparently, her vision about Jasper being further away had been wrong. I could see myself in her mind, my red eyes ablaze with rage, copper hair tousled, with my

clothing appearing to be ripped and bloody as well. She thought I was deranged, but she was wrong. I just wanted what was mine.

"No, no, no, this isn't right. You guys aren't making it right", I screamed as I increased my hold onto Alice. Why could they not see? Why were they choosing to make things so difficult for me? I had been alone long enough. Did I not deserve to be happy too?

She whimpered, and Jasper walked forward slowly, his hands upright to indicate he did not mean any harm. "Look, I don't want to hurt you brother, just let her go". Jasper said commandingly.

"Give me my mate first", I retorted.

"She is not your mate", Jasper emphasized each word, making sure I'd hear it as he flashed memories of Bella and the rest of my siblings deciding to take Bella to live on the reservation before returning to Arizona.

"NO", I bellowed so loudly the trees shook to their roots. I turned Alice around so her back lay on my chest and so she could see her mate one last time.

"IF I CAN'T SEE MY MATE, THEN YOUR'S WON'T SEE YOU", I yelled as I took my hand and directed them towards Alice's eyes. She screamed bloody murder as I quickly removed the two honey orbs from their sockets and held them in my hand.

"NO," Jasper screamed as he came running towards me, rage completely filling his thoughts and making him vulnerable. Before he reached me, I threw his sobbing mate on the ground to my left and her eyes to the right as I braced for Jasper's charge.

Despite my taking his mates eyes, he was the one who was blinded. I knew what his moves were before he made them, and it only took a few minutes for me to take him down. Poor thing was deciding to choose between taking a right or left. Fool, it would not have mattered anyway.

Alice was hysterical. She knew she couldn't fight me and win without her eyes, but the louder and more frequent Jasper's screams were the more panicked she became. She looked frantically while she heard me rip apart Jasper's flesh. She begged for him, she cried for him, but in the end, she left him. I could hear her stumbling through the woods and running through trees as quickly as she could while trying to smell and hear for a way out of the situation. I'm sure I would've caught up to her, but unfortunately, it's time for a bonfire.

Chapter 18

SHORT BUT SWEET CHAPTER: LEMON ALERT

Sitting in a black SUV adjacent to the Swan household were Emmet and Rosalie. Though their presence was seen as unnecessary and annoying by Sam, Rosalie insisted on monitoring the wolves in the woods and looking out for the deranged and now despised Edward Cullen.

"Any sign of Alice or Jasper?" Rosalie asked her mate, annoyed but mostly just concerned. It was especially unlike Jasper not to keep his word, he swore to protect the girl, but she figured if Alice is throwing one of her classic hissy fits he would be more preoccupied with that.

"No", Emmett said shortly before quickly changing the subject to her, "are you alright Rose?" Emmett asked earnestly, moving his hand on top of hers, which was rested on top of the cubby in between the two seats.

Rose sighed, "I don't know Emmett, I don't know what happened yesterday. I just got so overwhelmed. I feel like I have a duty to this girl and all these girls around here, but I don't know if I'm enough. I mean, I couldn't even protect myself the first time, and Edward is so strong"-

"Shh", Emmett cut the blonde off with a low hush, "Rose, you are more than strong enough, and you don't have to do this alone. You have me, you have the family, hell we even have the wolves, but most of all you have you. You've been to hell and back and survived Rose, and despite what you think, tears don't make you weak." Rosalie looked at her mate with adoration, her heart swelled, and confidence slightly less flimsy.

"Oh Emmy," she moaned before swiftly planting a kiss on Emmett's lips.

Emmett returned the kiss, deepening it by slipping his tongue into her mouth, which Rosalie accepted passionately. The two broke the kiss for a moment, panting despite not needing air. Rose lifted her head to the direction of the Swan house with worried eyes.

"She's fine, there's like six wolves, and plus we're like twenty feet away. C'mere", Emmett said, cutting off his sentence with a deep kiss.

Rosalie looked back to the house for a beat and then turned her attention toward her mate, "make love to me Emmett," she whispered while looking into his hungry black eyes with need, and most of all, love. He replied with a deep kiss and flitted to the back seat of the car where Rosalie shortly joined him. In a flash, Rose was on her back and Emmett on top, his fingers tracing her inner thigh and thumb rubbing over damp jeans where her slick folds were hidden. Rose moaned as he trailed kissed on her neck before sucking on her earlobe. She moaned, the feeling of his sucking causing her to press her sex into his palm as Emmett ground his erection into her right thigh.

She loved every second of this, but he was taking far too long for her. She encouraged him to move quickly by kicking her shoes off and running her fingers through his shirt, bringing it over his head. Knowing what she wanted, Emmett removed the rest of his clothes and undressed her, making sure not to go too slowly or too quickly, and taking every opportunity he could to let his fingertips linger on her bare skin.

Now the two of them were totally exposed, each drunk in the sight of each other, both still as excited to touch their mate's body as they were some sixty years ago. "Beautiful," Emmett moaned, looking at his mate, she knew he wasn't just talking about her body. He kissed down her pale skin until finding her rose-colored nipples, where he sucked gently. He listened to his mate's cries of pleasure and felt her spreading her legs ever so slightly to invite him in. He accepted, positioning the tip of his member into her dripping wet sex. They moaned in unison, the two of them connected as one as Emmett

thrust in and out of his mate while cradling her to his frame. She was lost in ecstasy, to her this was truly the best feeling she'd ever known, to feel wanted, to feel connected, to feel loved. She dragged her fingertips along his back as he thrust into her, seemingly able to feel her fingers melt into him.

"Ugh", Emmett moaned while she looked into his eyes, which were now swimming with the smallest bit of venom, making hers do the same in return. I love you, she mouthed to him in between thrusts as she felt her climax come. Emmett lost it after that, releasing ribbons of his cum inside her and filling her up so she felt whole. Emmett sighed and rolled over to the left off his mate, losing his balance off the backseat. "Emmett no," Rosalie tried to warn him, but it was too late, he was already on the car floor naked and on his back. The two of them burst into laughter, so hard, surely they would've been crying if they were human. "I love you, babe, " the two mates said together through chuckles.

Chapter 19

"Ugh, you can not be serious" , Quil complained in thought.
"MMMM", Rosalie moaned from across the street in their SUV.

"This is so wrong" , Seth thought in disgust.

" Will you virgins shut up" , Embry thought humorously, *"making love is a beautiful thing"*.

"All of you shut up", commanded Sam, silencing the three others.
"We have to protect Swan, not complain about bloodsuckers sex lives"

"Someone's not getting laid". Embry mumbled, causing the two others to snicker. Sam rolled his eyes, trotting further out into the woods. *" If Charlie pulls up, wait for me before you follow them. The last thing I need is to lose track of the preschoolers. Do you think you can handle watch while I take a shit?"*

"Ugh, yes yes, we'll be fine, it's not like the bloodsucker knows what's going down. Take your time," Quil responded quickly.

" And we are not preschoolers. Embry is almost sixteen," Seth retorted causing Sam to snort.

"He's such a hard ass," mumbled Embry when he was out of hearing range, just as Charlie's cruiser pulled into the driveway.

"C'mon Bells", he called into the small home, "we gotta go."

"Coming," Bella replied with packed bags in hand and trepidation filling her body.

She was extremely thankful to be taken in and escorted to the reservation by the wolves, especially since she considered Jake's death to be her fault. Bella lowered her rolling suitcase down to the

stained wood floor and turned back to look at her room, sad she didn't get to spend more time in it. *Poor Charlie*, she thought sadly, as she turned to walk away.

When she was around halfway down the stairs, Bella could see the tall frames of both Leah and Paul beside her father, she sighed realizing, if she didn't die this would probably be the last time she ever lived with him.

"I'm sorry Dad", she verbalized, embracing him in a tight hug crushing her body next to him.

"Oh Bells", Charlie sniffled, trying his best to hold it together for his daughter. "You have nothing to be sorry for, this is not your fault", he said with a muffled voice as he pressed his lips on her forehead. "I love you kid."

Their embrace was interrupted by the slamming of a trunk door. Bella turned her eyes to the truck to see Paul, and Leah had put away her luggage. She looked to her father with teary eyes and a small smile, which he returned and proceeded to walk to the car to take her to their destination.

Charlie

I felt defeated, once again I was losing my little girl under the presumption that she would be happier and safer elsewhere. I tried to focus on the facts though, the faces of those missing young women being more than enough motivation for me to quit my pity party and put Bella first.

But still, it hurt, I thought, trying to ignore the hole expanding in my chest and holding back the tears stinging my eyes. I looked to the rearview mirror to look at my girl; her brown eyes, which reflected my own were deep in thought, looking out the window. She looked so scared, even scared enough to insist on having some reservation kids come with us to Billy's. Maybe she was right to be. I cruised along the road, going slightly under the limit to maximize the few

minutes I had left with my daughter until that psycho was caught. *I should've talked to her more*, I thought bashfully, as the car was stopped suddenly by a massive thud lurching me forward and startling us all.

"What the,"- I started when the left-back door was ripped off its hinges and thrown several tens of feet into the woods.

"DAD!" Bella gasped as a snow-white hand grabbed the native girl out of the car and flung her into the woods.

"LEAH", the large boy bellowed after his friend, looking terrified before he met the same fate.

"BELLA", I cried, fear trickling in every fiber of being. "What is this?" I thought terrified right when my door was flung open and ripped off its hinges.

"BELLA!", I screamed, taking one last look at her terrified face before I was airborne.

Chapter 20

A/N:RAPE

Carlisle Cullen sat in darkness in his office, avoiding as much human contact as he possibly could, unable to play the facade of a talented spry doctor longer than he had to. He knew that his time here in Forks was quickly coming to an end; as his colleague's gasps when they saw his face confirmed that the stress in his household was starting to reveal he was much older than he stated to be.

"Did you hear Edward ran away?"

"Yeah, he had some kind of weird obsession on the Chief's daughter and publicly proclaimed his love for her before he left. What a weirdo."

"That whole family is strange if you ask me, sure Carlisle is great, but honestly they've all give me the creeps."

He heard the nurses whisper in the hallway. "Ugh," he groaned while putting his face in his hands. How could this have happened? How could the life he constructed be so easily dismantled by a single human? *No*, he thought, *it's not her fault, it was Ed-*. He cut himself off, unable to finish the thought. *My son*, Carlisle tried to hold back tears from forming in his eyes. *How could you? Those girls, those poor innocent girls. We're going to have to-*

I'm going to have to-

Screech! The sound of scrapes on glass coming from a large window to his left alerted him from his thoughts. He gasped, what if it was... Him behind that curtain. Carlisle stood from his desk abruptly, tensed, then stood still; pondering to why his former son may have returned. *Has he come for a fight? Money? To end me?*

Unlikely, what would he want with me anymore?

Screech, the sound of the nail drug along the glass slowly, if he were human, he might've had an earache by now. Apprehension and dread filled his body as his eyes bored into the dark curtains, which surely Edward was behind. *Run son* , he thought sorrowfully, as he walked towards the curtain, please, just run. He reached his hand to pull back the curtain when he stopped abruptly, smelling the familiar scent of his daughter, Alice.

"Carlisle," she breathed exasperated, her face still hidden. "Alice," he sighed happily, rejoicing that he did not have to kill his former son in this very instant. "Alice", he repeated her name again before pulling back the curtain quickly.

Her eyes, her eyes... They were gone, replaced by inky black holes surrounded by small fractures shaped like lightning bolts. "Carlisle," she sobbed through the window, placing one hand over the glass. 'Alice.'" I whispered, horrified, and angry for my daughter. What happened, I wanted to ask, but she beat me to it. "It was Edward, he did this," she sobbed through quick breaths almost as if she were going to hyperventilate. "Oh God", I said almost inaudibly. How could my boy? How could he- "And he killed him, he killed him, he killed him, and I left him"-

"Who, who did he kill? Alice please, please, talk to me", I shouted too loudly, but too concerned for my family to care about the risk of exposure. "Jasper," she managed to cry out through sobs. A chill went through my body. *Jasper* , her voice echoed in my head, *my son. Jasper.*

Heat coursed through my veins when the realization came to me, I trembled and balled my hands into fists, resisting the instinct to pulverize my entire office into dust. "Edward", I growled so loudly it shook the window and made several pencils on my desk roll onto the floor. "Where is he", I said in a tone so menacingly it surprised myself. She didn't answer. I looked to my daughter to see her crying had ceased and she was staring into nothing with her mouth agape and figure still; she was having a vision. "We need to get to LaPush," she whispered.

Bella

I woke up groggy and in pain; my hands and legs felt numb when I tried to collect my bearings before opening my eyes. I listened but heard nothing, and when I tried to breathe through my mouth, I felt a cloth preventing me from doing so properly. *What happened?* I tried to remember, but things were blank. I remember being at home, the wolves... CHARLIE!

I snapped eyes open to find my only light source was a few dim candles in a dark, damp room. I shivered, and as I tried to cover myself up, I found I couldn't. *No, no, no, no, no, no, no*, I repeated in my mind over and over again as I tried to pull my hands as hard as I could from where I was trapped. I started to feel the space close in on me, the more I pulled and didn't get free. "No, no, no," I started to chant quietly and panicked to myself through my gag; pulling harder and seemingly starting to suffocate. I was beginning to see more clearly in the darkness. I could see ropes tied expertly around my wrists connected to two banisters, and I could see my legs were spread wide with my ankles bound to two bedposts.

Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God. I thought, now completely hyperventilating as I felt my bare legs against the mattress.

"Don't worry my love", Edward called lovingly but cloaked by darkness, "I'm here."

I wanted to scream when I saw a white hand rip through the shadows and make its way towards my thigh. I couldn't though, the lump in my throat, making it nearly impossible to object to him verbally as he started caressing my inner thigh.

"Oh my sweet," he cooed as I tried to stretch my body away from his touch. "My sweet Isabella", he continued as his fingers crept higher, stroking my slit slowly. Tears escaped the corner of my eyes as I tried to talk through my gag. Unfortunately, all that could be heard were muffled sounds, which I knew Edward would misinterpret for me feeling pleasure.

"No, no, no," I thought loudly before remembering Rosalie had told me he couldn't read my thoughts. NO! I shivered, feeling his cold finger spreading my lower lips apart while he flitted in between my legs. NO NO NO NO, I sobbed, soaking the gag in my mouth with spit and snot and choking on my tears.

"I know, " he said sweetly, his own eyes brimming with tears as he looked into mine," I love you too."

"HELP", I screamed through my gag as he stuck his tongue into me, licking me roughly and sucking on my clit painfully. I screamed again when his fingers entered me, quickly feeling my skin tear against his sharp nails. He moaned, licking the blood pouring from my sex as my legs trembled from the pain. He fingered me harder, his tips were covered in crimson as he ground his erection on my leg. I couldn't breathe, it felt like I was being stuffed and cut by glass shards. That, in combination with the coppery smell of my blood, was making me lightheaded, and I tried to resist as much as I could to not throw up on myself. Regrettably, that didn't happen as when Edward started to suck on my clit, he tore the small bud from my body causing me to vomit profusely. I started asphyxiating on the bile which was being locked in by my gag as Edward finished his torture. He flitted off me, apologizing for his roughness while doing so, promising that he'd be gentle when we made love tomorrow. I wailed through my gag and vomit, in response. "I'll get something to clean you with", he said happily, leaving me alone in the dark room while I wept.

Chapter 21

Rosalie Hale paced back and forth in the dining area of the Black residence, her thoughts filled with worry and self-loathing. "Ugh", she groaned, feeling the pain in her chest growing the more she paced. *He's hurting her*, her instinct confirmed, *badly*.

He's raping her, the voice cried. Rosalie stopped her pacing and stood still while angry, venomous tears formed in her eyes. "I know", Rose responded sadly aloud.

Her talking to herself didn't get the attention of the others who were too preoccupied with dealing with the wounded and searching for Leah.

"Ehhh", the sound of Paul's cries of pain bellowed through the small house as Billy and the other Elders tended to him. "I can't feel them", he stammered through tears, "I can't feel my legs". The Elders looked at each other stone-faced but with great concern in their eyes. "Son", Billy started softly.

"No, don't you say it. Don't you fucking say it", Paul cried out harshly, his face contorted in pain and bruised.

"Ohhh", Charlie's moans drew Rosalie's attention to herself and onto him. The blonde walked hesitantly to his side the smell of blood nearly overwhelming her senses. *Don't*, the voice from within called, *if you hurt him, you hurt her*. She sat beside his form, which lay on heavy blankets on an old table in the kitchen. His body was unrecognizable; legs twisted like vines and skinned peeled like an orange from sliding tens of miles per hour along the forest floor. He was raw, with a gaping head wound exposing skull and brain matter. He gurgled, she looked at his chest, which was now caved in as he made a sound which resembled a snake rattle. She reached out to touch his bruised hand, feeling a tingle the closer her fingertips came to his form, she jerked her hand back quickly in alarm. What was

that, she wondered while looking at her hand. He felt like lightning. She shyly tried again, as soon as she touched his skin, she was propelled into a feeling of comfort and warmth. He was opposite to what Edward and Royce projected; whereas they cast out possessiveness, righteousness, and jealousy. Charlie hurled waves of humility, kindness, and empathy. Just like she could feel the danger in some men to protect women, she could see the greatness in others to use them as allies. "I'm so sorry," she whispered to him as she rubbed her thumb on the back of his hand softly. *Bella*, Charlie's voice echoed in her mind as her face flashed in his mind.

"He is going to die", Billy Black uttered, now by the blonde's side. She looked to him, his eyes were overflowing with tears, and his tanned skin seemingly held more wrinkles than it had a few moments before. She pitied him, to lose a son, and now a great friend all in the span of a few weeks, it would be unbearable the voice finished the thought for her. She said nothing but placed a cool hand on his shoulder hesitantly. Billy stiffened before overlapping his warm hand on hers and sobbed quietly. She could see that he too, projected the same qualities as Charlie. This realization angered her. How dare Edward come in and disrupt the lives of these good people, she thought as she ground her teeth together to keep from showing her anger. It was short-lived, as the bustle of Emmett, Sam, Leah, Carlisle, and Alice interrupted her thoughts.

Sam placed Leah down on the couch gently, her face bore a few scratches and body a few broken ribs, but she seemed to be in the best physical shape of the three. "Thank God", Billy said, exasperated while wheeling himself to be beside her. "Is she okay?" He asked, frantically while stroking her hair sweetly.

"She is", Carlisle confirmed, "I had to set a few bones in place where we found her, but she'll be alright"-

He stopped talking abruptly, breathing in heavily, his nostrils flaring before flitting to Charlie's side, pausing for a moment to assess his injuries, "I don't know if we can save everyone tonight", he confirmed sadly.

"What if we could", Rosalie interjected, her eyes pleading and voice wobbled with anxiety. By now, the Elders and wolves that could walk were together all facing the vampires, several lingering on Alice, taking in her frightening appearance.

"He doesn't have to die", Rosalie reiterated. "He can be saved, I can save him".

"No. Absolutely not!" Sam said authoritatively. "You come in here and terrorize these humans, maim and kill our kind, and now you want us to let you turn him into another bloodsucker". Sam said, shaking so hard it seemed as if he was blurry.

"Sam, I know how much you've sacrificed. I know how scared you are, how much we all are". I looked to my family, who all nodded in confirmation, Alice's eyes took me by surprise but needing to finish, I ignored her and continued. -" But I know changing him will help us find Bella. I can feel it".

He looked at me incredulously, "yeah right, how exactly do you know that?"

"Because she has an ability", Emmett said while stepping to my side and interlacing his fingers with mine. "She can tell who's good and who's bad. Just like Alice could see that Edward had Bella. And just like Jasper can manipulate emotions"... he said confidently before trailing out the end part. "Could. I mean."

That was odd. It wasn't like him to mess up, unless... "What do you mean could", I asked frightfully, terrified of what the truth may bring. He didn't answer, I looked at my mate, who lowered his head, Carlisle clenched his jaw but said nothing, and Alice's lip quivered while her shoulders slumped. "Edward," she said hoarsely; "he did this", she pointed her finger to her face, "and he killed him."

"Oh God no," I cried. Jazz. Sweet Jazz. What happened? Wait, there was someone else missing. "And Esme?" I wondered, she had been absent since the meeting.

"She decided that it would be best for her to spend some time in Denali. I know what you're going to say, but do not forget this isn't the first child she lost a child." Carlisle tried to be understanding, but I could hear a bit of annoyance tinged in his voice. After all, she had left him to deal with this alone, I'd be annoyed too, Rose thought.

"Can he help stop him," Billy asked, rolling up to the blonde with glistening eyes and a hint of hopefulness in his voice.

"I believe he can. When I touched him, I couldn't detect a hint of malice. He just wants his daughter to be safe," I responded honestly.

"How can we ensure that he won't go rogue too," Sam asked loudly while throwing his hands in the air as if the world was going insane.

"He won't, we'd put him down before that'd happen, and we know him," I tried to explain.

"You knew Edward too," he responded coldly.

"Do it," Billy said sharply. "He will do whatever it takes to stop Edward."

"How can you be so sure?" Sam asked doubtfully.

"Because... A parent will do whatever it takes to protect their child."

The room went silent as the wolves and Elders looked amongst each other, each nodding their head once in confirmation before Sam relented. "No more mistakes", he warned all of us before stepping out of the way, revealing Charlie to me.

Emmett squeezed my hand once before I removed my fingers from his and walked towards Charlie hesitantly.

