

Keeping Cozy

I have not always been fond of Rosalie, but after Breaking Dawn, it tore me apart knowing how much she—in essence—only tolerated Bella so well because of Nessie. Rosalie never could bear children; never had her chance to be the perfect, loving mother to at least one child in her life time, and now, it's her turn. This is a story about Rosalie and her child.

****DISCLAIMER** I DO NOT OWN ANY OF THESE CHARACTERS (except for a few noticeable ones that may pop up) THEY ALL BELONG TO STEPHENIE MEYER: WRITER AND CREATOR OF THE TWILIGHT SAGA.**

Chapter One:

Today is the last week and last attempt of our testing. Carlisle has assured me, time and time again, that this newest serum is almost one hundred percent foolproof, but I cannot help but second guess and worry that *something* will go wrong. I never have had the greatest luck; being raped and killed before I was even married, never having children. The only real thing in my life I was lucky enough to stumble upon was my beloved Emmett. Yes, I know he can be such a child at times, but when we're alone, Emmett is the most loving, mature, and sexy man you could ever imagine. I sign, caressing his chest with my index finger as I trace patterns and trails, dancing across his stone-cold, perfectly chiseled chest, and breath in his sweet scent.

“Don't worry, Rose. Whatever happens, happens; I'll love you no matter what happens.” He murmurs into my hair, breathing it in with a sigh before pressing his lips a top my head.

“I know, Emm. . . but I can't help but worry and hope that this will work; as much as I want to be strong, I have to admit that if this doesn't work, I will be deeply distressed and maybe even depressed.” I whisper, snuggling closer to him in the covers.

“It will work; I just know it.”

“I hope so.”

The conversation ended, for Alice was knocking rapidly on our door. I know she always tries her best to give everyone their privacy, so Carlisle must be ready.

“Yes, Alice?” I ask, rolling over and swinging my legs off the bed, pulling my pink satin robe on to cover my nakedness.

“Sorry to interrupt, but Carlisle is ready for you.”

“No need to apologize; we’ll be down there in five minutes.”

Five minutes later, Emmett and I are now walking hand-in-hand towards Carlisle’s built-in office. Since Renesmee was born, Carlisle bought some hospital appliances (ultrasound equipment, X-rays, etc.) home and transformed *just* his office into his medical office as well.

If I had a heart, it would be hammering against my chest; wild stallions cantering in a stampede. I was so nervous about the results that I could hardly muster up the courage to walk to the office to get the news. What if it doesn’t work? What if I will *never* be able to bear children? What if I *am* indeed pregnant, but my child has birth defects or brain damage? Not that I wouldn’t love the child and less, but I just wouldn’t want my own son or daughter to have to live through all the challenges disabled children face.

“Babe, everything is going to be fine.” Emmett said, wrapping an arm around my waist and pulling me closer to him.

“I don’t know, Emmett... nothing like this has ever happened; I would be the only vampire in the history of vampires to ever give birth to a child *while* I am immortal; it’s never happened!”

“That doesn’t mean it *won’t* happen. We will never know until we try.”

We were now outside Carlisle’s office, in front of the tall, mahogany double doors. My feet stopped moving; they disconnected themselves from my brain and refused to move. My arms, as well, wouldn’t push open the doors. Thank God for Emmett.

He slowly—well, slow for vampires—guided me through the doors. Carlisle was pouring over a medical book, and his face lit up with joy at the sight of us. Maybe that was a good sign . . . although he always smiles radiantly whenever we see him.

“Rosalie, Emmett,” he nodded as he said each of our names and motioned for us to sit on the white leather couch across from his desk. We followed his instructions, and I couldn’t help but sit rigidly and completely upright due to nerves. Emmett on the other hand was slouched, completely relaxed.

“Before I begin, Rosalie, I just want to thank you and Emmett for so much patience and faith in me . . . I do not think I would have pursued this topic and studied it as vigorously if it had not been for you two.” He began, folding his hands together in front of him.

“Carlisle . . . please . . . can we continue? I know I may be rushing, but I cannot stand not knowing for one more moment.” I interrupted him as politely as possible, smiling sheepishly and grasping Emmett’s hand for support.

“Of course, Rosalie, of course,” his expression was unchanged, and he opened a manila folder—test results. “As you two know, we first attempted unfreezing Rosalie’s ovaries. That, however, did not work, so we then tried unfreezing her uterus—but that too did not work. I now hold the test results to unfreezing *both*. It has been two weeks since I have unfrozen the two.”

I gripped Emmett’s hand fiercely, and he wrapped his arm around me waste, pulling me against him as tightly as possible. I bit my lip instinctively, and I could have sworn if I were human, I would be trembling.

“Rosalie, Emmett . . . you two are now the proud parents of a baby girl.” A smile swept across his face; sunshine breaking through the horizon of black clouds, illuminating his face. Crows’ feet crinkled the edges of his eyes, and I felt Emmett jump from his seat.

“I’ll be damned! We did it!” He whooped, shaking Carlisle’s hand vigorously before running to his side and pulling him into a tight bear hug. I, however, was stunned, and silent; still perched in the same rigid sitting position in a daze.

“Rose, baby, we’re going to be parents!” Emmett’s face was ecstatic; glowing like a child’s on Christmas. He whooped again, punching the air in triumph before he whisked me up in his arms, twirling me around, dipping me, and kissing me passionately on the mouth before setting me on my feet.

My knees were wobbling, and small black dots began appearing in my vision, slowly blurring my vision. I was a bit light headed—dizzy, and the black dots then swarmed my whole sight, blinding me in a black blanket of dots. That’s when I felt my knees give way, and I fell into unconsciousness.

