



Stephenie Meyer owns Twilight

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The End

~B

I watch you a lot. I wonder how you ended up here at the Platt Asylum.

You've lost something.

I did, too. Once upon a time. *Centuries ago...*

You sit in there. In that cell. The padded cell.

When I first saw you three weeks ago, I thought you were the new doctor.

But you're just a patient.

A patient eager to die.

And for some reason, I always send Alice to administer your medication.

I chew on my lip, watching in silence through that little window.

Why do you want to die?

I want you to be okay.

~B

Believe me; it's not all that funny to be dead. I should know.

I *do* know.

"Nurse Swan."

Ah, Dr. Death is calling.

"Yes, Dr. Cullen," I say softly, facing my father.

Father. What a joke. He's my creator. He's my killer.

"We have a procedure scheduled for Patient 23069," he tells me. "So, I'm off to the hospital in town."

He stands behind me. A few feet away.

I keep watching you through the little window.

You're pacing in there. Pulling at your hair.

"You're in charge, nurse."

I know. And I will make sure the cell is clean for Patient 23069's return.

He'll be a vegetable.

"Yes, doctor," I reply.

The storm outside is raging, making the lights in the institution flicker.

Soon, Carlisle leaves.

I hear the hysterical laughter as they wheel Patient 23069 away.

Goodbye, Jacob Black.

"I love carrots!" he screams through his laughs. "Now I'll be one!"

Does that mean it's okay for me to drink his blood?

I am a vegetarian, after all.

~E

You think I don't know that you watch me.

But I do know.

Because I watch you, too.

When you and Nurse Brandon sit at the nurse's station, I observe through the little window in my door.

Even the door is padded.

You float like an angel.

Would you let me fuck you?

I would love to. I'd be honored to stick my dick in you.

It's been a long time. Years.

Maybe it would feel so good that I'd die.

What a way to go.

I would slam my cock inside you, all while staring deep into those golden eyes of yours, and it would be the last thing I ever saw.

I'll be quick, Angel Nurse.

We'll even have a padded wall for comfort.

~E

I heard what happened to Jake.

He was a good fella. Well, apart from where he killed his cheating wife and went insane. Now, after his lobotomy, he's a drooling piece of broccoli. Why not kill him? Why turning him into a shell? He's nothing now, yet still breathing. I know, though. I know. That's a punishment. To breathe.

In the common room, we all sit silently.

I listen a little to Buddy Holly. He's catchy. I like his latest single "Heartbeat."

Maybe someone could take mine away.

I just want to hear her little voice again. Her sing-song voice.

"Daddy, you're home!"

I smile contentedly and lean my head back.

She was my princess. Always smiling.

My eyes close.

And then I feel *you*. I feel the chill, and I instantly know, because it's not the same as Nurse Brandon. It's the same chill, but your chill comes with a shiver that runs through my body.

Bad, bad Angel Nurse.

You're waking up my dick.

"Mr. Masen?" I hear your angelic voice ask. Wind chimes. "Here's your medication."

I sigh, I open my eyes, and there you are.

So beautiful. And young. You look too young to be a nurse. Maybe twenty or so.

Usually Nurse Brandon gives me the damned pills.

But now that *you're* doing it, could you also sit on my dick for a little while?

~B

"I'm not doing that again, Mary Alice," I hiss quietly, returning to the front desk. "You will deal with Masen from now on."

I scrunch my nose, hating the smell of nail polish.

Alice's color today is called Poppy Pink.

"Why? I know you want him," she says, shrugging like it's no biggie. "I wouldn't tell on you," she adds, looking up at me with a wicked glint in her eye. "After all, you don't tell on me, right?"

Of course not.

But that's different.

I'm grossed out by what she's doing.

Patient 17831 is... special. Jasper Whitlock. He thinks he's a Major in the Civil War, and it doesn't matter how often we tell him that the year is 1958. He still salutes us every morning. Only problem is, his dick is also saluting us, and Alice likes to take care of it, of him.

~B

"Daddy promoted me, Bella," Alice tells me. "So, I decided that you deal with Masen from now on."

I hear Carlisle chuckle from inside his office down the hall. Eavesdropper.

We're all fucked in the head here.

Carlisle, Alice, Emmett... and me.

One fucked up family – and I use that term loosely.

If Ms. Platt knew what we were up to – fraternizing with the patients – she'd fire the lot of us.

Well, maybe not me.

But as I look over at *your* handsome face, I know it won't be long.

I will cross lines with you.

And I know you will let me, because you were so hard for me.

I saw you, you know. The light blue cotton trousers don't exactly hide anything. But then again, you didn't look like you were *trying* to hide.

~E

I'm starting to wonder.

Can you read my mind?

You stand on one side of the door.

I stand on the other – on the inside. Inside my padded cell.

The window is small, but we stand face to face.

Well, you're a bit shorter than I. A few inches. Maybe four or five. But still, we're face to face. Perhaps you're wearing heels. I don't know, but... I digress here, Angel Nurse. I'm serious. Can you read my mind?

