



Chapter forty-five-

Edward went out shooting earlier in the day again, and still, I wasn't feeling up to it. He let me sleep in. We were going to spend the afternoon with two of his sisters and his mother, who was going out shopping. I hadn't talked much to his oldest sister Carmen or Tanya. Sasha had been the most talkative and Irina had been sitting beside me. I couldn't remember any of their husband's names. There were just so many names.

I wore a blue sundress and sandals, trying to look nice but still be comfortable. I felt pretty gross, but I was going to fake it. I was at least going to try to make a good impression on them.

"We don't have to go." Edward came into the bathroom, holding my shoulders in his warm hands. I was just about done putting my makeup on.

"No. I took some stuff. It'll kick in soon. I'll be fine," I promised him. I was just being hopeful. I had no idea if it was going to do anything.

"Tell me if you need to call it quits, alright?" He kissed my temple. "I think we need to go to a clinic tomorrow."

"But you're going surfing tomorrow, and I definitely want to watch that," I told him jokingly. "I've been fantasizing about it for *months*."

"Oh, have you?" He grinned. "Is that something you're into?"

“Hot young boyfriend in a skin-tight wetsuit, being all athletic... dripping wet. Yeah, it might be my thing.” I bent over so my ass could rub against him as I leaned into the mirror to apply my red lipstick.

“I'm not going to lie.” He rubbed his hand under my dress over my thigh to my ass. “I'm pretty excited about the swimsuit collection you've brought along.”

“Which would you like me to wear tomorrow?” I asked him, apply my lipstick to my upper lip carefully. There were four for him to choose from. I bought them cheap since it was still winter time in the states.

“The little yellow one.” He gripped my cheek underneath my dress, kissing along my neck. I might not have felt great, but he certainly did.

I clicked my tongue, “there is barely anything to that one.”

“I know. I want them to see how perfect you are,” he said seductively. I loved it when he was a little naughty.

“Are you sure you want that? Jasper is pretty charming with my clothes on. I can't imagine what he'll be like in that,” I teased him.

“He's really like that with everyone.” He smirked, looking back up at me in the mirror. “Does it bother you?”

“No,” I smiled wickedly, “I like flirting with him.”

“Oh, do you now?” He turned me around to look at him. “Have you thought naughty things about my dear Jasper?”

“I have nothing to say about that. Just... Next time you wrestle, please take your shirts off.” I grinned up at him. His slightly confused and amused expression made me giggle. “Can you blame me? You're both so sexy,” I purred.

“You have a filthy mind, Ms. Swan.” He was having so much fun messing with me. I could see it in his expression and the way his eyes sparkled.

“You have no idea,” I replied to him, tugging on his collar.

“Why don't you tell me more of your thoughts tonight?” He gave me a dirty little smile. He brushed his nose against mine, his hands resting on my waist. “God, I wanna mess up your lipstick so bad.”

“Tonight. I'll apply a fresh coat just for you.” I tapped him on the chest with the tube of makeup. I finally pulled away from him. We needed to get going if we weren't going to be late.

I held his hand as we walked into the shopping center to meet his family. My stomach

was doing flips. We were in a very upscale mall, and I felt a little out of place. His sisters' outfit cost more than my entire wardrobe. And so were his nieces' that were joining us. Carmen's daughters were the oldest there at thirteen and nine. Tanya's only daughter was four. They all looked just alike, especially in the face, except for Tanya's bright fire engine red hair and his mother's bottle black.

The four-year-old asked to be picked up wordlessly as soon as she saw Edward and he lifted her up with one arm while still holding my hand. She shoved her face into his neck, already cranky from being out.

"Sophia, be a big girl and walk," her mother said. "You're heavy."

"She's fine," he told his sister. "I can carry her a while."

"Uncle Tony." The nine-year-old hugged to his side. "I miss you."

"I miss you too, darling. Do you want to come to America with me?" He asked her. She grinned up at him. "Yeah. We're going to have to plan us a proper holiday. I heard you got a bronze in your surfing competition. Would you like to go surfing with me this summer?"

"Surfing is not a very ladylike sport," his mother complained as she started to lead the pack towards whatever direction they were going.

"Well, she's a lady, and she's killing it," Edward replied back to his mother. "Isn't that right, Chloe?"

"Right," she said to him, pleased.

Carmen mumbled to her mother, "we've talked about this. It's what she wanted to do."