I am dreaming; it is such a pleasant dream indeed. Emmett and I somehow became pregnant, and I, Rosalie Lillian Hale-Cullen will be the proud mother of a daughter in a couple weeks. Carlisle is such a miracle worker—if this ever happened in my life, I would completely devote my life to him; nothing would ever measure up to what he has done. What a discovery . . . but I can hear Emmett’s voice . . . it’s a bit in the distance. I’d heard about people hearing sounds in reality while they were sleeping—sort of half-sleeping rather, but I didn’t think I would hear him frantically calling my name.

“Rose, Rose, baby, c’mon wake up! I didn’t even know we could *faint* . . . Carlisle, how much longer do you think she’ll be?”

“Not much longer, son, she hit her head pretty hard on the table . . . the whole thing is shattered . . . but she did more damage to it than she did to herself.”

My eyelids then fluttered, and I opened my eyes to see my beautiful husband’s angelic face staring intently at me—my head cradled in his lap. He smiled before rising with me still in his arms.

“I didn’t think you’d be one to faint,” he chuckled, wrapping his arms around my waist, pulling me close to him, my back against his stomach.

“Carlisle . . . please tell me I wasn’t just dreaming . . . *please* tell me I’m really having a little girl.” I whispered, my lip quivering.

“Yes, my dear Rosalie; you are having a child in less than three weeks.”

“Oh, God,” I cried out in relief, collapsing against Emmett, tearless sobs erupting from my chest. “Thank you, Lord! Thank you, Carlisle,” I choked, now suddenly grinning from ear to ear.

I have waited almost one hundred years to hear this news, and now, I will finally be a mother to a sweet and lovely child to call my own. Emmett will finally have a child to protect—not a boy to play football and baseball with in the clearing, but a little girl to fiercely protect from the cruel and dangerous world.

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Everyone was now in the living room, swarming me with hugs and kisses. Jazz, Edward and Emmett were high fiving each other, and Alice, Esme, and Nessie all enveloped me in a tight embrace. Esme was sobbing onto my shoulder.

“Oh, Rosalie, my sweet Rosalie, I am so happy for you; you don’t know how much I’ve wanted this for you.” She murmured into my hair, kissing my cheek before moving on to Emmett. Alice smiled at me before squealing with joy and half-jumping into my arms.

“Oh, Rosalie, I’m going to be an aunt!”

“Alice . . . hon . . . you’re already an aunt . . .” I tried to suppress my laughter, but I let out a small giggle before placing her back down on her feet and kissing her hairline.

“Oh, right . . . I knew something like this would happen to one of us! I just didn’t think it would be so soon . . .”

Next was Renesmee. I bent down to her level, and she wrapped her arms around my neck, whispering into my ears in her soft angel voice.

“Am I going to have a cousin to play with, Aunt Rose?”

“You will indeed, sweetie. It’s a girl—we’re not sure what to name her, yet.” I replied, picking her up and resting her on my hip.

Her hair was in pig tails, and she was playing with a lock of her perfect curly Q hair. She smiled, cheeks changing the color of a light pink rose, and giggled before I put her down. She then scurried off to Emmett, hugging his knees.

Bella was the only one who seemed to be . . . unexcited and not celebrating. She stood by herself, leaning up against the banister with a frown on her face.

“What’s wrong, Bella?” I asked, genuinely concerned with someone else’s feelings for once in my life.

“Nothing . . . I guess I just didn’t see this . . . coming . . .” She replied, her lips pulling to the side in a grimace.

“Well, it’s wonderful, is it not? Renesmee will not have a playmate! Oh it will be *so* much fun—us two moms. We can even buy them matching outfits! I can’t wait . . .” I mused aloud, beaming.

“Can’t wait . . .” she replied, clearly uninterested before disappearing upstairs.

How dare she! So she thinks that *she* can be the only girl in the family with a child? I *don’t* think so! I always knew she wanted attention . . . you know, I wonder if any of her injuries were self-inflicted just to catch Edward’s eye...

Rosalie, stop it. This is a change for everyone; maybe she’s just not good with adjustments. She’ll come around eventually; Bella and I are pretty close—Ness is really the reason why, but nevertheless, we bonded over something that we both have an interest in, and I can only hope that she pulls out of this rut before my child comes.

She doesn't have much choice. The baby is coming, whether she likes it or not, and whether she's ready or not. In less than a month, I will be holding my beautiful child in my arms, cooing over her and singing her a lullaby as she slowly closes her lids and falls asleep in my arms—a place she will always be at home and welcome.

After briefing the family about the upcoming event, Emmett and I were ushered away once more in Carlisle's office to further discuss the pregnancy details. Emm and I took our usual spots—the couch—and faced Carlisle with eager eyes.

“Well, as you two already know, the child will grow at a rapid pace—at least double that of Renesmee—and we will not be able to take any ultrasounds The child will also grow like any human being, but I will need to freeze her organs and body at an age you two choose. I can, of course, let her age more if you choose to do so.

“My prediction is that the child will be born within the next two to three weeks, and you will show signs of pregnancy within five days.”

“How often will we need to . . . ‘check up’ on her?” Emmett asked.

“Well, there is no way to completely ‘check up’ on her . . . but since she *is* a vampire, I assume her body will be in perfect condition by the time she is born. Nessie seemed to be just fine, but, Rose, I think you might have to drink blood as did Bella . . . but only for the time being.” Carlisle's forehead crumpled with disapproval at this obstacle. Carlisle has always been the most passionate about our vegetarianism, and even though Nessie needed the blood, he hated bringing it to Bella.

“Thank you, Carlisle . . . this means more to us than you know.” Emmett replied, squeezing my hand and leading me out as we exited the office.

My life would soon be completely and totally whole, now. Emmett, my destiny, and my daughter as my hope.