

*Here is a “brief” (ha ha) summation of the story thus far, if you’re Jacob Black:*

So you’re a happy kid. You’ve got some nice friends, your dad is pretty cool, even if he is a little superstitious. You do pretty well at school—you don’t have to work at it too hard. You’ve got a lot of freedom. You love all things mechanical.

One day, the daughter of your dad’s best friend shows up. She’s really pretty in that girl-next-door kind of way, but, more than that, you’re just instantly on the same page with her. Kindred spirits. Bella walks away from all her school friends, seeming totally interested in everything you say. You are immediately infatuated, but you know that she’s out of your league. She’s a junior, you’re a freshman—dream on. Still, you think about her a lot. Maybe someday, you tell yourself.

Of course you’re much more interested now in anything your dad has to say about Charlie. You keep pushing your dad to make amends with Charlie over the whole Cullen thing. In your head, Billy is the one in the wrong. You urge him to apologize. Eventually, he does. He heads up for a ball game, and, naturally, you tag along. Someone has to drive. (You know you’re not fooling anyone—Billy totally sees through you).

So you see Bella with a guy in a great car (the car is the first thing you notice. It’s had tons of work done—nothing stock. You’re impressed). You’re secure enough in your masculinity to admit that the guy is really good looking. Perceptive as you are, you can see the sparks between them. You sigh—still, you always knew she would get snapped up quick. But high school relationships blow over, so you shrug it off. You wonder who he is (you know everybody from around here) and why your dad is acting so strange.

You get a chance to talk to Bella, and it’s nice again. It’s really comfortable around her. You ask about the guy, and he’s a Cullen, so then you get Billy’s reaction. You have a pleasant night with Bella, except that she seems pretty distracted and she’s wearing some new perfume that you don’t like at all.

You get home, and your dad is freaking out. He’s calling all his superstitious cronies. You can tell (eavesdropping from your room) that they’re telling him it’s not his business. You agree, but Billy doesn’t ask your opinion. Your dad thinks this guy is literally some kind of monster—it’s so embarrassing.

Billy goes up to see Charlie again, and he’s still really upset about Bella. He’s very tense, and you guess (he mumbles when he’s agitated) that he thinks he’s violating that legendary treaty. You halfway consider mentioning that you told Bella the stories, but you know you’d be busted, so you say nothing.

You see Bella with her boyfriend again. Obviously he’s her boyfriend—he kisses her neck before she comes inside. Billy almost has a stroke. Oh, right—vampires. Geez, the

old man is going to humiliate you both. You wonder why the boyfriend just sits there in the truck...

You're sadder than you'd thought you'd be. You thought you'd already accepted that Bella had a boyfriend, but this proof is more depressing than you expected. The difference between suspecting something and seeing it for yourself. Sigh. Your dad sends you off on a wild goose chase, and you realize later that he wanted to talk to Bella alone. You hope he didn't make a fool of himself.

Life goes on. You get a few crushes on girls at school, but they blow over quickly. You still think about Bella a lot. You wish you could just hang out with her, but your dad is being an idiot about the Cullen thing. He won't let you go up to visit. Like you're going to get hurt or something. You roll your eyes at him a lot.

Bella runs away from home. When Billy tells you, it hits you hard. You worry about her—it keeps you up at night. You had no idea she was so unhappy. You're angry you let Billy keep you from seeing her. Maybe you could have helped somehow...

Then Charlie calls Billy to tell him that Bella had a horrible accident in Phoenix—she fell through a window and she's in serious condition in the hospital. The news is like an anvil falling on your head. When Billy hears that Dr. Cullen is there taking care of her, he begs Charlie to get on a plane. They fight again. You offer to drive down to check on her, and Billy tears into you. You leave, but sulk out on the back step. You hear him on the phone with someone, yelling about treaties and wars—you can't hear well through the door. But you do hear him talking about the Cullens hurting Bella, and also Sam. You wonder why Sam Uley is a part of this conversation. You don't wonder for long. You're too worried about Bella.

Bella gets better and comes home. You are dying to see her—surely you could at least take her some get-well-soon flowers or something. But Billy forbids you to go, and you can't get any one to lend you a car (they're all on Billy's side). You can't believe how out of hand this vampire joke has gotten.

