



Pilfered Xquisite Prodigy

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Summary

One night, one secret, many pawns. Bella Swan finds herself trapped in a family maze of lies and deception. Edward Cullen, seizes her for her own protection. How far will Edward go to protect Bella from her own family? Drabble. Rated M.

The Prologue

Welcome to my first Dribble Drabble. It's drama, it's romance, it's sex, its escapades in its finest form.

This story won't be beta'd. Mistakes? Possible.

Twilight isn't mine. But it should be...

*******Prologue*******

I should have known no good would ever come out of fucking a complete stranger.

It was inconceivable that I would open up my world to the vast unknown and now, I was the one screwed.

I've always heard the line, "One moment can change your life."

It's typical, right? Not studying for your mid-terms can make you fail your class. Missing a pill of your birth control may cause the birth of an unwanted child. Taking the left at the fork of the road will have you traveling to Lord knows where.

But one night of fucking against the wall, can have you stranded in some unknown town, with some unknown guy, not sure of when you shall return home.

I didn't run away. I am not the prodigal son. I don't even know if my house registers on a map anymore.

Edward Cullen, Mr. Moment-Changer himself, fucked me so hard that now I'm gone.

I am the adopted daughter of Charlie and Renee Swan. I didn't know it at the time, but my whole life I had been stolen from. Bit and pieces of me have been robbed and I didn't even know it.

Until now. It's two months later and I, Bella Swan, have been pilfered.

Hope you're captivated. If not, I haven't done my job.

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Encounter

Twilight isn't mine. If it were, I would be fluckin RPattz until his eyes turned red.

I didn't want to go out, but Alice says I'm a goody-two shoes.

She doesn't know I'm the one that broke the basement window and lied about it to my parents.

She doesn't know I lost my virginity at the age of fifteen to a guy on the football team so I could win votes for class president.

She doesn't know, that when I left for college, I had found out Mommy and Daddy Dearest were complete liars and I slipped every sheet of paper with my name on it out of my Dad's desk.

So she says I'm Bella, Ms. Perfect, Ms. Can't-Do-No-Wrong, is a goody-two shoes, but she's wrong.

Tonight I'll be bad.

I slip on the red dress she gave me. It's short and has cut-outs on the side, and is completely provocative, but I'm going to wear it.

The matching stilettos hurt, but I like them.

Red is evil. Red is sinful. Red is sexy.

I want to be sexy. We leave the dorm, two college juniors without a care in the world late Friday night to go to the club, Mayhem.

Dad is Assistant Pastor at his church, and he wouldn't approve of this. Mom banned me from ever wearing jeans, so I know she would have a heart attack if she saw me.

I smile at my reflection. Tonight I'm sinful and sexy.

We open the doors and the music is so loud I almost cover my ears. I don't want to

be a loser, so I keep my cool and follow Alice up to the bar. The men are looking at me, and I like it. They are buying me drinks and I like it. One guy is caressing my back, and I like it.

I'm dancing with Alice and the way we are moving is sensual. I'm copying what she's doing. I've been at the University of Chicago since I was seventeen, but I've never stepped out of line like this. Alice became my roommate this semester, and she's a little naughty, but she's the most genuine person I've ever met.

I'm grinding my hips against her, and because of the alcohol, I don't notice the form behind me has turned masculine. It's not until his hands reach my breast that I finally become aware Alice is gone. I look to my left and she's dancing with some guy.

She waves slightly at me and I wave back. The guy smells good, so I keep dancing. His fingers are trailing up and down my body, so I keep dancing. He's whispering how sexy I look so I keep dancing.

I dance and I drink. I drink and I dance.

Next thing I know, I'm against the bathroom wall.

With Mr. Magic Fingers.

Hope you like it so far. If not, I may need to find a new career.

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Hunger

Twilight isn't mine. SM beat me to it...

It's so dark I can't see him. I can only trace my hands against his stubble and know his jawline is a strong one. I can feel his erection against my heat and I know he's larger than anything I've ever felt before.

The bathroom is supposed to be lit, but the lights aren't on. I don't know why.

This isn't like me. I shouldn't be grinding up against a guy I can't see. I shouldn't be allowing him to lick on my neck.

"Turn around," he growls, and his tone is dripping of lust and I can't help but to comply.

I do what I'm told and I feel his fingers pulling my lace thong down my legs. I'm breathing heavily. My heart is pounding through my chest. My arousal is so evident, I swear I'm dripping.

Mr. Magic Fingers inserts his fingers in me and I'm gone. I've never imagined the limbs of the human male could make me react like this, but it does.

Maybe it's because I've lost all sense of my inhibitions. Maybe it's the liquor shots. Or maybe it's because I chose tonight to be bad.

Either way, he's pumping his fingers in and out, in and out, and I'm practically fucking his fingers. He's kissing the side of my neck hungrily as my hands stay propped up against the wall.

I hear his zipper come down, and I should refuse. I should ask about a condom, or if he's got some sort of STD's but I can't think clearly.

He puts his cock into me and I've never felt safer in my whole life. He moans at the sensations and I know he feels it too. His beads of sweat descent onto my shoulder blade, and it reminds me of sandalwood and sex.

He's thrusting into me and I hear the obscenities leave his swollen lips. He roughly jerks my neck to the side and plunges his tongue down my throat. He tastes

like heaven in my sinful world.

He's driving and pushing; I'm grabbing and taking. I want this to go on forever, but I know he's reaching his threshold. He's rubbing my clit until I come first, and as my walls shatter around me, so does he.

Mr. Magic Fingers pulls out of me, and I'm blinded by the loss. With shaking fingers, I retrieve my panties off the floor. He gives me a final kiss on my forehead, before turning and retreating out of the restroom.

I still haven't seen his face, but I saw his hair. It was copper and bronze and in a disarray. It was messy. It was chaotic. It was flawless.

I smooth my dress down, and bend over again to retrieve my red clutch that I had dropped on the floor before my rendezvous. I can't feel it with my foot. I touch the cold wall until I find the light switch near the entrance.

When the light comes on, I'm still here.

Mr. Sex Fingers and my clutch, however, are gone.

Hope you're addicted. If so, I've got extra patches.

More chapters tomorrow.

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Panic

Twilight isn't mine. Well it is, but I had to pay 20 bucks for it...

With absolute certainty, I can now declare Mr. Magic Fingers has just turned into Mr. Sticky Fingers.

I'm scrambling around looking on the floor. I'm checking the stalls making sure it didn't get kicked in our lustful haste. I look down my dress, and after I'm positive my boobs aren't big enough for it to disappear, my anxiety kicks into overdrive.

I'm usually a responsible person, so I know for a fact it's not at the bar. Or on the dance floor. I think my responsibility license can now be revoked.

I am an idiot.

I'm rushing out the door like my ass is on fire. Alice is still dancing with the same guy and I pull her away. She's grumbling about me ruining her dance, but she notices my expression and she pauses.

"What's wrong?"

I'm stumbling over my words because I've lost every sense of my vocabulary.

"My purse...Mr. Magic Fingers...we fucked...he stole it...it's gone!" I stutter, and I explain what just happened. She looks in shock and not over my story, but because her roommate actually had the gull to live a little.

Look where it's gotten me.

She doesn't understand my life is in that clutch. My license, my cellphone, my lip gloss that costs a whopping forty bucks. She shakes me to calm me down and it's not helping. Instead, she tells her dance partner she'll be back in a second and we scan the club.

I'm only five foot seven and these heels aren't helping me navigate through the crowd very well. Alice is even shorter than I am, and not much of a help. She wipes her medium length brown hair away from her face and sits on a bar at a stool.

"You're fucked," she replies.

I know that. What I can't reason though, is why a man would steal my purse. There's no cash, I'm smarter than that. Surely Mr. Sticky Fingers would have seen that and ditched it somewhere. I'm seconds away from calling the cops when Alice speaks up to remind me I don't have my phone.

"Call your cell," she suggests, and hands me her phone instead. I smile at the glimmer of hope that has beacons into this dark nightclub. I'm so on edge; I have to dial my number three times before I finally get it right.

I expect to hear a woman's voice, alerting me that she has found my phone stranded on the side of the street.

I expect it to continuously ring, informing me that this guy was a total thief and a douchebag.

I expect it to grow wings and magically reappear in my hand as if this night never happened.

What I don't expect is exactly what happens.

Mr. Sticky Fingers answers.

"Hello Bella."

Hope you're lethargic. Hearing Mr. Magic's Fingers voice can do that to a girl.

Another chapter later today.

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Call

Twilight isn't mine. I thought we established that already.

He stole my cell and he has the audacity to answer.

Like it's no problem. Like it's no big deal. Like I haven't been mentally tying up the noose that was sure to be my death in a few short minutes.

Alice is looking at me intently, trying to assess my reaction. I hold up a finger to her and walk away from the bar. I need the quiet. I shuffle from the crowd until I am standing in Chicago's cold night air, freezing my ass off.

"How do you know my name?" I ask.

"I just do," his husky voice replies.

I figure he has probably read my driver's license, so I ask the next question.

"Who are you?"

"Someone."

"Why did you steal my purse?"

"Because."

Those are the best answers he could come up with? My blood pressure is rising.

"Listen you dickhead. You don't fuck women and steal their stuff. It's wrong. Give me back my stuff before I call the police."

"You won't."

"I won't?" I questioned, mocking his tone. "You fucking idiot, all I have to do is call 911. This club has cameras. They will find you and lock you up for theft."

I hear his laughter on the other end and it isn't a hearty laugh. The tingles are rising through body, up each leg, and through my abdomen. I'm panicking. I'm

worried. I'm scared.

He remains silent before he hoarsely confirms my fears. "You won't call the police. Because then Charlie and Renee will find out. You don't want that Bella, now do you? Your father will confine you before they even start to look for me."

That fear? It's gone. It transforms into vomit on the sidewalk. I'm shivering. It's not the cold air.

"H-how do you k-know my p-p-parents?" I ask sickeningly.

"Does it matter?" he says eerily.

I step backwards, closer to the edge of the building. The vibrations from inside the club are pounding in my head. Outside, there is vivacity as the cars whiz by.

The night life is almost deafening on the streets of Chicago. It doesn't matter. Mr. Sticky Fingers still manages to make me feel alone.

I hear footsteps coming up the alleyway. The drive, the need, the will to run doesn't resonate in my brain.

I know those footsteps. I know that smell.

Even through the gusty winds, I know that smell.

I swallow the lump that is forming in my throat. I take notice of the happy group of college students across the street laughing in the night. I see the streetlamps dull a faded yellow. I watch as traffic shifts down, causing one driver to beep piercingly.

My feet are the weight of lead.

"Bella," he utters gruffly.

His voice is not coming from the phone.

It's coming from behind me.

Unlike Mr. Sticky Fingers, I am unable to move.

Hope you're scared. Creepy men tend to do that a woman.

Another chapter up ahead! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Seize

Twilight isn't mine. But Mr. Magic Fingers? He belongs to me.

My eyes quickly darted behind me.

He stopped my movements. He used his long nimble fingers to rotate my head straight. "Do not turn around. Look forward."

My body is stiff, but my cheeks tingle from his touch. I can smell my previous arousal on his hands. He wraps his arms around me, and takes my hands into his own. He places his chin on my shoulder.

To me, I am able to be murdered in cold blood on the street. To everyone else, we look like a cozy couple. On the sidewalk. At 2am in the morning. Cuddling.

"Black car. Across the street. Walk quietly. Get in. If you run or scream, I will hurt you Bella. I don't want to, but I will."

I wanted to answer, but I didn't. I wanted to nudge him, but I didn't. I wanted to throw all caution to the fucking wind, but I didn't.

"Walk!" he orders abrasively.

I know the street was walking with people. But my brain flashed horrific images. Dismembered bodies. Decaying corpses. Innocent victims.

I whimper through clenched teeth. One step turned into two. Two into three. A pause to wait for vehicles driving by. A quick shuffle. His hold is even tighter than before.

He unlocks the back door. I expect him to push me in. He doesn't. Instead, I am kidnapping myself.

I step into the luxury sedan, sitting on the cold black leather seat. I am shivering beyond belief. My teeth chatter because it is a wintry early November night. My teeth chatter because I am in an infinite darkness.

He hops into the driver's seat faster than I can put on my seatbelt. The tires

squeal. I almost plummet to the side. The doors lock. The only glow from the car is the orange and green dashboard lights.

I open my mouth to speak, but he raises his infamous hand to stop me. I look in the rearview mirror. He has it positioned so that I cannot see his face. Yet, I know he is watching me.

He turns on the heat, letting it blast to my core. I now think of Alice. She will worry. She does not know where I am. I walked away. But she does not know I walked outside.

I use my own feet to remove my shoes. I know he does not want me to converse with him, but I need answers.

"Where are you taking me?"

I don't anticipate for him to speak. For him to either calm or validate my fears.

I don't anticipate his next move either.

He's fast. He reaches a hand back without turning his body around. The needle that penetrates my neck is long.

I feel its liquid cocktail shutting my system down. I blink one last time. I finally see intense emerald eyes in the rearview mirror.

The darkness intrudes what little light I have left.

Hope you're freaked out. I know I am.

One more chapter up ahead! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Journey

SM owns Twilight. I do own posters though. It's sad. I'm a grown woman.

Monday's Homework Assignment: Make a family tree. Include as many names of your ancestors as possible. Write two paragraphs on any interesting facts you've found and who is your favorite family member and why. Include pictures or articles for extra credit. Due by Wednesday.

"Daddy? Do you have any photo albums from when I was a baby? I looked on the bookshelf. I can't find them!"

He's sitting at his desk in his office. He stays in there often. We joined this new church and he's busy an awful lot. I pull on his collared shirt. He's much bigger than I am. Everyone says I'm the smallest third grader ever.

"Not now, Bella."

I sulk and twist on my toes. I will have to look myself. The baby albums aren't with the more recent ones on the bookshelf. They aren't on the fireplace either. Mommy caught me searching in their bedroom. She got angry. She's in the kitchen cooking spaghetti. Good. That's my favorite.

I run upstairs to find my markers. I like those 'cause they smell sweet like fruit. Watermelon was my favorite. Licorice- not so much.

It took me a minute. The brown one rolled under the bed. Mommy will be mad if she figures out I pushed all my clothes under there. I grab my markers and run downstairs. I like working in the den 'cause it's got a big television in there. I lay on my stomach when I color.

"See?" Mommy's voice screeches. "I told you this day would come! First it's a school assignment, but what next, Charlie? What next?"

"Shush!" Daddy scolds her. "It will be fine. I'll just give her our parent's names. She will still make a good grade."

"Who cares about the grade? She's asking for pictures. One day she'll get sick. One day she'll need medical history. What then?"

I was always clumsy. I tripped on my own feet, causing the floorboard to squeak. I paused momentarily. They stopped their argument. I ran into the den. I was so confused.

Suddenly, I wasn't in the mood to sniff my markers anymore.

∞ ∞ ∞ O.O.O ∞ ∞ ∞

My body felt stiff, weak. The morning sun was blaring through the tinted windows.

I didn't have time to register our location. Instead, Mr. Emerald Eyes finally speaks.

"We're here."

I groan at my rigid limbs. I look at our surroundings. It's snowing. In the deep forests of nowhere. We are driving down a long gravel road, and it's snowing.

It wasn't snowing in Chicago.

Hope you've got questions. I've got answers.

I will update and answer tomorrow. :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Realization

SM owns Twilight. I own an addiction to writing. Here ya go:

I wasn't budging. I was cold. I was in the middle of who-knows-where. I was still wearing my red mini dress. I was positive I would die of hypothermia.

And Mr. Magic Fingers had just kidnapped me.

Chicago wasn't a white wonderland at the moment. Chicago didn't have forests. Chicago had creepy men who abducted you. Drugged you up and tranquilized your ass. Drove you possibly hundreds of miles away. With no explanations. After fucking you.

I wasn't budging.

"Get out," he commands, cutting off the ignition. Up ahead, a log cabin rests alone in the shadows.

I cross my arms and refuse.

I could play the silent game too. I had to be brave, I had to have leverage. He had no gun. He had no knife. I had not seen any weapons. Until then, I would fight.

"Bella," he threatens, his voice rising on the syllable. I see his grip on the steering wheel tighten.

"It's cold. I don't know where I am. You just stuck a needle into me. You dragged me away from my city. You are a criminal. A crazy psychotic criminal. I'm not leaving this car."

His hands grab onto his hair. He pulls. He growls. I've made him angry.

He opens the car door and the frigid air blasts through. I hear his footsteps crunch the snow. He is so tall, I cannot see his head out the window.

He opens the back door. Without even looking in, he grabs my body and attempts to haul me out. I slide out of the seatbelt, feet and all.

I am on his shoulders, thrashing and kicking. I scream. I yell. I beat his back.

There is no one to hear me.

His grey wool coat protects him from my feeble attacks. I pull on his hair. We reach the door. It takes several tries, but it opens. It smells like rotting wood and moth balls.

Before I can glance around, he sets me on my feet. He turns to close the door. It protects us from the air. It doesn't protect my bare feet on the splintered floor.

Mr. Magic Fingers turns around.

He is silent.

I am not.

I scream.

He takes a step forward, and I scream again.

Again and again and again.

I know those eyes. I know that jaw.

I recognize that hair.

I know this man.

I think I made things worse. You are angry with my cliffy.

I will update tomorrow. No more tonight! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Mix Up

SM owns Twilight. You own me.

I'm screaming.

He tells me to quiet down.

I don't.

He pulls out the syringe.

I stop.

"I know who you are," I threaten him. He looks shocked. He's frozen in his footsteps. He should be scared. The second I am able to reach my phone, I'm calling the police. I'll be able to identify him.

"You work at that store. On 5th Avenue. They sell those expensive clothing brands."

For some reason he breathes a sigh of relief. I don't know why.

"Nordstrom?" he asks gruffly.

I nod in confirmation. "Yeah. I saw you fitting an older guy there once. I was there shopping for my father. Is that how you found me? Is that when you started following me? Stalking me? Plotting to kill me?"

He rolls his eyes. There is nothing sarcastic about my impending demise.

He walks closer and curl into myself. I'm cold and I'm dirty. I'm barely standing from whatever substance he injected me with.

I'm thinking he's going to hurt me. Instead, he takes off his coat and wraps it around me. I'm stunned at his gesture.

But I'm still angry. I throw it on the floor. I would rather freeze to death than take his jacket. Even if it does look expensive.

"Stay here," he orders. I'm tired of him bossing me around. I take a step forward, just to test him.

He reaches into the pocket of his chinos.

I take a step back.

Instead of a gun, he pulls out a key. He locks the door behind him, three times. Three padlocks. They lock from the inside. This isn't good.

I remain silent as he leaves to go survey the premises. He's looking under tables and behind curtains. Under the sink and in other rooms. This log cabin is quiet large. It's old; hence the smell, but I notice newer items. There's a bowl of fruit on the table. Blankets on the sofa. The locks on the door are new.

I wonder where I am. I wonder how far away I am from home. I wonder if Alice knows I'm missing yet or if she thought I spent the night with some guy. I wonder if anyone will miss me at all.

Mr. Emerald Eyes is back and he's staring at me. He's scrutinizing me with his eyes. He looks at me like...I'm nothing. Like I'm dirt. Like I'm not the worth the ground I stand on.

I don't like it.

"What's your name?" I ask, trying to change the mood.

He refuses to communicate with me.

"Fine. Where are we?"

Nothing.

"Are you trying to ransom me? My family doesn't have much money."

Silence.

"Are you going to kill me?"

He takes a deep breath and gazes at me so intently, my heart skips a beat.

"I don't have a choice."

Hope you're relieved no one's getting shot. At least not right now...

More next chapter. :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Lie

SM owns Twilight. I don't, but I'm working on it.

"I'm hungry."

I haven't moved out of my spot for the past half hour. He keeps looking out the window like a madman. He's nervous. He's pacing. He's on edge.

"Hey! Mr. Magic Fingers! I said I'm hungry."

He stops looking out the window. He pauses and turns around. He looks amused. He smirks.

"What did you call me?"

"Nothing," I mutter. I've learned my lesson.

"Is there a bathroom here? I have to pee."

He pinches the bridge of his nose.

"Can you get my shoes out of the car? My feet are cold."

He pulls his hair.

I think it's safe to say he's irritated.

He reaches underneath the table. He pulls out a gun. A small revolver.

He points it at me.

"Did you not hear me, Bella? I don't have a choice. I will kill you. I will shoot you. Right here. Right now."

That's all it takes. I'm back in my corner. I'm shivering. The cold steel is just mere feet away. This is real. This is when I die. This is when my heart stops beating.

This is when I know with absolute certainty that my blood will splatter. It will

cover the floor. It will spray across the walls. It will be cemented in his head.

The tremors quaked through me. I dragged in a breath. The sheer perspiration glossed my skin. He continues to aim. Watching me. Calculating. Gaging how he would shoot.

I close my eyes and brace myself for the blow.

His cellular phone rings.

I peek through one eye as he sighs and lowers the gun.

"Get in the bathroom. Now!" He's ordering me around again. He nudges me in the back. I shuffle into the miniature restroom.

He shuts the door before I can even react. I look around, trying to devise my getaway plan.

There are no windows, therefore, no getaway. I sigh, noticing my reflection in the mirror. I'm about to wash my face and use the toilet but I hear his voice from the other side.

"No. It's done. She's dead."

"I'm still in Chicago, but I need to lay low. Ya know, hide the evidence."

"Because...I don't want anyone getting suspicious."

"No, I don't want the money...No. I said...Ok. Fine. I'll meet you tomorrow night. Same location."

"Goodbye J."

I've always been clumsy. I trip on my feet and slam against the door at the same time he opens it. I fall to the ground.

He stares at me angrily.

Suddenly, I wasn't so hungry anymore.

Instead I was filled with questions. Why would he say we were still in Chicago? Why doesn't he want to get paid? Isn't my kidnapping about the money? Am I

supposed to die? Who the hell is J?

And the biggest question of all:

Why did he lie about killing me?

Hope you're still engrossed. Sometimes more questions arise than answers.

More next chapter. :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEWbutton*

The Sacrifice

You already know who owns this. I'll try not to have long A/N notes, but I'll answer some questions for you...after the jump:

EPOV

I didn't have an option.

This wasn't my sacrifice to make.

I have a good family. I grew up wealthy.

My wool coat is Calvin Klein. My loafer shoes, Armani.

I had it all, and in an instant, I was forced to be this...this monster.

A criminal. A low-life.

But even in my wealth, I could not be spared.

I wouldn't martyr my family, for this girl, this child.

They chose me. They made me. So I had to go through with it.

She looked to be about 20, maybe 21.

I am 25 years of age, a grown man. I have my own business. Sure, my father's money financed it to begin with, but it is mine. He's the Chief Hospital Administrator. So that's how I founded Cullen Medical Services, the only enterprise in the tri-state area to sell medical equipment. We make close to a million dollars a year. We are profitable. We are successful.

That's how they found me. That's how they used me.

I was the perfect target.

I have to save Mother and Father. They are worth her sacrifice.

I looked at the gun they showed me. I looked at the pictures they flaunted of my family.

I didn't have a choice.

I didn't have an option.

It's November 8th. One week ago, they took away my life.

I, Edward Cullen, have been pilfered.

Hope you understand a little more. If not, well...I'm not surprised.

Questions: (From now on, I'll answer them here. Not all questions, if it gives away my plot. I'm a failure at review replies!)

How does Edward know who Bella is? You'll see. I think I gave a hint here.

Why did he drug Bella? To avoid her seeing where she was going and how they got there.

Are they in Forks? I don't write typical Fanfiction.

Why are her parents hiding her adoption? Ummm, can't answer that yet.

When will we get another lemon? Soon. Everyone knows Xquisite loves da sex.

Do you want more E's POV?

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Reaction

SM owns some little book about vampires. I continue to update past my bedtime...

"Get up," he says in his bossy tone.

"I'm trying," I answer. If he had been tracking me at all, he would know what a klutz I am.

Worst Stalker Ever.

I brush past him and sit on the dusty sofa. It's an awful beige color. I tuck my feet underneath my knees.

"I need answers," I demand.

He shakes his head. "Just be lucky you're still alive."

I think about this, but my logic outweighs his threat. "If you were going to kill me, you would have done it already. Just tell me what the hell is going on. I've met you once. Why do you want me? What am I to you?"

He sits on the matching recliner and twists the gun around his thumb.

"I don't remember meeting you at the store," he admits.

"Then how do you know me?" I ask frantically.

"I...uh..." He's stuttering. He's lying. He's holding something back.

I am not to be dissuaded. "Tell me."

He scowls. It's starting to annoy me.

"Ok, let's play a game. I ask you a question, you answer. If it is impossible for you to answer, then you say..." I trail off, unable to think of a good one.

"Magic Fingers?" he asks, smirking slightly. It's a smart ass answer. But it's the

closest thing I've seen to a smile all morning.

"Magic, for short," I answer. "How do you know me?"

"I don't."

I nod. He's looking at me. He's being truthful.

"How did you find me at the club?"

"I followed you."

"Are you going to kill me?"

"Magic."

"Do you want to kill me?"

He struggles to answer. He breathes. In and out. In and out. He lets his head fall in his hands. The glimmer in his eyes swept over the fleeting image of fear.

"No."

I nod. "Did you kidnap for money?"

He looks at his clothing and then at me. I answer for him. "I guess not."

I pause, letting the questions resonate before asking another one. "Are we still in Chicago?"

"No."

"Where are we?"

"Magic."

"Do you know my parents?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to harm them?"

"No."

"Why did you lie about killing me on the phone?"

His eyes flashed and I know I've gone too far. The calm has been pierced, the wounds exposed. He flips over the heavy coffee table, causing a few grimy books to fall to the floor. He is within seconds of my face. He's breathing heavily, and I have never been so fearful in my life. Not even his gun frightened me like this.

"Do you have ANY FUCKING IDEA what you've cost me? You! You insignificant little girl! Do you have any idea what's like to have it all one day, and the next it's gone in the blink of an eye? This is YOUR fault! Your blood will be on MY hands! And when my parents ask me if it was worth it, I will have to tell them no. That you aren't worth it! You've made me into a killer, Bella! And all because of who you are! You're nobody and yet the cost of you is immense! And for nothing. You're costing me everything, for absolutely nothing!"

He storms off, leaving me to the mess in the living room. The tears are streaming, my shirt dampened.

"I know I'm no one," I whisper to myself. "My parents made sure of that."

Hope this sheds a little gleam of light. No? Ok. Sigh. Don't worry. I don't tend to drag out stuff for too long.

More TOMORROW. :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Regret

SM owns Twilight. I own a tormented Mr. Magic Fingers.

EPOV

I was furious. I slammed the back bedroom door. She didn't understand. She doesn't realize all that I had done for her.

It was true.

I wasn't going to murder her.

But I could. She needed to be reminded of that on a daily basis. I sat down on the bed. I had driven here, to a secluded area in Illinois. I was hours away from Chicago.

I had no intention of meeting J tomorrow.

It was bad enough I truly hadn't kill her, but if he and E ever found out, I was a dead man.

Somehow I had to keep both Bella and my parents alive.

The stress was too much. I put the gun in the nightstand drawer. I pull out my pack of smokes and lit the cigarette. I didn't want to smoke in front of Bella. It was one of my secret vices. My pleasure to get away from the pain.

I took a drag and lay down on my back. I was in a fucking situation I couldn't get out of. I didn't mean to make her cry. That was enough to upset me further. Her delicate features, her gentle body; I would never forget what it felt like to be inside of her. It was addicting. I couldn't get enough.

J was watching me from across the club. He was dancing with her friend. I hope he doesn't know what I did. How I took my attraction and refused to deny myself. The hunger and lust strangled within me and I couldn't hold on.

It made matters worse. Because now she was crying. And I cared.

It was bad enough what her parents had done. J had told me everything.

How she was paid for. Illegally. J told me how the real mother wanted her back. How she loved her daughter and wanted to reunite with her. How she searched and searched and finally found her. He told me her adoptive parents couldn't bear to part with her.

They'd rather have her dead than for her to find out the truth. It didn't make sense. What secret could be so horrible, it was worth the death of an innocent girl?

Could E and J have done the deed themselves? Sure. But they didn't like getting their hands dirty. So they came to me. Threatened me. Like I said, I didn't have a choice. They were making me do what they were scared to do on their own. I didn't have any leverage, so I was the fall guy.

I refused to be the monster that wanted me to be. And I had been anything but kind. I drugged her with a sedative I had stolen from my own business. The needles were mine. The liquid from my father's hospital. He would be so ashamed if he found out what I had done.

But Mother?

I couldn't bear to think of how much this would upset her. She was so pure and clean.

Just like Bella.

And I had made her cry.

I needed to fix this.

Hope you're still reading. Wish you would review!

Onto the next chapter! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Promise

SM owns Twilight. I own more Fingers. You know...of the Magical variety.

EPOV

I put out my cigarette in the ashtray beside the bed. When I came here a few days ago, I made sure the cabin was stocked. We had food, clothing, and toiletries. Anything necessary to survive.

Just enough until I could figure out a plan.

I creaked open the door slowly to see Bella still curled up on the couch.

She doesn't know how small she is, how fragile she is on that big sofa. She's so little. She doesn't realize I notice how the strap of her dress has fallen down her shoulder. How I imagine her soft skin against mine. How I envision my tongue across her collarbone.

She doesn't know I'm watching her. That I'm staring at her. That I'm silently wishing her pain to go away. And the ironic part is? I've caused it all.

I want to go back. I want to go back to last night, when her body was pressed up against mine. I liked the power of anonymity. She was grinding into me and didn't know who I was. I loved the way she moaned, the sounds she made. I would give anything to get back to that moment. I was me then.

Just Edward.

I'm walking across the room and she notices me, but she flinches. I don't want her to be scared of me. I want to protect her. That's the reason she's here. I'm trying to save her life, but I'm killing her instead.

She doesn't know her strap is tangled in her long chestnut hair. She doesn't realize what her quivering lip does to me.

I want to say I'm sorry, but the words are caught on the edge. They won't leave my mouth. They are trapped in my own consciousness.

"Bella," I say. It comes out harsher than intended. She winces and I've done it again. I want to say it's the cold weather, it's the cigarettes making my voice change, but it's all me.

It's always me.

"Bella," I repeat, and I say it softer. Her large eyes peer up at me. She's questioning my motives. But I can also see her feelings are hurt. Her hope is gone.

I never wanna take away her hope.

I could never do that.

I sit on the edge of the sofa. I'm cautious not to get near her. I notice her eyelashes are still moist. I want to dry them with the tip of my fingers.

I laughed earlier. On the inside.

She called me Mr. Magic Fingers.

I'll be whatever you want me to be, Little One.

Hope you're not mad about my points of view switching. There's no rhythm. I do it 'cause I can.

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Twitch

SM is a genius. I pretend to be, but we all know I can't write a complete sentence to save my life.

EPOV

She sniffles and I hand her a handkerchief out of my pocket. It's old and worn but it was my grandfathers. She stares at me intently before taking it. She pats her eyes dry, and I want to be that cloth.

She's waiting for me to say something.

"I'm sor...You want food?" I ask. I'm hesitant to ask for forgiveness. I don't deserve it anyways. It's almost noon and I know she's starving. The medicine must have done a number on her tiny body.

I'm sorry about that, ya know. But I can't tell you that.

She nods. She must be hungry.

I should keep her fearful, make her look for her own food. I should continue to yell. But I can't do it. I go into the kitchen of my parent's cabin.

She doesn't know I used to come here every summer. She doesn't know I used to sit on that couch.

I make her a turkey sandwich. I hope she eats meat. I realize I don't know anything about her. She's so small; she probably doesn't eat much at all.

I'm done with your sandwich, Little One. Do you want mustard or mayonnaise? I'm too nervous to ask you.

I can steal her belongings in a night club and kidnap her, but I can't ask her how she likes her deli meat.

I take both condiments and the sandwich and hand it to her. She looks at me wryly.

No, it's not poisonous. But she has no reason to trust me.

You shouldn't anyways.

I watch her eat. A few crumbs escape and she brushes them off. She prefers mustard. I take note for next time.

She looks up to glance at me, chewing slowly, methodically.

I get up and go into the kitchen to entertain myself. But I'm still watching her.

I eat and I'm watching her.

She doesn't know she has mustard on the corner of her mouth.

My hands twitch.

I want to wipe it off.

So. Fucking. Bad.

I pour her water from the sink. It takes a minute because the well is dry. But I let it run. The color leaves and I pour it into a cup. I pour myself some, too.

I walk it over and she still isn't talking.

And you talk a lot.

She's a lot more inquisitive than I would have thought.

I clear my throat so I don't come across as harsh.

"Here."

She takes the cup from my hand. The water drips down the side. Our exchange causes a tingle to rip through my body.

It was electrifying. She freezes at the sensation. I do as well.

She takes a sip of the water. A drop remains on her bottom lip.

She licks it off.

I twitch again.

And it's not my hands.

Hope you're hot and bothered. If not, well then...Ummm...(awk-ward)

Update later today, maybe tonight. :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Discovery

SM owns Twi-something. I own apologies. I had a ton of homework.

Side note: I won't label chapters as flashbacks. I believe my readers are intelligent. You'll figure it out.

"Daddddddyyyy!"

Ugh. He doesn't understand. I want to get on campus early. I want to meet my new roommate and choose the bottom bunk bed. He said he bought my school supplies in town because the college bookstore was too expensive. And now I can't find the purchases.

"Daddddddyyyy!"

Where the heck was he?

The University of Chicago was near our house and it had a great Psychology program. I couldn't wait to leave home. Finally be around people. I'm not going to lie. High school sucks big time. The library had my ass print on one of their chairs. In the corner. On the left. Hidden in the fiction section.

I couldn't wait to be free, on my own. Independence-here I come!

Right after I find my notebooks and paper.

"Dadddddyyyyy!"

I zip up my suitcases and duffle bags. Some clothes are hanging out. I don't mind. Skipping down the stairs, I look in each room.

Not in the living room. Not in the den. Not in the refrigerator.

Ok, maybe I stopped for a snack. Maybe two. I loved string cheese.

Perhaps Daddy is in his office. Sometimes he works so hard, and the door is shut. He probably can't hear me.

I knock on the closed door. There's no answer. I enter the room, searching for the Target shopping bags. Yeah, we went all out. No expenses too good for the only daughter.

Daddy's not in here, and I don't see my supplies. I see our family photos on his desk and I scowl. Six years old and I fell off my bike. The camera flashed. Mommy said I looked cute crying. That's no reason to capture the plight of my downfall. But that's her. She loved taking pictures. She always has a million cameras. Most of them are old. We can't afford the more expensive ones.

Surprisingly there are no baby pictures of me. Mommy said they got burned in the fire. I don't remember, but supposedly, we lost a lot. It doesn't matter; the photos from when I was two years old were saved. I don't have the same chubby cheeks anymore.

I'm smiling because Daddy still has my seashell on his desk. I found that at the beach when I was 12. I could have sworn I heard a mermaid talk to me. Mommy said I was too old to be making up stories. I just think the mermaid didn't want to talk to her.

Turning around, I start to leave. But I see my name. I wish I hadn't.

I wish I had never looked.

It's the medical records for school. The University of Chicago requires them before you attend classes. Too many of the lines say N/A; meaning not available.

History of heart disease- not available.

History of cancer- not available.

Blood Type: O.

What? That doesn't make sense.

Grandma had a heart attack when I was in the eighth grade. I remember. Mommy picked me up from school and I cried so hard. Uncle Garrett has colon cancer. He's doing okay though, the chemotherapy is working.

That information is available. The opposite of *not* available.

I don't have type O blood.

I mean-I can't.

We learned in biology about genes. I had a project where I did my parents blood type. Mommy has type A blood and Daddy has B.

So I would have to have type AB.

It's impossible for me to have O.

Impossible.

Hope you don't think I'm repeating the emphasis of Bella's "adoption" viewpoint.

It's a vital part to the story. Mr. Magic Fingers knows things, but she needs her own path of discovery.

Onto next chapter. Thanks for the love!

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Listener

SM had a dream about a meadow. I had a dream about a monkey. Why people fail to see my brilliance is beyond me.

I'm standing there in shock. This can't be. It's not true.

I'm searching and I'm digging and I'm rummaging through every ounce of paperwork in Daddy's desk.

The papers aren't hidden very well. They are in his desk. Right hand side. Second drawer.

They wouldn't need to be concealed.

I've always done what I was told.

So I see the adoption papers. I see the phrase "closed adoption." I see my birthdate. The hospital I was born in. The problem is, the forms look...

I can't describe it. The name Swan is there, but it's like it's covering up something else. I can't tell what it is. I flick on the desk lamp.

Suddenly I hear footsteps down the hall. I stuff the adoption papers into my pocket. I'm straightening the medical forms on his desk.

He doesn't suspect a thing.

∞ ∞ ∞ O.O.O ∞ ∞ ∞

It's the end of summer. I just worked my last day at the yogurt shop. It put some money in my pocket for the following semester. It's going to be my junior year at the university. I'm so excited to switch dorm rooms. My old roommate graduated. I'm glad. She had a real hygiene problem.

And she stole my Ramen Noodles. The beef flavor. Everyone knows you don't touch my Ramen.

I'm about to walk in the kitchen, announcing that I'm home. I pull off my apron. It

had blueberries smeared all over it. The smoothie machine and I got into a fight.

Needless to say, it won.

I'm going to give Mommy some cash, to help out with the bills this month. Daddy doesn't make much income working in the church. Mommy hasn't booked a photography shoot in weeks. I know we are going through a tough time. I help out my family when I can.

I did splurge though. There was this really expensive lip gloss at Macy's that I bought. I couldn't help it. It promised to plump up my lips. I hope it's worth the forty bucks.

I'm about to open my mouth, but Mommy's on the phone. She sounds angry.

I don't want to interrupt, so I hang back behind the wall.

"Listen to me, and you listen to me good, you little piece of shit! I don't care... This is not going to get out publically. She CANNOT find out!... We made a deal!"

"After all these years, you finally change your mind?... Guess what? You can't have her! She's mine. Do you understand me? Mine!"

"I don't think so! Fine, go ahead and try me. But believe me when I say, she'll be dead before you even get close enough to meet her!"

Click.

I'm trembling. I accidently knock my leg against the wall.

"Bella?"

I run into the kitchen. Pretending like I just got home.

"Sorry I'm late. There was traffic." I'm lying my ass off.

She looks at me suspiciously, but doesn't say anything.

"Bella?"

"Yes, Mommy?"

"You know I love you right?" She's got a knife in her hand. It's still got blood on it from the raw chicken whole chicken lying on the counter.

"Yes, Mommy."

"Good." She nods. She stabs the knife in the chicken, not even bothering to cut it. "I would do anything to protect this family. Sometimes sacrifices have to be made, but I'll do what I have to do. You remember that Bella. Mommy does what she has to do."

I nod, even though I'm petrified.

She leans over, kissing me on my forehead.

As the blood drips down the countertop, I know for a fact that she means every single word.

Hope you have gained insight on Mommy Dearest. Every chapter is significant. Don't think otherwise.

Onto the next chapter.

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Beginning

SM thinks she's hot stuff. Sitting in diners eating veggie burgers. Everyone knows veggie burgers are gross.

Mr. Magic Fingers is staring at me. And shifting in his seat.

It's making me uncomfortable.

"Thanks for the food," I say, attempting to break the silence.

He gives an inaudible reply.

"I *said*, thank you," I repeated, quirking my eyebrow. He needed to learn some manners.

He's surprised I raised my tone at him. Oh well. I couldn't handle his mood changes. All enraged one second, sweet the next.

"You're welcome," he answers gruffly.

A few more minutes goes by.

"Are you going to tie me up or something?"

I needed to know.

"What?"

"You heard me. Does this cabin have a basement or something? Or you going to tie me up and torture me? Cut off my toes with wire cutters? Break my Achilles heel so I can't walk anywhere?"

For a second I could see his green eyes flash a hint of amusement. "You watch too many movies."

"You didn't answer my question."

"Bella, do you know why you're here?"

His expression has turned serious. It's giving me goosebumps across my flesh. My stupid strap keeps falling down. I ignore it, trying to figure out his purpose.

"No," I answer honestly.

He stands up, pacing the room again. He's pulling on his hair. He's having some sort of internal war; some battle. Except I don't think I'm the one he's fighting for.

I take a deep breath. I know he's about to rock my concrete ground. Everything I once knew, is about to change in a moment. I can feel it.

"Bella, tell me who you are."

I'm confused by his thought process. I thought he was supposed to be giving me answers, not creating new questions.

"I'm Bella Swan. I'm 20 years old. I'm a University of Chicago student. My major is Psychology...wait, you are the one who kidnapped me. You know all of this already."

"Repeat your first sentence, Bella. Who are you?"

I frown, puzzled. "I'm Bella Sw-"

I stop myself. The arguments behind doors. The adoption papers. The secret phone calls. It all comes crashing down.

"I'm no one," I answer sorrowfully.

"Bella, I know this is hard for you to believe, but I brought you here to save you." He looks genuine, but I'm skeptical.

"Save me?" I ask. "Save me from whom?"

"The Swans."

"My family?" I laugh incredulously. "What does my family have to do with this?"

"Bella, 18 years ago you were kidnapped. Now your birth mother has found you. I hate to say this, but..."

He pauses, unsure of how to continue.

"But what?" I probe. I'm panicking. My world is spinning. This doesn't make sense. I wasn't kidnapped. I was adopted.

Adopted.

"They...the Swans...your parents. They put a hit out on you. They want you dead."

He's nuts. I'm staring at him like he's a lunatic.

He reaches into his pocket, and I don't understand what he's doing. He pulls out my cell phone. He presses a few buttons and then turns the screen to me.

It's on the missed calls screen.

Alice. Alice. Alice. Tom from my study group. Alice. Alice. Alice. A number I don't recognize. Millions more from Alice.

I'm starting to get sick.

I know Alice like the back of my hand. She'll worry. At first she'll think I'm with a guy, but she'll get concerned after I don't answer the phone. Then she'll ask around, figuring out has anyone seen me.

And before she will call the police, she'll call my parents.

The vomit leaves my throat before I can even mutter a word.

27 Missed Calls.

Not a single one from my parents.

Hope you like how the story is coming along. Believe me when I say, we haven't even hit the core of the story yet.

I was going to write a little smut, but it's the first day there. It's too soon. It will come. Literally. (HAHAHAHA- I'm a sick bitch)

More chaps tonight. I have classes after work. Sorry. I'll make it up to you this weekend.

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Deliberation

SM owns sexy vampires. I'm sexy and sick. You know that feeling when you are going to throw up and a lump forms in your throat? I felt like that last night. Right before I puked Chinese food.

I wipe the vile from my mouth that had just protruded from my very soul.

He's mistaken.

Alice, I know she called them. They probably tried to call me. But I'm stuck in the middle of bum-fuck nowhere. That's why their calls haven't gotten through.

But Alice's calls were displayed.

Maybe the police told them not to call me. Not to hinder an investigation.

Yeah, that's what's going on. There's an entire search party out there looking for me. They checked the cameras at the club. They see him. They know what he looks like.

But it was too dark.

They'll check all the gas stations. Maybe he had to stop for gas when I was sedated. I'll be on someone's cameras.

You have brown eyes. Brunette colored hair. You were in a black car. In the back seat. Looking peaceful and asleep. You look...typical. Normal.

This is what Mr. Magic Fingers wants. To destroy every ounce of who I am. He wants to control me. To make me think my family doesn't care. He probably erased all of their phone calls.

He wants to brainwash me. And I won't let him.

"Bella?" he asks guardedly.

I won't answer. I reach for the phone. He pulls it back.

I smack him across the face. He can keep me here. Keep me locked away. Keep me hidden.

But he won't have me.

He will never have me.

Hope you like it. Bella growing balls and all.

On to the next chapter. :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Masses

SM, well... She's my hero. So is RoseArcadia for the new banner!

EPOV

It's been three days.

She won't talk to me. She won't come out of the bedroom. Except to go to the restroom or to take a shower. I know she found the clothes in there I left for her. She's dressed in jeans and a tee shirt.

It's falling off of her.

She won't eat. I've left food outside of her bedroom. The first time, she threw it against the wall. The second time, she wrote "I hate you" with gravy on the door.

It didn't stop me from trying.

The food gets cold. I just keep making more.

And she still won't eat.

It's so quiet here.

Except when she tries to escape out the window. It has bars. She can't leave. I hear them banging late at night. I hear her crying. I hear her screaming. I can't let her leave.

I've hidden her phone in my bedroom. In my nightstand. She doesn't understand the danger she's in. She'll be reckless. She'll call the police. She'll call her parents.

She doesn't understand how crazy they are.

My assistant called. I told her I was taking an extended vacation. J called. I told him I want the money. I just need to get away. Clear my head. It will buy me a little bit of time.

Dad called. I told him I was alright.

My phone is ringing again. It's Mom. I don't want to answer. But she worries easily.

I put the lighter to my cigarette. I inhale. It's good. It makes it go away. For a little while.

"Hey Mom," I answer. She's crying on the other end. She can be so dramatic.

"Where are you?" she asks. "I stopped by your condo. Carlisle said you were on vacation. Why didn't you tell us before you left town?"

I sigh. "I'm okay Mom. I'm..."

I can't tell her I'm at the cabin. I can't tell anyone. "I'm in California. I need the heat."

"That's nice," she answers. "I hope you have fun. It's been a hectic week in Chicago."

"Oh really?" I'm feigning interest. "Are you remodeling the house again?"

"No, no dear. I've been helping out."

"Helping out?" I question. I don't know what she's talking about. Dad has enough staff at the hospital.

She tsk-tsks on the other end. "With the search, for the killers. That poor girl. Can't believe her parents would do that to her."

I perk up, take another drag off of my smoke. "Girl? What are you talking about?"

"You haven't heard?" she asks. Her voice raises a pitch. "It's all over the news. Bella Swan, local University of Chicago student. She's been murdered!"

This time, I'm the one that's sick.

Hope you are still reading. Pieces are coming together. Slowly, but surely.

I've got Kanye West's "All Falls Down" stuck in my head.

You want more? Nahhhh...

Just kidding. Of course there's more. Pay close attention, my little Pilferettes.

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Photo

SM likes vampires. I would like some medicine, stat.

EPOV

I ran out of the house. I hate it when she does that. I'm a boy. If my friends find out Mom is making me go shopping for vases, they'll pick on me.

I'd rather ride on my dirt bike. Dad bought it for me the other week.

I've only fallen off five times. Demetri fell off seven.

He's an idiot.

He's just mad 'cause he chipped his big stupid tooth. That's what he gets.

Alec waves at me and smiles. He's our gardener. He helps me hide from Mom. But one time we hid together and dad got mad.

Alec took the blame. He's cool like that.

"EDWARDDDDDDDDD!"

Alec points to the garage. It's open 'cause he needs to go in and out of there to get his tools. I give him the thumbs up. He zips his lips.

I know he won't tell Mom where I'm at.

Unlike Demetri. He's such an idiot. And a tattler.

I hide behind Dad's car, but it's not big enough. He took the big SUV to work today. It's really cool. It's got TVs in it and everything. Demetri was so jealous.

In the left corner of the garage, there are several boxes. It's the ones Dad keeps yelling about, and Mom says she's going to get to them.

She never does.

I hide in between the boxes. I know I'm small. Demetri is way taller than I am. But I don't care. Dad says I'm gonna grow up and be real tall and big and strong. I'm only eight. I've got time.

At least I don't have a chipped tooth.

"EDWARDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!"

I snicker. She'll never find me.

The boxes are labeled "Edward's Baby Belongings."

I roll my eyes. Mom is so sentimental. She never throws anything away.

Why she would want to keep old baby clothes is beyond me.

"EDWARDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!"

Mom's voice is getting closer. I squeeze back further.

I hit the tools against the wall. It causes my fort of boxes to come crashing down.

Fuck!

Oops! I cover my mouth, hoping I didn't say that out loud. I learned it from Dad. He's the best Dad ever.

I'm rushing and putting the clothes back into the boxes. I don't want to be caught.

I hate shopping.

I almost close the box, but something catches my eye.

It's my baby picture. You can't see my face, but I know it's me.

Mom is holding me so tight against her chest.

She's not in a hospital though. She's at a house. It's not our house.

I glance at it and shrug before stuffing it back into the box.

Mom is so weird. Everyone knows you shouldn't dress boys in yellow ruffled

onesies.

Hope you are captivated. And wondering.

I'm singing "Dun Dun Dun Dun" in my head.

I'm very ill. I may write a chapter later today. Maybe.

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The News

SM writes novels. I wonder if she reads FanFiction. She would be ashamed of us.

EPOV

"She's been murdered?" I ask my Mom.

I wonder how much she knows. How much the local news is showing. How long until they find me.