"Do you have it, Rose? Carlisle asked, worried that she may make a mistake right in front of the wolves.

I nodded curtly and lowered my face to his neck while drinking up his scent. Just one bite, I thought hungrily. *Don't* , my inner voice commanded, *no mistakes* . I obeyed, sinking my teeth into his skin and allowing my venom to flow into his body.

Chapter 22

"Shh, my dear, I know", Edward whispered through Isabella's cries. "I know it hurts, but it has to be done", he murmured to himself as he stitched her clitoris back onto her body. "Ahhh," she screamed. *Poor dear*, he thought bashfully, *I would have to be more gentle next time*. He examined her body, her skin was bruised and left with indentations of his fingerprints on her stomach and hips where he held her too tightly. Her vagina was something else entirely, full of microscopic tears and lesions from where he sucked and licked too harshly. She squirmed again roughly, making Edward lose precision while deep in thought, causing him to accidentally pierce the needle through one of the folds of her labia.

"Ugh", she grunted and cried, screaming obscenities through her gag and shaking her head frantically back and forth. "Dammit, look what you've done now", Edward reprimanded. Frustrated with himself and how poorly Isabella had appeared to receive his company. He'd assume she'd warm up to him once he's been intimate, but when that hadn't happened it left him in a sour mood. "Dammit", Isabella, he yelled slamming his hands on the mattress forcefully. She stopped her cries at once to look at him, her large brown eyes never leaving his form.

"Do you have any idea what I've sacrificed to be with you?" He asked in a tone deadly and strained. Her breathing halted, and she tensed as he continued his rage. "I have fought for you. I've put myself in danger for you. I've killed for you!" Tears formed in the girl's eyes, clouding her vision while forming a lump in her throat, making it hard for her to breathe." Do you know what my brother's last words were? He said that I'd kill you. That I'd lose control and fuck you to death or feed on you until you were nothing more than a flesh puppet". Bella's lip quivered as she stared into his bright red eyes and crazed face. "They all think I'm crazy", he said wickedly, walking closer to the girl's face, and stroking her cheek softly as he stared

into her soul. "I don't think so, I just wanted to have a love like the rest of my family had"...

He trailed off softly then, his eyes indicating that his thoughts were a million miles away.

"But if I am, he continued, then I won't be able to control what I do to you." Edward undid his belt in a flash, taking his member out of his pants and sticking it in the girl's mouth. Bella choked for air violently, not expecting him to violate her so soon after being stabbed with a needle. "Tell me you like it, he bellowed. Tell me you want me and that you're all mine". She didn't but instead cried out for him to stop while he stretched her mouth unnaturally wide to make room for his manhood. Edward's face turned into something demonic as Bella looked into his eyes, as his lips peeled back, revealing sharp white teeth, and his eyes turned black as night. "Say it", he commanded, thrusting into her mouth, snapping several of her teeth in bits with his member as he did so. She screamed, blood spurted out onto her chin, and several small bits of tooth fell onto her chest. He grabbed her chin tightly while looking into her eyes, knowing that he could snap her jaw at any moment acquiesced. "Okay", she cried through his member in his mouth. Edward froze and retracted his manhood from her at lightning speed before kneeling to meet her at eye level.

"What did you say", he asked softly, while turning her head with his finger to look at him. She breathed heavily, desperately trying to regain her breath before speaking, "I love you, Edward." He sighed shakily, his eyes glistening with tears before kissing her passionately on the mouth, licking and sucking the blood as he did so.

Charlie

"Are you ready Charlie", Rosalie asked earnestly, eager and anxious to see how Charlie's powers have been progressing.

It had a mere three days since Charlie Swan woke up to his life as a vampire, and since that time, he had made strides that could impress even the most mature immortal. Just as Rosalie predicted, Charlie

showed no signs of malice or capriciousness, but he was only determined to find his daughter and destroy Edward.

"Yes"! He boomed, feeling confident that this time he would be able to successfully use his power for a prolonged amount of time. Charlie closed his eyes and breathed out her name, "Bella" before opening them slowly to see an illuminated blue trail throughout the woods. "I can see it", he shouted excitedly before flitting along the path to find his daughter.

"It is even longer this time Rose", he yelled happily, seeing the trail glow tens of miles into the distance to where Edward was keeping Bella. *C'mon* , Charlie thought, racing even more quickly to the end of the path just as it started to flicker. "NO!" He shouted while hurrying as fast as could to find its end before it dissipated. He did not succeed as the glowing blue path dissolved into nothing. No , he fell to his knees in defeat and shame, saddened that once again, he was unable to find his daughter. "

"No", he cried, as Rose and the rest of the Cullens caught up to him.

"Hey", Rose called to him softly, flitting to his side and kneeling beside him. "We're getting so close I can feel it. I can feel her Charlie", she whispered into his ear. "She's alive, and I believe with you we'll be able to find her in the next few days. Look how much progress we've made ".

"Too bad the dogs couldn't come", Alice grumbled.

"Alice, you know as well as I do the humans are on patrol now are looking for the serial killer on the loose. They can't exactly roam around these days," Carlisle stated quietly.

"Seems as if they're not the only ones that should've stayed hidden", Aro said while smiling at the family who was now surrounded by Volturi guards.

"Charlie run!" Rosalie screeched while grabbing Charlie and hurling towards two guards.

"Do not let them get away", Aro commanded, "all will be held accountable for the attention this coven has brought to our world".

"We have to get past or Bella will die", Rose cried as Emmett came propelling through the two guards as if he were a linebacker.

"Em!" Rose screamed as two guards wrapped their arms around him and dragged him to the King along with Alice, and Carlisle. "Don't fret my dear, we probably won't kill all of them", Aro chuckled as Rosalie and Charlie escaped.

Author's Note 3

Hey guys, so my real-life Edward, (aka my ex) has yet again started sending me threatening text messages from his 17th number. He sent me 26 text messages accusing me of cheating on him and calling me a pathetic horrible person yet still claiming to miss me. So I will try and keep updating but I will be leaving this home for a while to spend some time with a relative because he does know where I am currently.

Thank you very much for all the supportive comments as well. I'd also like to address some of the pm's I got regarding the explicit nature of this story. I agree with you K that it is incredibly disturbing, I mean it to be. Sometimes when I'm writing about what happens to Bella I'm right there with her. The things Edward says to her are the same things Chris used to say to me when he did what he did. I think I may be a weirdo but for some reason when I write about the things Edward does to someone else, it makes it easier for me to not go back to my ex and know what he does is wrong. I know it's crazy but now, especially now I can see why I chose Edward to be the male main character.

I think it's because initially, my ex was like Edward from Twilight until he wasn't and became like a darkward. Yeah, it's crazy I know, and I hope you all stick around to watch what happens next. Thank you for reading.

Chapter 22

"Don't let him get angry", Jake commanded to me, his dark brown eyes communicating urgency. "He is a child, you have to make him think he's in control".

"No, Jake I can't. I can't do this. Not with him please, please", Bella sobbed through tears quietly, staring into the eyes of her deceased best friend and would-be lover. "Bella," he pleaded again, his figure starting to tremble and become transparent as if it were a hologram. "You have to save you, Bella. Please just try", he whimpered into her ear before bringing his lips to her dewy forehead.

Bella closed her eyes, expecting to feel a kiss upon her head when she hadn't, she opened her eyes to find Jake gone and herself alone once more.

No, no, no , she chanted in her head as tears spilled out the corners of her eyes. A gentle knock from outside her door interrupted her crying. "Love, are you okay?" Edward asked gently, appearing by her side in a flash, temporarily shocking her enough to ease her cries.

"Love?" Edward asked again sweetly, his blood-red eyes seeming to soften as he looked into Bella's. She stared at him, her body tensing with fear as dread flooded every inch of her. She looked into his eyes, which started to harden and darken the longer she stood in a daze.

"Remember," Jake's voice pierced through her thoughts. "You have to save you."

It took every ounce of courage for Bella to not completely fold, by either begging for her life or swearing at Edward until he snapped. She breathed in deeply, trying to focus on what she had to do to survive. *Rosalie* , she had to be calm, *if I could just hold on until*

then, she thought before tentatively reaching her hand towards Edward's and rubbing it affectionately.

Revulsion flared in her stomach, and she had to choke back a gag before giving him a small smile. Edward's form relaxed immediately, and his mouth spread into the widest smile she'd ever seen.

"Oh love," Edward sobbed before moving at vampire speed to untie her constraints and sit Bella strait to embrace her in a hug.

She embraced him back tightly, while her body screamed to do the opposite. "Hold on," Jake whispered. "Just hold on."

Bella felt her tears form but managed to keep composure by imagining it was Jake in her arms. She closed her eyes firmly, envisioning Jake's smile and the warmth he would spread to her whenever she was in his presence. *Jake*, she thought while holding Edward tighter in her arms, somehow feeling his warmth projecting from Edward's stone-cold body. **Bella**, she heard Jake whisper in her thoughts, almost as if he were a ghost by her side. She relaxed her body against Edward's, elating him.

Edward spun around to face his mate with excitement in his eyes, and a boyish grin stickered across his face. "My love, I think it's time I show you our new home," Edward boasted happily, motioning for her hand to join into his.

Edward

She did it! I just knew she would! I couldn't stop thinking as I carried Isabella in my arms to our new abode. She finally loves me! I knew it would happen! That kiss yesterday and today proved it! I knew it! My love, I will never forget this moment, you have truly made me the happiest man on earth! I thought as I approached the shell colored door leading to our home. I felt my mate shiver in my arms, poor thing; we were probably several tens of feet deep into the earth, and although I had taken special procedures to ensure my mate would

not freeze to death in the room and our home, I neglected to do so for the tunnels.

"I am sorry my love, I will get you warm soon". I felt her stiffen, I chuckled.

"Not in that way, my love", I teased, "you are still healing". I opened the door to our home quickly, the brightness startled Isabella, causing her to press more into me. Mmm, my beast moaned as I struggled to prevent my erection from forming. *Not now*, I thought, trying to keep him away; *we will have plenty of time for that later*. I sat my mate down on the couch, where she turned forward to wiggle her toes into the thick white carpet with a sigh. I smiled, she loved it! How could she not? I looked around the room filled with pride, happy that I decided on a modern, sleek look. "Looks great," Isabella croaked, then cleared her throat.

"Water", my beast growled. I walked to the kitchen area and flitted back to the living room with a glass, to find Isabella looking around the space inquisitively. "Nice right? It used to be a bunker back in the 1940s or so, I found the place back in the '80s and renovated it just for you, love." I finished my sentence, right as I wrapped my arms around her and placed my chin on her shoulder, kissing her neck softly. She shivered.

"A bunker?" She asked, surprised, and removing herself from my embrace slowly. "So we're underground. Are we in Forks?" She asked the last part hurriedly, my beast was not excited to hear her tone.

"Why do you ask that?" He barked accusingly while walking towards Isabella and backing her against a wall. "Well", she croaked out softly, slightly stuttering over her words. She looked at me with her big brown eyes and dark hair in disarray. "I just,-" she started, tears forming in her eyes as she looked to have shrunk against the white wall. I clutched the glass in my hand tighter, feeling the small cracks develop.

"I just," - she cut herself off by flinging into my arms and kissing me on the neck. "I just know the wolves will be looking for you, and I just couldn't bear it if you-". She choked again as I felt her tears hit my chest, "I can't bear to lose,"- she continued before completely breaking into tears and collapsing against my chest.

'Shhh, love", I whispered, kissing her hair while rubbing her back. "I'm sorry, I just. I don't want to lose you" I murmured.

Her breathing hitched and then stopped. She looked up to me with tears in her eyes and a wobbly smile. "Bathroom?"

I smiled sadly, I hated having to let her go but did so before pointing down the hall to the restroom.

She let her breath out and kissed me on the cheek to hastily walk down the hall.

"Don't listen!" She shouted before closing the door with a slam. I chuckled, anything for my mate, I thought, and then flitted to the kitchen to start dinner.

Bella

I closed the door to the bathroom with a slam and quickly leaned against it for support. I wretched, doing my best to not vomit from my uncharacteristically good performance a few moments before. *I don't want to lose you* , I heard my mouth say the words before my mind could catch up with what I was doing. Ugh, I wretched again, wishing there could be more I could do to get out of my situation.

" **A sign** ," Jake appeared in the mirror as if he were a ghost; transparent and pale. "Jake," I started before he cut me off to shush me by putting his finger to his mouth. **"He'll hear you. You have to be quiet"**. I nodded as he continued, **"remember who can see decisions. Make do with what you have and remember you are not forgotten."** His form began to dissipate once more as I stepped forward to the mirror. *Jacob* , I thought, and he looked at me with sad

eyes as I touched the glass which rippled from my finger. I gasped, and he was gone. Was I losing my mind? *Maybe* .

I sat on the toilet to digest everything that had happened, wincing from the pain I had temporarily forgotten that existed between my legs. He said he would not touch me until I was healed, how much time do I have before he. My mind wouldn't let me complete that thought, but I did know that it would probably be at least two weeks, give or take a few days before he did anything. Well, at least vaginally... I shivered again at the thought.

He'd kill me if he tried to...

I won't let him have me. I would rather take my own life before that happened.

I sighed again and did my best not to cry. How could this happen? I looked around the bathroom and thought about how I could escape. I can't, he'd catch me. We were how many feet deep in who knows where in some type of soulless canvas white apartment. "Fuck", I breathed out and sharply looked to the door waiting for Edward to bust in. He didn't, and the closer I listened for him, I could hear pots and pans being wrestled. He really wasn't listening, I sighed.

"Remember who can see decisions," Jake's voice commanded in my head. **"Remember"**. The voice trailed off again. Who can see, I wondered, tears fully flowing down my cheeks. *Everyone* , I thought exasperatedly. Pissed off now that I had no idea what to do, I jumped off the toilet to pace back in forth in frustration. "Fuck", I breathed out again, more panicked than before. What the fuck am I supposed to do here? I started breathing harder, feeling the pressure of my situation and the room closing in on me. Oh God, I could feel the gag back on my mouth, and my breathing starts to become obscured. Fuck fuck fuck, I swallowed hard and grabbed the counter to get my bearings. *Who can see*, I thought again harder, rubbing my right hand against my temple.

Alice . Her name came to me like a lightning strike. Can she see me? No, but if I decided to do something, she might be able to find me. I breathed out anxiously, too scared to be relieved. Please, Alice? Rosalie?

Tap Tap, Edward's knock interrupted me from my thoughts.

Chapter 23

The days dragged on ceaselessly for Bella, trapped with her abuser. Initially, it appeared that she could do no wrong in Edward's eyes, but as the days passed and the more he observed of her, he grew disappointed in his mate. Bella being as perspicacious as she was terrified, could tell of Edward's new feelings towards her. He was a child. The more familiar she got, the less exciting she became. Whenever Bella tried for him and made an effort to speak to Edward, he would quickly become frustrated and dart to his piano. When she didn't talk, he became accusatory and belligerent. Bella deduced that what he craved as much as her blood was control.

He had to know what she was thinking, what she was doing, and what she was feeling at all times, and if anything deviated from he expected a proper mate to feel it was insulting to him. *Maybe he has some type of inferiority complex in his human life*, Bella pondered, always needing to be in charge or correct. *Can vampires have mental health issues? Definitely trauma*, she thought as she remembered Rosalie.

Bella looked around the living room in the Ikea-like, platinum white apartment. *Yuck, dead and no personality just like you know who*. She rolled her eyes, pretending to be reading as Edward fiddled with a leak in the bedroom. *How can someone so positively adamant they are correct be so wrong about something?* She wondered, frustrated. Edward raved about how much she would love the space, but she hated it. He raved about how delicious his Italian cooking was, but Bella much preferred Indian and Mexican food. *He doesn't know me at all*.

Bella looked to her book again, flipping the pages to find the scribbles she'd kept hidden from Edward. A list of towns, countries, and counties was perfectly placed perpendicularly on the page, all somewhere Edward has mentioned in the past week. She needed to move more quickly, she was healing rapidly, and although she was

grateful her clitoris had been saved she knew that it only meant one thing. *No*, she thought slamming the book shut hurriedly and shaking her head subtly

Edward honey, she said sweetly. He appeared before her quickly, annoyance plastered on his inhuman face and his eyes dark; he was hungry. Bella stifled a shiver before continuing, "my love, you're starving and am too. Could we please, please?" She emphasized the last please while walking to him slowly and exaggerating the sway of her hips. The uncharacteristically seductive motion of Bella stirred something inside of Edward, darkening his eyes further. "Edward", she said the name as if she had lust coated on her tongue, now directly in front of him, she placed her body against his, purposely pushing her breast into his chest. He growled in response, feeling his erection settle against her stomach. "You have to stop", he groaned through clenched teeth. "You are still healing".

"I know my love", she uttered sweetly, again trying to maintain composure and not reveal her disdain. She tentatively drug her fingers across his bulge back and forth in his jeans, causing Edward to shiver. She had to admit, as terrifying as it was to be in this situation, she reveled in the power she had in a creature so much stronger than her. He moaned, resting his forehead on hers as she continued stroking. "Let's go sweetheart. Let's walk together, I want to feel the sun, and I want to see birds, and I know,-" she gulped when she felt his body stiffen and somehow go cold at her words. "You need to hunt my love." He looked at her then, jerking her head up abruptly and staring into her eyes, somehow trying to detect deception. Bella tried her best to keep her heart rate stable, but it was nearly impossible.

"My love", she continued trying to distract him from her pounding heart. "I want you strong for me", she moaned pressing her body against his bulge, distracting Edward from his examination. "I want you to have me all night when we make love", she moaned in his ear. "I love you", she finished kissing him deeply on the mouth even though her mind screamed at her to stop.

He growled intensely, in a flash they were on the bed with Edward on top of her. She gasped, as he sniffed against her neck with eyes as black as night and teeth exposed. He hovered over her jugular shortly before pulling himself off of her and saying, "let's go".

We arrived from the darkness into the blinding light of the surface. I welcomed it joyously, relieved to be away from the bitter cold and shadows of the underground. I breathed in deeply, smiling feeling the chilly air enter my nose. We were surrounded by husks of naked trees and full thick pines as far as the eye could see. And from the crunch my feet made when it hit the grass, a frost had just set in. It was only October. I figured Edward would avoid taking me south due to the sun, but then again, he wasn't exactly behaving rationally anymore. "Aahh this is refreshing. Is it not dear?" Edward asked with a smile, his skin slightly twinkling in the rays of the sun.

"Yes," I answered shortly, trying to not give away my happiness over the fact I was somewhat free. "Sooo..." I trailed off, knowing that Edward would be less likely to fuss if he suggested the idea for him to hunt before me. And like clockwork, he did; "Love, there is a meadow nearby I would like you to wait in while I hunt. Do not even think about leaving. The Boreal Forest is not kind to wanderers." I stifled a gasp, The Boreal Forrest, I knew that place! I hadn't been there myself, but I knew we were in the Canadian wilderness and the largest intact forest on earth. How in the world would anyone find me here? I tried my best not to get defeated while Edward gestured for me to get on his back. "No," I said before thinking, angering him enough for him to hiss at me and flit to be right in front of my face.

"He said nothing, but his eyebrow flew up as if he were asking if I wanted to start with him. *Shit* , "I'd rather walk with you darling, you know how I hate to be away from you." I cooed, and he relaxed, then relented. As we walked to the meadow, I made decisions every few meters, trying desperately to send a message to Alice and a way for me to be free. Please Alice, Rose, I begged in my mind, grateful more than ever Edward could not read my thoughts. When we finally arrived, Edward left quickly, he must've needed to hunt more badly

than I initially thought. How could he not? I was his singer according to Rosalie.

The Cullens

There at the Cullen residence, the Volturi leader, guard, and the remaining Cullens were seated. All of whom divided into a make-shift courtroom. Aro was seated at the head of the table, with Emmett and Alice beside Carlisle, and the guard sitting across from them. Before the meeting begun, several mortals decorated in uniform entered the residence to stand behind Aro, much to the surprise of the Cullen's.

"Dear friend, I am most troubled to see that you and your coven has been compromised in this manner". Aro spoke sternly, looking into the eyes of Carlisle intensely.

Carlisle looked down for a moment before speaking, staring at his fidgeting hands, pondering what to say. "Aro please", he begged. "You have seen inside all of our thoughts. You know as well as I do that the rest of us have tried to stop Edward from terrorizing these people,"-

"We do care if he terrorizes. We care if those who he terrorizes draws attention to our kind." Aro interrupted sternly yet not angrily.

,

"Then kill him, not us!" Emmett boasted. "We had nothing to do with his madness! Look what he's done to Alice". Emmett said, pointing at his sister's pitch black orbs. Murmurs swept through the guard swiftly before they silenced with a hush.

"Come forth mortal", Aro said in a breathy tone motioning his hand lazily for the man to come forward.

"Your name?" Aro asked the slightly heavysset man who waddled to Aro's side and clumsily bumped into the table before answering.

"George J. Tenet, Director of the CIA". George looked at Aro cautiously before the leader gave him the approval to finish. "As you know, Aro, our government, and a few others have been aware of your kind for some time now. And", he paused a moment giving Aro a small smirk before continuing, "your kind has rubbed our back, and we keep knowledge of your existence discrete". George huffed and paused, carefully deciding what to say before leaning forward slightly towards Carlisle and continuing.

