



Episode Seventy-One-

“Oh, my god. He’s a fucking giant,” Alice whispered in the car when my brother came into view. He was leaning against a beautifully restored vintage red truck. A huge smile spread across his face when he realized it was us. He jogged over to Edward’s driver side window.

“Perfect. I just got here. Follow me back to the house. It’s a pain in the ass to get there. Sorry,” he chuckled.

“It’s not a problem,” Edward replied pleasantly.

“Awesome. Morning, sis,” he beamed. “Ladies,” he said with a charming smile to Rosalie and Alice in the back seat. “Alright. Let’s go. Ness is cooking, and it should be done soon.”

We followed behind at twenty miles an hour, first going up a twisting mountain road before heading off into the woods down a gravel path. It took twenty minutes to finally get to Jacob’s cabin. It rested about a hundred yards from a black pebble beach. A jagged cliff made it seem like the land was cut off from the rest of the world, the dark ocean lapping lazily against the shore. Ancient trees with long branches hung like green curtains. The dense fog came rolling in from the sea, making it seem mystical.

“Oh,” I let out a soft whoosh of breath as I stepped out of our rental car.

Alice was already taking pictures. “Wow! You live here?”

Jacob came to stand beside me. “This land has been in our family for hundreds of years.

This is where I grew up. Where our father grew up. It's where my children will grow up. This is Bella's home."

"It's breathtaking. Is it okay if we take pictures?" I asked. Alice quickly put her camera down, making Jake chuckle.

"Yeah, it's cool. Take all the pictures you want of the land. And the house and the fam. If we go into La Push, you might want to ask before you take any pictures around there. But, it'll probably be fine since you're family," he shrugged, smiling at me. "So, you're Alice?" He asked, sweetly.

"Yeah." She bounced over to him and gave him a hug, which he eagerly returned. "I am so happy to meet you."

"Me, too," he grinned, his gapped tooth smile huge. "So, you're Rosalie?" He asked her blond sister. She wasn't as bouncy, offering him her hand. It was tiny in his massive paw.

"Yeah. You can call me Rose, though."

"Or Roe," Alice smirked.

"Only the family gets to call me that name," she mumbled in a complaint.

"He is family," I pointed at him with a smirk. Rosalie rolled her eyes and sighed.

"Damn. Guess you're right," she played along. She took my hand and gave it a gentle squeeze. "But, like, I prefer Rose. I am not fish eggs."

"I like Roe," I said as I laid my head on her shoulder. "Especially in Mama's Cajun accent. It's an adorable name."

"Well, then you and Edward name your kids that," she teased as we followed Jake towards the house. My boyfriend had come to my side quietly, his hand on the small of my back.

"It's not a terrible middle name. I like the name Rue, actually."

"That sounds very French," Alice commented. "Want to call your kid Street?"

"Rue is also a medicinal herb with pretty little yellow flowers," I answered back. "It's always hard to think of girls names, though. I always think of all the bitches we went to school with."

"Right," she snorted. "Especially for writing." I nodded my head in agreement. I had

enjoyed writing when I was younger, and that was always the hardest part.

"We're actually having the exact same problem," Jacob replied with a little grin, turning to look at us as we got to the door of the log cabin.

"Oh, really?" I said excitedly.

As soon as we opened the door, a tiny red-haired woman came bounding toward us. She pulled me into a bone crushing hug against her probably six months pregnant belly. She was crying loudly.

"Whoa, Vanessa. Baby. Calm down. Let her go so she can breathe." He pulled off his sobbing wife.

"Oh, my god! I'm so sorry! Hello!" She said with large glassy hazel eyes. They were deep shiny green in the middle and were rimmed in a golden brown. Ness had freckles dotted across her petite nose and round cheeks. She was gorgeous.

Alice began to laugh behind us. I turned to look at her, and she waved her finger between Edward and Vanessa. "Y'all both like redheads."

"Oh, my god," I laughed, pushing her gently. "Shut up."

"Okay, so, thank you for making the joke first." Jacob patted her on the shoulder. "I have been holding it in for fucking days."