My eyes question.

You quirk a brow. A small tilt of your head.

Tell me, darling. Do you know that I'm planning another suicide attempt?

Do you also know that my hand is currently down my pants?

Oh, yeah. I'm stroking.

You bring it out of me.

Ah, what a pun.

This is fun.

And now I'm rhyming.

Soon, I hear laughter. Crazy, crazy laughter, and I realize it's coming from me.

I'm laughing so hard!

I'm a lunatic.

I've lost my mind.

I miss my daughter.

My laugh gets stuck in my throat.

A broken sob escapes me.

I let go of my cock.

Oh, the deflating. Pity.

~E

Before I can even register what's happening, you're here.

The door is closed behind you.

We're both in here now.

And you reach up to wipe my tears away.

Your touch is cold.

"Oh, Mr. Masen," you sigh sadly.

It hurts so badly, Angel Nurse.

My heart, it hurts.

"What can I do?" you whisper softly, cradling my face.

Concerned eyes.

I'm falling, falling, falling.

Drowning in the depths of your eyes.

But I see pain in there. Nestled in the liquid pools of amber.

And I wonder...

What are you, darling?

Can you take my pain away?

I think you can.

~B

You dip down, so slowly, and I reach up, so slowly.

When our lips meet, I know that you're my mate.

Just my luck. When I finally find my mate, it happens to be a man as broken as I am. Now who's going to fix me? And who's going to fix you?

I listen to you at night. I think I know. At least a little.

You lost a little girl, didn't you?

Julia.

Your daughter.

I know the feeling. I live with that feeling.

But all that is temporarily forgotten as my tongue meets yours.

"Oh, baby," you moan quietly.

I tighten my arms, locking them around your neck.

You tighten your hold, too. But my skin is impenetrable. Your fingers can't dig into soft flesh that I don't have. My hips remain smooth.

We kiss and kiss.

I love you.

When you need to breathe, I move to kiss your neck. You're panting and moaning. I taste. My throat's on fire.

"God, you're beautiful," you groan.

Without another word, I move us to your bed.

At my pace.

You gasp.

"What the...?"

I shush you.

Then I rip off your pants and kneel between your parted legs.

"Let me take care of you, Mr. Masen," I murmur quietly.

You tilt my chin up. I let you.

Your eyes are expressive. Soft, pained, all at once.

"What are you?" you breathe out.

I see no fear in your eyes. I barely see any curiosity, either. So, I doubt it matters.

What I do see is a hard dick, aching for attention.

~E

I think you really are an angel.

An angel lowering your head to suck my dick.

"Oh, Jesus," I groan breathlessly, and you swallow me whole. Good lord, have mercy on me. It's cold, but... oh, the divine suction. Wet and hard. You know what you're doing, darling. Do you know how long it's been for me? "God..." Too long. Years. Many of them and what you're doing right now is making me see God.

Does that mean I'm dying?

I hope I'll have time to fuck you before I go.

"Nurse-" I grunt loudly as you take me down your tight throat, and I really, really... "Need your name, darling."

You let go of me for a moment. You're not out of breath.

A soft smile, while you're down there. "Bella."

Then, you suck me in again, and I whimper your name.

It's beautiful, your name. Just like you.

Just like your pouty lips wrapped around my dick.

My eyes roll back inside my head.

I fist the blanket on the pallet.

"Bella!" It's a warning.

My climax hits me hard. Wave and wave making me shudder.

You swallow every stream of thick liquid.

In all my twenty-seven years on this planet, I've never felt such pleasure.

I'm ready to die now.

No, wait. I still want to fuck you. Very much.

May I?

~E

We don't speak, you and I. We just kiss and touch.

You're on my lap. Cold and hot and hard and soft. How can you be so much?

Then, when I'm hard for you again, you sink down on me.

"*Fuck,*" I grit out.

You moan.

Amazing. Like nothing I've ever felt before.

And you move on me, never stopping. You amaze me. You're... something else. And your kisses are soft, but eager. I return with my own fire. I feel owned. You take pain away and replace it with pleasure. I could get lost in you.

You sink, but it I'm doing the falling.

I groan when our hips meet.

Enveloped so tightly.

You make me feel like a man.

Not a shell.

"Oh, God," you whimper.

I kiss you as hard as I can, sliding my tongue along yours. Do you feel what you do to me? Can you hear my heart thumping wildly? It's for you. Are you for me? It feels like it. The way your hands are in my hair, making sure I don't get away. The way you move on me, hard but slowly. To savor. And my hands, they're on you. One cupping your neck and one on your hip. Fuck, baby... you take it all. I will let you. I will give it gladly.

"I've waited..." you whisper. Your eyes are closed. You feel it, don't you?

"For this..."

Yes. You feel it, too.

I'm sane in this moment.

"Feels so good, Bella," I moan loudly.

"Yesss..." You push, I pull. "Oh... *fuck...*"

The coil.

