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Beta'd by HollettLA

And Francesca has helped me with all things Italian

~CaraNo

Isla de Cullen

Chapter 1

BPOV

I grew up with maids and servants, but I had never witnessed this level of luxury before, and I was completely slack-jawed as we boarded the private jet that would take us to Isla de Cullen. It was where we were spending our winter break. Almost a whole month off—for which we could thank our private school: Clallam Academy. Forks High only had two weeks, and many of their students were pissed.

I digress.

Isla de Cullen was an island owned by Mr. Cullen—a man I had never met before. But he was an old friend of Alice's dad, and this year her family invited me to come with them...seeing as how my parents were on a cruise.

They were rarely home, but I didn't care anymore. I fended well on my own, and I enjoyed the solitude. Alice was the only exception, and I'd say she was my one and only friend in Forks. Seattle was another matter, of course, but that part of my life was hush-hush.

Don't worry, nothing illegal.

I was merely a model for a few photographers. But still, I wouldn't tell anyone, and especially not Alice. She wouldn't like it. At all. No, my reason for loving Alice was that we were both somewhat removed from our peers. In school, we shied away from the jocks, the bimbos, and the other cliché people that high school came with, and if I told Alice—the ultimate good girl—that I was a nude model, I would lose her. And she was needed in my life. If I was going to survive the last semester of high school...yes, I was definitely going to need someone who wasn't like the other idiots.

"Are you all right, dear?" Mary asked.

Apparently, I still showed my state of shock. But seriously, this private jet was...there were no words.

"I'm fine. Just in awe," I chuckled quietly as I buckled my seatbelt.

Alice's mother was the ultimate housewife, and I'd always admired her for that everlasting smile of hers. Always happy. Always eager to help and please. Mr. Brandon should consider himself happy. I knew he did, too. He was the ultimate father and husband.

There were actually many things about the Brandons that were "ultimate." Like Alice being the ultimate sweet girl—smart, polite, well-mannered. A bit safe and boring at times, but I believed I was the weird one for thinking that, because I was far from ordinary.

"Can I tell you something?" Alice asked, now sitting in the seat next to mine. "You have to promise not to tell anyone."

That was new.

"Who would I tell?" I smiled, knowing she would understand, because truly, I had no one *to* tell. Even if I did have someone, I wouldn't betray her trust.

She smiled and made sure her parents couldn't hear from their seats, and then she leaned in and whispered. "I've met someone."

Definitely new!

"Who- what- when- how?" I stuttered.

"At an art gallery in Seattle last month," she rushed out in a whisper, her eyes dancing in excitement.

At the mention of Seattle, I couldn't help but think back on my last few trips there. They had been my most enjoyable visits yet, and I'd had the honor of not just modeling for Jazz Whitlock—one of the most popular photographers in the erotic photography field—but he was actually the one asking *me* to model, stating that I would be perfect for his next exhibit. God, just thinking back on how he had me positioned on that velvet couch...or cuffed to the St. Andrew cross...

Then of course, there was the matter of his being a Dominant that intrigued me. I'd obviously studied the subject, seeing as I'd modeled as a submissive a few times, and though I could honestly say that BDSM was not for me—not in that sense anyway—I did have a wish to belong to someone.

Mr. Whitlock even commented on how naturally submissive I was when I automatically called him Sir—despite his having told me I could call him Jazz—and I couldn't say I was all that surprised, because I knew he was right.

I had practically grown up with Alice and her family, and Alice's dad always laughed and ruffled my hair when I called him Mr. Brandon and not Jack.

It was just who I was.

However, I was not into bondage. So, no, a D/s relationship was not for me, though I did want to submit to *some* extent.

Anyway, in the next couple of sessions with Mr. Whitlock, he photographed me in various submissive poses, and I couldn't deny that I felt aroused when he called me his "pure submissive". Pure, because I had no experience—whatsoever. No, not even in the vanilla life did I have experience, and when Mr. Whitlock positioned me in the worship-pose, he asked me about my experience, to which I told him the truth. It wasn't a secret anyway and, truth be told, he asked me more for clarification, having already heard the rumor about my experience...or lack thereof.