"We do not appreciate you making the system harder", he said pointedly towards The Cullen leader, his face now reddened with frustration. "The reason the system works is because everyone functions the way they are supposed to, and when there is a kink in the machine Doctor," he spat the word angrily, "the system fails".

He finished with beads of sweat beaming on his forehead, and Carlisle decided that judging by his heart rate, he was likely to have a heart attack if he were not calmed.

"I understand", Carlisle started slowly, tussling his blonde locks out frustration. "Aro, I want to make this perfectly clear, Edward is the problem here, and as leader of this coven and former father to"... He trailed off, pausing before saying the unthinkable to blink frantically as if he were blinking away tears.

" You have my full support to do whatever seems necessary to keep the rest of this coven safe," he finished his sentence looking down from Aro's gaze to the ground, just as Alice slumped in her chair beside her brother.

The Volturi leader turned his attention to Alice, waiting for her to come out of her trance-like state. Eager to hear her speak, as Aro had made his decision long before the meeting was held.

"I know what has to be done", she said sadly, her face pointing straight forward, "and I know where Bella is."

Chapter 24

A/N: RAPE SCENE

"We're getting close Charlie", Rosalie panted as both their feet stomped through the forest floor, going faster than she ever imagined possible. Rosalie was absolutely desperate to find the mortal girl; having lost her mate, her brother, and her coven Bella was her only drive to finish something positive in her life. Well, besides killing her fiancé. "What can you see?" Rose asked Charlie as he ran through trees and boulders to find his little girl. "I can see the trail"! He cried, his eyes now glazing over with a blue haze. Everything seemed to fade black and white beside the fluorescent blue trail weaving and whipping through The Boreal Forest.

Rosalie's voice became muffled as he continued pressing on further and harder. The trail was becoming clearer, and soon enough, he was beginning to see long dark strands of hair littered on the ground. *BELLA*, he thought loudly, running even faster and leaving Rosalie in the dust.

BELL - his thoughts were cut off by a forearm hitting his throat and knocking him down, stopping him in his tracks.

Edward took advantage of his momentary discombobulation to stomp on his chest ruthlessly, stunning the man so severely he was unable to move.

"You are not taking her!" Edward snarled as he continuously lifted his foot up and down on Bella's father, each blow inflicting a horrifying crunch as his ribs pierced his lungs.

"Oh", he groaned in pain, unable to sit up and defend himself from Edward's blows. "She is mine", he cried. His face was crazed and covered in blood from his recent hunt. He moved from his torso to his face, insulted and enraged that anyone would dare to steal his

mate. His beast roared, taking out his frustrations on the old-man, stomping harder into his face as teeth flew to the forest floor with his cheekbones and nose caving in.

Before he could take out his eyes and dismember the man to kill him for good, he heard the thoughts of Rosalie rapidly approaching.

Fuck , Edward thought, contemplating whether or not to kill Rose, just to get it over with. **No**, his beast warned, **your mate is alone. Who knows what is out there. Make sure she is safe and come back for the cunt while the man is healing. Protect her. Isabella**, he moaned her name. **She is ready to be claimed, and she wants it. Now go!**

Edward nodded once and hurried back to Bella to their abode. My love, it is time for our consummation.

Rosalie

"Charlie, wait!" I screamed at him as he zoomed past me and hurled himself further into the forest.

"Charlie, slow down! He'll hear you coming!" I tried to run faster, but I was in no shape to keep up with a newborn, especially on a vegetarian diet. *I would be weaker than him* , I thought for the first time, but at least I have Bella's father.

Then an overwhelming sense of dread filled me, nearly crippling me paralyzed. I fell to the floor for a moment, pain. I felt so much pain. *Bella* , I thought, **she's in danger** , my sixth sense warned me. *Get to Charlie now!* I bolted, and when I did so, I could smell Edward nearby. Oh no, my sense spoke sadly. The leaves that Edward had shuffled running were still falling to the ground as I reached Charlie's body. He looked horrific, his face was smashed in towards the center with white goo pooled in the concave. **The venom is trying to heal him** , the voice spoke to me again. I lowered my eyes to look at his body; there were visible boot prints on his stomach, and his chest

was caved from where Edward had punched or kicked him. He was incapacitated, he would need at least a few days to heal.

Venom welled in my eyes as I dropped to my knees on the forest floor. FUCK, I screamed loudly, scaring the birds and wildlife away in our proximity.

A rustling disturbed my breakdown, and as I turned to the direction of the sound I could see Charlie's hand inching towards mine. I hesitated for a moment, I was not particularly comfortable with men touching me all the time, but I couldn't help but slowly move my hand to join him. When it did, he rubbed his thumb over mine gently, as if to comfort me. Unbelievable, this man whose daughter was taken, who was murdered, who was just assaulted, was comforting me.

When I did not respond, what was left of his mouth began to make a whistling sound as if he were trying to hush me. What? I stopped breathing. I had not noticed I had been crying.

So I sat there for a while, both of us hand in hand. As we waited through tears for him to heal to find Bella.

Edward

"Get on the bed", I yelled to my terrified mate. "They will be coming soon, and we won't have much time", I tripped over my words while ripping my clothes off and hers.

"Edward wait", she breathed in a panicky voice while pointlessly trying to shield her body from mine.

"Shut up", I hissed at her. No one was going to keep me from my prize any longer, not even Isabella herself. "Love, do not make this harder than it has to be", I murmured as I spread her legs open roughly, hearing a pop when they reached their maximum stretching capacity.

She screamed, the echoes bouncing off the walls as I entered her. "Ughh," I moaned, trying my best not to cum inside her immediately.

"Edward stop!" She screamed at me in horror with her arms flailing as if she could fight me off. How could she be doing this right now? How could she be trying to ruin my special moment? The beast flared with rage.

"I thought I told you to", I started while raising my hand in the air, "to shut up" I finished the sentence by slapping Isabella on the face harshly. She stilled, as blood and teeth fragments dripped from her mouth as I continued pounding into her. UGH, she had the best pussy I'd ever had. She was so soft, warm, delicious, my beast purred as it forced its rhythm to go harder.

Easy , I thought, I did not want to kill her, but I did want to teach her a lesson. So I continued, moving her limp face to look at mine, whispering I love yous as I looked in her eyes. She was so entranced by me her eyes were rolling into the back of her head as I pounded into her sloppy and stretched sex.

Isabella, I moaned, shoving my tongue in her mouth to taste the blood spilling. Ughh, it was too much, I sped my thrusting a bit faster before cumming rivers of cum inside my mate, so much so I could hear the liquid drip onto the floor. My mate was non-reactive, except for the glistening in her eyes. Oh my dear, I love you too. "Shh", I hushed her, moving my body to spoon hers, "do not worry love, I'm here.

I hope that wasn't too graphic for you all. I just wanted to say thank you for sticking around so far and that I'm in a much safer place atm. This chapter was kind of a hard one to write because honestly, it feels so familiar in many ways. Anyway, stay tuned because things will not be slowing down! :D

Chapter 25

For the past forty-eight hours, Bella had been tormented sexually in every way possible. She looked up and down her bruised arms, the fingerprints of her torturer inked on her as if she were paper. *Oh God* , she thought with tears brewing in her swollen eyes. She looked in the mirror for the first time since the act, she gasped. Her left eye was swollen nearly shut and left blackened, her cheeks were bruised and swollen, and when she opened her mouth, remnants of teeth were left in her gums. She looked as she had been mauled by a lion, and she had to fight off nausea upon observing herself. She looked at the glass in the corner of the mirror, wondering what she could use to break it and slice her neck. *No* , she thought, he'd come running from the smell and the punishment for that... She shivered, not wanting to imagine what kind of pain Edward would be willing to enforce on her to keep her around. Her good eye wandered about the bathroom again, catching the shower rod curiously. *A noose* , she pondered curiously, she could make a makeshift rope out of her clothes, towels, or even the shower curtain perhaps.

She walked hesitantly to the shower, removing her shirt as she did so to throw over the rod. She painstakingly maneuvered a make-shift noose and slowly turned on the shower, hoping the noise would mask her struggle for air.

" **Bella don't**" . Jacob's form appeared in the mirror, frantically trying to warn his friend from her deadly decision.

She broke down then, heaving and trembling from the heavy cries escaping her small form. "I-I can't do it, Jake". She said softly, hoping that Edward would not be able to hear her through the shower and his piano playing.

Her friend looked at her silently, his eyes lingering on her bloodshot and swollen eye, and the many bruises and hickeys on her pale form. She wondered if he actually believed that she would be better

off alive. Maybe his silence was permission. " **Bella** ", Jake whimpered almost silently, " **they're coming for you, they are so close you just have to-**"

Bang bang, Bella turned her face to the door immediately in horror. When she looked back, Jake was gone.

"No, Jake, no, you can't leave me!" She screeched, lunging towards the mirror, shattering the center into pieces. She was too preoccupied with trying to speak to her friend to care that each shard was piercing into her flesh as a knife would butter. Edward broke through the door, having smelt her blood in the steamy room. When he reached the other side, he found Bella cradling fistfuls of glass shards into her hand, squeezing tightly, while tears flowed down her face. "Jacob? Jacob? Don't go", she screamed into her bloody palms as the shower mist coated the air.

"Isabella", Edward asked worriedly, just now observing the noose hanging on the shower rod.

She was trembling when she heard his voice, turning slowly to the sound to give him the most menacing glare a human had ever given him. "YOU," she hissed as her eyes turned into slits.

"You killed him", she screamed while raking her bloody palms through her hair, scratching her scalp, and pulling out the strands.

Blood trickled down her head as she slammed her palms to her forehead in frustration. Further deepening the glass into her hands and sticking herself in the face. "YOU TOOK HIM AWAY FROM ME," she snarled through the broken teeth she had left as she sunk to the floor in despair. Edward was stunned. He had never anticipated Bella losing it as she had, and seeing her so crazed did not anger him, but instead filled him with the smallest bit of guilt. However, just as he was beginning to feel an inkling of compassion for his mate, he could not help but become the slightest bit aroused by the blood dripping from her hairline to her exposed bust. She dropped her gaze from his to sob, crying out her father's and Jake's name, then slamming

her palms onto the floor, streaking the snow-white design with crimson.

"Isa'- Edward started, hesitantly walking towards her. "Don't you dare! Don't you fucking dare!" She screeched, dragging the large piece of mirror close to her and placing it near her jugular. "Isabella stop right-!"

"My name is not Isabella", Bella cried through hiccups, pointing the glass just so that it pierced her flesh slightly. "It's not? Bella asked questioning through her tears over and over, trembling so severely the glass dropped from her hand.

She shook hard at the realization she had dropped her only defense, and as Edward inched closer, menacingly, Bella continued her questioning. "That's not my name? That's not my name?" She asked herself over and over. "No, no no," she shook her head frantically with crazed eyes as she continued sifting through the pieces which clang to her skin.

"Shhh love", he hushed her gently as he crawled to be by her side to cradle her. She accepted it willingly, having felt as if she had lost all other options for comfort. She held him back, crying into his shoulder, ignoring the stinging pain from all parts of her body.

She removed her head from his touch to look at him, when he did the same, she inched further to plant a gentle kiss on his cold dead lips. *Please, God, give me something.* She thought wistfully, hoping that if she were to die soon, she would be able to find some kind of comfort.

"Love, we have to leave", Edward said gently, trying to get her to calm from her recent breakdown. She looked at him, giving him a look she couldn't quite discern before rushing to the toilet to vomit. He averted his eyes, only bringing them back up when she was standing and composed.

He stifled a gasp, all the color had drained from her, accentuating the discoloration in her bruises and blood dripping from her scalp. She swayed a bit, needing to grab the countertop.

"Love?" He asked just as she was beginning to fall forward, catching her immediately. He turned her around to find her out like a light.

Rosalie

The moon was shining brightly, coloring the trees in the forest a dark color so that only their silhouettes were visible. The forest was virtually quiet now, the exception being the snores of a few animals, running water, and the hoots of owls.

"How are you feeling?" I asked Charlie again when I arrived back at camp, carrying the few moose I had. I tried to keep my tone light and not project the sense of urgency I was feeling, but of course, he caught on. "Rose, I'm sorry", he muttered more clearly than he had been able to so at least that was good. "Ugh", he stumbled clumsily to his feet, nearly falling and groaning while doing so. He stood up finally, if he were human he would most likely be sweating. "I'm ready", he huffed, let's that get that son of a-". He couldn't continue his sentence without a wince. I flitted to his side and patted his back gently while easing him to sit on the fallen tree below us. "Hey, Hey, take it easy. We can't help Bella until you're strong. Please feed."

He sighed, forlorn, walking up and kicking the dead moose weakly out of frustration. He shook his head and covered his eyes, unsuccessfully shielding me from the fact he was crying. I didn't go to him this time, Charlie struck me as a man who would share when he felt like it. And to my surprise, he did.

"You know when Bella was a baby, her mother would sing Heart and Soul while I played it on my harmonica. And Bells", he said with a faraway look in his eyes as he directed his face towards the stars. "And Bells, she would just start hopping away, stomping her feet to the rhythm". He quieted for a minute, reminiscing, before continuing. "After Renee left, I never played music again, even when Bella

would visit." He stopped again, whimpering slightly, his voice still held the obvious warble he was upset.

"When I see Bella again, I'm gonna sing to her. Whatever she wants." I couldn't help the tears from welling when I heard this father speak about his daughter. Charlie Swan was truly one of the purest souls I'd ever met in this lifetime. I walked over to him at human speed and wrapped my arms around his carefully. He stilled but then relaxed into me, returning my hug sweetly while burying his face in my hair. I saw flashes of my own biological father's face while hugging Charlie. He wasn't a bad man, but he was no Swan.

"After this moose, we are going, I'm not going to let him have her any longer," he stated matter of factly. I broke from his embrace to look in his eye and nodded once. I flitted back to the tree and watched Charlie stare at the moon. He stood like a statue, taking a long look at life as he knew it before he had to face the monster who had his daughter. ***You do know what will happen to him,*** the voice asked solemnly. Yes, I responded in thought, watching Charlie take in the forest one last time. I lay on the fallen tree horizontally to do the same. I gazed into the light of the twinkling stars, contemplating my mortality, Emmett's wellbeing, Bella, and my family as Charlie softly began to hum Heart and Soul.

Chapter 28

"You like that don't you"? Edward asked me seductively as he thrust in and out of me from behind. One last go before we get to our new place, according to Edward. "Huh", he groaned, pressing me onto the kitchen countertop harder. I winced, my wrapped palms stinging under their badges. *Jake*, I thought mournfully. *No, no, no, he is not here anymore, don't think of him!* "Harder", I command Edward aloud, eager to have anything take my mind off all the losses I had endured over the past few weeks. Edward accepted my request; he placed his hand over the back of my head, forcing me to look to the left towards the rest of my prison. I eyed the kitchen sink. All was cleared, except for the torch he used to flambe dinner last night. If I could just...

It will never happen, a voice in my head decided, ***you will never be free***. "Harder", I asked him again. He did so, tearing into me like a drill.

It hurt, but less than the bruises, my hands, and worst of all the loss of my father and Jake.

You could live like this, the voice said softly through the tears that were escaping the corner of my eyes. ***He isn't so bad when you behave. He cooks, he cleans, he-.*** *He killed my father.* I cut the voice off with a cold tone, thinking more about what it was saying. ***You kissed him***, it reminded me. ***You kissed him, and you liked it.***

I did like it, I thought bashfully. *What is wrong with me? Am I that desperate for comfort, I'd be willing to settle for my abuser.* **Yes !**

"Harder Edward," I moaned, my breathing now ragged. He listened stretching and filling my dripping wet sex with his manhood. "Uhh", I moaned, temporarily ignoring my gripes with Edward and my revulsion towards my own actions to feel some momentary relief. T

ake it. You have to take whatever you can now. "Mm", I pushed my sex against his, riding it from below. He groaned, flipping me over so that I would face him while he fucked me. Oh yes, he thrust inside me easily, the slickness from his precum lubricated me so much I was dripping on the countertop. "Edward", I moaned, taking a look into his eyes as he climaxed into me. He shivered, not removing his length from me until he looked to the sink, noticing the torch missing. "Isa"- he started, right as I lit his face on fire.

He erupted into flames almost immediately, his entire body engulfed by fire. He spun around, panicked and confused, tripping over the furniture and igniting it as well. I pulled my dress down and bolted for the door, hearing him scream my name like a wounded animal as I did so. I closed the door harshly, running through the black tunnels as quickly as I could, trying to remember the way out. I coughed, the smell of smoke was beginning to trickle into the small space. **Run! Don't you dare stop Bella!** Jake's voice combined with my mental one urged me. Was I crazy? Had I lost my mind?

It doesn't matter right now! Just keep going! He bellowed as I pushed myself harder than I ever had. I breathed raggedly, my lungs started to become hot, and sweat poured down my face. Keep going. Keep going. I propelled myself further, even though it was getting harder to breathe, I began to see the light at the end of the tunnel. Literally. The outside was around twenty or so feet away just as I tripped over a root and fell to the floor. Ugh, I groaned, feeling my ankle snap, but the pain quickly dissipated as I smelled smoke and burning flesh directly in front of me. I did not want to look up. I kept my eyes on the ground in front of me as embers fell from above.

Tears started to fall from my eyes when I met the chard and angry glare of Edward Cullen.

"No, no, Edward please," I begged, as rage blazed in his eyes. I crawled back, trying pointlessly to escape his fury. He flew right next to me and grabbed me by the hair to drag me back down below. "NOOOO", I screamed, clawing at the ground, opening up my wounds, and leaving bloody handprints. God knows what he'll do to

me now. He stopped suddenly then, turning around to sit in a crouched position in front of me.

Towards the entrance and walking out of the light into the tunnel was Charlie Swan. "Get your hands off my daughter", he hissed.

Chapter 29

Charlie

We crashed into each other like two boulders, the sound creating a thunderous roar that shook the whole forest. He lunged at my neck, trying unsuccessfully to take out a chunk. *My God, he looked like he was just on trial for witchcraft. What did she do to him?* He roared, angry upon hearing my thoughts. He flipped me onto my back, which I easily managed to get out of. She really weakened him for me. I punched the prissy boy square in his ashen mug, knocking out some teeth and leaving a cloud of dust as I did so. I put him on his back to return the favor he did for me and began to stomp on his chest roughly. He coughed, and I laughed. Finally, this little punk was getting what he deserved. I stopped my kicking after a few blows, I was hardly the monster he was even though I knew he deserved more. I moved to get him up for the final blow, but that's when I realized my mistake. I thought about what I was going to do before doing it. As I reached down to grab him, he caught my arm, knowing every move beforehand. In seconds he had me by the neck.

"Rosalie now"! I cried. She ran in to grab Bella from behind, having found a way below ground. "No!" Edward screamed at his sister, trying to lunge towards them both, but I kept his hands around my neck and stood my ground firmly.

"You are not taking her again", I muttered as he squeezed on my throat in frustration. "Rosalie, let me go!" I heard my daughter scream at Rose, trying fruitfully to escape. "No, no, no", she screamed as Rose tried to shush her. "Take care of my daughter", I said to her, trying to keep the venom out of my eyes, as I heard her scream daddy. Rose nodded, put Bella onto her back, and disappeared into the woods.

I felt Edward's hands shake with fury around my neck. He screamed into the sky, frightening all birds from their trees. He squeezed, rage

pulsating through his body, as I felt my neck begin to crack. The sound of a buzz interrupted him, freezing him in place before he backed off of me slowly, and flitted in the woods, presumably to find Bella.

"NO!" I yelled after him, stumbling onto my feet, still healing from my last run-in with Edward. What the hell? That's when I saw them. In the sky above, ten government-issued helicopters were rapidly approaching. On their way, I could see several men and women dropping out hundreds of feet and running, hopefully towards Edward.

What? How could this be happening? Just as I thought it, I could smell the familiar scents of the Cullens, and when I looked up, I could see Carlisle and Emmett, falling hundreds of feet towards the earth to greet me.

"Guys!" I exclaimed, panicked, and wincing from the wounds still healing in my neck. "What's happening? What's going on?"

"The Volturi and mortal governments want Edward gone. So they decided on doing it themselves," Carlisle explained. *The CIA*, the realization hit me. I knew they were curious about all the murders, but I had no idea they were so involved in our world. I shook my head and noticed that one of the Cullens was missing.

"Where's your seer", I asked, still confused and anxious but feeling more secure Bella would be safe with the additional support.

Emmett looked to the grounds sadly and rubbed his head. "She traded herself to the guard to save us."

"Light!" I could hear a mortal scream from above. I hadn't noticed how dark it became, it was only around four or so, but in the Candian wilderness, darkness spread quickly. The other pilots complied, illuminating the ground below us and searching in all directions through the trees.

"Wait a minute", Emmett started nervously, "where is Rose?"

Rosalie

I weaved through trees as Bella sobbed into my hair. I wanted to comfort her but was too distracted by the footsteps quickly approaching. **He's gaining** . *Don't you think I know that?* I rolled my eyes at my sixth sense as Edward began speaking to me. "Rosie," he whispered the name Royce used to call me. I resisted shivering and increased my speed. "I won't hurt you if you give her back to me. It is not right for you to take away what is-."

"She is not yours"! I screamed into the darkness, now afraid. He must've killed Charlie.

You don't get to play games with people for your amusement. She is a person, I thought, still trying to reason with my brother even though I knew he would never get it. "Rosalie stop!" Bella yelled at me through tears. I didn't but continued to push forward. "He wants me Rose. He'll leave you alone if you just let me go back".

