**Dusk**

Chapter Two

We arrived in Renesmee's room, which was once Edward's, just as Rosalie did.

Rosalie had gone to fetch some blood for when Renesmee woke up, no doubt. She was holding a cup of what smelled like O+. Renesmee can eat human food, it won't make her sick like the rest of us, but she distastes it. She *defiantly* prefers to drink blood.

Renesmee was sitting up straight in her too small toddler bed, that she refused to let be replaced. Her mouth was hanging wide open, so I could see all of her perfect pearly white teeth. I suspected strongly that she hadn't closed it since she had screamed.

I quickly gave her a look over; to make sure everything seemed the same. Nothing was out of the normal. I noticed out of the corner of my eye that Rose did the same, which slightly irritated me.

"'S the matter, baby?" I crooned, picking Renesmee up.

Renesmee lifted a hand to my cheek. She prefers not to speak very much, she prefers to *show* you her thoughts by touching you-it's her gift, just like her fathers is to mind read. She lifted her other had to Jasper.

Rosalie was completely furious that she didn't have a warm little hand cradling her face. This greatly humored me. Then, to my uttermost disgust, Renesmee reached out her bare little foot towards Rosalie, and touched her with her little toe. Rose patted her foot, holding it there, showing off.

I gaffed.

Renesmee showed us her most recent dream. I quickly understood the reason behind her confused scream.

I was sitting in our -being Edward and I's- meadow. But I wasn't alone, nor was I with Edward...

I buried my face in my hands, *sobbing*. Jacob had his arm wrapped tightly around me, comforting me for some unknown reason. I suddenly raised my head, and said something that I couldn't make out due to the loud, but charming, chirping birds. Jacobs reply was also drowned out.

Jacob's face became torn. He seemed to be completely confused, and worried. He finally seemed to come to a conclusion. He tilted his head slightly to the right and...

We kissed with the more passion, than was held in the kiss we shared when I had begged him to stay with me, opposed to fighting an army of new born vampires.

We were still franticly kissing when the picture dissolved. I had quickly removed my hand from Renesmee's face. She reached for my face and I declined. I really didn't want to see her thoughts on this matter.

She didn't know that once Jacob and I had been *in love*. Before he had imprinted upon her, I had been stuck between my new love for my sun, Jacob, and my unpenitrible love for Edward. Jacob and I had fallen for each other when Edward left me, though for my own good.

When Renesmee saw that I wasn't going to let her allow me to be in her head, she turned to Rosalie.

"It was just a dream, baby." Rose assured her, "it's not real." For some reason, I had the strongest urge to punch Rosalie in the face, as she said this.

Renesmee faced me again, as I held her. "I didn't like that dream, momma." she told me, expectantly.

"It was very strange, sweetie. Don't worry about it, okay? Just forget it ever happened." I said, though I knew she would be thinking of it until she saw her dad, whom would read her thoughts, and be forced to give her some answers. She just nodded.

"Rose," I said, very unwillingly, offering Renesmee to her, she was delighted. "Why don't you and Jasper take her outside to play, while I do a few things. But be sure to cover her eyes when she goes downstairs." I wanted to get the full impact of her looking at her decorations, as Alice had done for me on my wedding day.

Rose trotted out the door, with Renesmee on her hip, Jasper covering her eyes with his hands. She was giggling, to my relief. As soon as they walked out the door I retreated to Rose and Emmet's room. I moved in front of the biggest mirror in the house, Rosalie's. I stared at myself. I was, of course, not as pretty as Rosalie. Though I was still gorgeous, maybe as gorgeous as Alice, I hoped. While looking over myself to make sure nothing had changed in the least, with the exception of my eyes, in the last year, I let out a sigh of relief. In Renesmee’s' dream, I had been *mortal*. I guess this bothered me because Renesmee had never seen me mortal, but I wasn't so sure.

After one last glance at my new eyes, I left their room. I quickly went into Alice and Jaspers' room and looked for something to lie about. I had to have something to explain why I didn't go outside with them. I decided to give Alice a treat, at my own expense. I grabbed the first thing on her rack. *Great*, I thought sarcastically.

I had managed to grab a designer, blue silk dress. The only good thing was blue was Edward's favorite on me. I knew Alice wouldn't mind me actually dressing up, nor would she mind me using her clothes, she never liked this dress anyway.

I slipped it on and left my ideal clothes in Renesmee’s room.

I went down the steps two at a time and met them in the back yard, throwing a base ball. They had a system; they were all in a triangle, Renesmee making the tip. Jasper and Rosalie were both standing fairly close to Renesmee, but they were both spread far apart, so they could actually have fun throwing it to each other. As Renesmee caught Jaspers throw, she caught sight of me.

"Ooooh! Mommy, your dress is so pretty!" she said, running over to me.

I picked her up. "Just like you," I said, tickling her nose. "Rose, what did Alice get for Renesmee to wear today?"

"Actually," said Rose, "she allowed me to pick.... Though with much convincing." she added seeing my bewildered expression.

We went back upstairs, covering Renesmee’s' eyes on the way, and into her room. Jasper stayed outside, giving us some privacy.

Renesmee wined while we pulled the frilly shimmering pink dress over her head.

She soon stopped, when we had finished and she had seen herself in the mirror. "It's SO pwetty!" she said, with more giggles. Rosalie beamed. I just smiled.

We walked down the stairs again, with Rose holding on to Renesmee, and me shielding her chocolate brown eyes, from the beautiful scene below.

The front door burst open. I dropped my hands from Renesmee’s' eyes, instantly. "BELLA!" Embry screamed. "IT'S JAKE! HELP!"