"The crimes they commit these days. It's a shame," she replies sympathetically.

I want to know more. There's no television here. There's a radio, but it's got so much static. The cellular phones won't connect to the internet. There's no newspaper. And the closest store in town is an hour away.

"Well, what are the police saying?"

"They still haven't found those rotten parents of hers. Look honey, I've got to go. Dinner's not ready for your Dad. Love you!"

I want to ask questions.

"Mo-"

She hangs up before I can say anything else. I run down the hall, two doors down. To Bella's room. It's so far, yet so close away.

I bang on the door. "Bella! Open up!"

She won't answer. I turn the doorknob and it's locked. I pull the keys out pocket and I unlock the door. I know its asshole thing of me to do, but I have to tell her.

I open the door and she's lying on the bed. Her hair is spread out, framing her beautiful tear streaked face.

"Bella?"

Are you okay, Little One? I know this is hard. It's so hard. I'm doing what I can to protect you. Please know that.

I know she's awake. "Good news, Bella. The media got ahold of your story. They think you're dead. That's good. Now they won't come after you."

She doesn't budge. "Mom says they can't find your parents. Maybe they've run away. They're on the run. 'Cause they know they're guilty. The police will find them, Bella. They will pay for doing this to you."

She blinks once. Twice.

You look so frail, Little One. Please let me feed you. Please let me take care of you.

I pick up her body. For once she doesn't fight me. I don't think she's got the will. I don't think she cares anymore. I think that's the worst part- her faith in humanity is gone.

I carry her delicate body. I carry her into the living room. I lay her down. I make sure the pillow supports her neck and head. It's warmer in here. I started a fire earlier.

It's cozy in here, Little One.

I run into the kitchen, making her soup. Hoping she'll eat it. I fix you a cup of water. I place it on the table. She won't touch it.

I pour the soup into two bowls. I place her bowl on the table.

Do you like vegetable soup, Little One? I added herbs into it. Just like Mom used to make.

I won't touch my soup until she eats. I put the spoon into the soup. I place it in front of her lips. It takes her a minute, but she finally eats.

She finally eats.

And that makes me happy.

You make me happy.

Hope you like the softer side of Mr. Magic Fingers. Don't think Bella's a jerk. She's the victim in all of this, after all.

Guess what? Lemon up NEXT!

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Guardian

SM owns virginal vamps. You may think my characters are moving too fast, but if I were locked up with Mr. Magic Fingers, I would have fucked him on Day One. Kidnapping be damned!

EPOV

I wipe her mouth with a napkin. I put the cup up to her lips. Let her drink. She's so thirsty.

"Are you better?"

She gives me a silent nod. A wordless "Thank you."

I hear you, Little One.

"I forgot we have a radio here," I state. Maybe it will break the silence. Give her some comfort. "Do you want to listen to it? To some music?"

She nods again. I collect our bowls and put them on the kitchen counter. I'll eat later. I feel better that you are better.

I rush towards the closet. Rummage through my childhood memories. I find the radio on the top shelf.

I blow the dust off and return to where Bella is. She's sitting up now. Waiting for me.

I set it on my lap. I'm fooling around with the knobs. Most of it is static, but I find a station. It's playing soft blues music.

Do you like the blues, Little One? I don't, but I like it now. Here with you.

She has a soft smile on her face. It's so good, hearing the silence break.

Bella clears her throat, and for the first time in days, I hear her voice. "Can I go home now?"

My heart breaks.

I know what she's thinking. Now that her parents are gone, she can come out of hiding. Because they think she's dead. But I'm not the only player in this game.

I've got to think about my parents. About J and E. And most of all, about her.

I shake my head, wishing I had a better answer for her. "Not yet, Bella. We don't know where they are. If they find out you're not dead, they'll kill you for sure."

She sighs. She lies back down and I pull the blanket over her. I rub her soft hair, trying to soothe her. She doesn't stop me.

I'm staring at her and I can't fathom for the life of me why someone would want to harm her. Her eyes are fluttering, and even her eyelashes are beautiful.

I lean down and kiss her forehead. "I'll always protect you, Bella."

I'm whispering in her ear. Out here we are safe, it's our little secret. She looks up at me, and for a slight second, I think her faith has returned.

I hope it's in me. I'm looking down at her, with all of the adoration I can muster.

I want to let her know, I'll protect her. I'll always shield her.

Can you understand, Little One? How much I admire you? Your strength? Your tenacity?

I let my fingers stroke her face. I'm outlining her eyes. Her nose. Her lips.

"You promise?" she breathes out.

"I promise," I assure her, and before I know it, my lips find their way to hers.

Hope you love it. Sorry, Lemon was too long.

Continue on to the next chapter. I had to break it up.

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Passion

SM likes a clean cut Edward. So do I, but I like to push the boundaries.

She moans and it's like last time, but it's not. Last time it was hunger. Want. Lust. This time I'm kissing her and it's essential to my living.

Like if I couldn't taste you for the rest of my life, I'd rather not live at all.

I groan and she pulls my body to her own. I'm not stopping. I'm glad she's not stopping. I push my tongue in her mouth and she tastes so good. She wraps her hands in my hair and I'm gone.

My hands travel down her body and I'm massaging her breasts. She arches her hips into me, as I'm leaning over her, gasping over how soft her curves are.

I'm waiting for her to make the first move, she's been dominated enough. I want this on her terms. She doesn't disappoint. I pull away and she removes my shirt. She's tracing over my chest. Over my abs. It's sending tingles through my skin. It's electrifying.

She's captivated by me, and I let her unbuckle my jeans. My erection is protruding through on and she touches the outside of my boxers. I need her clothes gone.

Now.

I'm back to kissing her, nibbling on her bottom lip, only pausing to remove her clothes. The blanket is on the floor.

I don't know how it got there.

She's humming against my mouth. The music plays in the background and it's so relaxing. It's so soft.

Not as soft as you, Little One.

I remove her bra and panties slowly, giving her time to back out.

You don't. Do you want me too? Do you want me like I want you?

I'm kissing on her collarbone. The fire is crackling, but it's not as hot as this. I move down her body, kissing and sucking on her breast. On her abdomen.

I get to her bare pussy, and it's calling out to me. I can't resist. I open up her legs and I let my tongue flicker. It's slow at first, but she needs more.

I comply.

You taste so fucking sweet.

She's clinging on to me, and I let my rhythm flow with the music.

You're so wet for me, Little One.

I'm letting my fingers thrust into her at the same time. She's purring and it's so fucking intense. She's dripping into my mouth. I read her body like it's my own personal book. Pinching her clit, she comes so hard into my mouth. She screams out her ecstasy. I lap it all up. Every juice is mine.

My boxers are on the floor before I can register that they are gone. She wants me, but I'm too mesmerized by her skin. By her beauty. I want to plunge into her, but I wait one agonizing second.

You're so delicate.

I want to go slow, but she won't let me. Bella grabs my hips, guiding me to her core, and it's so warm. I melt into her, and in that moment, I am whole.

I'm stroking into her, and I feel every vibration, every smell, every touch.

Do you feel it too, Little One?

You're moaning and I'm groaning. You're taking and I'm giving. You're lifting and I'm thrusting. You're floating and I'm drowning.

Our kisses are moist, and our skin is glistening from the sweat. The music is a melody, but this here; it's a beat. It's the drum I play when I taste her.

Do you hear it Little One?

She's stroking me, reaching every spot her arms will touch. Her fingernails dig into me, and I can't hold on any longer.

It's so good. So fucking good.

I don't want to let go, but I have to. I immerse my cock into her one last time, holding myself into her. Her pussy contracts around me, soaking it all up. We're both trembling, both shivering.

I pull myself out of her, but I don't want to move yet.

I want to hold you, Little One. Is that okay?

I pull the blanket off of the floor and wrap it around us. She sighs in contentment, and entangles her legs around my own.

Kissing her lips, I embrace her tighter. We fall asleep just like this. I hope it's always just like this.

∞ ∞ ∞ O.O.O ∞ ∞ ∞

I stir, and when I peek at my watch, it's after one in the morning.

It's warm in here, from the fire.

But it's cold.

Bella is no longer wrapped in my arms.

"Bella?" I call out.

I jump up. She's not in the bathroom. Not in her bedroom.

My keys from my pocket? Not there.

And when I look out the window, my fears are confirmed. The car is missing.

She's gone.

My Little One is gone.

Hope you're shocked. I do like my cliffies.

More tomorrow! BIG SHOCKER! (Or answers, depends on what your viewpoint is. I guess I just get excited. It's too much for me to write tonight.)

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Radio

SM owns a story we all love. I have a friend, LvTwilight09, who has dubbed Mr. Magic Fingers, as Fingerward! I love it! And he's aww mine! (insert evil laugh)

2 critical points need to be made:

1- Bella did not use Fingerward for sex. He brought her comfort in her time of weakness and through that moment, she really did start to care for him. (Even though she STILL doesn't know his name—what a hussy! Lol)

2- Fingerward and Bella are NOT siblings. What kind of author do you people think I am? Geez, this ain't West Virginia folks (and yes, that's an insult. I can make that joke 'cuz my hubby was born there)!

I stirred in my sleep, wrapped in Mr. Magic Finger's arms. I had never felt as safe in the past couple of days as I did at this moment. I intertwined my hands with his own, letting his body heat replace the blaze from the fireplace.

"You've just listened to B. B. King's 'The Thrill is Gone,' only on Illinois's Hottest Blues Station- WKDF 101.7 fm. This here is your number one DJ's, Johnny Thriller and Desiree Storm bringing you the smoothest music that will cure your broken soul. Before we continue on with the single that is blowing up the charts, let's discuss the story that is sweeping the nation..."

What? Illinois? Am I still in the state? I jerked up, careful not to awaken him.

"Johnny, can you believe it? University of Chicago's very own student, Bella Swan has been missing for what is now the fourth day and there has yet to be a trace of her. She was last seen at Chicago's 18 and over nightclub, Mayhem, Friday night, with her best friend and roommate, Alice Brandon."

"I have to tell you Desiree, this girl has captured the hearts of millions. Not only did she enter college at the young age of 17, she's made the Dean's list every single semester. Friends and family say they are absolutely determined to find her. The police have done everything in their power to locate her last steps, but it seems like she just disappeared out of thin air. The nightclub still has no explanation as to why their security videotapes were not in working condition that night. Was she

kidnapped? Did she run away? No one knows for sure."

"This indeed is quite bizarre. Even the citizens of The Windy City are pitching in to locate the girl AND her parents. With absolutely no evidence in the Swan household to assume that they left as a family, the Swan parents, Charlie and Renee, are now suspects in their own daughter's kidnapping. Everyone is amazed that a local Assistant Pastor and his photographer wife would be in on such a heinous crime. The real question on everyone's mind: WHY?"

"Johnny, Chicago's fine police department says they are keeping up hope. They declare that until they find a body of the college student, they will continue their investigation with the expectation that she is alive. However, one thing is for certain....Where ever Bella Swan is, she seems to be in grave danger."

"Bella is 20 years old, described as a thin girl, approximately five-foot-seven, weighing in at one hundred and fifteen pounds. She has fair skin, brown eyes, and brunette colored hair. The police are asking anyone with information to call their hotline (555) CPD-FIND. That number again is (555) CPD-FIND. The National Center for Missing and Exploited Persons are helping to donate 250, 000 dollars for any information that will lead to her whereabouts."

"Desiree, Bella Swan is undeniably in all of our thoughts and prayers..."

I leaned over, turning off the switch on the radio.

Trembling, I maneuvered by way out of Mr. Magic Finger's hold. I fumbled in the darkness, putting my clothes back on. I couldn't stay here any longer. Every presumed truth was a lie.

There was no hit out on me. The reason I'm missing is HIS fault. Maybe he took my parents too. That's why they are gone. Missing. Possibly murdered.

"Good news, Bella. The media got ahold of your story. They think you're dead. That's good. Now they won't come after you."

"Do you know my parents?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to harm them?"

"Magic."

"No. It's done. She's dead."

"I'm still in Chicago, but I need to lay low. Ya know, hide the evidence."

"Because...I don't want anyone getting suspicious."

"No, I don't want the money...No. I said...Ok. Fine. I'll meet you tomorrow night. Same location."

"Goodbye J."

"Bella, 18 years ago you were kidnapped. Now your birth mother has found you.... They...the Swans...your parents. They put a hit out on you. They want you dead."

He KNEW my parents. He took them, just like he took me. The "hiding evidence" he talked about on the phone...was it my own family? He didn't even meet this 'J person' like he claimed he would. He didn't want money. There's no proof of a birth mother.

And most of all, my parents would never hurt me.

But he...he would.

"Are you going to kill me?"

"I don't have a choice."

As I rummaged around, searching his pockets for the keys and not finding any cell phones or his wallet, I realized that I did.

I did have a choice.

And now I was making the one that would save my life.

Hope this chapter wasn't too long. They say as long as it has under 1,000 words, it's a drabble.

Do you like the insight? Bella only knows what Fingerward has TOLD her. She feels like she can't trust him when the media is giving a whole different rendition of her disappearance.

More? You want MORE? (Oliver Twist voice)

Keep clicking to read, but of course...

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Runaway

SM likes her vamps pale with golden eyes. I like my humans strong; fighting for the will to survive. So join me, fellow readers, in what I am hailing as "New Moon- When Bitches No Longer Sit In a Chair Staring Out a Fucking Window!" And yeah, no lost emails for you Ms. Alice...

The snow crunches beneath my feet, but I run for my life. The moonlight is doing nothing to illuminate the darkness. My hands shake as I put the key into the car. It takes four tries. The snowflakes dust around me, creating a layer on my hair before I even enter the vehicle.

I'm quivering with fear. Praying he doesn't awaken until morning. Pray I get a hard start. Praying I make it to town. To the police station. To safety.

I start the sedan and it purrs to life. I haven't driven much; my parents couldn't afford to buy me a vehicle. It costs me precious time to turn on the lights. Start the windshield wipers. Look to see where I'm going.

The long gravel road is blocked with snow. I'm driving erratically. I can feel the wheels roll over rocks, spin over small logs, sway into ditches. I reach the end of the cabin's driveway and I'm lost. I don't know which way to turn.

I make a left turn, hoping this is the way to town. It's so dark out here. The snow is making it difficult to see.

The tears are pouring down my face. I'm so scared.

Dear God, I'm so scared.

I'm looking everywhere, paranoid he's in the car. Paranoid he's behind me. Paranoid he'll find and kill me.

My emotions are a toxic concoction of desperation and fear. Anxiety and dread. I'll overdose like this. It's a nightmare like this.

I'll die like this.

I'm driving and I don't know where I'm going. I just keep going straight. I'm

listening to my heart, following my own map. I don't know if it's right or wrong.

I just keep going.

I want my Mommy and Daddy again. I don't care that they didn't tell me about the adoption.

It's okay Daddy, I'm sorry I didn't have Bible study with you.

It's okay Mommy, I'm sorry I never liked having my picture taken.

I'm making silent promises. Vows I'll keep. I'm gonna make it better. The police will find you and I'll make it all better.

There's a fork in the road now. I can't see the sign.

I don't know which way to turn. I grasp the wheel. I'm pounding against it. I'm thrashing so hard my hair is flying around me.

I'm coming for you, Daddy.

I'm crying and screaming, because I can't make a choice. Which way will the road lead? I'm so defeated, here in this dark. Here in the cold.

I'm going to find you, Mommy.

I keep driving straight; it's the only way I know to go. I don't know how long I've been driving. It seems like an eternity.

Do you miss me? Like I miss you?

I'm fantasizing the car has a full tank, but it doesn't. I have no more prayers left. He knows that. Because I've given up hope. Because I've given up faith. Because the impossibilities defy the possible...

There it is.

It's small. It's dimly lit. I'm not sure if it's open. The car chugs slowly into the gas station.

I'm so happy. It's so big. It's brightly lit. And it's open.

It's old and it's rundown, but here there's help. I run out of the car as if my life depends on it.

It does depend on it. I see the 24/7 light on, glowing in the window, and I'm crying. I'm so happy.

I turn the doorknob, as the wind and snowflakes whip around me.

"Hi? May I help you?" a friendly voice asks.

And now, I know I'm saved.

Hope you're fist pumping for Bella! I love a girl who repetitively puts others in danger with her grand ideas! (Rolls my eyes)

You know Xquisite gives you what you want. Keep reading Pilferettes!

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Clerk

SM can write a novel like nobody's business. I suck at drabbles.

"Please help me! Please help me!" I'm screaming and crying incoherently.

The older woman leaves from behind the counter, rushing to my side. "Honey, what's wrong?"

"You've got to help me! I-I'm Bella Swan. I-I've been kidnapped. Oh please help! He'll find me, please hurry! Call the police! He'll know I'm gone!"

"Honey! Calm down. Take a deep breath. Start again." She's rubbing my back, handing me a bottled water. She's so put together, here in this run-down store.

"I'm Bella Swan, the missing student from the University of Chicago. I was kidnapped several days ago. I finally escaped, but you have to hurry! Please! Call the police. I don't have a phone. Or any identification. He stole my belongings!"

"Oh God," she utters in disbelief.

I nod frantically. "Hurry! Do you have a phone? We need to call 911!"

"Oh honey, I'm sorry..."

What?

"Our phone line got knocked out last night in the storm. We just got our electricity back on today, but they said it will take a while to fix the cables."

"No, no, no," I murmur. "Do you have a cell phone? Anything? Can you give me a ride? The car is out of gas! Can you give me gas? I don't have any money, but I swear, I'll pay you back!"

I'm begging. I'm hysterical. The woman is trying to soothe me, but I need more. Like receiver that can allow you to communicate with other people.

"Oh dear, no! Of course. I can't believe you are okay! That you're safe. You're all over the news! Do you want a ride to the police station?"

"God yes!" I'm crying tears of joy. This woman, this stranger, is so helpful and kind.

"Hold on, honey. Let me grab my car keys out of the back office. And wear my coat. You must be freezing. Poor thing."

She lays her coat over me, protecting my frigid skin. My teeth are chattering, but I am warm.

I am so warm.

I wait impatiently for her to return, giving her the most appreciative grin I can.

As the older woman opens the door for me, I turn back towards her smiling face. "I'm sorry, I didn't catch your name."

"I'm Mrs. Cullen, dear. But you can call me Esme."

DUN DUN FUCKING DUN! I told you fuckers this shit was coming together!

Another chapter? Not tonight! But I will listen to your rants. Hahaha :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Emptiness

SM- Totally Cool. XP- Total Fail. If it's any consolation to you guys, I was swamped with sickness and papers. Oh, you don't care do you? Fine. Here's your fucking Fingerward...

EPOV

Oh Little One, where have you fled to?

I'm having a panic attack. I can't breathe. I can't think. I'm dressing haphazardly. I'm flipping on light switches. Praying for the impossible as I search under beds. In the closet. Behind the shower curtain.

I know she's gone but all common sense has left my brain. Our phones are still under the mattress. She can't call for help.

It's you she's running from.

But why? I've tried to protect her. I made a promise. And I'm failing. I'm failing miserably. I want to run out of the cabin. Into the snow. Curl myself into a ball. Become one with nature. Until I die. Because I have no other options. She's gone now.

Snap out of it!

This hair of mine, I'm practically pulling it out. I hope it falls out in clumps. To take parts of me away from myself.

What do I do? What do I fucking do?

They are going to find her. J and E. They will find her. And when they do they will murder her.

It will not be kind. It will not be swift. They will do what they should have done the first time.

What I should have done?

No, I can't think like that. She's my Little One. She's mine now.

I have to save her. But I'm stuck. In the middle of nowhere.

It's at this moment, I realize I need help.

There's only one person I trust. It's a risk, but this is bigger than myself.

I'm feeling like this secret is no longer mine to hold. Not when there's so much in jeopardy. So much at stake.

I pull out my phone and call the only person I know I can trust.

"Dad, it's Edward. I need your help."

Hope you like Carlisle entering the picture.

He's so hot. Peter's wig in Breaking Dawn- not so much.

You all know the drill...

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Hummer

SM thinks she rules the world. I soooo could have thought of Twilight. I had the idea right here. In my "Plans to Take Over the World" Notebook.

She's so beautiful. Not just because she is saving my life, but physically. Her dark blonde hair is pulled back into her bun, but those eyes. They are so familiar.

I know those eyes, but I can't place from where.

The snow and wind is so strong it has completely covered *his* vehicle. I'm glad I never want to step foot in it again. I never want to see it again.

We rush through the blistering cold, and into her white car. It's parked next to an old run down blue car. Esme immediately turns on the heat after starting the ignition.

"Are you okay sweetie?" she asks me. She looks concerned. She looks worried. She cares.

I nod, still shivering, trying to warm my hands inside of her coat. Tears are streaming down my face, but they are of relief. Of joy. I won't cry anymore tears of sadness.

"Oh honey," she coos. She wipes my tears, and I'm better. I know I'm safe.

Esme drives, winding through the dark roads and through the deep forests. She knows where she's going. I would have been so lost.

The only light is a vehicle behind us. That's okay. It's helping us navigate through the darkness.

"How far away is the police station?" I ask.

How far away until I can start over? Until this nightmare ends? Until I get my life back? Until I find my parents?

"It's over an hour away," she replies sadly. "But I'm going as fast as I can."

"It's okay," I reply. "Thank you."

I can wait another hour. An hour is nothing. Nothing compared to being locked away days and days with a monster. He used me and he lied. He's a user and a liar.

But what else can expect out of someone who kidnaps you?

"Geez," Esme complains.

"What's wrong?"

"Those darn headlights. Why do they have their high beams on? I can't see."

I turn around and the car is closer. It's closer than before. And those lights are too bright. Much too bright.

"Speed up," I advise her.

"I can't. The road is too slick and the snow is too heavy. I'm going to pull over and let them pass."

A sense of dread passes over me. "No, don't do that! Don't stop! Please don't stop!"

That car is weaving with us. Synchronizing our movements. It slows when we slow. It speeds when we speed.

And in that moment, I know.

It's him.

It is *him*.

"No! No! No! Don't stop! It's him, I know it is!"

"Sweetie," Esme tsks at me. "Calm down. I'm just pulling over to let them pass. That's all. It'll take two seconds."

I can't stop her. She's turning the wheel towards the right, slowing down the car to a snail's pace. I feel a jerk, the vehicle jolting us to the right.

"Oh gosh," she says. "Did I hit something?"

I attempt to look out the window. The car is so covered with snow. "I think it's just a ditch."

That vehicle passes by us. It's a dark colored Hummer.

I breathe a sigh of relief. It drives away and then I can't see its lights anymore. I'm relieved.

Esme pushes the gas pedal and the tire squeals, turning the snow in a circular formation, but the car is stuck. Unmovable.

"We need to get out of the snowbank. Help me push," Esme suggests. I sigh, but we both open the car doors, letting our feet sink into the snow. The world slowly entombs us, snowflake by snowflake. The quiet settled in the darkness. Ice glistens off of the mirrors, and the road is blanketed in the drift of the waves.

The wind blasted across our faces and my chest aches as I travel to the back of the car.

"Bella!" Esme shouted, her voice straining against the weather. "On three, we need to push, okay?"

My eyes were blinded by winds, so I kept my face down and my hands on the trunk of the car. I leaned forward, ready to press with all of my strength.

"One!"

"Two!"

"Three!" We heaved together and the car didn't budge.

"Again!"

I shivered in the cold, my breaths ragged in the puffs of fog coming out. I cursed under my breath and waited for Esme to count again. The swirling snow created a dance of images across my frozen eyelids.

"One!"

"Two!"

"Thr-"

I wait for Esme. For her to say the final number.

It never comes.

I shift my head, groaning as the Velcro from her coat scratches me across the face, grazing me across my silky cheek.

"Esme?" I ask, looking up.

An agonizing wail leaves my lips as two pairs of strong hands cover my eyes and mouth, dragging me across the snow.

Towards a black Hummer. Just yards in front of us. With the lights off.

I try to twist my body but I'm too weak. Too cold. Too confused. I squirm and a strange awareness crawls across my skin. Their grip is holding onto the fabric of my jacket, burning a hole through warmth.

I attempt to scream again, but the snow is an invisible barrier that has taken all of my energy. It swallows up my cry, leaving not even the trees to carry on the echo.

"I've got you now, Bella Swan," the dark voice threatens and I am thrown into the back of this dark vehicle.

"*Not again*," I moan, as my head knocks against the window, knocking me unconscious. "*Not again*."

Hope you're not mad. It's all part of the plan.

Dammit Bella. I knew you'd fuck things up for everyone.

Updates tomorrow. It's late here, in XquisiteLand.

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Search

SM writes great romance. Having her characters roll around in meadows. I haven't rolled around in flowers, but I did roll around in flour once. With the hubby. While making cake. Yeah...let's just say I got "icing" all over me...

EPOV

"Son, I can't even begin to tell you how disappointed I am in your actions! You kidnap a girl! THE girl everyone has been searching for! Every cop in the state of Illinois has been looking for her and you've had her THE ENTIRE TIME? Is this how I've raised you? Have I always not given you everything you've ever wanted? How could you do this? To yourself? To me? To your mother! How could you do this to your mother? And the lies you've told! California, my ass. Now I have to call a lawyer..."

Dad is pacing back and forth. He's yelling. That vein on the side of his neck is throbbing. Pulsating. I swear it's going to pop. I've always said that one of these days it will pop.

I think today is that day.

"Dad, you don't think I already know all of this? I considered calling the police. But these guys...they are thugs. They're dangerous. They threatened your lives. I couldn't live with myself if something happened to the two of you. I had to make a decision and I had to make it quick. I'm not saying it was the right one, but people were going to die if I didn't listen. You would have done the same."

He's about to snap, rubbing his head vigorously

"What I would or would not have done is not the issue. Get your shit, Edward and let's go. We need to find that girl. Maybe we can talk to her first, *before* she contacts the police. Because once that's done, your ass is grass."

I sigh, but Dad has grabbed me by the collar of my shirt. Tugging and jerking on me. Not even allowing me to grab anything besides the cellphones and Bella's clutch which was stowed away in the closet. My jacket is hanging off of me. It offers me no protection as he drags me out of the house. Shoves me into his newer SUV he bought this year. Gives me one last dirty look before slamming the door and running

to the driver's side.

Dad wipes his dark hair out of his eyes, unable at the age of 50 to spend any more nights up this late. "I can't believe you, Edward."

The windshield wipers swipe back and forth, replicating the fury of the snowstorm. "My own son, The Criminal."

The headlights gleam through the trees, mechanically flashing down the driveway. "A tranquilizer? Seriously?"

We drive mostly in silence, Dad concentrating on the road. He stopped barking and was muttering to himself. "Shit."

"What Dad?"

"Nothing. I need to stop for gas. This SUV sucks the hell out of it. There should be an old convenience store up here somewhere."

Dad makes a few turns, until we come across an old shabby store in the distance. We can see the lights so we assume it's open. Dad rolls in slowly, and I notice two vehicles there, both covered by snow. I wait patiently in the car as Dad parks, but something about one of the vehicles catches my eye.

KTJ-

The rest of the license plate is covered, but I know that plate.

I know that car.

It's mine.

"Dad!"

"Stay in the car, Edward," he orders stubbornly.

"Dad, that's my fucking car! Bella! Bella's here!" I jump out and run towards the abandoned car, swiping the snow off in a frenzy. It's empty. My Little One isn't in there.

Is she here? Is she okay? Did she call for help? Are the police on their way?

My mental pirouettes are interrupted by my father's screaming voice. "Edward, get your ass back in the car. Now!"

I ignore him, running inside of the store with Dad trailing behind me. "Bella!"

I'm calling out, but there's no answer. There are only a few aisles, but I'm searching through them.

"Edward, shhh!"

"Bella!" I call out again.

"Edward!" Dad covers my mouth and holds his hand there. He shakes his head, informing me to not speak.

And then I hear it.

Muffles. Quiet soft muffles.

"Bella?" I choke out. *Please be okay, Little One. Please.*

We walk slowly towards the counter, with the soft sound getting louder. No one is behind the counter. I move through the back area, entering the back office.

"Oh my God," Dad states in shock.

A plump elderly woman is on the floor, gagged and bound by duct tape. Her eyes go wide at the side of us. She pleads wordlessly for our help, as her abdomen is bleeding from a knife wound.

Dad rushes over, ripping the tape off of her mouth without any sense of care.

"Help me!" she begs. She starts coughing and the blood pours out of her mouth.

"Miss, what happened?" Dad asks, pulling off the tape from around her body.

"This lady," she said hoarsely. "She stabs me... ties me up. She's not... still here is she?"

"No, no one's here. Just us," I answer trying to calm down her fears.

Bella didn't do this, did she?

Would she?

Could she?

The woman's eyes start to roll back into her head, as the situation and injury overtake her body. "Dark blonde hair...Lady...dark blonde hair."

I breathed a sigh of relief as I realized Bella was innocent, but two questions still remained.

Who in the hell did this?

And where in the fuck was my Little One?

Hope you're growing suspicious!

Okay, one more chapter tonight. Sorry my chapters always post so late at night, but I'm a busy woman. And no...not because of my cake porn. :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Climax

**SM owns climaxes. So do I. (hehe) Enough dirty talk from Xquisite.
Welcome to the climax of the story, Ladies and Gents:**

I'm so chilly. The goosebumps are covering my exposed flesh.

I try to open my eyes, but my lids are heavy. So heavy. I feel so weak. So tired.

It's so dark in here, wherever I am.

I'm sitting in a chair. Muzzled and tied, I can't move my arms. I can't move my feet. I can only breathe through my nose. A few strands of my hair are taped to the inside of my mouth.

Something in my system is making me want to doze off again, but I can't, no, I *won't* succumb to it.

Must stay awake.

It's so dark and cold.

My clothes are gone.

I'm only wearing my black panties and bra. I try greedily to suck air through my nose, but it's not enough. It's stale down here. Moldy. Smells like mildew.

One hundred and thirty-seven. One hundred and thirty-eight. One hundred and thirty-nine.

I've lost count of how many times I've counted.

My bare feet try to trace the floor. It's dusty and cold, unlike the warmth that is pounding from my chest. It's all I hear.

It's so quiet.

"Esme?" I call out.

I need her. What have they done with her? To her? Is she okay? Dear God, please let her be okay.

The chair scrapes against the cement as I move, but only by a few centimeters. It seems the chair is held to the ground by something I cannot see.

An eerie sound pierces through the silence, audible enough that I hear it, quiet enough that I cannot distinguish it.

I wait, not breathing, until the sound, rising in pitch, holds, and then trails off again.

What the hell was that?

I am slow, cautious of every movement, every hair that rises on the back of my neck.

"Esme?" I squeak out again.

"Bella?" she calls out hoarsely.

"Esme, oh Esme! You're here! Are you okay? Are you alright? Have they hurt you?"

"No, no. I'm fine, dear. Are you okay?" Her voice is right behind my back.

"I'm fine. Just cold. Are our chairs tied together or something? Your voice sounds close."

I hear movement behind me. "No, I don't think so. Are you able to get out? Free yourself?"

I shuffle a bit but it's no use. "I can't. Listen, Esme. I can't stay here. I don't know who the fuck these guys are. But I'm not willing to stick around and find out. They already took off my fucking clothes! I don't want to see what else they have in store for me!"

"Bella, but you can't," she says slowly. Cautiously. Methodically.

"Can't? Can't what?" I ask.

Suddenly, an overhead light comes on and Esme's sneering face is right in front of

me. I squint, trying to discern her face in the brightness.

"Why Bella, you can't leave. Momma doesn't want to let you go ever again!"

And before the panic can seize my words, I let out a guttural scream as a long sharp knife presses against my throat.

Hope you're fucking surprised.

There's more to this story. Including yellow ruffled onsies from Momma. Get it now?

Updates tomorrow :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Darkness

SM made Twilight. I made a Drabble in which ESME is the real kidnapper. No, it's NOT a twist and it's actually Renee. I didn't realize people would be confused by who the perpetrator was in the last chapter. *Looks again at my chapter...then at reviews...then at chapter again* Sigh.

Day 4-Missing.

Day 1-Captive in Esme's Basement.

"Esme? Nonononono," I moan.

"Yes, darling, it's Momma. Don't you see the resemblance, Bella?" she mocks in a sweet voice, letting the cold blade rub against my cheek.

Those eyes. I knew those eyes looked familiar.

They were a reflection of my own.

"I tried to get them to kill you, but it looks like *certain* people couldn't get the job done. That's okay. You and I are going to have *so much fun*," she snarls.

She slaps my face, causing the bitter pain to pierce across my skin. I whimper, which triggers a heinous chuckle to erupt from her.

"Oh, don't be like that Bella. Did you really not see this coming? '*Oh help, please help! He's coming to get me! Oh God!*' You should have seen your face!" she laughs maliciously, here in the darkness. "As if I would really work in that shithole of a store. But now that you are here, you really will die, Bella. You really will die."

She spits in my face, and the warm saliva trickles down my frigid skin.

I can't see her, but when she walks away, a door opens and for the first time, a glimpse of light filters into the room. It's small, and I'm surrounded by four walls with nothing to keep me sane. This room is a trap room, it's a hidden secret. It's not even big enough to be the size of a bedroom.

Her footsteps are the only sound I hear as she shuts me into the darkness once

again.

As the tears trickled down my face, only one thought crossed my mind.

He was right. Mr. Magic Fingers was right.

And the only man that had tried to save me was nowhere to be found.

Hope you're astonished. That is Esme is a piece of work.

The "whys" of this story will come later. Let's just hope Fingerward can find his Little One.

Want more? Of course you do...

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Cover Up

SM made a vampire baby. It's all fun and games until it chews through your vagina. You know Edward was all, "I don't know B. I don't think I'm gonna be hitting that anytime soon." And then she had to say bye-bye to his sparkly, ice-cold peen. Damn babies.

EPOV

It's nearly ten in the morning and the police are just now leaving the convenience store.

"No, we were just stopping through for gas."

I had to pretend that I was following behind Dad in my own vehicle.

"No, we didn't see anyone nearby."

The snow covered up my car's previous tracks.

"No, we don't know who would do this."

They will wonder why no money was taken. Why the store owner was stabbed and tied. Questions not even I have the answer to.

Its hours later and I still don't know where she is. Did she run away? Is she safe? Did she go home? Will she tell the police I kidnapped her? The fear and anxiety is enough to make me choke on my own air.

Just after noon, Dad and I make it back to his house. I want to home, but he makes it very clear that we have to talk. After pulling into the driveway, I sit motionless behind the steering wheel, biding my time. My eyes scan my surroundings, wishing and hoping for Bella's appearance. My ears pricked for any sound that will tell her location. The radio in my vehicle gave no clues as to where Bella was. Obviously, she had not turned herself in. The thought was both a comfort to me and a worry for her whereabouts.

Dad is waiting for me at the front door, and I focus on the situation at hand. I follow him wordlessly into the house, sitting with him at the kitchen table. I used to

sit here and do my homework. I used to sit here and not have any burdens.

Dad's fingers rubbed through his hair, his face set in hard lines as he glared at me. His jaw seemed to sharpen on its own accord, his muscles contorting as he thought consciously what he was to say.

"Edward, I don't even..." Dad stopped mid-sentence as Mom walked into the room, a cheery smile highlighting her face.

"How's my two favorite boys?" she said, kissing us both on the forehead. "You're back in town already Edward?"

"Uhh..." I gave an unsure look to Dad as he shook his head slightly. "Well, you know. I got homesick."

"Aww, well we sure missed you. Carlisle, sorry I forgot about you last night. You know Ms. Elizabeth down the street? Poor thing needed help with her housekeeper being gone and all. Hope you weren't missing me too much."

"I picked Edward up from the airport. And we spent the night talking at the diner. Sorry I didn't call you honey," Dad explained.

"Is that so?" Mom's eyes scanned between the two of us and I prayed she wouldn't be suspicious.

"Well in that case-"

I held up my hand as a very slight sound penetrated through their quiet home.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Oh, it's that old hot water heater. I've been telling your father we need a new one. Don't worry about it. I'll make sure I call someone today and get it fixed. It *won't* make that sound again, I can assure you."

"Thanks dear," Dad replied. "I'm already late to work. I better go shower and get dressed. Edward? I'll talk to you later."

He narrowed his pale blue eyes at me, and any sense of freedom that had surged through me was gone. I didn't think Dad would turn me in, but he wasn't one to lie, either. I didn't know what to expect, only that my days were numbered.

I looked at my Mom's beautifully aging face, hoping one day I was able to mature as graceful as she did. I didn't acquire her warm brown eyes- Mom always said I was lucky to have my great grandpa's emerald ones- but she never looked tired, never a hair out of place.

"Honey?" Mom asked, turning around from pouring a cup of coffee for me.

"Yes Mom?"

"I know you like to go downstairs to play pool and watch television on the big screen, but stay out of the basement. That water heater could really damage someone if they got too close, and I don't want anyone down there until it's fixed."

"No problem, Mom," I replied, grinning up at her.

I was so thankful for her. I realized in that moment, that some people, like my Little One, didn't have parents like I did. Ones that protected you and took care of you.

As Mom kissed my cheek, I realized just how blessed I was.

Hope you're creeped out. Bella is just a floor below Edward and he has no idea. He's not going to stop looking for her, but really...there's only so much a person to do. Don't worry, he hasn't given up hope.

More tomorrow...Last night I was supposed to write, but took a nap and woke up at 7am the next morning. Don't you hate when that happens?

Questions:

Where are J and E? They helped Esme kidnap Bella. They'll be back. They always come back.

What in the hell is wrong with Esme? Hey! That's like asking what's wrong with me, since I created her character's qualities. And the answer to that is 'I don't know. What can I say? That Nutella is no good for the human brain.'

Are Fingerward and Little One related? NO! Obviously, I gave hints that Edward looks nothing like his parents. He's got some shit of his own going on.

How did Esme know Bella was still alive? How did she know to be at the gas station? I'm not diving too much into the specifics. Let's just say she knew by J and E that Edward hadn't gotten the job done (he was acting too shady and wouldn't accept the money). Esme hurt the store owner and pretended to work there when Bella came through.

So will Esme hurt Edward now for hiding Bella and not killing her? Esme adores Edward. It's Bella she's got a grudge against. You'll figure out why later.

Who the fuck are E and J? Hold on. You know I can't reveal everything just yet.

Why did Edward have sex with Bella in the beginning of the story if he knew he was going to kidnap her? He's a man. A horny man. But he's got a good heart. Unlike some people. *glares at Esme*

Are you high? Do you do drugs? Who in the hell thinks of this shit? I'm not on drugs, but I gotta say. Those McDonald Frappes are nothing to play with. I get the shakes and everything. *shivers*

What are you reading right now? A Multitude of Sins, by LvTwilight09. It's AMAZING! You know that shit is bad ass when Carano is reading it. Which by the way, I'm trying to figure out a way for her to read my drabble. I thought of locking her up in my basement with her face attached to a Nook, but I don't think it would go over well. *puts away rope and kidnapping plan*

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Reunion

SM is fucking brilliant. So is Petegrace564-sjae, who thinks the theme song of this fic should be from the Twilight movie. Oh, you know the one: "Your Momma said you don't know how to make a kitty meoowww!"

Day 8-Missing.

Day 5-Captive in Esme's Basement.

She comes in every day. Sometimes she brings me a slice of bread. Sometimes she doesn't. She won't kill me. I'm pleading for this nightmare to end. The more I beg, the more she laughs. Instead, she tortures me. Hits me. Smacks me around. She has cut me with a knife on my cheek. On my shoulder. Incisions deep enough to make me bleed. But not deep enough to kill me.

But the sensation of my ribs cracking as she hit me with a baseball bat- that was the worse. That's when I decided to give up living. My vision is still blurred from the punches she threw into my eye.

She tells me I've ruined everything. That's it my fault. That I ruined her life. I don't see how. What I've done. She won't explain why she gave me up.

I don't care what she says. Esme is NOT my mother, my Mommy would never do this.

I'm so confused and frustrated and tired. It's so cold in here. My body constantly quivers. My blood sings angrily in my veins. Sometimes a howl screeches through me. That's when she comes down here. To shut me up.

I was her prey. I was hers to devour, hers to consume.

I hear her footsteps approaching. I know it's time. I watch as the small sliver of light glimmers into the room. It's the only reminder that I'm still here. That I'm still alive. That I'm still breathing.

Barely.

"You fucking stink," she snarls at me, pouring a bucket of freezing water over my

head. I sob as the iciness of the water drenches me.

The look she gives me is one of pity. "Oh dear, you must be freezing. Does my sweet Bella need to go potty?" She pushes another bucket towards me, untying me only enough that I can shift my body to the right, to go to the restroom.

"Aww, are you all better now, honey?" I can only whimper in response. "I've been thinking about it, and I think it's time that you see those lowlife '*parents*' of yours."

Her voice drips of sarcasm, but I am elated.

She has my parents. I can finally see my parents!

"Please?" I beg. It's the only light at the end of this dark tunnel. My mind clenches against the pain of the water dripping down into my wounds. Despite my agony, relief surged through my body.

"Of course dear. They are in the next room. They are waiting for you," she smiles.

And for the first time in days, I smile too.

I can finally smile too.

"I'm going to untie you from this chair, but I swear, if you fucking run or try anything stupid, you will never see your parents again! Do you understand me?"

I nod fervently. I understand. *God, I'll do anything to see them again.* Anything to hold them and kiss them again.

"Good." She unties me, but I refuse to fight back. She keeps the knife in her hand the entire time. I'm not senseless. She'll stab me before I can even make a move.

I have motivation now. I want to see my family.

Esme grabs me roughly by my arm. My feet and wrists are still tied; I'm just not attached to the chair anymore. The light that filters into the room now shows a trap door to the left, one I didn't notice before.

A cold sheen of water glistens my skin, but there was nothing I could do about my injuries except grit my teeth and push beyond my misery. Esme jerks me towards the door, it is only several feet tall and I have to bend over in order to enter it. Its pitch black in here, somehow it's even darker than the other room.

But that's not what stops me in my tracks. It's the smell.

The thick, sickening odor of decaying human flesh.

"Mommy? Daddy?" I call out, trembling as I take a step backward.

I don't want to go in there. I refuse to go in there.

Instead, Esme pushes me in, throwing a flashlight at my feet.

"Have fun with your parents, *Bella*," she cackles, and slams the door behind me.

Trembling, I reach down, grasping the flashlight in the darkness.

"Daddy?" I choke out. Cradling the light in my hand, it takes all of my effort to slide the switch on.

And then I scream. My own voice plunders into the blackness, echoing off of the dirty walls.

Sitting at an old foldable dining room table, are my parents.

Dead. Decomposing with utensils in their hands, moldy food assembled in front of them.

It was some sort of sick set-up. They were propped up as if they were waiting to eat. In reality, they had probably awaited death.

I take a blind step backwards, letting my body fall against the dirty wall. The cry that erupts from my throat is quiet, but loud to my ears alone.

I'm going to die here.

Please, Mr. Magic Fingers. Please find me.

Please don't let me die here.

Hope you're thinking "What the fuck, Xquisite? Someone get this girl a psychiatrist, stat!"

I watch too many movies. (You know that well, don't you Cookie? Jack can't share the door with a fat-ass! Lol)

Wanna know what Fingerward is up to? Of course you do!

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Friend

SM, you crazy whore. Why didn't you tell me you were going to publish Twilight? We could have gone halvesies. Selfish bitch...

EPOV

After work, I go over to my parent's house. I can't seem to stay at my apartment. My mind works on its own accord, bringing me nightmares I can't awaken from. I'm too worried about my Little One. The days have passed, but my anxiety has not.

I enter the house, only to see Mom coming up the stairs from the basement.

"Mom? What are you doing down there? Did the guy come fix the water heater yet?" I don't want her down there, I know those things can seriously injure or burn her.

"No, honey," she smiles sweetly. "It was making a funny noise, so I was checking on it. Don't worry. The company I called was booked solid, but they should be able to come next week."

She dismisses my concerns and instead kisses me on my forehead. "How was work, Edward? Were you able to sell a big order of supplies?"

"We are doing well, Mom. That new hospital in Springfield just ordered a new shipment of pharmaceutical collection sets, like IV bags, solution bottles and vials and equipment like that. They put our quota for the month over the top. So it's going very well."

"I'm so glad dear. Your father should be home soon. Do you want to stay for dinner? I'm thinking about making steak. Tell Alec to come instead for dinner too. I think he's in the greenhouse watering the plants."

"Will do Mom." I turn to leave the kitchen, but the news is on in the living room. Bella's picture flashes across the screen, catching my attention. I reach for the remote, turning up the volume.

"Welcome back to Channel 13 News. I'm Angela Weber, giving you the newest scoop on the nation's biggest story, the disappearance of Bella Swan. After reaching

the crucial 72 hour mark, police are no closer to finding the local University of Chicago student, either dead or alive. With no new leads on either the whereabouts of her or her parents, police are now making sure they dive into her personal life closely. Bella's best friend and roommate, Alice Brandon, is working closely with Chicago's Police Department to give them any clues as to where she could be."

The television screen displays a petite college student. She's stunning with short cropped brown hair and wide brown eyes. She looks petrified and is holding up a picture of Bella.

"Bella? If you can see me or hear this, we need you back! I'm collecting all the assignments for you. That way we can stay up late listening to music and avoiding studying. Well, not you, you always worked hard. You kept me going. You still keep me going...I miss you, Bella. I promise, you can borrow any of my purses that you want...just...please..."

Alice Brandon is unable to finish her interview as she erupts into tears, overcome with emotion.

"And there you have it, friends. Once again, if you have any information leading to the whereabouts of Bella Swan, do not hesitate to call the number that is scrolling across the screen. Now, onto the robbery at the local Burger King, where witnesses say a young naked teenager held the cashier up at gunpoint, demanding to have a whopper made his way..."

I turn down the volume just as Mom enters the room. "What are you watching, Edward?"

"Just the news program," I say, avoiding eye contact.

"It's a shame, isn't it? That her parents would do that?"

I nod, swallowing the lump in my throat. I am about to answer her, when a thought enters my mind.

Something Mom had told me earlier. Over the phone. When I was back at the cabin.

"You haven't heard? It's all over the news. Bella Swan, local University of Chicago student. She's been murdered!"

"Hey Mom...remember when you called me last week?"

"Yes sweetie..."

"Ummm, why did you say the missing student was dead? That she's been murdered? It says on the news they haven't found her yet."

Instead of answering, I could have sworn my Mom turned a faint shade of white before regaining her composure. "Oh Edward. You know how dramatic I can be sometimes. And really...I should be the one asking you. How was California, dear?"

And on that note, I turned around to leave. The last thing I needed was for her being suspicious of my actions, but at the same time, her answer gave me an uneasy feeling. It was if she were hiding something. I could tell it in the way she avoided me, not really giving me the answer I was seeking.

Instead, I shrugged it off. It was my own guilt eating at me. Nothing more. I really had to get a hold of myself.

As I walked out the door to invite Alec in for dinner, I knew there was something crucial I had to do.

I had no idea if Bella was safe, and until I knew for sure, I would continue to search for her.

In the meantime, I needed to make a very important visit to a certain Alice Brandon.

Hope you like where this is going! I'm trying to make stuff not so complicated. Sometimes I have this on my head, and it makes sense to me, but obviously not for others. *facepalms my stupidity*

More tomorrow! :D

Questions:

Is Carlisle Bella's real father? Oooh good question. *shakes my magic eight-ball* 'Concentrate and try again'

Why did Esme choose Edward to kill Bella? She didn't. She chose E and J, who were being pussies about it. This is why you don't choose your hitmen out of the phonebook. However, she did find out E/J chose to use Edward instead. She didn't

care who did the job, as long as it got done. She's a sick woman.

Is Carlisle in on it with Esme? Have I given you clues to suggest that? *flips back several chapters* That answer would be negative...

When in the hell are you going to reveal E and J? You biotches keep asking and Imma have to start pushing people off of cliffs...

I know you've answered this a million times, but umm...are Edward and Bella related? *pulls out my hair and runs screaming around the house* Need. Rope. For. Myself.

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Explanation

SM took Robert Pattinson and gave him the opportunity to be a vamp. He's a pretty awesome vamp, too, swinging from trees and stuff. I swung from a tree once. Let's just say that I'm no spider-monkey.

I had ditched my Little One's phone so the police couldn't track it to me. That was idea number one to get in contact with this Alice girl. So now, I don't have an option. I don't know how to approach her, but I guess in person would be the best way to go.

The campus is swarmed with people. College students of course, continuing their lives and going to class. But the others are supporters. Most holding "Find Bella" signs. They are all over campus. Clustered in groups and shouting. T-shirts emblazoned her image across them.

I walk through the horde of people, asking for Alice until someone directs me to her dorm. I am about to go in when she walks out. She brushes past me, nonchalantly until she takes a few steps and pauses.

"Alice Brandon?" I ask hesitantly.

