When we went over to our Aunt Sue's house, we were greeted by a whole gang of shirtless boys and men. They had just come up from the beach where they were obviously surfing in the frigid water. All of them were covered in beautiful black tribal tattoos.

“Bella!” My name was shouted as I was passed around by them, being hugged and kissed by all. They complimented my hair or commented on my height with a joke. I was told that I looked like our shared grandmother twice. Three of the boys had a blue, or partially, blue eye.

A thin, pretty woman with stark white hair came hurrying from the house, an older gentleman following behind. He had the same white hair.

“Boys! Wear shirts! You heathens.” She shooed them away from me before pulling me into a hug. “What a beautiful girl you are,” she whispered as she held me tightly. “My brother would be so happy right now.”

“I am sorry that I didn’t get the chance to meet him,” I whispered.

She cupped my cheek. "Me too," she breathed before she began to cry. "Oh, Harry, she looks just like Ma. Come look."

“She does. That’s uncanny. Is it even the same eye?” He questioned, coming closer. I
looked at him so he could inspect them.

“"I think so," my brother chimed in from behind me.

“Hello, sweetheart. Billy was my twin,” Harry told me as he gently brushed a hand over my shoulder.

“Wow! So many twins!” I laughed nervously. I felt on the verge of tears again. “It’s so nice to meet everyone. Thank you for so warmly welcoming me into your home.”

“Is this your fiance?” Sue asked, looking up at Edward.

“Yes, it is,” I grinned, not correcting her. He beamed, his cheeks turning a faint pink.

"Let me see the ring!" she said very excitedly.

“We’re still working on that part,” I informed her with a little laugh. “Trust me, I will show everyone happily when I get it. Edward has great tastes.”

“Thank goodness for Facebook,” she replied cheerfully. “I can’t wait to see it. You make such a lovely couple.”

“Thank you,” I answered politely, ducking my head.

We sat outside for a long time on the beach with everyone, talking. The boys chatted about surfing with Edward and asked me about my love of spicy food. The entire time I sat on his lap, his arms around me comfortingly as everyone told me stories about my father. How much trouble Harry and Billy got into trouble as kids, how smart he was, and how passionate he was about the things he cared about. How he loved animals and fishing. How he loved life, despite being in a wheelchair for thirty years of it.

We talked about the family that wasn’t there, those who were living elsewhere or died. A lot of the tribe were moving away for work. A good number of my family were artists. They worked with wood, clay, weaving, or were clothes makers. There was even a tattoo artist. He had been the one to give most of the men their ink.

Finally, Sue and all the other women went into the kitchen to finish dinner. They refused my help. The men were starting to set up for the bonfire later that night. Alice and Rosalie decided to go for a walk to take pictures of my family’s land. Edward and I decided to take a stroll in the opposite direction towards the giant ancient forest. I brought my camera along. I just needed the alone time with him.

"I feel like this is going well," Edward said just as I took his picture from behind. I could
see his smile pulling at his lips. He seemed so pale in this too green world. It made his eyes look all that much greener for it, the red in his hair standing out.

“I think so too,” I agreed. “I think they like you.”

“Just because I brought you back to them.” He turned to look at me. I clicked his photo again. He was startlingly beautiful.

“Five out of five of my sisters agree that you’re super hot and would totally bang you,” I teased gently. I took Edward’s picture as he laughed, his cheeks heating again.

“Well, that’s good to know that I have options,” he threw my jesting right back at me. “But, seeing as you’re my fiance now…”

“There’s no need to correct her,” I replied with a smirk. “You already know the answer, you just can’t ask the question yet.”

“I just want you to tell me you’re going to be my wife,” Edward said quietly, his expression vulnerable.

"I am going to be your wife," I informed him as I walked closer. "I am going to be the mother of your beautiful mixed raced babies. But I’m not going to explain the term pre-fiance to them, yet."

He pulled my body to him, his kiss literally bending me back with its passion.

“I miss you so much,” I whispered against his mouth. We were done with our teasing and flirting. “Tuesday can’t come fast enough. I miss being alone with you.”

"You’re going to be so tired," he said worriedly. "I miss you, too, though. We really need some quiet time very soon."

“Agreed one thousand percent," I sighed against his chest. “I wish we could sneak off into the woods for a few minutes and fuck against a tree,” I muttered as I pressed my face into his shirt, my fingers curling around the fabric. I felt his chest shake with quiet laughter.

“Right? If it was warmer and you were wearing a dress, maybe. Your legs around my waist while I pound-" I groaned, cutting him off before he could finish the dirty talk. Edward laughed, kissing my neck lightly. “So, when I rent that secluded cabin this summer…"

“Oh god, yes," I moaned. “You and me and Jasper. All alone. Just us for days. Hot weather, a nice place to swim. No computers, no internet. Just each other to keep busy. That and lots and lots of toys.”
Edward growled into my hair, squeezing me tightly in his arms. It was a sound of wanting and desire. One of his big hands traveled down my ass, squeezing it roughly.