Since then, he'd called me his Pure, and yes, it did things to me. Not Mr. Whitlock personally, but the power and confidence he radiated.

I was far from clueless, and I knew very well how things worked, but I had no interest in wasting time on the ridiculous jerks in school. I would know when my time came, and I knew it wouldn't be with anyone weak. I needed a strong mind to take charge.

"His name is Jasper H-something. Can't really remember his last name," Alice continued, effectively bringing me back.

I smiled, happy for her. "That's great, Alice. Tell me about him. You met at an art gallery?"

"Yeah, he was there with a friend...Alex or Alec or something... Anyway, I was standing there, looking at a photo of some desert, and I truly didn't understand it. I mean, who takes a picture of sand?"

"So, yeah, he came up to me and asked if I saw something in the photo, and I remember laughing out a 'no.' Then we sorta got to talking, and my gosh, Bella, he's so gorgeous and so nice and polite and sweet. He's a bit

older than I am, but that doesn't matter. I just...God, I just love him already."

Wow.

I had never seen Alice so animated about anything before, and she spent the next hour telling me all about this Jasper she now claimed to be in love with—a man whose last name she couldn't even remember, but who was I to judge? This was, of course, where the true Alice shone through; she wasted no time in painting the picture of the future she wanted to have with Jasper. You know, the white picket fence, the children, the golden retriever, the Volvo...

~IdC~

The flight to Isla de Cullen didn't take long, seeing as it was just off the coast of northern California, and as we got closer and closer, Alice and I talked more about the time we had to look forward to on the island. She told me stories about her cousin—Emmett—and his family that was also coming. They, too, knew Mr. Cullen, and it was their tradition to spend the holidays on his island. All together there would be ten of us, including Mary, Mr. Brandon, Alice, myself, Mr. Cullen and a friend of his who was also bringing his sister, and then Emmett and his parents.

I'd heard many stories about Mr. McCarty, and he was apparently a lawyer like my father, travelling a lot just like Charlie and, of course, *just* like in my family, Mrs. McCarty always joined him on those trips, leaving Emmett alone with maids and servants. It was a life I was very familiar with.

Anyway, there would be four of us around my age, and then the grownups.

I had asked how they all knew each other, and Alice said that Mr. Brandon's sister, Elizabeth—also Emmett's mother—went to high school

with Mr. Cullen. And one year when Mr. Brandon came home from college, he and Mr. Cullen had gotten along so well that they stuck together. Then, later on, as Elizabeth met Mr. McCarty, he too, joined the friendship. Apparently—according to Alice—Mr. McCarty, Mr. Brandon, and Mr. Cullen were inseparable during their get-togethers. Obviously because they didn't see each other often. Mr. Cullen lived on his island or in LA, Mr. McCarty and his family lived in Chicago, and the Brandons lived in Forks.

~IdC~

"Dad, who's Edward bringing? All Mom told me was that it was a friend and his little sister," Alice said as we boarded the boat that would take us to the island.

It was already close to midnight, and it was dark and cold as hell, not to mention windy.

Northern California in December wasn't warm. Not one bit.

"Oh, I'm afraid I don't recall his first name, princess," Mr. Brandon replied, getting comfortable in his seat. "Edward called him Hale, I think, and then Hale's sister's name was Rosalie, I believe."

"She's your age," Mary added, but we already knew that.

Alice frowned in confusion. "Huh... So, how old is this Hale? I mean, if he's as old as Edward, then there's a big gap between his friend and his sister, right?"

"I believe Hale is a few years younger than Edward," Mr. Brandon said, rubbing his chin. "And I remember Edward telling me he worked with this Hale."

I tuned out as the boat's engine purred to life, and I spent the short journey to the island with my iPhone, and my...slight...addiction to writing

about my life in Seattle. It was definitely Alice's talk about Seattle earlier that brought back the memories, and now I couldn't wait for my next session with Mr. Whitlock.