"Bella, you're going to have a preview of what your kids are going to look like," Rosalie fake loud whispered into my ear.

I threw my head back. "Oh, my god," I repeated in a loud laugh. "Stop."

"Worry it's going to scare him off?" Jake pointed at Edward, who shook his head with a smirk.

"Oh, no, no. I want kids. She's just annoyed that the twins have decided to gang up on her today," Edward said in a joking laugh. "This is their way of showing love, though, I think. I'm pretty sure."

Jacob waved both of his hands at Vanessa, his eyes wide.

"Yeah, okay. I see that one too," she laughed at him, holding her pregnant belly. "He's been talking about all the things you have in common all morning. *She likes pickles, too!*" She made fun of him, using a funny version of his voice.

"Baby," he whined, but something went off in the kitchen. It was a long ding from an old fashioned timer.

"Go get the stuff out of the oven. Both things," she bossed her husband around. He rolled his eyes and sighed, but went into the kitchen to do what he was ordered. Vanessa brought me into a more gentle hug. "I hope you're hungry. I've made so much food. Rachel and Rebecca should be here any minute."

"Do you need any help with anything?" I offered.

"No! It's all done. We're just waiting on them now."

Now that I wasn't surrounded by people, I could see their tiny home. The inside was clean and rustic. Little wooden hand-carved animals were lining the roaring fireplace. Intermixed was beautiful ceramics of all shapes and sizes and hundreds of pictures covered the walls.

"Wow, this place is just amazing. The pottery especially."

"Thank you," Vanessa said proudly. "I am a potter, actually. These are all mine."

"You should see her shop!" Jacob said from the kitchen, still working.

"I'll show you later. It's out back. Jake has one, and so do I. He built it for me."

"Aw," I drew out. "That's so sweet!"

"He is the sweetest." She beamed at the kitchen. "Come sit down!"

Alice and Rosalie sat. I turned to see Edward looking at a picture on the wall. When I walked over to him and placed a hand on his back, he pointed at an image he was looking at. He couldn't take his eyes off of it.

"That is you," he said in a quiet voice.

In the picture was a beautiful light-skinned native American woman with the same lips, beaky nose, and shaped face. She had one bright blue eye and one was a dark brown. Her black hair was braided around her head in a thick rope crown. The woman was smiling, leaning into a large darker skinned Native American man. He had the same long black hair that Jacob did. I could see my face in both of them. The picture was obviously from the seventies.

"That is your grandma Marie and your grandpa Ephraim," Vanessa explained.

The door beside us slammed opened, and two thin, tall, pretty girls came hurrying in with bags on both their arms. They dropped them to the floor and came straight for me, pulling me into their long skinny arms. I was smashed into black hair and parkas. Both smelled strongly of coffee and perfume.

There were so many tears.

“You’re so little!” One of them said excitedly. “Our big sister is tiny.”

I laughed into their jackets, trying to not get snot on them. “Hi. So, who’s who?”

“Rachel!” One replied. She was wearing a bright red turtleneck sweater.

“And I’m Rebecca,” said quickly next. She was wearing a baby blue knitted sweater. It made it easier to tell them apart.

We had the exact same nose and mouth.

“This is Edward,” I finally said as I pulled away. I felt him behind me, so I backed up into his waiting arms. He pressed a kiss on the top of my head before offering his hand to the girls to shake. They both beamed at him. “And these are my *other* twin sisters. Alice and Rosalie,” I joked.

More hugging. More tears. Lots of twins. I was wrapped up in all my sisters, blood and chosen. Rachel brought in Vanessa for a hug, too.

“I’m so glad I bought tissues,” I heard Jake whisper to Edward. My boyfriend chuckled and showed him the two travel packs he had in either one of his coat pockets. I laughed despite myself, and my boyfriend winked at me.

“I am so hungry. Can we eat now?” Jake asked the group of women.

“You’re always hungry,” three of them said in unison. I giggled.

“Okay, but can we eat while it’s still hot?” He sighed at their teasing.