"She's a child. She doesn't know what she wants." Her mother waved her off dismissively.

"That is certainly not true," Edward sighed. "Sophia, you want to go surfing with me?" He whispered to the tired girl. She nodded slowly. "Yeah, you can ride my board. Do you want to come swimming at the beach with me soon?"

"Not today," she answered him, pouting. She needed a nap.

"Okay." He leaned his cheek against hers. "Not today."

Tanya came over to stand beside me as we walked. "So, how are you liking Australia so far?"

"I haven't seen too much of it yet," I said politely. "It's beautiful. Our bed has a view of the ocean so you really can't beat that."

"That sounds so nice," she agreed.

“Edward is really good at planning these sorts of things,” I informed her, trying to ignore some of my discomforts. My mouth was actually watering because I was so sick to my stomach.

“Oh really?” Tanya asked curiously.

“You’re not bad yourself,” he told me with a smile. “New Orleans was fantastic.”

“I’ll never be able to compete with the cabin in the middle of the Alaskan wilderness with the glass room. Seriously, though. Watching the northern lights from the bathtub,” I said as I leaned my head against his arm.

“Wow,” Tanya said, looking at her brother. “Look at you.”

“What?” He questioned her.

“Sometimes I’m just so impressed by the man you’ve grown up to be,” she answered sincerely. She looked at her brother with a proud little smile.

“Aw,” Carmen made a little face back at them, one I recognized from Edward. He did it all the time. “It just makes me feel old to see him now.”

“What’s the age difference?” I asked in curiosity. I only knew one of their ages because she was his keycode to his house.

“I’m forty, Tanya is thirty-five. Sasha’s thirty-three and Irina are thirty-one. Edyth is the baby by a bit,” Carmen replied.

“Don’t call me Edyth,” he whined.

“He hates it,” Tanya whispered to me loudly.

“Yes, I do.” He stuck his tongue out at her. She did it back, and he touched his to the tip of his nose. The older girls giggled at the immaturity of their fun uncle.

“I wish you had told me you went by Tony. I don’t know what to call you now,” I told my boyfriend. “I’m having a little bit of an identity crisis.”

“You can call me anything you want besides Edyth,” he joked. “I’ll answer to whatever you want to call me.”

The ladies went into a nicer shop I didn’t recognize the name of. It was very fru-fru, well lit and creamed colored with lots of feathers and silk. I wasn’t even going to look at what anything cost. I didn’t want to touch anything.

Me, Edward, and the three kids found a group of couches to occupy while the three older women shopped.

"Do you want to look?" He asked me in a whisper.

"No, thanks," I mumbled, leaning back against the couch. He frowned at me.

"Tell me *when*." He kissed my cheek.

"When she's sleeping on you?" I asked him, looking at the wholly knocked out four-year-old. I smoothed my hand over his strong arm. He looked down at the child with a happy grin and joy in his eyes.

"Uncle pillow."

"You are a good pillow," I told him, snuggling into his side as well.

"Are those tattoos?" Ruby, the older girl, asked me as looked at my ankle that I had halfway tucked underneath me.

"She's got loads, and they're all super cool," Edward answered for me cheerfully.

"Do you like them?" I asked her. She nodded her head. "Your uncle actually got me a tattoo before we started dating for a video."

"Can I see?" She asked.

I moved the thick strap of my dress and carefully shifted it over so she could get a better view. "That's so awesome," she mumbled as she inspected it closely. "Uncle Tony, do you have any tattoos?"

"I do. I've got one. I need to pick out another one. Do you want to help me?"

"Tattoos are so tacky." His mother walked back, putting something she wanted to purchase on the couch arm beside Edward.

"Well, then you don't have to get any, Mother," he told her with a smirk.

"One day that comeback will work, baby." I patted his knee.

"Yeah, I know," he sighed, leaning back against the couch.

"Bella, this would look so nice on you," Carmen showed me a pretty red maxi dress with gauzy fabric.

"It is gorgeous. I'm not really up to trying anything on right now though," I said to her honestly. "It's probably out of my price range, too."

"I'll buy you whatever you want," my boyfriend said to me happily. I slowly turned my eyes toward him. "Or, I won't. I can just shut up. Whatever you want, darling."

Tanya laughed a little bit under her breath. Edward flicked his eyes over at her. They spoke with their eyes for a moment, making small facial movements I was sure had meaning, but I didn't know.

"You got something to say?" He said to his sister finally.