"Yes"! I could hear Edward moan. I shivered, I could feel all the disgusting things he wanted to do to her.

"Not. Happening". I grunted, trying to maintain my speed and ignoring the smell of her blood dripping from her hands. "Wha, -" Bella started, glancing at the many spotlights which appeared shining down on the forest. I hadn't even noticed helicopters were approaching, too distracted with getting Edward off my ass.

As the light got closer, Bella screamed my name, just as Edward pummeled into me from the left side. Bella, I thought as she was thrown off me, her back making a horrifying crack as she hit a bolder. "Bella"! I tried to go to her but was held down by Edward, whose face was just the hint of ashen grey that it was half an hour before.

"You!" He hissed in my face, venom spilling from his mouth as he did so. "You stupid cunt!" He roared, slapping me harshly, repeatedly,

and pulling my blonde hair out of my scalp. I grunted and kicked him off me, hurrying to my feet as soon as possible. He slid several feet away, landing on his feet, before lunging towards me. In seconds he had me pinned with his arm around my neck. "You little fucking whore!" He screamed while ripping my arm from my shoulder. "Ahh", I cried, the pain was nearly unbearable.

"You think you could kill me?" He chuckled, removing my other arm and lifting my head to expose my neck. "That's laughable", he smiled, going in for my jugular.

"Edward", Bella said weakly, distracting him and giving me a few more precious seconds of life. "Fuck you," she whimpered as large wolves appeared surrounding us just as the spotlight from a helicopter above shinned down on me.

Edward

I am surrounded. The dogs quickly were closing in on me, and before I had time to bolt, several Volturi guards were already blocking my exit. Nobody moved, except for the wolves who would growl at me with bared teeth every few seconds. A few minutes later, Charlie, Carlisle, and Emmett trickled in. Emmett sent me a multitude of uncharacteristically violent thoughts, and upon seeing his mate, he left the side of Carlisle to retrieve her missing arms. Carlisle looked at me with watery eyes before moving through the wolves and tending to Isabella. I growled and made my way to walk over there but was quickly hindered by Sam, who bared his teeth and made sure to make clear how eager he was to lunge at me.

I had lost. I crumbled to my knees. *My love, it is over*, I thought as my beast howled. "Edward," a familiar voice thought from the helicopter above. Alice jumped to the ground, landing gently, barely tussling up the dirt below. She walked towards me stone-faced, baring the cloak of the guard, and pulling out a piece of paper. Two guards appeared to my right and left to raise me to my feet and hold me by the arms to ensure I don't escape. "Edward Cullen," Alice began, reading the decree which would seal my fate. "You have

been found guilty of endangerment to vampire kind, maiming of vampire kind, and the murder of Jasper Hale," she said coldly, successfully saying the part she knew would trip her up. "By order of Aro one of the Three Kings, you have been sentenced to death." Upon finishing her words, two guards walked toward me hastily. "No", Alice lifted her hand to stop them in their tracks.

Confused looks shifted throughout the guard, and the wolves growled loudly, disappointed to not already have me turned into ash.

"Charlie?" she questioned as all of us looked in his direction.

"With pleasure", he hissed, flitting to my side and wrapping his hands on my head. "Wait," I chimed, desperate to say one last thing to my love, "I get to have a last word?"

"Fine". Alice grimaced, reluctantly.

I exhaled shakily, feeling a sense of urgency as there were too few words to describe my love for Isabella while knowing that I needed to warn her of my observations. "I love you, Isabella. You will always be mine. You will always have a part of me with you." As soon as I finished, I could feel my neck begin to separate from my body and hear the guard start the fire. *Goodbye love*, I thought as the world went black and I drifted into hellfire.

Chapter 30

Rosalie

It was done. He was finally gone, and Bella was alive and semi-well. I rotated my arms, both of them feeling stiff since Emmett aligned them slightly imperfectly. I relaxed for the first time this autumn. *Fucking finally*, I thought as I clasped Emmett's hand tightly. He smiled at me and kissed the top of it, then looked at Bella, who was fast asleep. "Long day huh?" He asked me, and I giggled in response. "What are we going to do with her?" I asked Emmett earnestly. I was not a fan of turning mortals into vampires, but I needed to know what the Volturi permitted us to do.

Emmett's smile dissipated into an expression of seriousness. "Up to her. Aro agreed to help us find Edward when Alice traded herself. But she insisted, he also permit us to do whatever we wanted with Bella."

"That pixie sure is something", I muttered to myself. I had not really thought about how much Alice had lost due to Edward. He was her favorite brother, and he ended up taking away her sight, mate, and ultimately her family. She was always annoying, but in the end, when her family depended on her, she sacrificed the only thing she knew. "I'm gonna miss her," I whispered to Emmett as venom-filled my eyes. "Yeah," he mumbled, now looking down at the ground, probably to hide his tears, "me too". I leaned over to kiss him on the cheek sweetly. "I love you, Emmy," I smiled at him brightly.

Buzz. Buzz. The sound of Carlisle's phone went off for probably the fifteenth time for the duration of the flight.

"Esme again?" Emmett asked, annoyed. I could not blame him. She missed out on the entire Edward ordeal and wanted to return now that the problem was disposed of. Carlisle opened his phone and quickly shut it back closed, ignoring her. *Hmmm, trouble in paradise.*

I looked at my father for the first time in a long one; he seemed older, grayer, less cheerful. How could he not? His first son flipped out and became a murdering psychopath, and his 'mate' virtually abandoned him in his time of need.

How is that even possible? Mates are not supposed to... I was cut off by the sounds of Bella's groan. Poor thing, she had to be in pain. Looks like she was waking up soon.

Bella

I woke up groggy and in pain. He was gone, Edward Cullen was finally dead. But why didn't I feel free? Shock is what Carlisle called it when we loaded into the plane, heading back to Forks. And for a short while, I was grateful to be in this state. I could not feel the pain of the few broken vertebrae in my back, nor of my bruises, but I was very much aware of the pain that would come when my senses returned to normal. ***What is wrong with you? You should be happy! He's gone. You're free,*** the voice in my head exclaimed happily. No, I thought, trembling in place, laying on my stomach. *Something is not right.*

I shivered, feeling the creeping feeling that something terrible was about to happen as I held back my nausea. "Bella?" My dad asked, placing his hand on mine. "What's wrong? Your heart is like a hummingbird kid." I did not respond as I was unable to. Nothing felt real or right, almost as if I plummeted into despair. "Carlisle", my father called. The handsome blond doctor was kneeling at face level almost immediately, staring into my dark eyes worriedly. He was so beautiful, much more than Edward, but I truly couldn't admire him in the way I typically would've since I felt the weight of Edward still on me. "Hush," he shushed me, placing a hand on my shoulder gently. He felt warm, and I welcomed it. In the sea of despair, I was feeling, I was relieved to feel his touch. Carlisle pulled back his hand hesitantly and gave me a look I couldn't quite discern before masking it. "Bella," he said my name gently, softening his features and looking into my eyes with his honey ones sweetly. He placed his hand over mine carefully, rubbing it kindly as tears fell from my eyes,

and I accepted his warmth. "Something's not right," I croaked, feeling a lump in my throat. "Bella", Carlisle breathed my name as I clung to his hand and sobbed. I thought hard about Edward's final words as a cold chill buzzed throughout my body. *You will always have a part of me with you.* His words rang in my ears as I felt fluttering in my stomach.

A/N: Sooo yeah idk whether or not to make a spin-off or keep going. Honestly, I could go forever and it would be a LOT less violent at least for a little while. LMK what you guys think.

All of Me: Chapter 1

Hey guys, I've officially begun a spinoff for Last of Me! It's called All of Me, and I'm deciding to write the first three chapters here! Please let me know what you think.

"I'm not letting this happen", Charlie yelled, stomping his feet into the white carpet of The Cullen's living room.

"Dad please", Bella begged with tears streaming down her face as she accelerated in her new electric mobility scooter. "Just please."

"No Bella, we have to move. We need to get that thing out of you." He insisted, disgust in his tone with anger coating his features.

"Is that even possible?" Emmett asked, disbelief in his voice and shock spread about his features. He looked to his mate as if asking her what to do, but she just stood still as she paled. Rosalie had always been pro-baby. Always. But Edward's baby, a half-vampire baby, was making her question her beliefs. Nobody loved the idea of abortion but what was on everyone's mind was; is it worth the risk. *Would this child be a monster too?*

Carlisle stepped forward, hating that he may be delivering more devastating news to the fragile young woman. "Bella, you can not even walk. It was a miracle we even found you an electric scooter to make you semi-mobile. You can not handle a baby right now. We have no idea how this baby will affect you, especially since you are so weakened. He might even-" Charlie growled, cutting off Carlisle's explanation.

"We need to get rid of that thing! It will be just like its father." Charlie growled, hatred seeping into every syllable into his sentence.

"Or like me". Bella murmured with tears in her eyes as she sunk still in her chair.

"Oh please", he retorted in anger. In Charlie's mind, he had been given a second chance to be with his little girl. He was not going to let Edward ruin anything else for them ever again.

Bella numbed, feeling unheard and ashamed. How could this happen?

"Will you calm down?" Carlisle insisted angrily, noticing how Charlie's reaction changed Bella's demeanor. "You are upsetting her."

"Don't you tell me not to talk to my daughter!"

The two continued bickering as Emmett interjected between them periodically to ask Carlisle a question. Bella shrunk in her chair and looked out the window, feeling as if she were underground and hidden away all over again. Rosalie winced, sensing Bella's struggle, her emotions seemingly becoming stronger in the eight or so hours they'd been together.

"Everyone stop!" Rosalie yelled, silencing the three men immediately. "I think we are forgetting something." She said as she walked towards Bella and knelt to face her.

"What do you want Bella?" She asked the young woman gently.

Bella looked at Rosalie cautiously, weighing her word carefully before speaking, "time" she answered.

Rosalie nodded, taking Emmett's hand and dragging him towards the front door. "But I wanted to stay", he mumbled, pouting like a child as they left the home.

Bella's eyes flickered to Charlie. He stood still in defiance for a moment before rolling his eyes dramatically and storming out. "Dad-" she started, but Charlie was gone. Fuck, she did not figure he would be ecstatic, but his cold reaction shocked her.

Carlisle shifted his weight uncomfortably, "You do know I can not leave you alone until you are healed." Bella gave him a small and turned her face back to the ceiling before closing her eyes. Time, she thought, I just need time.

Carlisle

Four days had passed since our arrival, and Bella was healing incredibly quickly; her flesh wounds were yellow, scrapes healed, and she was now able to twist her back with barely any pain. Remarkable, that should've taken weeks at the very least. I sighed; *the problem is not the physical healing*, I thought as I filled her glass with water. *Edward*. I trembled with rage, trying my hardest to avoid crushing the glass of water in my hands. *Pregnant*, I wanted to spit out the word. *Just when you thought he could not be more repugnant. More despicable.* I shivered.

I set the glass in front of Bella. She said nothing but laid on the couch sideways, to peer out the window.

This poor woman, she hardly spoke in our time together. Yet, I still was drawn to her. I stared at her pale frame discreetly; her beautiful face was clearer, but still littered with the shadows of bruises. Her teeth were chipped and needed replacing. I shook my head in disgust and growled as I walked back to the kitchen. *How could someone harm a creature so gentle, so beautiful...*

I observed her further, initially I had not understood why Edward was so infatuated by her, but seeing her face up close. She was phenomenal. *Esme*. I sighed and rubbed my fingers against my forehead in frustration. How could she be absent through this entire ordeal? Her son was murdered. Her daughter was disfigured and left. But now that everyone has settled, she wants to return like everything is normal. I furrowed my brow and shook my head subtly. I pulled out my phone to see she had called at least ten times today. I was thoroughly displeased. Everyone in this family was willing to sacrifice something but her.

The sound of sobbing broke through my inner thoughts, and sure enough, Bella was crying lowly to herself. *Maybe let her be?* I pondered pointlessly, knowing that now I've seen her, I was unable to leave her side. *Maybe her father should be doing this?* I asked myself, but considering how he had reacted upon hearing the initial news, I was grateful that he had retired himself to the guest house. *Rosalie? No* . It was made clear that she was only to be called for 'human moments'. I was nervous, I realized. Why am I nervous? You are a doctor for God's sake Carlisle! Heal her.

I inched closer to her, making sure that my footsteps would be heard. The last thing she needed was another surprise. "Bella", I murmured her name softly, taking in her broken body and soul. She whimpered as I knelt beside her. She appeared to respond well to my touch on the plane, so I lifted my palm in front of her face, letting her know what I intended on doing. She flashed me a weak smile in consent. This sweet woman, I thought as I pressed my hand onto her upper back lightly, making sure to not add too much pressure. She smiled and relaxed a bit into me. *Beautiful* . I shivered, feeling a current run through my pulsate through my body. *Odd* . What was so different about this simple back massage?

Bella

The air felt heavy as I sat in silence; appearing to look through the window but still underground. *Why couldn't I be like I was? I was out. No, you're not,* the voice in my head whispered. ***Every night since you've been here, you were right back under him*** . I blinked away tears, trying to tune out my conscience. What is wrong with me? Had I gone insane? **No** , Jake answered me with a chuckle, as if I'd been acting foolishly. *Stop it* , I commanded both of them. *I am going to get better, I just need time* , Jake and the voice answered the last part with me. Maybe some alone time... I thought, picturing the incredible Carlisle Cullen. He was magnificent; caring, handsome, and truly trying his hardest to get me out of this depression. I wanted him near me at all times, but at the same time, I could not give him the attention he deserved until I was clear-headed.

That poor man. To lose two sons and a daughter. Because of you, the voice whispered. I shivered and clenched my jaw. That was the worst part of being back so far. Living while so many were hurt or died, especially since all of their deaths were my fault. I caused so much pain to so many people. How was it fair that I am the survivor? **You could at least do them a favor by getting rid of what he put in you** , Jake spoke coldly. *Maybe* , I thought while bringing my hand to lay on my stomach. *Are you a monster?* I asked the little bean as teardrops landed on the couch cushion.

I heard Carlisle's footsteps before seeing him and smiled sadly; he was trying to make himself louder for me. Those small details are what I appreciated about him. He always tried to make things easier on me and never required praise for any of it. **Nothing like**, - flashes of Edwards' face appeared before me. **Don't say his name**, Jake barked, chastising the voice as I whimpered aloud.

"Bella," Carlisle called out my name gently as he appeared before me. How could I never notice him before the plane ride? He was the kindest and most attractive person I had ever met. **He is also a very married person** , Jake chided me. Please, I wanted to scoff. I was in no position to make any advances romantically with anyone for a while. I am just a patient. **A pregnant patient. A pregnant patient who is impregnated by the doctor's son.**

She doesn't have to be. Shut up! I thought towards them both as Carlisle made a gesture to touch me. I flashed a smile to indicate yes as he moved his hand to my back. I sighed, he was warm, and I welcomed his presence. His touch alleviated all the pain in my back, at least temporarily. Hot damn! He must be the greatest doctor who ever lived, Jake joked. I didn't laugh but instead relaxed further into his touch, feeling an electric current pulsate out of him and into me. **What** , all the participants in my head asked in unison.

Carlisle pulled his hand back in shock, apparently feeling the same thing I had. I look at him questingly. *Was it the baby?* I wanted to ask, but didn't, being cut off guard by the darkness of his eyes. "Carlisle", I exclaimed. He looked at me surprised. How couldn't he,

I'd hardly talked to the man since I've been here. "I'm sorry," he mumbled, staggering backward a bit as if he were dazed. Wait, staggering? I didn't know vampires could stagger. Was he sick or something? "Carlisle," I started hesitantly and a bit worried; "maybe you should hunt for a bit". Carlisle looked me over slowly with dark eyes and bent his mouth to make an expression I couldn't decipher. Ugh, why does that keep happening? "Bella", Carlisle started to protest. "Just for a day", I pleaded. He stayed still for a minute, giving me a hard stare. "One day."

All of Me: Chapter 2

That spark... I wondered as I raised my fingers to look at my hand that touched her. She felt like heaven. I closed my eyes, remembering touching her warm body. That connection was unlike anything I had ever felt in all my years. *It was fantastic until she asked you to leave* . I winced, ignoring my inner thought.

What an idiot! I brushed my fingers through my hair in frustration. How silly was it that I would be hurt that Bella asked for some time to herself? She certainly had a lot to think about. I shook my head, trying to get myself to forget about her for a minute to focus on the hunt. It didn't work, and truthfully I was hardly thirsty. *You should be back there with her. What if she gets hurt.* No, I cut off that thought before it could run away. I am no Edward. Bella is a grown woman. If she needs me, she will call.

At least you won't be able to embarrass yourself in front of her anymore . Ugh, I groaned, recalling my stagger in front of her. How on earth could one girl turn me into a staggering idiot? I had always prided myself on appearing to be the suave, collected, intelligent doctor, but when I was around Bella I felt naked.

Buzz buzz. The sound of my phone's ringing provided a temporary distraction from the myriad of thoughts I was having. "Carlisle," Esme cooed my name as I pressed my ear to the phone.

Esme

"Eleazer stop", I giggled as he bit my toes from under the blanket. He chuckled at me and peeked from under the covers to plant a soft kiss on my lips. I sighed, the past month had been a life of pure relaxation for me and a much-deserved vacation. And although I was grateful for the time Eleazor and I had spent together, I was ready to return home. Eleazor, I moaned his name as I motioned for him to kiss me. He complied, and I broke our kiss with a sigh. "I have to go

back," I murmured into his hair sadly. "Why," he asked me angrily, standing up immediately. "You don't even love him!"

"That is not true". I exclaimed, hurt, and surprised by his tone. "I admit, things have fizzled a bit but I still..."

"Whatever Esme", he cut me off harshly. "We have been fucking every day and night since you've gotten here. You didn't seem too concerned about your 'family' then."

"I just needed time", I insisted with tears starting to cloud my vision. "Now that everything's back to how it was.-"

"How do you even know that? Nobody is even answering your calls anymore. You have no idea what you'd be going home to."

"What do you suggest I do?" I yelled at him. Deep down, I knew he was right, at least partially. I hadn't felt connected to that family for a while now. Maybe Edward, but with him rogue, I didn't feel like I belonged. Everyone had a role, but truthfully what one did I fulfill. They were all too old for a mother now, and as much as I felt incomplete, it was too hard to start over.

"Tell Carlisle the truth", Eleazer pleaded while crawling on the bed towards me. "We can make this work Esme".

"Oh, like you and Carmen", I replied snidely.

His eyes turned into slits upon me saying his 'mate's name'. "You don't know what you're talking about", he responded coldly, zipping up his trousers and flitting outside.

"Dammit". I muttered, sinking into the bed. Had I messed up that badly, I wondered while glancing at my cell phone and dialing.

"Carlisle", I cooed, pressing my ear into the phone.

"Esme", he said my name nicely, but I could tell he was slightly annoyed. "How are you, dear"? That's my good boy, I thought

humorously. Same old Carlisle, pleasant and loyal. It should not be too difficult to get on his good side.

"Carlisle", I pouted into the phone, "when should I come back. Have things settled?"

He was silent on the other end for a minute before speaking to me coldly. "Do you have any idea what's happened here?" He asked me with a slight tremble in his voice. I paused, worried now that Eleazor was right; I did not know what I would come home to.

"Carlisle", I spoke into the phone panicked, "what happened. Where are the children?" I asked, using the word children for him, even if I thought it was ridiculous.

He said nothing for a few minutes, but I could hear his sobs through the phone. This was bad. Really bad. Never in all the years, I knew Carlisle had he ever broken down this way.

"Carlisle", I persisted, trying to get information out of him. "Will you just give me one single minute", he barked. I was shocked. What happened?

"Just tell me Edward's okay" I begged. I was by far the most attached to him compared to the others, and despite his meltdown, I hoped he'd be there when I returned. Carlisle still said nothing until I called his name one final time.

"He's dead", Carlisle said in a voice as if he were in a trance. "He is dead along with Jasper, and Alice is gone too". I froze. Poor Edward. How could this have happened to him? He only wanted to be happy. Carlisle's voice trembled again, and he choked on his words.

"Esme", he said my name as if it were painful. "How could you leave me?"

I choked, feeling the sensation of tears in my throat as I combed my hand through my hair. "Carlisle, I didn't know," I tried sobbing through

my words. I did feel guilty, for making him feel sad, but I knew I wasn't doing anything that terrible. "I thought you would've taken care of it". I cried, squeezing the phone too tightly. " I just did not know how to cope.-"

"Don't you dare Esmerelda. Don't. You. dare." He finished, hanging the phone up abruptly. Perhaps getting on his good side would be more difficult than I anticipated. I looked out the bedroom window to see Eleazor walking out of the woods. Maybe I should stay here? It was convenient, for me at least, especially with the rest of the Denali coven out in Russia. Maybe a few more weeks to let him cool off? Carlisle is predictable, I tried to ease my conscience. He's like a puppy. He'll get pissed off for a few minutes, and you let him hump your leg and boom back to normal. I snickered, *just like a puppy*, the words echoed in my head as I got ready for another round with Eleazor.