“Right.” His wife rolled her eyes. She took my arm. “Come on. So, grab a plate and fill it up. Everything is on the counters. I have oatmeal with all the fixings, bacon, linked sausage, cinnamon rolls, and cheesy potatoes. And we’ve got fresh fruit, sliced tomatoes-”

“Babe, they get it. You made everything,” he teased, handing her and then me a plate. “Bowls are beside the oatmeal.”

I ate slow cooked creamy oatmeal with bananas and brown sugar and cinnamon, oven cooked bacon, tomatoes sprinkled with salt, a pile of cheesy potatoes, then finally shared a cinnamon roll with Alice. It was her second one. Everything was delicious, and there was still enough for us to eat again.

“So, leftovers tomorrow?” I joked as we sat around the dinner table afterward, all of us drinking coffee, milk, or orange juice while chatting and still picking at our plates.

“If we wait long enough, one of your cousins will show up and finish it off.” Vanessa rolled her eyes again. “All of you Blacks eat like you have to store fat for the winter.”

“Being secret werewolves must burn a lot of calories,” I said dryly. Rebecca actually snorted into her milk, making it blow bubbles.

“Yes. That is exactly what I’m going to tell people when they complain about how much I eat,” Rachel said with a little laugh.

“We’re just all bottomless pits,” Jacob chimed in. “And so are you, lady. Don’t give me that shit,” he pointed at his wife. “Don’t act like you haven’t been eating all morning.”

“No, Jake. She was tasting the food. It’s what you have to do when you’re cooking,” I said teasingly with a small smile. She grinned at me in return with her chin held high in the air.

“See, she gets it!”

“Explain the bucket of chicken you ate last night at two in the morning in front of the fridge.”

“It wasn’t the whole bucket!” She laughed. “It was like two legs. And a biscuit.”

“And some cake. And a couple of cookies.” She soundly swatted her husband. We all laughed quietly.

“So, who’s coming tonight to Aunt Sue’s? Rebecca asked. Without asking she refilled both Edward and my cup of coffee before pouring herself the rest.

Jake waffled his head to the side for a minute before he answered, “Aunt Sue, Uncle Harry, Leah, Sarah, Sam and Emily, Quil, Paul, Embry, Collin, Brady, Jules-”

“What about the Chief?” Rachel interrupted. The word *chief* got my attention for sure.

“I... haven’t told him yet,” he said slowly, not looking at his sisters or his wife.

“Jacob!” Both girls said at the same time.

“I know! I’m sorry... But, you know how he was about- Well, you know,” he said quickly to defend himself. “I was kind of hoping he’d hear through the grapevine and call.”

“Do you think he knows?” Vanessa asked quietly.

“We’d know if he did,” Rachel responded. “Jake, you have to tell grandpa!”

“What?” I breathed out, my eyes getting wider.

“I am! Tomorrow...” He trailed off. “It’s too much at once! She doesn’t need to meet the chief and all our asshole cousins on the same day! It’s too fast!”

“The Chief is my grandfather. As in the picture on the wall?” I questioned. “And he’s alive?”

“Yeah,” Rebecca smirked. “That’s why he was always hoping you were a boy so he wouldn’t have to be chief next.”

“Shut up!” He hissed. “Don’t tell her that!”

“Why? It’s true,” she challenged him. He sighed and looked away. Our sister quickly reached over and swatted him on the back of the head. “I can’t believe you didn’t tell him! Or her!”

“You didn’t either,” he sneered. “You’re scared of him, too.”

“Hey! Knock it off before you give me a headache,” Vanessa countered, standing up from the table. She was shaking her head. “Acting like children. Come show your sister photo albums and stop fussing at each other.”

“You’re going to be a good mom,” I told my sister in law. She smiled, winking at me. “Here, let me help you get cleaned up in the kitchen first. If we do it together, it’ll be faster.”

“Baby, I’m going to go out for a smoke,” Jacob said with a stretch, his long arms over his head. “Why don’t you join me, Eddie?”

“Sure,” my boyfriend said politely, smiling at me. He stood, placing a warm kiss on my lips. “Let me know if you need anything.”

“Thank you.” I rubbed my fingers through his hair, pulling him in for another quick kiss. “For everything.”

