

Equinox

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Elizabeth Gallagher would go anywhere to escape her memories, but what happens when she goes to Fork's, and her memories follow her there.

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Equinox

Chapter 1

Leaving

Elizabeth Marie Golligher,

You have been accepted to Fork's High School for the following two years, as a forging exchange student. Your departure has been paid for and you will leave on the 2nd of January at Dayton airport. Your hosts Mr. and Mrs. Webber cannot pick you up, they have arranged for Chief Swan, who has agreed, to pick you up in Port Angles, we wish you good luck. -It gets cold try to pack warm clothes-

Mrs. Cope

I reread the letter one more time, just to make sure I got the date right, I couldn't believe that it was finally the 2nd. I'd been waiting forever to get out of my Grandparents house, where I've been living since the 'accident'. At least thats what my Grandma refers to it as, I refer to it as the day my family was torn apart, my birthday. The day that my brother was finally headed off to collage with my mom, and my step dad staid home in our two story house by Fort Jennings. Mom was planing to stay the night at my aunts after she helped my brother get settled into his dorm at Dayton collage. But they never arrived...

I felt tears at the edges of my eyes, I was moving on, not looking back I reminded myself. I got my bags and headed down stairs, admiring my room, this was the last I'd see of it in at least two years. My grandparents really didn't want me to go, I was their only grandchild, actually besides my uncle Scott they didn't have any other heirs at all. My father, their son, died when I was one, I don't remember him at all, I can tell by looking at pictures though that I look some what like him. The rest of my family was all willing to let me in, where they lived outside of Delphos, even my foster dad's family. But I know that only one of them would truly understand my grievances about 'the accident', was my foster brother Trever but I didn't want to bother him. I couldn't live with any one else because they all reminded me so much of my family that I...

"Looking forward not back..." I muttered to myself, taking the scrap books that Grandma had made for me and placing them gently in my backpack.

My friends were down stairs too, Katie Honigford, my best friend, we've been together since... Forever. Jean Meas, Alicia Miller, Devon Thomas, Jeff Maye, David -Dave- Lindeman and Nicole Eugen were my other close friends and they all helped me through the 'accident'. They were all around the marble bar, that was in the middle of the kitchen, waiting to say goodbye. Katie had tears in her eyes, and as soon as I was in the hall of my grandmas beautiful blue house, she took my bags and threw them too the floor and hugged me tightly. My other friends fallowed her example. It reminded me when the principle came into our class room during religion class and told me the bad...

"Katie, I'll only be gone for two years, and besides I'll call and E-mail every day, so you better not get grounded!" I said pretending to be stern but tears were running down my face too. My other two family's already had their get-together with me, wishing me luck and all, I was the only reminder of my family left. They all felt responsible for me, they went from ignoring me all the time to coming to all my school events, smothering me. Another reason I chose to live with my grandparent, is that they already had a bedroom for me before I was born, and although my other grandparents and Aunts and Uncles had room, and lived near my school- closer even. It was just that my grandparents could support me better, I didn't want to be a burden; my grandfather had made allot while he was a mechanic.

But even that was too much living with them, it felt like I was building up debt for every act of kindness. I always wanted to be a forging exchange student anyway, although I wanted to go to Ireland. But I took whatever was open, and Forks, Washington was very open, and it wasn't too far from Ohio.

"Elizabeth, the class expects you to write once a week, and then we expect you to proof read all our responses." Devonn said in his light voice, every one laughed with him. I was the class book worm, I knew just about everything that a 16-and-a-half-year-old could know.

"Fine. But on one condition," I said raising one finger, Dave chuckled, lightly. "you must address me as Elizabeth in your letters not my nick name Beth, deal?"

"Sure, will call you by your other nick name," Jeff cut in, smiling sinisterly, I knew what was coming I clapped my hands over my ears. "ZETH!" They all laughed, even my uncle Scott. But I looked at the silver stove and frowned at the time, I needed to go soon.

"Bye Beth, call me, or I'll think that the people of Fork's have eaten you." Alicia said her tiny arms wrapped around me, to start off the good byes.

"See ya!" Nicole wailed as she sobbed into my shoulder, after Alicia retreated.

"You better visit, and at least come to prom!" Jean said, that was so like her, I was the only one who liked to go to dances in our group besides her, even though I never danced with anyone I just listened to the music.

"Call us as soon as you get to the green planet..." Devon said, his dark curly hair shoving toward me, and putting one big arm around my tiny shoulders, I felt so small when I was next to him.

"Yeah!" Jeff and Dave said, Dave was exactly my height, 5'6, and we were the second tallest people in the house, it was like being surrounded by midgets, but Dave and Jeff finally pulled off Devon and gave me a double bear hug.

"Come on Elizabeth..." My Grandma's voice carried over the rest I heard sobs in her authoritative voice, and it was calling me toward the garage, my friends parted ways, like I walking through a procession. Katie grabbed my bags for me, and I crawled into the back of my grandparents burgundy Mercury. Katie scooted in beside me, since she was the only one of my friends that was coming with me. We didn't talk on the way, we just listened to a CD full of my favorite songs.

