

## S.O.S. (Save Our Son)

I actually found out about Bella's S.O.S. phone call to Rosalie the moment we returned to SeaTac airport from our honeymoon in Brazil. Of course, I was frantic...absolutely frantic...to get Bella home so Carlisle could terminate the abomination that I had seeded into my wife's womb.

For the love of God! Who would have imagined that a petrified creature like me would be fertile? Why didn't we know? We're a tribe, of sorts. Where is our oral history, our legacy handed down from our makers and theirs to teach us what we need to know when we enter this unholy immortal life?

We had just discovered that Bella was pregnant—with something. How could it have taken hold? It was a mystery. Perhaps if it hadn't been growing like a malignant cancer, the situation wouldn't have been so frightening. But at two weeks, the thing was already big enough to distort the lovely body of my wife, to give her an unnatural bulge in her formerly flat stomach. And it was moving around! At the rate it was growing, it would be as big as Emmett in nine months! How long would it take to tear her apart? Of course it had to go! Or so I thought at the time. The trouble was, I hadn't asked my wife.

After our eighteen-hour flight, Bella and I had exited the jetway and found Carlisle, Esme, Emmett, and Rosalie waiting for us just past the security checkpoint. As soon as we got close to the family, Rosalie held out her arms and Bella rushed into them. Rosalie!

And then I saw it all in a flash, every word of the conversation Bella had had with my sister before we left Brazil. I don't know when or how Bella managed to make that phone call—we were together the entire time after discovering the truth, I thought. But

somehow, Bella had contacted my sister without my knowledge. Rosalie's head was full of it.

R: Hello?

B: Rosalie? It's Bella. You have to help me. I'm pregnant. I felt him today. He nudges me. He dreams. But Edward and Carlisle want to take him out of me when we get home. They think he's a monster, but he's not! He's our child. I love him! Please will you help me? Please don't let them hurt my baby. I want him! Do you understand?

R: Yes, I understand. I'll meet you at the airport.

B: He's coming back. I have to go. Thank you Rosalie! Thank you, thank you...

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I was stunned. Not by the fact of the phone call—of course, Bella was free to call whomever she liked—but by her choice of recipient and the content of the call. Bella had become frightened of me without my realizing it!

As the four of us stood watching, our eyes wide, Bella began to cry on Rosalie's shoulder, ruining her silk blouse with salty tears. Contrary to character, my sister just held onto Bella and let her cry.

The journey home from the airport was more than a little awkward. I had been anxious to discuss the abortion procedure with my father and to reassure Bella that she would be fine. But to my surprise, Bella didn't want to ride home with Carlisle, and Rosalie wouldn't let me get in her car with my wife. So I reluctantly climbed into my father's car with my parents, while my sick, frightened wife clung to my sister in the back seat of Rosalie's car with Emmett as chauffeur.

*Esme asked me on the way home if I'd talked to Bella about terminating her pregnancy and I had to admit that "No, I just assumed." She and Carlisle exchanged looks. "Uh oh" was the gist of their thoughts. As newlywed squabbles go, this one was a doozy!*

*It took me the entire journey to comprehend the truth of what I would have to face next. But I never could have imagined how bad things would get before they got better. Sometimes it's good not to know what the future holds.*

*Edward*

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