All of Me: Chapter 3

I was alone. For the first time since Edward had me, I was alone to my own devices, **Minus Rosalie's help with all your human moments** , Jake called out in my head. I huffed in frustration, apparently, the thoughts in my brain seemed to think they were still needed. They were mistaken. **Hey** , they called out in unison as if I offended them. "Go away," I mumbled to them while peering through Cullen's record collection. I was beyond stressed; I took solace in the privacy I'd just gained, but anxiety as I was truly alone with my thoughts. I was pregnant, I thought in disbelief. It was impossible, but yet it happened. *His baby* . "Fuck", I huffed, pushing a few stacked books off the cabinet where the records were in frustration.

That motherfucker, I clenched my jaw tightly as angry tears clouded my vision. This was not fair. I got away. I did what I was supposed to do. Where was my happy ending? Where was my peace? Butterflies fluttered in my stomach, and I instinctively moved my hand to feel the sensation. "I'm sorry," I told the small creature in my stomach as tears streamed down my face. This wasn't fair to them either. *His baby* , I thought in disgust. **Your baby** , my inner voice reminded me as I felt my stomach begin to flutter again. I shook my head and directed my chair backward, needing to find something new to look at to take my mind off my current circumstances. **Ehm** , Jake coughed. **I believe there is a whole new elevator Emmett made just for you . I don't know.** I wasn't typically the type to wander, but since I was particularly desperate for any distraction, I found myself wheeling to the elevator.

Strike! The visual of lightning hitting the ground outside startled me as the lights began to flicker. **Looks like a bad storm** , the voice in my head warned as I headed inside the elevator.

The door opened to the second floor of the Cullen residence, and I looked around sheepishly. Knowing no one else was here but also feeling the slightest tinge of guilt for being nosey, I hurriedly pressed

the accelerate button to propel me forward. I passed a window as I sped about. *When had it gotten so dark?* I wondered as thunder shook the ground, and the lights flickered once more. I shivered, *what the hell was I doing here*, I asked myself as the lights flickered off and did not come back on.

No fucking way. I sat still in the darkness as if waiting for something to happen, but all there was silence. Total silence in the dark home where I was alone, and trapped upstairs. I closed my eyes, only to see the maze of tunnels where Edward kept me. I pushed forward, feeling the heat from the fire beginning to make me uncomfortable. It was almost as if past and present were entwining themselves in this very moment. **Keep moving**, Jake commanded as he had in the tunnels. **Don't you dare stop Bella**. I shivered, pushing on and passing the first large bedroom as I did so. It looked to be straight out of a HomeGoods catalog, with high-quality furniture and minimal design. Assuming how mature the layout was, I figured it to be Carlises. I coughed, choking the smoke that shouldn't be here. "What the fuck," I mumbled as sweat began dripping into my lap. *This isn't real*. I accelerated again, stopping when I heard my wheelchair make a cracking noise as it ran over something. "No", I whimpered as tears began to fall. I looked down, trying to decipher what it could be in the darkness, but only being able to when the lightning provided some clarity. "No," I repeated as I saw the blood-stained fragments of glass littered throughout the hallway. **That's impossible**, the voice whimpered terrified. Creek! I turned around in my chair quickly, hurting my back while doing so. I could see nothing in the blackness, but I could feel as if someone was there. "Rose?" I called out, hoping for her to answer but knowing she would've made herself known. No one responded, and upon seeing another lightning strike, it appeared no one was there.

I pushed forward, knowing that I had little decision of where I could go. I passed a bare room, the exception being a few leftover male outfits. Jasper, I thought sadly as the lightning flashed again, allowing me to see the briefest flashes of Jasper's figure in the open walk in the closet. He appeared dead, not in an immortal way, but

greyer. Less human, less conscious as he seemed to just stand in the doorway and observe. I did not react. I could not react. I knew I should've been screaming, but my body was unable to compute the sheer volume of terror I felt in that very instance. I sat there while his eyes followed me, but his body stayed still, and when I could muster the energy to leave, I simply backed out.

In the hallway and past Jasper's room, I allowed myself to exhale. Releasing tears as I did so like floodgates. Boom, the thunder roared as the room at the very end of the hall flew open. I screamed, desperately trying to reverse my chair as the low energy button flashed. "No, no, no, no," I cried frantically while trying to manually reverse my chair. Thud! I stopped, feeling the sensation that someone had just pressed themselves against my chair. I stiffened, hearing the shuffling of several feet behind me. I turned around slowly, waiting in the darkness to catch a glimpse of who was there, but still able to see the several bodies in the shadows. The lightning flashed, and I trembled into near hysteria. Behind me were the dead women He had murdered, all in various stages of decomposition, and all staring at me with black eyes. "Help me!" I screeched at the rotting grey young woman who stood behind my chair. She did not react to my plea, but instead started running, pushing me into the darkroom at the end of the hall.

No, I wanted to cry out in horror but was unable to. I was in His room, and all I felt in here was darkness and silence, making the impending dread I felt even more exacerbating. I looked back out the way I came, still able to tell his bedroom door was open despite the lack of light. I breathed heavily, nearly hyperventilating as I raced to the exit, only to be cut off by the door slamming harshly. I yelped, shaking, and horrified. Jake, where are you? I asked in my head, but for the first time since He took me, I did not get a response.

"Say my name love." Edward's voice murmured as I heard cackling and saw the light of an orange glow appear against the door. I did not acknowledge him but instead pressed my body against the door as tightly as I could maneuver. "Love?" he asked as my chair was

spun around to face him. I wanted to vomit and scream all at once. Edward Cullen was sitting on his bed cross-legged as embers burned along his flesh, and his eye sockets were filled with burning ash.

"Why don't you say my name," he pouted as the heat seemed to pulsate the room like a heartbeat. Edward smiled and began to look around, grinning as if something magical had happened. "Can you hear that?" He asked while walking toward me, leaving a trail of his charred flakes on the ground.

I felt dizzy as he walked towards me, breathing in his smoke and ash while feeling his heat. I coughed, breathing hard in terror and needing oxygen. Edward bent down to look in my eyes. I gasped, seeing the fire which burned in him and imagining the suffering he must be in. "That's our baby," he murmured, raising my shirt and touching my stomach, leaving a searing heat. I screamed so loud it hurt my ears as the room pulsated again. I hollered again, digging the scissors further into my abdomen, hitting a hard piece of flesh I could not penetrate. The door swung open; allowing daylight to enter and swallow the darkness, along with every evil in it.

"Bella!" Rosalie exclaimed in horror.

Chapter 34

A/N: Hey everyone, so the more I'm writing the more I realize that this story is still pretty Darkward heavy, so I decided to just upload what I have been writing onto the story. I'm having a lot of mental health issues atm but ironically I think that's actually starting to make me more creative. SOO, yeah enjoy. Please let me know what you think, it really means a lot. TYSM! :D

"Oh my God. Oh my God", I repeated like a prayer while trying to stop Bella from bleeding. "Don't", she yelled at me while flailing her arms in her chair frantically. "Don't let him touch my baby"! She cried through pain, her eyes rotating around the room like spinning dinner plates. "Jesus," Emmett muttered, shock covering his features. Bella screamed a blood-curdling scream upon hearing Emmett's voice. "Get out now!" I shouted to him, "call Carlisle". He nodded and did so immediately, I was grateful for him, but I had no time to thank him. Her smell, I groaned. *Oh God, there was so much blood*, I thought as my eyes rolled in the back of my head. *Focus*, the voice in my head told me. *She needs you*. I swallow painfully, feeling the fire in my throat blaze as I pressed towels into her wound. "Do not let him touch my baby," she cried softly; struggling to keep her head up. "Bella don't you dare go to sleep".

"My baby", Bella sobbed, pulling the scissors out of her abdomen in a smooth motion, releasing waterfalls of blood. The scissors, the voice started, observing the two blades bent and contorted by the cool mass growing in her stomach. *The placenta?* "Bella!" I screamed her name in shock. *How could this have happened?* I was a fool, I affirmed. How could I believe things would get back to normal because Edward was dead?

"Move!" I heard Charlie tell Emmett who was blocking his entrance to our home. "There is too much blood," Emmett started before I tuned him out in an attempt to save Bella. "Rosalie," she clutched my arm tightly and whispered my name as if someone were listening. "He's

here. I saw them." Shh, I hushed her while wiping the blood off her abdomen. "Bella, he's gone. He's gone. He-", I froze.

"Carlisle," Bella cried, seeing my adopted father swoop into Edward's room. "Bella," he cooed before gently picking her up and taking her downstairs. I stayed there kneeling with Bella's bloody towels in hand, impossible, the voice whispered. Fingerprints. Just a few digits, but they were real and burned into her skin similar to if she had been branded. *Impossible*, I shivered, feeling a chill, enough of one to make my teeth clatter.

No, I thought again, shaking my head. You were panicking, you don't know what you saw, I reasoned with myself as I began cleaning up the area. There is so much blood, I shook my head again to see the blood starting to move under His bed. Damn it, I picked up a towel, moving under the bed to soak up the mess to find a few fading embers.

Carlisle

"Carlisle", she moaned my name lazily and in pain, writhing on the living room table from the wound in her stomach. "Bella", I cried, venom stinging in my eyes. I could not lose her. Not after everything. Not yet.

"Bella, hang on", I whispered, getting my needle and thread ready to close up the gash. "Dammit," I muttered in frustration, Rosalie had been too thorough trying to stop the bleeding. Several towels were tied too tightly around her swelling belly, meaning I would have to rip them off. I broke the knots in haste, ready to suture, only to be stopped by the realization her wound was only the fraction of the size Emmett had described. *Had he been wrong?* I asked myself but looked at the towels, which indicated that her cut had indeed been much bigger.

"Bella", I sighed her name while observing her form. All the physical wounds she sustained from Edward appeared healed. Her writhing on the table in the manner she was, also made suspect her back had

healed much faster than I initially thought possible. She groaned, sweating so profusely her hair was sticking to her scalp. "He is here," she began, her eyes fixed on the ceiling like she was in a trance as sweat pooled beneath her. "In the ashes of fire he lives. Demanding his return. He will not take your place." She mumbled the last sentence while her hand slowly reached her stomach to caress it gently, a single tear escaping out the side of her eye. "I'm sorry baby," she cooed lovingly to her bump, stroking the mound carefully. "Bella", I said name almost inaudibly, but it was enough for her to break through her daze to look at me.

"Carlisle", she cried, throwing her arms around me tightly, surprising me and catching me off guard.

I gasped, throwing my arms around her warm, soft body and breathing in her scent deeply. "Bella", I groaned her name inadvertently, only to quickly become embarrassed from my lack of professionalism. "Oh Carlisle", she sobbed while trembling in my arms, "I was afraid."

"There, there", I soothed, loosening my hold on her so she could lay back down, despite me not wanting her to.

She didn't. But only tightened her hold on me, nuzzling her face into my neck while she did so. I clenched my teeth, resisting the urge to moan again. *Not the time, Carlisle. She needs you.* I wrapped my arms around her again, feeling her tears hit the collar of my shirt. "I got you, Bella," I said to her earnestly. *How could I ever let her go now?* She raised her head from my shoulder and looked at me with her big brown eyes. My heart fluttered. *So beautiful*, I thought, my body seemingly moving on its own accord as she leaned in towards my lips. **YES** ! My beast panted hungrily, eager to take Bella as his own. "No!" I said loudly, stunning Bella and stopping her advance while pulling her off of me.

I winced, feeling a pain in my chest. My beast was furious, I rejected what he wanted, but I couldn't betray my wife. I was married, and I made my vows before God. As much as it pained me to pull away

from her, I would not disregard Esme's feelings. No matter what problems we were having.

Ugh, I winced again, feeling another wave of pain. I panted, the air somehow becoming thinner, almost as if I were breathing through a straw. "Bella," I asked, wondering if she felt it too. She didn't look at me, but her breathing became labored as her eyes pointed down towards the ground. I asked her name again, but she avoided looking at me as teardrops fell onto the floor. "Bell-", I started motioning to grab her hand, but she pulled it away from me. Another wave of pain.

"Goddamnit kid move before I make you move!" Charlie shouted at Emmett while attempting to push himself through the door.

"Kid? I'm old enough to be your grandfather!" Emmett exclaimed, struggling to keep the newborn out of the home.

"Move!" Charlie bellowed, pushing Emmett at full-force, and propelling both of them into a wall. I groaned, pressing two fingers to the bridge of my nose in frustration. "Look what you did!" Charlie grumbled.

"Me? You are the one who-" Emmett said to Charlie, slightly annoyed before noticing Bella's crying and my sour demeanor. "Ooo," Emmett cringed aloud, noticing he broke an intense moment.

"What's up guys?" He asked, trying to break the tension.

Chapter 35

I sat on the couch, humiliated still from my breakdown four days earlier. *Baby* , I cooed in thought to my bump while rubbing it slowly. *I'm sorry* . I apologized to my bump again for potentially putting him or her in danger. *I tried to hurt him. I tried to hurt my baby. Did any of it happen? Was it all in my head?* I rubbed her forehead in frustration as the sunlight from the window hit my skin. *Not only am I insane, but I'm also a homewrecker.* I thought, recalling my attempt at a kiss with Carlisle. "Oh", I groaned, sucking in a breath quickly through the ache in my chest. *Carlisle* , I thought his name, needing to feel his touch or simply talk to him. Since the almost kiss, he's made himself remarkably sparse; only checking up on me once a day and working at all times otherwise. *Esme* , she remembered her name with a whimper. *How could she not be here, after everything? Could she not see how much this whole situation was aging him? Could she see how lucky she was?*

Do you know how lucky you are? To have the handsome doctor dote on you while so many died , the voice said teasingly.

Stop it . I thought sternly. ***Why? You know it's true***, it whispered to me. ***All you got was a baby while everyone around you paid the ultimate price.***

Jake , I asked for him, but again no answer. ***He's hiding***, the voice giggled. I opened my mouth to ask but was cut off. ***You know from who. No one wants to be dragged down with you know who.*** "Will you shut up", I huffed tiredly. I was so goddamn tired of this, I thought as angry tears started filling my eyes.

"Bella," Charlie asked questioningly, having flit into the room upon hearing me speak to no one. Fucking damn it. Since the Carlisle incident, it was decided that he work additional shifts at the hospital while Charlie and Rosalie rotated watch on me. I felt like a child. As

much as I loved my father and Rose, they weren't who I wanted here.

"I'm okay dad, just talking to the bean." Charlie frowned briefly before giving me a small smile and turning around to do whatever he was doing previously. He still was not thrilled with me wanting to keep my baby, but I could not terminate him. For a variety of reasons, including that according to Carlisle it was a near physical impossibility of me having an abortion without dying myself.

Carlisle , the pain came back with a force. Ugh, I grimaced through clenched teeth and clutched my chest tightly. I just wanted Carlisle, but at least right now, I would settle for being left alone. "Dad, I'm going to take a bath", I called out to him before making my way upstairs.

I looked at my bump, submerged under the water. ***You think you could compete with Esme***, the voice laughed at me. ***Look at your body. Why would he want you?***

I sighed, overwhelmed with my own increasingly hostile thoughts. "Will you just leave me alone", I whimpered softly, ducking my head beneath the water for a much-needed break. I smiled, relishing the feeling of warm liquid on my face and around my body; almost like I was in a different world. Breathe, my body told me, and I refused, staying below until I could no longer physically keep from doing so. I gasped, breathing in quickly with my eyes closed and water running down my face. *Hot* , I thought, rubbing the washcloth in my face to clear my eyes before opening them.

The morning sun had disappeared and was replaced with the same darkness that filled the home days earlier. *No, no, no*, I recited to myself. This is not happening. This is not real. I wanted to scream but resisted. The Cullens knew I was struggling, if it was really in my head I did not want to end up under additional unnecessary scrutiny.

I shrunk, trying to disappear and hide behind the shower curtain but knowing what impossible. Croak! I heard what sounded like a woman trying to speak from behind the curtain although it came out as a gurgle. "In the ashes of fire he lives." an unfamiliar female voice uttered in my head, in harmony with the gurgling. "He will come to you. Do not allow him to come in. Resist for all our sakes". She pleaded, pulling back the curtain to reveal her rotting form. I yelped, jumping out the clawfoot tub on the opposite side, hitting the ground painfully as I crawled backwards to the window in a piss-poor attempt to escape. "Do not let him in," her voice warned as she gurgled, still standing in the same place, but facing her body towards me.

No, no, no, I panicked in my mind while frantically trying to open the bathroom window. I cried as when the window opened a few inches, it would quickly close. No, I breathed, nearly hyperventilating. I looked out the window, desperate to get the attention of anyone to see nothing but blackness. No stars, no moon, no ground, just empty darkness. I screamed, hitting the glass harshly, making cracks that immediately dissolved, leaving the window whole as it was before.

Splosh, I heard the water move as if someone had gotten in. I turned around slowly, having realized I had not heard the woman's voice for the duration of my escape attempt. I gasped upon seeing her form. It was as if she had moonlight shining on her to allow me to see. She was alive again and completely nude; with beautiful lustrous brown hair, large green eyes, an hourglass figure, with nice facial features. We looked remarkably similar, although she did appear to be a few years older than my eighteen and shorter. She stood in the bath, looking at me intensely, mouthing the words, "he will come to you," even though it was not audible, at least physically. She raised her arms and looked to the sky, wailing as she erupted into flames in the tub. I screamed and averted my eyes, covering them with my hands and curling up into a ball until her screams ceased.

I was shaking, frightened by the sight I just saw and the cold as I was wet and nude. I opened my eyes hesitantly to find the sun

shining brightly and birds chirping. I got up slowly, still shaking from fear as I walked to the tub to abruptly pull back the curtain. It was empty. I released the breath I was holding and bent over, placing my hands on my knees as I cried hysterically while trying to be quiet.

I sobbed hard and only quit when I was no longer physically capable of producing tears. When I was composed enough, I grabbed my towel and made my way to Alice's empty room, passing Carlisle in the hallway as he fidgeted through paperwork. He avoided looking at me as he often tried to now, but when he did manage to sneak a peek at me, he stopped.

"Bella, he gasped my name while looking me over quickly, seemingly searching for an injury or cause to my disheveled appearance. I did not respond but kept walking, clutching my towel while ignoring the severe pain in my chest. I opened the door and turned back to look at him. He looked pained and worried, so much so that I almost went to comfort him. ***He does not want you as you want him***, the voice proclaimed quietly. I lowered my head from his gaze as teardrops fell, "Bella", he whispered again just before I closed the door.

Chapter 36

What have I done? I sighed, throwing my papers on the desk leisurely. Her face, her sweet face, I thought, envisioning her blotchy skin, puffy brown eyes, and matted lashes as she passed me in the hall. Was it because of me? "Ah", I clenched my teeth, trying not to double over from the extreme pain in my chest at the thought of hurting Bella. **She is yours**, my beast growled. **Go to her. You know what you are to her.** I did, even though I did not want it to be. I was not a stupid man. From the first moment I touched her, I knew she was my mate but...

Esme . I felt heavy, eighty years of marriage. I could not simply leave her. Well, not without speaking to her first. She had always fit well into the family, and we've been together so long, we were assumed to be mates. How would I tell Emmett and Rose? How would I tell Bella? She was in no condition to have any more life changes at the moment. Esme is a good parent and faithful enough.

Except for right now, my beast growled in disgust. **She is probably doing it again.** *Enough* , I thought, attempting to silence my beast but knowing it was futile. **No! Once a cheater, always a cheater, and you always take her back. Why should she change?** I slumped in my chair, fiddling with a pen in my hand while I processed his words. I couldn't blame her. At least not entirely, it was no secret that our kind typically had no loyalty to others outside of their mate. Our family was the exception. *Maybe not all of us* , I thought remembering Edward.

But Esme could be different. She promised me she would be different. **Again** , the beast whispered, **and you forgave her like she knew you would.**

Am I that predictable? I wondered, thinking about the first few times I confronted her after finding out she was with someone else. We always worked things out for the family's sake. **Your family as you**

knew it is gone , the beast said to me sadly. **But your family with Bella could begin** . *Could it?* I asked myself, feeling a lightness in my chest upon allowing myself to believe that I could be happy with Bella. Buzz! I looked at my desk to see I received a text message.

"Dong it." An unknown number told me. What? What on earth?

"Ding it"

"Do it." The number finally managed to pump out, and before I could ask who it was, they replied. "Alice. Duh also blonde." Alice, I thought in bewilderment and confusion. Blonde? What on earth was she talking about?

"Blind."

"Blind." Good Lord, she was texting completely blind. I smiled and chortled a bit, even though I probably shouldn't have. "Alice", I whispered her name with a smile on my face. My daughter. Even if she wasn't here physically, she still was watching out for me despite not being able to see.

I'm coming for you Bella , I thought hesitantly as my beast celebrated. But first, I think I need to give Esme a call, I surely owed her an explanation.

And maybe, see if there was anything worth saving . My beast groaned dramatically at that thought.

Esme

Beep! Beep! Beep! My phone rang loudly from Eleazor's bedroom, interrupting my roll of successful architectural designs. I was slightly annoyed, but that quickly dissipated as I realized it was most likely him calling from his hunt. I flit to the bedroom, answering the call with the sultriest voice I could muster. "Hello sexy," I moaned.

"Esmerelda," Carlisle said my name coldly. I gasped, bringing my hand to my mouth and closing my eyes as I felt dread come over me. *Think Esme, you can fix this. He's your good boy.*

"Carlisle! Oh, I have missed you, my love. I'm so glad you called."

He stayed silent for a minute, not even breathing before speaking. "Save it, Esme. I know what you're doing. And I'm done."