Then Billy changes his tune. He wants you to go talk to Bella. But he wants you to crash her prom. You're mortified. However, he bribes you, and you really do want to see Bella. You go. Bella looks so pretty. You pass on Billy's embarrassing message, but, to your relief, she laughs about it with you. You see how she looks at Edward Cullen, and you know she's completely out of your reach. But you're okay, because you also know that she'll always be your friend. You want her to be happy, and this guy clearly makes her happy. You feel bad for how mean and prejudiced your dad has been toward the Cullens, and you wish there was some tactful way to apologize. Bella's wearing that nasty perfume again. You wonder why she likes it.

You have a good summer in La Push. You work in your garage most of the time, you do a few hours a week at the store for some extra cash, you hang out with Embry and Quil, you go on a few group dates. One girl has a crush on you, but it's just a friendship thing

for you. Billy's still worried about Bella, and you can't help paying special attention whenever her name is mentioned. There's a stupid gang starting up in town, and you and your friends mock Sam's crew behind their backs.

School starts up again, and everything is pretty normal.

Late one night, Billy gets a frantic call from Charlie. Bella is missing, lost in the woods he thinks. Billy promises help. You're on your way out the door, but he tells you no. You're so mad, you start hiking up anyway. You don't get there until three in the morning, and everyone is just leaving. Bella's asleep they tell you, so you don't go in. You see Sam, Jared and Paul there, and that pisses you off. Mr. Weber offers you a ride home when he sees you walking. He's the one who tells you that the Cullens left. People are already gossiping about it. Edward left Bella in the woods, that's how she got into trouble.

At first, your emotions are confused. You have to admit you're a little pleased, but you try to squash those feelings. They're wrong—Bella must be unhappy. You hope she's doing okay.

Then you start getting the details. Charlie is desperate, and he calls Billy a lot for help. But neither of your sisters ever went through something like this, and Billy can't help much. You hear how Bella's crushed, maybe catatonic, not eating or sleeping.

You start to hate Edward Cullen. How could he do this to someone so good and kind? What kind of a monster is he? You're sorry that you ever wanted to apologize to him.

At the same time, you're also mad that people in La Push are so pumped about the Cullens leaving. It really annoys you. They're celebrating the same thing that devastated Bella.

Time passes, and Charlie gets more and more worried. Billy doesn't forbid you to go see Bella anymore, but you instinctively know that she doesn't want to see you—to see anyone. You try not to worry about her, but it's hard with Billy mumbling about her all the time. She's like a zombie Charlie says. She hasn't smiled since Edward left.

Months pass. One day, you hear a familiar engine roaring outside the house. You can hardly believe it, but Bella has stopped by out of the blue. You are thrilled until you get a better look at her. She looks worse than you could have imagined. She's lost way too much weight and the circles under her eyes are black. Her hair looks darker and her face is dead white. She looks like she could snap in half. But then she looks at you, and she smiles a real smile. She's happy to see you. It's a little thing, but it means everything to you.

You pay attention to everything she says and does, but never in a way she'd notice. You compare the way she is to all that you've heard from Charlie. She tells you about the motorcycles and you're excited. This is something that you're really good at, and you'd

love to show off a little. She seems completely comfortable, and you feel the same way. It's like she's been with you every day for the past year—there's no sense that you haven't seen her in months. You click together, just like you always have. Kindred spirits.

You start to realize over the next few days that there is something else that you're good at besides cars: you can make Bella happy. Not the way she was before, but much better than she has been. Charlie and Billy are on the phone all day, and you're elated with the knowledge that you are helping her. You watch her get better and better—smiling and laughing more, getting excited about your little plans—and you are grateful to the center of your bones that you can do this for her.

She's not back to normal, though, and you take her little quirks in stride. She's seems to be reinventing herself, and you give her space to do that, just tagging along and following her lead.

Things with Bella are good, but if it wasn't for her, your life would suck. Embry has joined Sam's crazy cult, and you're terrified for him and furious with him at the same time. He won't talk to you. You and Quil try to figure out what's going on, but none of it makes sense. Billy's so exasperating about the whole thing, and he's looking at you funny all the time. It makes you anxious. You tell Bella about it, though, and she makes you feel better because she takes it seriously, too. She hugs you, and your heart almost explodes.

Of course you realize that you're falling in love with her. You also know that she's not ready, and she doesn't think of you that way. You know how to be patient, though, and you keep your fingers crossed that someday she'll look at you differently. You're glad that you're so tall, that you don't look sixteen. You're starting to bulk up without even lifting all those weights like Quil is always doing, and this makes you happy, too. She said you were sort of beautiful...