"Nope." She turned off to shop in another direction.

His mother was a very quiet woman. Or at least she was quiet around me. She always looked like she just licked a lemon. I could see what features he got from his mother and how she must have been just as pretty as her daughters, but her bad fake tan and over Botox-filled face made her look severe. Or maybe she just was severe. She certainly didn't mince words when it came to what she thought.

She probably just hated me because I was definitely banging her son. This whole trip couldn't have started off better. I couldn't think of a way to make her like me, but my head was throbbing, and my stomach was making it hard to think anyway.

Edward got up from the couch, the sleeping girl still in his arms. I watched as he went to the racks. It was mainly a women's store. He thumbed through one of them before pulling out a barely-there swimsuit.

He brought it up to his chest. "Is it me?"

The two girls on the couch giggled.

"It's for girls," the nine-year-old responded.

"It's too small for me anyway," he told them, going to the next item. It was a frilly two-piece in bright orange. "What about this one?"

"I don't like the ruffles," I mused. The girls giggled again. He pulled out the next one. It was a long sleeved one piece in bright blue with a zipper all the way down to the belly button. "I do like that one."

"Oh, this one isn't your size." He fingered through and pulled out the same thing in black. "This one is." He wiggled his eyebrows at me. "What do you think?"

"Do you think it'll fit? I might be a bit too top heavy for that," I answered thoughtfully.

"It might be a little tight, but we can always return it if it doesn't work. I think you'd look very nice in it."

"Rethinking what I should wear tomorrow?" I teased him

"Nope." He grinned at me. "Maybe we should get you a wetsuit so you can surf, too."

"I don't know how."

"I could teach you," he offered quickly. "When you feel better," he said after a second. "I'm getting you this."

"Eddie," I complained.

"Shh, Shh, shh..." He waved me off without listening to me. I rolled my eyes and laid back against the couch.

I was starting to sweat again.

"Carmen, give me that dress you showed her in the smallest size," he called to his sister. She brought it to him at the checkout counter.

"Anthony!" I snapped at him in quiet annoyance.

"Just because I'll answer to it doesn't mean that will work on me," he said without turning around.

"What are you doing?"

"Buying you cute shit you'd like if you felt better."

"Language, Tony," his mother told him angrily. "Must you always make a scene?"

"Yes. I'm quite good at it," he answered her pleasantly. Edward came to sit back down beside me again, placing the bag in my lap. "I still owe you a nice date," he whispered in my ear. The little girl was beginning to stir in his arms, turning her face to the other side. She was definitely wiping her nose on his shoulder.

"You don't owe me anything. Though, I would enjoy a nice date," I said, smoothing the little girl's hair away from his cheek. Her lips were pouted out, her chubby cheeks relaxed. She was so pretty.

Ruby, the oldest niece there, looked up from her phone. "Can we have some ice cream?"

"Oh, that sounds like a good idea," Edward said excitedly. "Chloe, do you want some ice cream?"

The four-year-old, Sophia, sat up in his arms, her eyes wide. "I want ice cream."

"Yes, please." The other girl hopped to her feet. She was getting bored of watching her sister play on her phone. She did not have one of her own.

"Do you want anything, love?" He asked me hopefully. I hadn't eaten much in days.

"No, thank you." I tried to force a smile. He frowned again, brushing his fingers over my

cheek.

"Alright girls, let's go get some ice cream," he told them, leading them out of the store without even looking at their mothers.

"Wait! Only one scoop!" Carmen called after them. "It's close to dinner."

He waved a hand behind him.

"He's going to buy them whatever they want," I said to her. "He has no chill."

"Yeah, I know," she sighed. "Tanya, watch my stuff," she told her younger sister. She popped her head out of the dressing room, taking the arm full of clothes from her sister. "I'll be right back," she said before running after her brother to get some sort of control over the situation.

Edward's mother passed her clothes over to the sale's girl before coming to stand beside the couch. She watched as her two children walked down the mall to the ice cream shop a few doors down. When they were out of sight, she sat down beside me.

"I'm going to get right to the point because I don't know when I will get another chance to do this. I don't want to do this in front of my son," she began very briskly in her rather high born English accent. I already felt like I was going to throw up. Whatever she was about to say was not going to help. "My Anthony is a brilliant man. I may not approve of his immaturity, but he has seemed to make himself very wealthy doing so. He needs a woman who is worthy of his attention, who will be able to hold her own in a different circle. You can barely hold yourself upright in public," she sneered.