Faster. What are you doing to me?

I feel the tightening.

"Will you come, baby?" I grunt, slamming you down on me.

"Yes!"

And you do. Pulsing around me. I wish to taste. The scent is intoxicating, and I fall and fall and tumble over. I come hard. Deep inside of you.

Minutes of silence pass.

I breathe heavily.

You don't.

~B

"Well. I'm going to fetch you a new pair of pants," I tell you quietly, standing up.

It's my job, and... um... well, I ripped your old ones to shreds.

Your blush is quite lovely, and you clear your throat before speaking quietly. "Um. Thank you... Bella."

But of course. Sure.

If only you were whole, eh?

"Don't mention it," I sigh, averting my eyes.

Are we talking about what we just did... or me fetching pants?

Odd man.

"Wait..." You look up at me, and please don't be in pain, my love. What ever happened to you? "Um... would you please stay with me?"

I tilt my head. "I don't understand, Mr. Mas-"

"*Edward*. Please. It's Edward," you say softly.

I nod slowly, feeling the urge to swallow emotion that won't surface even if I wanted it to.

I'd cry for you if I could.

I'd cry for me, too.

I'd cry for Julia.

I'd cry for Jack and Adam.

I'd cry for this ridiculous situation. You're sitting there, wearing a white t-shirt. That's it. Cock so very soft. You're blessed in that department, by the way. I must say. Not that I'm very experienced, but after a few hundred years on this Earth...

"I'll be back shortly," I tell you. I still don't know what you mean by wanting me here, but it doesn't matter. I'm yours in every way you want me.

"Promise?"

Jesus, the pain in your eyes is killing me. "I promise," I whisper.

Five minutes later, I'm standing at the edge of a wooded area.

Alice is here, too.

I guess she's been taking care of Jasper Whitlock's salute.

"I won't swallow the next time," she says, grimacing.

She always says that, but come tomorrow, she'll be back.

The life of a vampire.

What goes down must come up.

~E

You look like an angel. So, I tell you that.

"I'm no angel," you whisper, smiling sadly. "There's no place for me in heaven."

Terrible lie, darling. You're heavenly.

We're lying close together. On my pallet. Face to face, almost with our noses touching. Under the blanket. Not that we're warm. You're cold, I'm cold, but my heart feels slightly warmer. And I don't believe you. You have to be an angel. Maybe you can tell my princess that I love her.

"You make me feel better," I admit quietly.

It's not enough. Nothing will be. But you matter, Bella. I like you. You're different. Your soul is beautiful.

But something's happened to you too, hasn't it?

"It's not enough," you state softly, brushing your cold but soft thumb under my eye. "You still want to die."

Yes. I miss her. It wasn't fair. She was merely five years old.

But... the thought of being without you hurts, too.

I think you have a place in my heart, Angel Nurse.

~B

I wish to know, but I don't want to ask Carlisle. I want *you* to tell me why you're here.

Committing suicide isn't a crime.

The law can't stop you, yet we are. We're here to make sure you keep breathing.

"You should sleep, Edward," I whisper into the darkness. Though, I see you clearly. I see the beauty and the pain. I wish I could spare you from devastation.

"Will you be here when I wake up?" you breathe out, snaking your arm around my waist. "I don't want to be alone anymore."

Stab. Twist. Churn.

"I'll be here."

You fall asleep.

I don't.

I keep thinking. I always do. Is there a way to save you?

And then you mumble in your sleep.

"Julia... I want you to meet my Bella..."

Stab. Twist. Churn.

~B

Emmett sighs. "So..."

"Yes."

"He's... I mean... Are you certain he's your mate?"

I nod.

They know about our relationship, Edward. Not that I ever tried to hide it. But I would be able to even if I wanted to. As long as Ms. Platt and the other human employees don't find out, we're just fine. And we've had some good times, you and I. Haven't we, Edward? Two months of love, you'd say. I'd say sixty-four days, thirteen hours, and seventeen minutes. Give or take a few seconds. I'm not picky. I count from the second you asked me to stay with you. I considered counting from the moment I put my mouth on your dick, but... I wouldn't want to be tacky.

Emmett harrumphs.

I wipe my hands off my pants, ridding them of the dirt.

"You missed a paw," he comments, and I turn back to... aw, gosh darn it. He's right. The bear I just drained isn't completely buried. A damn paw is sticking up. How did I ever miss it?

Carlisle chuckles. "Bella, dear. That's sloppy."

I stick my tongue out at him.

I can do that. We're not at the asylum. Out here, in the middle of nowhere, we're equals.

"Go fuck a goat," I mutter to him. Then I get back to digging.

"So classy," he sighs.

"Says the man who's trying to seduce Ms. Platt by flashing your dick in her face," I retort, which makes Emmett guffaw. He didn't know. Huh. I thought Alice had told him by now. "You didn't hear?" I ask Emmett amusingly. He shakes his head. "Well, allow me to fill you in then, Mr. McCarty."