She takes you out with her school friends, but the plans all fall apart, and it's just you and Bella and Mike Newton. It's easy to pick up on the tension. You're feeling pretty good as you watch—she doesn't like this boy. She's not comfortable with him the way she is with you. She barely talks to him. You're enjoying the terrible movie more than any movie you've ever seen. She likes you best. It's obvious.

He gets sick. You wait for him with Bella, and you're feeling very weird. It's strange—you feel oddly powerful, full of confidence. You're flying, and you shock yourself with the things you say to her. It all just comes out. She admits that you are her favorite, though she's clearly still grieving for the jerk who broke her heart. For half a second, you're filled with this unbelievable rage that anyone could hurt her so bad. You wish you could kill him. You're surprised at this wild emotion, and you quickly stifle it.

You take Bella home, and you are full of hope. This is going to work. You are the only one she's happy with. She needs you. You are going to do everything in your power to

keep making her happy. You promise her that. You're feeling great. Just a little more time...

You go home, and Billy's eyeing you that annoying way. You're feeling edgy, like there are pins pricking all over your skin. The room feels too hot—Bella said you had a temperature. You can hardly hold still.

Billy says you look strange, all critical, and that same crazy rage washes through you. This time, you can't stop it. You feel it spinning out of control, an anger so strong it makes your whole body shake. Part of you knows your reaction is stupid, but most of you is possessed by the fury. Everything is hot, like the room is on fire. You can feel the heat inside your bones.

And then, to your horror and shock, the shaking gets worse and you feel your body breaking apart. You are terrified. It only takes a second, but it's the longest second of your life. You feel yourself exploding, and you think you are dying.

But your body catches itself before that—you don't fly apart into pieces. You're in a new shape that you don't understand. Your head is hitting the ceiling, and you're looking down at Billy from some great height. The shaking has stopped, but the anger is still there. Everything is still hot and red. You try to shout at Billy, to make him explain, but it comes out in this hideous yowling. You take a step toward him, and the room shakes. Your lips are pulled back over your teeth and you can hear growling and you want to shake Billy and demand to know what he did to you. You reach out toward him, and this huge, clawed paw moves instead of your hand. You look down at yourself, and a terrified yelp comes through your teeth.

Billy talks to you like you're a child, slow and soothing, telling you to be calm, that everything is going to be okay. But he doesn't tell you what happened—what you are. It makes you angry again that he doesn't seem surprised. Was he expecting this? Why didn't he warn you?

Billy edges to the phone and calls someone. As soon as you hear Sam's name, you flip out. Sam was in on this. Horrible growls fill the house. Billy looks frightened, and you're right in his face, your jaws aching to bite. You jerk yourself back, and hear that frightened yelp again.

That's when the voices start in your head. But they are so much more than voices. Behind the words, you can see the images and feel the emotions. Within seconds, you understand. You see the word behind the words, the answer to your question. Werewolf. You're a monster.

Embry helps the most. You recognize his voice even though it has no sound. You see how relieved he is to have you with him now. Sam lets him explain, lets him talk you out of the house (Billy eases by you to get the door open—your shoulders can barely squeeze

through). In the woods behind your house, you see the others for the first time. They are huge and terrible. You're appalled to know that you are like them.

It's a long night. They show you everything. All the stories and legends you've heard all your life are factual histories. It's like landing in Oz, having everything turn to color, except this new world is no pretty place full of munchkins. You're living in a horror movie. You're one of the monsters. They show you why this happened, and this is the worst part. Because the vampires are real, too. And it's their fault that you've turned into this thing. More than that, not only do literal blood-sucking vampires exist, but your best friend, the girl you love, is still in love with one of them. At first you won't believe that she knew the truth, but they convince you she's completely aware. It makes you sick now, to remember how much she grieves for him.

You're a monster, too, but not one of the bad ones. You're the kind that exists to protect your family against the bad ones. It's not that much comfort. Especially when they tell you that your new status as legendary protector means that you can't be around normal people anymore. You are too dangerous for now. In six months, in a year, maybe. You have to go to school to keep the secret, but no other unnecessary risk. At school, you must focus all your energy on staying calm. Forget your studies. Just don't kill anyone.

And Bella is totally out of the question. When you protest, you see Sam's memories. It's like you're there. You see him pleading with Emily. You hear the answer that sent Sam into an irrational fury—the fury that is the hallmark and the curse of the wolves' existence. You feel him explode out, his hand still extended toward her. You watch his claws cut into her face. You watch her fall to the ground, unconscious. You feel his panic, his terror. It's so strong he can't change back to help her. You think you are watching her die (even though you know she survived, it crushes you—you throw up from the pain of the memory). You see Jared and Paul rush to help, bringing Sue Clearwater (an RN—the best choice available when one of the hospital staff is a vampire). Sue takes care of Emily while Sam writhes in agony in the forest, hiding, still unable to calm himself enough to change back...