"You...I know you," she says without turning around.

"We need to talk," I whisper.

Alice twists on her foot, the strap from her messenger bag slightly falls down. She looks at me, rapidly calculating something in her brain. The pieces come together, and she gasps.

"Oh my God, it is you! From that night!" With every word, her voice raises an octave.

"Shhh!" I hiss and grab her arm, pulling her to the side of the building.

"Get off of me! You're the one that stole her purse! You did it, didn't you? I swear, I'll call the police right now!"

I felt my stomach clench, imagining how much trouble I could be in the next

moment. "Alice...please listen to me...please! I think you can help me find her!"

She stares me up and down suspiciously. "Wait, you don't have her?"

"No. It's a long story. Please let me explain. I'm begging you," I plead.

Alice adjusts her strap and pierces her eyes at me. "You've got five minutes and one funny move mister, and I'll have the FBI over here in two seconds flat."

I could tell I liked Alice already, in spite of the situation. She was much like Bella, feisty, but with a sharper edge. I knew she wouldn't put up with any bullshit, so if I was going to tell her the truth, I had to be direct and honest.

Alice leads the way to a coffee shop on campus, and I follow her in, grateful to be out of the chilly air. I sat across from her, for the first time noticing her aging expression. She looked like she hadn't slept in days.

That made two of us.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"I'm Edward. Alice, I know this will be hard for you to believe, so I need you to just be quiet and listen. Don't say anything until I'm completely finished, okay?"

I took a deep breath and told her everything. Her own features contorted at certain times and her jaw trembled with emotion during others. I explained about E and J, how they threatened me with my parents' lives. How they told me her own parents were behind this. About her biological mother wanting her back. How I convinced Bella to get into the car. About holding her hostage. Mostly about wanting to protect her. I defended my honor the best I could. I gave details about the night she up and ran away. About the store owner at the gas station. About my car being stranded and how I haven't seen Bella since. I told her how I saw her on the news, and that I had to find her.

A guarded expression crossed her sharp features before she reached over and slapped me.

"This is *your* fault!" she seethed. "Do you have any idea the shit I've gone through and you had her the whole time? Do you know what it was like finding my phone outside of the club, lying there? Couldn't you have let me talk to her? You couldn't explain what happened? Why didn't you call the police, you ass?"

I tore apart pieces of a napkin and allowed her to be angry. At me. At this situation. "Alice, I couldn't do that! I was keeping her safe, do you understand that? And now she really is gone. Something is wrong. If Bella ran away to get help, why didn't she turn up at the police station that night? It's odd. I can feel it in my bones. I just want her to be okay. I just..."

I trailed off and a slight tear escaped from my eye. I wiped it away quickly, not wanting to show any signs of weakness. I had to be strong.

For my Little One.

Alice paused for a moment and sighed. "You really care about her, don't you?"

That was one question that didn't need any consideration. Any explanations. Any thought processing whatsoever.

"I do, Alice. I do, very much so."

Hope you're smiling. Fingerward finally confessed out loud that he's got feelings.

Yeah, sorry this took 36 chapters. I think "slow burn" is an understatement.

Keep reading. :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Facts

SM owes me some serious cash. I put a lot of money into my Twilight memorabilia. The least she could do is pay for my rehabilitation program.

"I described you to the police ya know," Alice began, drumming her manicured nails against the table.

Fear shifted through my body at the same time Alice calmed my silent plea. "Don't worry. It was dark in the club. I didn't even get your eye color right. It's just been a crazy week. I'm listening to everything you're saying, I just don't know if I can trust you just yet."

I appeared understanding, lowering my gaze. "I know that. And I will do everything in my power to gain your trust Alice. I just think we need to work together. I was the last person to see Bella, but the news said that you were her best friend. So you know her inside and out, right?"

Alice nodded and raised her chin. "We do everything together. Did everything... She's the sweetest person I've ever known, which is why your story doesn't make any sense."

My voice clogged, and the waitress stopped by our table just in time. "Can I get you two anything?"

"Regular coffee, two creams and sugar, please. Alice? Get anything you want. My treat."

"Uhhh, Hazelnut Frappuccino, please?" she asked wistfully.

"No problem. Be right back with your drinks." The waitress left, leaving Alice and I alone once again.

"You didn't have to be embarrassed to order anything, Alice. I told you it was my treat."

"I appreciate it. I'm not exactly used to it. My parents give me money all the time, but I spent it all on T-Shirts for Bella. I passed them out around campus."

I nodded, giving her a gentle smile. So that's where the shirts had come from. She was a really good friend. One that everyone deserved to have.

"Like I was saying," Alice continued. "There's something about your story that doesn't make any sense."

I frowned. "I've told you everything that I know. I wouldn't lie-

Alice cut me off, waving her hand to dismiss my doubts. "I didn't say that you weren't telling the truth. I just said it wasn't logical. For example, how do you know her real mother actually found her? And that her parents wanted her dead because they couldn't give her up? It doesn't make any sense. I've met Mr. and Mrs. Swan when they helped her into her dorm. They are a little weird, I'll give you that much. But that doesn't make them killers. I tried telling the police this, but they wouldn't listen."

I started to defend my story, but for the first time in over a week, I began to reason over the facts. "I don't know if that's the truth. I was just listening to J and E."

"See? And when was the last time you've talked to them?"

I pondered over her question and shrugged. "Days ago?"

"So you haven't spoken to them AFTER she ran away from the cabin? Don't you find it peculiar that they threatened both your life and your parents, but after she disappeared, they stopped contacting you? I mean, they haven't harassed you? Showed up at your job? Threatened you again? No one has appeared at your house?"

The waitress showed up with our drinks, and I took a sip of coffee before answering. "I just thought they decided to leave me alone."

I realized how stupid that was when Alice clicked her tongue. "Edward, you took information that two thugs gave you and ran with it. If we ever want to find Bella, we have to start there. Listen, can I show you something? I hid this from the police when they searched our dorm room. Bella had it hidden away and I figured if she had it taped under her desk like this, then she most definitely didn't want anyone to have it."

Alice rummaged through her bag and pulled out a folded piece of paper. "I didn't give this to the police because they were so focused on her parents and they weren't listening to me. This would look damning against them, but from what you've told

me, this must have something to do with it."

I tried to pry the paper from her when Alice spoke in a low voice. "Look carefully, Edward. Tell me if you notice anything."

"Bella Swan...born September 13th...Chicago Regional Hospital...3:13 am," I recited in a flat voice. "Biological father signed document September 14th. Biological mother May 7th. Alice, I don't know what I'm looking for."

"Edward, these are closed adoption papers. Meaning once the adoption is complete, neither the mother or the father can have contact with the child ever again. Look at the mother's date again."

"May 7th?" I shrugged. "So it took her a few months to go through with the adoption. I can understand that. It must have been hard. That only confirms what J and E told me. That she really wanted Bella back in her life."

"Dammit Edward. You're not paying attention. For someone who says they own a multi-million dollar company, you sure don't look at the details."

I resented that. I didn't usually do the paperwork for my business. I navigated my way through the text again.

And gasped.

"Two years?" I asked, shocked. "There's a two year difference between the mother and father signing!"

"Yep. Looks like the mother *really* didn't want to give her up. And look at the name too. It says Bella Swan, but what the hell is that smudge underneath? There is no way this paper is legit, Edward. There's not even a watermark on it. I did my research already. And this paper only proves one thing: The Swans went out of their way to protect Bella, to 'adopt' her. There's no way they would harm her after all of these years."

"An illegal adoption? But why?"

Alice nodded and took a sip of her Frappuccino. "That's what you and I are going to find out."

I didn't know what the hell was going on, but I knew one thing for sure.

There were only two people who had the answers.

We had to talk to J and E.

Hope you're riveted. I'm glad Alice is the smart one out of those two. Lol.

More chapters later today! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Other

I AM A TOTAL FAIL! I AM SOOOOO SORRY FOR THE MASSIVE AMOUNT OF EMAIL ALERTS YOU RECIEVED FOR PREVIOUS CHAPTERS. I FUCKED UP. Let's just chalk this up to a lesson learned, shall we?

Day 13-Missing.

Day 10-Captive in Esme's Basement.

I've cried. I've bawled. I've yelled.

Not today.

I've tried kicking and screaming. Anything to get out of this room. Out of this stench.

But not today.

Each hour that passes, I get more and more disoriented. More bedraggled.

More haunted.

I've turned off the flashlight. I can't look at them. I can't do it.

My sanity is gone.

I am numb.

Why can't anyone find me? No one will know I am here.

You wouldn't be able to tell. Esme, she looked so nice. So sweet. So innocent.

Her face sickens me.

The raw, hallow part of me wants to die. The pain, the coldness, it sweeps through me like a storm. It comes in waves, crashing down in intervals.

This was my fault. I ran away from the one man who was trying to protect me. And

I never even learned his name.

I don't think he knows. He said my real mother found me, that my parents wanted to kill me.

So he doesn't know. How he got involved in all of this is beyond me. All I do know is that he is my protector. He promised to protect me.

He didn't fail me, I failed him.

Will he look for me? I have to keep up hope. I have to try.

I kick and scream.

Today I'll try. I won't shut up.

I don't care. Lock me away in the darkness. But not here. Not with them.

I feel them here. Staring at me, as they flesh decays on their skeleton. My nostrils sting. I want to escape, the feeling exploded through my chest constantly. I tried to get out of here, out of the trap door, but it's blocked. I don't have the energy to push through it.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH! YOU FUCKING CUNT! GET ME THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!"

Today I will bellow.

Today I will fight.

I feel like an animal, trapped in my own shell of a cage.

"COME GET ME YOU FUCKING BITCH! COME ON AND FUCKING GET MEEEEEE!"

This purgatory of mine, it won't last. I know there's light on the other side. I've seen it when she opens the door. Its bright, its open. So different from this cell.

But now I'm in the hole of a hole.

Through the darkness, I grab the leg of the table. I pull and I jerk and I tug. I have no more strength left, but something keeps me going.

Freedom.

I yank on the old, wooden table, until the leg comes off. Food and utensils come sliding down in my direction. It crashes with a loud sound.

With all my might, I hit the trap door.

I beat on the entrance, ignoring the pain that sears through my body. I hurl myself purposefully against the door.

Once. Twice. Again. And again.

I pause momentarily as I hear footsteps approaching. Coming through the first room. Towards the second.

"Bella, I'm going to need you to stop," a voice growls.

It's not Esme.

Someone else knows I'm here. It could be the two men that dragged me from the car that night, but I can't tell.

"GET ME OUT! YOU ARE FUCKING PSYCHO! YOU AND HER BOTH! LET ME OUT OF HERE!"

I bang the door again, with my wooden weapon.

Silence.

"I wish I could, my beautiful daughter. I wish I could."

Hope you're wondering why Dad is showing up all of a sudden.

You know how to do the damn thing...

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Phonebook

Thanks for all of you being patient with last night's mix-up. Make sure you read Chapter 38, first, if you haven't already. I didn't publicize yesterday's update on Twitter and FB last night.

EPOV

The past couple of days have been hectic. I'm barely showing up at work and I've had to convince Alice to go to class so she wouldn't fail. We were doing everything to find E and J. No surprise to us, their phone numbers no longer worked. And since I didn't have their real names, finding them was damn near impossible.

I might have been a pussy and refused to stay at my apartment. I couldn't be alone anymore. The nightmares are too much. My parents didn't mind, but Mom insisted I sleep in the guest room upstairs instead of my old bedroom that was downstairs. It was fine by me. I told her that's why she shouldn't ever do her reading and eat snacks in my bedroom. Now there are bugs in there and she can't get rid of them.

Mom never listens.

My cell phone rings and I answer it. It's Alice.

"Edward, I just had an idea."

I sigh. It's two in the afternoon. "Alice, shouldn't you be in class?"

"Shouldn't you be at work?" she retorts.

"Good point," I note. "What do you need? Have you found anything?"

"No, but something crossed my mind. How did those guys find you?"

"I don't know," I sighed. "They just showed up my business one day."

"Well, how did they look?"

"Alice, what does this have to do with anything?"

"I'm saying, describe their physical appearance. Did they have a large structure and built, enough to overpower you?"

"Well of course. That's why I didn't use my karate skills on them."

"You have a black belt?" Alice inquired.

"Ummm, not exactly," I admitted. "I made it to three classes and quit."

Alice chuckled. "Okay Mr. Kung Fu. That's what I was questioning. How did two large guys find you in daylight? Obviously they knew who you were."

"Alice, I'm not following. Of course they knew who I was. Anyone who strolls up in my building wearing business suits and has a gun evidently did their research."

"See? They weren't just two random thugs, Edward. That's my point. If they weren't some hoodlums, then they were actual businessmen. Maybe part of a mob or something? I don't know."

I slipped a lit cigarette between my lips and inhaled. Dad would literally kill me if he found out I was smoking in the house. "Alice, you are a genius."

"What? Did you think of something?"

"Yeah, those guys. They looked like...club bouncers."

"Club bouncers?" she laughed. "Are you telling me you got threatened by two club bouncers?"

"Hey, it's not funny! Those dudes were strong as hell. Not to mention that they had a gun."

"I'm sorry," she replied sorrowfully. "You're right, it's not funny. I was just trying to find something, anything to laugh about."

"Alice, just because you smile once in a while doesn't mean you love Bella any less. We are going to find her, I promise. And when we do, you can laugh all you want. In the meantime, I have some research to do."

"Thanks Edward. Just call me back if you find anything."

"Always."

We hang up and I put my cigarette out to dart to Dad's office. I didn't know where to start, but a phone book sounded as good as anything else. I sat in his genuine leather chair and glanced around at all of his awards and degrees. I could truly say that he had gone above and beyond to provide for his family, sacrificing at times to make sure we had the best of the best.

I shuffled through some of Dad's clutter to find the phonebook and opened it. Grabbing a pen from his desk, I put the phonebook in my lap and begin chewing the edge of the pen. I almost choked on the pen top when I accidentally swiveled the chair too hard and hit my knee against his mahogany desk.

"Son of a bitch," I muttered, leaning over to rub my sore joint. The phonebook fell out of my lap, dropping upside down onto the cream colored carpet.

I bent over to retrieve it when a small sheet of paper slipped out, floating to the ground. Curious, I picked it up and turned it over, only to inhale sharply.

The paper read J and E's names, followed by a list of phone numbers. Each of them scratched out.

Except the very last one.

What the hell, Dad? What in the fucking hell?

Hope you're glad Edward is connecting the dots. The shit is hitting the wall, ain't it?

I'm going to write one more chapter tonight. Just thought I'd update this one first.

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Text

SM never makes mistakes. I almost did. I was typing the word "pen" and mistakenly typed in "peen." Yeah, and THIS is exactly why I'll never publish anything. Apparently, I can't be trusted.

EPOV

I slammed my fist against the desk.

What the fuck? My father? My very own father? There was no explanation, no logical reason in the world that he should have E and J's phone number on his desk, hidden in a phonebook, no less.

After his damn speeches about me being irresponsible, about me protecting my Little One. Was he behind it all?

I didn't want to think like that, but I couldn't help it. The evidence was right here, lying in my hands. Trembling, I put the phonebook back in its previous location and slipped the small sheet of paper into my pocket.

I dashed out of the office, not wanting to be there any longer. In my haste, I slammed into my mother running out of the door.

"Edward? What are you doing in your father's office? You know you aren't supposed to be in there!" She eyed me suspiciously, crossing her arms and waiting for an answer.

I wanted to shout it out loud, that her husband was a monster. But I couldn't, not yet. Not until I found out answers.

"Nothing Mom, I uhh...couldn't find a pen," I responded sheepishly. "I have one now. I have to go. They need me at the office."

I brushed past her, not waiting for her response. I couldn't deal with this right now. Grabbing my keys and coat, I rushed out of the house, jumping into my vehicle. I pulled out of the driveway, from our house that was located at the end of the cul-de-sac. I sped through town, calling Alice to let her know I would be coming to pick her up at her dorm on campus.

She was already waiting for me by the time I arrived.

"Are you okay, Edward?" she asked, after she buckled up her seatbelt. She looked at me strangely, and it took me a few minutes to answer.

"My own father," I began, my voice faltering on every word. "I was looking for a way to get J and E's number and it was in my Dad's office, Alice. In his fucking office!"

I saw Alice's eyes start to tear up and I suddenly regretted even telling her the truth.

"Hey, hey," she cooed, rubbing my arm. "This is not your fault Edward. You couldn't have known. Did you say something to him about it?"

"He's not home. He's at the hospital right now. But I swear I could kill him if I faced him right now. What is going on, Alice? I feel so betrayed and confused. I don't even know *what* to think anymore. It's all lies. I'm surrounded by deceit and lies. Nothing is adding up."

"You have their number now, right? Just call J and E. Find out what's going on, if your dad is in on it. Every second counts, Edward."

"I know that Alice," I sighed, rolling to a halt at the stoplight. "I can't just call them up. They are dangerous. It doesn't work like that. They probably won't even answer the phone."

"Give me the paper," Alice ordered.

"What?"

"Give me the paper," she repeated. I complied and shuffled to remove the small sheet from my pocket. Alice rummaged through her purse to pull out her own cell phone and began texting.

"Hey! Alice, what are you doing? You can't just text message them!"

"Yes I can. Look, they know who you are. They don't have my number. I just wrote *'Hey you know who it is. Meet me at the coffee shop on Stanley Avenue and third in thirty minutes.'* They'll show up and we'll get the answers we need. Plus it's in a public location, so they won't be able to hurt us. Or you. They won't be able to hurt you."

"Great. Glad to know you are looking out for my wellbeing," I said sarcastically. "What do we do when we get there? They have guns, Alice."

"Like I said, it's amongst other people and we have the element of surprise. They'll be so shocked they'll spew out the answers we are looking for. I know these things. I'm a psychology major. It's a classic textbook move."

"Haven't you already skipped like five classes? Might be nice to get past chapter three ya know."

Alice grinned and jabbed me in my arm. As I rubbed it, she leaned over and kissed me on the cheek.

"What was that for?" I asked, touching my face.

"For everything. I really didn't like you, at first. But for you to do all of this, for a girl you barely even know, it blows my mind. I hope that once we find Bella, you two will be happy together. You deserve each other. She's going to need you now, more than ever."

I'm the lucky one, I mused. Instead I gave her a genuine smile. "Thanks Alice."

Within minutes, we were on the other side of town and pulled into the local coffee shop. We waited patiently in the car, not wanting to get out until exactly thirty minutes had passed. When it was time, we both walked towards the entrance.

I held the door open for her, waiting for her to go before me. "Are you ready, Alice?"

"Ready as I'll ever be."

Well that made two of us.

I'm going to get answers, Little One. And when I do, I will find you.

Hang in there, baby.

Hang in there just a little longer.

Hope your liking Edward and Alice's friendship. And please, don't make

assumptions. It's nothing more than that. They are just bonding over their love for Bella.

Show me some love and then keep reading! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Meeting

SM is amaze-balls. So are ALL of you. Thanks for the love!

EPOV

Alice walked in before me, and I followed behind her, pausing at the entrance to get a look around. It was quite crowded, as it usually is for any shop that's in the middle of the city. I made sure Alice was close to my side as I peered around the room.

And then I saw them. Their frame was facing away from the entrance, but I knew it those bastards.

I growled under my breath as Alice grabbed my arm to hold me back. "Edward, don't. You said so yourself they are dangerous. A public place won't mean anything if you go acting irrational. Stay calm."

I did my best to listen to her advice and balled up my fist, gritting my teeth. "C'mon, let's go."

Leading the way, we scuffled around tables until we reached the back booth.

"J. E," I snarled, alerting them of our presence.

The two large burly men turned to the side and then...

All hell broke loose.

"Jasper?" Alice gasped.

"Alice?" he responded, his southern accent dripped.

"Wait, you know these guys?" I asked, confused.

"You fucking bastard!" she sneered loudly, causing several patrons to turn around.

"Alice, stay calm, remember? You are making people stare," I warned. Gently grabbing her arm, I steered her into the booth, so that we could sit down.

"What is going on?" the bigger guy asked, which I assumed was E. His dimples, pitted in, causing his blue eyes to widen in surprise. "Edward? How did you know how to find us?"

"You fucking piece of shit!" Alice hissed. "You did this? You kidnapped Bella?"

"Hold on a second," I said, trying to be the voice of reason. "Alice, how do you know this guy?"

"It's Jasper, from the club. That night Bella was taken, I danced with this guy."

"Woah, woah, woah. Hold on," Jasper drawled, "Wait, how do you two know each other? Edward, I thought we had a deal. You avoided us and everything."

"You kidnapping pieces of shit!" I yelled. "We found your asses, that's all that matters. You took my girl. Now where the fuck is she?"

"Hey! I resent that!" E replied.

"Emmett, shut up," Jasper snapped at his friend. "Edward, I don't know how you found us, but let me explain. Really, we aren't even the bad guys here."

"Please," Alice answered, rolling her eyes. "'Cause it's completely normal for you to go around kidnapping people."

I sincerely hoped that wasn't a jab at me.

"Start talking," I ordered.

"Okay, so Emmett and I work part time at this club, Mayhem, as bouncers."

I clicked my tongue. *I knew it. And they say the phonebook is outdated.*

"We were working one night, when this woman approaches us," Jasper paused, shifting his eyes at me, appearing as if he didn't want to continue.

"So go on," Alice prodded.

"Well, this woman said she had a job for us to do. We didn't want to, honest. But there's only so much money you can make as a bouncer."

"Yeah," Emmett piped in. "We are trying to get enough money to start a paper

company."

I choked on my own breath. "Seriously? A paper company?"

"It's a great idea," Emmett replied, defending himself. "Chicago doesn't have one around here. Everything is imported in. It's gonna be grand!"

"Anyways," Jasper continued. "So, when this lady told us she wanted us to kill this girl, we immediately said no. We needed money, but not that bad."

"So that's when you came to me? But why? Obviously, your morals were that high if you were still willing to make sure the job was done," I replied angrily.

"This woman, she's completely nuts. You don't understand. She knew everything about us. Where we grew up. My pet's name. Where we lived. Everything. So we thought the best next thing to do was to get you to do it. She's the one that gave us your name."

I was still confused. "Keep talking."

"We didn't want to be in the middle of a murder, trust me. We aren't those type of guys, but like I said, we had to protect our family. So we did the same thing to you. Only you didn't go through with it. And when you wouldn't accept the money, we knew something had gone wrong."

Emmett spoke up. "When we called you and realized you were lying, the lady called us and we had to tell the truth. That's when she set us up. Telling us to meet her out on Highway 61. To follow behind her. She said she figured out where the girl was and this time, we personally had to help kidnap her. We didn't have a choice, Edward."

"So we did what she asked," Jasper explained. "The plan was to follow behind her vehicle, and then when she pulls over, to get out and kidnap the girl. Which is exactly what happened. She paid us and we haven't heard from her since."

Alice looked wide eyed at the developing news. "Then you know where Bella is! Where is she? You have to help us!"

Jasper regretfully shook his head. "We don't know. The girl accidentally hit her head against the glass and was knocked out. I thought we were going to take her to some secret location, but the woman told us she didn't need us anymore. We moved the girl's body back to her car and then she drove away. We have new numbers, but

somehow they keep finding us. Calling us. Threatening us. It's like they are holding us like puppets, on a string. No matter what, we can't get away."

"Who is it?" I asked. "Who are they?"

Emmett and Jasper gulped and looked at each other.

"Edward..."

Hope you're pissed off. But it's time to go night-night! *ducks and hides*

More tomorrow (or today, Monday evening!) :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Connection

SM wrote New Moon. You remember how Edward called Bella's house and jumped to conclusions when Jacob answered the phone and said Charlie was at a funeral? Yeah. His dumbass-ness continues...

EPOV

"Edward..." Jasper began, and abruptly my phone began to ring.

I held up a finger for them to wait a second while I looked at the screen. It was a text message from Dad.

You are dead meat, Edward. Get your ass home immediately!

In that moment, I knew everything I needed to know.

"Listen, Edward..." Jasper tried to speak again.

I shook my head.

Dad was in on the kidnapping and disappearance of Bella.

He was the one to plot her murder. All of the evidence proved it.

And from what Jasper and Emmett had told me earlier, Bella's birth mother was the one looking for her. She was the one who truly loved her and wanted to reunite. It was Bella's adoptive parents, Mr. and Mrs. Swan who wanted her dead.

I still believed that to be true. They were missing for a reason. They were on the run. And somehow, my own father was in on this. I don't know how or his reasons why. Considering he was a doctor before he became Chief Hospital Administrator, he could have very well been there for her birth. Behind her illegitimate adoption. Bella was born in his hospital, after all.

The woman that Emmett and Jasper described was probably Mrs. Swan. The one who approached them at the club one night. Perhaps Bella's father stayed out of the scenes, because he was trying to save face with him being a leader of the church and all. Alice had told me how religious her father was.

Which left my Dad to do the dirty work. Why he was busy all of the time. Why he was so angry with me. How he knew to listen to the voice that night at the convenience store. How he knew to go there in the first place. Now that I think about it, he lied to Mom.

My poor mother was down the street helping our elderly neighbor and Dad pretended he picked me up at the airport that night. Why would he do that?

Not because he cared. Not because he was trying to prevent me from disappointing Mom.

He did it because he was trying to cover his own tracks.

It all made sense now.

"Alice," I said, sliding out of the booth. "Tell Jasper to take you back to campus. I have to go."

"Wait!" she cried. "You can't leave me here with these two psychos."

"We aren't psychos!" Emmett pouted. "We are entrepreneurs. E and J Paper Supplies, Incorporated."

"Edward, where are you going?" Jasper asked, raising his eyebrow.

"I know who did this. And they will pay."

I refused to hear anymore as I jetted through the crowd, leaving Alice behind. It was a shitty thing to do, I know, but now that I had heard their story, I truly did believe them. They were pawns just like me. I knew that Jasper would get Alice back to safety.

As for me, I had to confront my father.

Hope you won't be mad. I need these next few chapters to be EPOV. I need his version for a minute before we get back to Bella. *(It's cold and dark, Bella. We get it. Geez. Stop your whining!)*

Keep reading...

Recommendation: TexasBella- "I'm a Doctor" *Esme has nothing on her Edward...*

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Confrontation

SM, I'm jealous of you. No, not of your books or your fame. But because you were there when RPattz said "cheeze-burger" on the Twilight's extra disc. I would have paid money to hear that live.

EPOV

I flew through street after street, block after block, racing the sun to get home. In the evening daylight, people flipped me off repeatedly as I sped through the city.

I didn't have a plan, but my intention was to confront my father. I assumed Mom had told him I was in his office. Good. Let him know that I know. Let him search for the missing paper with Emmett's and Jasper's numbers on them.

This ended now.

Within minutes, I peeled into my parent's driveway, my heart beating in terror. After Dad confessed the truth, I would call the police. They would interrogate him enough that he would reveal where Bella was.

If she were still alive.

No, I couldn't process that thought. She had to be.

My heart would stop if my Little One's did.

I jumped out of my vehicle, eyeing the front door, with my hands clenched to my side. I could fight my father if I had to. I loved him, I did, but Bella...somehow, somehow, I loved her more.

The fight to save her life, to find her, had twisted an acknowledgment within me. How I could love a girl I once hated, one who I thought had ruined my life was beyond me.

But she had not damaged me at all. She was no longer insignificant. She was everything.

I had promised to protect her and somehow I had failed.

But not today. Today I would make it right.

I twisted the doorknob, entering the noiseless house.

I stepped quietly through the entrance making my way into the kitchen.

And there he was.

Waiting for me.

A silent chant ran through my mind.

I'm three steps closer Little One, hang on.

I'm two steps closer Little One, I'm coming.

I'm one step closer Little One, I'm here.

"Edward," he said sternly, the hate evident in his glare.

"I know, Dad. I know everything," I taunted, letting the truth out in the open.

"If you knew, then why did you betray me?" His voice was ice cold, dripping with revulsion.

"Betray you?" I sneered. "You are evil and I want nothing to do with you."

"You should have listened to me Edward. I tried to tell you, but alas, you never listen."

I snarled, not wanting to hear anymore. "Where is she?"

"Does it matter?" he replied, callously. "This has nothing to do with her and everything to do with you and me. I've told you again and again, but you think you are too good for everyone. I'm tired of your lies and secrecy. I told you that you would die and I meant every word. I'm done with you, Edward. Done."

Anger snapped through my body, and I lunged at him. Wrapping my arms around his neck, I instinctively tried to choke all of the evil that lurked within.

Abruptly, a loud sound rang through my ears, causing me temporary deafness as I loosed my grip on my father.

He leaned over and before I could reason why, the blood poured out of his chest. He clutched his heart, unable to keep it from gushing through his fingers.

"DAD!" I cried, seizing him as he collapsed to the ground.

"Ed-ward," he panted. "I warned you...stop...smoking...you could...die."

It took all of my power to turn around, to see where the shot had originated from.

And when I did, my own feet plummeted to the ground.

Hope you're leaning closer to the screen.

I swear on all that's Twilight, if you are confused by this chapter, I'm going to hang myself. But I will explain anyways:

Edward was mad at Carlisle because he thought he was behind Bella's disappearance. Carlisle was actually mad because he smelled smoke in the house- Edward's dirty cigarette habit. When Edward asked "Where is she?" meaning Bella, Carlisle thought Edward meant Esme, meaning "It doesn't matter where your Mom is, I've told you a million times to stop smoking and you never listen. This is between you and me."

Re-read chapter if you need to.

Edward is a dumb-ass.

Carlisle gets shot. From who you ask?

Keep reading... :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Treasure

SM is a jealous whore. You know she's pissed off cuz K-Stew is hittin' that. Hell, I am too. As soon as I kidnap RPattz on January 19, 2033, that little skinny bitch is mine...

The cold steel blew the back of my head, causing searing pain. I fell to the ground, sinking into my lifeless father's pool of blood.

"Dad?" I croaked out one last time, but I was being dragged away. My bloodied hands left a trail, as I was being pulled through the house. My head dangled down the hall, through a door, down the stairs. Each step bounced my body, the last one snapping my wrist. I howled through the agony, and into the darkness.

I was tossed like a ragdoll into a dark room, and the door shut before I could see my aggressor.

In the distinct blackness, I rolled over to my side, gagging through the pungent air.

"Fuck," I gasped, grabbing my injured wrist.

What in the hell just happened?

There were no rays of sunshine to light the cold, black room. With all of my strength, I sat up, leaning against the hard wall.

I sat for a few moments in stillness, before a raspy sound scrapped against the opposite wall.

My shoes scuffed against the floor and I waited, incessantly, not breathing.

I heard it again. This time a mournful wail.

"Hello?" I groaned, my voice sounding nothing like my own.

"Mmmmm," it moaned again.

Someone was here.

I shuffled on my elbow and knees, trying to following the raspy cry. The stinging of my wrist set in, cautiously trying to torture my being.

I reached through the darkness, until I felt something soft.

Something tender.

"Mmmmm," it repeated.

I extended my hand carefully, until my fingertips touched a frigid metal object. I traced it, realizing it was a flashlight.

My hands wrapped around the object, and using my thumb, I slid the light on.

I shifted my arm, trying to use both limbs to shakily lift the light.

I quivered; both the air and my pain overtaking my strength.

I raised the light gradually.

Steadily.

And there, in the dim light was the body of a young girl, resembling a corpse, bound and broken.

She was nearly naked, her body bruised and contorted in every direction.

Her long dark hair was matted against her skin, and a long cloth was tied around her mouth.

I elevated the light further, to see her face.

Without thinking, I raised my broken wrist to my lips to attempt from screaming.

It was her.

I found my Little One.

Hope you're getting fucking excited!

And no Fingerward, technically you didn't find her. Now your ass is trapped, too. *face-palm*

Please, I am begging you. This was my favorite chapter to write. Show Xquisite some love!

*****Oh yeah, come join my group on FB: Blue Shirt Girl's Battalion! It's a lot of giggles!*****

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Name

SM, you know how you never finished Midnight Sun? I'm gonna need you to do that. Now! *hands you peen* *giggles*

A single tear slips down my cheek.

Mr. Magic Fingers was here. Somehow, after all of the hell I had been through, he was here.

"Oh God, Bella!" he cried.

I nod vehemently as he pulls the light away from my blinded eyes, pulling the dirty cloth from my mouth. For the first time in days I could finally take a deep breath.

He sets the flashlight down, causing it to roll a few inches. It casts a dim light over us. The concrete floor did nothing to help the pain that consistently flowed through my weak body.

For a tortured second, his green eyes stare at me. Assessing my frame. Rubbing a rough hand against my cheek before grabbing me in a hold so tight I thought I would break.

"Bella, I'm sorry! I'm so fucking sorry!" I moan from the suffocation and discomfort but did nothing to release his hold.

After all of this time. After all of my tears. After all of my screams.

He was finally here.

And I didn't even know I had been waiting for him.

I'm crashing down. Trying to focus, but the anguish on his face.

That's what will kill me.

I gasp for air, suffocating on my own sobs.

He pulls back, wincing as he holds my face between his hands. Caressing my skin

with his thumb. Wiping my tears away with small gentle kisses.

"Fucking hell, Bella...I...God," he stutters, whimpering in distress.

I finally had someone to speak to, and yet I could not utter a word. Understanding my predicament, he reaches around; untying the binds I had been unable to loosen myself. Repeating his swift movements, he does the same with my ankles. After being bound for so long, my muscles refuse to move.

Instead, he does it for me, pulling me into his lap. We curl up against the wall.

For so long, I had been teetering between death and desperation and now I didn't know how to react. I just wept, my tears diminishing against his chest.

"You're okay, Little One, I'm here now. I'm here now," he murmurs, holding me tight. With one hand, he unbuttons his collared shirt, shifting my frail body and wrapping it around me.

I had so many questions, so many concerns, but now that he was with me, it didn't matter.

In a voice so small, barely above a whisper, I choked out the one thing I couldn't help but to ask.

"What's your name?" I cough out.

His warm breath swept against the hairs on my neck. He squeezed me tighter, and I didn't have the heart to fight it.

"Edward, Bella. My name is Edward," he says hoarsely.

Unashamed, I traced his jaw, my hands shaking in my movements.

Thank you, Edward. Thank you.

Hope you're grinning. I mean, where else can you find a fanfic that takes 45 chapters to spit out a freaking name?

I know you want answers, but this chapter was difficult to write. I just wanted to capture the moment of tenderness before information was

exchanged between the two. It's an emotional reunion.

Bella's thank you inspired Jimmy Fallon notes out of me:

Thank you...Edward...for cracking another rib as you squeeze me so tight, I think just might pee on you.

Thank you...Edward...for now getting us both trapped. Now my hope lies in a pixie girl and two men who thinks paper is the way to fame and fortune.

Thank you...Edward...for pulling me into your lap. You and I both know that's not the flashlight digging into my thigh.

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Cleansing

SM is a filthy little vamp lover. Let's get Bella clean, shall we? These two need to get down and dirty again...

"It's time. He's coming again," I croak out.

I knew it was time. It was the same schedule every day. I didn't have a watch, but mentally, I knew they would come.

"Who? Who is coming? Who did this to you, Bella? Who did this to us?"

I was unable to say their names. It disgusted me. "My relatives. My mother and father did this."

"I knew it," he said. "I knew it. Bella, I promise, I will get us out of this. I don't know how but I will. They just...shot my father. He's dead. He's dead because of me."

I gasp in shock. "I'm sorry."

That's all that I could say. I knew what it felt like to have your parents die by their evil, evil hands.

"And now I don't know if my mother is safe. They will kill her next, Bella, and I can't even protect her!" He slams his left fist on the ground, growling. "Fuck!"

"Are you okay?" I ask gently, concerned about his injured hand.

"Bella," he says harshly, turning my body around to face him. "I will always be okay. You are not to worry about me. But you...what have they done to you, Little One?"

I feebly smile at his nickname for me. "It's nothing."

"Nothing?" he says angrily. "Bella, you can't even sit up on your own. Have they been beating you? Hitting you? Have they even been feeding you?"

"Sometimes," I utter.

They always beat me.

Sometimes they feed me.

"Sometimes?" He starts shaking so bad, I move off of his lap. "Those fuckers! I'll kill them! I will kill them!"

"Don't," I beg. "I need you. Please. Don't."

I know what happens when you fight back.

I know what happens when you don't.

We were dead either way.

I couldn't tell him that though. He didn't know.

He's turning desperate, struggling. He's got this internal war wrestling inside of him.

Stay with me. Please. Don't do this. They'll take you away.

He wraps his arms back around me. "I'm sorry."

He kisses my temple. "I'll fix this."

He kisses my nose. "I promise."

He closes his eyes and I do too.

He breathes deeply and I do too.

He hears the footsteps and I do too.

"Shhhh," I warn. "Be quiet."

The emotions extend across his brow and I know it's a battle. "Trust me."

It's *his* day. Now they alternate. He's nicer to me. He doesn't hurt me like *she* does. He comes in apologizing, like this is something he has to do. Like he doesn't have a choice.

Everyone has a choice.

I tense my body, but this is different. He doesn't announce his arrival. He doesn't open the door all the way. He doesn't come in. The light filters through and just as quickly, he is gone.

Only he's left something.

I hope it's a slice of cheese with bread this time. She never leaves anything more. He's nicer.

He's the one that let me out of...there. That other room.

With my dead parents. He freed me. It's bad in here, but the stench is gone.

Not like in there.

I try to move my legs, but they won't budge. I'll have to use my arms again. I'm just so weak. The lack of food, the lack of water. It's too much.

"Bella, baby, don't move. I'll get it." He leans me back, and I'm so grateful to him.

I try not to cry again as I see how much pain he's in. How he's slowly standing up, hobbling towards the door. He leans over, picking up several objects.

I reach for the flashlight, to see what he's got.

The tears threaten again, burning.

"What's wrong?" he asked concerned, setting the objects at my feet.

It's soap. And a bucket of water. A worn blanket. Toothbrushes and toothpaste.

Two sandwiches. Two bottles of water.

The anguish crosses my face, and he knows.

He knows.

He clenches his fist, before softening his expression. "Oh God..."

"Here, Bella, eat."

He gives me the sandwich and it's got meat in it.

Ham, I think. I don't know.

It was gone before I get a chance to taste it.

He tries to give me the second one, but I refuse. It's his.

He doesn't know, it may be the last one for a while. Tomorrow is *her* day. We may not eat.

I push it away, making him take it. I gulp down my water.

I'm so thirsty. So so thirsty. He eats half of his sandwich and I know what he's doing. He's going to save it for me.

I dip my finger into the bucket of water and it's warm.

Not ice cold.

That's what she did the last time. Poured ice cold water all over me. In this frigid room.

It's so warm. It feels like fire to me.

He puts his own bottled water down, and my voice hitches. He removes my shirt and I inhale.

"I'll take care of you Little One. Please let me."

I nod and lies the shirt down. He gently removes my bra, and I try not to cringe when he touches my wounds. My panties are next. He dips the soap in the water, carefully running it over my skin. I shiver because of the heat. He rubs it in circles, tenderly washing me.

I can't peel my eyes away from his; they are burning into my own.

And as he continues to scrub away the grime, I realize that I'll never be cold again.

Hope you realize I didn't reveal any plot, but who the fuck cares?

LEMON IS NEXT! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Craving

SM: I wish I were you. Lucky bitch.

Edward's intense eyes pierce into mine, our shadows dancing in the dark. I sharply draw in a breath as he cups the water, pouring it over me.

He twirls my wet hair around his hands, squeezing the water out. My hair is tangled. He can't fix that. I realize now that there are no towels and I will begin to freeze down here.

He amends that. Blowing his warm breath all over me. I shudder, and not because of the temperature.

"Can I brush my teeth now?" I ask and he shuffles around, preparing the toothbrush. I attempt to reach for it, but he shakes his head.

"I'll do it, Little One. Please," he begs. He is so gentle, careful not to be rough against my injured jaw.

She hit me hard that day, for screaming out loud.

I stopped trying after that.

When I'm finished, he gives me a sip of water to rinse out my mouth. I spit into my empty bottle and he smiles.

"Bella better?" he teases. I nod and he pulls my naked body back into his lap. I lean closely into his t-shirt, inhaling his scent.

"Edward?"

"Yeah?"

"I'm sorry," I cry. "I'm sorry for running away. You were only trying to help me."

"Shhh," he soothes. "It's okay."

I shake my head and he doesn't get it. He doesn't understand that this is my fault.

I shake, and I know he doesn't comprehend the consequences of my actions.

"I...I was scared...So scared..." My voice is scratchy, grating in my throat.

"Hey, baby. Look at me."

I can't. He lifts my chin, staring at me. "This is not your fault. Don't believe that Bella. I won't let you believe that."

But I have to. I won't let hope shatter me again.

He rocks me back and forth, side to side. I'm so frail in his large arms. I know I'm skin and bones. There's nothing left to me. My skin less than luminescent.

"Bella, don't you know what I will do for you? Do you hear me? I would suffer through this all over again, just so I can be near you. To hold you like this. Just like this," he whispers.

I'm so overcome with emotion; a small sound escapes my mouth. We move in harmony, each inch taking a minute. Our distance closed in, and my lips touched his.

It was potent. Intoxicating.

I could feel his hands touching me softly. Each magical finger lingering on my bruises. "I'm going to make it go away, Bella. Let me make it go away," he pleads.

I want him to. I want it. I want to stop hurting.

I want to stop being weak. I want to stop being selfish, but I can't. He's kissing me delicately, each contusion getting its own special treatment.

With tear-filled eyes, he gently lifts my body, turning me so that I'm facing him completely. My legs, while hurting, are wrapped around his waist. He wipes my damp hair away from my face.

I'm captivated by his strong features and he's holding me as if I'm precious. As if I'm worth it.

As if I'm everything.

My heart is beating at a frantic pace. A throttled expletive rises in his throat as he dips his head, brushing his lips along my neck. Against my breasts. He blindly

reaches behind me, laying the blanket haphazardly along the concrete floor. He bunches it up slightly, so that the concrete floor doesn't hurt me. He lays me down, his tongue once again retreating back and forth into my mouth.

It sends shivers down my spine.

I hold onto him as tightly as I can, and when he pauses to look into my eyes, I nod.

Permission granted.

I am no longer aware of my surroundings as his clothed erection presses into my heat. His tongue swirls around my nipple, flicking each side until I moan at the sensation. He moves down my body, kissing me along the way. When he reaches my sex, I cry out in pleasure.

Edward licks my clit slowly, lovingly, sucking and pulling on it. "God, Little One," he groans, and I'm gone. I buck my hips against his face, needing more. His mystical fingers slide in between my wet folds, moving continuously at the same time. I moan as he increases the pressure, pounding at a quickened pace. My muscles pulsate and without warning, I shudder violently against his mouth. He licks up every drop, scattering kisses as he makes his way back up.

I kiss him vehemently, tasting myself in his mouth. He presses against me and I lean my arm forward, attempting to remove his jeans and shirt. The fabric scrapes roughly onto my flesh, and he removes his shirt. He tugs his pants down until his rigid cock is right at my entrance.

"Please," I beg and he lifts up my right leg slowly. Edward pushes into me and right then, I know I am home.

He fills me completely, warming me with his body. My aching breasts rub against his chest, as he rocks us back and forth. I desperately dig my nails into his back. I don't want this moment to end.

I need for this moment to never end.

He drives into me slowly at first, but the groans are leaving his mouth.

I need him so bad. Deeper. Faster. I clutch him tighter and he kisses me hungrily as he pounds relentlessly. I know he's getting close. He grabs the back of my neck, and right before he plunges in one last time, he utters five words softly into my ear.

"I love you, Little One."

Hope you've got your hands down your pants. Horny bitches.

More thickening plot tomorrow! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Laughter

SM is not vagina-stuffing worthy. My reviewers are. For holding out hope that Carlisle is alive (good luck with that), for thinking that Bella's cooch is infested (HEY! That soap was pure Olay. The good stuff...) and for thinking Fingerward is a dumbass (I totes agree). So in you go, my little reviewers! *snuggles you all closer together*

EPOV

I had to tell her. That I love her. That she amazes me. That she is a survivor. That when I'm inside her I never want to leave. That I wasn't taking advantage of her, when I know she was hurting. When I know she was in pain. I just needed her more than the air I breathed. Fuck air. That I could do without, but her, her I could not.

"I love you, Little One."

She whimpers and I draw my head down for one more passionate kiss before pulling out of her. I immediately wrapped the blanket around her, curling her into my lap once again.

"But why? How? How do you love me when you don't know me?"

We are sitting once again at Alice's favorite coffee shop on campus, drinking caffeine that she most certainly did not need. Now that I think about it, whenever we want to talk about Bella, talk about clues as to where she could be, we met at the coffee place. Maybe I need to speak to Alice about her addiction.

But right now, I won't because she was telling me a story that was making me snort coffee out of my nose. And that shit burned.

"She did what?" I ask through my laughter, needing to hear it again.

"I am telling you Edward, she completely went off the deep end! She stands up in the middle of class and tells Professor James that Freud was a sick bastard and any guy who thought a baby developed sexual tendencies at such a young age was a pervert. Then when everyone is sitting there in complete shock, she walks up to Professor James, and just stands there!"

"What happened next?" I prod, needing to hear more.

"So she stands in front of him, looks him straight in the eye and pokes her index finger in his chest. And then she says 'Are you a pervert Jamesy Boy? Did you want a cock in your mouth as a baby?' The whole class is silent and you could just see that mother fucker seething. He is so pissed off. Just as he is about to speak, she just nods and turns to face the class.

'And there we have it friends. Professor Jamesy Boy is a cock sucker' and everyone erupts out in laughter. It was the funniest thing I have ever seen out of her. You just would never expect it. She was always doing stuff like that. She's sweet and innocent, but I'm telling you, that girl has a bad side hidden underneath."

"WAIT! Didn't the Professor turn her in to the Dean? Fail her on purpose?" I ask, wanting to know what happened.

"You would think so, right? Except the next day a student puts pictures of him all over campus giving some guy head. Turns out Bella was right. Professor Jamesy Boy WAS a cock sucker!"

We both pound our fists in laughter, and then I had to clean up the coffee splattered table.

I kiss her temple, rocking her small body to create heat. "I do know you Bella. I know your favorite food is spaghetti and you hate anything sweet 'cause that's why you had to get braces at twelve. I know your favorite color is blue. But it has to be sky blue. Not royal blue or blueberry blue. Just sky. I know your favorite movie is A Walk to Remember 'cuz you said that it always makes you cry. I know that you stole Alice's designer shoes, the one with red soles. I know many things about you Bella, but I want to know more."

She smiles slightly, snuggling against me. "You learned all of that about me? From my roommate?"

"Yeah, Alice has been helping me search for you, Bella. Everyday we have been looking for you. I wouldn't give up on you. I knew you were alive. I felt it."

"And so you love me, just like that?"

"Yes, Little One. I love you. Just like that."

She hums against my chest. I know she doesn't feel the same way, just yet. She's

been through a lot, and I don't want her to love me just because I feel that way. Or because I'm the first one to help her. I want her to love me on her own accord.

"Hey Bella?"

"Yes Edward?"

"Alice says you better return her shoes or she's going to kick your ass."

And for the first time ever, I heard her laugh.

It was music to my ears.

Hope you're laughing. We needed to lighten shit up for a moment.

Drama-rama? You want it, you got it!

Keep reading.... :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Tummy

**SM loves her fans. I adore my readers. "HEY- You guys okay in there?"
looks down at all of the shoving and pushing in my vagina "Dammit guys,
make room for the others..."**

EPOV

We fell asleep that night, cuddled together. It was the best feeling; holding her like this. I made sure I hung my collared shirt on the chair that was in the room. So it could dry. So she could have something to warm her. Not that it mattered. She never left two inches from my side.

I knew we needed to talk about the heavy stuff. Factors about why we were in here. About how we were going to get out. Plans to escape. But not yet. Instead, I just relished in the fact that I got to be near her. We talked about my childhood. Hers- not so much. She said it hurt too much. I didn't say anything more about it. Of course she didn't want to talk about *them*.

I choked back tears whenever I spoke about my Dad. It didn't seem real to me yet. How he's no longer with us. How it was my fault he got shot. So I attempted to just talk about the good memories.

Running into the house, I slammed the door in Demetri's face. He was such a jerk. Just 'cause he moved in next door, doesn't mean he gets to share my new tree house. Dad said it was mine 'cause I turned five a month ago. I'm going to see if Alec can put a lock on the door.

This is why I needed siblings of my own. Brothers and sisters don't show you naked pictures of women. That magazine was so disgusting. Ewww. Gross.

"Edward! Stop running son!" Dad calls out from the living room.

"Sorry Dad. Hey- whatcha doing?" I wipe the snot from my nose onto my sleeve.

