Dusk

**Chapter Four**

Carlisle turned to me, as if expecting an answer without delay. I just stared back. I didn’t know why, but I was again unable to speak. “Bella?” he said, calm as ever. I just stared. To my utmost relief, Seth—my favorite of the werewolves, and the youngest—came to my rescue. “Jane was here,” he began, and then he finished with telling him all about what had happened. Seth was a lot more friendly toward the vampires—*us*. He never once slipped up and called us “blood suckers”. “He’s stayed in this position since?” asked Carlisle, bending down and opening his doctors’ briefcase. He again, expectantly turned to me, and I stared at him, without a sound. Sam rescued me this time, “Correct,” he said.

I looked at each of the werewolves faces,—all human, for the time being—without moving my head. They were also all wearing the same worried expression. Carlisle opened his briefcase, and I prepared myself for the worst. To my surprise, he pulled out a small silver phone, and flipped it open. He pressed a single button. Yet again—I didn’t know I’d been holding my breath. I let out a huge gust of air, as I listened to the angelic voice that picked up before the first ring had completed.

“What is it?” said Edward, his voice full of worry. “Calm yourself, son.” Carlisle suggested, “I need you to come and meet us.” I allowed myself deep breaths as I listened to Carlisle explain our exact location to my husband. “On the way,” Edward said, and Carlisle snapped the phone shut.

He turned to me again and said, “Bella, are you alright?” I stared at him, and finally forced sound out of my mouth. “Yes,” I managed. “Jacob will be fine, Bella.” he said, with a small smile. I thought I managed to force the corners of my mouth up a degree or so—but I wasn’t sure.

I had, by now, made myself sit up on the cold, damp floor. There was less than a yard between Jake and I. I couldn’t force my eyes from him; he looked like he was in so much *pain*. I had seen what Jane could make you feel, or make you *think* you felt, first hand. She had once tried to do her talent on me. Even though my shield would’ve blocked it,—this was also when I was mortal—Edward jumped in front of me, and took the “pain” for me.

I waited for Edward, wondering what he could possibly do to help, and of course, I stared at Jake. My thoughts drifted to Renesmee, also. I wondered what her and Rose were doing… and if Emmet, Esme, and Alice were back yet….

My thoughts were interrupted by the smell I had known, and loved, for three years now. Edward was about a mile away. In no time at all, Edward ran into view, and wrapped his arm around my waist.

“Are you alright?” he asked,—that seemed to be a popular question today—pulling me from the ground. I leaned on him so that he supported most of my weight, though I didn’t know why I felt the need to do this. I didn’t know *any*thing, nowadays. “Don’t worry about me.” I said, looking down at Jacob yet again. He opened his mouth, probably to object, then followed my eyes and realized what I meant.

He turned to Carlisle, which made my worry load slightly lighter. Carlisle must have given him the play-by-play in his head, because Edward just nodded, and stared at Jake. “I have a theory, but I want Alice to be here.” Edward said. Alice? What could Alice do to help? I just shrugged it off and settled for asking what had been bugging me from the start. It was easier to speak with Edward by me, easier to breathe the unneeded breaths I took. “When Jane saw Sam, why didn’t she put him in *pain*, too?” I asked. The Volturi didn’t honor treaties with werewolves. To them, they were just *werewolves*, or as they preferred, *the enemy*. “I don’t know for sure love.” he admitted. “But I suspect she wanted someone to find Jacob, and tell us. I think she wants us to know they’re not far away.” I cringed.

The Volturi were definitely not my favorite people—or vampires—in the world. When you watch someone make the one you love suffer, without being able to do anything about it, not to mention fighting against you, while you try to save your daughter’s life, you kind of form a hate for them. “They will not touch you, Bella.” he growled. “I don’t give a damn about me, Edward.” I snarled back. “Bella, they will not harm our daughter. They will not lay a *finger* on her.”

“I won’t let them get you either, Edward.” I said, and he sniggered. I guess he didn’t understand—I wasn’t being funny. I let it go. Now that my minor distraction was over, my eyes fell back to Jake. He was still lying there, he hadn’t moved: his face was stuck in a mask of pain. His eyes were squinted shut, and his lips were pursed. His chest was still rising and falling in the slightest—which relieved me.

Just then we heard several pairs of footsteps approaching.

I watched Alice dance over to me, with Jasper right behind her. I wasn’t surprised to see Esme there either. She trotted over to Carlisle, and kneeled down beside him. She looked up at me and smiled. I again attempted to raise the corners of my mouth. My eyes moved back to Jacob, and so did hers. Her mouth popped into a little “o”, which reminded me of Renesmee’s yawn.

Edward filled them in on the most recent events, and Esme finally closed her mouth.

“That’s what I thought.” Edward said to Alice, obviously agreeing with Alice’s thoughts.

“Is anyone going to tell the rest of us what he’s talking about? What with not all of us being freakish mind reading bloodsuckers.” Leah sneered. Leah was Seth’s sister, which is shocking. Leah is not what you call the nicest person—or werewolf—in the world. She joined Jacob’s pack when he broke from Sam, but only to protect her brother. It defiantly wasn’t because she was greatly concerned with the safety of our half-vampire daughter.

“I’m sure they were about to, Leah. Edward?” Carlisle asked, smoothly.

“Well, Alice and I think Jane’s affect was different on Jacob because he’s a werewolf. We theorize that this is the outcome of the effect Jane’s talent has on them.” Edward concluded. “We think he’s stuck in the “pain” state for some reason, even when Jane stopped torturing him.” Alice said.

My brow furrowed. “Then, how can we make it stop?” I questioned, looking at Edward. He looked a bit confused, also. He turned to Carlisle, and I followed his example.

“Hmmm…well, we have a bit of a puzzle to solve, now don’t we?” Carlisle mused, turning to Jacob.