And you know that they are right, you can't see Bella. Your promise will go unkept. You're going to hurt her, just like the other monster.

Watching Sam's memory continue to its close, you see how to change back. You calm yourself the way he did, and you find yourself shimmering back into your true shape. Naked and sick, you curl up in the dark and cry like you've never cried in your life.

The others are surprised. It took the rest of them days or even weeks to figure out how to make the change back.

Your new life starts at a tense time. Not only are the vampires real, they are still here. New ones, not the Cullens. They're hunting in the area, and it's your job to stop them. This part you can get into. All your hate for what Edward and the rest of the Cullens

have done to Bella is channeled into the hunt for this pair, the black-haired male with his scarlet-haired mate.

When you catch up to the male, it's in the nick of time. You follow the vampire's scent carefully, trying to sneak up on him. Jared is taking the point because he has eyes like binoculars—he can see for miles. The vampire pauses in a small meadow, and Jared sees him talking to Bella. You hurry forward, but Sam is hesitant. You're off your treaty lands. Is this one of the Cullen's friends? He's broken the treaty with his killings, but you can't prove it—you didn't witness it. Sam doesn't want to start a war without being sure of the consequences. You think he's become too cautious. You argue, and when it is clear that Laurent means Bella harm, Sam quickly comes around to your side.

Killing Laurent is easier than any of you expected. Is it because it was five on one? You know that's not the case. You and Sam did most of the work, and you feel like you could have taken the leech all by yourself. Perhaps vampires aren't as tough as the stories have led you all to believe.

The image of Bella's terrified face in the meadow is always behind your eyes. She was appalled—more horrified by your new face than she was by the red-eyed, hunting vampire. You constantly wonder how she explained to herself what she saw.

The hunt goes on, and the red-haired female proves to be much more elusive. The pack doesn't understand her motivations, so it's hard to guess her moves. And she's very good at running away.

Having a vampire around makes you nervous. They all seem to wind up near Bella in the end. You run around her house at night, making sure she's safe.

Regular life has turned into a chore. But the others are impressed with your control, and during those few weeks of tracking the black-haired vampire, they are more and more amazed. You're better at managing your "episodes" (as you think of them) than any of them. It took Sam half a year to get to the point you're at inside of two weeks. You're already better at it than Embry, Jared and Paul. This doesn't make you happier though. Why would anyone want to be better at being a werewolf?

Still, you start to think that you could handle seeing Bella. You are sure, now that you know what to expect, that you can control yourself around her. And she's calling all the time. The monsters in the wood have no doubt traumatized her. She needs you. It's on your mind most of the time. Sam chastises you—no one knows better than he does what it feels like to make a mistake.

You can't even talk to her on the phone. All the wolves and the elders are disturbed by your memories—they've been so careful about the treaty, and you broke it, however unknowingly. At least the vampires who agreed to the treaty are gone, so it doesn't mean a war. And Bella didn't seem to believe more than just the one story... But Sam gives you an order: you are not allowed to tell Bella the truth. He tells you this in wolf form,

and you can feel the layer of authority running through the thought. He is the alpha wolf, and you can't disobey.

Bella's persistent, though, and you're not surprised when she sets up camp outside your house. You convince the others that you can handle one conversation, that it has to be done at some point. Sam agrees—he's unwilling to be too dictatorial in his alpha position, with you more than the rest (but that's a story for another time). He warns you to keep calm, and he insists that you say whatever you have to in order to keep her away. He's thinking of Emily, and how can you argue with that?

It's harder than you thought it would be. You watch Bella's face as you go back on your word, and it's like someone is stabbing you in the gut. You're just as bad as that vampire who broke her. You feel like you're taking all your hope and happiness, and hers, too, and crushing it inside your own hand. A few times the anger is strong—you start heating up, but you control it. The closest you come to losing it is when she gets defensive about the vampires. How can she think any good of them, especially now, with all they've done to her? As if just being vampires weren't enough.

And then she takes it on herself—she thinks she did something wrong, and that's why you're doing this. She's almost begging you. You truly hate yourself for doing this to her. You run away, transforming as soon as you are out of sight so that you won't cry again like you did before.