"Just some paperwork. I finally get a day off from the ER and I still don't get a break." He looks so tired, with bags under his eyes.

"You want me to help?"

He chuckles. I don't see what's so funny. He ruffles my hair and turns back to his papers.

"I've got it, son. Thanks. But hey- you wanna do your old man a favor?"

I grin widely. Dad's got this sinister look on his face. He's up to something.

"Go into the kitchen and get us some cookies and milk. And don't let your Mom catch you!"

I pout. "We have cookies and you didn't tell me?"

"Third cabinet next to the fridge. You keep quiet and I'll let you get two."

I am out of there before he can even finish his sentence. It takes me a minute 'cause I gotta use a chair to climb up on the counter. I pull four cookies out of the jar. I'm so good at counting. Ms. Stanley said I was the smartest kindergartner she's ever met.

I know, 'cause I gots more gold stars than everybody else.

I put the cookies on a plate and grab two glasses out of the cabinet. I jump down and return the chair. I have to lift it up and carry it so that Mom won't hear me. It's so heavy.

Opening up the fridge, I grab the gallon of milk. I have to use two hands. It's completely full. I end up putting the glasses on the floor to pour the milk. I did so good. I didn't spill not one drop. I turn to put the milk back and I don't notice Mom standing there until I close the door.

"Mom!" I say in shock.

"Edward, what are you doing?" she asks, her hands on her hips.

I'm faced with a dilemma. Rat out Dad or pretend I'm getting them for her.

Option two it is.

I smile innocently. "I gots cookies for you Mom. 'Cause you're the best Mom is da whole wide world."

Mom chuckles and holds me close. "Make sure you tell your father he is busted!"

I giggle, rubbing against her tummy. It's harder than I remember. It's bigger than I remember.

"Mom, I think it's a girl. I would love a sister."

I wriggle out of her hold and grab the two glasses, balancing the plate between my hands.

I didn't pay any attention to how her face paled, or how she wrapped her sweater around her tighter.

"Dad, I got em!"

Dad laughs and accepts the cookies. They are chocolate chip. My favorite.

We both hum at the taste.

"Dad?" I ask cautiously.

"You think Mom's going to give me a baby sister? I'd be da best big brother. I promise."

Dad chokes on his food and has to swallow his milk. "Oh Edward. That's errr..."

He trails off, unsure of how to answer.

"Dad, I wouldn't be mean to her, promise. I'd share my crayons. Ms. Stanley said I'm a real good sharer."

"I know Edward, it's just that well...Sometimes adults get sick. And um...well your mother can't have any more babies, kiddo. I'm sorry."

I pout. "But you had me, right? I try to be a big boy, just like you told me."

Dad chuckles. "Yeah, son. We had you. And you are the absolute best son in the world."

I giggle when he leans over and tickles me.

Dad is so wrong, Mom is having a baby. He just doesn't know it yet. Boy, will he be surprised.

And I can't wait to show her to Demetri.

He's such a stupid-head.

I smile as I remember how caring my father was. And how wrong I was.

I never did get that little sister I wanted.

Hope you're gaining a theory. I love how you guys contemplate guesses.

One more chapter tonight. :D (You guys DO know how lucky you are, right? Getting three chaps a day? Spoiled bastards!)

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Jig Saw

SM isn't a vagina stuffer. I am. So do me a favor and try not to escape after this chapter, okay?

EPOV

It's getting late. My Little One tells me so. How she could estimate the time without a watch or clock is beyond me.

I know that when we do figure out a way to get out of here, Bella's going to be the one who will need counseling. She's suffered so much in such a short amount of time.

She needs to let it out.

I turn her body around, so that she's facing me.

I kiss her gently, rubbing her back at the same time.

"You okay baby?"

The flashlight is turned off, to conserve the battery. But I can still see her face. I can *feel* her emotions.

Her head shakes against my own.

"It's just....it's so..." she's crying again. I don't mean to make her cry, but she needs to let it out. Know that I'm here for her. That I'll be here, no matter what.

It would take mountains to move us apart.

"What, baby?"

"I just miss them, that's all."

I scrunch up my forehead. "Miss them? Bella, you can't possibly miss your parents. After all of the shit they've done to you?"

I know she's hurt, but she's had enough time to process what has happened to her. How evil they are. She's had time to think about that.

Maybe she misses how they *were*.

"Edward, my parents were strange. I know that, but they would go to the ends of the earth for me. And to think, I thought they wanted to kill me."

Now I'm so fucking confused. My head is spinning.

I turn on the flashlight. I had to see her. Maybe she was suffering from some sort of medical condition. I was no psychology major, but maybe a few wires had come undone. It's not unheard of. I just knew I had to be here for her, support her through it. It was expected she would suffer from some sort of psychological issues.

"Bella...My Little One," I begin cautiously. "I know this is hard baby. So fucking hard. But I need you to hear me out. I need you to listen to me. Can you do that, baby? Can you listen to me for a second?"

She nods, biting her bottom lip.

"It's been a long two weeks. And I know you can't just repress any good memories of your parents in just a couple of days. That would be impossible for anyone to do. I get that. But your parents are wicked criminals. Not only have they locked you in here and tortured you, they killed my father and kidnapped me too. I don't even know what they want with me. Why I'm involved in all of this mess. But you need to understand, baby. They are not good people. And I promise, when we get out of here, I'm going to get your some help. Hell, I'll probably need it too. I don't know what I would do if the two people I trusted the most tried to kill me."

Bella cocks her head to the side, and studies my face.

I need a cigarette. Bad.

I needed my smokes so fucking bad.

Poor Bella. Poor confused little Bella.

"Edward, are you okay?"

I laughed humourlessly. "Little One, I'm okay. I'm wondering if you're okay."

"I'm fine."

I raise my eyebrow and nod. "Good. Just as long as you understand that the people you grew up with are no longer here Bella. They have turned into vile, horrible assholes and they'll be lucky if the police get to them before I do. I can't believe your Dad, a pastor of all people, would do this."

"What are you talking about?"

"It sickens me. They call themselves Christians and then they do this. Why adopt you in the first place if they only want to torment and murder you?" I shake my head, repulsed by their actions.

"Edward," Bella responds. She put her hands around my face. "My parents are dead. In the next room."

It's so cold in here.

So fucking cold.

I feel sick.

"What?"

"My adopted parents, The Swans, didn't do this. My biological ones did."

"But who? How? Why?" I stammer through my thoughts, my questions.

Her answers are not making sense.

I was so busy trying to organize the thoughts in my head, I didn't hear the footsteps. I barely noticed the door opening. I didn't see the light filter through, brightening the room.

"Well, well," a familiar female voice says. "Look at what we have here. My two children, clinging to each other. So nice. So tell me Edward...how does it feel to fuck your own sister?"

Hope you're curious. I promise guys, NO INCEST. Just let me finish the damn story.

More tomorrow! *glares at your flying pillow* I said TOMORROW, dammit!

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Father

SM ended a beautiful story with Breaking Dawn. I shall finish mine in just a few more chaps. *bawls endlessly*

I stiffened at her words.

No. Nononononono.

It was impossible. No one in their right mind could knowingly commit this act of incest. Did he know? He couldn't have known. No.

Nononononono.

I moistened my lips, my heart pounding for three solid beats, each one harder than the last.

I didn't feel myself sliding off of his lap, taking the blanket with me. I didn't notice him scrambling to put on his pants. Dread only congealed in my gut, as she walked fully into the room, a bask of light filling the cramped area.

Poised and dressed as the perfect housewife, Esme laughed, sitting in the open chair, not even bothering to close the door.

But something told me if I even moved an inch, my heart would subside with my body.

"Amazing isn't it?" she said, pulling out a large knife and licking the blade. "We are all one big happy family!"

She giggled, the sound horrifying. She stood up and walked towards us. Edward had yet to speak, he just sat there stunned.

Crouching in front of us, she grabbed his hair, pulling his head back in a jerking motion. "You were always my favorite though, did you know that, Edward? Such a good boy, always such a good boy."

"But you, you little bitch," she said turning her gaze towards me. "You fucking ruined everything! You couldn't just me be happy, could you?"

A disbelieving sound escaped my throat. "I don't know what I did."

"*I don't know what I did*," she mocked me in the voice of a child. "You were born you stupid cunt!"

She released Edward's hair out of her grip, and began pacing around the room. Her eyes trailed off, as if she were in a different time than the present.

"I was happy once. Carlisle, that beautiful man...Sorry about that, ya know, Edward. It's a pity. Don't worry. He's in a better place now. Anyways, Carlisle always tried to give me the world. Big house, nice cars...Did you know we got married on a beach? He always tried to give me the best. I remember," she looked away, a gleam in her eye. "I remember one time, I asked him for a cat, and he told me no, because he was allergic. I begged and I begged and finally, he brought one home for my birthday. It was a little kitten, no bigger than my hand. Carlisle, all puffy eyed, and sneezing his heart out, was kind enough to give me what I always wanted. Too bad it took too long to learn how to use the litter box. Did I tell you I have no patience? I have no patience at all. Don't you worry though, The Smiths next door enjoyed a nice Kitty Casserole."

I was sickened by her, by her lack of regard for any type of life, human or otherwise. My stomach churned as she continued her story.

"But then, one day my whole world changed. I never meant for it to happen, truly. But this beautiful man entered my life. I attempted not to fall for him, but alas, the heart wants what the heart wants. Isn't that right, *Edward*?"

For the first time in minutes, he finally spoke, an eerie calm in his voice. "You cheated on my father?"

"Oh contraire, my dear boy. No, I did not cheat on your father...well, I suppose in retrospect it *was* cheating, but I couldn't help myself. He gave me the one thing your father did not: passion. Earth shattering passion. Isn't that what we all strive for? Someone to make us feel things we could not before? Don't worry, Edward I know that you will absolutely love him. I'm surprised Bella over here didn't tell you already."

He glared at me, but I was confused. I knew none of this. "I don't know anything."

"She's lying Edward. Are you really going to believe the little whore of a sister that you have? She already knew. Go on, Bella, tell Edward who your Daddy is. The one who let you out of your trap room. Hell, if it were up to me, you would have

stayed in there forever."

Fear rushed through me, not seeing as to why it was important, but now knowing it was kept a secret from Edward. He hadn't known his mother was an adulterer.

"Go on, Bella. Tell him. Who's your Daddy?"

I said the one name I had been told by him, when he relieved me from the pungent room of death.

"Alec. Alec is my biological father."

Hope you knew who da Baby Daddy was already! Maury Povich: "You ARE the father!" *giggles*

Another chappy! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Reason

SM would cry over what I've done to her Esme. Truth be told, she was already a little spitfire. "Clean this up. Now!" lol.

Edward's whole demeanor changed. The fury that detonated inside of him was bound to explode. "You cheated on my father with ALEC? WITH FUCKING ALEC? You are a whore!"

Esme's knife was at his throat before he could even take a breath. "You listen and you listen to me good, boy. Alec is twice the man your father could ever wish to be! Do you not understand how lonely I was? All he cared about was his fucking job! He was never home! We had no dates, no vacations, no hand holding, nothing. He would have rather stuck a needle in someone than to stick his stupid cock in me. It was like two friends living together, roommates. That is not a marriage, Edward!"

He had the gull to push her hands away. "Then you leave, Mom. You don't fucking cheat! You leave!"

She stood back up, one again walking across the room, waving the knife dramatically. "You don't think I know that? And I was going to! I was going to leave, but then I got pregnant with her! She turned my world upside down! I had to pretend I wanted a break from your father and go stay with my Mom until I gave birth. I wanted her, and yet I didn't. It was the hardest decision of my life. It took me years to finally give her away. We had the adoption papers ready and everything, but at first I couldn't. I wanted Carlisle and I wanted Alec. I couldn't choose between the two. And Alec was okay with that. He knew I already had a family. He wouldn't destroy my life. He always supported my decisions. But he was basically a single father, and he couldn't do it on his own. I finally had to give her up. I didn't have a choice. She would destroy my marriage if her birth came out publically. I had too much to lose!"

My head was in turmoil from all of the new information. In spite of the situation, I pitied her. I felt sorry for her, that she had let her life get so out of control.

"You are selfish, Mom. A selfish, selfish bitch. I hate you with every fucking bone in my body." His voice dripped hate, but poured waterfalls of revulsion.

"Fine. Then I suppose it won't matter if she's dead, then will it?" Esme took a few

steps, picking me up by my hair until I screamed in agony.

"WAIT! DON'T!" Edward stood up, pleading. "Please don't."

"Really? Still Edward? You would STILL go out of your way to save her? Even after I hired those two dumbasses to threaten you, you still couldn't kill her. Like always, you never go through with and finish anything. You were too spoiled."

"It was you..." Edward pondered, the pieces of the puzzle fitting together.

"Of course it was me. I thought how perfect it would be. You murdering her? It was classic really. She needed to die. I was doing just fine after all of these years until those low life parents of hers came into the picture. I merely suggested that I just see her, and that bitch Renee flew off the fucking handle. Saying how I couldn't see Bella. I threatened her and everything, but she wouldn't listen. And they call me crazy. Seriously, she was willing to do almost anything to protect you. Despite what you think Bella...at one time I really did love you. Was it too much to want to see my own flesh and blood? But when Renee threw me to the fucking sharks, I thought I would hit her where it counts the most. If I couldn't have you Bella, then no one would. You should be grateful, everyone loving you so."

Esme turned a lethal glare in Edward's direction. "And you son, need to stop being such a brat. You have no idea the sacrifices we made for you. No fucking idea."

"You didn't do shit for me. My father did. You are a lying sack of shit, and I can't wait until your ass rots in prison."

"Oh sweetie," she answered, clicking her tongue. "I'm not going to prison. See, the way I have this planned is that Carlisle went on some type of killing spree, murdering his own son and girlfriend. '*He worked too hard*,' they'll say. '*He cracked under pressure*,' the newspaper will read. No one will know the difference."

"You won't get away with this. They'll find out you did this and they will hang you!" he sneered.

"Wait a second," I paused, trying to deliberate the thoughts in my head. "You said girlfriend."

"What?" Esme asked, cocking her head.

"You just said Carlisle will take the fall for murdering his son and his girlfriend. You didn't say sister. Why would you not say sister?"

Esme jettied her eyes at me, kicking over the chair. "Shut up Bella!"

"Answer her! Why did you say girlfriend?" Edward barked.

For the very first time, fear glazed her eyes. Not fear. Actual terror.

"I'm done. You two have fun."

Esme was out of the door before either one of us could react.

And for the first time in over two weeks, I didn't have any more tears to cry.

Hope you were enlightened. Basically, Esme told the story of Bella (Most of it. There is still more!), but she has yet to explain about Edward.

I'm taking questions. Go ahead. Hit me with your best shot! Questions, not pillows! Dammit guys!

More tomorrow. :D

Oh, and if you wanna nominate this story for the Drabble awards, I'm okay with that! *winks*

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I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Disregard

SM: Shut the fudge up. We know how awesome you are. Let's talk about how splendid I am, with my evil Esme and fuck-hawt Fingerward.

EPOV

I think a week has gone by. I'm not sure. I just know by the days that Alec comes in to bring us food. Mom doesn't come in at all on the days in between. Not that she brings in food, but at least Bella isn't being beat anymore.

To whom I haven't talked to.

I don't know what to say. What to feel. What to think. She sits on one side, I sit on the other.

There are no words to explain how I...what we...how we could have...

I think about it and I get sick to my stomach all over again.

There isn't some magical fucking switch that makes me stop caring for her. That makes me stop lusting after her. Which are why my insides are churning. How do I stop loving the love of my life? How do I only care for her only as a...sister?

I can't.

Therefore, we don't speak.

Whenever I get out of here, I'm going to need some serious psychological therapy.

I'm not allowed to want you anymore, Little One. It's wrong.

Most of all, I'm fucking angry.

I was angry as I banged against the walls, trying to knock out the door.

I was angry as I felt the edges, trying to find a way to escape.

I was angry as I pried open the trap door, and the stench of death contaminated

our side. I quickly closed it.

I was angry as I slid back down, unable to grasp all that had happened.

My own mother was a murderer. Three people. Three lives. Three loves. Gone.

She was sick; it was the only way to explain her actions. How she could give up her only baby daughter.

I had always thought she was one of those people who could do no wrong. Who was perfect. She never even had a hair out of place.

Her whole existence was a lie.

I hate her.

I hate Alec. I trusted him. He was my friend. Sure, he supposedly worked for us, but still. He was the one who helped build my tree house. He was the one who helped me disappear whenever Demetri and I played hide and seek. Or the one who had snuck me through the window when I was drunk off my ass at sixteen. One year, I let my hair grow longer and after that, I got chased down every day for a month. He was the one who told the screaming horde of girls to go away.

He continued to sleep with my mother and smile to my face.

So yes, I hate him too.

Bella sleeps most of the time. I made sure she kept my shirt. Kept the blanket. No matter what she was to me, I would make sure she was taken care of. She was my first priority.

I was cold most of the time, but that was okay. I just needed to make sure she was healthy. She didn't know Alec had cut our meals portions. I'm sure that was my mother's doing. So I didn't say a word as my jeans hung a little looser. I just placed the plate in front of her. Watched her eat. Watched her drink.

I think it's starting to be too much on her. Being locked in this room. She's already vomited twice.

I could do with eating half a sandwich. Just as long as she was healthy. I have to keep her healthy.

It was usually silent in here. Only the sounds of our labored breathing.

So imagine my surprise when I finally heard a sound.

It was quiet. Meek. Soft.

"Edward?"

Hope you understand EPOV. He's so mad. His world has been flipped upside down. It's a lot on a person.

Guys- they really are trapped in. Everyone keeps waiting for them to magically escape. Just 'cause Fingerward's there doesn't mean they can get out. Esme would never make it that simple.

I know u guys are going to ask how they went to the bathroom or something. I won't write it in the story. But my scenario would be that they did their business in the dead room. Makes sense, right? Keeps the smell out. **nods head at my evil genius-ness**

What I'm reading:

Please pass the Peas by theonlykyla - *She's the shizz-nezz. It's cute, lighthearted, funny.*

Awaken by Edward's Eternal- *She can write like nobody's business. Love her Edward.*

You guys ready for some more drama?

Let's do the damn thing!

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. **Points to REVIEW button**

The Snap

SM thinks she's all cool. Putting a chess piece on her last book. She didn't tell you that was my idea. Well, sort of. I was going to put an UNO card. Draw Four. I hate that card. I never win...

EPOV

"Edward?" she chokes out again, her voice barely above a whisper.

I don't answer her.

I don't want to speak.

I'm not being cruel.

I'm not being hateful.

I just- can't.

I can't-no I won't- listen to her voice.

It calls to me. For me.

And all I can hear is my mother's vengeance.

Why had I not known she resembled her in some way?

Maybe that is why I had fallen for her.

Her eyes. She had her eyes.

Everyone wants a mate that their family could love, could adore.

Bella was exactly that.

I knew if my father were here, he would love Bella just like I did. Like I do. Still.

I couldn't keep up with this train of thought. It was driving me mad.

I was turning insane on this bumpy ride to nowhere.

"Edward?"

She's whimpering now.

But she doesn't cry anymore.

I think she *can't* cry anymore.

I let the stillness settle throughout the room.

But she makes it impossible.

Please let me be, Little One. Please.

"Edward?"

I crack.

"WHAT BELLA? What do you fucking want? What can you possibly say right now that will solve this situation? Are you going to tell me you have a plan? There is no fucking plan! I've searched and plotted! You've seen me feel along these walls! There's no fucking way out! You want food? I can't help you, but I promise, I'll give you my half tomorrow. I just can't right now, Bella. I FUCKING CAN'T! PLEASE STOP CALLING MY FUCKING NAME!"

As soon as my anger was released, I immediately regretted my words. But I couldn't take them back. I was so tired. So frustrated.

I just needed to be left the fuck alone.

That's all I ask.

Leave me alone. Let me stew in my pot of resentment. Let me stir the ingredients of rage and annoyance. Let me pour in the bitterness and hatred.

Let me have that.

She won't.

"Edward."

She pauses.

I breathe.

"I'm-."

Hope you're wondering. I love cliffies...

Still more. But you better not click that next button first. I'll beat your ass. Yeah...I said it.

What I'm reading:

Until I Saw You by reyes139- *Her Bella is everything SM's Bella wish she could be.*

Welcome to Cameo Hotel by Catasrophia- *It's Cat. What can I say? ALL of her stories are fab.*

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Police

SM, how sad are you? Writing Bella as if she were yourself. *Shakes my head at authors who put themselves in their own stories.* I would NEVER do that! *Looks at my story How To Fix A Pretty Boy* Yeah...

EPOV

Before I ask her to finish her sentence, I hear it. The voices.

They are different. Louder.

"Bella, shhh!" I order her.

"Hello, ma'am? Are you Esme Cullen?"

"Yes. What can I help you with?"

"I'm Jacob Black with the Chicago Police Department. This is my partner, Rosalie Hale. May we come in for a few minutes? We have a few questions we'd like to ask you."

I hear the shuffles. I press my ear against the door. Our basement is large. On the other side is the stairs I was dragged down. And then there's the other door that is the entrance to the basement. But I can hear. The police are speaking loudly, causing my own mother's voice to rise.

"Would you like a cup of tea, officers?"

"No thank you. We've received a panicked phone call from the hospital. No one has seen or heard from your husband, Carlisle in over a week. Is he home?"

She sobs loudly. Dramatically. "Oh dear...I just..."

"Oh ma'am, I'm sorry to cause you stress. It's just that his employees were worried. They say this isn't like him. To not call in."

"He...left...me," she cries. "He said he didn't love me anymore. He just woke up one morning and packed all of his belongings. I didn't know he wouldn't show up at

work either. The pressure...it was too much...it was always too much..."

"I'm sorry Mrs. Cullen. Here, have a tissue. I'm sure this must be hard on you."

"It is. I don't know how I'm going to move on without him. After all of these years...(blows nose forcefully) I just thought we could work it out, you know? I never thought..." she trailed off, wailing in despair.

"We also received a phone call from an anonymous citizen asking where your son is. Have you heard from him?"

"Oh, Edward? He is fine. He took a vacation a couple of weeks ago, and decided he loved it so much, he went back. He's in California. You can call him right now if you would like. He may not have answered the phone before because he needed a break. I encouraged him to get some rest. I don't want him to end up like...like..."

"Oh, well do you mind if we use your phone? To call him?"

"No problem at all. Right this way officers."

The footsteps lead to what I presume is the kitchen.

"Hello? Is this Edward Cullen?"

Pause.

"This is Jacob Black from the Chicago Police Department. We received an anonymous call that you were missing, but I now see it was probably just a prank."

Pause.

"Oh, of course sir. I do love California myself. Have you been to the Hollywood sign? I always make sure I sightsee for celebrities out there," he chuckles.

Pause.

"Yes, well I am so glad you are alright. Sorry to disturb you. Please enjoy your vacation."

Pause.

"Ok, thank you. I will definitely make sure your mother doesn't leave the stove

on," he laughs. "Good day to you, too. Goodbye."

WHAT THE FUCK?

Pause.

"Ma'am, I am so sorry to interrupt your lovely Saturday. I will make sure I tell Chicago Hospital that your husband Carlisle has abandoned his job. So sad. But it happens all the time. Men just up and leave- not wanting to be married anymore. I can't believe he would leave someone as lovely as you."

"Thank you officer," she sniffles.

"Well, we best be going now. There are some real criminals out there we don't want walking our streets. You have a good day now, you hear?"

"Yes, thank you Officer Black and Officer Hale. Are you sure I can't interest you in a cup of tea?"

"Unless it gets rid of these doughnut pounds, I'm not sure it would help my cause."

They all laugh boisterously.

Oh God, they're leaving.

"Bella! Get up! Help me bang on the door! Hurry! Make as much noise as you can!"

She uses her strength to stand, wobbling towards the door.

Together we pound and yell. Scream and kick. Shout and thrash.

"HELLLLLLPPPPPP! HELP USSSSSSSSS!"

"DOWN HERE! WE ARE DOWN HEREEEEE!"

"Ma'am, do you hear that?"

We continue our racket.

"Oh, it's that silly hot water heater. Such a pain. I've had it fixed, but it keeps

giving me trouble. I swear, you can't find any decent help these days."

Chuckling. "Ain't that the truth. Make sure you get that taken care of. They can be quite dangerous."

"Will do officer. Have a nice day."

"You too, ma'am. Goodbye."

They are gone.

Our faith is gone.

In unison, Bella and I slide down the door.

But we hear the footsteps running. Moving heavily down the steps. In a rush.

She is going to kill us.

Hope you're pissed. This basement of mine is the shit, right? They are down there further than you are in my vagina.

***hands you guys a carrot for not complaining* Munch on, my little Pilferettes!**

Keep reading! I'm making up for not posting on Friday! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Dishonesty

SM didn't give a shit about Alec. I do. Here ya go, Alec. Here's your moment to shine:

He lifts me up, moving us away from the door just in time. I cower behind him as he protects me. Holding his body in front of my own.

I don't have time to think about what I had wanted to say earlier. What I was too afraid to tell him.

I meekly heard voices upstairs, but I was in my corner, not paying attention. It didn't matter. No one ever heard me.

From what I gather, this is his house. That he lived in with his Dad also. They never heard me.

So it didn't matter.

But I rose up anyway, to make noise. Maybe the two of us pounding on the door would create a ruckus. But all it did was anger *her*.

We hear locks uncliccking on the other side as she bursts into the room.

Holding the baseball bat.

The one she broke my ribs with.

The one that bruised my legs.

The one I'm terrified of.

"You think this is a joke, Edward?" she sneers. "No one can fucking help you! You are to NEVER make that type of noise again or so help me, I will put you in that other room. Ask Bella. She *loved* it in there, didn't you Bella?"

"Shut up, bitch," he snarks back, stepping forward.

CRACK!

It's all I hear as she hits him on his leg, making him buckle at the knees.

"No!" I yell, trying to catch him, as he screams out in pain.

"See, Edward? I didn't want to hurt you. You were always my favorite. But you disappoint me yet again. Always trying to protect *her*," she says bitterly. "And that is why you must pay."

She swings the bat again.

But somehow, somehow, I catch it.

She pulls it back, the wood splintering my hand.

"You cunt!"

She has lost her cool. Wisps of hair have fallen down. Her shirt has become untucked.

She raises the bat again, and I brace myself for the blow.

"Enough!" a deep voice says loudly.

We all look up to see Alec, taking the bat out of her hands.

"Esme, enough!"

In him, I see my cheek structure. My brunette colored hair. The way my ears are pinned back. My thin nose. My fair skin tone.

In him, I see me.

But my eyes, they are always hers.

She tries to get her weapon back, but he is quicker, stronger.

"I said enough Esme. What are you going to do, kill her with a bat? The police just left. I already pretended to be Edward, you cannot keep this charade up. They are onto us."

"They are not!" she screams tearfully. "I have this under control! She needs to die slowly. She needs to suffer and *you* keep feeding her. Keeping her alive! Why? I

thought we were doing this together?"

His face shattered, revealing the broken man underneath. "We are, Esme. But please, be reasonable. Edward is like a son to me, I've watched him grow up. And Bella is my daughter. I was there for her the first two years of her life. Taking care of her by myself while you played housewife. I can't let you do this anymore."

"*Played housewife?*" she mocked. "I told you! I couldn't give everything to everybody at once! I couldn't!"

Alec angrily stepped forward and looked into her wild fanatical eyes. "Edward wasn't even yours to give up! You-"

"What?" Edward gasped out, penetrating his gaze on Alec.

Esme cut him a scathing look. "Don't."

Alec shook his head. "It's time he knew the truth."

"The truth? About what? Tell me mother! The truth about what?"

Esme tensed as Alec choked out his words.

"You aren't really her child, Edward. Esme is not really your mother."

It was the last sentence Alec spoke.

Right before Esme blew his shoulder out with her .22 caliber handgun.

Hope you're crying. Alec will be okay (I think). Damn...I was starting to like him.

pours out a bottle of wine for mah injured homie

Keep reading! I'm on mah grind today, so make sure you show me some love!

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Enigma

SM, I want to apologize. For calling you a whore. I didn't mean it. What I meant to say was that you're a bitch. How dare you make us wait until book four to read the shecks. I like shecks.

"Look what you made me do! This is your fault!" her voice screamed with hysteria. She whimpered as she dragged Alec's body out of the basement with one hand, holding the pistol directed at us with the other.

I could smell her fear, the sweat pouring down her brow. She was getting scared, helpless. Her tension grew to unknown levels.

Edward wanted more answers, but she slammed the door behind her, closing the white flashes of light.

I could tell he was in agony, so I leaned his body against the wall. Caring for him as he cared for me. Treating him as he treated me.

"I'm okay, please Little One," he begged. "I'm okay. Just come here please."

I pulled him closer to me, letting him lie down on my lap as I stroked his hair.

I hummed quietly, trying to soothe him.

"Bella? I'm sorry."

"Edward it's okay. Why are you sorry?"

"Because...I ignored you. You have been alone for so long and I made you feel that way again. I was just so confused, I still am."

I swallowed the desperation in my throat. The ones that told me everything was going to work out. But I couldn't. I didn't know that for sure.

"Edward," I began. "It's not your fault, I ignored you too. What she said, the lies she's told...it was too inconceivable. But now we know."

"Know what? We don't know anything. I don't know anything. Am I not even her

child? It's all lies."

I understood. Even though Esme was a monster of the worst breed imaginable, she was his mother. The one who took care of him. Loved him.

I moistened my dry lips, trying to stay focused on the facts. "We know she's my biological mother. That I'm the daughter of Alec. That she cheated on Carlisle. How and why I ended up with The Swans is unknown. But we know that you aren't her child. That's good, right? For..."

He ended my sentence. The one I was too scared to admit. "For us. It's good for us."

We sit quietly in the darkness.

"Bella? What were you going to tell me earlier? Before?"

I gulped, trying to find courage. Hoping that bravery could liquefy my blood, let it pulsate through my veins.

"I'm late, Edward. I'm late. I think I might be...pregnant."

Hope you're not alarmed. You knew all that bumping and grinding had to lead to somewhere.

More later. Momma has to run some errands.

***covers you all with blankets* Sleep well, and for goodness sake, try not to slide around in there when I'm walking. It tickles.**

(Fanfiction is messing with my line breaks. It's not me. Promise!)

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Little Bit

SM? Ummm, if I say I'm sorry, will you give me a shout-out in your next book? No? Okay... *pouts*

EPOV

Her statement seemed to echo in the room.

"Are-are you sure?" I asked hesitantly, lifting my head off of her lap.

My father is...was a doctor. I knew how menstrual cycles could be delayed because of traumatic factors.

"Yes. I was supposed to start my period last week. I just assumed it was because of the stress. The mal-nutrition. Because she broke my rib. But...I'm late. And sick. And tired. My breasts hurt. I can't keep my food down..."

"Oh God...Bella."

"I'm sorry..."

My leg hurt tremendously.

I was fucking exhausted.

I had too much going on.

But none of this mattered.

Not one damn thing.

I grabbed her face between my hands, peppering her with kisses. "Never apologize, Bella. Never. Baby, I swear, I'm going to get us the fuck out of here. You are not having our child in this fucking room, this dungeon. I'm going to take care of you...and Little Bit."

"Little Bit?" she asked, giggling.

"Yeah...my Little One and Little Bit. You're mine now. I'm going to take care of you both. Do you understand that, Bella?"

She nods, and I let my lips linger on her forehead. I gently pull back her shirt, letting my hand rest on her abdomen.

I knew in that moment what I had to do.

What I had to sacrifice so that my girl and my unborn child could live.

I had to murder the woman upstairs.

Hope you're cheering. 'Bout fucking time, Fingerward!

Oh, and please don't give me grief about pregnancy and dates and whatnot. LALALALA *shoves fingers into ears* It is possible! Here is Xquisite's Calendar:

Oct. 25: Bella's menstrual cycle

Nov. 8: The night Bella got kidnapped (and they had the bathroom shecks)

Nov. 11: The night Bella ran away

Nov. 23: Bella's menstrual cycle is supposed to arrive

Nov. 30: Bella realizes she's pregnant (Today's date)

And there you have it folks. Sex Education 101. From a 1985 calendar. LMAO!

Keep reading! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Admission

SM, you have nothing on my Twifey, Desiree. She does durty things to me that your Edward would blush at!

EPOV

"Edward, no..."

"What?" I asked perplexed.

"I can feel your tension. Don't do it. Whatever you are planning, don't do it. There has to be another way."

"But Bella-"

She cut off my words, turning on the flashlight.

"Edward, you can't do this. You told me you loved me. You told me you would protect me. You can't do that if you're in prison beside her. I love you too much to lose you."

I paused, letting her words settle over me. Penetrate my being. "You love me?"

"I do. I love you. Not because you saved me. Not because you give me over half of the food when you think I'm not paying attention. Not because I'm pregnant with your child. I love you because of the way you look at me, like I matter. I love you because you sacrificed your own family in order to protect me. I love you because...because you're you."

That was all I needed to hear. I kissed her gently, before pulling her back into my lap.

"Do you promise?"

"Promise what?" I asked, quirking my eyebrow.

"That you're not going to do it. You will not lay a hand on her, Edward. No matter what. Otherwise you will be just like her. And you're not. You're better than that."

I sighed.

"Okay, I swear. I won't kill her."

That didn't mean I wasn't going to beat the fuck out of her when I finally got a hold of her.

"Good," Bella nodded, leaning on my shoulder. "Besides, those hands are mine."

"Yours?" I chuckled.

"Damn straight. I don't call you Mr. Magic Fingers for nothing."

Hope you're pleased. I had to be a smart-ass in this chapter.

Okay- POV will be switching next chapter and HUGE time jump. So far we are on Week 3. If you noticed in the Prologue, our time frame has to reach how many months? First one to guess correctly gets a cookie!

giggles* No, not my friend Cookie...you can't have her! *hides her chocolate chips

Keep reading :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

Alice Point of View Pt I

SM? Yeah, you rock. *gets out of my time machine* Are you ready guys?

December 30th:

APOV

It's been 7 weeks. 4 days. 12 hours. 27 minutes. 49 seconds. It's been a lifetime since I've seen Bella. My roommate. My best friend.

She's already missed Thanksgiving. Christmas. The rest of the semester.

Less than that since Edward's disappeared.

He left the diner and I haven't seen him since.

I tried contacting the police. Officer Black, that idiot wouldn't listen.

Even after everything I told him.

He told me I needed to get counseling. That my grief was causing me to make up stories.

He's an ass.

The Swan's house is finally going into foreclosure today. I told the real estate company I needed to grab a few things. I might have lied. Saying I was Bella's cousin.

Jasper and Emmett, with their paper and laminating skills, may have made me a fake ID.

They had been helping me above and beyond what the police could ever do.

The problem was a lack of information.

All we knew about Esme was that she lived on the western side of town. We didn't know which community or neighborhood. No one would give us information. Not the

hospital, not Edward's company- no one.

Edward's co-worker told us he was on an extended vacation. He called in weekly.

It was a lie. There was no way in hell he would do that to me. To Bella.

At times I wondered if he was with her.

If they were together, happy.

If they were together, dead.

I wouldn't give up until I knew for sure.

"You ready guys?" I ask the two men who have become an important part of my life. The only two who actually cared.

"Yeah, we're ready. It's the house on the left, correct?" Jasper asks, in his southern drawl.

I nod as he drives to the small two story brick home. The grass had been cut, I suppose by the real estate company who wanted to make money off of it. But its shutters were still ragged and needed a paint job badly.

"What are we looking for?" Emmett asks, as Jasper turns off the ignition.

"Anything and everything," I reply simply.

I wasn't leaving this house until we found clues that would lead to Bella's whereabouts.

So suck on that, Officer Black.

Hope you're jumping on your couch!

See? Alice has been trying. Someone out there cares.

**More of her POV tomorrow! And she WILL straighten this shit out!
(Everyone knows she's the smart one!)**

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Box

Twilight isn't mine. If it were, I wouldn't write FF. And that's not a world I wanna live in.

"Mommy, I don't wanna pose anymore. This is boring!"

I stomp my feet and pout. She was always doing this. Jessica's Mommy was making cupcakes next door and I wanted them. I didn't want to take photos or pictures or sit on a stupid rock.

"Bella, you will not talk to your Mother like that. The Lord loves those who obey their parents," Daddy reprimanded me.

"Sorry Daddy."

No five year old should be subjected to this kind of torture. It was awful. At least I had Jessica for a little while. She was moving at the end of the summer and then I would be all alone. I didn't know how many days that was, 'cause I'm still learning my months, but I think it was soon.

"Bella, why don't you girls go in the house and grab some fun things you can put in the picture?"

Finally. This is my kind of photo-shoot. I could bring my Barbie, and my feather boa...Ooh ooh, and my teddy Riley. He was so soft and cuddly. He was missing an eye but he was my favoritest bear ever.

I grabbed Jessica's hand in our matching frilly pink dresses as we ran into the house.

"Bewwa?" Jessica asked me, her light blue eyes wild with excitement. "Do you thinks we could bwing your piwwow out too? I wike your piwwow."

I rolled my eyes. "No Jess, you cannot bring out my Care-Bear pillow. Auntie bought that for me."

She looks down and I'm sorry I raised my voice at her.

"Oooh, do you know what we could bring?" I suggest.

She jumps up and down. "What? What is it?"

"Don't jump. Your pigtails come out and then we are both in trouble," I order her. "Okay, we has to be quiet. It can be a surprise!"

"A suwpwise? I loves suwpwises!"she squeals.

I has to let go of Jess's hand so I can climb the stairs. We get to the top and I pause in front of my parent's room.

"Bewwa, I don't thinks we are supposed to go in there. What if we get in twouble?" Jessica looks worried and bites her lip.

"No, I can. But wait until you see this. Its sooo sparkly."

I turn the doorknob and walk to my parent's closet. It's real small 'cause our whole house was small and real cramped. I has to move over a ton of shoes and stuff, but I finally find what I'm looking for.

I pull out the delicate small box and hold it carefully. It's really heavy but its decorated in golds and silvers and with butterflies attached to it and everything.

"Ooooooh, it's so shiny and pwetty," Jess says in awe.

I nod, 'cause I already know this. "Okay, I wanna tell Mommy that I wanna take a picture with this. I found it a while ago when I was dressing up in Mommy's shoes."

"Wait, what's in it?" Jess asked.

I shrug and point to the lock. "I don't have a key Jess. Treasure boxes like this need a key."

It's obvious I'm the smart one out of us two.

Jessica rolls her eyes at me. "I know that Bewwa. Stop being bossy."

I don't say anything back to her 'cause if I do, then I won't get a cupcake and I really want those desserts. They were so yummy.

We grab a bunch of my toys and then head back outside. Daddy is sitting on the

porch reading his Bible about Jesus. I love Jesus 'cause He was born in Jersula-ham.

I wish I were born in a city made of ham.

Mommy's holding her camera and she's all ready to shoot when Jess and I lay out our goodies.

I lift up the box real carefully, but Mommy's face turns real white. Her hands start shaking.

"Bella, where did you get that?" she asks slowly.

"In your closet," I answer truthfully. I was always told to never, ever lie. It was wrong.

Daddy looks up and his face looks just like Mommy's.

I think they need to go play in the sun like Jess and I do.

Mommy grabs the box from my hands and holds it close to her, as if it were precious.

"Mommy, can we take a picture with it? I'll be real careful. Promise!" I say real grown up like.

She shakes her head and walks back into the house without saying a word.

I shrug my shoulders and Jessica gives me a pointed look. "Now see what you've done? You've made your Mommy sad. I think her treasure box was a secret. And now everybody knows!"

I frown at her and I wanna stick something in her fat chubby cheeks. I go up on the porch to where Daddy is.

"Daddy, is Mommy mad at me? 'Cause I found her treasure box?"

Daddy kisses me on my forehead and pulls me into his lap. "No Bella. She's not mad. It's just that...Have you ever had something you wish you could keep but you had to give it away?"

I concentrate real hard before answering. "Yep. Like when I had to donate my dollhouse to those sick kids. I didn't wanna give it away, but I did 'cause you said it

would make someone else feel better."

"That's right Bella. Mommy gave something of hers away to make someone else feel better. And it makes her sad sometimes."

I nod, 'cause I understand. "So what's in the box, Daddy?"

"Memories," he says simply. "Just memories."

I hop off of Daddy's lap and continue to play with Jess in the front yard.

I wish adults could be as smart as me.

You should never, ever keep memories locked away.

Hope you're curious.

Keep reading! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Apology

Twilight ain't mine...

EPOV

Alec is injured and he has to sneak down here.

To bring food and water.

Which isn't often.

I give most of it to my Little One.

To my Little Bit.

He says he can't call the police.

He's so, so sorry.

That he's trapped here too, just like us.

We barely nod, just holding each other.

Not much time left.

Not much at all.

"I love you Bella," I croak out.

She's so weak. So very weak.

I'm not much better.

"I love you too," she whispers, barely squeezing my hand.

You're so strong, baby.

If I-

If I don't make it, I need you to take care of our baby, okay?

I don't care if it's a boy or a girl, you just take care of them.

Love them.

Feed them cookies.

Let them start sports and not finish them.

Don't let them make friends with any kids who have chipped teeth.

"Hey Little One?" I choke out.

I'm so dizzy.

It's a fight to keep my eyes open.

So I don't.

Hard to breathe. I try not to.

"Yeah?"

Her voice, so beautiful.

It shatters me; to think I may not hear it much longer.

"Remember...member when I said..."

It's hard; hard to speak.

"When I said...you cost me everything, for absolutely nothing?"

I don't like those words. The ones I said before.

They were angry, bitter Edward.

"Yeah I 'member."

"I'm sorry. You're everything...to me."

"I know, Magic Fingers...I know."

I'm holding her.

Not close enough.

So dark in here.

Why is it so dark?

I have no strength left.

Goodbye, Little One and Little Bit.

Hope you are sad.

Keep reading :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Prayer

New Moon ain't mine either...

"Edward?"

Sometimes he gets like this.

Where he won't say much.

Doesn't have the strength.

He gives me his food.

I fight him over it.

I gasp.

Not much air.

Why can't I breathe?

Make sure I hold his hand.

Always hold his hand.

My other hand holds my stomach.

"Hang in there, Little Bit," I whisper.

I feel faint.

"Edward?"

A tear slips down my cheek.

No, God, no. You better not!

I'm shaking him with my hand.

"Edward?"

Don't do this to me.

You better not fucking do this to me!

Wake up, please. Please wake up.

I love you so much.

Please, please, please.

Hurts too bad.

Haven't eaten in hours?

Days?

Weeks?

I'm holding him.

Not close enough.

So dark in here.

Why is it so dark?

I have no strength left.

Goodbye, Mr. Magic Fingers and Little Bit.

Hope you are very sad.

Keep reading :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

Alice Point of View Pt II

Eclipse? Still ain't mine....

APOV

"Jasper, you take the den. Emmett, you search the living room and kitchen area. Guys, I'll look upstairs. And remember; put everything back where you found it."

After the police had finished their half-assed investigation and the Swan house had been searched thoroughly, the bank had seized and put it under foreclosure. The second I found that out, I contacted the real estate company whose sign was on the front lawn and begged to come get some of my family belongings. It took a lot of convincing, but I can lie like nobody's business.

There had to be something, anything, to find out where Esme Cullen lived. It was damn near impossible get information out of this town.

To say I was shocked was an understatement. The second Jasper confessed it was Esme Cullen, Bella's real mother, and not her husband Carlisle behind all this; I knew Edward had made a terrible mistake. I called his phone relentlessly, only to have it continuously ring.

I never gave up hope though. When no one would ever give me the phone number, I didn't give up. When an article that Carlisle Cullen had abandoned his wife and son was published, I didn't give up. I knew somehow, someday, that answers would come.

All you need is a little faith.

"Alice, seriously, what in the hell are we looking for?" Emmett asked again.

I sighed and tried to be patient. You had to have that quality when working with Emmett. He was intelligent, but you had to lay everything out on the table for him to understand it.

"Anything that looks suspicious. Anything with Bella's name on it, or the Cullens. If you even think it looks strange, bring it to me."

"Aye-aye, Captain," Emmett saluted, smiling so his dimples punctured inwardly.

Yeah, someone had to be the skipper of this ship.

I'd awoken this morning feeling confident for the first time in a long time. I certain we would find something here. Bella's home was quaint but cozy. There were no luxurious furnishings or expensive paintings, instead family portraits replaced their location. Each room was tidy and the stairway leading upstairs was very tight and narrow.

Making my way into Bella's room, it was like a monument to a child. Everything was in pink or purple, doll babies lined the shelves on the wall. You could easily tell this was the doing of two parents who never wanted their child to grow up. I trailed my finger along the dusty bookshelf, admiring Bella's collection of books. She was always the smart one.

I searched through all of her belongings and found nothing. Judging by the lack of evidence, I could only conclude that Mr. and Mrs. Swan's bedroom must hold something. If not, I'm sure Jasper or Emmett would have better luck than I was having.

My feet automatically seeped into the plush carpet. Their bedroom was in pristine condition. Not made of the finest linens or material, but each item had its own direct place. A large picture of the Lord hung directly above their bed, and family portraits lay on the nightstands.

I carefully rummaged through their possessions, careful not to break any antiques. After several minutes, I wasn't sure there was anything to find.

Doubt sure does have a way of reaping its ugly head.

But I had to continue.

The lives of two very important people depended on it.

Hope you're not done...

Read more! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

Alice Point of View Pt III

But Breaking Dawn? Yeah, I own that shit. Well, the tickets at least...

APOV

"Alice! I'm serious, give me back my shoes!" she giggled.

"No way!" I laughed. "Bella, you cannot wear these stupid Chucks to Club Mayhem. It's embarrassing. No one will dance with you."

She pouted. "But they're comfortable! And I like them!"

"So you only like to wear tennis shoes, right?" I asked her, raising my eyebrow.

"Yep! I wouldn't be caught dead in those stilettos of yours," Bella answered mischievously.

"Oh okay. Fine. Then maybe you would like to tell me where my Christian Louboutin heels are?" I asked, straightening the hem on my short black mini-dress.

She looks off and starts whistling. "I have no idea what you are talking about! Christian who?"

"Yeah, that's what I thought. I'll find them, Bella, and when I do, your ass is mine!"

She turns around and puts her finger in her mouth, batting her eyelashes. "You don't mean this cute little ass, do you?"

I laugh and smack her backside, causing her to squeal. "Seriously. You can borrow my stuff anytime you want. You don't have to ask. What's mine is yours."

"Thanks," she blushes. "I just didn't have a lot of this stuff as a kid. We didn't have a lot of money growing up. I used to take my Mommy's Sunday dress heels and walk around in them."

I smile, thinking how cute she must have looked. "You do know you can't even walk straight on a flat surface, right?"

"Hey!" she giggles. "I know that. But it was nice to pretend, you know? I could walk in that closet, and pull out her shoes and suddenly, I was in a magic castle. Sometimes Alice, you find fairy-tales in the places you least expect."

I squeeze her tight, giving her a sloppy wet kiss on her cheek. "Well, you're magical to me, Bella Swan! Now hurry up and get dressed. That red dress is so hot no man will be able to keep his hands off of you!"

As she fell ten times, trying to squeeze on the tight outfit, I laughed and shook my head.

My clumsy, awkward, Princess Bella.

∞ ∞ ∞ O.O.O ∞ ∞ ∞

I took a moment to slow my thundering heart, glancing at the one place I hadn't checked yet.

The closet.

I moved slowly towards it, careful I was breathing.

Evenly.

Slowly.

I inhaled, and turned the doorknob to the closet. It looked as if it had already been delved through, the clothing hung back in sloppy directions. I flipped through the clothes and then peeked on the top shelf. It had several sweaters folded neatly, but nothing else.

My eyes trailed to the floor of the closet, noticing most of the shoes were dress up shoes, only one pair were athletic. I started taking them all out, not even listening to my own directions that I had given Jasper and Emmett. They were stacked on top of each other, in an effort to fit them inside of the door.

I had flung most of them out when something caught my eye.

An old antique box, covered in butterflies and royal colors sat meekly in the corner. There's no way the police could have seen this. They probably didn't even bother to lift up one pair of shoes.

I carefully pulled out the small box, admiring its design. I attempted to lift the latch, however, it needed a key. There was no way I would be able to find a key in this entire house.

I ran down the stairs, two at a time.

"Jasper? Emmett?" I yelled. They came dashing into the kitchen.

"What's that?" Jasper asked.

"I don't know," I explained. "I found it upstairs, but it needs a key. I can't open it."

Emmett pulled the bobby pin out of my bangs before I could react and inserted it into the keyhole.

It took a minute, but we heard the click before it popped open.

I gradually lifted the lid, and the two men looked over my shoulder in anticipation.

Inside, were folded sheets of paper and photos.