“I want to just spend days making you cum over and over again. I want to see if we can fuck you from sunup to sundown.”

“Damn,” I complained, my eyes closing as I imagined it. “I want to be the kind of screwed that it takes a couple of days to recover from.”

“Hm. Why is Bella walking with a limp? Well, you see…” He trailed off, bringing his lips to my ear so he could whisper, "she spent hours and hours tied to a bed, getting fucked in every possible way by her two adoring boyfriends."

"Sometimes, I feel like a plaything between the two of you but in a good way. All I keep thinking is how good you two must have been at sharing and taking care of your toys as kids."

He chuckled, pressing his cheek against mine. “Though you are my favorite thing to play with, you are certainly more precious than any toy. But yeah, actually, we were.”

I laughed, pulling back to look at his sweet face. Slowly, I ran my fingers over his cheek as he pressed his forehead against mine. “I am so grateful to have you and be yours. I love you beyond words. Thank you for giving me everything that you have. I can’t wait to spend the rest of my life trying to show you exactly how wonderful you make me feel every second I’m with you.”

His big arms crushed me to his body, his warm mouth on mine. I tangled my fingers in his hair, pulling him closer to me.

I heard my name being called.

“I think your family is looking for us,” he smiled, kissing my forehead.

“My family. Geez, what a month this has been,” I laughed, taking his hand so we could walk together towards the house. “Australia, hospital, family, even more family. Jasper. Kind of been a whirlwind. I shouldn’t be surprised. Everything is more exciting around you.”

“Everything does seem to be an adventure,” he agreed. “Could have done without the hospital. I can’t do anything about my mother.”

“That would have been very different if I had been well.”

“Lucky for her,” he smirked at me.
After dinner, where all of them seemed to eat piles and piles of food, we went out onto the beach for the bonfire. It was huge, quickly roaring once set. Edward and I brought out the candy finally for the smores. The youngest of the boys, fifteen or sixteen, descended upon it like wolves.

“This is better than Halloween,” Collin, the youngest of my cousins and Sue’s baby boy, said after probably his tenth piece.

“Please don’t make yourself sick,” his mother complained, rolling her eyes at him.

“I’m fine,” he said with a chocolatey smile. “Thanks, cuz.”

“Thank Eddie. He’s the one that got it all,” I told him, leaning into my boyfriend. I had my temple resting against his shoulder, just watching everyone.

“Thanks, Eddie. You’re not too bad for a white guy.”

Aunt Sue swatted him on the back of the head, hard. She wordlessly tilted her head at him with wide eyes. Edward just laughed.

“I’ll take that as a compliment,” he replied.

“It is,” Collin promised, leaning away from his mother as he said it. I giggled.

“Jake says you’re thinking about getting some ink done,” one of my older cousins said. He was the tattoo artist, Embry.

“I always want more ink done,” I told him truthfully. “It’s just money and time that stop me from being covered head to toe.”

“Let me know next time you’re here, and I will hook you up. Anything you want. On me. A welcome to the family gift.”

“Wow, that would be amazing,” I replied, my breath catching in my throat. “I’ve got a tattoo for everyone else. You’ll have to help me find one that will honor my father. We filmed the last tattoos I got, maybe we could film this one, too. That could be a fun video to make,” I glanced over at my boyfriend. “Maybe a little emotional.”

“Whatever you want to do, love.” He smoothed his hand down my back comfortably.

“Maybe you can get one too, and I’ll hold your hand,” I teased. He scrunched up his nose, making a silly little face at me before pecking my forehead.
“I’ll be better next time. I know what to expect.”

“Mmhmm,” I grinned wickedly, looking up at Edward adoringly with big innocent eyes. “It’s okay. You like to suffer for your art.”

“I hate that you’re right about that,” he complained, leaning his head against mine.

“So, are you going to do a video where you eat like straight peppers?” Quil asked, toasting a marshmallow. “You can try Carolina reapers or something.”

“Oh, no,” I shook my head. I looked at Edward when he didn’t say anything. "No, you can suffer alone with Seth. I'm not stupid. You will hurt your gut. I'll try just about whatever hot things you want, but I draw the line there."

“Yes,” he nodded his head quickly. “Probably for the best.”

“Someone has to save you from yourself,” I mumbled under my breath. He swatted my thigh playfully, making me giggle.

“Why don’t we put on some music?” Someone said from around us. Then somebody called for a new bag of marshmallows and the snickers.

We stayed until close to midnight, heading back to Jake’s house with the girls for a little while after we left Sue’s. We stayed outside to talk, not ready to end the evening. No one was ready.

Rebecca and Rachel pulled me into a hug at the same time, each of them pressing their face against my shoulder.

“We love you,” Rebecca whispered as her fingers dug into my jacket. “I’m so glad you came today. Thank you for coming so quickly. You don’t know what that means to us.”