It's a long afternoon. You are sick of Embry trying to comfort you, sick of Sam's approval for what you did. You wonder bitterly whether you didn't scar Bella today just as truly as he scarred Emily. You return to your human state to get away from them, and you brood all evening. You leave the house to get away from Billy, who's just as irritating as the others.

You realize that while Sam forbid you to explain to Bella, he didn't technically order you not to see her. You know this is going to be tricky, but you can't stand having her think that you don't want to be her friend. You have to apologize, to find some way around it.

You ride your motorcycle up and hide it on another street. You sneak into her room, and it surprises you how angry she is. Also, she looks horrible—almost as bad as the first time you saw her. Her eyes are red and her face is wet. You hate yourself again, seeing this. You try to explain, but Sam's order keeps getting in your way.

You try to at least make it clear how important she is to you and that this separation isn't your choice. While you're talking with her, at first you feel that you were wrong to come. You're not making anything better. It can't be better, as long as she doesn't understand. If only she'd believed *all* your stories that first day...

You realize then that she already knows what you want her to know. You try to get her to remember, to put it together, but she's half asleep and confused. You're more hopeful, but also more tense. Will she remember? Will she figure it out? If she does, what will

she think? Will she be scared and repulsed? The idea that she might feel that way makes you mad. She was able to accept a *vampire*... This disgusts you.

You know as soon as you phase again, Sam and the others will know all about this breach. You hope you can keep it from them until Bella figures things out. You ride your bike home, and promise yourself that you're going to keep calm, no matter what.

When you wake up in the morning, Billy tells you that Bella stopped by, and that she's waiting for you down on the beach. You're full of excitement and dread. She must have put it together. She didn't simply call. Has she already accepted what you are?

Then you get to the beach and see her face. She's scared and upset. You can see in her expression that she is not okay with your new life. This makes you furious. You have to focus all your energy on staying human. You accuse her of her hypocrisy, and then feel overwhelming relief when the misunderstanding comes clear. It still stings to see how protective she is of her vampires, but at least her acceptance reaches out to you, too. Once again, you are hopeful. Perhaps you can get past all this mess and be together again.

It's a huge relief to be able to talk openly with her now. You're surprised to find that she is more knowledgeable about the vampires outside Forks than the pack is, and horrified that the redhead has been after Bella all along. You are anxious to speak to the others; you want a plan in place to protect Bella. You feel very fierce, knowing that someone is trying to hurt her. For the first time, you're *glad* you're a werewolf. It's horrible, but, at the same time, you can protect Bella. It seems worth it suddenly.

You call the pack together. While you are confident now that you can control yourself around Bella, you'd forgotten to account for the others. Paul reacts more strongly than you'd expected. You have to change right in front of Bella to protect her, and you don't have a chance to see her reaction. You have to get Paul away from her. Lucky for you, you're getting bigger and stronger everyday. It's not too difficult to shove Paul into the woods. Sam joins you quickly, and orders Paul to calm down. You explain to them about the redhead and Bella—it doesn't take long, speaking through thoughts as you do. Though Sam has to acknowledge the importance and usefulness of this information, he still chews you out for a while. He points out how you put Bella in danger today, and then he chews out Paul for being that danger. Finally, he reminds you that he understands, and the three of you are quickly on good terms. Better terms than ever, you realize. You're finding it easier to be a part of this situation, now that it helps Bella.

It's strange how things get back to normal, while at the same time everything is different and dangerous. Bella is the key piece that helps you put it all in balance. You get a few hours of sleep a night, but most of the time you're running through the woods with Sam or Embry, looking for any sign that the redheaded bloodsucker has returned. When it's not your turn, you spend as much time as you can with Bella. There is a new level of intimacy to your friendship. You know all of each others secrets, and this makes a bigger difference that you would have thought. You're amazed at how much she's been unable

to share, how alone she's been through all her heartbreak. It still disturbs you to see how she mourns for the Cullens. You can't see the difference between the Cullens and the vampire stalking her now, but she can. She's obviously terrified of *that* vampire. You try to reassure her. And you're glad that she doesn't have to be alone in this anymore.

You worry about Bella being alone when you're out on patrol. You're not happy when your plans to help her have some fun—break away from the constant anxiety—are interrupted by Victoria. She makes a half-hearted attempt to cross into your territory. It seems suspicious to you, and when she takes off into the water, you worry she has another plan. You, Jared, and Embry race back along the coastline, looking for any sign that she's tried to come ashore. You make it back to La Push without crossing her scent. Embry continues on with Jared, but you want to check on Bella. Just to make sure the redhead hasn't gotten around you.