I opened the papers first. One was Bella's birth certificate, born to Esme Cullen and Alec Jenks.

Jasper gasped. "I thought her husband's name was Carlisle."

I nodded and put the paper down. I was going to look at the second paper, but the photo caught my eye.

I picked it up gently, squinting to see the people in the photo.

It was a picture of a younger Mrs. Swan, holding a baby in her arms.

"Bella is cute," Emmett grinned.

I almost agreed with him. But the baby's eyes caught my attention.

They were green.

Emerald green.

Jasper read the second document.

"Edward Cullen, born May 5th," he recited.

"To Charlie and Renee Swan," Emmett finished.

The three of us gasped in unison.

"What? That can't be right," I reasoned.

I dug through the box, finding a small folded sheet of paper.

"Guys, I think I know where Bella is."

Hope you're flabbergasted.

ARE YOU JUMPING UP AND DOWN? THROWING PILLOWS? THROWING LAPTOPS?

I KNOW I AM AND ITS MY FUCKING STORY!

More later! :D *ducks and runs for cover*

(You want more, TODAY? Prove it! *giggles*)

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Vindication

BASCETCASE: YOU GAVE ME THE 1,000TH REVIEW! (3 weeks guys? Really?)

I IZ SOOOOO HAPPY! Thank you!

***stuffs everyone in my vagina again and hands you all cookies* Nom Nom, my little friends. :D**

I sat amidst the darkness, jousting Edward to awaken. My nerves jangled as I heard the rapid footsteps outside of the door.

"Baby, please wake up," I whisper. He stirred, barely breathing. I kissed his forehead, letting him I know I was still with him.

I had been in here longer, but he had had less to eat. I knew he had sacrificed for me.

The rumbling in my gut cried out for just an inkling of food. The desert in my throat begged for water.

"Little One," he rasped out.

"I'm here," I answered. "I'm here."

He hummed and squeezed his hand tighter.

As the steps got louder, I thought of all the lives that had been taken too soon.

Charlie and Renee Swan. Carlisle Cullen. Alec Jenks, a casualty.

Many more had been impacted.

All changed from the actions of one woman.

Who I refused to call my mother.

She didn't deserve to live; didn't deserve to breathe the same air as I did.

She just needed to be reminded of that.

I gritted my teeth, knowing it was her. I heard the jangle of the keys and lock on the other side, and waited patiently for my demise.

"I love you, Edward," I murmured. He sighed. I knew he had said it back, if only in his mind.

I inhaled deeply, waiting for her perfume of lilacs to enter.

It did. Only it was mixed with sweat. Anguish. Distress.

"GET UP YOU FUCKING BITCH!" she screamed, dragging me by my hair. I watched helplessly as Edward's body fell to the side.

Her brown eyes were crazed. She looked like she hadn't slept in days, her hair everywhere, her clothes ragged.

She pulled my weightless body into the chair, binding me to it with ropes. I saw the gleam of the pistol on her hip, ready to take a life at any moment.

My life.

She walked over and squatted down in front of Edward, yanking his head back. "You will watch this, you ungrateful boy. Watch what I do to the girl who destroyed my life. And you will go last. I tried to spare you Edward, I did, but guess what? Mom doesn't give a fuck anymore. Both of you are inconveniences to my existence!"

Edward's eyes begged silently, for her to stop, but he couldn't speak if he tried.

She pushed his temple violently to the side, before standing up and circling around my chair. "You wanna hear a story, Bella? You always did like stories when you were a baby..."

She was waiting for my reaction, so I nodded slightly focusing only on the open door.

"Once upon a time," she began, "lived two best friends on the opposite side of town. I was wealthy, lived in lavish house with my two siblings, Ephraim and Emily. The other, Renee, was poor, her family didn't have much. She was an only child, very quiet. Neither one of us cared. We were friends all through grade school, and even remained friends when I went to college. We grew apart when we got married

and moved, but still remained in touch over the years."

I listened intently, waiting patiently for more.

"So one day, a tragedy happened. After being married for several years, Carlisle and I decided we wanted children. We tried and tried to conceive, but it just wouldn't happen. Renee knew that having children was important to me, so she went to every appointment with me. Then that asshole, Dr. Newton told me the news: I had endometriosis. The tissue grew all over my tubes, my uterus, and my ovaries. He told me I had a very severe case of it, and having children would be damn near almost impossible."

Esme took a deep breath and continued.

"During that same month, Renee discovered she was pregnant. I tried to be happy for her, I truly did. But she was throwing it all in my face! The baby clothes, the decorated room, the sonogram pictures! She was such a fucking bitch! She was carrying a child, but I had one thing she didn't have, Bella. One thing she could never have: money. Whoever tells you money doesn't make the world go 'round is a fucking liar! So we made a deal, I would pay for her to get her photography business off the ground, in return for a child."

I gasped, shocked. My mother would never do that. Esme was lying.

She notices my facial expression.

"I know what you're thinking, little innocent Renee was too pure for that. You're right. So I made her do it. I was desperate. I wanted a child more than anything. She knew Carlisle was working in the ER at that point and I told her if she didn't do it, I would kill her and the baby. I had access to drugs and needles and anything else you could think of. And she knew it. In the meantime, I had a pregnancy mold made for me. It didn't matter. Carlisle was too busy to pay attention to me anyways. So on May 7th, Renee gave birth...."

"To a beautiful baby boy."

I gulped, stunned. She didn't mean...she couldn't mean...

Hope you understand more.

Keep Reading! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Confirmation

You know you aren't even reading this line...Continue on Pilferettes:

"That's right Bella. Edward is the biological son of Charlie and Renee Swan. She immediately gave him over to me. I paid her the money, even though she acted like she didn't want it. I continued to threaten her over the years, making sure she kept her mouth shut. But then, shortly after my affair started with Alec, the impossible happened. I got pregnant with you. It was the worst thing imaginable. I couldn't even bear a child with the man I was married to for years and suddenly I was pregnant in less than a month. Selfishly, I was going to claim the child as Carlisle's, but the Swan family had such strong genes, that there was no way you and Edward would look anything alike. The second you were born without green eyes, Carlisle would know. So Renee suggested I give you to her."

"I battled inside for months. There was no way I wanted to give you up! I needed to make it work. But Alec couldn't take care of you by himself. It took two damn years for me to make a decision. Renee promised to go to the police if I didn't hand you over. I had to do it. So we managed to forge some adoption papers since you were too old by that point to just hand over as a baby. The trouble is, counterfeit documents in those times didn't look as legit as they do now. We raised our children separately, not even talking by that point. I tried to be the best mother I could be, and she lived on the other side of town ignoring me."

"And then it happened. I saw you one day. In the grocery store. You looked about 17, shopping for groceries. I knew it was you the second I saw you. And everything came crashing down. I wanted to see you, to talk to you. That day I called Renee, and you know what that bitch told me? She told me no! That there was no way in hell I was going to meet you, much less get to speak to you. After all I had done for that cunt! I tried giving her money, threatening her, everything, but she was not to be deterred. In the end, I had a decision to make: I had to kill you and them. If I couldn't have you, no one could!"

"It took a long time to get my plan together, but alas, I had it. One night, I went to a local nightclub and found the two dumbest bozos I could find. I followed them. Found out who they were, where they lived, what they did on a daily basis. I finally approached them with a business proposition, to help me kidnap you. Of course, being the bunch of pussies that they were, they refused. But I was prepared for that. I threatened to murder their families in cold blood if they wouldn't. I could tell they

were still on the shady side, so I gave them Edward's name in case they couldn't go through with it. It was perfect. To have Renee's own son kill the daughter she raised. There were no holes in my plan."

"But of course, Edward had to ruin it. Take you away. I knew he was lying when he said he was in California. I searched all of our properties until I discovered he was keeping you in our bungalow cabin. I was planning to kidnap you from there myself, but I knew you were a smart girl, Bella. You did the work for me. I emptied half of the car's gas tank, and waited at the nearest convenience store. Unfortunately I had to stab the clerk, but you win some, you lose some right?"

She laughed maliciously and continued on.

"And yes, I had those two goons help me out, but the second I figured out they couldn't be trusted, I just took you in my own vehicle. I brought you here, where you could rot to die. I was going to kill you immediately, but that's no fun, now is it? I wanted to play with you like your mother played with me all these years. By the way, Bella, they were a joy to kill. They were screaming "*No, no, no!*" over and over again! I wish you would have been there. I tried to keep Edward out of this, as much as possible, but that boy never could listen. He came home, somehow tying this whole thing back to Carlisle. It wasn't me, of course, but it was too close for comfort. So I killed Carlisle, which by the way wasn't as hard as I thought it would be, and I brought Edward down here. I think you can figure out the rest you little whore."

She held the gun in her hand and twirled around. "And that, my Bella is The End. Or is it Happily Ever After? I never did know the difference. But today, Bella, I am tired of playing with you. This isn't fun anymore. You had me hurt Alec which I never wanted to do and this is entirely your fault. So it's time, my dear daughter. Would you like to say any last few words?"

She sneered, and I have never wanted to wipe a smug look off of someone's face so bad in my fucking life.

Hope you understand EVERYTHING now!

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Attack

Snarffle-doodle: The sound one makes while being pushed inside of Xquisite.

She waited impatiently, tapping her foot on the concrete floor.

I nodded to buy time, as Edward barely moved an inch for the flashlight. "Yes, Mother, I have a few things I would like to say."

"Oh Bella, you don't sound so good. Your voice is all croaky and whatnot. But continue on, honey. Tell your Mommy what she wants to hear," she smirked.

"I think you are a selfish, conniving bitch."

Two yards, baby.

"I think you will rot in hell and even Satan won't want your ass."

One and a half yards, baby.

"I think you are the most vile excuse for a person I have ever seen in my entire life."

One yard, baby.

"I think you will never, ever be half the person that my Mommy was."

You're here.

"And for that reason alone, you will NEVER see your grandchild!"

Before Esme could announce her shock, Edward used all of his strength and charged, hitting Esme in the head with the flashlight. The sound resonated through the room, causing Esme to stagger backwards.

She wasn't completely knocked out, and before Edward could dive for her weapon, she picked it up first.

She swiveled, and the gun shot exploded in the room.

So loud.

So so loud.

The weapon's fire had claimed its victim.

But for the first time in a long time, the prey wasn't me.

Hope you're mad. Xquisite, you still handing out cliffies?

Damn straight. This ain't over yet!

All hell breaks loose tomorrow. I'm sleepy!

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

Black Point of View Pt I

SM would never abandon you. I did on Halloween. For candy. And dinner. I want to say I'm sorry, but I'm not. Not at all! :D

Officer Black POV

I swear, I was *this close* to fucking Rosalie Hale. She has been my partner for the past year, taunting me. Wearing her uniform too damn tight was causing a straining against my trousers. I leaned across my desk, tapping my pen against my chin. Maybe I should start with dinner. That wasn't too much to do, right? Her sweet pussy could be spread across my bed in just a few short hours...

"*Ma'am, he's not available at the moment.*" I heard a commotion at the front lobby of the police station. It was always busy as hell in here. The amount of prostitutes we busted on a daily basis would blow your mind. I'm sure some whore was in here, ready to bust out her pimp.

"*Ma'am! You can't go back there!*" I tilted my head forward to see who in their right mind would disobey Sue's orders. She was older, much of whom we looked up to. Basically, she didn't put up with any of our shit.

"*Ma'am!*"

A petite girl with short cropped hair was running into the office area, where officers and the deputy were filing paperwork, making copies, or playing Angry Birds on their phone when the sheriff wasn't looking.

I was trying to figure out where she was headed when I realized she was moving straight for my desk. She paused in front of me, noticing the nameplate stationed on the corner.

"Officer Black?" she asked in a panic.

I tilted back my chair, putting my feet on my desk. "That's what the badge says, doll."

She looked at me for a second before the anger flashed across her pretty doe-like eyes.

Fiesty. I like her already.

"I already know who you are, you ass! Do you seriously not know me?"

I look her up and down. Nice tits. Firm ass. Petite figure.

Shrugging, I return my feet to the ground. "I come across a lot of people. Some are memorable, some- not so much."

She huffed and bent over so that her face was a mere inch away from mine. "You listen to me, Officer Slimeball. I'm Alice Brandon, the girl who called your station a million times about Bella Swan and you wouldn't fucking listen to me. Now she's going to fucking die, and I swear, if you don't get your ass up right now, her death will be on *your* hands!"

Oh, *now* I remember her. The whiny voice that repeatedly called my desk so much that I stopped answering whenever her number flashed across the caller ID.

I rolled my eyes at her dramatic performance and contemplated how in the hell someone so small could be so damn domineering.

"Darling, you shouldn't threaten the law. Bad things could happen to you," I warned her gruffly.

My intimidation did nothing to deter her.

"Fine," she says, turning to walk away. "I suppose the name Esme Cullen means nothing to you then."

The name of the beautiful saddened housewife that I had visited several weeks before stirred in my brain.

"Wait!" I said, dashing to catch up with her. "What about Esme Cullen?"

Alice grinned, obviously glad she had caught my attention. She thrust a handful of papers into my arms. "Bella Swan is her biological daughter and is missing. As is her husband, Carlisle, and her son, Edward. We found these papers and pictures. I think Esme has all of them."

I laughed raucously at her claim. "Baby girl, you are out of your mind. Bella's parents are Charlie and Renee Swan. We are in the process of trying to find them. As for Carlisle, he left her and her son Edward is on vacation."

"Vacation? Who in the hell goes on vacation for six weeks?"

I frowned at the news. "Wait, he's not back yet? I talked to him personally. He was in California."

"No you ass, he's not in California. He's gone. And did you really search to see if Carlisle really abandoned his wife? And why would he? He's the head of the hospital. It's one thing to leave your spouse, another to ditch years of hard work. "

I shook my head. It was difficult to believe, yes, but like I had said before. It happened all the time.

"Look at your papers."

I sighed and flipped through the handful of documents she had handed me. Baffled, I skimmed through them until I saw two significant birth certificates.

What the fuck?

The Academy had not trained me for this. Shoot-outs I could handle. Busting every prostitute on the street was manageable. Making sure the mayor got locked up for his embezzlement was a breeze.

A housewife being responsible for the disappearance of multiple people was unheard of.

I ran back to my desk, grabbing my holster and my cruiser keys.

"Hale!" I barked, putting on my cap.

"Yes, Black?" she asked in her seductive voice.

"We've got a 207 with a possible 187 on our hands!"

"A kidnapping and murder?" she questioned.

"Plural," I replied, knowing more than one person could be injured or killed. "Grab every fucking uniform in this building and get your asses armed now! That is an order!"

I didn't know what kind of fuckery Esme Cullen was involved in, but I knew one thing for certain.

The only thing I would be pulling out of my pants tonight was a 9 mm caliber.

Hope you are lovin'. I bet you never thought Jacob would be the one saving Edward's ass.

Only one more. You guys know I suck throughout the week with my busy schedule.

OMG- I think I might just hit 100 chapters. Is that okay with you all?

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

Black Point of View Pt II

Flipper-nommler: the sound one makes when being fed cookies inside of Xquisite.

Officer Black POV

We burned through the evening streets of Chicago, our sirens on, tires squealing. Eleven years in the force had taught me that these babies got you anywhere in a rush. Alice and two large burly men were following behind us, as well as several other police cruisers. As we got closer to the Cullen residence, I notified the other cops to cut off their lights and sirens. The last thing we needed was for Esme to make a quick getaway. I still wasn't sure if she was entirely guilty, but when Alice laid out the facts for me, it was impossible to ignore the obvious.

Which I had previously done.

I muttered obscenities to myself. To me, Alice Brandon was a hindrance in our investigation. I should have listened to her earlier. If anything happened to anyone, I would never forgive myself.

"What's wrong, Black?" Rosalie asked, looking at me with concern.

"Nothing." I murmured. I couldn't look weak in front of the Rookie.

"Spill it," she ordered. "I know something's the matter when you keep cracking your knuckles. And right now they are almost white. Which is damn near impossible for you."

I looked down at my brown skin and released my grip on the steering wheel. "I can't believe we didn't see this. That I didn't see this."

"Hey!" she said, patting my arm. "There was no way in hell you could have known. None of us did. I was with you, remember? If she is behind all of this, she is one hell of an actress."

I nodded, only half agreeing. Hale was wrong. I should have known. My praises and awards meant nothing if I couldn't even decipher the performance of a damn housewife.

Fuck it.

Now was not the time for a pity party.

As I pulled into the luxurious community, I admired all of the wealth that Chicago had to offer. BMW's lined the driveways, multi-story mansions were divided by large hedges and clean cut lawns. I quickly found the house and parked. I was out of my car and surrounded by the other officers within seconds.

"Alice, you and your friends stay in the vehicle," I commanded.

"No fucking way," she retorted. "We're coming. Either that or I'm sure your sheriff would love to know what the hell you've been doing with your time the past two months."

Oh, you have got to be kidding me.

The pixie girl was good.

"Okay, fine," I relented. "But you stay behind me the entire time. Any funny business and I'll shoot you myself. Got it?"

They nodded and I turned to my officers. "Embry, you and Paul go through the back door. Hale, Billy and I will go through the front. Tyler and Mike, you two stand guard out here in case anyone runs out. Eric, be on standby to call an ambulance if needed. Everyone understand?"

The best men I could ever have under me resumed to leave for their positions as I gave the signal. We departed silently, making sure not to make any noise in the house that was completely blackened.

Rosalie used her skills to enter the house without breaking down the door and we tiptoed into the lavish home.

We were about to enter the kitchen when we heard a soft moaning.

I flicked my wrist to point to the direction and turned the doorknob on the left.

"What the hell?" I gasped.

A man with brunette colored hair and brown eyes was tied to a bed, needles inserted into his body in every which direction. His shoulder appeared to be injured

as a bloody sling held it in an awkward position. His eyes were rolling back and forth in his head.

"What's your name?" I whispered.

"A-a-l," he stuttered.

"Ale," he attempted again.

"Alex?" I asked, trying to decipher his speech.

"Al-ec," he moaned. That was the last thing he muttered before turning his head over to the side. It was clear he was reaching unconsciousness.

"Billy," I directed. "Get this man outside for medical attention. Carry everything out. Don't unhook him from anything. We don't know what's in his system."

Billy nodded and lifted up the man easily as I retreated from the room.

I heard a familiar laugh ring through the house.

It was recognizable, and yet it was malicious. Dripping with evil.

I gritted my teeth, knowing it had to be her. I followed the sound with my partner in tow and the other citizens behind me.

It led to an open door which I presumed was a basement.

"Ma'am, do you hear that?"

"Oh, it's that silly hot water heater. Such a pain. I've had it fixed, but it keeps giving me trouble."

That bitch. I was confident that whatever the noise was before from my previous visit had nothing to do with household appliances.

I put my fingers to my lip, making sure the others didn't make a sound. Holding my gun in position, I put my finger on the trigger. We walked sideways down the narrow stairs. The light was brightly glowing, showing an elaborate game and media room.

A weak voice was croaking out horrible words.

I approached slowly, as to not alert our presence.

"I think you are the most vile excuse for a person I have ever seen in my entire life."

"I think you will never, ever be half the person that my Mommy was."

"And for that reason alone, you will NEVER see your grandchild!"

A sudden noise slammed my adrenaline into overdrive, sending me running into the open room.

"Police! Put your hands-"

My words had barely left my mouth as I heard the click of the gun.

Alice rushed into the room.

"Bella! Nooooo!" she screamed.

She dived in front of me.

Taking the bullet.

I now knew two things for certain. The second being that Alice Brandon was the dumbest, bravest doll I had ever met in my fucking life.

Hope you're...oh hell, I'm running out of adjectives!

More Tuesday night! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Coward

SM is perfect. I'm not. My chapter yesterday had so many errors, I'm embarrassed to even write a sentence today.

***removes you each from my vagina, as a tear escapes from my eye* I'm not worthy of you...**

I screamed as Alice staggered backwards, her body twisting to the left from the impact of the bullet.

"Alice!" the tall, dark policeman responded, catching her before she collapsed.

Esme took the opportunity to stand up and held the barrel of the gun at my temple. I was less focused on the coldness of the steel and more on my best friend.

Oh God, Alice. You're here!

And now you're dead...

"Damn it! I told you to stay behind me doll!" the cop reprimanded.

The calmness in his voice surprised me.

Alice regained her footing and unbuttoned her jacket, revealing a bulletproof vest. The slug had penetrated to her lower left side.

"Sorry, Officer Black. I'm okay."

I sighed in relief until Esme cocked her gun.

"Everyone shut the fuck up! I missed once, but I won't miss again!" she warned. She kicked Edward's limp body to the side. "How dare you hit me, boy! Now I'm going to hit you where it hurts the most. Let's kill Bella and that abomination of a spawn, shall we?"

I sat helplessly, bound to the chair as the policeman and a blonde female counterpart, Alice, and two large men surrounded the entranceway. Edward was barely moving on the floor. Esme stood to my right, shaking erratically at the new

appearance of people.

"Mrs. Cullen, do you remember me?" the officer asked. "I'm Officer Jacob Black. I talked to you a few weeks ago?"

He spoke to her like a child, steadily. Quietly.

It seemed to irritate her. "I know who the fuck you are. You better leave or else you are all going to get shot."

"Mrs. Cullen...Esme. May I call you Esme? You don't want to do this. I'm only going to ask you once. Place your weapon on the ground and put your hands up."

She snorted and pressed the gun further into my flesh. "Like hell I will. All of you- drop your weapons or I'm blowing her brains out!"

Officer Black's calm smile vanished. "Hale, put down your gun."

"But-"

He shot her a look that meant business. They both crouched down, placing their pistols on the ground.

"Now kick them to me," Esme demanded.

I whimpered as I realized my only source of hope was declining in large increments.

Bodybag.

The only way I was ever going to leave this room was in a bodybag.

The two officers did as they were told, kicking the guns so that they landed at her feet.

"J and E," Esme sneered, glancing at the two men. "I'm shocked you're here. And with the police, no less. Tsk, tsk. And to think that we were friends."

They snarled, causing her to chuckle before her whole demeanor changed. "So this is what's going to happen. The five of you will exit this room and let me finish what I started. If I'm generous, I may let you live when I leave."

"Esme, there is no escaping. Your house is surrounded. You won't make it two steps out the door without 50 bullets flying through your body," Officer Black stated. "Just turn yourself in now. We don't want anyone else getting hurt."

The stress began to take over my weak body, making my head roll.

"I guess I have no choice then," she said darkly, removing the gun from me and placing it in her mouth.

She was putting herself out her misery. Realizing that there were no other options. Too many people in the room. Too many eyes watching her.

The tension ran up my spine as Esme closed her eyes and prepared to take her own life.

I dreamt of my parents. Their smiling faces. Alive. Breathing.

Applauding at her demise.

Hope you're delighted.

***screams and runs around in circles* THE WITCH IS DEAD, THE WITCH IS DEAD!**

I'm going to bed. Early. Too worn out. I owe you 3 chaps tomorrow. Please forgive me :(

wiggles the last leg of a reviewer out of my vagina* Hey guys, who in the hell made this mess? *gives a shake as cookie crumbs fall out

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Merit

SM denied her fans more Edward Cullen. I won't deny my readers. You want back in my vagina, you sickos? Fine. Hope you packed an umbrella...

PS- I's got nominated for the Drabble Awards! TY to those who nominated Pilfered. *hands you complimentary map for your trip*

shortnsweetawards(dot)blogspot(dot)com Voting begins Nov 17th. :D

EPOV

It was brilliant if you thought about it.

The way she had lived a double life.

Pretending to be someone she wasn't.

And now that she'd been caught, she wanted to take the cowardly way out.

My "mother" was weak. Spineless. An imposter by day, a whore by night.

I wanted revenge.

I wanted her to suffer, to equal the amount of grief that I possessed.

Now unarmed, the police could no longer prevent her probable death.

My Little One was tied to a chair, unable to move.

Emmett and Jasper stood at the doorway, waiting for the bullet to end her life.

I lay on the floor, every nerve pulsating as the sense of justice I craved was seconds away from being denied.

A foot away? Maybe two?

An impossible distance, considering my position and the lack of strength.

My Little Bit deserved more.

I traced in my mind the path to the guns lying on the ground.

I swallowed, trying to remain as if I still couldn't move. My previous bash to her head had stolen any muscle mass that I had left.

My Little One deserved more.

I peeked through my eyelids to see Bella looking down at me.

Watching as a single finger reached out.

She shook her head silently. *Don't do it Edward, you promised.*

Sometimes promises are meant to be broken.

My so-called mother was a liar, a murderer. Killing my biological parents. Killing the only father that I knew. Killing those who Bella had loved. Lying throughout the years. Weaving a web of deceit so intricate, the threads entangled together, creating a beautiful mess.

What are you thinking, woman? That you can just leave this earth so easily? I won't allow it. I demand that your duplicity be worn on your chest, like a scarlet letter. Let the world see how pathetic you are.

And for that reason alone, I won't kill you.

But I WILL break you.

With quickened precision, I rolled over the slab floor, grabbing the gun before anyone even had noticed my movements.

And I shot.

She cried out loud as her own pistol dropped from mouth, landing with a thud. Her two kneecaps were blown to shreds, along with a bullet in her abdomen.

Now you will know what it's like to be bound.

And you shall never, ever bear children again.

As the police scampered into action, I succumbed to the darkness of my conscience, thinking that my retaliation was not enough.

Esme Cullen, you still deserve so much more.

Hope you're happy she didn't get off so easily!

Continue reading! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Awakening

SM? I'm going to need you to get out. Someone is complaining that your laptop is poking them in the ass...

2 days later...

My eyes are blurry. My vision distorted.

My throat is sore, the lump refusing to budge.

I'm not awake much, the IV in my arm making it impossible to move. So heavy.

I've always got two hands holding my own. One firm. Large. Bandaged Magic
Fingers.

The other soft, gentle. Always rubbing. Always kissing.

"Bella?" the voice says softly.

I immediately know who it is.

"Third drawer. Under the sweaters," I cough out.

"What?" she asks.

"Your shoes. Third drawer. Under my sweaters," I confess.

The laugh that erupts from her is like chiming bells.

"God, I've missed you," she says, wrapping me in a hug so tight, I can't breathe.

I don't care. I inhale her scent. Trying not to peer at the bright lights.

It's too much. Too soon.

She doesn't let go and neither do I.

She starts to sob and so do I.

"Bella, I thought-"

I know.

"I didn't see-"

I know.

"I tried to-"

I know.

I just continue to hold her, not looking to the right of me. I can't do it yet.

"I made sure they put you in the same room," Alice says, pulling back and wiping her eyes. I nod, ignoring my own trail of tears.

"Thank you," I whisper. Alice straightens the stiff hospital blanket, careful not to disturb any of the machines.

They beep in harmony.

Do you hear that Edward? We're the same. Beating as one.

I miss you, even though you're beside me. Even though I can't look at you yet. I miss you.

It will hurt. More than these broken bones. More than these bruises. More than these wounds.

I will heal, but seeing you...

Hurt. Injured. Battered. Bruise.

That type of pain...I can't recover from.

"He's okay," Alice murmurs.

I look down and Alice is rubbing my stomach.

"Your baby. The doctor says he's okay."

"Is she-?" I ask fearfully.

"Esme is locked up, Bella. You are safe."

"Will he be-?"

"Edward is recovering fine."

"Do you-?"

"I'll always love you, Bella. You know that," she says genuinely.

I smile for the first time in weeks, joyful.

The doctor walks in, his dark hair and skin complementing his vivid smile.

"Ahhh, it's good to see you are awake, Bella," his smooth voice says. "I'm Dr. Laurent."

"Hello," I reply coarsely.

"I understand it is probably hard for you to speak, so just nod if that will be easier for you, okay?"

I comply and he smiles. "Very good. I will be honest with you about your condition, Bella. Your normal weight was probably around one fifteen to one twenty, correct?"

After I nod, he continues. I hear him but I don't.

97 pounds.

Dehydrated.

Two broken ribs, not one. The surgery they performed will take weeks for me to recover from.

My vital organs have shrunk, making it harder for them to function.

I'm anemic.

The stab wounds have been closed.

The hits from the bat will take time to heal.

I have a loss of protein. Loss of calcium. Loss of minerals.

My skin has rashes, from the filth and lack of water.

Nails are brittle and yellow.

My nervous system had previously started to shut down.

Muscles are weak, joints are swollen.

"The fetus," our Little Bit...the heartbeat was difficult to hear.

Almost resulted in a miscarriage.

I'll be on bed rest when I leave.

"Hopefully within two weeks," he says, finishing off with a grin. "If you need anything, you just press the red button. Oh and uh, Alice? Make sure you remember what we talked about."

Dr. Laurent writes a few more notes on his chart before departing.

I look at her, begging her to tell me.

Alice goes back to tending with my blankets, avoiding looking at my bruises. As if they aren't there. As if *she* had never...

"What is it?"

"They want you to see a doctor," she says softly.

I frown, wincing as the pain set into my lower half. "I thought he was my doctor."

Alice is suddenly too interested in glancing out the window. "They want you to see a mental health specialist. The hospital is bringing in a psychiatrist to speak with you."

Tell me what you were thinking when you were locked away.

How does it feel now that you're free?

Is it too hard for you to think about?

Is each day getting better?

Do you have nightmares?

Are you saddened by the loss of your parents?

How are you handling it?

Considering psychology was my major, I had only one answer to give Alice.

"Hell no."

Hope you're not forgetting how gutsy Bella can be.

What happened to Esme and everyone else will continue later. Let's just focus on Fingerward, shall we?

Continue reading! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Custody

And so the readers fell in love with the vagina.

What a wet, slippery vagina.

What sick, cookie munching readers...

EPOV

I feel her holding my hand, to the left of me. Her bed is close. She is next to me.

My senses always knew how to find her, even in the darkness.

My wrist is sore, wrapped in bandages. My leg is throbbing. But whatever is in this IV is making it tolerable.

I feel weak, but somehow stronger. Better. I breathed in the clean air, thankful for the small miracles in life.

My eyelids fluttered, fighting to open. Trying to see the light.

I could hear hushed voices. The machines hard at work calculating my vitals.

"Little One?" I whisper.

No response.

She doesn't hear me but I can't speak any louder. My mouth feels like cotton balls. Tender and raw.

But I can manage.

"Little One?" I say louder, each word scratching like razors against my enflamed throat.

I turn my head gradually to the left, noticing her profile.

You're so beautiful.

You're lying there, your back turned away. Alice is here too. Speaking to you in a calm, quiet voice. Rubbing your hair. It's better now. Cascading in waves around your shoulders.

You're so thin, I can tell by the bones protruding through your gown.

But you're beautiful.

I want to see your eyes, Little One.

I want to rub my Little Bit.

Please turn this way. I need you.

My voice wasn't going to get any louder, so I made contact the only way I knew how.

I squeezed your hand.

And you gasp.

"Edward! You're awake!" Alice says, jumping up and running to my bedside.

She's so happy. I'm happy, to see the girl I can now call my friend. The one who saved my life.

"Bella, turn around, Edward's awake."

I see her tremble as she shakes her head.

Alice embraces me in a tight hug. "How are you feeling, Edward?"

"Like I've been hit by a truck," I mumble with a groggy voice.

"Mack truck or dump truck?" Alice quips and I chuckle even though it hurts.

"Mack," I grin. "Definitely mack."

I wait a moment before calling her name again.

"Bella?"

You won't turn around. Why won't you turn the fuck around?

I don't get a chance to ask you because a policeman walks in.

"Edward?" the tall man asks. I recognize him. The one from...yesterday? A week ago? I don't know what day it is.

"Officer Black, what are you doing here?" Alice questions on my behalf.

Before Alice can throw a fit, before I can utter a word, she turns her head slowly.

I lied, Little One.

You are not beautiful. Because I see your face and nothing on this earth is comparable.

You are not riveting. Because the browns in your eyes are not as mesmerizing as your soul.

You are not captivating. Because even the purest lens could not capture the vividness of your strength.

But damn if you aren't perfect.

Officer Black steps closer, giving me a somber look.

It's too late to pull back from the handcuffs that are being clasped around my wrists.

"Edward Cullen, you are under arrest for the unlawful kidnapping and seizing of Bella Swan."

Hope you're laughing. Why? 'Cause you knew Xquisite wouldn't make shit easy...

More tomorrow! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Predicament

SM created a vampy girl baby. Fingerward is having little "fingerbabies", courtesy of LvTwilight09. *giggles* But you don't know the sex yet. I just refer to unborn babies as a "he."

EPOV

"Hey! Officer Black! You can't do that!" Alice yelled rambunctiously, pointing in the cop's face.

Officer Black sighed, and looked down at her dismally. "Dollface, I'm just handcuffing one arm to his bed. Calm down!"

Alice frowned at his derogatory nickname for her and crossed her arms.

"Edward, I'm sorry. You will be allowed to stay in the hospital during the remainder of your recovery, but you have to move down the hall. We cannot legally allow you to stay in the same location as the person who is the victim in this situation. I'm sorry. I truly am. I'm just following orders. Officer Hale and I have been asked to keep guard over you for the duration of your treatment."

I exercised considerable self-control as Officer Black locked my restraints. "I don't understand."

"Esme Cullen is in jail without bond for the murder of three people, along with charges of kidnapping. She states that Jasper and Emmett McCarty, along with you, are responsible for assisting her in Bella's kidnapping. I tried to prove her wrong, but with the Captain on my ass about this case, and he was right there when we attempted to find out your whereabouts on the night of Bella's disappearance. No one could verify that you were somewhere else, therefore you have no alibi. We found Bella's shoes and her cellular phone along with her hair DNA in the back of your vehicle. Medicinal supplies that were not signed out to you from your company were also obtained. We also discovered sedation drugs that were traced back to this hospital. Knowing that you don't work here, we could only assume that you acquired them illegally."

The anger brewed in me, attempting to spill over in rivers as he leaned in my ear. "You're very lucky, Mr. Cullen, that my partner Rosalie is a newbie and *just so*

happened to shoot Esme in her stomach and kneecaps. It's a shame the Academy doesn't teach the Rookies to have better aim."

I knew he had taken the fall to ensure more charges weren't going to be brought up against me. I mouthed a silent 'thank you,' for his and his partner's sacrifice. He had laid his ass out on the line to protect me.

"Wait, can't I refute it? Say that he wasn't my kidnapper?" Bella asked hesitantly.

The officer shook his head. "One would think so, right? Unfortunately, there is something called Stockholm's Syndrome. It's where the victim of a kidnapping starts to feel sympathetic towards their kidnapper. Due to the amount of time you were gone, your mental stability is now considered 'unreliable' and therefore you are not deemed to be a dependable witness."

For some reason, that triggered a growl out of her as she stared daggers at the policeman.

"Hold on a second," Alice interrupted. "So what you're telling us is that Bella, the one person who knows where she was, can't even verify who her kidnapper was?"

The officer nodded as she rolled her eyes.

"Well ain't that some shit!"

We were all thinking the same thing.

The United States Justice System was fucked up.

Esme Cullen type of fucked up.

Hope you are comprehending everything.

Like everything else, the laws have their flaws.

Code 2740 Section 6D830Z. *nods at my intelligence*

Continue reading! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Favor

SM never lies. I told my husband I was doing homework. *Looks guilty as he flips my book the correct way and shakes his head*

"Edward," Officer Black continued, "I swear, I'm going to do everything in my power to get the charges dropped so that you don't spend a day in jail. Even though you were coerced into committing these crimes, the state doesn't see it as so. I'm going to find you the best lawyer I can, okay?"

Nodding, I glanced at Bella who whimpered and looked over at me with wide eyes. Begging.

"I'm going out to use the phone. I may or may not be lost for 5 minutes," he said winking and retreating from the hospital room.

"Alice, a little help please?" Bella pleaded to her best friend. Wordlessly, Alice put down the bar on my side of the bed and cautiously scooted Bella so that she lay next to me. She left immediately and once again my Little One laid her head next to my own.

I kissed her temple, knowing it would be the last time for a long time. "Bella, you trust me right?"

She nodded and held my free hand.

"We are going to get through this, do you understand me? I promise. Just focus on getting better. Can you do that for me? For our Little Bit?"

Rubbing my thumb over her own, she spoke softly. "Yes. I can do that."

"You're beautiful, you know that?" I smiled, caressing her cheek.

She blushed the color of roses and grinned. "Yeah, these butterfly bandages really bring out my best features."

I laughed huskily at her outburst. This was the Bella I was going to miss. My Little One who was sarcastic and funny and full of wit.

I prayed with all of my might that Esme had not taken that away from her.

"Can I ask you a favor?" I asked hesitantly.

"Anything," she murmured.

"Can I kiss you?"

She giggled before she realized I was serious. "Wait, why are you asking? We've kissed before."

"I know," I responded. "But never in the light. In a dark bathroom, in a dim cabin, in...."

Simply understanding, she knew I didn't need to finish the sentence.

I brushed my blanket aside, smoothing my hands over her collarbone, letting my fingers dance across her silky skin. I was rewarded with goosebumps that prickled down her arms. We both leaned forward, hovering just inches from each other's lips. I took the initiative, molding my mouth onto hers, tasting her as if for the first time. She moaned and it took everything I had not to rip her hospital gown off.

She couldn't handle that right now, and frankly, neither could I. We both still had a long way to go, and with these charges being brought up against me, it was the last thing on my mind.

We both fragile and broken. Delicate and fragmented.

We parted just as Officer Black walked back into the room with a nurse.

I kissed Bella again, holding my hand to her cheek. "I love you."

"I love you more," she breathed, and I accepted her answer, even though it was impossible.

As the nurse wheeled my bed out of the room, I tried not to notice the familiar pair of eyes staring at me from across the hall.

Hope you are guessing! Who dat is?

No more tonight. Sigh...(But I'll make up for it this weekend!)

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Hindsight

SM loves her angst. I prefer to call my story a psychological thriller. But my Little One needs time to grieve...

Two and half weeks later they release me from the hospital.

I've tried not to think about Edward but he's down the hall. So close and yet so far away. One guard in. One guard out. Window curtain closed. Door is shut. No visitors. Alice asked about him, but all they would tell her is that he's okay. He's supposed to be released from medical care in a day or two. I'm better now, so I'm going to stay with Alice in her new apartment.

She's going to back to school in a few more weeks for the spring semester. I need...more time. I have to escape out the rear entrance of the hospital. The photographers and news media are everywhere. They've already caught several sneaking down the halls. They want to see the girl who beat the odds. To hear the story of when adoption goes wrong. I won't be someone's spectacle. I don't want to be featured on a morning news program, or explain how I feel now that I know my parents were victims too.

Because *now* they want to feel sympathetic towards the Swans. *Now* they want to try to buy my house back. *Now* they want to pay for my therapy. *Now* they've offered me free scholarships on top of the ones I already had; therefore saving me money from the small loans I did have to borrow.

Now they want to help.

Fuck them.

Money isn't going to help me plan the funeral for my parents. Money isn't going to help me clear Edward's name. Money isn't going to help me testify against Esme. Money isn't going to help me go through this pregnancy alone.

It's not until Alice tucks me in and makes me finish drinking my special shakes to help gain my weight back, that I cry.

I bawl and I know she hears me wailing, but she lets me be.

I cry over my parents, that I'll never see or hear from them again. That they'll never meet their grandchild. That they are actually Edward's biological parents. It's such a fucked up situation that not even I can wrap my head around it.

I cry for my Edward. That hopefully he's found a lawyer. That this will come out alright. That he won't be subjected to any scrutiny. That he'll heal like I have. That he still loves me and doesn't change his mind. That our little world that we built won't be broken now that we are out.

I even cry for Jasper and Emmett. Alice told me all that they had done for me. What Esme made them do. How they tried their best to help find me.

I cry for Alec, that he will be okay. Truthfully, he's the only one that kept Edward and I alive. Without him, we would be dead.

I even cry over Esme. That she stop this madness. Of talking to the press. She's playing the victim card. How the hospital performed her surgery and she was in the woman's correctional facility the very next day. That they showed her no sympathy. She says she only wanted her daughter back. How a mother's love drives a woman to do crazy things. I pray that she rots in prison. Bound to her wheelchair. That she dies on a hard bed, in between four stone walls, with no one to love.

I cry for myself. That maybe I should have talked to that psychiatrist. Instead of throwing hospital equipment against the wall. Maybe I shouldn't have gone out that night; to the club.

I realize in hindsight, it doesn't matter. Esme would have found me anyways. It was all meant to happen.

The only good that has come out of this is Edward and my Little Bit.

But it doesn't stop the tears from falling.

On November 8th, I wasn't pilfered, I wasn't stolen, and I wasn't kidnapped.

My body shall be free as long as I allow it.

But my life...

It was never even mine to begin with.

Hope you sympathize with Bella.

(Tracisnow, you little nominator you! TY doll!)

Continue reading! :D

I'll stop typing, you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Merciless

Short chapters: It's my forte.

EPOV

Officer Jacob Black grunts, holding the machete to me. It doesn't matter if I move, my execution was not to be prevented. There's no turning back. No time to run.

There's no way out of this situation.

His eyes are squinted. His expression vacuous.

"You're done Cullen," he says sharply.

I hold my breath, careful not to make any jerky movements with my hand.

But he's not finished with his speech. "Eleven years in the force Cullen. I've always been one to succeed. Quarterback in high school, winner of four championships. Two years in the military. That's what made me a man to be reckoned with. I'm a machine built to kill, you understand that skinny boy? And now I have to decide whether I want this done clean or dirty."

I'm so fucking angry, wanting this to be over with. "Just do it, Jacob."

"Clean it is," he says in a disappointed tone and trades his weapon.

He pulls out a M4, complete with a grenade launcher and a laser scope on top.

My gaze penetrates on the pale hospital wall. There would be no mercy on my life today.

Within three seconds...

I am dead.

Hope I've given you Pilferettes a heart attack.

It's what I do best.

Continue reading! :D

I'll stop typing, you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Lawyer

***Giggles* As if I would ever kill my Fingerward!**

EPOV

Jacob laughs comically as he has beaten me once again in Call of Duty.

My character falls dramatically on the screen, signifying the end of the game.

That bastard.

We both put our controllers down, as Dr. Laurent walks in.

Jacob scampers, putting away the video game, and assuming a professional position.

"Edward, how are you feeling?" he asks, standing over top of me with a clipboard.

"Much better," I answer honestly. My wrist surgery had gone well, but would take months before I was able to function with it fully. After putting on several pounds, I could already feel my strength coming back a little more each day.

"Very good. We are going to discharge you today, and we have several prescriptions ready for you, as well as a medical dietary plan that I will hand over to Officer Black."

I nod, understanding. "Okay, let me get the nurse to process your papers and you will be free- um, you will be ready to go."

He turns quickly, his slip up not unnoticeable.

"What happens now?" I ask.

"Now I take you to the station. We get you processed, have you see the judge. He decides how big of a risk you are to society. Whether you are a flight risk. He decides if can let you out on bail, or if you sit in jail until your court date."

I sigh, knowing my future is looking bleak. I can't but help let my thoughts drift to

my Little One, wondering how she's doing. Jacob told me she was released two days ago, and is staying with Alice. I pray she is holding up, that she is strong.

Noting my dismal expression, Jacob perks up. "I have good news for you though. I found you a lawyer. He's a well-known defense attorney. Esme tried to hire him, but he refused to take her case."

I bit back my tongue. It would be okay with me if I never heard that woman's name ever again.

"He's had his own practice for the past several years, faithfully sending criminals to prison. When I mentioned your name, he immediately wanted to represent you."

My curiosity peaked, I tilted my head. Who in the world would want to help a nobody like me? Sure my father was eminent, and my business was successful, but it's not like I was on the front page of the Chicago Tribune or anything.

"Well?" I asked, prodding him. "Who is it?"

Jacob grinned and turned to leave. "I'll let you meet him for yourself."

He opens the door and a large man breezes past Officer Hale, briefcase in hand.

I gasped, scrutinizing the familiar eyes I had noticed in the hospital just weeks before.

It couldn't be.

"Nice to see you again, Edward."

Hope you have no idea who it is...

Continue reading! :D

I'll stop typing, you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Insane

Let's find out who the hallway bandit is...

EPOV

"Son of a bitch," I mutter.

The lawyer laughs heartedly, reaching out his hand for me to shake.

The first thing I notice is his chipped tooth.

"Oh, don't be like that Edward," he says grinning. "I'm here to help."

I shook Demetri Conner's hand, my childhood friend I hadn't seen since high school. His broad frame and intimidating stance took me by surprise. He stood before me in an expensive pinstriped suit, looking extremely regal from the goofy oversized teen I had known.

"You've been loitering the hospital for fucking weeks and you are just now visiting me?"

He immediately grabbed the open chair and slid it next to my bed. "Hey, I had other people to see too. I was speaking to Alec down the hall. He's going to be in the hospital quite a while. He was being drugged with an abundance of meds at your mother's household. Anyways, I see you've gotten yourself in quite the mess."

"I see you haven't gotten your tooth fixed," I retort back.

He chuckles, opening his briefcase. "You haven't changed a bit, my friend."

I turned my head, confused. "Why me? Why do you want to represent me?"

"Why wouldn't I?" he shrugs. "When Jacob called my office saying he needed a lawyer for the public case of Bella Swan, I immediately said yes. Esme had called me previously, and I turned her down. There was no way I was going to defend her. Even if she was like a mother to me."

"So let's get down to business, Edward," he continues. "Here's the deal. I'm taking

on your case pro bono, meaning you don't have to pay. Even though I know you can afford it, I'm willing to let you slide. Consider it a gift for all the times we snuck out of the house and you covered for me."

I smiled, the memories of our mayhem flashing before me. We were quite the pair. He could be a jerk, but with that came his ruthless tenacity. He explained how he had his own practice, Conner and Kingly, the law firm who had over twenty lawyers. It dealt with some of the most prominent cases on the east coast, and he no longer had to take only court approved cases, the clients no one wanted to defend.

"I'm not going to lie. Esme has hired Aro Debussy, the biggest shithead prosecutor to put away hundreds of innocent people. She's pleading not guilty and is going for the criminally insane defense, that she was driven to her actions by an abusive, absentee husband and a troublemaker son. They will pull out all of the stops. From a failing grade you might have made in the third grade, to a beer you might have drunken underage. Every piece of your life is susceptible to examination. She's claiming she was fearful for her life, therefore you and the McCarty brothers forced her to kidnap Bella. Then, when you tried to attack her, she locked you up with the college student. I won't go into details, but let's just say, she's got an excuse for everything."

I couldn't believe my so-called mother, after everything, was still doing this. That woman couldn't just admit her guilt and die in peace. Instead, she had to make my life a living hell. I groaned and pondered how I was going to prove my innocence.

"Edward," Demetri says calmly. "Don't you worry. You've got the best of the best representing you. My partners and I will defend you. You've got the cream of the crop on your side. We are not going down without a fight. Your job right now is to make sure you get healthy. Let us focus on putting that scumbag away, alright?"

I managed a grateful smile as the nurse entered to take out all of my IV's. She gave me final instructions for my aftercare, and wished me luck.

"You ready?" Jacob asked, as he uncuffed me so that I could get dressed in street clothes. I heard the locks snap again as we reached the door to leave.

I nodded as Demetri laid a hand on my shoulder.

"Demetri?" I asked slowly. "What's prison like?"

"Let's hope you never have to find out."

I know that most of my readers are female. Hope you aren't deterred from all of the action and male-like story lines.

Keep reading! :D

I'll stop typing, you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Holding

SM eats healthy. I don't. You little Pilferettes want a chip? *dangles it just out of your reach*

EPOV

Officer Black and Officer Hale tried to be discreet, sneaking me out the back entrance of the hospital, but it was no use. Jacob said Bella had diverted them a few days before and now they learned their lesson. They waited for me. For that first shot. For my first words.

"Edward! Edward! Did you do it? Did you assist your mother in the kidnapping of Bella Swan?"

"Is it true you already knew the Swans were your biological parents?"

"Are you afraid of the outcome of the trial?"

"Mr. Cullen, do you wear boxers or briefs?"

"Is it true Bella Swan is pregnant with your child?"

I growled at their last question. Despite the confidentiality contract the hospital staff was supposed to abide by, it was clear Bella's pregnancy had been told to the media. It was harder than possible not to scream out, "I'm innocent!" to the hordes of people.

"Head down, Cullen," Jacob warned. I listened and kept my head ducked as he led me to the waiting police cruiser. The flashes continued as Officer Hale pressed down on my hair and assisted me into the vehicle. We quickly sped off, ignoring any and all questions.

"Cullen, we get to the police station, do not call me by my first name. I know we've gotten close, but they will pull me off of this case and then I won't be able to help you. Got it?"

I understood, shifting uncomfortably against the seat. I knew Jacob had gone above and beyond his call of duty, keeping me sane throughout the duration of my

hospital stay. I had to remember he was a cop first, friend second. He tried not to choke as he read me my Miranda rights in the car, making sure he was following protocol.