"What?" I breathed into the phone, shaking slightly. Carlisle, I don't understand, I cried into the phone as venom filled my eyes. Without Carlisle, I had nothing. Sure, Eleazer was a temporary solution to a problem, but I had longevity anywhere else. I had no abilities, no money, and honestly, I had burned quite a few bridges by sneaking around with the men of other covens.

"I found my mate," Carlisle breathed into the phone with a sigh. "What!" I screeched into the device. I was aware that Carlisle and I were not mates decades ago, but I never imagined that he would find his mate the month I leave! Especially after not having one for four hundred years.

I was angry. Cheating is one thing but falling for someone else...

"Who is she?" I hissed into the phone angrily. He must've been sneaking around too. He gained hundreds of friends throughout his lifetime. Who is to say he had not bonded with one of them or their acquaintances. "Were you cheating on me?" I asked him coldly. That bastard, how could I ever feel guilty when he was so obviously guilty as I was.

"What?" He asked in genuine surprise. How could you ask something like that? "Of course, I never cheated on you. Even when you abandoned the family", he growled the last sentence, angering me.

"I was going to come back," I cried through angry tears. "You have no right! Absolutely no right"-

"This is unbelievable! You are the one who has a history of infidelity and now you feel betrayed because I decided I could do better than you!"

I gasped. Never before had Carlisle spoken to me that way. He was so angry but so different. It was like he found confidence in him that he never had. *Maybe I couldn't save us anymore*, I thought sadly before remembering he had not answered my question.

"You never said who she was. What. Is. Her. Name." I asked him ferociously as I struggled not to break the phone in anger.

He sighed, hesitating a few seconds before mumbling, "Bella Swan."

"What!?" I asked enraged. Edward's mate, I thought angrily. "How is that little bitch even still alive? We have two dead coven members and the human is the one who survives?"

"Coven members," he asked as if he were offended. "They were our children! How could you be so cold? We all saw how you reacted when Edward went rogue. This doesn't make any sense? You don't make any sense."

"I reacted the way you expect me to. Enough Carlisle, we are not mortal, and those 'children,'" I said the word in a mocking tone, "are all adults. Bella", I spat her name like acid on my tongue, "belonged to Edward". "If you would have been less involved with affairs of the coven members like me, two of them would still be alive! I was never really going to be their mother, and as much as you want to be, you will never be a father. "

He gasped and paused, as I stilled, reacting to my words. *Perhaps I had taken it too far? It was true, all of it was. I never was going to be a mother after the loss of my child. Our race simply did not have the same family dynamics as humans. Every sob I gave for the family was performative. I was truly heartbroken for Edward, and the potential risk of exposure of our coven but I knew I was right. We*

were not a real family. Carlisle had been deluding himself, but a part of me did wonder if I had overstepped.

"I want a divorce", he said calmly before hanging up.

No , I thought, shaking my head quickly and redialing, only for it to go straight to voicemail. *No, no, no!* There was absolutely no way I was going to give up what was mine without a fight. Especially to that little homewrecking child! This was not going to be the last time he heard from me.

Chapter 37

A/N: LEMONS AND NONCON. READ WITH CAUTION BUT I LOWKEY LOVE THIS CHAPTER.

The days felt long as Bella ignored Carlisle, and the few times she didn't, she only gave him one word, very polite, surface-level replies. It had been nearly two weeks since Carlisle announced his divorce to the family and an additional four since he rejected Bella. In that time, Bella had only gotten worse, barely speaking, eating, and most of all having delusions. Jake, she would cry his name in her sleep, tossing and turning all night, as she cried for Edward to stop and mumble Carlisle's. It pained Carlisle to see his mate suffer, and even more so to know that he had likely made her regress psychologically. Physically, Bella was not doing great either, a tad underweight while the fetus grew spectacularly. She was all baby, nearly appearing to be four months in the matter of one. Carlisle sighed, recalling what Charlie told him about the matter. "Maybe Billy can help. He's been desperate to see her and I think maybe some closure would be good for her." *Maybe indeed.*

He hoped for something positive, as he himself had been rather down since the divorce. *Had Esme been right? Was I a fool for believing that our family, out of the hundreds of thousands of our kind to exist throughout the millennia, were more civilized than a coven?* Carlisle pondered. *Did the others feel the same way as Edward?* No, he confirmed having talked about his concerns with Rosalie. She reassured him that her feelings were genuine and that Emmett and herself did consider Carlisle a father figure. But he had to wonder, was it all means to an end like Esme? *Were they here because they knew that seven was more protection than two?* No, he thought confidently. They fought for Bella, and Esme did not. They were willing to make the ultimate sacrifice, and one of them did. "Jasper," Carlisle whispered the name of his late son like a prayer and could've sworn he felt a wave of contentedness come over him. *Stop being ridiculous,* he told himself, *Edward and Esme*

were the anomalies, not I . We do not have to be slaves to our desires, but instead can be virtuous and kind. "There it is again, that pride," the distant memory of his father's voice resonated in Carlisle's ears.

No , he thought, slightly unnerved. It was true he had always been confident, but was he straight up narcissistic? His father and Esme certainly thought so.

"Carlisle", Bella moaned into her pillow as the moonlight shone onto the doctor's forearm. Normally, he would've tried his best to tune out her sobs as there was nothing he could truly do, but this sound was different. It wasn't a moan of pain or sadness, it was one of pleasure.

Carlisle listened more intently, knowing he probably shouldn't be, but too curious to stop. "MMM", Bella moaned as her arousal wafted into Carlisle's office, causing him to become erect immediately.

Claim her , Carlisle's beast commanded as he smelled his mate's arousal. She was sleeping hard. He could tell by her breathing, but he knew she could feel the pull. Her constant winces and grunts of pain confirmed it, and apparently, it was enough to make her want him while she slept. Thank God no one else was here, he'd hate to have Bella feel embarrassed. "Please", Bella whimpered as she rubbed her thighs together, needing to feel friction but wanting Carlisle most of all. "Ugh", Carlisle growled lowly with black eyes and flared nostrils, taking in Bella's scent deeply, while unconsciously rubbing his erection. He growled again, whispering her name as the beast took over.

"Daddy", she moaned, slipping her fingers into her wet folds all while unconscious. She groaned, pumping the digits in and out of her as if she was commanded to by an unseen force.

Oh, my girl likes calling me daddy, huh? Maybe I can go to her room to show her how much daddy needs her. Stop that, Carlisle insisted in thought, disgust running rampant in the conscience part of

his mind that was still him. *We aren't even married, we can't possibly-*

"Daddy", she moaned again, widening her legs and reaching her fingers deeper inside herself as her sex sounded sloppily. Carlisle hissed, pressing his palms into his desk roughly, leaving indentations as he clawed the wood into shreds.

The mating pull was compelling the both of them to touch themselves as Carlisle tried to resist. **DO IT!** The beast commanded as precum dripped from the tip of his erection. He wanted her. Carlisle inched his hand's centimeters into the desk roughly and ground his teeth, refusing to give in to the urge to touch himself or go to his mate.

"Please", Bella whimpered, almost as if she were begging for him to fuck her senselessly. **Claim her**, the beast roared as Carlisle ripped off his pants and leaned back in his chair, stroking his cock roughly and quickly, sputtering Bella's name as they both came closer.

Enough, Carlisle tried to tell himself as he sniffed the air deeply and cupped his balls. *This is not you. You are a gentleman*. **NO**, the beast roared, insisting he fuck and bite Bella to make her his. **You are a vampire!** Carlisle roared, as the pressure built inside of Bella and himself exploded. Ribbons of cum spurted into the air and landed on the table as Bella shook and squirted in her bed, finally waking from her deep slumber. Oh good God, the pair said together as they realized what had just happened. Embarrassment fell over Bella, knowing that she had just orgasmed from thinking about Carlisle in his own home. He could probably hear the whole thing, she thought, turning a tomato red and sinking into her covers.

A few rooms down, Carlisle was still as shame filled his thoughts. Sure, he was no Edward, but he was no longer the respectful gentleman he thought he was. Esme was right. Vampires were not humans. They had different urges and values, values that the human part of him could no longer control. He sunk back in his chair as shame and humiliation filled him as his beast rejoiced.

Billy arrived at the Cullen home quite jittery. On rare occasions he broke his own rules, he'd feel the same nervousness at the time. *Adrenaline, pure adrenaline*, he thought in his head, wondering if that would make his blood taste better to his dear friend Charlie. He shook his head. *Don't think that way, he isn't like the others... but neither was Edward*. He rolled out of the truck cautiously, seeing Charlie appear before him suddenly, startling the man. "Jesus, Swan!" He exclaimed in shock, causing Charlie to chuckle shyly. "Sorry about that old man." Charlie retorted with a grin, causing Billy to drop his sour attitude and replace it with a smile.

He was grateful now that Charlie insisted on the visit. "She needs help", he remembered Charlie saying, recalling his conversation with him over the phone. "I heard her saying his name, in her sleep. Jacobs..". Billy clenched his hands around the arms of his wheelchair, struggling to keep from crying or shouting upon thinking about his late son. He was at least content to know that despite his huge loss, Charlie remained him for the most part, and the two still shared the same brotherly love. Charlie for once was able to see someone else's nonverbal cues and directed Billy to Bella.

"Bella", he said her name with a smile, but his eyes said differently. She appeared healthy but slightly gaunt in the face and larger in the torso. She was wearing a baggy, large sweatshirt and leggings, nothing too odd but Billy knew better. She was pregnant, he confirmed immediately, but did not allude to her that he knew what she was hiding. "Billy," Bella said softly, bending down awkwardly to embrace her late friend's father. She held back the tears in her eyes as Charlie shuffled his feet awkwardly. "I'm going out for a sec," Charlie said while neither reacted or broke from the embrace. A moment passed and Bella sat down to speak to Billy, wondering what he wanted to speak about.

"I have something for you," Billy started while fumbling in his jacket pocket to pull out a wolf charm.

"Oh", Bella gasped, reaching her hand out immediately to grab the bracelet with awe in her eyes.

"Jacob made it for you", Billy started sadly while looking at Bella stare at the intricate details of the wood wolf charm carving. "He just wanted to find the right time to give it to you, but-."

"He never did", Bella said wistfully as she held back tears with a gulp.

"He loved you, dearly. I hope you feel no guilt, no one blames you, Bella". Bella sobbed, feeling the pressure she had been under the past month and a half explode from her.

"Don't be sad Bella, he is with his mother now."

"I'm sorry", she said through tears, getting up to find tissue to clean herself up with.

Billy stopped Bella briskly, grabbing her arm with haste and almost too tightly. Bella sucked in a breath quickly through her teeth, not knowing what had just grabbed her was from this world or the dark one.

"Bella", Billy said her name hushly while looking into her eyes, earnestly. She couldn't quite distinguish what Billy was thinking by his facial expression, but she could tell that it was something imperative. "I know you saw him die, but is Edward really gone?" Bella looked at him with eyes as big as saucers and her mouth slightly open.

"Wha- what do you mean", she asked him startled as Billy's eye glanced down at her stomach, before quickly darting back to her face.

"I know Jake told you some of our legends", he started shyly, "but he probably didn't say much about everything."

"Everything?" Bella questioned, now more assertively and quickly, she was eager to know if someone else was experiencing the same strange happenings she was. He sighed loudly, taking a moment before opening his mouth and quickly shutting it again. He took another second before speaking, almost as if he was struggling to find the right words to say.

"Sometimes a bad soul is like a wound; gangrenous, blackening, and killing everything it comes across. It bleeds", he said slowly, his eyes flickering back to Bella's stomach, almost as if she could see through it.

She shivered, he was so much like Jake. So perspective. So quick to understand. "It bleeds through worlds and ignites everything it touches, trying to come through, wanting to experience the gift of life once again. Are you bleeding Bella?" Billy asked almost too quietly.

Bella stiffened at his words, fear, piercing her heart like a sword. *He's bleeding. I knew I saw him, I knew he wasn't gone. Something was wrong*, Bella thought, tearing up at the terrible realization that his death had not saved her. It had damned her, it gave the rotten gangrenous soul of Edward to torment her with the spirits that have died instead of her. And it was all a matter of time. All a matter of time, until he dragged her to hell with him or he came back.

Carlisle, she whimpered in thought to the man who rejected her, but he couldn't save her. Not from a damned soul. "Bella," Billy said her name panicked, shaking her arm enough to break her from her deep thoughts.

"Bella you're bleeding!" He exclaimed, causing Bella to bring her hand to the wetness dripping from her nose. "Oh God", she breathed, looking at Billy apologetically before jogging to the bathroom. "Damnit", she groaned, opening the door to the bathroom and running to the sink. "Ugh," she groaned, bringing tissue to her nose while walking over to close the door before slamming it harshly. She gasped, in the time she took to blink the white door had turned black

and smeared with ash. Cackling started to sound behind her as an orange haze lit the dark space.

"Isabella", Edward moaned as Bella frantically tried to open the door, trembling with fear. "I missed you, love." He murmured as Bella was spun around to see the charred remains of the immaculate bathroom. It was dark, the white tile appeared to become dirty cold concrete, chips of broken mirror scattered on the ground, and the sink she just touched broken with large pieces on the ground.

"Isabella", Edward said again, sitting on the edge of the bathtub as embers burned into his flesh. "Come", he said softly, propelling Bella forward into his arms for an embrace as if she were riding on a treadmill. "Ahh", she gasped feeling the burn and hearing the sizzle of her flesh upon his touch. He growled lowly, pressing his erection into her thigh as she coughed from the ash entering her lungs.

"My father", he hissed in disgust, tightening his burning hold on her causing Bella to cry out in pain. He is a fool, he resonated confidently, he will not have you, he murmured as Bella felt the ground on her back and Edward on top of her. "Shush now, I'm here", he said through Bella's sobs of pain as he cooked the skin on her wrists by holding them down. She shrieked again, now seeing and feeling dozens of grey, lifeless female hands tearing off her clothes violently, causing her bump to move frantically inside of her from the pure terror she was experiencing.

No, this couldn't be , she thought tearfully as Edward's fiery embers press against her stomach.

"Oh Isabella", Edward groaned, slipping himself inside her roughly as Edward's victims piled on each side to spread Bella's legs apart widely.

Flames burned her insides, licking further up in her until she released a blood-curdling scream. "He will not have you", he growled as his searing black holes stared into her eyes. She cried, feeling him stretch and slam into her too harshly while tossing her head

frantically. He growled, pulling her hair tightly to still her while their baby kicked, desperate to escape the heat and stress.

"Oof," Bella exclaimed through tears as the child broke her rib. "Please", she begged. "Please no more". Edward laughed a breathy laugh, thrusting harder into the young woman as a rotten hand muffled her pleas.

Why are you doing this , she thought loudly, looking at the faces of deceased women that eerily resembled her own. Suddenly, peace overcame her. *What ?* She wondered, before her eyes caught the pale grey figure of Jasper in the far corner. He was staring at them with black eyes, which went unnoticed by Edward. He looked the same as he did last time, the exception being the corners of his mouth contorted into a small, almost indistinguishable frown.

Bleeding, infecting everything it touches, Billy's words rang her ears as Edward thrust in and out. *He's under his control*, she realized just as Jasper smiled weakly, having felt her understanding. *They all are under his control, at least some of the time.*

Crack! She felt the break of another rib and a second of pain until Jasper took it away. She projected gratitude towards him, grateful to have a sense of relief during her torturer. "Ahh", Edward cried loudly while thrusting into Bella deeply. She screamed, feeling the familiar sensation of glass shards pressing into her flesh with each thrust. Unthinkingly, she grabbed the wrist of a woman to her left and squeezed hard as tears fell quickly. The woman covered Bella's hand with her own and rubbed it in comfort as another grey woman overlapped her hand on top of the firsts, doing her best not to draw attention.

"Ugh", Edward groaned and shook, releasing buckets of boiling hot semen inside of her. He laughed a breathy laugh, kissing her forehead and breathing laboredly before starting to roll off her as Jasper and the others faded into the darkness. She cried out, feeling all the pain he had been keeping from her at once as Edward laid by her side. "No mo henna, ashki nata e fute wey naki", Billy chanted from outside the unusually warm bathroom door. Billy heard nothing

as he pressed his ear to the door. No running water, no flush, nothing. *This has taken too long*, he thought, *far too long*, and he suspected he knew why. He repeated his chant as Edward breathed in sharply and lifted from the ground as if he were on a wire.

"No mo henna, ashki nata e fute wey naki" he sounded again as Edward bellowed and turned around still in the air to face Bella. She gasped in horror, bracing her torso and wincing from the injury she just sustained. "Isabella", Edward cried as his arms extended to grab her. "E fute wey naki!" Billy cried loudly through the door propelling Edward to the darkness from which he came. Bella sat up, shaking and crying from the ordeal, as the bathroom door creaked open. She jumped seeing Billy in the doorway, wincing from the abrupt movement. "Bella, Edward will only get stronger. He is going to come for you!" Billy breathed, rolling to her small frame.

She didn't say anything but sat up, looking around crazily as if something were to pop out and get here at any moment. Billy sat there while she calmed, seeing Bella shiver, pant, and slam the bathroom tile as if needing to confirm it was really there. He observed her, she appeared dirtier as if she had rolled around in dust and her wrists looked badly burned, but otherwise, physically, she seemed unharmed.

"Bella, if you need help, the pack will do it. But I can't promise you", he panted, looking at her sweatshirt that had ridden up and at her stomach. "I can't promise you they'll let you keep him", he said, referring to the child growing in her belly.

Bella trembled faster at Billy's words. She could escape Edwards' torment but at the sacrifice of the life of her child. *No*. She said nothing, and Billy continued, stammering over his words. "I w-wont tell them", he said softly yet urgently with tears in his eyes, reaching down to touch her shoulder and placing it there. "I-I know what it's like to lose a child, and I won't tell the pack, not unless he is a danger".

She stilled, turning an impossible pale color which resembled the Cullens, and hesitantly placed her hand on top of his. Billy looked at her kindly, knowing how broken she was and hoping she would make the decision to save herself. She was silent for a minute before she turned to look at him slowly and squeezed his hand, whispering, "I think you should go now. "

Chapter 38

"Carlisle", Bella yelped, throwing herself from the bed and into the arms of his tightly, refusing to let go. The initial contact shocked Carlisle but quickly dissipated. He reciprocated her embrace while his beast growled happily in content. He had expected her reaction to be somewhat different considering the extreme concern Charlie expressed for his daughter's well being after Billy's visit. She hardly seemed like the comatose girl Charlie described over the phone.

"Ahh", she winced, forgetting about the injury her baby gave her. Carlisle let go to inspect her instantly, simultaneously evaluating the room to ensure no danger was present. **MY MATE MINE**, the beast snarled from within, as Carlisle's eyes landed on Charlie who stood in the doorway.

"GET BACK"! Carlisle snapped at Charlie with his teeth bared.

"Whoa!" Charlie exclaimed in shock. Never had he seen the well-mannered doctor behave in such a savage way. "Don't bite my head off, I called you. Remember?"

Remember, Carlisle thought to his beast, trying to calm him. That is her father. We are not monsters. We are not Edward.

"Carlisle", Bella said softly, looking into her mate's eyes sweetly with her legs still around him. Almost as if she were coaxing the human side of her mate to return.

He closed his eyes, taking a few seconds to gain composure before releasing a breath and clearing his throat. "I apologize, I haven't been hunting regularly." Carlisle lied awkwardly, having not been accustomed to hiding such a big secret. He was grateful in that moment that Bella had no idea they were mated, and Charlie was still ignorant of what newly mated vampire cues would be.

Bella narrowed her eyes slightly while looking into his and raised her eyebrows. Giving him the expression that she wasn't quite buying what he was selling, but quickly forgot about it as another wave of pain overcame her.

"Carlisle", she groaned his name in pain while bringing her hand to her ribs.

"Bella", Charlie and Carlisle gasped in unison upon seeing the faint but still visible burns on her wrists. Carlisle's growl ripped slowly through his chest as he set her back on the bed and gently touched her wrists. Bella sighed, his cool touch seemingly alleviating the pain, as an electric current rippled through the both of them.

Bella shook her head and lowered her eyes, not wanting to give away what happened, but still needing to reveal the truth. She was being tormented. But who would believe her?

"What happened?" Carlisle snarled, furious at the notion that anyone had hurt his mate. Bella glanced at the door quickly, looking at her father's pained expression before looking back towards the ground.

"Charlie. Out. Now." Carlisle said flatly with little expression on his face

"Now hold on a minute-"

"I am with a patient. Your daughter in fact. I understand your concern but I need to do my job."

Charlie looked between Bella and Carlisle and narrowed his eyes, seemed to conclude that something else was going on. "Right," he huffed, directing his eyes back at the doctor with a smirk

"Billy", Rosalie yelled in the direction of the Quileute elder while waving her hands as he rolled to his truck. "Ah young Rose", he said, smiling affectionately towards the young woman. Although Billy

had never truly trusted vampires, he could appreciate the small moment he shared with her at his home, and he did recall feeling the genuine care she had for Bella's well being.

She greeted him with a smile as she jogged up to him, "you do know, I'm probably older than your grandfather, she asked with a small chuckle as she reached down to hug him. Billy suppressed his shiver and reciprocated. My father would be spinning in his grave, he thought to himself while breathing in her inhuman perfume scent.

"I always forget," he laughed a breathy laugh, which quickly dissipated as the conversation became more serious. "Rosalie", he started hesitantly. "I know you can feel when some women are in danger but have you felt anything after Bella?"