Bella's not on the beach, nor is the redhead or anyone else. You keep to the trees, but the storm is bad enough that no one is around to see you. Her truck isn't in front of your house. You first think she's gone home, but fresh tire tracks lead the other direction. It isn't until you find the truck abandoned on the road near the cliffs that you remember your promise from the day before. Cliff diving. In the same instant, you hear Bella's far away scream, fading away as the sound falls.

You race to the edge in seconds. You can't see anything below—the waves are rough, there's no trace of a recent impact. You hurl yourself over the edge, diving nose first into the dark water.

The water is rough. You know how much strength you're using to manage swimming through it, and you know Bella is not that strong. No human is strong enough to handle this current.

You search frantically, your sharp eyes combing the water. Finally, you see something flashing white—her hands struggling uselessly against the waves. You're underwater, half out of breath, and panicking hard. No one else would have been able to do it under the same circumstance, not even Sam, but you concentrate and you force yourself back into your human form. Then you snag Bella and yank her back up to the surface.

You wish you'd taken first aid. All you can think to do is knock the water out of her lungs. There's so much of it. She's conscious at first, but then she blacks out. You don't know what to do. You tow her back to the beach, hoping that help is on the way. Jared's and Embry's thoughts were with you during the dive, but now you are cut off from them.

Sam comes, but Bella wakes up before he can do much more than tell you about the tragedy back in the village. You are sorry you pulled him away from where he is needed. Bella seems to be okay. You don't know if she needs a doctor, but she just wants to rest so you take her home. You're exhausted from so many nights out running, and you fall asleep there beside her. You feel good there, together with no secrets between you, knowing that she's safe.

Billy wakes you when he comes home. It's devastating to realize that Harry is gone. He was one of Billy's best friends, an uncle in many ways, and also one of only three elders who knew about the wolves. It doesn't seem fair that he's gone.

You take Bella home, knowing that Charlie will be grieving, too. On the way, you notice that something is different about her, but you can't put your finger on it. Losing Harry makes it all the more clear that you could have lost Bella, too—it was so close. The thought horrifies you. At the same time, you are intensely glad that you were able to save her. She's alive because you're a werewolf. You become even more reconciled to your fate.

Thinking of the close call, you hold her in your arms, relieved that you can. For the first time since the first night you changed—the night of the horrible movie—you think that this might work out. It feels very right to hold her like this. Does she feel the same? Maybe it's not as strong as what she felt for the vampire, but it has to mean something that neither of you are whole without the other. It seems like you are meant to be with her.

She starts to pull away. She's not ready quite yet, but you think she will be. Just a little more patience. You open the car door, and this peaceful knowledge is shattered.

There's a vampire nearby. Your first thought is the redhead, and you guess that she used the distraction of Harry's death to sneak in. You aren't sure where she is or if she's watching. You're afraid to change and hunt, in case she gets around you while you're tracking her. You decide the best plan is to get Bella back to La Push, leave Embry with her, and hunt the redhead with Sam.

Something's not right though. The scent is off. A vampire, obviously, but not the same one whose scent has been burning your nose for the last week.

Before you can make sense of it, Bella is telling you to stop. Her face is lit up brighter than you've seen it since the day she came looking for you, all broken. She thinks the Cullen's have returned, and the flash car parked near her house does support the theory. Her enthusiasm sickens you. All she wants is to go find the vampire, as if she's not a dietary staple of their kind. You're furious. It's difficult to calm yourself.

It's clear that you'll have to take her away by force if you want to keep her from going inside. She seems certain that it's *her* vampires. She's already gone—mentally, she's a million miles away from you. And you have responsibilities. The pack has been ignoring the treaty lines completely since the Cullens left. You can't let your brothers get into trouble, not knowing that the Cullen's are back.

You hate leaving her here, and you're so angry that this is what she wants. The future that seemed so hopeful a few seconds ago crumbles into nothing. Doesn't she even care that they left her? Doesn't that matter? Never once has she expressed any anger toward

them for what they've done to her. You guess that she's never even *felt* that anger. She accepts what they did without question.

You need to leave, because you're not going to be able to hold yourself together too much longer. You can feel the fury building. You leave her alone there in the street, wishing more than anything that she'll call after you, that she'll change her mind. She doesn't.

You run to the hospital, and then change back. The anger has faded a little, and you're frantic about her safety again. You call, and she answers. It's true. The Cullen's are back, and she's chosen the vampires over you.