Carlisle kicks at the dirt and rolls his eyes.

Stupid man.

"He thought he caught Ms. Platt eyeing him suggestively," I explain to Emmett. "Or rather, a certain part of his lower body. And what does Carlisle do? Well, he unzips his slacks and... You do the math."

Emmett wipes imaginary tears off his face as he chortles loudly.

A flock of birds flies away.

And I decide it's time to return to the facility.

I have a bad feeling.

So, I run.

Toward you.

~E

"Nurse Brandon," I say, looking away from radio I've been listening to. "I believe you forgot to give me my medicine."

Bella, you gave it to me. I'm saving up. I want to take them all at once. I just need a few more. The blue ones make me fuzzy.

I want those. I need fuzzy. It will make it easier to leave my darling behind.

Sweet Bella. My love. I love you so.

But I'm a broken man. I cannot be what you deserve.

Since our first night together, you've spent every night with me. We've made love many times. My dick is in love with your chilled wetness. So tight. Over and over, rough and sweet. Padded walls, they've been helpful. Not that it appears my love needs them. You're rather... strong. Durable.

It took me a week to realize that I was deeply in love with you.

Hence the stalling.

And now it's been two months.

It's time to say goodbye.

It's time for me to see my princess.

I just... Fuck, I hope I get to heaven.

Surely my crime was justified.

Was it not?

~E

"Are you sure, Mr. Masen?" Nurse Brandon asks, narrowing her eyes at me. "Did Nurse Swan not administer your dosage?"

I shake my head. "I'm afraid she didn't."

She purses her lips.

I've heard Jasper enjoys them. He pretends to be crazy.

He has everybody fooled.

The truth is that he saw Nurse Brandon in town last year, and he fell in love right on the spot. Then, he checked himself in here. Voluntarily.

In my opinion, he's insane for pretending to be insane.

"Hmm. Okay, I'll go check Dr. Cullen's charts," Nurse Brandon says, and that's just fine by me, because the second she's gone, I'm out of my seat. As usual, the guard is asleep. He always is whenever you aren't here.

When I reach the nurses' station, I already know what drawer I'm going to open.

I also know where the key is.

Soon, I have ten blue pills and four red ones.

I sit back in the chair in the common room, next to the radio.

I listen to The Platters' single, "Twilight Time." It's not very good.

And when Nurse Brandon returns from Dr. Cullen's office, she calls my bluff.

"Nurse Swan gave you your midday dosage already, Mr. Masen."

"Uh-oh. Busted, Daddy."

My eyes sting.

Oh, my baby girl. Soon, I'll see you.

Imagining her isn't enough anymore. It never was.

"I guess I forgot," I tell Nurse Brandon.

In my head, I hear my daughter's giggles.

~E

As soon as I'm back in my room, I walk over to where I have stashed a few pills in between the pads on the wall.

I hope you'll forgive me, my love.

I hope you understand.

I hope you'll find happiness.

Tears fall. I'm too sane to forgo the sadness. I wish I were numb. But I still feel the pain. The gut-wrenching pain.

"Christ," I sigh to myself.

I want to say goodbye to you.

Maybe get lost in you one more time.

If you're real, that is.

Are you, Bella? Are you real? Have the past two months been real?

Maybe. Just maybe, you're only an apparition?

It would make sense.

You're too lovely to be real.

Surely.

"Such a bad liar, Daddy." Sing-song voice. Giggles. "You always tell me it's wrong to lie."

I whimper.

In my head, I have my five-year-old daughter *scolding* me.

I miss you, Julia. You weren't supposed to die.

"Shush, Daddy! Bad, bad you! Don't be sad. Nobody likes a party-poooper."

To which I laugh.

Through my tears, I laugh.

I'm losing it. My mind.

I'm a party-poooper.

This is it, darling.

~B

"Where is he?" I cry out, screeching to a halt.

Several patients eye me, probably wondering how I magically appeared out of thin air in front of the nurses' station.

"You're imagining things!" I snap at them. "I'm not here."

Then I turn back to Alice. "Where is Edward?"

"He just went back into his room." She doesn't look up from her book.

"Seriously, Isabella Marie, can you not smell his tears?" She flips a page.

"I think he's losing his damn mind."

My chest heaves with fury.

"You're so callous," I whisper harshly.

Now she looks up at me. "Ms. Platt will be here tomorrow with Dr. Gerandy for an evaluation."

Oh, no!

"For Edward?" I whimper.

She nods. "Him and the Saluter." A giggle escapes her. "I wouldn't mind having Jasper as my personal vegetable to snack on. I wonder if he'll be able to get hard after the procedure."

Before I can even register what I'm doing... it's done, and...

Alice's head rolls down the hallway.

Oh my. What have I done?

"Nurse Swan? Are we still imagining things?"

I look up. Patient 95716. Michael Newton. He's here because he lit a day-care on fire, claiming that the children inside were possessed.

"No," I hiss through clenched teeth. "This is real."