"Of course, my love."

All of the women watched the two men leave.

"Hot damn that man is sexy," Rebecca whispered as soon as the door shut. I laughed loudly, making everyone else do so as well. "Does he have any brothers?"

"Four older sisters. All married with cute kids," I replied.

"Damn. Any cousins?" Rachel asked with a laugh.

"Probably, but I haven't met them." I started to gather dirty dishes. "Isn't he gorgeous? It's like God went '*let me make a near flawless man with an amazing personality, give him all the talent, and let's see what he can do.*' I am still utterly shocked he wanted me in the first place."

"I'm not." Rosalie shook her head. "I want to know what his flaw is though because I saw his ass this morning and that was perfect."

"Every time I see him, I just want to grab it. Like, all day, In public. I don't care," I said with a little sigh as I thought how much I loved it. "And I'd say his pushiness and anxiety are his biggest flaws, but both make him a good businessman, so," I shrugged. "Honestly, he could be a quarter as good looking and have the same personality, and I'd still be all over him. It's just awesome that it comes with *that* body. That man's ass though is just *mmm...*"

"How did you get to see his butt this morning?" Rachel asked, eagerly.

"He was being funny and flashed her."

"Fresh out of the shower," Rose hummed. "I'm married, but if he asked me to come to join him..." She trailed off with wide eyes. "I'd think about it really hard. Really. Hard."

"Right? You should see the front," I whispered. All of the women started to snicker. "Trust me, the front is so much better." It turned into full-on laughter as we heard the front door open. We were all standing around the kitchen at this point, putting away things and putting stuff in the dishwasher as we wiped counters.

"Hi, Eddie," Alice grinned pleasantly at my boyfriend as he came into the kitchen.

"Oh, god. They were talking about me," he said to Jake. I began to turn pink, trying to hold in my giggles at his expression. "Oh, you did. I can tell. What were you talking about?"

"Your ass."

He started to blush as well. "Literally?"

"Yup," I giggled. "We all like it."

"A+," Alice agreed with a snicker. Rosalie nodded in agreement.

"Yeah," Rachel agreed. "Please pass any single cousin's numbers our way."

"English or Scottish?" He asked, putting his hands in his pockets. His face was neon red.

"Oh, we've got choices!" Rebecca teased.

"None of them live in the states, sadly," Edward said charmingly. "That's their loss, though. You're all very lovely. It's obviously a family trait."

"I'm willing to move," Rachel deadpanned, making my boyfriend laugh. He nodded his head.

"Let me think, and maybe I can slip you a name or two later," he replied.

"Bella, why don't you come with me and I'll show you my shop?" Jacob said, grabbing my attention. "We can look at the pictures in a minute. Let's walk off some of this food first," he offered.

"Sure," I followed him, taking my boyfriend's hand as we went.

"We'll help clean up," Rose offered, glancing over at Alice. They were giving us privacy.

"We will, too. It'll be just a sec," Rebecca replied.

I followed Jacob out onto the porch and down the steps onto the stone-lined path that led into the trees behind his house. There were two rather large nice looking tin buildings, one obviously much newer than the other.

"This one is mine," he said as he flicked on the lights. "It was Dad's, actually." Inside there were hundreds of tools hanging up, pieces of random wood in various states of completion laying around. One wall was lined with finished projections like chairs, shelves, carvings, boxes, and even toys.

"Oh, Jake..." I breathed as I took everything in. "You are so talented."

"I've seen your pictures. So are you." He nudged my shoulder. "I've got a couple of

things for you.”

He took my hand and led me over the shelf of finished things and brought down a beautiful hand carved box with a wolf on the lid. My brother handed it to me, his smile hopeful.

“Thank you,” I said with a watery smile of my own. I ran my fingers over the dark, almost black wood finish. Inside was a small hand-carved swan. It was obviously worn in spots from being handled so much. It was as if someone has been rubbing their thumb over his belly and back.

“That’s yours. Dad always wanted to give it to you. He made it for you.”