I didn't even have time to enjoy my freedom before we reached the police station.

I welcomed the cold air, the open atmosphere, unsure of when I would see or feel it again.

I needed one last thing before the state took away my independence.

"Hey Officer? You got a smoke?"

Officer Hale laughed, pulling out a pack of cigarettes from the glove box. She slid one in between the bars of the car, and lit it for me.

I smoked without my hands, dragging deeply as the smoke filtered through my lungs.

Two months without one and I was still an addict.

I promised myself it would be the last one, for both my father and for Bella.

Jacob parked the car and helped me get out. I spit the cigarette out, stomping on the lit filter to cease the flame.

"Deep breaths, Cullen. You can do this," he said briskly.

I summoned up my strength, walking quickly into the building. Everything was cold and gray. As if waiting for my arrival, other officers looked my way. Some with disgust, some with compassion.

I had never felt lower in my life than I did during the next half hour. I was booked and processed. Photographed and changed into inmate garb. Explained my charges. Put into a jail cell.

For 18 damn hours.

It was the most degrading moment of my life.

I made one important phone call.

And then it was time to see the magistrate.

Hope you're angry at Esme. She did this, not me! *runs as you all chase me with torches*

One more chap. :D

I'll stop typing, you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Charges

Hello, review skippers. Oh, you know who you are. I work hard, giving you multiple updates and then you only review the last one. *throws fruitcake at you* You don't deserve any cookies, you little fuckers! :D

EPOV

I stood in front of the judge's stand as Officer Black held onto my elbow, holding me still in front of the older, plump man. His callous nature was to be feared. You could tell he was pitiless from dealing with years of criminals.

My heart beat fast, as if it didn't understand that my body couldn't keep up with its pace.

"Edward Cullen, you are hereby charged with Second Degree Kidnapping, a Class Three Felony under Section CRS 18-3-301. You are looking at a possible four to twelve years in prison with a mandatory parole term of five years following release. You are being charged with this crime due to the fact that you accomplished this offense by using or threatening to use a deadly weapon; i.e. using both a gun and illegally obtained medical substances. You also threatened and used force to confine or detain your victim for over a period of twelve hours. Do you understand the charges that are being brought up against you?"

I leaned forward, finding my voice. "Yes, your Honor."

The plump man sighed and took off his glasses tapping them on his paperwork. "Mr. Cullen, in all of my years as a judge, I have never come across a man as such as yourself. I can't even begin to fathom how in the world you managed to stand before me today. You are a disgrace to this courtroom and to society. If it were up to me, you would be getting the death penalty ten times over. Do you understand what I am saying to you, *Mr. Cullen*?"

It took all of my power not to wipe the saliva that had sprayed across my face.

This man hated me and didn't even know me.

I was set to hang before even being tried.

I nodded and held my breath, waiting for my punishment.

"Edward Cullen, based on the fact that this is your first encounter with the law and that you are not considered a flight risk, your bail is set at fifty thousand dollars."

I was free? Was I free?

I could go home?

Jacob nudged me and all of the anxiety I had managed to stay as a lump in my throat.

The judge gritted his teeth. "But so help me God, if you run, I will come and find you myself. Do I make myself clear?"

I shook my head in a positive motion as he continued. "Your arraignment date is set for one week from now. See you then, Mr. Cullen."

I jumped for joy inside.

I could see Bella.

I could finally hold my Little One.

"Oh, and Mr. Cullen?" the judge called out, halting our movement.

Jacob paused, holding the door halfway open.

I swallowed the lump, and turned around.

"You get within a thousand feet of Miss Swan and next time, I won't be so generous," he warned.

As Jacob led me to the back room to change and set me free, only three words crossed my mind.

Fuck. My. Life.

Hope you're angry. I wanted them to have checks again.

Dammit. When will those two ever see each other?

Is Bella okay?

And lastly, will Jacob Black ever get to fuck Rosalie Hale?

Next time on, "As The Pilfering of Bella Swan Turns"...

I'm still writing. More updates today. (TY Mia Isabella Cullen - I owe you one!)

I'll stop typing, you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Contributor

Ok, so you know how I bitched out some readers for review skipping? Yeah, you guys fought back! "Fuck you bitch, I work and you are damn lucky I wrote one!" is what you replied as you munched on fruitcake. ROFL. OMG- I love you fuckers who don't put up with mah shit!

(Mia, Steph, Cookie- Pilfered would only be 'unfiltered' without you. TY dolls!)

Alice rushes from the table as her phone rings, retreating into the living room.

I can hear her trembling voice, followed by a bunch of "yes's" and "Mmm mm's."

She runs back into the kitchen, swallowing her water. Throwing her dishes in the sink. Then racing back out again.

I chase after her as she puts on her thick coat and boots, pajamas be damned.

"Alice! Slow down! Where are you going?" I ask, spinning her body around.

"It's Edward, he's called me from jail. He gave me his financial information so that in case he is granted bond, I can get him out," she explains.

"Well that's great! Hold on, I'm coming with you!" I say excitedly.

"No, Bella you can't," she replies simply.

Her comment unnerved me in every way possible. "What the hell, Alice? Yes, I am coming with you."

I attempt to brush past her as she grabs my arm. "Bella, first of all, I didn't say he posted bail, I said this is *in case* he is granted it. And second of all, even if he is awarded his freedom, do you think he will just be allowed to see you and you all will live happily ever after?"

That's exactly what I thought, hence my rush to grab a jacket.

Alice sighed. "Bella, he got arrested in the first place for kidnapping you. Then

they made you separate in the hospital. I'm ninety nine percent sure they won't allow him to have contact with you if he is set free."

"What?" I sink on the couch, her words flowing through me, one vile letter at a time. "But...and we...I just..."

"I know," she soothes me, rubbing my hair. "I'm going to the bank and then to the jail and wait to see what happens. You have the landline phone here, and I'll call you as soon as I can. Don't be upset Bella. You have to think of the bigger picture. All of this will be for nothing if you get him into trouble. He'll be back to square one and then you'll never see him again. Sometimes you have to shield Edward like he shielded you, Bella."

I pout and lay down, unwilling to watch her walk out the door.

I didn't want my selfishness to contribute to Edward's downfall. I know I needed to keep him secure, make sure he didn't return to jail over my actions.

But that didn't mean I wasn't thinking about it.

Hope you are glad Alice is intelligent. There is no way in the world Bella would have been allowed to bail Edward out.

Keep reading! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Scheme

SM is amazing, but not as much as my readers. I hope you look forward to reading as much as I do writing...

EPOV

"Alice! Alice! Wake up!"

I shake her sleeping body that is lying down on two hard chairs.

"Edward?" she mumbles, rubbing her eyes.

As if on cue she jumps up. "Edward!"

We hold each other in a lingering hug. I was so glad to see my friend again.

I pull back, wrapping my arm around her. "Thanks for bailing me out. I truly appreciate it."

She shrugs and giggles. "That's what friends are for! Now let's get you out of here."

I fill out some paperwork and we rush out towards her vehicle. After giving her directions to my apartment, she fills me in on how Bella is doing.

"She was upset that she couldn't come with me. I explained why...but you know how she can be."

Stubborn.

Pigheaded.

Perfect.

"I don't know how I'm going to survive without her, Alice. I'm pathetic I know, but I need her now more than ever."

She nods as she takes a wrong turn.

"Wait, my apartment's the other way!"

"I know. But I have a plan..."

∞ ∞ ∞ O.O.O ∞ ∞ ∞

It's refreshing to be back at home, but nerve-wracking. I have to pay the landlord. He left several eviction notices on my door. It took a few hours to cut the electricity back on, but it's nighttime and it's the first time I'm lying down in bed.

I never thought I would be here again.

I tapped my fingers against the laptop, impatiently waiting for the screen to come on.

Logging in.

Sending the request.

And there she is.

My stubborn, pigheaded, perfect Little One.

Hope you're happy. See? There's a way to get around this stuff.

Keep reading! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Blanket

Twilight's Edward wishes he could be my Edward...

"Bella?"

I know it's him. I see that it's him. But my mind doesn't comprehend his emerald eyes staring at me through the screen.

"Hey, baby. You like the laptop? And the phone?"

"Yes, thank you very much. I promise to pay you back," I assure him.

He insists that it's a gift. The prepaid phones he bought, one for himself and one for me, are so we can call each other. The police department has both of ours, retaining them for evidence. I feel grateful, but proud. My old computer was ancient, I'll admit that. How in the hell am I going to repay back all that they are doing for me?

We sit in silence, just staring at each other, tracing the screen with our fingers. He repeats my motion, following my every move.

"You look handsome," I say. "Much better."

"Yeah, clean water does a body good," he quips and I giggle.

It so surreal to see and talk to him again.

"So..."

"So..."

"Are you doing okay Bella? I mean really? Do you guys have enough food? I can buy-"

"We're okay. I'm okay."

"Good..."

It's awkward; no one knows what to say. We are hesitant to talk about the present circumstances. It's too depressing. We just want to be with each other. We had plenty to talk about in the dark, but now- now is exactly what I feared.

That we were so fucked up we couldn't even carry on a decent conversation.

Edward leaves the screen momentarily, and it's suddenly dark on his side. He turns on his beside lamp, creating a soft glow.

"Edward?"

"Do the same Bella. Turn off your light too."

I listen and comply. I prop the laptop onto my lap, only the lamp lighting the room.

"Better?" he asks.

"Much better," I smile.

I know this isn't healthy. We've got to overcome this phobia someday. We can't spend the rest of our lives with our Little Bit in a dark room.

But it's our security blanket for now.

"Okay, so I'm going to ask you again. How are you doing Bella?" His features are concerned, his eyebrows pushing together in worry.

"My boobs hurt, my back aches, I spent the first night on the floor because I thought it was more comfortable and Alice keeps making me drink those disgusting shakes and I can't fit into any of my jeans and I'm pretty sure that's her moaning on the other side of the wall talking to Jasper..." I rush out.

He laughs and I allow the sound to penetrate up and down my spine.

"That's my girl," he says appraisingly.

"I miss you, ya know," I sigh heavily.

"I know, me too, Little One."

"You miss yourself?" I joke back.

"Smartass," he chuckles.

"Hold on," I say. I need to readjust so I can put the laptop beside my pillow. It's too heavy for my legs.

When I look at the screen, his face is aghast.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing...it's you, your legs...and..." He's stuttering to get out his words. His laptop has slid down further and it's bouncing.

Oh God.

Hope you're anticipating more.

Continue reading! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Submission

I'm bringing Shecksie back, You Pilferettes don't know how to act...

"Edward?"

He looks sheepishly at the screen, and the movement stops. I quirk my eyebrow. "Don't be shy now. You are busted!"

His expression has turned completely lustful. I squeeze my legs together to cease the aching. "Bella, take off your panties. I need you. Now."

I know this Edward. I met him a long time ago. Once. In a club.

I adjust the laptop, putting it in between my legs, propping my pillow up. I slowly slide off my panties, opening my bareness to him.

"Fuck, Bella," he growls. "Touch yourself. Please."

I do. My own wetness is apparent as my fingers slide down, rubbing my clit. His large swollen cock is now on the screen, his face overly expressed with desire.

We both remove our shirts, and I massage my breasts, my peaks hardening as he strokes himself.

He sucks in a harsh breath, and I glance at his defined chest, wishing I could be there to touch every part of him.

I was swept up into a fantasy I never wanted to leave.

I moan softly, still crazed by the thought of our non-contact situation.

"Bella, I can't wait to be inside of you," he groans.

"I'm going to lick that pretty little neck of yours."

"Cup your breasts with my hands, teasing your nipples."

"Slide down until I reach your thighs, letting my fingertips dance on your skin."

"Put my cock right between that sweet pussy of yours."

"You'll be so hot for me, won't you Bella?"

I murmur something incoherent. "Don't stop please," I beg. I tip my head back, the flood of sensations running through me. My fingers were not enough for his delicious words. His voice grew more and more ragged with every urge he simply could not indulge.

"You'll feel so fucking good Bella, wrapped around my cock."

"Do you feel it? I'm going in, pulling out."

"Thrusting in, thrusting out."

"Fucking you in, fucking you out."

"And then I'll stop," he says harshly.

"What?" I halt my movements, watching his blatant face of the screen.

"Why?" I ask, my voice barely above a whisper.

"Because...when you come..."

He's rubbing shaft harder. Faster. His temp increasing.

I bite my lip, filling myself again, mimicking his speed.

"Because when you come..."

"When your sweet little pussy comes..."

"And it's not all over my cock..."

"I want you..."

"Fucking."

Oh shit.

"My."

Oh fucking shit.

"Mouth."

"Edwarddddd!" I scream out, and I've pinched my clit so hard, I shudder. The orgasm rocks my body, taking me to levels unknown.

His face contorts, his own release spilling over, both of us moaning and gasping as the world falls away. My eyes are hazed, my solid foundation crumbled, my whole damn existence a figment of my imagination.

We both breathe deeply and when I calm down, he's got this smirk on his face.

"Hey Bella?"

"Yeah Edward?"

"Looks like you've got magical fingers too."

Hope your two fingers are wet...

***Giggles* What can I say? You already know I'm a sick bitch. Don't be surprised.**

You want Pilfered, you have to put up with my crazy ass, too.

Continue reading! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Negotiation

The Inner monologue of Edward Cullen...Shit just got real.

EPOV

Jasper, Emmett and I sit across from Demetri in the back room of the courthouse. We are all dressed in our best suits, looking professional despite the fact that we are going to have our asses handed to us.

Judge Garrett Jenks, as I came to find out, was the harshest judge out there. He was specifically chosen to handle this public case. Let's just say, he didn't want to piss America off.

I'm fidgeting in my seat, wanting this arraignment to be over with, needing to leave. Bella and I talked all of the time, when I wasn't working at home. My business wasn't doing as well, due to my arrest, and I was doing what I could to make sure my company didn't fold under. But I wasn't quite ready to face my employees yet. I didn't need any more suspicious eyes glancing my way.

"So here's the lowdown, boys," Demetri says expertly. "The prosecutor is offering you guys a plea bargain. You plead guilty, and you'll all face seven years, instead of the four to twelve. It's somewhat of a middle ground. If the jury finds you responsible, there's no doubt you'll most likely be getting the full sentence."

The three of us shake our heads. We were in the middle between a rock and a hard place. Damn if we do, damn if we don't.

Demetri glances at his gold Rolex and stands up. "Alright boys, it's time. What are you pleading so that I can be prepared?"

"Not guilty," says Jasper and Emmett at the same time.

"Edward?" Demetri asks, cocking an eyebrow at me.

Twelve years old.

My Little Bit will be twelve years old.

Most likely in the seventh grade.

Already knows how to ride his bike, dress himself.

He's nervous as the school dance is coming up. He wants to ask this one girl, but he's too scared.

I'm not there to comfort him. To give him advice. To tell him to make sure he's respectful. That he buy her flowers.

Twelve years.

Bella's hair will be gray, from dealing with a child on her own. She's tired. Having to work multiple jobs to support him. The state would have taken away my business, my money. So she's living paycheck to paycheck. Unable to finish college because she got pregnant at a young age.

No parents to help her out.

Twelve years.

Twelve fucking years.

"Edward!" Demetri pounds his fist on my shoulder, snapping me back to the present. "Guilty or not guilty? C'mon, I need to know your answer."

And suddenly, I'm not so sure of my innocence anymore.

Hope you're not angry. Understand his thought process and what he's enduring.

Okay, I have household errands to do, and if I have time, I MAY write more...

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Cattle

I don't usually like to call out reviewers, because it's not fair to ALL of you who pour your heart and time into this story like I do.

But let it be known...that SHAZWARNER is the ONLY person who offered to help me with housework.

So I'm kicking the rest of you out of my vagina, and I am giving her a tampon as a pillow, two cookies, and a one day pass to my bellybutton.

giggles as the rest of you mumble and pack your belongings

EPOV

The Chicago Superior Courtroom was where only the most heinous and severe cases were held. While the other floors were for minor crimes, only the serious felonies were seen here.

My case was the first to be called, ten minutes after nine. I held my breath as Jasper, Emmett, and I were shuffled into the courtroom like cattle ready to be slaughtered. I could hear every footstep, every sound, and every inhale.

Aro Debussy was dressed for war in a charcoal suit, the color highlighting the gray streaks in his hair. His cold eyes and daunting stature assured me he was a man that participated in no games. I tried unsuccessfully to notice Esme sitting frigidly in a wheelchair, the waterworks already pouring down her face. She was no longer the image of a perfect housewife, but of a sickly, frightened woman on the verge of a breakdown.

Well played, Mother, well played.

We waited patiently for Judge Jenks to walk in. We stood, and the bailiff called out the case number and name. A police officer guarded Esme on her left side at the prosecutor's table while the four of us occupied the defense counsel bench.

Aro gave the judge a smile in which he returned back, before shuffling papers.

It was very clear who the judge preferred and not a single damn word had been

uttered.

"Aro, how does your client, Esme Cullen, plea?"

"Not Guilty, Your Honor by reason of insanity."

"Very well," he said, giving Esme a sympathetic smile. "And how are you feeling today, Mrs. Cullen?"

"Not so good," she sniffled. "Barely holding up."

"I'm sorry to hear that Mrs. Cullen. You have my sincerest well-wishes."

"Thank you, Your Honor."

I rolled my eyes as the judge turned to Demetri, and you could taste the revulsion in the air.

"Mr. Conner, we meet again. It's been what? Two years? Three?"

Demetri kept his composure very well. "Two and a half, Your Honor."

"Much too long," Judge Jenks said snidely. "How does your client, Jasper McCarty plea?"

"Not guilty."

"And Emmett McCarty?"

"Not guilty as well."

"And Edward Cullen?"

Demetri paused, looking to me for confirmation.

12 long years.

I couldn't bear to be apart from Bella that long. From my child that long.

But it was worth the risk.

I nodded.

"Edward Cullen is pleading not guilty."

"Very well," he continued. "I'm reading that you are doing this case pro bono. Is that correct, Mr. Conner?"

"Yes."

"You do understand that Mr. Cullen has a very lucrative business and the McCarty Brothers can very well attain a public defender, do you not?"

"I understand, Your Honor. Mr. Cullen is not in the position to afford his own lawyer with his business losing stock each day. I am taking on the McCarty Brothers since their case is intertwined with Mr. Cullen's. I have both the experience and the background to handle three defendants at the same time."

"I bet you do," the judge retorted.

"As long as neither counsel sees a conflict with the representation, then today's hearing is adjourned. Trial starts three weeks from today."

He pounded his gravel and as I turned to leave, Esme smiled at me.

"*Good luck, son,*" she mouthed in my direction, her lips forming into a sneer.

"*Fuck you,*" I mouthed back and stormed out of there with my head held high.

As Jasper, Emmett and I finally breathed outside of the door, I let my knees buckle onto the nearest bench.

We were not cattle headed for a slaughterhouse.

We were going to be massacred, one appendage at a time.

Hope you're pissed. Flucking Jenks. Flucking Aro. Flucking Esme.

Keep reading! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Coping

I can't reply to my reviews. So please don't be upset. *pats a wailing OhBoy on back* Mia is the only reason these chapters are hitting your email. Feel free to show her love. She likes it when you shove carrots up her ass. *snickers*

These last few weeks have been hard, but manageable. I've been to two doctors' appointments. I'm still slightly on the smaller side, so I'm trying to eat as much food as I can. Edward couldn't be there, but Alice made sure she videotapes the entire sessions. So that he doesn't miss a single thing.

She has fun dressing up my ballooning stomach.

Jasper can't come over because of me, and I feel bad. I tried to leave, but she says she's in as deep as I am. She's technically a witness so she can't see Jasper either. We cry together sometimes. But we laugh too. Like when we watched a scary movie and she thought it was a good idea to hide under my shirt. She got stuck. I fed her popcorn through my neck hole.

My ribs have healed, but Edward won't allow me to work so he sends Alice money. For food, 'cause she says I'm eating her out of house and home. For clothes, 'cause my old ones don't fit. For everything, 'cause he thinks I'm his responsibility.

I refused to take the money and not work for it, so I help him with paperwork for his company. Ordering supplies from the merchants, keeping inventory, and sending out billing invoices. I help keep Alice's apartment clean and tidy. Sometimes I steal her shoes.

Sometimes she finds them.

Sometimes she doesn't.

Those are the happy days.

Until today.

The coroner calls and my parent's autopsies are done. They were murdered by eighteen stab wounds a piece.

For each year Esme didn't have me.

They were spared two for the ones she did.

I've got a funeral to plan.

And as I pick out the caskets in the brochure, I'm wishing I had one to put her in.

Hope you felt a cornucopia of mixed emotions in this chapter.

Keep reading! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Funeral

Are you my friend on FB? Bsg Xquisite Prodigy. I likes having friends. And being poked... *gigglesnorts*

That whole 100 chapters isn't looking so promising...

Dammit.

It was numbing to say the least.

The pastor said kind phrases, like 'they are angels in heaven smiling down upon us.'

Some people in the church spoke. Scriptures were read.

I wrote a poem, but couldn't get the words out. Alice finished it for me.

I know Edward is across town, spreading his father's ashes in peace. There was no funeral for Carlisle Cullen, the man who saved lives, and changed the hearts of thousands.

Why? Because his wife was a cheating murderer. Because of that, his life had to mourned alone.

A beautiful lady with sparkling blue eyes comes rushing up to us at the burial plot.

"Alice Swan?" she smiles. "You remember me? I'm Chelsea Reynolds, the real estate agent?"

I quirk my eyebrow at Alice who slightly shakes her head. *Don't ask.*

"Yes, I'm Bella's cousin. What can I help you with?"

Chelsea sweeps her blonde hair over her shoulder, pulling a small antique box out of her purse.

Decorated in butterflies.

I know that box.

"You went to your aunt's house, to retrieve your belongings but you must have forgotten this on the kitchen counter."

Alice brushes her off. "No, I left it there. I don't need it anymore."

"No, but you left the key," she tries to explain.

"No, ma'am, I got it open. It's quite alright," Alice says, grabbing my arm to leave again.

"Miss Swan, you don't understand. You forgot the key and letter that was taped *under* the box. Hold on..."

Chelsea rummages through her purse again, clearly unorganized.

"Bella Swan, I believe these belong to you," she says handing me a piece of paper and a key.

Bella,

My dear, sweet Bella. If you have found this box, then I'm sure you must know the truth by now. Your father and I are not your biological parents, but please understand we only tried to protect you and it never made us love you any less.

I hope you have lived a good long life and have a beautiful family.

I stop reading, understanding that this letter was intended for Bella, an older adult with kids, and perhaps grandchildren. I was never meant to read this at the age of twenty. It only reminded me that they were gone too soon.

I wiped a tear and continued.

I hope your children adore you as much as we do. I know all of this must come as a shock, but it was only in our best intentions to keep you safe, along with Edward. If you can find him, please tell him we love him too. And that we never meant to hurt him. Sometimes you lose friends that were never friends to begin with.

Your father and I love you with our whole hearts. Never forget that.

Love,

Your Mommy and Daddy

PS. This key belongs to a safety deposit box at First National Bank. The \$750,000 in it is yours. Each penny is dedicated to the smile you put on our faces.

I choked on my own saliva.

My parents had struggled my entire life.

My Mommy cried because she couldn't afford to fix her beloved Chevy.

My Daddy refinanced the house when Grandma got ill.

\$750, 000 dollars?

Where in the hell did they get that kind of money?

Esme's voice filtered through my ear. *"Whoever tells you money doesn't make the world go 'round is a fucking liar! So we made a deal. I would pay for her photography business to get off the ground, in return for a child."*

My knees faltered to the ground before Alice could catch me.

My parents, who fucking struggled to put fucking food on the table, didn't spend a damn dime of Esme's money!

Even when we needed it the most.

They saved it all for me.

But I had too much Swan flowing through my veins.

I started to return the key to Chelsea's hand and run away.

There was no way in hell I could be bought with dirty money.

Instead, I slipped the key and letter into the pocket of my coat.

I could, however, shove this money up Esme's ass.

One fucking dollar at a time...

Hope you're cheering for Bella! My girl has balls!

Ok, I can't promise any updates tomorrow. Busy day, and dinner with the In-Laws.

Feel free to rant and scream. I'll be hiding under my pillow.

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Fate

Fingerward and Bella won't get into trouble for talking. I'm leaving that part out- aka, minor detail.

**You fuckers quit hanging onto my pubs when I kick you out. It hurts.
*flicks you away as you scream in terror***

EPOV

Spreading my father's ashes was the hardest thing I've ever had to do. I put them in the courtyard of the hospital- it was where he loved to be.

Esme can tell me that biologically the Swans are my real parents, but Bella and I already discussed these matters. We chose to mourn the lives of those whom we loved. Home is where the heart is. Esme will always be my mother, whether I want her to be or not. In my father's case, he will always be the dad who was too busy to play with his son, but I know he loved me from the depths of his soul. I don't blame him for the situation. Esme had a way with words, a way with spinning the truth so that you didn't have a choice but to follow her. So, I don't place any fault for his lack of actions.

Bella emailed me the video of her at the doctor's office, hearing the baby's heartbeat. I wish I could be there more than anything in the world. I thank God for Alice, because without her, I would be back in jail. She's had to convince me more than once to stay put; to not jeopardize the case.

I bought a ring today. I'm going to ask Bella to marry me. I hope that our child will grow up in a stable household, to know what it's like to be surrounded by love and commitment. I plan on asking her once the trial is over.

And if I'm found guilty...

I hope she will still take me.

In an orange jumpsuit. Visiting every other Saturday. For two hours only.

Tomorrow the trial starts.

Demetri won't tell me what the defense is.

All I know is that they won't let Bella testify.

Her pregnancy only proves that she would be biased.

The prosecutor would rip her to shreds.

She doesn't need that right now.

Alec is still in the hospital. Esme put so much medication in him, that his body became addicted to Morphine, Vicodin, and Demerol. They are weaning him off. Demetri says he's pleading guilty as an accessory. He'll face nine years in prison. He accepts his fate.

I wish I could do the same...

Hope you're taking deep breaths.

Do me a favor, and review.

Because next...

IS THE TRIAL!

Continue reading! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Girl

We are entering the trial. It will progress over a period of several months. Please forgive me as the next chapters will only be from EPOV. Little to no plot regarding personal life and/or feelings.

Disclaimer: XP does not allege to have any knowledge whatsoever of courtroom proceedings and/or laws. This is purely for entertainment purposes only.

The Trial: E. McCarty, J. McCarty, and E. Cullen vs. Mrs. E. Cullen vs. The State of Illinois

The Kidnapping of Bella Swan

EPOV

My palms are sweaty as I take my place beside Demetri. Emmett and Jasper sit on my left side. I can tell by their bouncing knees they are as nervous as I am.

For the first time in over a month, I see Bella. Sitting in the audience beside Alice, safely guarded by several police including Jacob and Rosalie. Her abdomen protrudes through her collared shirt, and my body longs to even be near her. We connect eyes once before Demetri refuses to let me look at her again.

This trial is not to see if Bella Swan was indeed kidnapped. It is to prove who is responsible. If it is us three men, or if it is Esme. The jury may believe we are all guilty.

The jury in itself consists of twelve people. Nine women. Three men.

Even Demetri is troubled by the females who mostly resemble Esme's age.

The bailiff calls the court to order, announcing to the hordes of live television cameras, audience and all parties involved that it is time to start.

"All rise. The Chicago Superior Court of Illinois is now in session, the Honorable Judge Jenks is now presiding."

That old bastard walks into the room, his robe swaying as if by his authority. He

takes his seat, and clears his throat.

"Please be seated," the bailiff concludes and we all abide.

"Jury, what you are about to hear is the opening statements by both the prosecutor and the defense. Please note that these are not testimonies, nor are they presenting any evidence. The purpose of this is to predict what the evidence will be. It is up to you to listen to both sides and to decide whether or not the parties are guilty. Evidence will begin when the first witness testifies. Mr. Conner, you may begin," Judge Jenks states.

It is time to commence the opening statements.

Demetri stands first, walking to the front of the courtroom and gazing at everyone in the audience.

"My name is Bella Swan. I am twenty years old. A college student. My father a preacher, my mother a freelance photographer. I am the girl who worked hard in high school to earn several scholarships to the University of Chicago. I am a woman, a daughter, a friend.

I want to go out with my roommate one Friday night. To get a break from my studies. Little did I know I would never be seen again until two months later.

Who was I taken by, you ask?

THIS MAN!"

Demetri points an accusing finger at me.

"WHY? WHY DID YOU TAKE ME?" he screams falling on his knees.

"I am no one! My parents have no money, I am just a girl. Just a girl...."

Demetri stands back up, looking to the ground as if a mere child were crying.

"Bella, My name is Edward Cullen. I am here to protect you," Demetri continues in a soft voice. "Someone dangerous is after you. I just want to keep you safe."

"Which is exactly what he did, until THAT WOMAN," he screams, pointing at Esme. "came along, and kidnapped her! Locked her up in a basement. Refused to feed her and beat her day in and day out! Why, you may ask yourselves? Because

she is a cold hearted killer. She is an adulterer. She cheated on her husband and gave her only baby away when she found out she was pregnant! Then, years later, when she found Bella, she wanted her back. She is not a mother! She is a cold, calculating, evil person who deserves to spend the rest of her life in prison."

"Let everyone here today know that my client, Edward Cullen is NOT responsible for her kidnapping. He helped her when his own mother was trying to kill her. Emmett and Jasper McCarty are NOT responsible. They too, were tricked and persuaded from the lies of a woman who refused to see the truth.

I will show you proof and evidence that Esme Cullen, and Esme Cullen alone, is responsible for the pilfering of Bella Swan. She also murdered Carlisle Cullen, Charlie Swan, and Renee Swan. She did it all not because she is crazy, not because she is insane, but because she is selfish and manipulative."

"My name is Bella Swan. I am twenty years old. A college student."

"I AM NO ONE!" Demetri screams again, falling to the floor.

"I am just a girl," he sobs softly. "Just a girl..."

The courtroom is stunned into silence by his dramatics.

For the first time ever, I think that I may just have a fighting chance.

Hope you liked Demetri's defense.

Continue reading! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Baby Doll

The opening statements continue...

EPOV

The prosecution's turn is next.

Aro stands, his navy suit perfectly steamed, his face that of a man on a mission. He walks towards the jury, looking each of them in the eye, nodding to every member.

He loudly drags a chair to the center of the room. Sits down. His facial expression softens. He curls his arms, and in it is a baby doll, wrapped in a blanket.

"Sweet, sweet baby," he sings softly.

"I said maybe,

Maybe you should stay with me.

Sweet, sweet baby,

I think maybe,

Maybe you shouldn't leave.

Sweet, sweet baby,

I go crazy,

Crazy when I think of you,

Sweet, sweet baby,

I think maybe,

Maybe you shouldn't leave..."

The words he croons are soft, loving, tender. He continues to sit in the chair, talking to this imaginary infant.

"Bella, sweetie. Your Mommy has made a terrible mistake. It's cold in here, you know that? I'm alone in this house I'm not familiar with. I...have you to give you away. I don't want to. You are the air I breathe, the reason I live, you are the answer to every prayer I've ever asked for. But my best friend Renee, the one I trusted, the one I would give my life for, wants you. Several years ago, your Mommy got very, very sick, and when I couldn't have a baby, she gave me her baby boy. She was such a sweet friend. But now...now that I have miraculously conceived you, she wants you. I don't know what to think Bella. She says if I don't turn you over, that she'll blackmail me...threaten me...or even worse. I'm so scared, Bella...so scared. But I want you to know that I love you, okay?"

Aro leans down, pretending to kiss the forehead of an imaginary baby Bella.

Suddenly, he pretends to wrap the baby up tighter, looking side to side, as if in fear. He jumps up from his chair, holding the baby tight.

"Oh God, Bella! He's coming! Carlisle is coming! I can't do this anymore! The beatings! The abuse! The neglect! Oh God!"

"WHY WON'T ANYONE HELP ME?"

He runs to the other side of the room, baby in tow.

"Bella, baby, listen to me. I have to give you away now. To protect you. I know I made a terrible mistake of cheating on my husband, but I would never regret you. I did it because I was scared, I needed someone to love. Renee will take care of you, I trust her...I love you, Bella. I promise, with every heart that beats, I will find you again, okay?"

He sets the baby down gently and returns to the center of the room. He curls in the middle of the chair, rocking back and forth.

"Carlisle? Edward? Renee? Charlie? What...what do you want with me?"

He turns each cheek, as if he is being slapped repetitively. "NO! Stop it! PLEASE STOP! Fine! I'll help you get the girl, just please don't hurt me anymore! Please!"

Aro swivels in the chair several times and when he finally stops, his hair is crazed. His eyes fanatical. He pretends to hold a gun, his hands trembling, his body shaking.

"For you Carlisle- who abused me throughout the years! BANG!

"For you Charlie- who pretended to pray for me, when you were the worst sinner of them all! BANG!"

"For you Renee- my best friend, my confident. You put me through hell for twenty years! BANG!"

Aro pretends to want to shoot again, but the gun clicks, no shots fired.

"OH GOD! NO EDWARD NOOOOOOO!"

He scrapples with no one, and then locks an imaginary door.

"Now no one can hurt me! No one can harm me anymore."

The baby doll is returned to his arms. His expression returns to soft, tender, loving. He talks to the jury, but looks at the toy in his hold.

"Jury, I am not a killer," his voice barely above a whisper. "I am not a murderer. I am an abused woman, a mother fighting for her child. All I've ever wanted was my daughter back. The men in my life used me for their own sick purposes. What was I to do when Edward hired two large club bouncers to threaten me? What was I to do when Renee threatened me? She had Charlie to protect her. I will prove that after years of hardship, I have turned insane. Anyone in my position would have done the same. I had no one. No one but my baby, and now she's gone."

"Sweet, sweet baby,

I go crazy,

Crazy when I think of you,

Sweet, sweet baby,

I think maybe,

Maybe you shouldn't leave..."

And as the female jurors wiped tears from their eyes from Aro's performance, I knew one thing for certain.

We were fucked.

Hope you see the differences in the opening statements.

(Song is Sweet Sweet Baby by Michelle Featherstone)

Keep reading! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Sister

Disclaimer: Once again, let me reiterate I have no degree or knowledge of law. I'm sorry if I fudge things up. Feel free to hit the "X."

The Testimony of Alice Brandon

EPOV

Alice looks ever so professional in a business suit, her skirt hitting just below the knee. She looks years beyond her age, mature for a college senior. She takes the stand, her eyes showing no fear.

"Please raise your right hand," the clerk orders. "Do you promise that the testimony you are about to give will faithfully and truthfully conform to the facts only as you know them?"

"I do," she says nodding.

"Please be seated. State your name for the court and spell your last name."

"Alice Brandon. B-r-a-n-d-o-n."

Demetri steps forward, giving Alice a sympathetic smile.

"Alice, how long have you known the victim, Bella Swan?"

"About seven months. We met in August when we became roommates."

"And how would you describe your relationship?"

Alice smiles. "I would consider her my best friend."

"After only seven months? Several of which she was gone."

Alice nods. "We clicked immediately. We have the same interests, the same major. I fell in love with her the day I met her. Bella is like that. You can't but help to love her. Even when she steals your favorite shoes."

The courtroom chuckles. "Alice, can you tell us what happened on the night of November the eighth?"

Alice's demeanor changes. "We decided we wanted to go clubbing. Well, I did. I had to convince Bella to go. We got dressed, left around ten pm. We were having fun and then suddenly, she disappeared. I figured she was in the bathroom or something, so I continued dancing. She did eventually come back. She was umm...frantic."

"What happened next?"

"Well she comes back and says that her purse was stolen. We looked everywhere, but couldn't find it. I told her she could use my phone to call her own. She did and then suddenly a man answers."

"Tell us, Alice, who is the man that answered Bella's phone?"

Alice points to me. "Edward Cullen."

"Please continue."

"Bella was frightened. It was too loud in the club so I suppose she left outside where she could hear better. That was the last time I ever saw her," Alice whimpers. The tears stream down as the memories of that night became too overwhelming.

"And Alice, after you discovered Bella was nowhere to be found, what did you do?"

"I looked outside, where I found my phone lying on the ground. I picked it up and called her number back. There was no answer. I called her many times, and I had a gut feeling something was wrong. I called her parent's house. I had met them before when she moved into the dorm room. They didn't answer either. That is when I contacted the police."

"Alice, please describe your feelings over the next couple of days after you realized Bella would not be turning up any time soon?"

"I...was scared. I love Bella, she is like a sister to me. I thought she was dead. That I would never see her again," she sobbed.

"Let the record show that Alice Brandon was indeed concerned for her friend's safety and that she contacted the police immediately after she recognized that Bella Swan was missing."

"Now Alice, let's skip forward a couple of days. Take me to the day when you see Edward Cullen again."

"I was leaving my dorm building and he was standing outside. Waiting for me."

"And did he say what he wanted?"

"He said he wanted to talk. I remembered him as the guy that Bella was dancing with that night. But he sounded so desperate to talk to me, I had to listen."

"What did Edward Cullen tell you, Alice?"

"He told me that he did take Bella. That it was for her own protection. He said that two men threatened him to kill her, but he couldn't do it. He wouldn't do it. He only wanted to save her. But when he woke up, she was gone."

"Did he know where Bella had gone off to?"

Alice shakes her head. "He said he took her to his parent's cabin where no one would find her, but she had taken his car and driven away. He looked just as panicked and concerned as I was. He was anxious to find her, and therefore needed my help."

"Alice, please tell the court why at that point you did not contact the police to give them this information."

"I didn't call the cops because they were too busy looking at Mr. and Mrs. Swan as the suspects. I tried to explain to them that they were decent people, but they didn't listen. At this point, I figured Edward and I could find her together."

"Is there anything else that you would like to say to the courtroom?"

"Just that Edward Cullen and I did everything in our power to find Bella. He cared for her just as much as I did. He never wanted to harm her."

"Thank you, Alice," Demetri nods. "The defense rests."

In that moment, I had never wanted to hug Alice as much as I did then.

Keep reading! :D

I'll stop typing, you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Citizen

To my faithful Pilferettes:

The Testimony of Alice Brandon (continued)

Aro stands in front of Alice, pacing back and forth, tapping his finger on his chin.

"Miss Brandon, there's just..." he says, shaking his head. "Something, I just don't understand."

"You say you love Bella Swan, is that correct?" he asks.

"Yes. With all of my heart."

"Then why in the hell would you let your best friend leave your side in a dark, loud club by herself on a Friday night when you know she didn't want to go in the first place?"

"OBJECTION!" Demetri shouts. "Your Honor, he is leading the witness!"

"Sustained," Judge Jenks sighs. "Mr. Debussy, please rephrase your question."

"Miss Brandon, if you knew Bella Swan was *uncomfortable* going partying, why did you convince her to go?"

"She studies so hard. I thought she needed a break," Alice explains.

"Right, right," Aro nods. "Did you suggest that maybe you two go away for a weekend trip?"

"Well, no, but..."

Aro holds up his hand. "Did you suggest that you two go see a movie?"

"No, but..."

Aro repeats his motion. "So you, a best friend for all of less than four months at that point, convinced your timid roommate to go do something she didn't want to do.

Is that correct, Miss Brandon?"

"But we-"

"Please answer with a yes or a no."

Alice looks helplessly at the judge, who nods.

"Yes."

"So then, after you drag your friend to a club she doesn't want to be at, you notice she is gone. How long would you say that was for?"

Alice shrugs. "Ten...maybe twenty minutes. I'm not sure. I had been drinking."

"And it never occurred to you to go look for her?"

"I was dancing with someone. She was too."

"I see, I see," Aro continues. "And where was this guy she had been dancing with?"

"I don't know. They had both left."

"Okay. Next you say that Bella emerged again, in a frantic state. What did she say to you, exactly?"

Alice gulps.

"You are under oath, *Miss Brandon*," he warns.

"She said, her purse was missing...after they...had sex... in the bathroom."

"So what you're telling me, is that poor little Bella Swan, who you had to drag away to the club, had sex with a random stranger in the bathroom, and that her purse was missing?"

"Yes."

"Please express for the court again your relationship with Bella Swan," Aro says.

"Objection!" Demetri says. "The witness has already stated this."

"Overruled," Judge Jenks snarls. "I will allow it."

"She is my best friend. Like a sister."

"Alice, you stated under oath that you did not know Bella before August, until she became your roommate. So clearly, you can't possibly know every single thing about her, is that correct?"

"I...suppose not..."

Aro nods. "So in the course of one night, Bella is both shy and rambunctious. Timid, yet provocative. The same girl who did not even want to party, had sex with a total stranger on the same night of her disappearance. Let the record show that Alice Brandon, clearly, does not know Bella Swan as well as she thinks she does."

"Objection!" Demetri shouts again. "Your Honor, Alice Brandon is NOT the one on trial. She is merely a witness."

"Your Honor," Aro says calmly. "All I'm trying to prove is that Miss Brandon's testimony contradicts itself. She claims to know the witness very well, when it is obvious she lacks knowledge of how Bella Swan can be when away from her. That is all."

"I'll allow it. Please continue."

Demetri sits down in a huff, crossing his arms.

"Thank you, Your Honor. Now Miss Brandon, you stated previously that when Edward Cullen approached you at your dorm, you recognized him as the guy who was dancing with Bella. Is that correct?"

"Yes."

"And is this not the same man who's description you gave to the police?"

"Yes."

Aro walks briskly to his table, pulling out a sheet of paper. "This here is the witness report given to the police by Miss Brandon. I would like to enter this into evidence. It reads here that the guy you described is tall, with bronze colored hair and hazel eyes. Is that correct?"

"Yes, I-"

Aro halts her continuation. "We can all very see that Edward Cullen has bright green eyes, almost the color of emeralds. It is very hard to miss."

"It was dark in the club, the lights flashed constantly."

"But you didn't tell that to the police, did you Miss Brandon?" he spat. "You surely declared AND SIGNED this form that what you described was the truth."

Alice now had tears flowing down her face.

"Next, after you told the police that this is fact was the man you had last seen Bella with, you speak to him a few days later. Why did you not call the police, Miss Brandon? Why did you talk to him?"

"I thought he could help me find her," she sobbed.

"That is not a decision for you to make! You are a CITIZEN, *not* a police officer! You are a patron of society! If you had done your job as a civilian, we very well could have found Bella Swan, much sooner!"

"Objection!"

"Sustained," Judge Jenks said firmly. "Please wrap up your questioning and get to the point, Mr. Debussy."

"Alice Brandon, was supposedly Bella Swan's best friend. She calls her a sister. She says she loves her. Yet, she pressured her into clubbing. She did not look for her for almost twenty minutes. Then, when she comes across a suspect, she does not call the police. Jurors, ask yourselves, is this what a real friend would do? Imagine if this were your daughter, your niece, your neighbor. The one person who could help the police with their investigation was Miss Brandon. She failed to do so. She is not a credible witness."

"She barely knew Bella Swan at all."

Hope you are shoving stiletto heels up Aro's ass.

Keep reading! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Sub Contractor

I watch Law and Order. For research purposes, of course.

The Testimony of Emmett McCarty

EPOV

Emmett is nervous, shifting in his seat. He knows his testimony will make or break him. The dimples in which he is notorious for are hidden behind an expression of fear and hesitancy.

"Please raise your right hand," the clerk orders. "Do you promise that the testimony you are about to give will faithfully and truthfully conform to the facts only as you know them?"

"I do," he says nodding.

"Please be seated. State your name for the court and spell your last name."

"Emmett McCarty. M-c-C-a-r-t-y."

Demetri walks forward, leaning on the counter as if he was an old friend.

"Emmett, please tell the court your occupation."

"I am a bouncer at a nightclub. Club Mayhem."

"And how long have you been employed there?"

Emmett pauses, scrunching his eyebrows in thought. "About three years."

"That's not very long," Demetri says.

"No, it's not really my career goal. I want to be a paper entrepreneur."

Demetri chuckles. "That's an odd profession to want to attain."

Emmett smiles. "I know. That's why my brother and I want to form a paper

company. There are none in Chicago. We would make a lot of money."

"You struggle for income right now, don't you, Emmett?"

He nods. "Yes. Club Mayhem's business primarily makes a profit on the weekends. So we can only work there part time."

"I can see how that would be difficult. You are a hard-working American, struggling to get by. With the economy as it is, most of us can sympathize with you. Now, Emmett, please tell me about the night you met Esme Cullen."

As large as Emmett is, even his facial expression turns frightened. "Um, she came to us, my brother and I the night before Halloween. It was almost midnight, and most of the clubbers were inside. The manager told us to stay outside of the doors, to make sure no one else could get in. It was already full to the maximum."

"And so you were outside, following your manager's orders, is that correct?"

"Yes sir."

"Please continue, Emmett," Demetri says firmly.

"Okay, umm...so we were outside and a beautiful older woman comes to us. She didn't look like our normal partiers, so we were intrigued. We thought maybe she was someone's mother, coming to drag her teenager out of the club. It happens a lot."

The audience chuckles. "So, we were kindly telling her that she couldn't enter, when she pulled out a gun on us."

"And what did you do next?"

"We put our hands out. We said '*Woah, woah, lady. If you want to get in that bad, we'll let you!*' But she just smiled at us. She said she wasn't there to party, but that she had a business proposition for us. That she would pay us well. We were already turned off by the way she was acting, so we said no thank you."

"What happened then?"

"She starts thrusting pictures into our hands. Ones of my parent's house. Of us by our vehicles. Of my brother's pet. It was disturbing. It was obvious she knew who we were. I had never met the lady before in my life!"

"And was she still pointing the gun at you at this point and time?"

"Yes," Emmett nods. "She says she didn't...umm...f-ing care if we wanted to or not, that we were going to do it, or else our parents would die. She wanted us to kill a girl by the name of Bella Swan."

"What did you say next Emmett?"

"We still refused. We weren't murderers. We said no way. Gun or no gun, we weren't going to end someone's life. So she said that if we were going to be...*pussies*," he squeaked out. "Then she had a man who would do the job."

"And who was this older, beautiful woman who approached you that night, Emmett? Please point if the person is in the courtroom."

Trembling, Emmett raised his finger, pointing at a glaring Esme. "That's her. Esme Cullen."

"Let the record state that Emmett McCarty is identifying his perpetrator as Esme Cullen. And also, please tell us the name of the person she told you who could commit the job for you, if you didn't want to do it yourself."

Emmett leaned forward, knocking into the microphone. "Edward Cullen, her own son."

"I call to your attention, that the witness is testifying that Esme Cullen is sub-contracting her own son to be a murderer," Demetri says to the jury. "Now Emmett, I have to point out what everyone is thinking. It makes no sense. Why wouldn't she just tell Edward to do the job? Why the middle man?"

"Objection!" Aro states. "Multiple questioning."

"Sustained," the judge orders. "One question at a time, *Mr. Conner*. You should know that."

Demetri sighs and tries again. "Emmett, why did Esme hire two strangers to hire her own son to kill Bella Swan?"

He shrugs. "We asked the same thing. She said, '*I love two things in this world: Revenge and my son. Mix them together and you've got a recipe best served cold*'. "

"Emmett McCarty is a club bouncer. He barely makes enough money to get by.

Even so, when a stranger in the night offers him money, he refuses. The money he would earn would be enough to start his paper company. Yet, he refuses. But Esme Cullen is not to be deterred. She threatens him, showing photographs of those he holds near and dear to his heart. And only when given no other choice, does he make the unwanted decision to pursue Edward. Emmett did what any one of us would have done: he protected his own family. Those photographs were not worth a thousand words."

"They were worth the lives of others."

One more! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Crusher

I'm not going to lie. I enjoy writing the prosecutor's half.

The Testimony of Emmett McCarty(continued)

EPOV

"So let me get this straight, Mr. McCarty," Aro laughs. "You are telling the courtroom that you and your brother, club bouncers may I add, were threatened by my client?"

"Yes sir."

"With a gun?"

"Yes," Emmett repeats.

"I'm sorry," Aro says amusingly. "You weigh about how much? 220? 230?"

"235."

"A 235 pound man, a bouncer, a man meant to protect and keep order in a rowdy club, could not defend himself against a housewife?"

"She had a gun," Emmett snapped, grating his teeth.

"Oh, yes, you did mention that. Please forgive me. And you said you had worked there three years?"

"Yes," Emmett replied, irritated.

"Right, right. Um, can I ask how much money did Esme Cullen offer you?"

"Fifty grand."

Aro whistled. "That's a lot of money. You could get your business license, find a building. That's a lot of dough. Man, what I wouldn't do for fifty thousand dollars. So, tell me, Mr. McCarty. You turned down the money. That's quite noble of you. You

pursued Edward Cullen to do your dirty work, correct?"

"Esme's dirty work," Emmett snarled.

