Dusk

**Chapter Five**

 I really had no idea what to do, and from the looks of it, nor did anyone else. My eyes were, yet again, glued to Jake. How could we just stand here, with no clue as to how to fix my best friend? I began to shove my shield away, to let Edward read my thoughts. He had to know how much I wanted this fixed and fixed now—surely he would try harder? I stepped a few paces away from him and closed my eyes, focusing my attention of removing the wall that kept the thoughts I chose not to express vocally, secret.

 The next thing I knew, I was on the ground, and Edward was standing over me, along with Carlisle, Alice, Jasper, Esme, and even Seth. Edward lifted me to my feet, steadying me, and said—his voice trembling—“Love, what’s wrong?”

“Er—nothing. I just lost my balance.” I momentarily forgot I didn’t have my “clumsiest-person-in-the-world” excuse now that I was a vampire.

He raised his eyebrows. “Bella—” he started.

I cut him off. “Save your breath.” I muttered, low enough for only him to hear. I knew he would understand I would tell him later.

 Everyone must have been shouting at Edward for an explanation, because he turned around and gave them all a fierce look, and they all seemed to back off—except of course, for stubborn little Alice. Edward glared at her. For some reason, she gave a concerned look. Edward’s face became worry-stricken, and he just shook his head back and forth and put a finger to his lips. I assumed she had thought something he didn’t want her to say aloud, and agreed to myself to pester him about it later. Just then, a heard a *buzz* and Esme pulled out a little silver phone from her skirt pocket.

“Rosalie?” she chimed. A moment later she was answering, “No, I’m sure Bella wants her to be eating human food like we’ve been trying for the past month, you know that.” She insisted, looking at me. I nodded. “Yes, yes, very well. Bella?” she said handing me the phone.

“Hello?” I said.

 “Hey, Bella, it’s Rose. I was just wondering . . . do I give Nessie just a little blood? She *really* wants some. And it’s her birthday, Bella.” She encouraged.

I wasn’t in the mood to argue. “Yes, alright, but make sure she knows she *will* be eating cake when we get back with Jake.”

“Speaking of dogs,” she snarled. “Nessie wants to know ‘when her Jakey will be back’.”

I was afraid of this. I looked at Edward for help, knowing he could hear every word of our conversation. He reached out for the phone.

“Rose, please inform Renesmee, that Jacob will be back in due time, and tell her to have patience. She’s a big girl now, and this is a lesson to learn.” He was always good with this sort of thing. I actually managed to give him a weak smile—I think.

 After Rosalie agreed, and Edward hung up, I looked at Carlisle. “Any ide—” I began.

“Not really,” he said.

 “Man, I wish it could be like *the Beauty and the Beast* or something, and his true love could kiss him alive or whatever.” Quill said.

 “First of all,” snapped Leah. “It’s *Sleeping Beauty*, you idiot. Second, Jake’s not dead.”

 A light flickered on in my head, and I looked up. Esme was looking up at me, wide eyed, and expectant. At the exact time, without a word of explanation, we ran out of the clearing.

“Why didn’t we think of it before?! Wait, you’re thinking—”

 “That Renesmee might be of use?” she cut in, grinning, with her hair blowing behind her face with a grace that never failed to amaze me. I wondered if I looked anything like that.

 We got to the house within the same second, and without knocking, I threw the door open. We walked fully into the living room, to see Rosalie and Renesmee playing chess on the floor, and Emmet playing with Rosalie’s hair. “Come here, sweetie. Mommy needs you to help her with something.” I told Renesmee. She got up, completely forgetting the game of chess that Rosalie was now pouting over, and ran into my outstretched arms. I looked at Esme watching us as I kissed Renesmee on the nose. Her eyes looked so . . . *longing*. She had always wanted to be a mother, but settled for her adoptive vampire “children”, knowing she couldn’t have them herself. I pretended to nuzzle Renesmee’s ear with my own nose but I really muttered to her, “Why don’t you go to Nana?” She looked at me suspiciously, but struggled to get out of my grasp. I reluctantly let her go, and Esme’s face became confused. When Renesmee reached her skirt and tugged on it, Esme picked her up. She just smiled at me, and I was sure, if they could, her eyes would have welled up with tears.

 Yet again, leaving without an explanation, we ran off to meet back with the others. I knew Renesmee would want to run, but there was no time. She laid her head on her grandma’s shoulder and closed her big chocolate brown eyes. When it seemed that forever had passed, we were back at the clearing, and I found myself relieved that Renesmee was sound asleep. I didn’t even think about her seeing Jake like this.

 Edward had obviously filled the others in on our plan—he had surely read Esme’s thoughts before we took our trip to the house. Esme made to give me Renesmee back, but I motioned for her to hold her. She beamed. Just as I went to return her smile, my eyes, for what seemed like the thousandth time today, found Jake. My expression quickly changed to a frown.

 Remembering why we had brought Renesmee here in the first place, I unwillingly moved my gaze to Esme. She was crooning to Renesmee. “Er—Esme?” I said, unsure how to put this.

“Right, right, sorry.” She said. “Nessie, honey? Wake up, sweet heart.”

 Renesmee’s eyes fluttered open sleepily. “Mmmm?” she mumbled.

“Ness, can you go and kiss Jake on the cheek?” Alice blurted out. There were many glares in here direction, but she just shrugged.

“Why?” she said, her eyes searching. When she found him she screeched, and started crying. She tried to break free from Esme, but she wouldn’t budge.

“Honey, calm down, we think this will fix him. Please, just go over to him, and kiss his cheek, okay? You can close your eyes if you don’t want to see him, okay?” I was sure she would understand. She put her hands over her eyes and walked over to Jake, Esme guiding her. She leaned over his pain-stricken face, and pecked him on the cheek. Edward tightened beside me, but didn’t say any thing.

 Nothing happened.

 Renesmee opened her eyes and began to cry again. She laid her cheek against Jakes, sobbing all the while. There was a sudden intake of breath.

Jake was awake. . . .