Knowing that Carlisle and Emmett will be back soon, I hurry to your cell.

I wonder, though. Am I a murderer when the one I killed was already dead?

Oh, the technicalities...

~B

"Don't you dare, Edward!" I snarl.

You freeze with two pills ready to be swallowed.

"You have no right to leave me." I'm frantic, moving too fast for you to see, and soon I have searched the entire cell. No more pills. You won't die. Not now. No. "I refuse." You're mine. "I'm saying no, Edward."

I'd laugh at your shocked expression if I wasn't close to falling apart and dry sobs rock through my body as I kneel before you.

"Don't leave me," I cry. You start crying, too. Only, you have tears. "I can't lose you, too!"

I'm begging you. My head rests in your lap. Please don't leave me.

Have I not lost enough?

"Bella," you whisper brokenly. I hate it when your voice cracks. I hear it too often. "Please... I can't..."

I know. You miss Julia.

I miss Adam and Jack.

For centuries, I have relived the night they were murdered right in front of me. And, for what? Our cattle? Common thieves became murderers the night they entered our cottage. We were an easy target.

My human life might have seemed awful to some, but we were happy. *I* was happy. I certainly didn't mourn my husband. Arranged marriage, of course. I was around fifteen years when my father pawned me off. Eric was in his twenties, and nothing but a drunk. And after Eric had died, I was left to be happy in our little fairytale cottage.

Until it was all taken from me.

Three hundred and sixty-four years on this planet. Never changing. Looking like the early twenty-something-year-old woman I once was. In a way, I still am.

I'm so very tired, my love.

"Please tell me, darling," you croak. "Who did you lose?"

I whimper against your thigh.

"My sons."

~E

Oh, Bella...

Why didn't you tell me, baby?

"Tell me about them," I whisper thickly, lifting you up from the floor. I position you on my lap and wrap my arms around you. "*Please*, my darling. Talk to me."

You know my pain better than I thought.

You lost your *sons*.

I hug you harder to me, knowing that nothing can harm you physically. Because you're not human. But I love you, regardless. I adore you. You're my Angel Nurse.

And you cry.

And cry.

Without tears.

It kills me, and not in the good way because unfortunately, I still breathe.

"They were killed," you whimper softly against my neck. "They were only little boys."

I squeeze my eyes shut.

"I was around sixteen when I had Jack."

Good God.

"And...then when I was... I think, eighteen... I had Adam. They were both murdered in front of me."

"*Jesus,*" I choke out.

How can you cope?

~**B**

"Make me forget," I beg you, cradling your face. "If only for a moment."

Please.

You hesitate, of course. Don't fret; I understand. What we're talking about aren't exactly things that get you hard.

But I can help you with that.

I can be a succubus.

I learned from the best. Rosalie. She was a succubus before Emmett killed her. But unlike her, I will only be your succubus. Will you let me? Will you let me seduce you? Will your dick respond if I kiss you wetly while I massage your scalp? Maybe when I press my body harder against yours? Like this? Do you like that, my love? Do you like my breasts? I think you do. You groan when you fondle them expertly. Brows furrowed, signaling your reluctance, but don't worry, I'll kiss the reluctance away.

After kissing you silly, I make quick work of my clothes.

And I stand before you. Completely naked.

Your eyes on me are dark and hungry and angry and desperate.

I'll take it.

"Fuck me, Edward."

~E

This is wrong, darling.

But you won't relent.

And I'm angry. It's my fuel when I push you up against a wall. The anger, it drives me. You know how addicted I am to you. You know how badly I always want you, but that doesn't make it right. Your heart is fragile; I should comfort you. We shouldn't do *this*.

I know it.

Yet, I still slam my cock inside of you.

"Fuck!" you gasp.

I fuck you carnally.

As hard as I can, I pound into you.

I'm going to leave you in this world, and I hate myself for it. I'm so very sorry, Bella. I wish I could be who you need. I wish I could take care of you. I wish we could have it all. The marriage, the children, the homemade meals, the house, the picket fence. But I can't give you that.

I can only give you this moment.

One last moment.

I ravish you.

I love you.

"Oh, Edward!" you moan.

I squeeze my eyes shut, welcoming the pain as you claw at my back.

It only makes me harder for you.

“Goddamn,” I growl.

Angling myself to reach deeper, I hit a spot that makes you scream and clench down on me. My head lolls back. Pleasure consumes us. You climax, I climax. Seconds of pure bliss. Seconds where nothing is wrong in the world.

But it’s also our end.

Our moment is over, darling.

I kiss you with finality.

My insides churn as we lose our connection.

Your eyes are full of pain.

As are mine, my dear.

You’re about to say something, but a loud wailing sound fills the air, and before I can open my mouth, you’re out the door.

~E

I’m in disbelief. What I see is positively insane.

Out in the hallway, I watch a wailing Jasper running back and forth. Mike and Sam are kicking...

Hold on now.

Is that a head?

“Jesus Christ,” I breathe out, covering my mouth with my hand.