“Me too,” I breathed as I began to cry again despite trying my best not to. “I love you, too. I can’t wait until we can figure out when to come up again. Or you can come to LA for a visit.”

“That sounds perfect,” Rachel chirped, putting her hand on my cheek before smoothing her thumb over it to wipe away a tear. "We can go shopping together."

“Yes, absolutely.”

“We’ll have a girl’s day,” Rebecca added.
“Are you kidding me? Eddie loves shopping more than I do,” I teased him lightly. “But I cannot wait for our girl’s day. Shopping, lunch, spa. And I'll cook for you. You too, Vanessa. We'll leave the baby with Jake and Eddie.”

“Do you trust us with a newborn?” My brother teased.

“I trust him. I don’t know about you yet,” I winked at both of them teasingly. “Edward is amazing with babies. All of his nieces adore him. He’s probably better with kids than me.”

"I just like children and they like me. Babies are easy, though. They only want, like, four things. To be clean, fed, not sleepy, and happy. You just gotta pay attention." He rubbed my back, trying to be somewhat modest.

"I think you'd like being a stay-at-home dad," I commented.

"Sounds perfect. I'll retire from acting and make dumb shit videos for fun with the wee babes all day, and you can go out and take pictures," Edward kidded happily in a funny accent.

"Like you can slow down." I rolled my eyes. I brought my sister in law into a hug, her pregnant belly pressing against me. "Look, I know we just met, but I want you to know I am going to spoil this baby rotten. And I want to take photos for you."

“Oh, Bella, that would be so nice,” she sniffled, hugging me back before pulling away to look me in the eyes. “Thank you.” It was for so much more than just my offer.

“Of course.”

“Will see you tomorrow.” Vanessa squeezed me once before letting go.

Jake brought me into a hug last, pressing his face against the top of my head before kissing it. “I'll see you tomorrow, sis.”

“Yes, you will. And we'll go meet my grandfather,” I said into his chest.

“Yay,” Rachel said dryly. “I'm so sad we get to miss it.” Our brother snorted before sighing. “Good luck. Enjoy your chewing out tomorrow, Jakey.”

“Goodnight!” He shouted at them, both of them giggling as they got back into their car to head towards Seattle. They both had to work the following night and needed to get some rest before. “So, don't rush tomorrow. You'll be getting to sleep really late. Just call me when you get up, okay? It doesn't matter when.”
"It'll be early," I assured Jacob. "I don't know how well I will sleep. I'm too wound up."

"Try to relax. This is just the first of many, many visits, I promise," he soothed me. My very big younger sibling walked us back to our rental car, opening the door for me. We stood beside it.

"I know." I hugged him one last time. "See you in the morning, brother."

All four of us were silent the ride back to the hotel. There was no music, no talking. Rosalie slipped into her room after giving me a tight hug and a soft kiss on the cheek. Alice rubbed my shoulder, giving me a small smile.

"I'll check on you in a minute," she whispered.

"Okay," I replied, following Edward into our hotel room.

I walked to the dresser, pulling out my nightgown to change into. When I looked in the mirror, my hair was frizzy, the braids showing their age and the wear and tear from the day. Carefully, I wiped away my makeup with a cleaning cloth before covering my face with lotion. Edward came behind me, smoothing his hands down my back. He pulled my shirt off for me, kissing my shoulder as he unhooked my bra. It wasn't sexual, but gentle and sweet.

"Do you want to take a shower now?" He asked, carefully pulling my hair bands out. With his fingers, he gently combed through my tangles.

"Let's take one together in the morning."

He nodded, unbuttoning my jeans. Carefully he pushed them down my hips. I kicked off my shoes and slid them the rest of the way before pulling on my sleeping clothes. Edward drew my hair away from my neck, kissing it lightly as he watched us both in the mirror.

"My pretty little love," he whispered, brushing his nose against the back of my ear.

"My handsome, sweet man," I smiled in return, closing my eyes as I leaned back against him.

"Ready to try to get some sleep?" I nodded in response. Effortlessly, he picked me up in his strong arms and placed me into the bed just to make me giggle. Edward leaned over me, spreading kisses over my lips and cheeks for a moment before there was a knock on our shared door. He went to it, opening it for Alice who was in her own pajamas. "I'll give you two a minute. I'm going to run to the gents and get changed."

"Thanks," Alice grinned at him before coming over to the bed with me. She slid in beside
me on her side. I rolled over so that we were eye to eye with one another. Taking both of my hands, she leaned her forehead against mine. "Hey there."

"Hi," I squeaked before I began to sob again.

"It’s okay to be overwhelmed. It’s okay to cry," she promised me over and over again as she held me close. "We’re here for you."

"I know."

After a few minutes, I felt Edward slip in behind me in the bed. He pulled the covers over Alice and me. He snuggled against my back, his arm around my waist. And that's how I fell asleep, between my two best friends.