She shifted a bit which was uncharacteristic of her. Usually, Rosalie was the most confident person in the Cullen household, if not the world, but she appeared to be somewhat uncertain about what to say. "Sometimes", she said shyly, tucking a piece of hair behind her ears and hunching a bit. "Other times not at all, but every so often I get the same feeling I had when...

Rosalie trailed off and looked back to the house quickly while squinting her eyes. Deciding if she wanted to say his name in such proximity to the others in the home. She breathed in shakily and hunched down closer to Billy, so her lips were nearly touching his ear. She breathed the last part of her sentence so softly Billy almost missed it entirely.

"Sometimes I get the feeling. The same one I got when Edward was alive. But it's not possible". She said the last part in a huff as she shifted her weight more, almost as if she was trying to convince herself.

Billy examined her further. For any normal man, they would've just let the conversation sit at that; admire the young woman's beauty, then walk away. But Billy was no ordinary man. He had spent decades observing people and deciphering information. Despite

Rosalie being undead, he could tell by her eyes she was keeping something from him.

"What is it, Rose?" Billy asked urgently. He wanted her to confirm what he already knew, and he waited for her response patiently.

"I-I saw", she started but quickly closed her mouth and looked towards the house as Charlie exited.

"We'll talk later," she murmured, before flitting to the wood as Charlie walked to his friend with a giant goofy grin.

Jesus, what now? Billy wondered, now annoyed that he didn't seem any closer to getting the whole story.

"Shh, my darling," I whispered into Bella's ear while holding her warm body close to mine. In any other situation, this proximity to my mate would have made me aroused, but seeing my mate in such distress eliminated the urge.

"Carlisle", she whimpered my name as hot tears flew onto my shirt, and her hand gripped my collar. I glanced back down to her wrist to see the extent of her injury to find that it had nearly gone entirely.

"Bella," I gasped her name as I gently grabbed her wrist to observe more closely. I had never seen an injury heal in such a manner before. Being a vampire, I had been able to watch healing in real-time over the centuries, but this...

Her transition from hurt to healed had been like seeing a cut in a movie or fade in a video; Nearly undetectable.

She breathed in a shaky breath as she watched me with watery eyes and visible hesitation on her face. She did not want to tell me, I concluded, and I had to resist expressing the pain of rejection I felt inside at that acknowledgment.

But I could not allow her to be this way. She was always so frightened, so anxious, almost as if He was still out to get her. But he was dead, and she was alive. I needed to make sure what was left of her life was to be somewhat bearable, and I could not do that with her keeping things from me. I swallowed hard as I looked into my mate's eyes. She was beautiful, heartbreakingly, devastatingly beautiful, and the pain I could see in her was almost too much to bear. I was no Edward, but I will no longer sit back and be complacent when there is a problem in this family.

"Bella", I said her name sternly as I looked at her. It hurt to hear her heart rate jump from my sternness, but I knew it had to be done. "Tell me everything," I told her seriously as tears spilled from her eyes. I do not think she was that afraid of me, but I was frightened that my tone would remind her of Him.

"He- he did this", she sputtered out weakly while her eyes pointed to the ground, and she rubbed her wrist forlornly.

"He?" I questioned, still not quite understanding what she could mean. Was Bella hurting herself? Had he harmed her so severely that she no longer could think rationally? Bella did not respond verbally but looked up for a moment and waited for me to understand.

"He?" I asked again softly until realization came over me. "You don't mean-." She nodded before I could finish the sentence; holding me tightly against her as she nuzzled her face into my chest. My mind raced a million miles a minute.

How could this be?

Was he not dead?

Was this all in her head?

But no. It could not be. I saw the burns on her wrists. I recalled the two red marks on her skin, taking my time carefully to realize what I

have seen. They were handprints. Two smudged and rapidly fading, (if they haven't already) handprints.

He touched her! My mate! I growled as a deep roar erupted from my chest, and I pressed Bella closer to me.

Bella sighed into me, relaxing her body against mine even though I knew she should have tensed.

Tell her, my beast commanded me.

I closed my eyes harshly, not knowing whether or not now was the best time to tell her the truth; we were fated together. "Carlisle", she breathed my name, and I flung my eyes open to stare into her deep brown pools. The fear was gone. Replaced with longing, trust, and maybe even love.

"Bella", I breathed her name against her lips. I had not realized I had gotten so close. So beautiful my beast murmured as I crashed my lips against hers passionately. And she returned it, with a fervor I did not know she possessed.

More , my beast commanded, but I hesitated. I could not ignore what I had just seen, but Bella drank me in hungrily. Opening her hot wet mouth and pressing her tongue against mine.

YES , my beast cried out in pleasure, surely feeling the bulge appearing in my trousers. Her rib. I sighed, breaking the kiss, remembering that Bella was injured. She gave me a betrayed look while looking concerned. Did she think I did not enjoy it?

Rib! I blurted out awkwardly.

She chuckled at my outburst, shaking her head and assuring me it was now healed and fine while rubbing her nose against mine.

She wants more.

And I gave it to her. Licking and sucking on her sweet, succulent tongue and groaning into her mouth.

"Mine," I growled into her, oblivious to the tornado quickly approaching our sensual moment.

"Well, well, well", Esme growled at us both from the doorway entrance.

Chapter 39

"Back away, Esme"! Carlisle growled at his former wife with black eyes and teeth bared. In the two seconds Bella took to process her arrival, Carlisle had flitted in front of his mate hunched forward. Usually, Bella would've tried to compel him to stop such a display, however, she thought it would be in her best interest to not interfere with Carlisle and Esme.

Rage splintered about on Esme's face as she absorbed the scene before her. Her beloved Carlisle was passionately kissing Edward's claim. He should not be doing this, Esme thought. The human belonged to Edward, and even if he was no longer here, it did seem wrong to covet his coven member's claim.

"Carlisle", she spat his name as if it were venom on her tongue. Why her? It could have been anyone but her, and it would have been fixable. But this little human had burrowed her way through this coven and polluted it's members as if she were an infection.

Esme looked to Bella, observing her creamy smooth skin, full breasts, and large doe eyes. She looked like a little doll; completely innocent, the exception being the second heartbeat emanating from her torso. A variety of emotions passed through Esme's face in quick succession after she realized what that second beat meant.

Disbelief, horror, sadness, envy, and finally rage. "You whore" Esme cried, walking quickly towards the young woman while raising her palm in an attempt to give her one blow. Carlisle beat her to it, blocking Esme's path by grabbing her arm and twisting around her back while simultaneously pulling her hair back and kicking the back of her knee to let her submit.

Esme gasped in pain. She may have expected some resistance but nothing like this; Carlisle had always been gentle in everything he did, but not now. Carlisle pulled her hair back harshly, pulling the

strands from her scalp as he exposed her neck. "Mine", Carlisle's growl shook the floor as he pulled on her hair harder, causing micro-fissures in Esme's forehead.

"STOP," she screeched in pain, trying desperately to break from Carlisle's hold, who was now oblivious to the racing heartbeat in the room.

Esme glared at Bella with dark eyes as she tried to lunge forward again, only to have her arm twisted with a shattering crack that nearly deafened all in the room. Bella observed the two in horror. She thought Carlisle was different, more human. But now, seeing him in all his fury, reminded her of Him.

"Stay away from my mate!" Carlisle snarled as venom seeped from his mouth and onto Esme's clavicle as his mouth inched closer to her jugular.

Bella gasped, almost as if she had lost all the air in her lungs and had to replenish it. *His mate? His mate?* The relief that should have flooded through her was replaced with a cold chill. *Was he like Him?* She pondered to herself as uncertainty twisted the connection she had for him in her heart. **He certainly looked like Him**, the voice pointed out Carlisle's snarling form.

No, Bella thought as she began to tense and shake frantically. It can not happen again. *Please, God, stop. Just make it stop*, Bella thought to herself as tears started flooding her vision. *Mates?* She questioned again as she hesitantly felt her feet hit the floor.

He can't be. Is this some kind of joke? She had to admit that she undeniably was attracted to Carlisle in every way, but this could not be right. He was His father. He was so much older. He was married. **And look, he's obsessed**, the voice hissed into Bella's head, **just like Edward**.

It was too much, Bella leaped from his bed and ran past the both of them, ignoring Esme's chuckles, Carlisle's yells, and the burning

reminder He left between her legs as she slammed the door to her bedroom.

"Bella!" Carlisle yelled as he knocked quite forcefully on Bella's door, knocking off paint chips and leaving cracks. He could not help it, he was desperate for her, and she had found out that they were mates in truly the worst way possible.

"Go away!" Bella screamed as her heart pounded in her chest. He's going to break in, the voice cried. He's going to rape you just like Edward did. They're all the same, a family of liars. Goo! She screamed so loudly, it hurt her throat.

The knocking ceased then as Bella crumpled into a shaking and crying ball onto her bedroom floor. Her only relief being the footsteps she heard walking away from her. "Ow," she sobbed feeling the pain in her chest the further those footsteps sounded. Carlisle, she thought to herself as she felt her baby toss and turn inside of her, seemingly able to feel his mother's distress.

Carlisle

I nearly stomped into my bedroom to confront Esme after hearing Bella breakdown. Had I scared her that severely? I listened intently to hear her sobs and her racing heart rate. Oh, how I wanted to hold her and tell her everything was alright. Whatever this was, we'd face this together.

As mates , my beast thought wistfully. *Unlikely* , I thought in frustration, *not after Esme* , I thought as I pushed the door to my bedroom open roughly, nearly slamming the door so hard into the wall it left a dent.

Esme lay in my bed completely nude, smiling at me devilishly as she opened her legs widely as to make me smell her arousal. "Ugh," I groaned in disgust as she smelled her sickly scent. Had she always

made me feel so disgusted? "Carlisle", she cooed to me as I felt myself be pushed onto the bed and Esme straddle me.

"Ugh", I groaned again in disgust as I pushed Esme off me and onto the floor.

"Have you gone mad, woman?"

I yelled at her, letting in a tinge of my British accent seep in as I berated her. Usually, I would never ever do such a thing, but this jezebel was compromising my relationship with my mate.

"Me?" Esme shouted, now standing and pointing to herself while she stared at me wide-eyed and stark naked. "You are the one who chose a child, a claimed child over me. And what the hell is that growing in her stomach! Please tell me it isn't yours."

"You watch your tongue", I hissed as her eyes turned to slits and she stepped towards me ever so slightly.

"Watch it, Esmerelda, we've lost more than a few members of this family. I would not want the children to lose more", I warned her darkly. She halted her movement and took a hesitant step back before covering her breasts with her forearms poorly. She directed her eyes to the ground, and if she were human, I'm sure she would have blushed.

I clenched my jaw, partially in shame of myself and partially to prevent myself from yelling at her further.

"Here", I said begrudgingly as I flitted to get her a sheet to cover herself.

"Thank you", she murmured with her eyes still avoiding mine.

"You are welcome Esme," I said in a slightly softer tone. "You are welcome to stay, only because of our history and the children, but I

expect there to be no more outbursts. And so help me, if you so much as touch a hair on Bella's head-"

I walked straight up to her briskly, so close that our chests were nearly touching when I used my index fingers to bring her head up so she could look into my eyes.

"I will kill you where you stand."

Chapter 40

A/N: We are rapidly approaching an end to this story! I love it so much and believe me, the next few chapters will be wild. Please tell me what you think!

The two weeks which followed Esme's return were filled with tension for the family and great indignation on Carlisle's part. The woman who he's once considered the epitome of femininity and ideal partner seemed to do all she could to bring down all joy in the household. Every day, once out of hearing distance of the family, Bella would receive harsh comments regarding her weight and appearance, often in reference to her belly, which now appeared to have grown exponentially.

Remarkably, despite only being conceived a few months ago, Bella appeared to be closer to eight months pregnant.

And according to everyone in the home, it affected her dearly. Bella's mental health seemed to decline rapidly since finding out she was mated to Carlisle in the manner she had. She no longer spoke, no longer ate, bathed, or even functioned as she once had. She was the shell of the young woman she was, and it became increasingly clear to the Cullens that she appeared to be a danger to herself. On several occasions, Bella seemed to have mysteriously acquired bruises. At first, it was assumed that the cause of such trauma was from Esme, but upon seeing new marks form when Carlisle was home alone with her, it was decided that Bella had to be doing it to herself.

Unfortunately, the marks were just the beginning. On several instances that a member would return to the home, there was a heavy layer, or smoke clouding the air, almost as if someone were starting fires. In the past few days, embers started falling from the air forming a trail that led directly to Bella's room, where she would keep the door closed at all times. God only knew what truly was going on

behind that door, but when screaming arose from the room a few days ago and Bella was found trembling, naked, and hair burned Carlisle was left with no other choice but to bound her hands and feet to her bed for her not to harm herself.

Rosalie stared at the girl she considered a dear friend in horror. *How could such a thing happen*, she thought sorrowfully, wishing there could be some way to her. **Billy**, the voice in her head reminded her. ***You must go to William Black.***

And so she did, calling up the man by getting his number from Charlie and deciding to meet up for a cup of coffee in Port Angeles.

CARLISLE

"Emmett can you come here please?" Carlisle asked kindly to his son who arrived by his side in a nanosecond bearing a bright smile.

"What is it pops?" Emmett asked brightly, trying to lift his father's spirits to no avail.

Carlisle shot him a sad smile. Emmett took a moment to observe his father; he seemed to have aged significantly and was in desperate need of a hunt. He bore dark circles under his eyes, grey skin, and appeared drastically thinner. Bella's rejection had hurt him to his core, and despite his best efforts, it was obvious to everyone in the home.

"Son, according to Charlie, it appears as though I may be in need to hunt. Thankfully, Charlie has invited me to accompany him. With Rose gone and.- "

Carlisle stopped for a second and winced, settling on saying Charlie's daughter before continuing. "In the condition she's in, I thought it would be best to leave you with her and Esme as to prevent her from smothering her in her sleep."

"No problem." Emmett smiled weakly to his father,

ROSALIE

"I saw his handprint," Rosalie confessed, releasing a sigh as she did so. "I just thought I was being paranoid? Or maybe something else, but it wasn't possible. Edward is dead. He can't reach out and touch anyone." She said in a tone as if she were trying to convince herself more than Billy. The blonde bombshell again seemed very nervous, furthermore, somehow appearing smaller as she hunched in her chair, allowing her hands to cup the mug in front of her.

Billy shot her a weak smile, trying to ease her tension, but also feeling bad for her. She truly had no idea what she was in for; none of them did.

"You think you of all people would know dead doesn't always mean finished. " He tried to say somewhat slightly, but it came out as bitter instead.

Rosalie squinted her eyes in an attempt to avoid wincing. *What is it now?* She wondered in slight irritation, bracing herself for the news as Billy breathed in deeply but didn't speak.

"What are you saying?" She asked him cautiously after a moment of silence between them,

"I'm saying I don't think Edward ever had any intention of escaping that night in the cave. You said he was a mind reader correct? Well, what if he knew Charlie was coming when he did? What if he knew that the chaos he unleashed would result in his demise? Edward was no fool, and he knew that the attention he brought himself would ultimately lead to his death."

"Again, I ask you... What are you saying?" Rosalie asked more impatiently with a furrowed brow

"I'm saying Edward wasn't as ignorant as you all thought. Pig-headed and self-righteous, yes but educated in the law. Yours, mine, and ours. My father spoke of how he knew of our legends, laws, and customs. Staying alive was only his first plan, and I think he is waiting for precisely the right moment to come back and take Bella once again."

Rosalie stared at him in silence and confusion. "His laws? A second plan, what? It did not make any sense." Rosalie hissed at him in anger and confusion. Desperately hoping that Billy was just being a paranoid old man. Billy did not answer but looked at her with his mouth in a thin line as he waited for her to ask the question he knew she would ask. Rosalie stopped talking abruptly and cocked her head to the side for a bit as if she were trying to figure out something in her head.

"Come back? Come back how?" Rosalie inquired finally.

"You tell me, Rose?" Rosalie furrowed her brow at the old man and tried in vain to keep her annoyance from sprinkling about her face. What the hell was with these Natives and riddles? She thought while resisting the urge to roll her eyes.

Focus ! The voice from within her panicked as a myriad of scenes flashed before her eyes. The bruises, burns, embers, His scent, the baby.

"The baby"... She voiced with a chill and hollow tone. "Edward wants to be reborn."

The Hunt

The air was still and dewy as we passed through the unseasonably dark Forks wood. Charlie, a few meters in front of me hesitated, Looking back and throwing me a raised eyebrow as if saying, "are you feeling what I'm feeling" I nodded slowly once but proceeded. I

could hear no others approaching... As a matter of fact, I could hear nothing, not even the crunch of leaves beneath my feet.

"Charlie, I think we should,"- I wanted to say, but nothing came out. There was no sound, and as I looked for Charlie, the dark trees I knew he passed, were replaced by a dark nothingness that produced a steady flow of heat.

"Charlie", I tried to say once more, but again nothing came out. The heat started to become more and more intense, unpleasantly so, making my clothes begin to singe from the warmth.

"Aaah," Bella's scream pierced through the darkness like a dagger, sending me into a frenzy of desperation.

"Bella!" I screamed her name into the air, although no sound followed.

Where am I?

Where is Charlie?

"Witch!" I heard a female voice mutter from into the darkness. *Wha* - I started to run at vampire speed but was unable to keep pace. I ran slower and clumsier, breathing heavily, as fire burned into my lungs. I heaved, feeling my heart thud in my chest as I hit the ground.

"Witch!"

"Demon!"

"Vampire!"

In the darkness, there was light. A light-filled with a small crowd dressed in the garb, which was commonplace when I was mortal. The sun shined on them, and before its rays could touch my skin, I tried to get away, but I could not. I was tied to something, something that I still could not decipher in the darkness which clouded my back and peripherals.

The cries from the crowd grew as several commoners began to throw stones and rotten food towards me. Just then, the sun shined against my wrist, and to my surprise, I did not glitter. I was mortal again.

*No, this wasn't real. This couldn't be happening. **But it did happen** , my inner voice commented sadly. **Look around. Remember this day.***

I closed my eyes tightly once before opening them up again. The darkness was completely gone, and I was not tied alone. By my sides, there were two women crying profusely, trembling as they were tied to the pyre.

"Burn them!" A male voice insisted, followed by the cheers of the crowd.

"Burn those in league with The Devil."

No, God, no. This was witch burning, which had to have meant...

I searched the crowd as quickly as my human eyes could until I landed on my own sad eyes for a second. I had to have been around four years old, and I looked petrified when our eyes met each other. I frowned for a second before I found who I wanted to, my father; Reverend Cullen, and by his side, a snickering immortal Edward, draped in a cloak.

Chapter 41

Esme

I stared at the human girl Carlisle had decided he cared for in disgust. How on earth had he chosen an invalid pregnant whore over me? Jealous, my inner voice taunted. No. No, absolutely not. I would never be jealous of such a... Such a...

Pregnant young woman with an adoring mate? I sighed at the realization. Perhaps I was just a tad insecure about being replaced. It was not like I was the most faithful wife in the world, but Carlisle forgave me. What was so special about this human? She could easily be removed from the equation...

Don't, The baby . I grimaced. As much as I wanted the young woman gone, I couldn't kill her innocent child, Edward's innocent child. I winced, feeling a long-gone pain in my chest suddenly return. *You know there is no greater pain than to lose a child,* my conscious murmured as I remembered the face of my own lost boy.

Angry tears began to well in my eyes as I looked at the starving girl. Does she not know how lucky she is? A man like Carlisle willing to do everything for her? A new baby? She still has her father. I groaned as I stomped my way to her bed and yanked the covers off her.

"Listen you-" I stopped abruptly, having been caught off guard by the smoke that released as the cover fell and the severe handprint-sized burns littered across her stomach.

"Bella", I gasped her name in horror upon realizing that the burns weren't just baby hands stamped on her stomach but appeared to be adult prints coming from the inside of her belly. Bella groaned as her stomach waved and contorted, causing a rib to snap loudly. Ahh, she winced, grabbing my forearm tight and pulling me towards her.

"He is coming," she whispered to me with tears overflowing from her eyes and a look of desperation plastered on her gaunt face.

"Please", she cried urgently. "Don't let him take my baby."

I looked at her for a moment, she seemed so fragile, so scared.

Perhaps, it was wrong to wish poorly upon Bella, especially given her current circumstances. "Ahh", she winced again while staring at me, needing to hear my response. *This poor child. Have you closed your heart so deeply from your son's passing that you would be cold to a mother in need?*

"Okay", I whispered to her earnestly. As much as I was not happy to lose Carlisle, I knew he deserved a chance to be a father, and at that moment, protecting Bella and her baby would be the right thing to do.

She sighed, then winced again as I heard the fire in the living room blaze. What on earth was Emmett up to?

Emmett

The fire in the fireplace roared, distracting me from the magazine I was previously balls-deep in. What the fuck? I wondered out loud, it was a rarity for us to even have the fireplace on, let alone blazing like it just had. I quickly flitted to the source to turn down the gas when a large white hand reached from the flames to grab my wrist. "Aaa," Bella's scream pierced through the home combined with my own as when I looked into the flames I could see the face of my dead brother. "Goodbye, Emmett, " he smiled at me as flames licked up my arm and set my body ablaze. Buzz. Buzz. I could hear my phone begin to ring as I fell to the ground, and Edward leaped from the fire and syringed the ground with his hot feet.