"Excuse me?" I questioned, wondering if I had heard her right. Blood rushed through my ears loudly.

"You clearly do not know how to carry yourself. I am sure you're a fine person for... an *American*." That wasn't the word she was actually thinking of. I wasn't sure which she was grasping at, but that was the most polite version of it. "My son is of a different class than yourself. Anthony is... of a better *creed*, do you understand?"

"I think I do," I said to her quietly.

"If you have any grace at all you will quietly back away from my son now before you hurt or embarrass him any further." She sniffed at the air. It almost didn't seem real. I was so dizzy. The room was starting to spin. "I do hope you think of him and his family."

"Mum, could you pick me up a larger size?" Tanya called from the dressing room curtain.

"Yes, of course, darling," she chirped to her daughter, leaving me dazed on the couch.

I wasn't sure if I wanted to scream or cry. What I did know was that I wanted to go home. Not back to the beach house. I wanted to be back with Alice and my friends. I didn't want to feel

like this poor little girl anymore. I kept swallowing back, the ringing in my ears getting louder and louder.

I jumped when Edward touched me, automatically pulling away.

"Love, you okay?" He asked as he knelt down beside me. Carmen was standing behind him with a cup of ice cream in her hands.

"When," I said in barely a whisper.

"Right," he said, grabbing the bag of things he just bought me. "Sorry, girls. We have to go now." He turned and whispered something in his sister's ear. She nodded, rubbing his back.

"But we've only been to one store," Esme said with clear annoyance, her eyes focusing on me.

Oh, I already hated her so much. *What a bitch.* No wonder Edward was always so pissed after talking to her. I felt terrible for laughing at his discomfort at their phone call on his birthday.

I was going to throw up. Or, blackout. Maybe both.

"Isabella is ill. I need to get her to bed," he said forcefully to her. He was already in a mood with her.

"Will you be making it to dinner tonight?" She asked him. "Both of your grandparents will be there tonight."

"I doubt it."

"You can leave her at home." She turned her back to him to go pay for her clothes.

"Or, I could not leave my sick girlfriend alone, you bloody monster. If she feels better, I'll call and let you know if we can make it," he said briskly to her. I couldn't focus on him.

"Mother," Carmen said in a low hiss, but she was ignored.

"No," he said to his sister. "Don't bother. I'll text you later, Carmen. Tanya," he shouted her name purposely to annoy his mom. The redhead popped her head out of the dressing room. "We're leaving. I'll call you later."

"Everything alright?" She questioned.

"She's sick," the four-year-old who was already covered in ice cream answered. She frowned at the girl and then at her brother before popping her head back inside to finish doing whatever she was doing. "Bye-bye, Tony."

"Bye, angels," he said to the girls, passing a whole wad of napkins to his older sister. He

took my hand, and it made me realize how sweaty I actually was. I couldn't touch him. I pulled away, getting up slowly and almost falling back down on the couch.

My head hurt so much.

It was a long silent walk to the parking lot. As soon as the hot open air hit my face, I could no longer hold in my stomach. I rushed to a trash can and threw up aggressively into it. It dripped from my nose, and I heaved, tears streaming down my face. Edward rubbed my back, holding back my hair. When I was done, I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand, fully sobbing.

"I'm going to take you to the doctor," he said.

"I just want to go home," I told him.

"When we get back to the house I'm going to make you an appointment," Edward replied.

"No, *please*," I tried to say weakly.

He wrapped his arm around my waist, practically carrying me to the car.

"You are viciously stubborn," he complained.

Edward put me in the car and pressed myself as close to the door as possible, my arms tightly wrapped around my waist. I tried to steady myself and to calm my frantic mind.

What if she was right? What if I wasn't... I knew what she was saying. I knew dog whistling when I heard it. She couldn't call me a name, some sort of slur, because she didn't know which to use. *Great. Just fantastic.*

We didn't say anything the drive back though I was silently crying the entire time. As soon as we pulled up to the garage, I bolted out of the car and into the house. I actually stumbled, and Edward rushed to help me, but I recovered and moved towards the bedroom. The room was spinning.

"I want to go home," I said out loud, the gasping shuttering words echoing in my sore chest. Every part of me hurt.

"What?" Edward asked in surprise.

"I need to go home," I told him frantically.

"Why?" He tried to touch my arm, but I pulled away. "Love, you just don't feel well. It's alright. We'll get you better in a few days."

