

## The Change

Written by: Dani.

“Please, let’s go to my room, it will be easy if everyone isn’t staring,” Edward choke, with an insecure voice. He glanced at the rest of his family that was quietly looking the bizarre situation, and started walking slowly up the stairs.

“Sure...” I walked toward him and grabbed his hand, reassuring him. He looked at me regretfully, and continued seeing to the floor. He was really looking at me regretfully... as if he was about to do something I didn’t want, as if I hadn’t been begging him to do it for months. I could see the immense debate that was taking place inside his head. Whether to please me, to keep his promise, or to just follow his own thoughts, and not even think of turning me into a vampire.

We reached his room, and he silently closed the door. He motioned me to sit on the bed, so I sat there, next to him. He grabbed his temple with both hands, and stayed there for a long time in silence, meditating.

“I can’t Bella... I can’t do this.” He finally choked, shaking his head frantically.

“Yes you can, I know you can. It is what I want Edward, I swear you it is what I most want in this world!”

“To be a dead soul?” he said bitterly.

“No, to get to stay with you *forever*.” I finished, stroking his cheek to encourage him.

“Don’t you see how much you are giving away while doing this? How can I make you see reason?” he pleaded, with anguish in his eyes.

“You can’t, because I’m already seeing reason. You. You are the reason of my well being, of my life... You are more than one and the best reason to do this.” I cried. Opening my soul for him.

“It will hurt so immensely, the pain is going to be excruciating. I will provoke the reason of my existence, my universe, an excruciating pain!” he shrieked, and laughed sarcastically.

“No. You will provoke the reason of your existence, the chance of her life, the chance of being with her love forever.” I explained, softly. “I think I could handle the pain if what I get back is always having you in my arms, kissing you as much as I want without you having to hurt inside. To make love with you all the times I want without you having to be so careful not to break me.”

“Don’t persuade me like that, it’s cruel.” he half smiled, but the smile didn’t reach his eyes. They were suffering, in silence.

“Please Edward, please.” I begged, grabbing one of his cold and amazing hands with mine.

Suddenly, a pinch of horror flashed through his warm eyes. “What if I’m not able to stop?” He choked.

I shook my head, trying to avoid thinking of the little scare that produced me. Because deep down I knew, that was stupid. How could Edward ever hurt me? So I proceeded, convincing him and... myself. “You could stop once, and you weren’t as used as you are now to my blood. So why do you think you are not going to be able to stop now? I trust you.”

His gaze was lost for some seconds, and then with a bitter tone he spoke again. “That is what our kind is all about, isn’t it? *Trust*,” He said the last word disgusted. “That is what we want to show you, that you can trust us. Don’t we?... We seduce you with our beauty, our scent, our voice... make you trust us blindly, and then in the less unexpected of the moments---” he trailed off, shaking his head as trying to dissolve the thought.

“You are not like that!” I shrieked. Panicked he would refuse to fulfill his part of the promise. “You are an angel, my personal angel.”

“I *was* like that. And I also wanted to kill you, your personal angel wanted to kill you!” he said dramatically, as an intent of convincing me.

“Edward, please don’t start with that again. We have talked about that too many times, you know everything I think and I don’t about it. So please, please don’t start.”

“I love you with all my crave, with every dead cell of my body. And the mere thought of knowing I’ll be the one that will stop your heart is unbearable.” He stroked my cheek, and lingered there. “Imagine the action, my love.”

“Don’t think it as stopping my heart; think it as renewing it” I encouraged, smiling at him softly.

He didn’t return it, he was too dispirited.

“Don’t you want to have babies? To be a mom? To be able to get old with the one you love?” His eyes darkened a tiny bit in the fraction of a second he took to say this. And I couldn’t *not* think about the name his mind was projecting, my longing and suffered best friend. My loved werewolf.

But what he’d told me was just, out of question. “Not if it’s not with you! I don’t care any of those things if you aren’t the one with me. I would like *you* to be the father of my children; I would like *you* to get old and grumpy with me. Not anyone else... Is with you or with no one.” I stated firmly. That was something I would never change my mind about. An almost ghost-like smile started playing with his full lips as I said this. I knew

deep inside he was just as happy to hear this, as I was to think it.

“Edward, if you love me,” His eyes widened as I said this. “If you love me so much as you say. You have to do this for me, you have to fulfill your word. You have to do it for you, and for our love. Because if you are not doing it, I’m finding someone else, and you know most of vampires aren’t going to try to be kind.” He shivered at that thought, and a low growl burst through his clenched throat. It was not my plan to torture him; but I needed to make my point clear.

He pleaded, in silence, through his eyes, for what it seemed of an eternity. Pleaded me in a way I’d never seen him to. It was almost painful to see. But I needed this, needed to be with him as the sand needed the water. As the stars needed the sky. *As the heart needed its own blood.* “Alright,” he suddenly spoke, breaking me back to reality with a strong shock of electricity. “I will, I will do it. I’ve promised you and I will fulfill my word. Besides, I know as stubborn as you are, you would go to Volterra if they promise you they would change you.” he rolled his eyes, but the growl sounded again.