It's a bad night for the Quileute wolves. Sam pulls the patrol lines back so that they're only protecting the square mile of the reservation. Sam doesn't want to leave any holes—three might be a half dozen vampires out there, and their intentions are unclear. You worry about Bella and the redhead, but Sam says to let the Cullens take care of their own. You loathe the idea of Bella belonging to them.

The days pass. No one tries to cross the line. Billy calls Charlie, and it appears that only one of the Cullens has returned, and she is staying with them. This creeps you all out. Sam is concerned—what is the new policy? Are the boundary lines back in force? For how long? Are the rest of them coming back? Do they know about the redhead? Do they consider her to be under the protection of their treaty? If so, the treaty is broken. And if they won't drive her off, the pack will consider them in collusion with her. Sam, Billy and Old Quil discuss the possibility of a war...

But Sam wants information first—try to keep it civil for as long as possible—and you volunteer for the job. You insist on going in person. You need to see her face, to see how deeply involved she is. You tell Sam that you'll get more of the truth in person, that you'll be better able to tell if she's lying. You're not fooling him with your motives, but you're reasoning is sound regardless.

You go during the funeral, so that you'll be able to talk with her honestly, no chance of Charlie interrupting. Jared and Embry don't want to leave you there alone, even when you're sure the vampire is gone for the moment. You know they'll stay close, but you don't want them listening. You want to be able to really talk to Bella, but it's as much as you can do to keep calm. Her house reeks—it burns your nose. The vampire stink is all over her. You're both a little hostile, but she answers your questions. The Cullen is just visiting. You tell yourself that things will go back to normal when the vampire leaves again.

You can't make yourself leave. You can see that you've hurt her, and you go back to find her crying. You feel worse, and better. Better because at least she cares this much about you. She's crying for you. That's something.

You're able to talk now, but it's hard. She loves them. The monsters who hurt her—*loves* them. She cares about you, too, but not as much. Still, the vampire is leaving again... You're confused, not sure how to feel.

You hold her in your arms, and it's like it was before—like it's meant to be. You take her face in your hand, and suddenly you want to kiss her more than anything in the world. It's not how you planned it—bad timing with the vampire hanging around somewhere. But you think that maybe this is meant to be, too. Maybe she'll feel that. You see the conflict in her eyes, and wonder which side will win when your lips touch hers.

The phone rings at this inopportune moment, and you answer it. What choice do you have? It could be Sam, there could be trouble. You hear the clear, ringing tone of the voice with the soft English accent, and you know who it is within the first word. Another one of them. Maybe Bella was wrong about the rest coming back. Maybe she was lying.

Bella's angry again when the vampire hangs up on you. Before you can clear it up right, you smell the fresh burn of an approaching vampire. You hear the faint sound of the vampire's almost silent approach. You try to leave, but the scent is stronger in the front room. Before you can get out the back, the bloodsucker is there.

She's just a tiny thing, but after what Bella told you about vampires with extra talents, you're not about to let your guard down. She pays little attention to you, though. She seems barely aware of her surroundings, disturbed by something. Bella calls her Alice. Alice speaks Edward's name once, and Bella crumples. Did the vampire hurt her? You didn't see anything. But you lunge forward to catch Bella before the vampire can touch her, and you pull her away.

The little vampire seems very upset, and this surprises you. You hadn't realized they had much in the way of emotions. You're revolted and amazed at how comfortable Bella and Alice seem to be touching each other. You would have thought the vampire would not be able to touch humans that way without hurting them. And Bella is so at ease with Alice—able to interact with her like Alice is human. Bella seems to see her that way—like a person, almost.

The conversation is hard to follow. You gather that Edward Cullen is in some kind of trouble and it's someone named Rosalie's fault. Bella is yelling and then demanding to help, and the little vampire is going to let her try, though she's made it clear that it's a suicide mission.

You follow Bella to the kitchen, where she writes a note for Charlie. You ask her not to go. It's like you've said nothing at all. She asks you to take care of her father.

Bella runs away to pack, and you are left alone with Alice. You move as far from her as possible—the instinct to phase and attack it hard to repress—and accuse her of luring Bella to her death. It's actually easier to speak with her than you would have thought—

she reacts and speaks like a human, though her appearance is frighteningly alien. To your sharp eyes, she's like a moving crystal, all angles and shine.

Alice argues back for just a moment, but then Bella's back and they're leaving. Will you ever see her again? You literally beg her not to go, but Bella leaves after kissing your hand. You can barely hold it together for half a second when you realize she is going off to die for this leech that ruined her life. For the first time since the beginning, you lose control of yourself and you explode into a wolf against your will.