I blink.

It's still true. Mike and Sam are using a head as a football.

And I see it. Nurse Brandon.

"Oh, my Alice!" Jasper screams, still running back and forth, trying to catch the... head. "Stop *kicking* heeeeer!"

Sam and Mike laugh.

Jasper's red in the face. Arms flailing.

And you're here, too. I see you preparing a needle at the nurses' station. I wonder. Who are you going to sedate?

"Good for nothing guards!" you growl in the direction of two gaping-mouthed security guards that stand a few feet away. "How did Mr. Whitlock escape his cell? It's not his free time now!"

Because that's what we're focusing on here?

Not the fact that they are lobbing an actual head around?

"Alice, Alice, Aliiiiice!" Jasper wails, pulling at his hair. His eyes are wild. "I'll put you together! I promise! Then we can cuddle again!"

Maybe he is insane, after all.

"There will be no cuddling," you mutter, and a second later, you appear with the needle. You stand right behind the still unknowing Jasper. "Sweet dreams, Mr. Whitlock."

It only takes a few seconds for Jasper to fall to the ground.

And a minute later, Mike and Sam follow.

"I want them to wake up in their cells," you tell the guards. "And since Orderly McCarty isn't here, I need your help. So, get going."

You're quite stern, darling.

I think I dig it.

~B

I watch the flames. Only for a moment. I know Carlisle and Emmett will be here any second. They will smell the strong scent of a burning vampire. Surely that will cut their hunting trip short. So very short.

"Farewell, Mary Alice."

With that said, I head back inside.

I'm ready to leave. Leave this place behind. This country. I miss my home. A home I haven't returned to. Not even once. But now I want to go home. I want to wallow in my misery. Might as well do it in a more beautiful country. Not here. Not this stormy state. No, I long for Scotland.

All I have left are memories. Muddy and fuzzy. That's it. No knick-knacks. No accent. Nothing to my name.

"Are you well, my dear?" you ask softly when I return to your cell.

No. How could I be, Edward? How could I be well?

"Peachy," I sigh, falling back on your bed.

I know we should run for our lives. I don't know how Carlisle and Emmett will handle the news of a dead Alice. Well, she's been dead for six hundred years, but...

"Stupid question," you mutter, mirroring my position, and soon we're face-to-face again, on our sides, on the bed, close together. "I'm sorry, love."

I wave you off.

It doesn't matter.

Nothing matters.

"What are you, Bella?"

You caress my cheek. I see the love in your eyes. The love you have for me.

You want to tell me that you love me, but I stop you every time. I just cannot bear to hear it, only to lose you soon. But I know, sweetheart. I know that you love me dearly.

If only it were enough.

"Vampire."

You nod with a soft smile... like you understand. "A vampire angel."

Clearly, you do not understand at all.

~B

"Do you want some of my blood?" you ask quietly. "I don't really need it, anyway."

I stare at you...

And realize that... there's no hope for you.

I once entertained the idea of changing you. Did you know that? No. Of course, you didn't. How could you? You still think I'm an angel, for heaven's sake. But it doesn't matter. You wouldn't forget your daughter completely if I changed you. I'm proof of that. I still remember my boys, after all.

So...

I guess it's all about letting go, eh?

Too bad I'm a selfish creature, because I *can't* let you go.

I won't, Edward.

"No," I whisper. "And we really need to go."

Away from here.

But before you can voice the questions you most likely have, I hear an ear-shattering roar coming from the hallway.

"Isabella Marie! I gave you life!"

~E

"Isabella Marie! I gave you life!"

It happens in a blur.

The door to my cell is ripped off.

I find myself in a corner with you in front of me, crouching and growling.

My heart is trying to escape me, it's thumping so wildly.

In the doorway I see Dr. Cullen and Orderly McCarty.

"What do you mean, Emmett?" you snarl. "Carlisle created me, not you!"

The furious Orderly McCarty straightens from his crouch and shrugs. Then, grins. "Sorry, I got carried away. I always wanted to say something like that."

I'm terribly confused and petrified.

I wonder if Orderly McCarty is all there in the head.

Perhaps he should check himself in.

Just a thought.

"Enough out of you, Emmett," Dr. Cullen seethes, still crouching, much like Bella. His glare is murderous. "You killed Mary Alice, Bella! How could you after everything I've given you, *child*?"

"Hey!" I snap, feeling protective of my love. "You have no right to talk to her like that!"

Orderly McCarty starts laughing, and I shoot him a venomous glare. I may not be a vampire angel, but I will protect the ones I love, and right now I wouldn't mind slaughtering those two. I am not stupid. I know they are of your kind, darling, but I'm mighty strong. I promise.

I've killed before.

~B

We ignore Kitten-Edward's outburst. As cute as it was, it wasn't going to take us anywhere.

"After everything I've given you, you go and kill Alice..." Carlisle's eyes show anger and disappointment. "I loved her like a daughter."