It was my outlet, to write poems or short posts about my love for erotica, so while Alice and her parents talked about this and that, I gave in to my inner self.

And I wrote.

In that stern voice, with those unyielding eyes

Your power stands tall, everything else dies

I hear the camera working, capturing me where I'm bound

With my consent, you have me kneeling on the ground

Your being screams confidence; you're so sure

I smile, Sir, when you call me Pure

I grinned and sent it to Mr. Whitlock after posting it on my blog, and I knew he was going to tease me in his reply. He always did.

My relationship with him was odd. We were very comfortable with each other despite our age difference—him being thirty and me being eighteen—and though there was never an attraction between us, we were both addicted to the setting we created together. He was able to enjoy a model, and I was able to enjoy a photographer. It was our element, I supposed.

My phone signaled a new text then, and I chuckled quietly as I read Mr. Whitlock's reply.

My sweet girl, when are you going to admit defeat? You are as vanilla as I am. – J.W.

That was when we arrived at Isla de Cullen, and as I focused hard, I could also see a house, but it was too dark to see clearly. I only knew from pictures Alice had shown me that it was a beautiful two-story hacienda, and then there was a group of smaller haciendas on the other side of the island for Mr. Cullen's staff.

Before pocketing my phone, I sent a quick response to Mr. Whitlock.

Never said I was vanilla, now did I? But you know very well I'm not cut out for playrooms ;) Happy Holidays, Sir. – Isabella

"Just got a message from Edward," Mr. Brandon told us. "He's been notified of our arrival and will be here in a few minutes to greet us."

I could see his wide grin—anticipation of seeing his friend again.

My phone vibrated in my pocket once more, and I couldn't stop myself from pulling it out.

"Probably just my parents," I explained to Alice as she eyed me curiously.

Who else would text me, according to her?

Perhaps you are right there, but you were born to be owned, and you know that. Have a wonderful Christmas, my Pure. I myself will enjoy northern Cali with my sister and a friend. How about you? – J.W.

Born to be owned.

I shivered at the words.

But wait...Mr. Whitlock was spending Christmas...*here*?

Northern Cali with his sister and a friend?

No, it can't be.

As Mr. Brandon motioned for us to get off the boat, I hurriedly typed out another text.

So will I. Where are you exactly? – Isabella

His reply was instant.

I'm afraid I'm on a private island. Had I been on the mainland, I would've loved to see you. – J.W.

What the hell?

"Wow, I don't remember your parents sending you so many texts," Alice chuckled jokingly.

I didn't bother with a reply. Well, not to her. But to Mr. Whitlock.

Isla de Cullen? – Isabella

The dock was freezing cold, and while I took my luggage from one of the staff, I glanced up and saw the silhouettes of two men approaching.

I just knew. For some reason, I knew, as I watched the dark figures come closer, that one of those men...was him. Jazz Whitlock.

One of them stopped, and though it was too dark to see, I saw him lower his head, and a faint light flashed. I still couldn't see much, but it was quite clear that the man held a phone. And suddenly, his head snapped up, which was all the confirmation I needed.

Mr. Whitlock was Mr. Cullen's friend. But Hale? Granted, it wouldn't surprise me if Mr. Whitlock went under another name as a photographer. I

just found it odd. Much was odd right now, and truth be told, I was in shock.

There was nothing bad about it because I knew he would never betray my trust, and I knew he would greet me like someone he'd never met before, but still.

What are the odds?

Then I saw them, and yes, it was Mr. Whitlock.

I could barely believe it.

I was happy, but...Christ, in *disbelief*.

"Oh, my God," I heard Alice breathe out shakily, gripping my arm. It was difficult, but I managed to get myself under control and forced my eyes to leave the two approaching men.

"What's wrong?" I asked her, confused, not understanding why her eyes were so wide.

"Th-that's Ja-Jasper."

If I thought I was in shock before, I was sorely mistaken.