Yes, I was stubborn. But I was also getting what I wanted.

We both stayed in silence, a really intense silence, for another long time. Just drowning in the deepness of each other's eyes. When I decided it was time to push a little more. “So, how are we doing it?”

He laughed bitterly. “It is really not that difficult. The only thing I have to do is sink my teeth in your throat.” he teased with a pinch of sarcasm in every word he spoke. But the amusement didn’t reach his eyes. Those amazing eyes he had... would I be able to see them as I saw them right now? With that perfect mixture of golden and honey color and that perfect shape; the most unbelievable perfect combination I’d seen in the whole world.

He came closer to me. Very slowly, very hesitantly, with his eyes shut. I finished the gap between us, so we were just inches one from the other.

He took a deep breath, and looked at me with such intensity, I couldn't take my eyes off him. They were completely hypnotized. “Do you promise - no, *swear* me that you will let me know in some way if it hurts too much?”

“Yes, I do.” My voice was no more than a weak whisper.

“Swear me!” he begged.

“I do, Edward, I do, I swear,” My heart was beating faster now. I was starting to get really nervous, I needed him to do it *now*, before I crumbled and ruin everything.

“I love you Edward. I love you so much... *so much.*” I cried. Unable to say something more truthfully than that. It was simple, but it was the most sincere feeling of all.

And he kissed me fiercely, as he had never kissed me before, as if this was our last day on earth, as if this was our last goodbye... as if it was our *end*.

We kissed so strongly, so passionate that I fell in the bed, with him over me. I touched every portion of his precious face, trying to memorized as much as possible his amazing features. Just in case, I wouldn't remember them with the justice they deserved. And his lips, his lips were the last to memorize. I tasted them with all my crave, and then saved every single second them, deep in my heart. It seemed as if he was doing the same thing. His hands, adjusting to every inch of my body. His lips tasting every cell of mines. It was beyond words.

We stayed there for what it seemed of hours, just eyeing deeply at each other, memorizing every cell that formed our faces and bodies. It was the most private and intense moment we'd had. It was so intense, that tears started running down my face, making a liquid path over the bed. He looked at me with dying eyes and kissed every one of my shed tears.

"Bella, why are you crying? We don't have to do this if you don't want... Please don't cry, my love." he pleaded, stroking my wet cheek. "Please don't cry."

"No, no. It's not that. I want to, I really do. You know how much I want to, Edward." I said, sobbing the less I could to show him the security my words truly held. "It's just that I love you so much! I can't believe how good my life has turned with you... It's amazing. And the thought of staying with you forever is... beyond description." I sighed, sensing how much truth my own words had.

He smiled sweetly, and after scrutinizing one more time my face, he whispered, with security also. "I hope you know how good *you* have given to my life. How much you incredibly changed it. *You* renew my heart, my spirit. When I was deader than I could actually be, you woke me up. You made me see a light I've never thought I could see." He laughed, astonished. "You made me see that I had actually a path I had to follow, my personal heaven." He grinned, and started kissing me again, slowly, sweetly. Still on top of me.

He kissed my lips, then my chin, and then he started kissing my bare neck. With cautious, deliberately. He paused in the middle of my jugular, with his lips still pressed on the skin. By then my heart was beating so fast I thought it was going to explode from my chest, but I tried to calm myself, thinking of possibilities of my life- my existence, from now on.

He lingered in my jugular, with his eyes shot. I could sense the rigidness of his body, the anguish of his eyes. But I stayed there, waiting for the moment to come.

"Are you ready?" he finally mouthed with a really low and deep voice.

"Y-yes, I'm ready." I tried to stutter the less I could. It was it, it was the time... the time I

had been waiting for so many days and nights. The time in which I was going to be able to enjoy my love in every single way it existed. Without holding back.

He suddenly grabbed my body with both of his cold hands and brought me closer to him. Our breathings were almost equals, both really fast and nervous. He put one hand on my neck, and breathed "*I love you.*"

And then something similar to a sharp blazer sunk in the bare skin of my neck. I could feel my skin tearing.

*Oh.*

The pain was so strong, so excruciating I couldn't even shout. It was agonizingly painful. His teeth sunk even more to my skin, giving me the feeling that part of me was taken out, and something else was being received.

And in one second, my entire life flashed through my shut eyes. Renee, my house, my first fish, Charlie, Christmases, my friends, my clumsiness, my reddish cheeks, my Jacob, the first time I saw Edward, the feeling of the first love, our first kiss, the first time we made love, *my whole soul.*

And then the blazer was gone, and with a silent shriek I waited for the excruciating feeling of burning inside, to stop, so I could start my life- my existence with the one I loved.