"No." I shook my head, going to my luggage and throwing my things from on top of the dresser into it aggressively. "I need to go, so I don't..." I couldn't finish, my eyes too filled with

tears. I couldn't see.

"You don't what? Love, you need to lay down," he tried to soothe me.

"I need to leave before I hurt you," I whispered. "Or, embarrass you."

"What?" Edward asked, confused. "What do you mean? How would hurt me? Darling, I'm confused."

"I...I..." I drew out stupidly, still throwing things aggressively into the bag. My legs gave out underneath me, and I crumpled onto the floor, my face in my hands as I sobbed. I could still taste the vomit in my mouth.

"This... this isn't just because you're sick. What is going on? What happened?" He asked me, starting to get frustrated. He knelt down beside me. "Bella, what is going on?"

"I need to go home."

"You've said that. Why? Why do you need to go home? And if you're going home, so am I. You are my home." He rubbed my back. I shook my head aggressively. "No? No. Okay, why? Bella, talk to me."

"I need to go before I ruin your relationship with your family," I nearly shouted out over my tears.

"Why the hell would you even think that?" He asked me quietly. "Look at me!" He was getting madder. I couldn't look at him though. I could barely lift my head at all. "No. No, goddammit. If you leave, so do I. What happened? Please," he pleaded with me. "*Please*, sweetheart."

I lifted myself up on my arms, hunched over and aching. They gave out, and I fell into his lap, still only able to cry. I was scaring him, but I couldn't do anything else. "It won't help."

"It doesn't matter if it helps. I deserve to know why you want to leave without me."

"I don't want to," I cried. "It's just been made clear to me that-" I couldn't say any more. I just shook my head again.

"Just tell me what she said. It had to be her. Just tell me whatever awful thing she said," he said in frustration. "What did my mother say to you that makes you want to leave?"

"That... I'm not the right *class* of woman for you. I'm... I'm... I'm not of the correct *creed*," I laughed humorlessly at the word. "You're... you're going to need someone who can run in a better circle. I'm trash. Nothing I didn't know before." I pushed myself away from him, but he grabbed my arm forcefully.

"She told you this?" He said quietly, processing my words.

"Not the trash part explicitly. It was pretty clear though. She said if I had any grace at all, I would just leave before I hurt you. Or embarrassed you any more than I already have," I whispered, still unable to look at him. "I don't want to do either of those things."

"That fucking bitch!" He shouted, nearly jumping to his feet. He began to pace around the room. "How fucking dare she! Class? What the fuck is she talking about? Creed? Fucking *creed*? Where does she think she has room to judge anyone else? Rude, bitter, old bitch," he continued to shout.

I pulled myself onto the bed. "I'm sorry," I whispered.

"No." He came to me quickly. "No, I'm sorry. I'm so so sorry. I can't believe she would do that to you, in public while you are clearly ill, no less. I'm- Please, darling." He knelt down on the floor in front of me. He rubbed his hand over my forehead. "You are so sick. We need to go to the hospital."

"I'll be okay," I whispered again. My voice was so weak.

"Stop saying that. You need to see a doctor. Let me... Let me make a call, and I'll help you get changed into something more comfortable. I'll take you to the emergency."

He took his phone from his pocket, and he pressed on it a couple of times. He put it up to his ear, pacing around the room once again. No one answered, and he cursed under his breath. He pressed the phone again with his thumb aggressively. This time someone picked up after a few rings.

"Dad, is Mum around?" He tried to say as calmly as possible. Edward walked out of the bedroom and moved towards the living room. I stood up slowly to follow him.

"Edward," I said quietly, but he didn't hear me.

"Oh, no. She's busy. Of course, she is," he said bitterly. "Yes, you can pass on a message for me. You can tell her that I'll not be making it to dinner. You see, as it turns out, I am not of the correct class or creed to dine with her. What do I mean? Ask Mother. She should be able to explain herself. I'd certainly like an explanation myself."

With that, he hung up his phone on his father.

"What did you just do?" I questioned him as I leaned against the wall.

"I refuse to let her try to ruin the best thing that's ever happened to me quietly," he said very calmly before picking up a thick purple hard plastic cup that was filled with water from the end table and threw it with all of his might towards the wall. The cup broke against it, splashing the water everywhere.

There was a knock on the door that echoed in the seconds of silence afterward. There was water dripping slowly down the wall.

