

## ROSALIE'S NEW DREAM, PART 1

*“Rosalie, you must stop this immediately!” I shouted at her one day when I’d finally had enough of her secret, scheming thoughts.*

*“What?” She gave me the innocent act.*

*“My daughter was not put on this earth to be your incubator!”*

*That’s what her thoughts amounted to. She’d concocted a new plan to get herself a baby. Not only is it a disturbing idea, but it is far too premature even if it weren’t so very wrong.*

*Sure, Renesmee is engaged to Jacob and her mother and I hope they might have children someday. Carlisle doesn’t see why not. Their gene count and structure is the same, though that isn’t necessarily required for reproductive compatibility. Regardless, the two of them have years to worry about such things. They are both young, especially Nessie, and as her father, I believe that she should be allowed just to live her life for a while.*

*Renesmee has spent the five-and-a-half years of her existence growing and changing so rapidly that none of us—especially her—has had time to take a breath. We watched her evolve every day into a new person. Even with our advanced brain structure, absorbing the constant flux has been difficult. Renesmee’s mind continues to grow, of course, but we believe that her body has reached maturity. With that change comes the chance for her to start experiencing the outside world as the rest of us do, something we had to be extraordinarily careful about when she was changing so fast... supernaturally fast.*

*Now Rosalie wants to turn my daughter into a baby-making machine. She hasn’t brought up the subject with Emmett yet, so it’s up to me to nip this notion in the bud before it has a chance to blossom. At the very least, I must convince her to keep the idea to herself for another decade...or two, or three, or ten. By then, Jacob and Renesmee perhaps will have tried for a child and we’ll know a lot more about*

whether Renesmee's body is capable. For all we know, the fertilization of a half-vampire's ovum with a werewolf's sperm could produce an abomination, or something that can't survive, or nothing at all. Though Nessie is not a full vampire, the Quileute have always believed that vampire venom is poisonous to their clan. What if Renesmee's body poisons a werewolf fetus? What if she miscarries? If Renesmee suffers any trauma at all from trying to have children, then Rosalie's crazy idea must never reach my daughter's ears.

Rose wants Carlisle to, at a minimum, inject Emmett's semen into my half-vampire, half-human child and if that doesn't create a pregnancy, then to combine his sperm with Renesmee's eggs in a petri dish and re-implant a fertilized egg into Nessie's womb. Talk about the cutting edge of science! Considering it from that point of view, Carlisle is likely to be excited about the idea, though of course he would never do anything that might harm Renesmee in any way.

When it comes right down to it, only Renesmee herself could ever decide to grant Rosalie's request and she is way too young to be forced even to think about such a thing! Still, I don't know how I can keep Rose from approaching her and thus putting the burden of her happiness on my daughter's shoulders. It would be utterly unfair to Nessie. Rosalie has never been known for her patience or her selflessness, though.

I might have to enlist Emmett's help to keep Rosalie quiet. As of now, my brother doesn't know what's going on in that pretty little head of hers and though I hate to spread the word any further, Emmett is the only person who can control his wife to any degree at all.

To be fair, other than the "ick" factor of having my brother impregnate my daughter (and all the complications that implies, such as my grandchild also being my niece or nephew), surrogate birthing is not an evil thing. I can see how it could be the ultimate gift from one woman to another. However, pregnancy is a life-endangering process, as I well know, and any such gift should be given completely free of coercion. For all I know, Renesmee might not even want to have

children. Though the family assumes she does, I doubt if anyone has asked her directly. We've always spent so much effort trying to keep up with Renesmee's latest developmental milestone that asking her about her future in any serious way...well, we don't get around to that too often. My mind can barely grasp the fact that she's old enough to get married.

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So...I decided I had to talk to Emmett before Rosalie went off half-cocked and put her wishes—coming from her, they're likely to seem more like demands—on the table. I spoke with Bella first, of course, and initially she was appalled by Rosalie's latest scheme to acquire a child. After she got past that immediate reaction, though, she felt a certain empathy for Rosalie who, after all, was Bella's primary ally in maintaining her deadly pregnancy.

Before Renesmee was born, none of us would have guessed that Rosalie could be a wonderful mother, but she proved it then. Mothering my daughter insofar as she did made Rose a much more tolerable person. It softened her somehow. Now that I think about it, what child wouldn't want Emmett for a father? He could hardly be more suited to the role.

The trouble is...who's to say that carrying a three-quarter-vampire fetus wouldn't kill its half-vampire mother? In size, Renesmee looks no bigger than Bella did when she conceived and Renesmee's growth tore her body apart. We have the advantage now of knowing how to nourish a part-vampire child in the womb, though this child still would be unique and therefore, unpredictable. For all we know, it might devour its mother from the inside as it gestates! The possibility of my daughter being harmed in any way puts me firmly in the camp of "No! Never! I won't allow it!" Bella, though, has carried a child in her womb and she sees things differently than me.

But back to Emmett...he and I went for a run together and I let him in on Rosalie's scheme. Perhaps I should have let Rose tell him herself, but I figured that once she told him, she'd have fewer qualms about telling everyone.

At first, my brother was nonplussed. He's never considered fatherhood a possibility, so hasn't examined how he might feel about it. But as the idea sank in, I saw a light come into his eyes when he realized he potentially could have a son or daughter, flesh of his flesh. Emmett tried to conceal his growing enthusiasm after I pointed out that we were talking about his impregnating my daughter, his niece, but he's an utter failure at hiding his thoughts from me. Except for the "ick" factor, the idea thrilled him.

"Emmett," I said, "you've got to see how bringing this up with Renesmee is unfair to her, right? Putting pressure on her to bear a child for someone else. Not to mention that doing so could kill her!"

Emmett sobered at the realization. We'd all been traumatized by Bella's pregnancy and none of us, except for maybe Rosalie, would want Renesmee to risk going through the same thing.

"You'll talk to Rose, won't you? And explain that it's unfair to ask Renesmee for this before she's even tried having her own kids?"

Emmett remained silent while he sorted through all the implications.

I went on. "It's possible that Renesmee would feel obliged to say 'yes' simply because Rose is her godmother and she loves her and feels grateful to her. Maybe in fifty or a hundred years she could consider giving Rose such a gift, but not now, not at her young age. All I'm asking is that you talk to Rose and tell her to keep it to herself for now. Let my daughter live this part of her life unencumbered by that constant pressure. And by the way, I can't see Jacob ever agreeing to such a thing, so why even put the idea in Nessie's head?"

In Emmett's mind, I saw persistent images of throwing a football to his son, teaching him how to wrestle and hunt, having someone to play with every day. It appealed to him a great deal.

"I see your point, Bro," he managed to say. "It's an awful lot to ask of anyone and she's still a kid, really." He went quiet again and to my dismay I heard his mind start down the "me have sex with Renesmee?" trail and how weird that would be and could he even handle it?

"No, no, no, Emmett! Don't even think of my daughter that way or I'll knock you into the next county and then let Jacob and Rosalie take their turns! You wouldn't have sex with her! We're talking about artificial insemination. You'd have to collect semen."

Emmett couldn't hide his profound relief and, for maybe the first time in his life, he could find no humor whatsoever in a conversation about sex and reproduction. He had no jokes, offered no sexual innuendo, and didn't even crack a suggestive smile. He just walked away, flummoxed, his mind reeling with the possibilities, the risk, the potential changes to his and Rose's future.

Emmett never answered my question about whether he'd tell Rose to keep it between them for a couple hundred years. I think he'll come around and do the right thing, but that remains to be seen.

Edward

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