"Everything you've *given* me?" I exclaim in disbelief. "You gave me *misery*!" I spit the words out. "And you loved Alice because she was as callous as you," I add bitterly. "Not to mention selfish."

He growls. "I saved you! Had I not smelled the blood that night, you would be dead along with your sons!"

And... I think I would've been okay with that.

The realization hits me hard.

For years, I've roamed the earth without direction. I've only wallowed in my own pain.

"That's the way it was supposed to be," I whisper.

I shouldn't be alive... Or dead-alive. It's all so very confusing. I'm dead, but I'm not.

"You cannot be serious," Carlisle says arrogantly. "This is far better than death!"

"I'd rather be dead in heaven than here on Earth!" I scream.

I'm furious. Ready to kill. Hands balled into tight fists. I'd be red in my face if blood flowed through my veins.

But the anger dissipates slightly when I realize that by changing me, Carlisle sealed my fate. Thanks to him, I can't leave this planet. Well, I suppose I can. But I can't enter heaven. It's purgatory for vampires. So... I can't follow you, my love. And this leaves me with nothing but despair.

I'm too tired to be angry.

"Thanks to you, I'm doomed, Carlisle," I whimper.

~E

I snake my arms around your waist from behind. Your back is against my chest. I hold you tightly, my dear.

"You're not doomed, Bella," I murmur into your hair. "Vampire angels are welcomed everywhere, surely."

At this, both Dr. Cullen and Orderly McCarty start to laugh.

I glare at them.

Maybe *they* are not welcomed everywhere. Maybe... Yes, *maybe* they are not angels. Maybe they are just vampires. *Leeches*. But you, no matter what you say, are an angel. I'm certain, darling. Because your soul is angelic.

"Emmett," you grit out. I know there's fire in your eyes, Angel Nurse. "Stop laughing."

He doesn't. He laughs louder.

"Fine. Allow me, then." You take a step forward; I don't approve, my love. Stay with me. "Remember Rosalie? That lovely wife of yours who you killed?"

Orderly McCarty immediately sobers.

Dr. Cullen is down to hearty chuckles.

I loathe them both.

And... he killed his wife?

I guess that's something we have in common.

I wonder. Was his murder also justified? I believe mine was. Lilith killed my princess, so I killed her. I strangled her with my bare hands. So many ways to die, aren't there? She drowned my little Julia because she always resented our daughter, blaming her for not being able to conceive again. And five years was what it took for Lilith to snap.

I was working late that night.

It was my place to hide, my office. To get away from the hateful woman my parents had forced me to marry at the age of eighteen.

I wasn't there... that night... to save the only girl I have ever loved.

Before *you*, that is.

One drowned daughter.

One strangled wife.

One mad father, convicted to... live.

Your musical voice brings me back to now.

"I have a secret to tell you, Emmett."

~E

"Remember all the men Rosalie screwed?" you ask McCarty, and it's clearly rhetorical. "Well, maybe you should ask Daddy Dearest here if he was one of those men." You chuckle humorlessly. "Yes, Carlisle. I saw you with her."

Adultery. Very sinful, indeed. I'd say his wife's murder was justified.

How disgraceful.

How did you kill your wife, Orderly McCarty?

I could use a few pointers. Pills are out, I'm afraid. My sweet darling took them from me.

"*What?*" McCarty spits out. A furious glare in place, flickering between you and Dr. Cullen. "Tell me it's not true, Carlisle."

And Dr. Cullen is shrugging. And smiling unapologetically.

Then there's a flurry of activity. A screeching sound.

You're still here, with my arm around your waist. I don't know what's going on.

But then I do, and my breath hitches as I see Dr. Cullen on the floor. An arm here, another there. The head is on my pallet, and I am *not* sleeping there tonight, darling. Two legs tossed aside in the corner.

"Well," Orderly McCarty sighs, rubbing his hands together twice. "Good riddance, Carlisle."

I'm shaking.

I belong here, in the asylum.

I've lost my mind.

This is unreal.

What's next?

Will I follow Jake's path?

~**B**

I speak to Emmett. Quietly and quickly. You can't hear us, Edward.

"We're done here."

Emmett nods. "I agree. What's your plan, sister?"

Goodbyes...

"I have nothing," I whisper. "There is no plan. Except..." I chew on my lip.

"I will to return to Scotland."

Another firm nod. "And your mate?"

Still wants to die...

"I will grant him his wish."

I see surprise and sadness flicker in Emmett's eyes. "To die?"

"To be with his daughter," I whimper quietly.

"And what about your wish, Bella?" he asks softly. "You deserve happiness, too."

I say nothing. There's nothing *to* say.

I guess happiness wasn't meant for me.

"Are you not a believer?" he asks.

A believer in what?

"You know what, Bella? Don't answer. *I'm* a believer. That's good enough for now."

And I don't understand. But I can't ask, because Emmett walks out.

So... this is it?

Yes. Yes, it is.

I turn around and face you, my love.