"Yes, Esme's dirty work. How exactly did you find him?"

"She gave us his name and his place of business. He owns a medical equipment company in downtown."

Aro nods. "So, you went down there, correct?"

"Yes sir."

"Did you disguise yourselves? Show up at night?"

"No sir. We went around lunchtime. We asked for him. His employees said he was in his office. We went in there and used the same threat that Esme had given us."

"You aren't very good criminals, showing up in the daytime like that."

"Obviously," Emmett retorted.

"What was Mr. Cullen's response when you approached him?"

"After we threatened him, he was scared. But when a gun is pointed at you, you will do anything."

"And where exactly did you get this gun?"

"Esme gave us two. One for us to threaten Edward, the other for him to use on Bella."

"I have no further questions."

"Emmett McCarty, you may step down from the bench."

Emmett is rattled, but leaves to take his seat next to me. I pat him on arm, to comfort him.

"Emmett McCarty," Aro begins. "Is a strong, large man. He claims he was threatened in the middle of the night from a housewife. After he was intimidated, he received two guns. One for him and his brother to use. One to give Edward Cullen."

"Jurors, at no point in time *after* Esme Cullen handed the McCarty brothers the guns, did they defend themselves. They didn't shoot at her when given the opportunity. Nor did they call the police. No one made them approach Edward Cullen. They did it on their own. If in fact, that they were too frightened to call the police, as he claims, why did they show up in the middle of the day? Unhidden? Is it because they did not think this through? No, it is because no criminal in their right mind would do that. Mr. McCarty's testimony does not prove that he is weak; however, it shows he was in on this from the very beginning. He showed up at Mr. Cullen's place of employment to *give* him a gun. There is when they planned the entire kidnapping of Bella Swan. I find it hard to believe a small, frail woman like Esme Cullen could threaten two large men. In fact, it was the other way around.

And as we will find out later, the McCarty brothers *did* in fact accept the money. But that money was not from Esme to pay them, it was a ransom. The men knew she had access to money, therefore they told her that if she didn't pay up, *she* was the one who would die.

The truth of the matter is, Emmett McCarty is two hundred and thirty pounds of hard steel. He is a trained bouncer, he had been doing this for over three years. He had the wit, the power, the motive to commit this crime."

"So you tell me, jurors...What makes you afraid?"

"A housewife?"

"Or a man large enough to crush half of you with one hand?"

Hope you're realizing how screwed they are. Aro has a way of wiping out an entire testimony with just a few short words.

More tomorrow. I've got class.

And Mia is tired of mah shit. :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Almighty

What you all fail to realize is that I have a strategy. Endure Aro until then...*smirks at my genius-ness*

The Testimony of Jasper McCarty

EPOV

Jasper was very different from his brother. His southern drawl came from their birthplace of Texas. Emmett had grown accustomed to the city talk, while Jasper held on to his roots. His frame, while large like Emmett's, was more leaned and toned. His facial expressions more serious than that of his sibling.

"Please raise your right hand," the clerk orders. "Do you promise that the testimony you are about to give will faithfully and truthfully conform to the facts only as you know them?"

"I do," he says nodding.

"Please be seated. State your name for the court and spell your last name."

"Jasper McCarty. M-c-C-a-r-t-y."

"Jasper, your brother states that the two of you want to start your own business. Is this the truth?" Demetri questions.

"Yessir. He has the ideas, but I'm the brains behind the operation. I have a background in financial management."

"Wow. That's quite a feat for someone in their late twenties."

He nods. "I've always tried to succeed in whatever I put my mind to."

"I can see that," Demetri acknowledges. "So, Jasper, the prosecution expressed their concern that Esme paid you money as ransom. That you coerced her to pay you. Do you regard that statement to be true?"

"We did accept the money. After the second time."

"The second time?" Demetri asks, feigning surprise.

"Yes, Esme said that Edward did not '*get the job done*' and that she had a plan. We met her on Highway 61. She was going to pull over, pretend she was having car trouble, and that's when we were to put Bella in our vehicle."

"Please proceed."

"We did exactly that. Except Esme changed plans. Bella accidentally injured her head in the process. So she was out cold. When we got closer to town, she told us to put Bella back into her vehicle."

"Interesting. And why do you suppose that is, Jasper?"

"So that we wouldn't know where she was taking her, I guess."

"After Bella was transferred, what happened next?"

"Esme paid us the fifty grand and drove off."

"Did she have anyone else with her?"

"No, she was by herself. Alone."

"If your brother claims that you two were not part of Bella's kidnapping, why did you accept the money?"

"We just wanted to end all dealings with her. To save our own lives. If we refused to receive the money, she would kill us on the spot."

"And did you use the money to start up your paper industry?"

"No."

"Did you get a license or put a down payment on a building?"

"No."

"Jasper McCarty, I'm going to ask you one time only: where is the money?"

"The police have it. We turned in the entire amount."

"And why would you do that Jasper, when you obviously need the funds so badly?"

"Simple," Jasper shrugged. "It wasn't ours to take."

"And there you have it friends. Obviously, Emmett and Jasper McCarty did not seize Bella Swan for any type of financial gain. In fact, they turned every penny over to the Chicago Police Department. They only assisted Esme because they were fearful for their lives. They did not, as the prosecution claims, ransom money, nor were they partners in this crime. It all boils down to intimidation. They were terrified of Esme, because no matter how frail she might *appear* to be, she had a gun. As Emmett McCarty pointed out, anyone will do anything when they feel their life is in danger. Even though they received the funds, even though they needed it more than anything, they refused to spend it."

"Those, my dear jurors, are not the actions of men who will do anything for the almighty dollar."

"Those are the actions of men who refused to stoop to Esme Cullen's level."

"No matter the cost."

Hope you aren't getting bored.

We are gonna be at this trial for a minute...

Continue reading! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Trickery

Aro knows Jasper is more intelligent than Emmett. Pay attention to the technique he uses when he doesn't have a leg to stand on...

The Testimony of Jasper McCarty (continued)

EPOV

"Mr. McCarty, you are in fact a resident of Chicago, are you not?"

"Yessir."

"And how long have you lived here?"

"'Bout twelve years or so."

"That's quite a long time. So I have to ask you, what's with the accent?"

Jasper growled. "I was born in Texas."

"*Go Longhorns!*" Aro chuckles. "Still, you've been here for over a decade. In addition, your brother doesn't seem to have the drawl that you do."

"Objection!" Demetri yells. "He is badgering the witness."

"Sustained," Judge Jenks replies. "Mr. Debussy, please refrain from making personal comments to the witness unless they pertain to this case."

"I was getting to that, Your Honor. The reason I asked, Mr. McCarty, is because I question *why* you still have the twang to your voice. Do you go home to Texas often?"

"I do. Our grandparents and cousins still live there. My grandfather has Alzheimer's, so I go there regularly to assist him. And I visit with my cousins when I can."

"That's quite considerate of you, Mr. McCarty. Would it be correct to say that you visit there more often than your brother?"

Jasper nods. "Yessir. He visits with me sometimes, but he doesn't like planes. He has a phobia."

Aro simulated concern. "That type of anxiety affects millions all over the world. So I can understand that. My question to you, *Mr. McCarty*, is that since you travel so often, why did you just not leave town if Esme Cullen allegedly threatened you? You could have easily stayed with family in Texas, as you admitted that you regularly do."

"I know that, *sir*," Jasper answered crisply. "But as my brother already mentioned, she had proof that she knew us. It didn't matter if we ran, she would have found us."

"Oh right, the photographs," Aro said, slapping his head as if he had forgotten. "What were these photos of again?"

"She had one of my pet, one of our house, one of us standing at our vehicle...she also knew our parent's names."

"Wouldn't you say that that type of information is public knowledge?"

"Yes, I suppose, but she used it to threaten us."

"So you say. And these photos, where they taken far away or up close?"

Jasper frowned. "Up close, I believe."

"Wouldn't you know if these pictures were being taken of you, if they were up close as you allege?"

"Yes, but-"

"I would like to offer exhibit number two into evidence, a Miss Tanya McCarty internet account," Aro says, walking over and lifting up a laptop off of his table.

"You do know a Tanya McCarty, don't you?"

"Yes, she is my cousin."

"Great. Let the court see that Miss McCarty's Facebook account shows several pictures of the McCarty brothers, along with names of their family, and pictures of their home, their vehicle, and their pets."

Jasper started to lose his cool. "Those are NOT the same photos!"

"Aren't they?" Aro questioned, raising an eyebrow. "With a little computer manipulation, these photos can be altered. A position can be changed. A view can be zoned in to make objects appear closer than what they actually are."

"I have no further questions, Your Honor."

"WHY YOU LITTLE FUCKING..." Jasper snarls.

"Mr. McCarty, you are to leave the witness stand right now, or so help me, I will throw you in jail for contempt!" the judge warns, pounding his gavel to call order.

Jasper stalks by Aro, tossing himself into his chair.

"Our position still stands. Esme Cullen did not threaten the life of Jasper McCarty. When he in fact threatened her, she tried to show him photos of his family. Perhaps it was a tactic to empathize with him; to get him to change his mind by reminding him that he had family. That he was human just like she was. All this proves is that Esme, through a little research on the internet, printed off pictures that are public knowledge. If the McCarty brothers were as fearful as they claimed, they could have easily left town. Even if Emmett was scared to fly, there are other modes of transportation."

Aro starts to walk away and pauses, twisting on his foot, lifting a finger in the air. "Oh, and about that money? It wasn't turned in to the police until AFTER Bella Swan had been rescued. The McCarty brothers are not as righteous as they seem."

"What is that old saying?"

"That's right," Aro sneers, snapping his fingers.

"Being caught is not the same as telling the truth."

Hope you guys think he's an ass-muncher.

Jasper's anger OUTWEIGHED the reason for WHY Esme had pictures that night. We know how and why she had them (to threaten), but Aro pissed Jasper off enough that the focus was taken OFF of her, and ON to his volatile nature. That and they should have turned in the money earlier! :(

Keep reading! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Accident

SM owns Twilight, but she doesn't own Pilfered. This is mah shit! *pumps fists until I realize no one gives a flying fluck...*

The Testimony of Edward Cullen

EPOV

I can feel Bella's eyes on me, but Demetri told me not to make any eye contact with her whatsoever. Anything I say or do on this stand can be used against me. So I painfully follow his advice.

It doesn't stop dry mouth or the beads of sweat forming on my forehead. It doesn't prevent my heart from skipping beats.

"Please raise your right hand," the clerk commands me. "Do you promise that the testimony you are about to give will faithfully and truthfully conform to the facts only as you know them?"

"I do," I say seriously.

"Please be seated. State your name for the court and spell your last name."

"Edward Cullen. C-u-l-l-e-n."

"Edward, please describe your life growing up," Demetri states.

I try to be as honest as I can. "I...I grew up having a wonderful childhood. I had tons of friends, and I never wanted for anything."

"And did your mother treat you?"

"Very well. She was at every school function, she served on the PTO, she baked the best cookies...she was a good mom."

"So, you didn't live in a dysfunctional or abusive home?"

"Not at all."

"And what about your father? How did he treat you?"

I wipe my forehead, choking on the memory of him. "He...he was a good dad. He worked a lot, but it was only to provide the best for me, for his family. The hospital required him to work long hours, but he truly loved his job."

"Would you say that he would put his career *above* his family?"

"Could he make it to every soccer game I had? No. But if I truly needed him there, he would drop everything in a heartbeat. My father loved me. Loved my mother."

"Edward, did at any point in time did you think that you were not biologically a Cullen?"

I paused, thinking of my answer. "Not specifically. I remember asking my mom why I was the only one with green eyes in the family."

"And what did she tell you?"

"That I took after my grandfather."

"And did your grandfather have green eyes?"

"I never saw him. He died before I was born, and Mom didn't keep family photos out in the open."

"You never thought that was odd, or strange?"

"No. She spent a lot of money on antique paintings or artwork. I figured it just didn't fit in with the décor."

"Edward, at any point in your childhood did you demonstrate signs of being a trouble maker?"

I chuckled. "Who didn't?"

The audience laughed alongside me. "Did I sneak out once in a while? Sure. But I always maintained excellent grades, kept a good grade point average in college, and made a successful career for myself."

"Were you ever arrested before this incident?"

"No."

"Have you ever been in a detention center?"

"No."

"Have you ever had to complete a psychological therapy program, for behavior, drugs, or alcohol?"

"No."

"Let the record show that the defendant has no prior convictions, and no history with alcohol or drugs."

Prosecution:

"Edward, you assert that you did not grow up in a dysfunctional home, did I hear that correctly?" Aro's almost black eyes stare me down cold.

"Yes," I grit out.

"So, you are admitting to the court that no physical abuse ever happened."

"Yes," I repeat angrily.

"About nine years ago your mother was admitted to the hospital for a broken collarbone. Do you recall this incident?"

I thought back carefully. "Yes, she fell down the stairs carrying a load of laundry."

"Did she fall Mr. Cullen or was she *pushed*?"

"She fell! Dad told her she shouldn't try to carry two loads. She did it anyway, and when she couldn't see above the clothes, she missed a step!" I exclaim.

"It seems to me, Mr. Cullen, that you are exactly like your violent father. Not only are you demonstrating the same patterns as he, you are going so far as to cover it up!"

"NO! He never pushed her! He would never do that!"

"And the scar you have above your left knee. Can you tell the courtroom what that

is from?"

"I fell off my bike when I was seven."

"Uh huh. It appears that there were a lot of *accidents* in your household, Mr. Cullen. More so than the average family," Aro states, raising an eyebrow. "Are there more secret skeletons lurking in your closet? I will find them out, and when I do, everyone in this courtroom will see how much of a delinquent you truly are!"

Demetri eyeballed me and shook his head. *Do not let him get to you. It's what he wants.*

I refused to respond, giving Aro a smirk.

"I have no further questions, Your Honor."

Yeah, that's what I thought, you sneaky son of a bitch.

Hope you're hugging Fingerward for keeping his cool. (Or licking...I won't judge!)

Edward's testimony will be broken into parts. His is the most important and I want each section to be explained and countered by the prosecutor.

More tomorrow! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Fault

Excuses: The reasons XP has for not posting sooner. But as usual, I will update the fuck outta you this weekend. Gah, that sounded hawt, didn't it?

The Testimony of Edward Cullen (continued)

EPOV

"Edward, Bella Swan was at the nightclub, Mayhem on the night of November the eighth. Please explain to the courtroom how you would know she would be there," Demetri says calmly.

I shifted uncomfortably in my seat. "I...I followed her. The plan was never to take her from there, but after I was given the information that she was a college student, there was never another opportunity. She was always in the library, or in class. She wasn't a social person."

"And who, Edward, gave you that information?"

"Jasper and Emmett," I answered guiltily.

"And who do you suppose gave them that information?"

"Objection!" Aro yelled. "The counsel is leading him to give an opinionated answer!"

"Sustained," Judge Jenks answered. "Mr. Conner, I am warning you. Only facts as Mr. Cullen knows them will be allowed."

Aro smirked as Demetri tried again. "Edward, when you did discover Miss Swan was going to be at the club, what did you do next?"

"We saw her with her friend, so we needed a distraction. Emmett was to stay outside so that someone was guarding the door and they wouldn't get into trouble with his manager. Jasper was going to dance with her friend, Alice, and I was going to dance with Bella."

"Please proceed."

"So we were dancing...and then..." I stuttered, feeling uncomfortable.

"And then you had sex with Miss Swan, is that correct?"

"Yes."

"Was that supposed to be part of the plan, Edward?"

"No! Absolutely not! I just...we...it was late. And I had drank some alcohol to calm my nerves, but it was never planned. At all."

Demetri nodded. "Okay, after you two had intercourse in the restroom, what happened next?"

"I stole her purse. I did it without thinking, but at the last minute, I decided that was the only way to get her away from the crowd. I figured she would come looking for me, which she did. So I took her purse, and walked outside to wait for her."

"Please continue."

"I told Emmett that everything was okay, and that it was done. It was after their shift, so they left. Bella ended up calling me from her friend's phone, and afterwards, I lured her to my vehicle that was waiting across the street."

"Edward, at any time did you physically make Miss Swan get into your vehicle?"

"No."

"Jurors, my client, Edward Cullen has told it all. He confesses that he followed Bella, that he stole her purse, that it was his intent to take her that night. But what you also hear is a man who has a heart, a man of compassion, of sincerity. Sex between two individuals is a fusion of their bodies, of their souls. He did not plan to have intercourse that night, but showed signs of caring for the victim already. In addition, he did not forcibly make Miss Swan get into his car. I want to prove to you his character. That even throughout this ordeal, his concern for her wellbeing was evident."

Prosecution:

Aro clicked his tongue, pacing back and forth in front of the stand. "Mr. Cullen, I have a hard time believing you showed any compassion at all. You continually state that my client, Esme Cullen was the mastermind behind this, and yet, she was

nowhere to be seen at Mayhem that night, was she?"

"No, but-"

"And isn't it true that you had sex with Miss Swan, not because you cared, but because you are in fact an adult male with high testosterone levels?"

"But-"

"And since you were coerced to kidnap Miss Swan on the behalf of my client, or so you claim, why did you steal medical supplies from your company and drugs from your father's hospital?"

"I did it so she wouldn't freak out!" I cried. "It was to calm her down!"

"But you just stated that you didn't have to force her into your vehicle. So which is it, Mr. Cullen? Did you steal medication to calm her down? Or did you do it so that she couldn't run away from the big, bad scary man who was taking her in the middle of the night?"

"Objection!" Detrimi yelled. "Your Honor, I ask that that last question be erased from the record!"

"Sustained," the judge said. "Mr. Debussy, please refrain from mischaracterizing his testimony."

"I have no further questions, Your Honor," Aro sneered. "Because jurors, as evidence shows, Edward Cullen is not compassionate. There is not a single caring bone in his body. He continually claims my client is behind all of this, and yet, we have an alibi she was volunteering to nurse a neighbor that night. She did not provide him with supplies that would inhibit Miss Swan from running away, nor did she provide the plans to take her away from Mayhem that night. She did not tell him to lure Miss Swan into a vehicle, nor to steal her purse. The proof stands, in which I will prove later, that Mrs. Cullen's involvement was not introduced until a later time. She had no participation in the pilfering of Miss Swan on November eighth. Like I've already stated, her actions in the weeks to come, came from a breakdown of mental instability, while these three men PLANNED and strategically ORGANIZED Miss Swan's kidnapping. He continues to place the blame on his mother. But the truth of the matter is..."

"When a man points his finger at someone else, he should remember that four of his fingers are pointing at himself."

**Hope your fingers aren't anywhere else, except in my vagina. *giggles*
Okay, a little to the left...Aww fuck...**

That's it for tonight. Damn, I'm tired!

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Trepidation

**I'm jumping around some sections of the story. I'll get to other parts later.
looks at sticky notes posted all over my laptop Yeah, I got this!**

The Testimony of Edward Cullen (continued)

EPOV

We were several months into the trial. Bella's abdomen was continuing to grow, and while I itch to be near her, I keep to myself. It was getting more difficult. Bella went to the doctor and she can find out the sex of the baby, but she says she won't find out until this is over. So we can celebrate together, instead of through a webcam.

I love her for that. For standing by me when Aro continues to tell the world what a horrible person I am. I can no longer go out in public, and my company is hanging on by a thread.

I keep asking Demetri what the hell he's doing. Aro is ripping our testimonies apart, one by one. He says he's got it handled. I don't know what that means.

He says he's won numerous cases. I'm *this close* to asking for some proof.

Because today, we talk about being locked up in my mother's basement. I know I have to. However, I've been dreading this from the start.

While my body has healed, the scars from that experience hadn't.

"Edward," Demetri says softly. "Take me back to that day. Tell the courtroom how the nightmare for you started."

I see Aro roll his eyes from his table. Mother is glaring, her eyes threatening me even from afar.

I gulped and took a deep breath. "Ummm, so I met with Alice, Jasper, and Emmett at the coffee shop. The men told me that they weren't bad guys, that someone was threatening them to kill Bella."

"And who did they say that person was, Edward?"

I shook my head. "I didn't give them a chance to finish. I received a threatening text from my father, and I jumped to conclusions."

"Please continue."

"So I drove home quickly and went to confront my father. I had assumed that he had done something with Bella, but it was too late to discover I was very wrong."

"Edward, what was your father mad about?"

"He was angry that I had been smoking in the house," I replied sorrowfully. "I...didn't know...I..."

"Edward, after you realized your father had been angry about your use of nicotine, and that it had nothing to do with Bella's disappearance, what happened?"

"We scuffled, and then he was shot."

"And who was the person that shot him?"

"At the time, I didn't know. I was being dragged down a flight of stairs and broke my wrist in the process. I was shoved into a dark room, and then the door was shut."

"So at that moment, you did not see who your perpetrator was?"

"No."

"You didn't threaten them, fight them, or make any sort of physical contact with them?"

"No. They had hit me in the head and I was too weak to fight back when I was being dragged."

"Edward, I know this will be very hard, but please tell the courtroom what happened *after* you were in this basement."

I swallowed, the memories rushing back. I looked at Judge Jenks, and for once, I saw sympathy flash across his features. He nodded, giving me the courage to continue.

"I sat against the wall. My head was throbbing and my hand hurt like hell. I didn't truly process what was happening. One second, I was holding my father's lifeless body, and the next I was in this dark hole. But then I heard a sound. It wasn't from me."

"What was the sound, Edward?"

"It sounded like a muffled moaning. Or a cry...I don't really remember. But I shuffled over to the other side of the room, and I felt around. There was another person in there."

"Tell the court, Edward. Who that person was. Tell everyone who was in the dark room with you after you had been dragged through the house."

And even though everyone in the world already knew who that person was, they waited anxiously. Leaning forward in their seats. Not a single person breathed.

I raised my right hand and pointed to the love of my life. "It was Bella Swan."

Oops, too much for one chapter.

Had to divide it. Keep reading. :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Games

I'm not saying I stuff mah vagina all the time, but when I do, I think of mah Pilferettes. *smiles at you creepily*

The Testimony of Edward Cullen (continued)

EPOV

I was never one to be a weak man, but tears flowed from my eye. Judge Jenks handed me a tissue from his bench. I took it, overwhelmed by my emotions.

There were no words to describe that day.

Nothing I said could tell the world how I felt. How overjoyed I was that I had found her, yet how heartbroken I was to see the condition she was in.

My Little One was alive.

"I have no further questions."

"Everyone, you have heard Edward Cullen's testimony. How he had a conversation with the McCarty Brothers. Their own lives were in danger, and they too, were being persuaded by someone to commit a crime they wanted nothing to do with. You have heard Edward tell you how he mistakenly thought his father was a part of Bella's disappearance. He tells you he rushed home, anxious to confront the man who he thought was guilty. After a scuffle, Carlisle Cullen tells Edward he was medically worried about his son's health. Edward never did get a chance to tell his father he was sorry. How he regrets accusing him. Because next, he was hit on the head with an object that rendered him defenseless. Please note that Edward said he never fought back, nor did he even see his perpetrator. He is dragged like an animal through his parent's home and thrown into a dark room, with no explanation. And there, he finds the missing Bella Swan. Esme Cullen claims she was driven to insanity by her son and husband, and yet neither one of them laid a hand on her. That didn't stop her from killing her spouse. Nor from injuring and holding her own son captive. Esme Cullen claims she was a weak, battered housewife."

"The saying goes: what doesn't kill you makes you stronger."

"It's a shame that Carlisle Cullen never had the opportunity to find out."

Prosecution:

"Mr. Debussy," the judge states. "You may now cross-examine."

Aro cracks his neck side to side before standing up. "If it may please the court, I have no additional questions to ask the defendant."

Judge Jenks slides his eyeglasses down, peering at Aro above his frames.

"Are you sure about that, Mr. Debussy?" he asks, his tone of skepticism reflecting what everyone else was thinking.

Aro nods. "Yes, Your Honor."

"Mr. Cullen, you may step down from the stand."

As I take my seat next to Emmett, I realize that there is no way in the world Aro is letting me off that easy.

I had no idea what game he was engaging in, but I was sure of one thing.

I sure as hell didn't want to play.

Hope you're looking up Aro's sleeve.

Hit that next button. You know you wanna! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Karate Kid

I miss Bella. No, not 'I accept ugly ass rings from vamps just b/c they're hot' Bella. No one misses her.

I nudge Alice with my elbow, and lean over to whisper. "He's kicking again."

She puts her hand on my stomach and giggles when Little Bit makes his movement.

"I think he's going to be a soccer player," I say.

"Nope," she answers, shaking her head. "He's going to be a yellow belt in karate."

"Not a black belt?" I question, raising an eyebrow.

"Nope, only yellow. Just like his Daddy," she grins. "Hi-ya!"

She says that last part a little too loudly, and Edward turns around to flash a knowing smile. Demetri quickly makes him rotate to his previous position.

I was six months pregnant and no closer to having Edward by my side. I could tell the trial was getting to him, the bags under his eyes were a clear indication of his stress. But he stayed up, talking to me every night. Making future promises.

"Guess what?" he says, his green eyes dancing mischievously.

"What?" I ask with my mouth full, the ketchup from my burger spilling onto my enlarged chest.

He laughs. "You're a mess, you know that?"

"A hot mess?" I counter.

"My mess," he answers lovingly, reaching his hand to the screen. I do the same, and we bask in our tender moment.

"I found a house for us."

I gasp, putting my food down. "Oh, no no no. Edward. No."

He frowns. "I thought you'd be happy. It's right outside the city. Nice front yard. Two stories. Three bedrooms."

I wipe my mouth. "It's not that. It's just...Edward, the house payments. And you know I'm not working. I mean, I'm working for you, but still, it's technically your money, and I know your business isn't doing too well."

He rolls his eyes. "Bella, I'm fine. I could leave today, and I would be set for life. You would be set for life. I would buy the house outright, not make payments."

"I know, but still..."

"Bella, I promised I would take care of you. Let me do that. Please."

I nod, but he and I both know that this discussion is NOT over.

"Now take off your shirt. That stain is distracting me," he says teasingly.

I pout. "I'm starting to think you only want me for my body."

He grins, his emerald eyes glazing over. "Nah...I just don't think ketchup belongs on a shirt."

"Really?"

"No. Now take off your clothes woman!"

I laugh, and comply.

Alice stirs me out of my flashback and pats my hand as we wait for the day's trial to start.

"Mr. Debussy, please call your first witness," the judge states.

Aro, the man who was currently making Edward's life a living hell, stands up.

"We request Dr. Nahuel Laurent to the stand."

I breathe a sigh of relief until my eyebrows scrunch up in confusion.

Wait a second.

Why is my doctor speaking on behalf of the prosecution?

Let the games begin! *runs around in circles with my battle gear on*

Okay, more later today!

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Photographer

My hubby wanted to make cookies. Half of the dough is missing. "Where is it?" he asks. "Did you eat it?" I shake my head and look down. Yeah, you KNOW where the cookies are...

The Testimony of Nahuel Laurent

EPOV

"Please raise your right hand," the clerk demands. "Do you promise that the testimony you are about to give will faithfully and truthfully conform to the facts only as you know them?"

"I do," he says nodding.

"Please be seated. State your name for the court and spell your last name."

"Nahuel Laurent. L-a-u-r-e-n-t."

Demetri is up first, since this is Aro's witness.

Why? I have no idea.

But the sweat pouring down my forehead knows that it can't be good.

"Dr. Laurent, how many years have you been a doctor?"

Dressed in his professional garb, Dr. Laurent calmly answers the question. "Fourteen altogether. Five as a medical surgeon."

"And how is it that you came into contact with Bella Swan?"

"She was brought in by an ambulance, needing vital medical treatment."

"Can you tell the court what your assessments were when she entered the hospital?"

"Of course. Miss Swan was suffering from starvation, a form of malnutrition. She

was progressively dehydrated, to the point where her organs were not absorbing much needed nutrients. She was susceptible to seizures, and her tongue, lips and skinned were cracked. The body essentially tries to combat starvation by breaking down adipose tissue, muscle and organ tissue for energy. Because of that, her body was lacking in significant vitamins. This caused enlarged organs, calcium deficiency which made it unlikely for her to move her joints and muscles, and she was anemic. Heart failure was possible if she hadn't been found when she did."

"Your report says that you found much more. Besides the starvation effects, what else did you evaluate?"

"I am a surgeon. Otherwise, Miss Swan would not have been my patient. So we performed an operation on her infected wounds and ribs. She had two broken ribs, a concussion, multiple stab wounds, and bruises all over her body. Miss Swan also had several fractures along her arm, which were proven in an x-ray."

"How would you describe Edward Cullen when you treated him?"

"He suffered the same symptoms, with the exception of the ribs. His wrist was broken in several locations and it took several hours in surgery to correct the multiple breaks. He also had a critical concussion, but medically, his body was twenty five percent more starved than Miss Swan's."

"Dr. Laurent, in your professional opinion, based on your experience, how do you suppose Bella and Edward came to be in such a horrible, life-threatening conditions?"

"We diagnose cases of maltreatment often, maybe from a child, or an abused wife. So, I can only medically conclude that they were victims where food and water were deprived. Also, their outward appearance appears to be from weeks of physical abuse."

"But I have never, in my fourteen years, seen patients that resembled these."

"Ever."

"I would like to exhibit in evidence, pictures from the Chicago Police Department. These pictures were taken when Miss Swan and Mr. Cullen arrived at the hospital, unconscious. Note their appearance then, and note their appearance now, when they are obviously in a healthy state."

Demetri reveals two blown up photos, placing them on easels. One of Bella. One of

myself.

I didn't even recognize those starved, beaten bodies that resembled corpses.

I gasp at the same time several jurors held back vomit.

"So, jurors, take a good look at Esme's tear streaked face. She claims to have been battered and neglected throughout her life. I see a woman, although frail from the experience of stress and being in a jail cell, perfectly fine."

"But these two pictures do not lie. You have heard a professional testimony from the doctor who treated them directly. You have read the medical reports."

"The focus is not on these photos. Bella's black eye. Or Edward's bruised cranium. The focus is not on their emaciated bodies, or the condition in which they were in. Do not let the shadows of the light sway your judgment."

"I'm insisting you to look beyond what you see. And ask yourself just one thing."

"If Edward was in the picture, who in the hell was behind the camera?"

Hope I "captured" the moment. Hehe.

(The photographer is a metaphor: meaning obviously Esme committed the crime, since Edward was the one who was injured)

One more chap! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Feathers

Dr. Laurent is not the bad guy. If you're called to be a witness, you have to go. Even if he was summoned by the slimeball...

The Testimony of Nahuel Laurent (continued)

EPOV

"Jasper," I lean over and whisper. "How do you think Demetri did?"

Jasper beams in my direction. "There's no way Aro can refute this. No fucking way."

We bump fists, considerably confident for the first time in months.

Aro, this time dressed in a black suit and dark tie, walks timidly to the witness stand.

"Dr. Laurent, those photos were shocking, do you agree?"

Dr. Laurent nods. "They were indeed. But in person was much worse."

"Yes, yes. I suppose it was. Quite a traumatic experience for someone to go through, wouldn't you say?"

Dr. Laurent almost chortles, before stopping himself. "Traumatic? I don't think that's the word for it. I don't believe someone could ever recover from that experience."

"I'm absolutely positive of that, for sure. Now you say Miss Swan and Mr. Cullen were starved, did you not?"

"Yes," Dr. Laurent repeats, unnerved by Aro's line of questioning.

"So, tell me *doctor*," he sneers sarcastically. "Aside from the physical, er, deterioration of their bodies, how else would starvation effect the human brain?"

"Like I previously stated, their bodies would essentially shut down on them.

Therefore, they have a lack of energy. The victim, if female, may essentially lose their menstrual cycle. Bella was pregnant, but very lucky her baby survived. In both sexes, they have the inability to fight sickness and diseases. The brain primarily sends signals to the body that it needs food. When it doesn't receive it, the victim of starvation constantly fights fatigue and hallucinations. Their brain has an inability to make decisions or to have a train of thought. They may become lethargic. There has even been studies where victims have become submissive, more likely to be apathetic. Signs of depression are not uncommon."

"Can you go crazy when you are starved or dehydrated?"

"I'm not a psychiatrist, Mr. Debussy."

"No, of course not. But you are a medical doctor, which required you to take several studies on the human brain and human behavior. So answer the question, Dr. Laurent, can a person become irrational and/or mad from a lack of food and water?"

"I suppose that would be possible."

"And isn't it true that you offered Bella Swan psychological treatment since she suffered so much?"

"I do with all of my patients who have experienced a traumatic event. I'm required to by law."

"Did you offer the same services to Edward Cullen?"

"I did. He didn't refuse, but I believe he was considering it. However, his arrest prohibited him to think about such matters at the time."

Aro smirks. "So are you saying that Bella Swan did refuse your help?"

"She did. However, I can understand, considering the circumstances. She is not the first patient to refuse therapy."

"No, no, I'm sure. Dr. Laurent, you previously stated that starvation effects the human brain, is that correct?"

"Objection!" Demetri yells. "You Honor, he is having the witness repeat information."

"Sustained," Judge Jenks replies. "Mr. Debussy, you have exhausted the subject, please move on."

"I'm done, Your Honor. I have no further questions."

Dr. Laurent removes himself from the stand, a confused look upon his face.

Aro walks to his table and pulls a wooden object from a bag, an evidence sticker plastered onto the side.

"We can fully disregard Edward Cullen's testimony that he did not see nor fight his mother. She clearly suffered from a contusion on her temple, proving that she was hit with a blunt object. In defending herself, she tossed Miss Swan and Mr. Cullen into her basement, after being driven mad by the circumstances that her loved ones wanted to injure her. We are also claiming self-defense against Carlisle Cullen, since medical records show she was in the hospital for a broken collarbone, showing a history of abuse.

Dr. Laurent has continually testified that starvation causes both mental and physical effects. Why were they starved, you ask? They weren't. The police have both records and proof that bread crumbs were in the basement. It appears that Mr. Cullen and Miss Swan *refused* to eat after a while. During this time, the brain shuts down, as Dr. Laurent said, and their usual thought process loses a sense of stability. There is no evidence that Esme Cullen laid a hand on either one of them, nor that she purposefully starved them. In fact, this wooden object, a leg from taken from a table that was in the room, shows that they harmed themselves. Bella Swan had multiple bruises and broken ribs. It is possible that she did this to herself or Edward Cullen, a man shown to attack his own father without merit, hit her too. Before you think that this is too incredible, think once again of the testimony Dr. Laurent has just given you."

"Mr. Cullen has a history of violence. Miss Swan has a history of acting absurd. She slept with a complete stranger in a dark club. This proves their frame of mind was long gone."

"Did Esme Cullen lock them up? Yes. She repeatedly asserts she did this to protect herself. And how can you not believe her? She had two fanatical people who even went as far to batter themselves and then place the blame on her."

"Mr. Conner wanted you to glance at his photos. I agree, they are heart-wrenching. But I also want you to take a good look at this wooden leg. Remind yourselves that Bella Swan's ribs were broken. She required surgery to correct her

injuries. But what the defense refuses to tell you is this: Esme Cullen did not assault and brutalize these two people. She didn't lay a single finger on them."

"In fact, it is Bella Swan's fingerprints and hers alone on this broken piece of furniture."

Aro chuckles, before delivering his final line.

"I suppose the only feathers Miss Swan was ruffling, were her own."

Gah! I hope you are throwing your laptop. I'm even starting to hate Aro.

Fear not. The trial is almost over!

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Desperate

OK Pilferettes, as promised, the trial is almost over. 2 witnesses left, and a closing statement. (I'm trying to save Aro's life. You ppl are violent!)

Ps- Remember the speech Esme gave Bella in the basement? Look at the differences below:

The Testimony of Esme Cullen

EPOV

It's the day we've all been waiting for. For my mother to take the stand. She's dressed in a simple suit, her hair pulled back, with a few wisps framing her face. She's wearing no make-up, the bags under her eyes evident. This is not the Esme Cullen I know. Normally my mother would be dressed in designer clothes, her hair perfectly styled, and make-up flawlessly applied.

I know what she's doing.

I pray to God it's not going to work.

In order for my mother to not be found guilty, she has to explain her actions, that she was mentally insane. But Aro has twisted everyone's testimonies in such a way, that even the deeds I thought she was going to take responsibility for, are not even a possibility.

With a worn out handkerchief in hand, she takes her seat, trembling.

"Please raise your right hand," the clerk says. "Do you promise that the testimony you are about to give will faithfully and truthfully conform to the facts only as you know them?"

"I do," she responds softly.

"Please be seated. State your name for the court and spell your last name."

"Esme Cullen.C-u-l-l-e-n."

I'm thinking Demetri will not take it easy on her. But the way he's walking, his demeanor is the complete opposite. He's approaching her cautiously, as if she's a child on the stand, not a murderer.

"Esme," he begins, his voice barely above a whisper. "Can you tell us about your childhood? Anything you can remember to the best of your ability. I know this is extremely difficult for you."

"Yes," she answers. "I grew up in one of the poorest neighborhoods of Chicago. I had it extremely rough. My family and I, we barely had enough money to get by. I had two siblings, and my parents worked very hard to support us."

"I'm sorry to hear that," he replies sympathetically. "Is that how you became friends with Renee?"

"Yes. We went to the same school. Even though we were from two different sides of town, we became friends quickly. We were always there for each other."

"So what happened later, when you became adults?"

"She...she got married, to Charlie Swan. She was so wrapped up in her relationship, she stopped talking to me. I frequently tried to get into contact with her, but many of my calls were unreturned. I quit trying after a while."

"That must have been strenuous, your best friend abandoning you like that."

Esme nods. "It was. But around that time, I met the love of my life, Carlisle. I thought he was everything to me."

"Please continue."

"At first it was wonderful. But then...that's when the beatings began. He would work late nights at the hospital and when he came home, he was angry. So angry all the time. He took his frustrations out on me."

"Esme, if Carlisle was so abusive, why did you stay in your marriage?"

"All I've ever wanted was a family. I wanted to make it work. And I truly loved him."

"So a few years go by. Did you ever get the family you wanted?"

She shook her head feebly. "No...I...I couldn't get pregnant. The doctor said I had a severe case of endometriosis. It had spread and even though I had surgery, it would be difficult to have children."

"And how did Carlisle handle this?"

"He was angry with me. Like I was the one to blame. Like it was my fault. The beatings got worse."

"And around this time, is this when you finally got into contact with Renee, the friend who abandoned you?"

"Yes. She finally returns my call one day. Says she is pregnant. Like any good friend, I was thrilled for her. Because of my husband's success as a doctor, I was finally able to buy her baby supplies. Cribs, clothes, anything. Not that she needed it; she was planning on starting a photography business. She had more than enough money."

"What happened next, Esme?"

"She is in the second term of her pregnancy and she decides she doesn't want the baby."

"And why do you suppose that was?"

"She was having a baby boy. Charlie, a biblical studies student at the time, had some idea that God wanted them to have a girl. He said his prayers were going to be answered, and this wasn't it."

"That's quite a strange philosophy, Esme."

She nodded. "I know, but Renee loved her spouse. She didn't want the baby to ruin what she had with her husband."

"So what happened next?"

"She went crazy, desperate. She didn't want to get an abortion, so she threatened me. Told me I had better take her baby."

"Why didn't you just wait until the baby is born? Have a formal adoption? We have pictures that you appear pregnant."

"I know," she cries. "I know! I asked Carlisle what he thought about adoption one day, and he threw me against the wall. He said he wasn't going to be the father of a child that wasn't his. So Renee figured I could fake a pregnancy. It was the only way. That way the abuse from Carlisle would stop and Renee wouldn't kill me."

"You were desperate all around, Esme. A woman without a choice."

"How sad. How sad indeed."

Continue reading her lies...

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Son

Her story just gets crazier and crazier. Hope you're keeping up....

The Testimony of Esme Cullen (continued)

"After you pretended to give birth, what happened Esme?" Demetri asks gently.

"My life went somewhat back to normal. Carlisle lessened the beatings, somewhat, because a baby was in the house. But as little Edward grew up, he took on his father's characteristics. Hitting me, yelling, screaming all the time. Ordering me around. I just wanted him to be a good little boy."

"And is this why you strayed from your marriage, Esme? The stress of a sadistic husband and a son with behavioral problems? "

"It is. I wish I could take it back, I truly do. But I had found a man who showed me compassion, who loved me unconditionally. It was hard to not love him back."

"No one is judging you, Esme. We all understand. Studies have shown that women in abusive homes often do tend to have affairs. Not because of lust, but because they want someone to love."

"Yes. That is exactly what happened," she nods. "I fell for Alec. I was madly in love with him. He wanted me to leave Carlisle, but I was so afraid...that he would come after us and kill us. I couldn't leave...I just couldn't," she weeps.

"There, there," Demetri answers, patting her hand. "We are all empathetic with your situation. So what happened next?"

"Suddenly I became pregnant. The impossible happened. I was thrilled of course. I figured it was time to tell Carlisle the truth. Tell him everything and leave him. I would go the police if I needed protection. It was time I lived my life for me. But then Renee found out. I saw her one day at the doctor's office. She was so angry."

"Tell the courtroom what she did to you, Esme."

"She started yelling and beating me," she weeps. "I tried to get her to stop! I thought she was going to murder me in broad daylight! She told me I had the girl

she always wanted. That I had better hand over my child to her."

"Why didn't you go to the police at that point?"

"Carlisle was scary. But that woman...she was vicious. She was the type of evil you couldn't run from. She would find me. I knew she would. So, to save myself, I gave her my only daughter."

"Didn't Carlisle know that you were pregnant?"

"No, not at all. He was having an affair with some young nurse. He didn't even care anymore. I think he just remained married so that we wouldn't have to go through a difficult divorce."

"How did you feel giving away your daughter?"

Esme cries loudly, unable to answer for a minute. "It was the worst day of my life. I had to hand her over the day she was born. It...I..."

"I understand, Esme. Let's go forward several years. You continued to endure abuse from your husband. You were too frightened to go to the police. You were in too deep. How did you eventually find Bella Swan, your biological daughter?"

"I didn't."

"She found me."

The entire courtroom gasped.

"I was in the grocery store one day and she approaches me. She tells me she knows who I am. How I abandoned her. That I made her life a living hell."

"What did you do then, Esme?"

"What did I do?" Esme cries. "I panicked. I called Alec, telling him. It seemed as if the entire world was after me. That no one loved me. He wanted to go to the police, but he didn't understand. I was the one everyone was after, not him!"

"Please tell everyone the occurrence of events that happened then."

"The week before Halloween, I was walking downtown, trying to clear my head. I was so close to taking my life. I didn't want to live anymore. Suddenly, two men

ambush me. Large men."

"And could you tell the courtroom who those two men were, if they are in the room today?"

Esme raises a shaking finger. "Emmett and Jasper McCarty."

"They claimed that Edward had hired them. That he too, had found out the truth. That he wasn't biologically mine. They said I had one week to kill Bella, or else I would die."

"I was so scared, thinking of a plan to get out of this. So the night before Halloween, I showed up at their jobs, where they told me to meet them. I found pictures of their family, on the internet. I tried to persuade them, tell them I didn't want to do this. I couldn't kill my only daughter."

"It didn't work. Nothing I said changed their minds. They had guns. I was terrified. Obviously they couldn't care less who Bella was, but it was obvious Edward was going to pay them. They did it all for the money."

"And Esme, if Edward had found out the truth, why did he want to kill Bella, instead of confronting you?"

Esme started quivering, the tears pouring down in waterfalls.

"You can't erase years of violence. That boy, although not my husbands', had too much Carlisle in him."

"He was a Cullen, through and through."

Someone hand me a nutcracker. That lady is obviously nutty.

Continue reading! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Bitch

My foot is asleep. Hate when that happens...

The Testimony of Esme Cullen (continued)

"Esme, take us to the night of November eighth. That is when Bella Swan became missing."

"I was at my neighbor's house, taking care of her. She's real, sick you know. I've always tried my best to take care of others," she replies, blowing her nose loudly.

"I can see that. You said earlier that the McCarty brothers threatened you to kill Bella. Weren't you scared, that you hadn't completed your task as ordered?"

"I was. I was trying to figure out a plan, to get out of it. But then I saw the news. Bella was missing! I thought, oh no, Edward had gotten her! While I was scared, I thought that maybe, just maybe, this nightmare was finally over."

"But it wasn't was it, Esme?"

She puts her head down, whispering. "Far from it. The Swans come knocking on my door that night. Accusing me of having her. I tried to tell them otherwise, but they didn't listen. I...I..."

"And is that when you stabbed them, Esme?" Demetri asks slowly.

"I did! But it was self-defense! It was two people against one! They dragged me down to my basement. Somehow, someway, I stole the knife from Renee's hand. I just kept stabbing, and stabbing, and stabbing...I WAS SO SCARED!"

"I didn't call the police. They would blame me. Charge me with murder. I knew it was wrong, but they didn't know how vile these people were. So I left them down there."

"Then one night, Edward comes home. Angry. There is a person with him."

"Can you tell the courtroom who that person was?"

"Bella Swan, my daughter," she answers sadly. "Edward claimed he found Bella, and he was going to kill her, but that they had fallen in love. Carlisle overheard the entire situation. Things got out of hand. In a second, they all attacked me. Blamed me for everything. I took Carlisle's gun, the one he used to always threaten me with, and shot him! I didn't have another option! Edward hit me in the head, and I fell down the stairs. They chased after me. I opened the door, pretending to go in, and when they followed, I ran back out and shut the door!"

"You left them in there for a long time, Esme," Demetri reasoned.

She nods. "I tried to reason with them. Day in and day out. I treated them kindly. Fed them three full meals a day. At first they ate, and then they refused. Sometimes I heard thrashing down there. I didn't know what was going on. But you have to understand, I was out of my mind! I was going to release them, but they said if they got out, they would kill me on the spot. Edward was no match for the police. Even if I had called them, the city would have fewer officers. And then he and Bella would have ran away. On to kill more people."

"I have no further questions, Your Honor," Demetri says calmly.

"Very well," Judge Jenks replies. "Mr. Debussy?"

"I think we are done here," Aro snickers.

Demetri turns to take a seat, when Aro leans over.

"Thanks for doing my job," Aro smirks.

Jasper, Emmett, and I start to panic. "Demetri, what the hell are you doing? She explained everything with some crazy story. Even I was starting to buy it!"

"We are going to prison," Emmett cried.

"I'm going to be someone's bitch," Jasper mutters.

"Calm down," Demetri says slyly.

"That was the point."

"Sometimes the best defense is no defense at all."

Hope you're all like 'Whatttttt?'

That last witness?

WHO DO YOU THINK IT IS?

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Jerk

I was going to have Rosalie and Jacob testify, but ppl are having breakdowns. Let's get this over with, okay?

EPOV

"Well, I believe we are all in court today so that both sides can give their closing statements," Judge Jenks orders.

"Sounds great to me," Aro says gleefully.

"Ah, ah, ah," Demetri states, clicking his tongue. "I believe we have one more witness."

"Witness? What witness?" Aro questions.

"A Mrs. Irina Tanner, to be exact."

Aro starts shuffling through his paperwork. "There was never any talk of another witness. I ask that you strike this witness from the record!"

"I turned in the paperwork early this morning. The motion to have this witness was granted. Her injuries and health problems have been a reasonable explanation for her name not occurring on the witness list by the deadline."

The courtroom clerk hands the judge several papers and he nods. "I will allow it. Mr. Debussy, this is Mr. Conner's witness. You are up first to cross-examine."

"But-I don't know who this is!" he exclaims, clearly shaken by the turn of events.

"So are you refusing to question her?"

"I- I-" he stutters.

"Mr. Debussy, are you refusing to question this witness?" the judge asks again.

Aro leans down to talk to Esme, who shrugs her shoulders.

"It appears I am," he says bitterly, taking a seat and glaring at Demetri.

Demetri pats a hand on my shoulder and whispers in my ear.

"Thanks for always letting me ride your dirt bike, Edward. Even if you were always calling me a jerk."

I raised my eyebrow. "You knew about that?"

"I may have a chipped tooth, but I'm no idiot," he grins widely.

"Now let's get this motherfucker!"

Ha! I love Demetri.

Who the hell is Mrs. Tanner?

I think you can figure it out...

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Belief

I've been waiting for you to read this. *rubs hands anxiously*

The Testimony of Irina Tanner

EPOV

The second she entered the courtroom, I immediately knew who she was.

The plump, elderly woman.

I look over at my mother, whose eyes grow large and fearful.

"Please raise your right hand," the clerk says. "Do you promise that the testimony you are about to give will faithfully and truthfully conform to the facts only as you know them?"

"I do," she states directly.

"Please be seated. State your name for the court and spell your last name."

"Irina Tanner.T-a-n-n-e-r."