"What now?" He growled, going to open the door violently. On the other side was a rather confused looking Jasper. "Oh, I... What are you doing here?"

"I just got off work, and I was driving by. You wanted that sound equipment for tomorrow so I thought I'd drop it by," he mumbled worriedly. "Bad time?"

"Just a fucking bit," he said to his friend. "That fucking cunt is trying to destroy my life!"

"I'm going to assume you're not talking about Bella," Jasper said, coming in and shutting the door behind him.

"Of course not! Who do you think?" He snapped before pinching the bridge of his nose with his fingers. "It doesn't even fucking matter, right now. Bella-" He looked over at me, his eyes a little panicked. "Bella, you need to sit down, darling." He rushed over to me. I didn't realize that I was sliding down the wall. "Christ, where is the nearest emergency, Jasper?"

Suddenly I was on the couch though I wasn't sure how I got there. Jasper was sitting beside me, looking just as worried as my sweet boyfriend. Edward's phone began to ring, making him shout again in frustration and anger. He turned off the call instead of answering, trying to look up the information he needed on his phone. It rang again almost instantly.

"I'm going to be sick," I whispered, and before I realized what I was doing, I was hovering over the toilet. Where had all this food come from? I hadn't eaten that much in days. My chest was a ball of fire and my ribs hurt from the heaving.

"It's okay, dove," Jasper soothed me as I laid my face on the edge of the cold bathtub. "Tony is getting you some fresh clothes. We'll get you cleaned up, and we'll get you some medicine. You'll be right as rain in no time," he told me nervously. I couldn't focus on him.

Edward unzipped my dress and pulled it away from my arms carefully. He put me in one of his big comfortable shirts and a baggy pair of sweatpants. He picked me up and brought me into the living room again to sit.

"We need to get her some shoes," I heard one of them say.

Jasper sat beside me again, wrapping his arm around my back in a comforting way. My head was leaned against the arm of the couch. "Does she have some thongs?"

"Uh, yeah, I think so. I don't know," Edward mumbled from the bedroom. I wondered what underwear had to do with anything.

"I feel terrible," I said to Jasper limply.

"I know, dove."

"I just wanted to watch you surf." I drew my legs in as a terrible cramp hit my body.

"We'll surf another day." He brushed my hair back from my face. "Tony, grab her a hair

tie.”

“Right,” he shouted back.

Jasper combed my hair back with his fingers, quickly braiding it for me. I wondered how he knew how to do that so well. He left my side before coming back after just a moment and placed a big bowl at my feet. Something cold and wet hit the back of my neck. It was a damp washcloth that one of them had brought for me.

“Here we go,” Edward said as he knelt in front of me. Jasper took the hair tie from him while my boyfriend put on my flip-flops.

“My purse. You need my wallet,” I whispered.

“Shit, right. Where is that?” He mumbled as he stood up. There was another knock at the door. “You have got to be shitting me!” Edward shouted at the door.

“Oh, no,” I said a bit deliriously.

“Oh no is right,” Jasper whispered back. His face was very close to mine, and his breath smelled strongly of peppermint. It was actually lovely and distracted me for just a second.

“No!” Edward practically shrieked at the door. “I have more important things to do than deal with you right now!”

“Do not raise your voice to me!” Edward's mother shouted back at him. I looked over at Jasper, and his eyes were wide.

“Are you out of your fucking mind?” He shouted right back. “I knew you were awful, but I had no idea you were also a racist, too. Tell me exactly how the woman who's been nothing but quiet and polite the entire two fucking days she's known you is not classy enough for this family. I'd really like to know. You break into her fucking house, you insult her every chance you get. You bring up her dead mother at dinner. I guess I shouldn't be surprised that you cornered my sick girlfriend in the mall when I was taking my nieces to get fucking ICE CREAM,” he literally screamed the last words. “It's just your fucking style!”

“I am not a racist! I am trying to protect you. You are too young-” She began. I couldn't see her. I couldn't focus my eyes at all as little lights popped around my vision.

“Too young?! What? You had two children by this age and had MOVED TO ANOTHER GODDAMN CONTINENT by the time you were my bloody age. You had been married for six years. Look, no. No. I'm not doing this with you right now. You need to leave. I'm taking Bella to the doctor.”

“Please, just listen to your mother,” his father said. I didn't even know he was there.

I heard something loudly click in my brain, my sight going completely dark.

“Aiden, something's wrong,” I said just before I lost consciousness.