And I give you my final words. A shallow whisper as my heart breaks.

"I love you, Edward."

So many emotions flicker across your face. Confusion, wonder, love, sadness, pain, understanding...

Realization...

You reply after a few seconds. Very softly. Eyes swimming with emotion.

"I love you, too, my Bella."

Epilogue

~E

When I open my eyes, it's bright. Nothing like Washington. No rain or hail.
No storming. Gone is the icy cold.

There's just a slight breeze. The sun is warm on my skin.

And I realize...

That I'm lying on soft grass. Lush green.

Tree branches are swaying slightly. Light pink flowers.

The sky is blue. Not a cloud in sight.

And when I sit up, I see the hills. Green. Everywhere.

As I look around, I touch my neck... remembering... and...

Oh...

Bad, bad Angel Nurse. You snapped my neck, didn't you?

Wait...

That means...

"I'm in heaven?" I whisper to myself.

I don't exactly expect an answer, so I'm a bit startled when I receive one.

"Naw, yer in Scotland."

"Jesus Christ!" I exclaim, whipping my head around.

The source. Right there. A small boy.

"Naw!" he giggles. "Not Jesus, Mr. Masen! M'name's Adam."

Adam.

"Adam Swan." He grins and tips his little cap in greeting.

My mouth opens and closes. Again and again.

Adam *Swan*.

Oh, God...

My eyes burn with tears.

He's beautiful, darling. He looks like you.

I want you to be here, my Bella. You should be here.

I bite down on my lip to stop the ugly sob from escaping.

Then there's more giggling.

I turn and...

Tears are streaming down my cheeks when I see two children running down a hill together.

A boy and...

My Julia.

"We've waited for ye, Mr. Masen," Adam says in a cheerful tone.

"E-Edward," I correct quietly and automatically, eyes still glued to the two other children approaching. One of whom is my princess. And the other... It has to be your Jack, my love. He's beautiful, too.

I sniffle and chuckle at once, unable to believe any of this. Yet, I know it's happening.

"Daddy! You're home!"

"Good heavens," I breathe out.

My smile is wide and watery, my cheeks are wet, and I swallow emotion over and over. She's here, she's here, she's beautiful, she's perfect, she's my little girl, and she's smiling and giggling. Bronze curls bouncing as she runs toward me. Green eyes dancing and sparkling.

"Daddy!" she squeals, and then she jumps into my waiting arms.

"*Julia.*" My voice cracks. I breathe her in. I hug her tightly. "Oh, my sweet, sweet Julia."

"Took you *so* long!" she scolds, cradling my face. "It did not take Mum this long."

My brows knit together.

Mum?

Who... What...

"Who's Mom? Or... *Mum?*" I ask thickly.

"Mum's Mum, of course! They talk so funny here," she giggles. "Mum calls me Wee One. I asked if I could call her Mum 'cause Adam and Jack do, and-"

"Whoa, whoa, baby," I chuckle in a strangled voice. "Slow down for Daddy, all right?"

Then, Adam speaks up. In a soft and quiet tone. "Bella. That's Mum."

I feel dizzy.

Delirious.

And my knees buckle when I see *you*.

Walking toward us.

A white summer dress.

Long, shiny hair in thick waves.

A loving smile.

Bare feet.

I'm kneeling on the grass. Julia still in my arms.

Your eyes, darling... they're sparkling...

Chocolate brown and emotional.

Tell me this is real, darling. Tell me we're all here together.

"Bella?" I whimper.

Your smile widens. Tears roll down your cheeks; you kneel in front of me, and your hands... oh... they're warm and soft as you cradle my face. You're really here, aren't you?

I swallow hard.

"Welcome home, sweetheart," you say softly.

Home.

I squeeze my eyes shut.

It can't be real... can it?

But when I open them again, you're still here.

"Daddy's a bit slow," I hear Julia whisper.

The boys laugh.

The sound is like music.

The best kind.

"Okay, I wanna play." Julia struggles free from my grip. "Adam, Jack, I bet you can't catch me!"

Reality?

She runs. The boys run. Giggling and laughing.

And you... you're here.

"You're here, my dear," I whisper thickly, and I mirror you by cradling your gorgeous face. "You're here."

"Yeah," you breathe out. "I should've been a believer from the start."

You lost me, my love.

You just look amused. There's a small shrug. "Emmett killed me after I killed you. He believed I had a ticket to heaven."

A strangled sob escapes me, and I'm conflicted, but...

When I look around me, I know I'm in the right place. This is it. Home. Completion. We're all together here.

Happiness.

"We're dead," I state quietly, just needing to get the words out.

You shrug again, smiling softly. "Yet, I've never felt more alive."

I couldn't agree more.

So...

"This is it," I whisper, leaning my forehead against yours. "I love you so much, Bella."

You hum. "Love you, too. But..." You wink. "This isn't it."

I'm sorry?

You chuckle softly. "My sweet Edward... This is just the beginning."

Right you are, my darling. Right you are.

The End of The End