I gasped like a man drowning as hot smoke entered my lungs, and the fire continued to dance along my body and travel into the living room. Stay away, I croaked at him, raising a charcoal black finger in his direction as I stumbled successfully to rise to my feet. "Stay back,

Emmett", Edward spoke to me lowly. "I'm just here for her. Here for my love. You may live if you go now, but if you try and stop me, you will rot in Hell with Jasper and the rest of them." I thought about it, I really did, but I could not live the rest of my days knowing that I surrendered Bella to that monster, at least without a fight.

"Very well," Edward stated, having heard my thoughts before I could say them.

"Tell the Devil to keep a seat for me." I choked out, wincing as chard pieces of skin fell from me when getting up into my fighting position. I love you, Rosalie, I thought as Edward tackled me into the flames, which embraced me as I welcomed the end.

Rosalie

Something was not right. I could feel it with every fiber of my being something was wrong. Every alarm bell I had in my body was going off as I raced through the streets with Billy by my side.

"Yes, yes, just like the legend," Billy started over the phone, calling council member after council member to tell them of Edwards imminent return. "He can't stay in our realm for more than a few hours but he wants to take his son's place. He is going to trade his soul for his baby's so he can be with Bella forever." A shiver ran down my spine upon hearing those words. What a sick bastard, I gripped the steering wheel tightly as I pressed forward, desperately needing to get home. "Yes, we can perform a spiritual ceremony, it worked to get rid of him last time but I fear he's gotten stronger. We'll need more spiritual energy."

"Carlisle", I spurted as I weaved through cars to get to our home road. "What?" Billy stammered in surprise, almost as if he'd forgotten I was there. "Carlisle grew up in medieval England to a Reverend father. If anyone else knows about spirituality, it's him. Call him please and Emmett too. Something is not right." I said the last part hushedly as I heard Billy begin to dial Emmett. He did not answer,

and I felt my heart sink. My only sense of solace was that we were a mere few feet from the long winding driveway to my home. "The pack and elders will be here as soon as they can." Billy sighed as he saw the driveway. His peace quickly turned to horror as he cried lookout and Rose stopped the car abruptly. Billy and Rose stayed still yet panting from the sight before them. Smoke or fog seemingly clouded the air, and darkness surrounded them, so much, in fact, the headlights from the car quickly drained upon entering the blackness. In front of the vehicle were rows of grey women seemingly guarding the home. "Dear God, " Billy whispered in horror.

Chapter 42

Rosalie

My alarm bells were off the charts as we pulled into the undead mob. Bella was in severe danger, and it was absolutely imperative we get to her immediately. However, the rows of undead Bella clones were blocking our way in. "Move. Now". I hissed at the young women who stared at us with dead eyes, just as a few pack members began to arrive. Suddenly, calm rushed over me, not a normal one, but rather a calm given to me by... "Jasper," I asked aloud, as several women shifted to let me see him. He smiled at me forlornly, as the corners of his lips fell, and he looked to his right. Beside him, there was the tall, bulky grey figure of Emmet. His eyes were still his, but otherwise, he blended in seamlessly with the undead crowd." Emmy", I whispered breathily out loud with wobbly knees as venom-filled my vision.

Charlie

Smoke began to fill all my senses the moment Carlisle disappeared from my vision, and the power I had previously acquired was no longer useful in wherever place I was stuck in. The only thing keeping the former Police Chief cool was the sound of Bella's cry as he approached his former home.

Charlie gasped when it came into the view. Many things were the same but only much younger as all the paint surrounding the house appeared to be new and the trees bordering the property appeared much smaller. "I'm sorry Charlie, I just can't do it anymore." Renee's voice bellowed through the house as she cradled an infant Bella in her arms. "Sign the papers. I want a divorce." Pang, the sudden surge of pain skirted through Charlies' chest upon hearing her say those words once again. Hot, he thought. Feeling the beads of sweat trace down his cheeks and onto his collar. More smoke, and the scene was gone. The once immaculate Swan house appeared to be

trashed with garbage, gin bottles, and cigarettes scattered throughout the home.

He remembered this. It had to have been about six months after Renee left with Bella as a noose was dangling from the living room ceiling. Oh no, Charlie breathed as he suddenly found himself in the nooses grip and his feet dangling freely below him as he struggled.

Carlisle

"Father!" I screamed at the top of my lungs; through the sound of the wailing convicted bound on the pyre and cheering crowd.

"Father stop! This is not right. These people are innocent, as am I". I screamed, crazed, and thrashing against the ropes which bound me. Edward had sentenced me to Hell, to live out the torture that my father and I had spread about England when I was mortal. As I stared into my father's green eyes, I remembered his righteousness and his absolute faith in almost every conviction he made. But he was wrong. We both were. No immortal would dare be caught by a zealot, and even though burning people was illegal by this time in history, nothing could convince both of us we were wrong.

"We were wrong, father. We killed innocents, not demons. We have been damned."

"No!" Reverend Cullen roared as the crowd dissipated into smoke and ash, and the pyre was lit instantaneously. In a second, his face had changed from a pink-cheeked, blonde-haired, handsome man, to a grey, black-eyed corpse. "My son and I are righteous. We know what it is to be human-."

"No he is not", Carlisle said, referring to the young boy cowering behind his father. "He is a big-headed, insecure, family-oriented, know-it-all. Who believed he set the bar for what is good and what is bad. We are just men. All of us, with flaws and beliefs struggling to make good in a world we believed, was corrupted. Please, father,

understand, there are people I love in great danger. Allow me to return to them."

The Reverends' eyes softened as he peered into his sons, just as the women of the pyre began to turn to ash and blow away.

"You are my son", he said in a tone that sounded like a combination of confirmation and confusion. The red-headed man said you would whisper such things, The Reverend murmured as he pulled out a dagger and shoved the blade right below his son's clavicle. "Father!" The younger Carlisle pushed his father away in horror as the now mortal older one began to bleed profusely.

Carlisle at that moment, screamed loudly as his father got up for a final blow. Now with his life on the line and all rationale out the window, Carlisle began to do something he'd been neglecting for decades; he prayed.

Chapter 43

The fire spread about The Cullen home as flames licked through the downstairs corridors and up to the second level. An impossibly hot heat wafted through the home, melting several surfaces and scorching others as Bella screamed at the top of her lungs. The baby is coming, Esme thought, slightly flustered as heat radiated from the floorboards and tickled her toes. Bella had her stomach and lower body completely exposed as blood pooled under her crotch, soaking the bed. Esme held her breath immediately, knowing that this would be the perfect opportunity for her to, "lose control" and eliminate Bella and her child, but knowing it would be wrong. God damn it, she murmured as Bella's stomach contorted, and she pushed, clearly breaking her pelvis during her labor. "Emmett!" Esme cried, needing some support, and for him to get control of the fire he lit ablaze downstairs.

Boom! Bella's bedroom door crashed open as fire, and smoke burst inside. Both women gasped as before them the deceased, but alive Edward Cullen entered the room, stark naked, covered in embers, and hair burned. He was now completely bald, and his eyes looked longingly to Bella and her stomach. He was very shortly going to be reborn, his soul needing a vessel for him to be with Bella forever. And there was no better vessel than their child. She knew once he had taken over the boy's body, she would never leave him, and incestuous as it was, the thought of Bella sharing a blood connection with himself aroused him severely.

"Ah"! Esme screamed at the top of her lungs upon seeing her deceased coven member. "Hello Mother," Edward murmured in a voice that could only be described as demonic and layered as he pushed the woman to the side with a single go away gesture; all without touching her.

Edward then directed his attention back to his beloved. "Hello dear," he smiled at her malevolently as he opened his arms for an

embrace, and fire began to eclipse the home.

No mo henna, ashki nata e fute wey naki, the voice of Billy Black started chanting, breaking through the worlds Charlie and Carlisle were trapped in and incapacitating the undead crowd. Soon, more familiar voices started. Rosalie, Leah, Sam, and the rest of the pack were loudly chanting the same prayer; no mo henna, ashki nata e fute wey naki . Distorting the World's they were trapped in until they both literally went up in smoke.

Outside

Charlie gasped as he appeared in the center of a circle that the pack had made. He was still quite human but appeared to turn back to an immortal at a rapid pace, as it was difficult for Edward to keep control in the real world with such spiritual energy present.

Carlisle appeared soon after, breathing harshly as blood poured freely from his shoulder only to suddenly stop when his body hit the driveway floor. "Amen", Carlisle coughed as he took one last solid breath before it was no longer necessary. Carlisle stilled with his eyes open on the road for a moment before taking in his surroundings. The pack, the undead, and his two son's smiling at him sadly before he directed his attention to the flames up the road. Bella, he thought before tackling the young women in the crowd monstrously, dismembering several of them at a time. The pack soon joined along with Rosalie, and in a matter of ten minutes, only two of the undead were left; Emmett and Jasper. "No please", Rosalie cried as she crumpled to her knees upon seeing her deceased mate. Billy rolled to her, placing his hand on her shoulder as she lay her head on his lap to shield her eyes from the scene she knew would soon come.

Nobody moved, and all eyes shifted to Carlisle, as if they were asking for permission to do what they knew needed to be done. Carlisle hesitated, knowing he needs to end their lives but also knowing the potential consequences that action could have on the

rest of the family. "Do it", Rosalie sobbed as Emmett smiled weakly, and an unnatural peace fell about the crowd. Carlisle smiled at Jasper solemnly as he walked towards both of them and ended them as peacefully as he could.

Esme

Edward sent me crashing through two walls and into his bedroom as I saw him walk towards Bella. At that moment, I could have walked away. I could have started over with a new coven, and I could have moved on. **No**, my conscious thought. **They're not just coven members. You spent eighty years with these people, they are much more than just members. They are your family.**

Perhaps it was some kind of last-minute epiphany or realization, but right then is when I decided I would not allow him to harm that innocent child, and I would not allow him to take away what Carlisle deserved; his family. I flit back to the bedroom, and just before Edward could lay a hand on her, I tackled him to the ground, hitting him with every force in my body. Edward roared as Bella moaned and pushed through the pain, crying out with her son, who was miraculously born unharmed. "JJ", she murmured his name sweetly as she sighed and then began to convulse.

Chapter 44

I smelt smoke before I felt the fire. I knew he was coming when I felt the heat creep up the stairs and onto me. I knew most likely that everyone would die, and by this point, I knew what he wanted. What he truly wanted. He was going to take our son, destroy his soul and force his own into his tiny body until it was his. It was sickening, but in reality, it was genius. He would know that I would never harm him or try and leave him while he inhabited JJ's body. I would be an obedient slave until JJ got too old to perform, and we would have to conceive another vessel. "Dear God ", I prayed in thought. "Please save my child, and if not, let him die". "Ugh", I screamed, feeling my broken bones shift in my hips as JJ scrambled to be born. "Please baby", I cooed painfully in my mind. "Go easy on mommy." Jacob stilled a bit inside me before hesitantly demanding that I keep pushing. "Ah", I screamed again, then groaned, smelling copper from the blood pooling between my legs and struggling to breathe from the smoke entering my lungs.

"Emmett!" I heard Esme cry as Edward burst through the door, completely nude and hairless. He stared at me with a deep-seeded want in his eyes and a cheeky grin on his face as if he won. Maybe he finally had. After all this time, was there any point in trying to refuse him anymore? I closed my eyes as tears and sweat dribbled down my face. I could not escape him, I realized as I heard another boom and saw Esme had been propelled through the wall and out the room. He walked towards me, shedding a few embers against his slick white skin as he crept towards me with an extended hand, gesturing that he intended to grab me. I closed my eyes and shifted my head towards my pillow as a gust of wind passed by me. What was- I wondered before that thought was cut off with another contraction. "Ah," I groaned in pain as I felt my child finally slip out of me. My baby, I thought lovingly, as I saw the black-haired boy between my legs. Little Jacob Jasper, I cooed again mentally. "JJ," I murmured lovingly, as Esme's fists flew against Edward's face, and my world faded to Black.

I lay comfortably on the ground twisting the grass between my fingers and toes while I waited for my friend. The reunion with my mother was relatively brief as I knew Bella needed some guidance while being tormented, and at the very least someone to talk to. My peaceful state was interrupted as I heard the crunch of grass get louder as Bella's feet walked toward me.

"Jake?" She asked confusedly and then panicked, turning white from fear and sadness consuming every inch of her body. I knew what she was thinking. That she was already dead, but of course, like many things in the last few months, nothing was as it seemed.

"Am I?" She asked, frightened while clasping her chest with both hands.

"No," I smiled at her brightly, gesturing for her to sit next to me. She walked to me stiffly and sat down, laying on the grass while crossing both hands on her stomach as tears fell from her eyes.

"You know I named him after you. My boy, his name is JJ." She sniffled as she finished the sentence.

"And you'll see him again," I murmured as I extended my hand towards her shoulder and rubbed it gently. Bella turned towards me and looked at me with eyes as large as saucers, patiently waiting for me to explain. "Bella," I started, I've been here with you, at least partially, at least until he tried to stop me. I'm so sorry I couldn't be with you towards the end, but he just got too strong. I want you to go back Bella, I know that it hurts, but I also know you're not ready to be here. You have to go back for your son. "

" Jake," she started as tears fell from her eyes profusely, and she started to tremble. "What if he's not my son anymore? What if he has taken him over? I paused for a moment, feeling a chill go down my spine for the first time since I arrived at what I believed was Heaven. "I suppose that you have to take that risk. You know as well as I do

there's always a way out. I just can't guarantee you'll end up in the same place as me if you do it. "

Bella rolled onto her side, curling against me and sobbing. "Bella, listen", I said earnestly and sternly. She halted her crying immediately and looked up at me.

"You have to be strong Bella. You have to fight if you want JJ to keep his soul. You have to fight and do whatever it takes. I know you listened to me in the cave, you listened to me before, and I want you to listen to me now. Do whatever it takes to save your baby's soul. "But Jake," she started, and then began to fade before my eyes, returning to the world of the living.

Edward .

Esme was on top of me, throwing blows left and right until I finally managed to overcome her, strangling her whilst throwing her head against the floorboards repeatedly. "You stupid bitch", I screamed at her, venom dripping down my chin while I did so. I hit her head repeatedly, so hard that it went through the floorboards, and her skin began to crack. I stood up at vampire speed before starting to kick her face in, laughing as a bit of brain matter flew onto the walls and her eyes exploded from her skull. My momentary delight was interrupted by the sound of a baby cry. I turned to my right to see Bella holding my son and the key to my new beginning. My love, I smiled at her as I flit to her.

Bella laid there bleeding, cradling my son in her arms while she placed her hand over his neck. I stopped in my tracks as my eyes turned to slits. "You wouldn't," I hissed. She laughed at me bitterly. "To keep him away from you I absolutely would".

Carlisle

My home was consumed by fire by the time we arrived at it. The only thing left was the second level which appeared to be floating and inflamed while the rest of the house was destroyed. We have to get her! I screamed towards Rose manically. "But Carlisle, the fire!" She started, tears pooling in her eyes as she hunched over. No no no! We were so close I wasn't going to give up now! I wasn't going to lose my mate to this monster. "Billy," I exclaimed loudly, shocking the man who appeared to be stone-faced previously. "We must perform a spiritual center ceremony," he announced.

"It's the only way to get rid of such a demon. We have to kick him back to hell where he belongs."

"Okay," I confirmed. "what do I say? tell me the chant."

" You can't do our chant."

"What?!" I exclaimed loudly as I flit towards the man, coming mere centimeters from his face causing Sam to growl in response to my proximity to one of the Pack Leaders. "The spiritual ceremony only works on people who believe. You, however, can do whatever spiritual ceremony you want. Young Rose has told me how you were raised in the church, that should work just as well if not better."

Relief flowed through me. Finally, something that could be done to stop him.

"Shall We Begin?"

Chapter 45

Under the moonlight we gathered, fresh embers blowing in the wind as immortals and beasts linked fingers in preparation for the ceremony that was to begin. Billy Black rolled forward in the middle, stopping when he made sure all could see him. "This is it, my children, this is the day that we destroy a true demon, a true scar upon society. As many of you know, we've all lost someone because of this monster", Billy said while gesturing towards Paul in his wheelchair and while Rosalie sobbed viciously. Carlisle stood still, waiting anxiously for the man to finish his speech and them to begin destroying his former son.

Billy looked at us all with the graveness on his face. The wrinkles he had acquired through his lifetime seemingly have appeared to have deepened throughout his speech. "I fear oh", he started but then quickly stopped turning a pale color. "I fear a ceremony won't be enough alone, we may need someone to go inside to face him." The pack erupted into a tornado of cries and objections.

" No way it's too dangerous!" Leah insisted.

" Are you trying to kill us all?" Sam cried annoyance, and fear plastered throughout his voice

"I'll do it," Charlie said seriously. Everyone in the circle turned to him; his face gave nothing away, nor did his body, but his eyes gave away that he was insistent on going in yet terrified.

"No, Carlisle stated... She is my mate. several people in the circle gasped as Charlie and Rosalie smiled to themselves softly. "Besides, I'm the only one who had experience in things similar to this."

"Very well then," Billy muttered, waving his hand off to the side as if to dismiss Carlisle and get going. "Let's hurry, we are running out of time". A deep humming began in the chests of the Quileute members

as they prepared to start their prayer. Carlisle began walking away, planning on running towards the home and lunging to get to the second floor. "Carlisle wait!" Rosalie shouted as she followed her father with tears in her eyes. "What,-" Carlisle started, but was interrupted by Rose's embrace. She held her father tightly as she sobbed between his arms, he returned her embrace tightly, while managing to discreetly wipe away the tears forming in his eyes.

"We lost so much," she whispered. "Jasper, Alice, Emmett, maybe even Esme. She paused a moment, letting out a shaky breath before continuing. "Please, just please, she pleaded, "don't make me lose you too". He didn't respond verbally but did nothing but look into her eyes and nod once, and placed a single kiss on her forehead. "Take care of my daughter for me," Carlisle muttered to Charlie as he ran and launched to the second level of the home just as the chant began.

Carlisle crashed through the second window and onto the second floor in a matter of seconds interrupting the tension between Bella and Edward. "Father!" Edward cried angrily, lurching towards the man without his feet touching the ground. Carlisle grabbed Edward, plunging his long nails into his back, throwing him against the wall, opposite direction towards Bella. The baby's cries flooded the room as the men continued fighting and heat scorched all of them. Edward appeared to be very well matched for the first time in a long time. As soon as he got on top of him, Carlisle would have him back under. Each punch Edward threw Carlisle would throw 10 times harder. The two continued like this until the crowd below grew louder, and the fire drew closer to Bella and her child. "No mo henna, ashki nata e fute wey naki!"

"No!" Edward roared, lifting both his arms as all the windows on the second level imploded, and the fire burned, reaching impossible heights. The Natives below shielded themselves from the glass shards which rained from above. "She is mine," Edward roared, venom pouring down his mouth onto his chest while his eyes turned a deep dark black. Edward's mouth opened impossibly wide, so far

the bottom reached his chest before releasing an awful, inhuman shriek. He stared at Carlisle darkly, disdain in his eyes as he levitated from the ground and flew towards him. "NO!" Bella screamed as the child in her arms sweated profusely and wailed.

"Saint Michael the Archangel, defend us in battle". Carlisle shouted towards the demon. Stopping it immediately as it wailed. "Be our protection against the wickedness and snares of the devil; May God rebuke him, we humbly **pray** ." Edward began contorting unnaturally, his spine and stomach twisting into positions that should have been impossible while the fire burned hotly and the chant below grew louder. He screamed, shaking the floorboards and walls as the house began to fall apart. Carlisle walked closer to Bella and JJ, knowing that soon they would all need to escape.

"And do thou, O Prince of the Heavenly Host, by the power of God, thrust into hell Satan and all evil spirits who wander through the world for the ruin of souls." Once Carlisle finished his words, Edward's skin began to bubble and blister, turning an awful pink and black before imploding into a million tiny embers. The Cullen home did the same, and just before Bella, JJ, and Carlisle were nearly destroyed, Carlisle grabbed them both and placed them on the grass lit by daybreak. "I love you", Bella said gently to Carlisle, turning her face towards him before embracing his kiss. "And I love you," Carlisle muttered breathlessly, kissing Bella again before looking to JJ and proudly correcting himself. "I'm sorry, I meant to have said I love both of you." JJ giggled as his father kissed him and tousled his hair.

" Amen."

Three years later...

Clink clink, the sound of a fork against a glass interrupted the conversation amongst the wedding party. "I'd like to make a toast," he began, his arms extended, pointed towards the bride and groom with a large smile etched upon his face. "Carlisle, you have truly brought this family together, and though the few of us have lost so

much, we find happiness in the knowledge that you and Bella have found true love. As have I," Charlie smiled, glancing towards Carmen who winked at him with a smile.

"Hey don't forget me." JJ pouted, his curly dark locks seemingly muddled and green eyes filled with hurt. A small chuckle rang throughout the guests as Charlie bent down to grab his grandson. "Oh, never little man." Charlie smiled, kissing JJ's cheek sweetly. Minutes later, the band started to sound.

"ONE DANCE!" JJ yelled happily. "The first dance," Rosalie corrected kindly, shuffling the boy's hair as she did so with a faint smile on her face. Poor thing, she never really did smile like she used to, but at least she had JJ. "You coming Mr. Cullen?" Bella asked flirtatiously while reaching out her hand, her smooth white skin as pale as the clouds above them. "Always, Mrs. Cullen," Carlisle replied, reaching out for her hands and dancing away one of many twilights in their forever.