I hugged him tightly, pressing my face into his chest. I could hear his fast beating heart under my ear. His large hand came to my hair, petting the back of my head gently. He leaned over and kissed my forehead lovingly.

“Thank you so much,” I repeated. “You don’t know how overwhelmingly happy I am right now.”

“I might” he whispered, squeezing me tightly. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m alright.”

“Sorry about not telling you about Grandpa yet. He’s... he’s an asshole if I’m going to be honest. Tomorrow we’ll go by his office, and I’ll introduce you to him if he doesn’t find out and show up at the party tonight. But, let’s hope not. He’s a major buzz kill.”

I laughed, “it’s fine. So much has been going on. That sounds like a good idea. Let’s do it early so Edward can meet him too.”

“Of course,” he instantly agreed. “Maybe we’ll go around lunchtime. We can go eat or something.” I nodded.

“That reminds me. We have a metric fuckton of candy in the trunk for later. Don’t let me forget it,” I mumbled to my brother, looking up at him with my chin on his chest.

“Everyone is just going to love you,” he smirked, pushing a loose hair away from my forehead. His hands were so warm and soft, softer than I expected them to be.

“I hope so.”

“You’re bringing them sugar. They will. Trust me.”

“Just wait until she brings her cookies,” Edward added in, watching us from the doorway with a grin and his hands in his pockets still.

“I can’t wait to cook for my entire family,” I told him before looking back up at Jake. “One day very soon.”

“She is perhaps the best chef that I’ve ever had the pleasure of eating,” he continued to sing my praises.

“Eddie,” I blushed.

“And I should know good food. I literally make a living going around eating,” he teased me sweetly. “Mate, trust me. It’s the best.”

“Don’t talk me up too much. I can’t live up to that!”

He brought his hands up. “Sorry. It’s mediocre at best,” he deadpanned. “Awful. Can barely stomach it. It’s a chore to eat. Especially your chocolate chip cookies. And your roasted chicken and potatoes with that dreadful cheesy sauce that I absolutely loathe.”

Jake laughed, finally letting me out of our hug. “I can’t wait to try your cooking. Even if it was mediocre. Actually, I’ve probably already tried some of your recipes. You should ask Vanessa.”

“Wow, that’s a thought,” I said with a soft breath.

“I can’t believe that I’ve been laughing at my sister for months. Well, not at. You’re funny, I mean,” he said quickly. “I really love watching you. I think I’ve seen all of the ones you’re in now. A couple of times apiece, probably.”

“Thanks,” I blushed furiously. “Eddie’s the funny one, though.”

“Okay,” my boyfriend scoffed. “I mean, I am too, but you’re a riot, darling. You’re sharp and witty. So quick with an answer, *always*. You’d be amazing at improv. I’m just the giddy idiot to your stunningly smart straightish woman.”

“Straightish,” I laughed. “You’re not an idiot. You’re giddy, though. I’ll give you that.”

“I can’t wait to see how you and Jasper play off of each other for the camera,” he commented offhandedly.

“Who’s that?” My brother questioned curiously.

"Edward's best friend growing up and now a really close friend of mine as well. He's moving to the states soon to help with the channel," I explained smoothly. "I can't wait, either. It should be so much fun. I'm going to make him cook with me."

"And he wants you to play video games with him," Edward added.

"I think he'd be really good in the new crime stuff too," I offered thoughtfully. "He enjoys hearing about my dark shit. We could do a serial killer story time," I joked. My boyfriend pulled out his phone and began to type, making me laugh. "Are you typing *serial killer story time*?" He nodded as he continued to type. I clicked my tongue but smiled. "*Bella tells Jasper horrifying stories while Seth films and they do the editing, so you don't have to have murder stuff in your brain?*" He kept nodding.

"Vanessa loves crime stuff," Jacob complained. "She's all into murder documentaries and then doesn't understand why she has nightmares."

"Well, at least you have something in common with your sister in law," Edward poked me before pulling me into his arms. I giggled, leaning into him as I breathed in his scent deeply. I was so happy.

"Why don't we head back in? I shouldn't hog you all to myself," Jake said after a moment. "We've got a ton of pictures to show you."