Life is darker than it has ever been before. The others are relieved that Alice Cullen left, whether she took Bella with her or not. They try to keep their feelings from you, but of course there are no secrets in a wolf pack. Sam cautiously extends your patrols, and you take extra care to watch out for Charlie, as Bella asked you.

That's how you discover the redhead, making another run at Bella. The pack circles, slowly tightening the perimeter, letting her get closer to Forks while placing a line between her and Charlie... However, she abruptly wheels and bolts. You give chase, but she's tricky and faster than the black haired vampire. Her sudden flight took you off guard—you'd given no sign of your proximity. Doing some recognizance after the fact, Sam pieces together what happened. Her path crossed a recent trail left by Alice Cullen. That seems to have been enough to send her off in a panic. This makes it clear at least that the redhead is no friend to the Cullens.

Charlie is in a panic, naturally. He comes down to La Push to interrogate you, to see if you know anything to help him find Bella. You wish you could tell him everything about the Cullens, but you can't give away your own secrets, and what good would it do him? None of you can save Bella now.

Word spreads from Forks when Bella gets back alive. Charlie doesn't call Billy right away—he's too furious apparently—so you hear it first from Leah Clearwater. Charlie called to cancel a visit to her mother; he didn't want to leave Bella alone, because she's in immense trouble. You're so relieved that she is okay, you don't care about anything else at first. But it's not long before the rest of the news trickles down. Dr. Cullen is returning to the hospital—the entire family has moved back to town. Sam pulls the patrols in again, but not so far as before. The vampires did not know about the werewolves before, but now they do. If they're back for good, then the pack has to enforce their borders again. Make sure there are no misunderstandings about what belongs to the Quileutes.

Through Charlie, Billy gets updates. Edward is back, apparently fully instated as Bella's "boy" friend again, with no repercussions at all for his defection. Bella doesn't come to see you, and you're angry, though you didn't really expect her to. You're also angry that Charlie is letting Bella date Edward again. Shouldn't he, as her father, be able to do something about that?

You come up with a plan, and you don't think it through. If you got her grounded, she wouldn't be able to see him... Maybe, if she's away from him, she'll be able to shake off whatever spell he has over her and remember what he is, and what he's done.

Plus, you have a new worry now. Since Alice returned, your biggest fear has been that one of the vampires would lose control around her and kill Bella out of thirst. It occurs to you now, that maybe there is something worse. Perhaps they have worse intentions than using her to quench an appetite. You don't even want to hold the idea in your head, but you can't keep it out.

Maybe they'll try to make her one of them.

It's the most horrible thing you can imagine. Worse than killing her—to steal her self from her and leave her some inhuman stone creature, a mockery of the person she once was. It would be like letting some stranger have her body, only a twisted, cold version of that body.

You know the one thing that would anger Charlie more than anything else (except for the truth, which you can't tell him) is Bella's motorcycle. You ride it to her house and tell Charlie you're returning it since Bella doesn't come to La Push anymore. Charlie turns beet red and yells at you out for a quarter of an hour, promising to inform Billy of what's going on. When he lets you go, you retreat to the forest rather than leaving, knowing that the bloodsucker will know from your scent that you are here. You have a warning to deliver.

Just as you'd expected, Edward Cullen comes with Bella out to meet you before she faces Charlie. It's very hard to control yourself, but you're not going to get into a fight with Bella there. She could get hurt, and you're not going to be the one to break the treaty this time. Let the Cullens play the bad guys to the hilt.

Bella's furious. You were prepared for that, but it's still hard to have her so hurt.

The vampire takes you by surprise, thanking you for what you've done for Bella. You refuse to believe that he's in any way genuine. It's just some ploy. You discover that his mind-reading abilities are even worse than you'd feared. He sees everything you're thinking.

Though he knows the warning you've come to give, you answer Bella's question about the treaty. Not only are they not allowed to feed off of humans if they want to preserve the peace with the wolves, but they are also not allowed to create new vampires.

Bella's angry reaction tells you so much more than you wanted to know. Up till that point, you worried that the Cullens were thinking of changing her. You didn't expect her to be aware of that plan. Now you see that she is planning this herself—this is what she wants.

You have to fight harder than you ever have before to keep your shape. The rest of the conversation means nothing. Bella wants to be a vampire. She doesn't realize that this change is just another form of death—worse than any other.

If he changes her, it will mean war. You head home to tell your brothers. You need to prepare...