"Irina, can you tell the court your occupation?" Demetri questions

"I am a store clerk. I own a little gas station out on Route 61. It's in the middle of nowhere, I know, but it's always been in the family. I couldn't bear to sell it."

"Please explain how you know Mrs. Esme Cullen."

"I don't," she replies.

I can hear my mother's sigh of relief.

But Irina continues.

"I don't know her, but that didn't stop her from stabbing me!"

"Objection!" Aro screams.

"On what grounds?" Judge Jenks asks, raising his eyebrow.

"I...uh..."

"Overruled. Sit down, Mr. Debussy," he warns.

Aro grumbles and takes his seat.

Demetri resumes his questioning. "Please tell us what happened the night you came into contact with Esme Cullen."

"I was minding my own business, taking inventory, when this beautiful woman enters. She was really friendly. Asking me questions. Acting like she was just traveling through. So I was ringing up her order when she reaches over the counter and punches me across the face!"

"What did you do next, if anything?"

"I screamed. I am seventy four years old. I have never in my life been hit like that. I tried to run, but she caught up with me. She gagged and bound me, threw me in the back room. I stayed like that for hours. If a customer came through, she stood behind the counter and rang up their gas. It was the craziest thing."

"And how long did she keep you like that?"

"For hours. I lost track of time. She kept talking to me like I was her friend, and yet I was tied up like an animal. She was telling me some story about her daughter and whatnot."

"Irina, have you heard any facts of this case, or been present in the courtroom at any time testimonies have been given?"

"No sir. I have a store to run. I'm widowed. But I lost business when I was in the hospital. It's taken several surgeries to fix my wounds. I don't watch television, if that what's your asking. TV ain't what it used to be."

Demetri chuckles. "That's the truth. So please, tell the courtroom what Esme Cullen told you that night."

"It's kind of a long story. But she basically said she was going to kill her daughter.

She set up for her to be killed and everything. Said she murdered some swans or something. She laughed when she told the story of how she threatened two men with their lives. She said, '*Can you believe it? Little ol' me?*' But then she started to get frantic. She kept saying '*Its time, she'll be here soon.*' I made the mistake of asking her who she was talking about. That's when she stabbed me. With a butcher knife for goodness sakes! She told me she was going to let me die slowly and painfully. But I lived. I'm a fighter."

"That you are, Irina. That you are. Is there any reason why you are just now coming out? This case has been going on for months."

"Well, this police officer comes to my door. He says he was looking at my files and two Mr. Cullens were involved. I had no idea who he was talking about. And then he showed me their pictures."

"And if they are in the courtroom, can you point to them?"

"I see one, that fellow right there," she says, pointing at me. "I don't see the other man."

"That is Edward Cullen. Can you tell me how you know them?"

"Those two men saved my life. I have never been so scared before. I thought that woman had killed me and left me for dead. But they tended to my wounds, called the police and stayed with me the entire time. I wouldn't be here if it weren't for them."

"Did at any point in time, did those two men threaten to harm you or murder you?"

Irina shook her head.

"Mr. Conner, I know fear. I know what it's like to lay on the cold tile of a store that your family built from the ground up and beg for your life. I know what it's like to pray to the heavens above to want to see your grandchildren again. I kept thinking of my deceased husband. Telling him I was going to be with him soon. Shivering and wondering if anyone was going to find me after she left."

"Those Cullen men saved me, so I could see my grandbabies again. And I thank them for that."

"I've never known fear until that night. I only felt it when *that woman*," she says, pointing to Esme. "dressed like a saint, but had eyes like the devil, hurt me."

"I've never been a religious person, Mr. Conner. I know I shoulda gone to church more than I have. I hope the good Lord forgives me someday."

"You asked me earlier if I knew Esme Cullen. I don't."

"But because of her, I know hell exists."

Gah, please tell me you liked this chapter. I'm not too proud to beg.

Do you see now why I kept skipping this part about the store in the testimonies? *nods at my genius*

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Melody

Closing statements, jury deliberation, and sentencing. I know realistically they don't happen on the same day, but it's my story dammit!

EPOV

"Mr. Conner began with opening statements. Mr. Debussy, you are first to present the closing statements," Judge Jenks orders.

Aro rises, confidently strolling in front of the courtroom.

"Last week," Aro begins. "You heard the testimony of Esme Cullen. She told you how, throughout her entire life, she has been a victim of abuse. Everyone surrounding her has held some type of power over her head. In a moment when she didn't have a choice, she took the lives of three people. But not three innocent people. People who used their influence to manipulate and terrorize her."

"I won't rehash all of the testimonies. You have already heard them all. Most of them quite ludicrous. I won't remind you of Mr. Carlisle's Cullen's abuse, Mr. Edward Cullen's history of taking after his father, or of the Swans who jeopardized Mrs. Cullen's ability to have a happy life. I want to take you back to the beginning.

To the sweet, sweet baby that started it all. Were Mrs. Cullen's actions irrational? Yes. Did she intentionally kill people? No. All instances were to protect her life when no one else would. She is a woman driven insane. I'm not asking you jurors, to contemplate if my client was guilty of crimes. We already know she did them. She admits to that. I'm asking you to deliberate if she did them because she was crazy.

No person in their right mind would put people in a basement. No person in their right mind would commit the offenses that she did without having a few screws loose. Don't put her in prison. She barely survived these past twenty years."

"Let her get help. Counseling. Allow her the freedom no one else wanted to give her. Give her the gift of mental stability. Isn't that what we all want? Is to be happy?

Allow Bella Swan and her mother to reconnect. Allow them to heal, to move forward.

Esme Cullen can no longer hold her daughter in her lap, and sing her lullabies. She can't rock her baby, or tuck her in at night. The Swan family stole that opportunity from her.

Don't be the reason a family can't reunite. I think America has enough broken households.

But you, jurors, you have the chance to change lives. You alone can turn back the hands of time.

Grant Esme Cullen the chance to once again, sit in a chair.

Not as a mother this time, but as a grandmother."

Aro grabs the chair and the doll baby again. He takes a seat, swaying the toy back and forth.

"Remember the song I sang?"

"Sweet, sweet baby,

I go crazy,

Crazy when I think of you,

Sweet, sweet baby,

I think maybe,

Maybe you shouldn't leave..."

"Don't let that be Esme Cullen's final melody."

Alright Aro, your time is up. I'll never be able to enjoy that song again. TY for that, you bastard!

Keep Reading!

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Release

Closing Statement continues...

EPOV

Demetri stands composed, looking at each face in the room.

"Last time I stood here before you, screaming that Bella Swan was just a girl."

"I want to apologize. I was wrong."

"Bella Swan is not a girl, she is a grown woman. Mr. Debussy wants to keep portraying her as some doll baby that Esme Cullen had to fight for. He refuses to rehash the points in this case. Well, he won't, but I will."

"Bella Swan was indeed a baby at one point. She grew up in a loving home. Remember how she earned scholarships to the college of her dreams. She made it that far because she had loving parents, Charlie and Renee Swan. They were the victims of Esme, not the other way around. They are the ones who had poor childhoods, not Esme. They were the ones who tried to keep their son, not Esme. They were the ones murdered. Not Esme."

"Carlisle, Alec, Edward, Emmett, and Jasper were all pawns in her little game. She injured some, killed others, and changed the lives of many. Don't let your sympathy free a cold hearted murderer. She planned the homicides, the kidnappings, and the stabbings. Charlie and Renee had eighteen stab wounds a piece. Each representing a number for the years she was without Bella. She didn't give Bella away as a baby. It took two years. Two years! If you look in the police report that was given to you, you will also see that on the paperwork that was filed."

"These three men that I am defending made horrible choices. But that does not make them guilty."

They didn't kill nor murder anyone. In fact, as the store clerk testified, they saved lives.

Esme saved no one.

Every sentence you heard out of her mouth was '*me, me, me.*' The selfishness is overwhelming.

Do not let the Swans or Carlisle Cullen die in vain. Let justice prevail today."

Demetri pointed to the pictures of us again.

"Remember the photos of two people who almost died by her hands. Remember the table leg that the prosecution showed you- it was not a weapon to beat themselves. It was the only item Bella Swan had in order to break free. The police found the Swan bodies propped up at a dinner table. Dead. Esme Cullen purposefully did that. She planned it that way. Remember the corpse-like bodies of Bella and Edward that would have been buried alive if it weren't for people like Alice Brandon."

"I'm not denying that Esme didn't love Bella.

That is evident in her actions.

As the saying goes, if you love something; you have to let it go."

"Sometimes that sweet, sweet baby is better off with someone else."

One more chapter! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Sentencing

This is it for the trial. Jury decision and sentencing! (Yeah, I know this doesn't happen at the same time. No speeches, please!)

EPOV

We sit in the courtroom for hours. Each minute that went by, we got more and more nervous.

Would the jury believe Esme? After all, our testimonies were immediately countered by Aro. He did indeed have the upper hand.

My palms were sweaty, and suddenly the side door opened.

The jurors walk back out, in a formal line.

"Jury, have you made your decisions?" Judge Jenks asks.

"Yes," a woman says.

"All parties rise," the judge orders.

We stand, and I hold the hands of the men who have endured the case with me. Aro takes his position beside my mother, a sneer on his face as he straightens his suit.

"On the charge against Emmett McCarty of Kidnapping in the Second Degree, we find the defendant, guilty."

Emmett sucks in a harsh breath.

WHAT?

"On the charge against Jasper McCarty of Kidnapping in the Second Degree, we find the defendant, guilty."

Jasper squeezes my hand and whispers "Fuck!"

My knees start to buckle and Demetri holds me steady.

"On the charge against Edward Cullen of Kidnapping in the Second Degree, we find the defendant, guilty."

I can't breathe.

My lungs.

I hear someone wailing in the background.

Possibly Bella. Possibly Alice. I'm not sure.

Need air.

Oh God. Tell me this isn't happening.

Twelve years. I won't see my Little Bit for twelve fucking years.

"See?" Aro mocks quietly. "What did I tell ya?"

His chuckle sifts onto our side of the courtroom.

It takes everything I've got not to kill him and my mother on the spot.

"On the charge against Esme Cullen for three counts of murder, and Kidnapping in the First Degree, we find the defendant, guilty. Not for reasons of insanity."

My mother lets out a loud cry, but I don't even care anymore.

I could care less what happens to her.

"Jurors, could you send up your recommended sentencing, please," Judge Jenks demands.

"Yes, Your Honor."

A small sheet of paper is passed forward by the clerk. He reads it and nods.

"I find the sentencing reasonable. Men, your actions were inexcusable. Any person, who is threatened by another, goes to the police for help. You are beyond guilty for your actions, and you deserve the sentence you are about to receive."

I hang my head, unable to hear more.

"Mr. McCarty, Mr. McCarty, and Mr. Cullen, you are all sentenced to a period of..."

My Little One and Little Bit...

Twelve fucking years.

"Eighteen..."

I can't hear anymore. There's yelling. I can't think. I can't see. Someone is shaking my body.

∞ ∞ ∞ O.O.O ∞ ∞ ∞

BPOV

Edward has sunken into his chair. We all are trying to get him up, but he won't listen. The judge pounds his gavel to call the court in order.

"Esme Cullen, I don't have any words to say to you, besides that I think you are the vilest person I have ever met. You too, deserved to be punished. I would sentence you to the death penalty. Except that I think you should suffer. For that alone, I sentence you to life in prison, without the possibility of parole."

Esme cries out again.

"Edward?"

I'm shaking him. I don't think he sees me.

I lean forward, past the divider separating us.

I lean in his ear. "I'm here, baby. I'm here."

He shakes his head. "I'm so sorry, Little One. So sorry."

I laugh.

He turns his head.

"You did it baby, now we can be together. Us and our Little Bit," I whisper, a smile on my face.

He cocks his head, tears streaming down his face. He doesn't notice the ruckus going on around him.

"Eighteen years, Bella. I won't even...You'll be gone...I'm so sorry."

Alice pops him upside the head.

"Get the hell up, Edward," she giggles. "Eighteen *hours*, you moron. For the night you spent in jail. You got sentenced to time served."

"What?" he asks, confused. In a daze.

"You're free baby. You're free!"

I'm wrapped up in a hug sooner than I can blink an eye.

It's the first contact we've had in months. My swollen stomach is peppered with kisses. My cheek and lips sloppy from his kisses.

And I've never been happier.

My kicking Little Bit is happy.

"FUCK YOU ALL!" Esme's voice bellows out.

I can only see out my peripheral vision as she steals the officer's gun and shoots Aro in the head. His body drops to the floor. The audience screams and ducks.

Edward knocks me to the ground, protecting my body. The police are in chaos as she is reigned in and thrown out of her wheelchair.

"I WILL KILL YOU BELLA SWAN! I WILL FUCKING KILL YOU!" she threatens, and is carried out of the courtroom.

My body is trembling, and Edward holds me tight. He whispers in my ear. His sweet breath blowing aside the strands of my hair.

"I'll always protect you, Little One."

"I promise."

Hope you...oh, I don't know how you should feel!

We are almost done, my friends.

A few more chapters, and that is it!

More tomorrow! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Normal

I love the simplicity of this chapter. I hope you will also.

We paid our respects at Aro's funeral. It was the right thing to do.

He was a tough lawyer, but he didn't deserve to die.

It's the week after the funeral we all get together.

Emmett and Jasper. Rosalie and Jacob. Demetri and Alice.

Edward and I.

We are at the coffee shop Alice loves so much.

I can't stop touching his face. He can't stop rubbing our Little Bit.

Emmett is looking at Rosalie. Staring.

Jacob is looking at Emmett. Glaring.

Everyone else is drinking coffee.

I've got green tea.

Edward says Alice is addicted to caffeine.

I think he's right.

Alice tells that damn story. About Professor Jamesy Boy.

Edward spits his coffee out in laughter.

Jacob pounds the table.

Demetri grins and I notice his chipped tooth.

Jasper snorts.

Rosalie giggles.

Emmett adjusts his pants.

Jacob frowns.

And I smile.

Because this is my normal.

Want More?

You got it! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Coffee

More good times...

The day was finally here.

It's moving day. For me.

For Edward.

We're moving into the new house he bought.

I tried to argue, but I lost.

He smirks 'cause he thinks he's got the upper hand.

That's okay, 'cause I'm going to paint the baby room pale green, not yellow.

The guy at the hardware store put a yellow swatch on the lid.

Edward has no idea.

It's been a month since the trial's been over.

We've spent every night at his apartment. Together.

Sometimes we talk. Sometimes we don't.

Sometimes we touch each other. Sometimes we won't.

He says he wants to do it right. Wait until the perfect moment.

I'm eight months pregnant. I can't wait much longer.

"I'm a whale," I complain.

"You're perfect," he says.

I know he's lying.

No one likes whales.

I stole Alice's coffee maker.

We finish putting the rest of the boxes in the truck.

Well, Alice and Edward do.

I'm playing the pregnancy card.

It works well.

We are all done and Alice grabs me.

We almost topple over.

She's crying and I'm sobbing.

She's laughing and I'm chuckling.

I give her a final goodbye.

Edward helps me into the truck.

Alice waves and goes back into her apartment.

We drive away.

Alice reappears and chases us down the street.

She's not getting her coffee maker back.

Hope you're cheesin'.

Keep reading! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Knowing

Celebrate good times, C'MON! *dances in a circle all naked and whatnot*

Edward's business is skyrocketing.

He's had to move into a larger location.

He gave his old place to Jasper and Emmett.

For their paper company.

Paper View.

As in Pay-Per-View? Get it?

Yeah, it took them a minute too.

The paparazzi finally stopped following us.

The news shows stopped begging for interviews.

The house is finally unpacked.

It's large. In a nice neighborhood. Several bedrooms.

Enormous bathrooms. Fancy kitchen.

Everything is in its rightful place.

Edward likes the pale green I chose for the baby room.

I pouted. It wasn't fun to win by default.

It's Saturday night and Edward wants to go out to eat.

I say no, because I'm tired.

He kisses me hard and my heart skips a beat.

I say yes, because I'm horny as hell.

I'm thinking tonight is the night.

So I put on a dress.

And heels with a red sole.

He says, "You're beautiful."

I say, "I know."

He laughs.

We dine at a really expensive restaurant.

He orders steak and I order a burger.

With fries.

'Cause you can't eat a burger without fries.

We sit in the corner.

We talk. About good things. His hands never leave mine.

Even when they're covered in ketchup.

His eyes are glazed above the candle light.

He's acting fidgety so I realize something is up.

He keeps reaching into his pocket.

"Bella, I love you more than anything."

I nod 'cause I know.

"You've changed my life for the better."

I smile, 'cause I know.

"I want to spend the rest of my life with you."

I grimace, 'cause *now* I know.

"What's wrong?"

"My water just broke."

"So why are you crying?"

"I'm not getting any sex tonight, am I?"

"Oh Little One," he sighs.

And I weep.

Because I know.

Let's have a Little Bit, shall we?

I'll let you choose the name. Best one wins.

More tomorrow! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Miracle

Baby Winner: ShamMatt0403, in memory of your friend's daughter. Calvet1999: The middle name belongs to you. Mia: Your name choice was hilarious! Too bad it's not a boy! (lol) TY Pilferettes!

"So good, baby," Edward breathed into my ear, kissing my sweaty forehead. "You did so good."

My voice was hitched as we looked down at our daughter.

She came three weeks early, declaring to the world she was going to be here whether we wanted her or not.

Yeah, she was definitely our daughter. Our brunette, curly haired, grayish green eyed daughter.

The labor was harsh, but quick. If having her was the end result, I would do it a million times over.

I couldn't stop the flood of emotions running rampant as Edward took her into his arms. It was the only peace we could have before the nurse would take her away.

"So, did you decide on a name?" I asked softly.

It was my gift to him. He had already given me so much- including life, it was the least I could do.

"I have to admit, I thought you were having a boy. I'm a little disappointed," he teased, rocking her in his arms.

I used my hands to prop myself up, too exhausted to try harder. "Disappointed?"

"Yeah, now I can't name her Megatron."

I smiled at his joking manner. "Darn, and you were so close. So, so close."

"Alena Renee," he said confidently, nuzzling her cheek. "I want to name her Alena Renee."

I choked back a sob. "You want to give her my mother's name?"

"They would be so proud of you, Little One. I want her to be strong, like you of course, but like your parents also. It will be a way to pass down her strength."

A tear escaped my eye as I smiled. I tenderly stroked a finger down her face.

"Alena Renee," I murmured. It was perfect.

She stirred making a beautiful sound as the nurse returned to take her away. Being born premature, she needed to be in an incubator.

"She's going to be okay," the nurse soothed me, noticing the trepidation on my face. "Just a few weeks and she'll be able to go home."

She started to walk away before turning around. "Wait, did you decide on a name?"

"Alena Renee Cullen," I answered.

Edward glanced down at me. "You're giving her my last name? I thought you'd want to keep it Swan. In your parent's memory."

I shook my head.

"Cullen is strong too. I want her to be just like her Daddy."

He kissed my lips, and suddenly I jerked in the bed, a shooting pain stretching through my lower half.

"What? What's wrong?"

"Remember the money I told you my parents left to me?"

He nodded, a slightly confused look in his eyes. "Yeah?"

"I think I know what I want to do with it."

And then I knew, both of our parents would be proud.

Ooooooh, what do you think she's going to do with the dough?

Keep reading! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Sailor

Peeks down in my vagina to make an announcement* Okay, 124 chapters. An Epilogue. And an Extra. That's it people, and then Pilfered will be OVER! *Pulls my pants back up as you all start yelling

The Cullen-Swan Maternity Ward was donated on Edward and I's behalf several weeks after Alena was home. The Chicago Hospital was thrilled to add the addition, as the money was much needed for improvements. They continually thanked us over and over, but the truth was, the honor did not belong to us.

Edward stayed at home for a few days before I pressured him into going back to work. You would have thought he was the one who had given birth, the way he was acting. Alice came over when she could, in between classes to help.

Well, not to help. More like ooohing and ahhhing. She was all for holding Alena, but suddenly disappeared when a diaper needed to be changed.

I loved my daughter more than anything, but it didn't stop the emotional changes I was experiencing recently.

Alice sat in the rocking chair in the nursery, swaying Alena and smothering her in kisses.

"Bella, you probably have Postpartum Depression. They can give you something for that, you know."

I dismissed her textbook hypothesis. "No, I'm fine. It's just a lot to happen in a year. I'll be fine."

"Have you talked to Edward about it?" she asked sincerely.

"No, I don't want to bother him. He's swamped with work and stuff."

She nodded, patting my arm. "Well, you know I'm here for you. If you need anything."

"I know, Alice," I answered genuinely. "Okay, changing subject. What's going on with you and Jasper recently?"

She squealed, causing Alena to wriggle in her arms. "He's so good to me, Bella. Did you know we are going away in a few weeks? On a cruise? I said, 'I've never been on a ship before' and then he said 'The Jasper Vessel not big enough for ya?' and then-"

I laughed, stopping her story mid-sentence. "Alright, I get it. That's gross, Alice. I don't wanna hear about you and paper boy getting it on."

"Ahoy matey!" she giggled, giving a sailer's salute.

Alena made a cooing sound in her sleep, and I frowned.

"Great. Thanks a lot, Alice," I replied sarcastically.

"What did I do?" she asked.

"Now you've got my daughter dreaming of dinghies."

Hope you're giggling.

The good stuff is next!

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Proposal

SM doesn't ask you questions. I do. Do you all get cold at night? When I sleep in the nude? I'll try to keep you warm tonight...*pulls up my Twilight Blankie*

EPOV

I kept trying to find a way to propose. Something romantic. Something dramatic, but sweet, some story she will have to tell Alena when she's older.

But it isn't us.

I fixed us dinner one night a week ago, when I knew Bella was healed after delivering our magical daughter, but then she started screaming. Hollering.

Waking up the citizens in California.

That idea was blown to bits. Little Bits, one might say.

So my next strategy was none at all.

Alice and Jasper took Alena for the night. I would have asked Emmett or Demetri...no, that was a lie. I could see Emmett trying to laminate my baby girl and Demetri would return her with missing teeth.

I walked through the door, late one night after working, to hear Bella's voice shouting on the phone.

"Yes, Alice you have to change her. Or else she'll get a rash...No, Alice! I swear, you better...okay, that wasn't funny....love you too. Bye."

I chuckled and walked into our large marble and stainless steel enhanced kitchen. Bella was sitting on the floor, flour all over her.

I stepped into the dust, my shoes leaving a trail of prints.

"Little One?" I started cautiously.

"Yeah?"

"Whatcha doin?" I asked cautiously.

She blew a blast of air, her tendrils gusting around her. "I was trying to make a cake for you. As a surprise."

"Bella, you can't cook."

I raised my eyebrow, remembering the many stories she had told me about her mother never letting her step into the kitchen. Her mom had cooked every single meal, never getting the chance to pass her skills on to her daughter.

She grumbled as I put my hand out to assist her. I lifted her up, swinging her out of the mess.

"I know I can't but I got this book. See?"

She pointed to the volume on the counter, its page open to a red velvet cake. "Baby, that looks good, but why didn't you just use a cake mix?"

Bella pouted adorably, crossing her arms. "'Cause Alice said this would taste better. And you would like it more if I made it from scratch."

"Do you always listen to Alice?"

She didn't answer and I didn't respond. Hell, *we all* listened to Alice.

A coffee addict.

No good ever comes from an addict.

"C'mon, let's go get you cleaned up." I threw her over my shoulder, ignoring the mess behind me. She giggled and pounded on my back.

"Let me down!" she shrieked, her bare feet kicking in front of me.

I carried her to our bedroom, allowing her to settle on her feet.

"Come here baby," I murmured, taking her flour covered hand.

Leading her to our oversized closet, I shut the door behind us, leaving the light

off.

"What are you doing?" Bella asked, her voice barely above a whisper. A small filter of light strained underneath the door.

It was dark, and it was perfect.

This was us.

I pulled her into my lap, sitting her sideways, and kissed her temple. "Do you remember the first time I told you I loved you?"

"Yeah..."

"We were in that room Bella, and it was dark, just like this. I remember being so happy that I had found you. That even though we were trapped like that, I was the happiest man on the planet. But here, Bella, we aren't trapped. We can choose to be in the light. And sometimes, when the moment is right, we can be in the dark. Just like this."

"I told you I loved you, because I did. I loved you because of all the things Alice had told me about you. Do remember what I said?"

She nods against my chest.

"But I told you wanted to know more. And now I do. I know you can't cook for shit."

She giggled and the vibrations flowed through me.

"I know you're sneaky as hell, painting that damn baby room green. I know you're messy when you eat, and you're kind of a thief. You steal my t-shirts and now I'm missing half of them. I know that if I watch A Walk to Remember one more time, my head is gonna explode. But I also know how loving and giving you are. How you stood by me even when we weren't together. How you gave me Alena. How lucky I am to have you."

"And that's why I want to spend the rest of my life with you."

Bella gasped as I maneuvered the small velvet box out of my pocket. I fumbled until I found her delicate hand, slipping the gold multi-carat ring onto her finger.

"Little One? Will you marry me?"

It was dark as she whispered, "Yes."

It was dark as my lips molded to hers.

It was dark as her tongue swirled around mine.

But it was bright, as our love lit the room in luminous colors.

Hope you're awwwing.

I HOPE to post tomorrow (with lemons), but Breaking Dawn will be playing at midnight EST, and I may need my sleep before all the headboard breaking. So don't be upset if I don't update.

Are you sad this is ending? I am. But the tears you cry make my vagina wet.

And for that, I thank you. So does Mr. Prodigy! *gigglesnort*

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

PS- GO VOTE FOR PILFERED ON shortnsweetawards (dot) blogspot (dot) com. You can vote the 17th-26th. Please? It would make me happy! *hands you extra c

The Thrust

Breaking Dawn was amazing. There are no words.

It's vagina stuffing time. Cookies? Check. Nutella covered fingers? Check. Carrots? Check. Obsession with food and shecks? Check.

"Please?" I ask softly against his mouth. I hope he knows what I'm begging for. That I want our first time to be in a bed. In the light. That I know this proposal took a lot of courage. It took a lot of thought. But now I need to see him.

He picks me up, and my legs are wrapped around his waist. Our foreheads touching. Our mouths breathing each other's air.

And I know I look a mess. I know my ponytail is slowly sliding out the back. And these wisps of hair are all over my face. And this flour is fucking everywhere. It's now all over him too.

But I don't care. He opens the door and I know he's taking steps, but all I can see is his eyes. I swear they are magical too, 'cause if I try to look away, those orbs draw me back in.

You're a magnet, baby.

Edward lays me on the bed, hovering over me. I know he wants me, but he's holding back. Trying to memorize every detail, every moment.

But I need him now.

I grab the back of his neck with my ring adorned hand and kiss him hard. He moans against me, but it's not enough. I pull him down harder, so that his body is on top of mine. He's hesitant, 'cause he's thinks he's squishing me.

You're not, baby. And even if you were, go ahead and do it. I'll be your fucking pancake. With strawberries on top.

He's pressed against me, and oh heavens, he's right fucking there. I'm dripping waterfalls, and I can't even feel his skin. But his erection is evident, pushing me. We're dry humping like horny teenagers, but I don't care.

His mouth is warm, and I taste the faintness of tobacco on his tongue.

I know you still smoke, baby. But I'll be your patch. Inhale me in until you can't breathe anymore.

I fist his shirt in my hands, pulling it out of his slacks. He was so damn beautiful in his work clothes. But he was downright mesmerizing without them. He leans back and I unbutton his dress shirt quickly. He kicks off shoes and I hear them fall to the floor. His socks are gone next and our bare feet rub each other. I began to take off my shirt, but he halts my movements.

"Let me do it," he whispers. He's always like this. Wanting to take care of me. My tank top is gone. With no bra revealed, he lets out a hiss. He wants to devour me.

I'll let him.

'Cause I'm hungry too, baby. I'm starved of your touch, and I need nourishment from your hands. Feed me with your kisses. Supply me with your love.

He lowers his mouth to my breast, sucking gently, and palming my other. He kneads me tenderly, and I scrape my nails against his back. He repeats his motion to the other side, but I'm already gone.

"Please, Edward," I beg. I can't handle much more. A harsh chuckle escapes his lips.

Within seconds, the rest of our clothing is gone. He cradles my face in his hands and whispers, "I love you."

He doesn't give me a chance to respond, licking my neck. Nipping the flesh on my collarbone. My fingers thread through his hair. He hitches up my right leg, wrapping it around his waist.

His cock is right there.

Right fucking there.

Why won't he enter?

"You're so beautiful," he exhales in my ear.

"Flour. All over," I mumble.

"So pretty," he breathes.

"Hair. Not done," I gasp.

"So fucking cute," he whispers.

"Batter. On my hands," I say.

He enters me harshly, and I cry out.

I wasn't prepared.

"Now, you're perfect," he murmurs.

I want him to move, but he won't. I want him to kiss me, but he doesn't. I want him to touch me, but he refuses.

He's perfect at this game he plays. He's the player and my body is the board. He's staring at me, contemplating his next move.

He pulls back out.

Game over.

Keep reading, fluckers!

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Plunge

Keep stuffing....

My eyes stare into his.

Read the fucking manual.

Requires two participants.

It's your turn.

He thrusts back into me. Hard.

Checkmate.

He's not going to be gentle. Because we aren't like that. Our love reflects our life. Rough and turbulent. Wild and jarring.

One hand is supporting my leg. The other grabbing my waist. He's pulling me into him. Pushing me back out. Drawing me forward. Shoving me out.

My fucking breasts are out of control right now. I can't help they are bouncing every which way. I hold my hands on them. To settle them still.

He growls. I remove them. He's watching me. Wanting to see me under his influence.

"Is this what you wanted, Bella?" he snarls.

I reach behind me, grabbing the pillow for support.

He ploughs into me. I can see his cock wet with my arousal. Going in, coming out. I'm lost at the sight.

"Is this what you've been asking for, Bella?"

I don't know anymore. He leans headfirst, balancing just over my face.

"Is this what you need, Bella?"

His temple connects with mine.

"I told you I was going to fuck you, Little One," he barks in a hushed voice.

And he does.

He fucks me hard as he breathes in my oxygen. He fucks me hard as he bites my lower lip. He fucks me hard as he holds my hands above us.

He's slamming into me, and the bed hits the wall.

He's thrusting into me, and my moans fill the room.

He's plunging into me, and his sweat drips onto mine.

Somehow he goes faster.

Somehow he goes deeper.

Somehow he takes everything I've got.

It doesn't matter that I'm screaming.

It doesn't matter that my stomach is churning.

It doesn't matter that my insides are coiling.

'Cause it's exactly what I wanted.

It's exactly what I asked for.

It's exactly what I needed.

I squeeze around him, and he gasps. He lets go of my hands, and I claw at him. Leaving trails of my mark on his back. My muscles tense, and I grab his ass.

Cause he's not close enough to my flesh.

He's not deep enough within.

"Fuck, Bella!" he pants.

I shove him higher, and I cry out. I fall apart, convulsing around his cock.

His eyes clamor shut, groaning as he pulsates inside of me. He shutters against me, holding still, as I soak up all he has to offer.

We lay immobile, my orgasm riding out. The waves crash, and I come to shore.

He pulls out of me, rolling to the side. Pulling my body against his own. His hot breath blows against my neck.

He wraps the cover around us. As if the heat of our flesh wasn't enough.

But I spoon with him, letting the silence permeate the empty house.

"Bella?" he rasps out.

"Yeah?" I answer.

"You got flour in my hair, didn't you?" he asks quietly.

I turn my neck to the side. Sure enough, the white residue speckles his bronzed mane.

I grin and turn around.

"No, you're good. Nothing there."

He smiles against my skin.

"You're a hot mess, you know that?"

I giggle and shrug.

"I know. But I'm your hot mess."

Hope you liked the lemon.

Now, I know my readers like the back of my hand.

Go back and review the last chapter.

I know you skipped it, you horny little citrus seeds.

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Recipe

Almost finished. You still with me?

One year later...

Our wedding was simple.

The honeymoon to the Caribbean unimaginable.

The life we've built is complete.

I was so proud to watch Alice walk across the stage with her degree.

She encouraged me to take classes online. That way I can stay home with Alena.

She's growing so fast. I can't keep up. I take after my Mommy's hobby.

I follow in her footsteps. Changing my major. I can't help others with their problems. Psychology was no longer for me. I want to capture the essence of people. I see now why she could never put the camera down.

The camera flashes Alena's smile. Her giggle. The chubby foot she sticks in her mouth. The drool that seeps from her lips as she sleeps.

She ours, and she's perfect.

She whines when she doesn't get what she wants. That's from me.

She bats those eyelashes because she knows she's irresistible. That's from Edward.

I'm feeding her food from the baby jar when Edward walks in the door.

"Hey, Edward," I greet him, leaning forward for a kiss.

He smiles and sets his briefcase down. Alena spits out the mushed up carrots. It lands on my face.

Trouble-maker.

He chuckles and wipes it away with his thumb.

He scoots a chair closer to us, sitting down. He's got an envelope in his hand.

"What's that?" I ask, curious.

Edward ignores me. "How was your day?"

"It was good..."

"That's nice," he says fidgeting. He brushes Alena's hair to the side. Those curls can't be tamed. She latches onto his finger.

Obviously they taste better than the carrots.

I would know.

"Edward, what's that in your hand?" I ask again.

He sighs, placing the envelope on the table. I put down the baby spoon, and read the outside.

It's from Alec. Illinois Penitentiary.

I stiffen, and Edward places his hand on my knee.

"Bella-" he begins.

I wave a hand of dismissal.

I thought this was over. I'm not saying Alec didn't help save us. But he was in on it too. He could have helped me at any time. Helped us.

He's not a father.

Not like my Daddy was.

My chair scrapes backwards. I'm trying to leave the room. I can't handle this right now. I had shoved those memories into the back of my mind. Buried them with the birth of my daughter. Coated them with the love of my husband.

"Bella-"

"No!" I shout. My voice is harsher than I intended. "Edward, don't. This is not up for discussion. Throw it away."

"Don't you want to hear what he has to say?" he questions.

My blood boils. The temperature is too high. It's melting my happiness.

Cooking my contentment.

Overheating my optimism.

Burning my bliss.

Alena starts crying, as if she feels the tension in the air. I pick up my daughter, carrying her to her room. Putting her down for a much needed nap. Rubbing her back until she breathes evenly.

This is what a real parent does.

Edward waits for me in our bedroom. He's dressed down, having taken off his work suit.

"Bella, come here," he says softly, patting his knee. I take my position, curling into him.

"I'm sorry," he continues. "I just thought you'd want to know what he had written."

I shake my head. I already know.

I already know how it'll start.

Dear Bella, it will read. I kiss Edward against the mouth. Slipping my tongue in between his lips.

I'm sorry for what I've done. My involvement with Esme. I guide his hands to my hot zone. Letting him cup the heat beneath my panties.

I know I should have helped you and Edward. Down in that basement. His magical fingers manipulate me, rubbing my clit in circles. Arousing my wetness.

I don't know why I never called the police. I shimmy out of my pants, letting them fall to the ground. Take off my shirt until I'm naked and straddling his muscular legs.

I let Esme take control of me our whole relationship. He inserts two fingers inside of me, and I'm rocking against them. Moaning as he takes my breasts into his mouth.

A part of me wanted to end it. I never did. Edward flips me onto the bed. I'm on my back, spread open and waiting.

I don't suppose you have any idea how tightly I was bound. He goes straight to my core. Prying my lips open with his hands.

It probably doesn't matter anyways. You want the truth, not excuses. I can't help the noises that escape from my throat.

The truth is, I have nothing but excuses. He licks gently, from top to bottom. Flicks my clitoris with his tongue.

I hope one day that you'll forgive me. He holds me down steady. Moaning at the taste of me.

I know it will take some time. I scream aloud, as he fucks me with his mouth, willing me to move.

I pray your forgiveness won't take an eternity. I feel my orgasm on the horizon. He fingers are back in me. Thrusting roughly.

But Dear Bella, even if it does... He sucks and licks. Kisses and rubs. I tremble because I'm so damn close.

I will wait to hear those words. He bites down gently, causing my hips to rise off the bed.

Love you always. I explode erratically, convulsing as I came spiraling down from my climax.

~Alec

My blood cools. The temperature is decreasing. I set my pleasure on a platter.

Spread my ecstasy evenly.

Decorated it with devotion.

Sprinkled it with satisfaction.

Hope you liked the mixture of plot! *facepalms my pun*

Continue reading! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Celebration

The last of Fingerward. Go head, peek your head out of my vagina for this one. I'll allow it!

EPOV

I laughed heartedly at Demetri's joke. We're in our backyard, celebrating the Fourth of July. I'm glad I have many people to call my friends, since any extended family is null and void. Alice is giggling at Alena, and nudging Jasper. He chuckles at her antics.

Emmett is burning the steak because he's too busy paying attention to Jacob and Rosalie cuddle.

Let it go, dude. Ain't gonna happen.

Bella is prying the cigarette out of my mouth, and stomps it out on the ground. I pout, but she rewards me with kisses.

"Alright, who's ready to eat?" Emmett boasts, and we settle at the table. We all pass around the side dishes, and I put Alena in my lap.

"You spoil her," Bella comments, the twinkle in her eyes reflects amusement.

"I do not," I tease.

"You bought her a dollhouse," Alice refutes.

"And a tricycle. She barely walks as it is," Demetri agrees.

"What about the Elmo collection?" Rosalie pipes in.

"Yep, and books she can't even read," Jasper concurs.

"That damn new expensive bed," Emmett adds.

"Her room is bigger than my apartment," Jacob retorts.

"Fuck you all," I laugh. *Of course I spoil my baby.*

"You're Daddy's little girl, aren't you Alena?" I coo, and she giggles as I blow kisses on her tummy.

"So..." Alice drawls out. "Jasper and I have news."

"What is it?"

"Are you pregnant?"

"Did you buy a new car?"

"Did he finally learn how to paperize you?"

Everyone turns to look at me for the last statement. I shrug. "Hey, I don't know what kind of fuckery you guys are into. People do some kinky shit these days."

"I don't even know what that means," Alice laughed, and shows us her diamond clad hand. "Jasper proposed."

Their news is responded by loud congratulations and cheers. "To the happy couple."

"May your life be filled with happiness."

"And chubby babies."

"And hot sex."

"And old age."

"And fights over the toilet seat."

"And paperization," I add.

"To paperization," everyone repeats, raising their soda cans and beer bottles in the air.

We clink together our drinks and finish our meal with talks of weddings and locations.

Demetri helps me set off the fireworks in the backyard, and Alena's eyes grew large at the sound and sight of it all.

I snuggle against Bella, holding onto my daughter, as the lights shoot off in front of us.

"I love you, baby," I whisper.

"I love you more," she sighs, leaning into me for a kiss.

Alice stalks toward us, half drunk and barefoot.

Bella wraps her legs under my own.

"Bel-la," she slurs. "Have you seen my shoes?"

Bella shakes her head, and I glance down. She's wearing a pair of stiletto heels that most definitely do not belong to her.

Alice curses under her breath and storms away. "Jaaaasssperrr!"

I chuckle and wrap my arms around the two loves of my life.

"Little One?"

"Yeah?"

"Alice is going to kick your ass."

"I know, Mr. Magic Fingers. I know."

Hope you delighted at the (sort of) ending.

It ain't over til Xquisite sings!

Continue reading!

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

The Epilogue

This is the moment I've been waiting for since chapter one.

*****Epilogue*****

"Alena! Come on! We'll stop for ice cream on the way home," I yell.

"Coming Mommy!" she shouts back.

I watch as my beautiful eight year old daughter grabs her karate bag off the bench and say goodbye to her friends. She's grown into a tall, sweet daughter; one that I'm so proud to be the mother of.

She's clad in her karate gear, a green belt tied around her waist. Her long curls, brown but highlighted with wisps of crimson, are pulled back into a ponytail.

"Did you see me, Mommy?" she says, running to me. "Did you see me beat Brady?"

Her eyes glimmer with boastfulness and I smile back. "You sure did, baby. I think you can beat your Daddy now. His yellow belt and all."

She giggles and grabs my hand. "Nuh uh, Mommy. He's too big."

"What if I help?" I tease, opening the door for the both of us.

"Well, maybe..." she contemplates, seriously thinking about it.

"Wait! Mrs. Cullen!"

The deep voice halts my movements, and I let the handle of the door go.

Mr. Scott rushes towards us, waving a flier.

The older trainer who teaches the art of karate, strongly built with a muscular physique, rests his hand on Alena's shoulder.

"Mrs. Cullen," he says. "I wanted to give you the flier for our competition. It's next week. Alena is doing such a great job and I'm sure she'll win."

He squeezes her shoulder and I pull her closer to me. "Thank you, Mr. Scott. I'll make sure my husband and I will be there."

"Great," he says, a gleam in his eye. "See you tomorrow. Six o'clock sharp, Alena."

She returns the high-five he wants and waves. "Bye, Mr. Scott!"

We run quickly to my car, and my stomach is slightly unsettled. "You ready for some ice cream?"

She nods enthusiastically from the backseat. We stop at the shop before going home, and I order her favorite, an Oreo and M&M topped sundae.

My husband is already home, cooking dinner. I give him a lingering kiss, despite Alena's gagging sounds.

"Hey, baby! Whatcha makin'?" I ask, as Alena wraps him up in a hug.

"Your favorite. Spaghetti," he replies, and I tousle his unruly hair.

"Want some help?" I offer.

"We wanna live another day," he retorts and I laugh.

"My cooking isn't *that* bad. I've gotten better," I whine.

"I know, baby," he says, slyly squeezing my rear end.

Alena notices, wrinkling her nose in disgust and runs up the stairs. I return my affection to the man I adore.

∞ ∞ ∞ O.O.O ∞ ∞ ∞

I pull the lit cigarette out of my husband's sleeping hand, taking a drag before putting it out.

I don't want to go out, but I need to.

Edward doesn't know what I saw.

He doesn't know I can see through a person's soul; their ulterior motive lurking behind gleaming eyes.

He doesn't know I've been planning this the past few hours.

He doesn't know I found the directions. Searched the area. Debated the pro's and con's.

So he says I'm Bella. Mrs. Cullen, his Little One. His perfect housewife.

But he's wrong.

Tonight I'll be bad.

I slip on my gloves. The mask that covers my face. The knife digs into my waist, but I like it.

I can be evil. I can be sinful. I can be sexy.

I kiss his forehead and glance in the mirror as I retreat from our bedroom.

I leave the tranquility of our home, and get there in record time. I crawl through the window. Go up the stairs. Navigate my way through the darkness.

I climb on top of his sleeping form, and the way I'm moving is silent. I've been struggling with this disease since my pilfering, but I've never stepped out of line like this.

I grind on top of him, so he awakens from his sleep.

He stirs, confused. "Mrs. Cullen?"

"No, Mr. Scott," I whisper. "Your worst nightmare."

He jerks as I trail the knife up and down his chest.

He cries and I stab. I stab and he cries.

The next thing I know, his breathing stops. Nobody fucks with my daughter.

Edward says he grateful I've recovered from all the suffering I've endured.

I haven't. The blood I wipe from my weapon proves just that.

After all,

I am my mother's child.

The End

Ha! Hope you're sitting still at your computer, shocked the fuck out.

Yeah, it's how I always planned on finishing it.

I never promised a happy ending!

(Bella never received help for her Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. That, and she's got crazy in her family. lol)

My thanks are on the next chapter, which is an Extra Storyline dedicated to you!

Continue reading! :D

I'll stop typing, and you start clicking. *Points to REVIEW button*

Extra: The Looking Glass

Bertha References belong to FB friends and LvTwilight09. (hehe)

**Have you voted for Pilfered at the
shortnsweetawards(dot)blogspot(dot)com? You should. :D**

XP Point of View

I slam my identification against the glass. The security guard examines it, studying my face, before hitting the button.

The metal door buzzes open, sliding as I walk through.

"Who are you here to see, Ma'am?" the lady asks.

"Esme Cullen," I reply.

I deal with the shakedown, the hands all over my clothes, and the pats to my private area.

"She's clear," the broad guard states, and I have to walk through several other secure doors before I see her.

Sitting with a frail face and short choppy hair. Still in her wheelchair. Dressed in orange. Hands cuffed and pressed against the steel table.

"Well, well, well," she mutters. "Isn't it Xquisite. They said I had a visitor. Thought it would be my daughter."

I lit a cigarette despite the guard's glare. "You seriously thought Bella would come to see you? It's been fifteen years, Esme."

"A girl can dream, can't she?"

"I suppose. Big Bertha fucked you yet?"

She stiffens and turns her head away.

"I take that as a yes," I laugh, blowing smoke out of my lips.

"Why are you here?" she asks gruffly.

"I've come to see if you're alright. Ask what the hell you were thinking."

She snorts. "We've already been through this. I gave my reasons. Don't matter anyway, no how. I can't get my redemption back. Devil's already waiting for me."

I nod. "Can I tell you a story, Esme?"

"Don't see how it matters, but go 'head."

I shift in my seat, taking off my coat. I lay my hands on the table, my fingers making prints through the scratches people indented.

"I was like you once. Angry at the world."

"Why's that?" she asks curiously.

"I have endometriosis. Given the diagnosis at the age of twenty-two. Fucked up, aint it?"

She gasps, and I don't give her the chance to respond.

"I was three years old when my brother and I were adopted. My biological mother a piece of shit. Living some ratty life out in Toledo. Didn't want me. So I told myself, when I got older, I was going to be a great mom. Do all the things she never did. My adopted parents were great, don't get me wrong. My dad was an assistant pastor, my mom the manager of a grocery store. But there's something about wanting to know where you get your eyes from. Why your hair curls a certain way.

I didn't find out until I was eight years old. Digging through drawers looking for paper to color on. I was real smart at that age, reading way above my level. So when I found those adoption papers, I cried like hell. Didn't understand why my parents never told me. Why it was a closed adoption to begin with. Did you know my birth father didn't sign those papers until three years after my mother did?"

She nods, understanding it's a rhetorical question.

"I didn't ask my mom about it until I was older. She said my birth mom had problems. Couldn't take care of my brother and me. I figure she was on drugs or

some shit. Never did know the truth. But like I was saying, I was one of those girls that just knew I was going to be a mom. So at twenty one I got married to Mr. Prodigy. He's fucking hot, by the way."

She laughs. "Blonde hair and blue eyes drew me in. So anyways, one year after we're married, we decide we wanna try for a baby. Wasn't happening. I was getting severe pains. In the hospital all the time. I go to the doctor and that bastard tells me I have endometriosis. Worst day of my life. I wanted to die. Doc said I could have surgery. Remove all the tissue. Get rid of the cysts on my ovaries..."

I pause, being taken back to that day. "So I had the surgery. Hurt like hell, let me tell you."

Esme interrupts. "So did you ever get pregnant? Have kids?"

I shook my head. "I'm twenty six now, Esme. Two miscarriages, but no baby."

"So you understand why I did what I did."

I threw my cigarette on the ground and pounded my fists on the table. "Fuck Esme! No! That's my fucking point. You see how your actions ruined Bella's life? She'll never be normal. I had get help, too. I had to have some support. You're failing to see the bigger picture."

She sighs. "Which is what, Xquisite?"

"You gotta move on. I pray I'll have kids someday, and if I don't- I'll adopt. My parents' blood doesn't run through my veins, but I've inherited their compassion. Their love. Their sincerity. Their sacrifice. That's the type of shit they don't write on papers."

"You haven't moved on. Always stuffing people up your vagina and shit."

I growl and stand up. "That's my way of wishing life were inside of me. I never claimed to be perfect. Your subconscious makes you say odd things."

I grab my coat and begin to leave. Esme reaches out her hand.

"Wait! How can I have determination like you? Help me Xquisite. Don't leave me like this."

"Prayer. God. Family. Friends," I state, sliding on my coat. I flip my hair out of the

collar.

I walk towards the door as it buzzes open. I step one foot out.

Turning around, I leave her my final piece of advice.

"You don't know how strong you are, until being strong is the only option you have ."

∞ ∞ ∞ O.O.O ∞ ∞ ∞

I want to say Thank You to all of my readers who supported me through this endeavor. I will not give up. I know that since I was blessed with 2 loving parents, God wants me to pass on the torch to change other people's lives. I want to nurture children, like my parents nurtured me. I want to tuck them in at night, read them bedtime stories, and listen to my husband tell them "No cookies before bed!" as I slip one in their hands.

In conclusion, I would like to give my appreciation to you for reading *Pilfered*. I hope you learned that family is EVERYTHING. Each character reflected parts of me. From Esme's fertility struggles, to Alec wanting to help someone he could not, to Alice's willpower; I see all of them in the mirror. I hope they also reflect parts of you.

Thank you to those who have read, reviewed, threw cookies at me, and allowed me to stuff you into parts unknown. Thank you for being dear friends.

I adore and love you all.

~XquisiteProdigy