Dusk

**Chapter one**

  I looked in our oversized closet mirror and gave a gasp of excitement.
"What is it, love?" asked my all too perfect vampire husband, Edward.
"Look! Look at my eyes!" I exclaimed, facing him.
Whenever I had become a vampire—ever so painfully—my newborn iris had been crimson. Today, I watched as they *finally* became golden brown, right before my eyes.
"At last, congratulations." Edward said, flashing my favorite crooked smile that still, melted my non beating heart.
You see, I met Edward when I was still mortal. We fell in love and eventually got married. I convinced him to make love with me while I was still mortal, and became impregnated with, what is now our half-vampire, half-human, daughter, Renesmee. To save me, Edward had injected him venom into my heart when I gave birth-if you can call it that-to her, to save me. I am now a vampire, along with the rest of my adopted family.
"Mmmm, thanks," I murmured, kissing Edwards nose, his neck, his jaw...
"Now, now, love. Let’s not get carried away, again. I do believe our daughter awaits."
I quickly straightened up, traded Edwards lips for his hand, and we strode out of our little cottage, that our family built for us.
Rosalie had convinced us to allow Renesmee to stay the night at the big white house on the river, though I don't know how. Today was Renesmee's first birthday.
Renesmee grows rapidly, due to her half and half situation, to being a mortal. She is only one and she looks like about a six year old. We were reassured only when we met the only other half human half vampire known. He assured us that she would complete growth, and stay at that age forever, as he did. I was greatly relieved to know that for a fact.
Edward and I raced, and he beat me. I stuck my tongue out at him. He snorted, playfully, in return.
He reached for the door knob, with the hand that wasn't enlaced with my own. It wasn't unordinary, that it opened before he had even touched the metal.
"Good morning," said Jasper, one of our adopted brothers.
This made me panic. Jasper *never* opened the door for us; it was always either Emmet-the strongest of the Cullens, but probably the sweetest, or Alice-my future seeing best vampire friend, and sister. Not to mention Jasper's companion.
"Calm down, Bella. Everything's fine," Jasper assured me. I felt very relaxed all of a sudden, and all my worries dissolved.
Jasper could feel and control the emotions of everyone around him.
"Alice is, of course, buying *more* decorations, for the place." he gestured to the scene behind him, and it was obvious, Alice had been there.
Alice had a knack for overdoing things to do with fashion or even decor. The whole bottom floor was filled with things saying, "HAPPY FIRST BRITHDAY", and even "RENESMEE IS THE BEST". There was more streamer than I'd ever seen, filling the staircase, and hanging from the ceiling. Renesmee would adore this, no doubt. "She sent Emmet and Esme to fetch the cake," Esme was the mother figure of the Cullens. "She even managed to get Carlisle and Jacob to pick up presents." Jacob was my best friend. He was a werewolf, as well. Also, he had imprinted upon my daughter, which means he is deeply in love with her-it's a wolf thing. Though, right now, he's just her friend. Or as she prefers, "Jakey,” Carlisle is the head of the Cullens, and the father figure. He and Esme are together. The story around Forks is that Esme and Carlisle adopted all of the Cullen "children". Everyone knows Edward and I are married, though it is not known that we have a daughter.
"Whoa. That leaves you, Rose, and Renesmee." I stated.
Rosalie was with Emmet. Everyone knew Rose was the most beautiful thing ever, and she made sure of it. While mortal, Rosalie had never liked me much. We formed a bond over Renesmee, and she didn't loath me half as much anymore.
Edward chuckled, "So, how's Rose been treating you? That should be interesting," Edward said.
The only common ground Jasper and Rosalie had ever shared, was that the story was that they were twins, Jasper and Rosalie Hale. And if you count their blonde hair.
"She's actually been watching Nessie sleep, mostly." Jasper said. Nessie was a nickname Renesmee had been given. I loathed it at first, but it had grown on me, I had to admit.
"I assume she's still sleeping?" Edward asked.
"Correct," said Jasper. "Oh, Edward, Alice left this for you," Jasper took out a piece of folded paper from his jacket.
Edward gave it a look over, and laughed.
"Alright then," he said. "Bella, I have to run a few Aarons, I'll be back in no time."
"What exactly?" I demanded.
He put one finger to my lips, took his hand out of my grasp, and kissed my forehead. Then he exited thought the front door, which Jasper closed before I had a chance to follow.
"You're not telling either?" I asked, hopeful.
"Not a chance, sorry." Jasper said, with a smile.
I didn't like the looks of this already. I *hated* surprises.
We were both taken aback by a commotion from upstairs.
"Renesmee," we said in unison, scurrying up the stairs.