Dusk

**Chapter Three**

 “Jakey?! Was’ wrong with Jakey?!” Renesmee screamed, struggling to break free of Rosalie’s grasp on her. I quickly understood she didn’t need to know what the matter was, and I gave Rose a look I hoped she would contemplate. She did.

Oblivious to Renesmees’ screams of protest, Rose swiftly walked back up the stairs with Renesmee. Obviously, Renesmee seeing her decorations didn’t really matter—there were more important issues to attend to, though I didn’t know what they were. Rosalie covered Renesmee’s eyes anyway. I could still hear Renesmee yelling to know what was the matter with her Jakey, but I knew she was in good hands with Rose, and I walked quickly out side with Embry.

Instead of stopping to explain the reason he had just set my daughter into a tantrum, he kept walking, if you can call it walking. I chased along side him.

“Embry! This is *insane*!” I screamed at him. “Tell me what happened to J-Jake!” My mouth didn’t want to say the word, but I forced it to. How could something happen to *Jacob*?

“You will find out soon enough.” he said running into the bushes and returning an enormous wolf. This irritated me; I wanted him to produce some *answers*, not *fur****.*** He broke into a run at top speed, and I followed, lingering closely behind him. My panic began to creep up on me as I had nothing to do but follow. I started going through possibilities in my head. *Okay, so what’s the worst that can happen?* I flinched at the thought. *Okay, what’s the worst I can* handle*, happening?* I thought of everything from broken to missing limbs. I kept my mind from going to the one thing it kept wanting to. I refused to think Jacob was . . . he couldn’t be. Embry would have been more panicked. Wouldn’t he? I willed myself to believe so.

We ran and ran. *Whoosh*, *whoosh, whoosh.* The only sound I could hear was the wind, breaking around me. I was sure it had been only ten minutes, though it seemed like days. “Embry,” I called to him, “where’re we goi—“ I quickly understood where we were going—or rather, where we *were*.

We were in a cut out of the green forest, and I instantly understood. I fell to my knees, sobbing tearlessly, and screeching. The noises I was making made no since to me, but I knew it was some form of grief my body was releasing. *Everything ends, Bella*, a voice in the back of my head was reciting. But I knew this had nothing to do with saying life did. But I had no clue what it really meant. . . .

 I felt my face hit the ground, screwed up with disbelief, and horror. I faced Jacob’s unbreathing, unmoving body, and couldn’t believe what my eyes were seeing. There had to be a glitch in my brain, I had thought so before, maybe it applied here.

I struggled to get the words out to ask how they could let this happen, as the milliseconds ticked by. My body simply wouldn’t allow air to flood my lungs and then retreat, for me to be able to talk. I seemed to think, as long as Jake didn’t breathe, I didn’t breathe.

Then I felt a warm hand crease my shoulder. “Bella,” said Sam’s rough, but calm voice. “It’s okay. Jacob is alive.” I let out a gust of air that I didn’t even know I was holding. I was still lying there, unable to move. “Bella, listen carefully. The Volturi have been here. The blonde one smiled at him, and he has lied there ever since.” he explained, and I immediately understood.

“Jane,” I hissed, managing to find my voice, but still laying there, unmoving.

“Jane? Is this the girl? What has she done to him?” Sam questioned, his calmness quivering slightly.

“She can make you think you’re in pain. You seem to feel it, but it’s not there. You’re really not in pain. As soon as she is done with you, the ‘pain’ dissolves.” I told him, staring at Jacob. I realized, all of a sudden, that his chest was rising, and falling very feebly. That was odd; I never missed things now that I was a vampire. Even things as precise as the tiny movement Jacob’s chest was making. I dismissed this as a careless error due to distress, and watched as Sam spoke in a resentful sort of voice. “Oh, that one.” he said, obviously remembering what had gone on just shy of a year ago, when we had gathered as many vampires as possible, to save our daughter from the Volturi. I had had to extend my shield, not only to myself, but to everyone present, to protect them from Jane’s field of ‘pain’, as well as Alec’s—Jane’s twin brother—field of nothingness.

“Why won’t he open his eyes, and get up? He looks like he’s still suffering.” I asked and stated, glancing at Jacob, and then quickly returning my gaze to Sam. I didn’t like to see Jake like that.

“That’s what I was going to ask you. I would ask Carlisle, but I assume he’s not there, as Embry showed up with you, instead.” he said, turning to Embry. He nodded. I guess he didn’t smell Carlisle, and he grabbed me instead.

“Oh. Well, I thought Jake was supposed to be picking up presents *with* Carlisle?” I asked, puzzled.

“We did, too.” Quill told me, leaning on the tree nearest Jake, and looking at me. I hadn’t even noticed him there. I looked around and saw all of the pack there, even Leah. The pack had rejoined as one, able to break apart at any time. “He showed up and told us that Carlisle had allowed him to bail, on account of him getting Nessie’s present. When he got it, he came back here—or tried to. I guess he came across the bloodsucke—sorry, *Jane* or whatever. Then she did this to him, I’m guessing.” he said, gesturing toward Jake.

“I got here just in time to see her stop smiling and run off. That’s when I found him. I was alone, and in human form, so I decided to let her go. I’m sure she’ll be back.” said Sam, with a warning growl.

Just then, we heard rapid footsteps, and I knew the scent without even having to think about it.

“Where’s Jacob?” demanded Carlisle, his doctor’s briefcase in hand.