On the way I tried to think of how I've changed over the past year, my chestnut brown hair was the same, perhaps just a bit more blond in it, and now it was laird just above my shoulders. My eye's like my fathers, were bright blue, with strange flecks of green and brown, the only change there is that I need contacts or glasses in order to see my out stretched hand clearly. I was thinner than most people, since the 'accident', and had a nice figure according to my friends, but I never dated, in fact I just began spending time with any guys this year. My skin was the exact color of Magnolia bloom, I should know, I had a Magnolia tree right outside my house. My face tended to turn an odd orange color with ease I assumed that when ever it did I was blushing, a fact that I did not like, and I tended to be a hot head. My mom always said I couldn't take a joke without turning it into an insult, maybe she was right.

We got to the airport fast and I hugged my grandparents tight, I spotted my other aunt from the Kill side and her five kids that looked up to me so much. They all gave me one last goodbye, I gave Katie and grandma one last hug before boarding the plane. I could see tears in their eyes, I knew that my grandma always wanted a girl and she got one, but she was going to Forks, Washington, not staying at her house like she wanted her little girl to do. I focused my self on that thought, I felt like I had to make a good impression with the whole family behind me, trying to be a good girl that my grandmother and grandfather could be proud of. But that will only be a cover story, a thought to cheer me up, the real reason was locked in my heart.

I needed to get away from everything that reminded me my last birthday, the time that the 'accident' happened, the time that everything I loved was torn apart. Now all I had was my friends and Jesus, and I still intended to cling to those things while I was away, but not anything else.

When I got off my plane, I saw a man waiting by his car with a sign that said 'Elizabeth Golligher' I blushed and found my luggage, I slept though most of the flight, and my hair was all over the place. I tried to look like I wasn't really walking toward the man with the sign but he seemed to notice me anyway and he shoved the sign in his car and rushed up to meet me. I vaguely saw that his car was a police cruiser, great, this was the man I would be spending two years with. He was a bit pot bellied and he had curly red-brown hair, he was wearing a police jacket.

"Are you Elizabeth Golligher? I'm Chief Charlie Swan, it's nice to meet you." The man asked holding out his hand for me, I shook it, and smiled. But this wasn't the man that the paper said would be waiting for me, who was this guy?

"Yes, call me Beth though, um..." I said apprehensively, I couldn't be sure if this was just some guy trying to lead me into his car and...

"Oh, okay, thats fine, we need to wait a minute I'm here to pick up my daughter Bella too. She's going to be going to Fork's high school too, a junior this year, you kinda look like her." He muttered uncomfortably, I could tell that he wasn't much of a talker.

"There she is, see the girl with the brown hair?" He said waving toward a girl who did look almost exactly like me, only her hair was more of an Auburn color, her eyes were brown, and she was two inches shorter than me. She walked sheepishly toward us, not really seeing me there at all, she actually did look like her father.

"Hey Bells," He gave her a one armed hug. "how was your flight?" It hurt to see that, it reminded me of

my step father. No one noticed as I winced, I was glad, I hated being in the middle of attention.

"Fine, Ch- dad." She said, I wondered what her story was, she seemed to use Chief Swan's name instead of the word dad. Her parents were probably divorced I told myself, and it was none of my business, anyways.

"Hello, Bella, I'm Elizabeth, you can call me Beth though." I said holding out my hand, I wondered if she'd noticed me yet. She apparently hadn't because when I spoke she flinched and turned to gaze at me.

"Oh! I didn't see you there, a... How do you know my name?" She asked although she must already know the answer, even in a town like Delphos would know the name of every new student three weeks before they arrived.

"I'm a foring exchange student, I'm staying with an acquaintance of your fathers I think." I said turning my head to Charlie who shook his own in agreement. Bella put her things in the back of the cruiser and helped me get mine in there as well. I climbed in back while Bella took the front, and she and Chief Swan exchanged odd comments on the weather.

Forks to me looked nice, maybe a bit green, but I liked the forests, and the moss. The weather was damp, but I'd already known that from the corespondent letters from my hosts, who were a couple that had their son go off to collage and had room. They had a daughter, Angela, who I'd been writing to for the last few weeks, she seemed thrilled to have another girl around in her family. I had assumed that, from the pictures she sent me, the weather would be mostly cloudy.

"So will you be a junior this year Beth?" Bella asked me when we were into the country side -more like forest side-, and I was brought out of my thoughts.

"Yes, we'll probably have some classes together, how old are you?" I asked out of true curiosity, because she seemed at least three years older then I was.

"Seventeen, you?"

"Sixteen and a half, I was in an advanced grade..." I admitted, rather sheepishly.

"Oh, I see, where are you from?"

"Delphos, Ohio, you..?"

"Phinox, Arizona, the exact opposite of here," She gestured to the clumps of moss dangling from the trees. "hot, sunny, and warm. Not that you could tell, I'm pale, with no color until I blush." She laughed at her own sarcasm, I laughed with her.

"It's mild in Delphos, not too much sun or rain, perfect..." Memories of fall recess and winter snowball fights popped unexpectedly into my head, I flinched.

"Gosh, it must be nice, why didn't you stay with your family?" She asked, looking back to see if she'd

upset me, I tried to place another expression on my face before she noticed the tears bubbling in my eyes.

"A, well... I wanted to see the world, Delphos is a small town you know." I said my voice high pitched, I was not quite lying, that was the reason I wanted to come here before...

"Oh I see..." I could tell she saw through my lie, but she didn't press me.

We arrived at a white, Victorian style house, it had black shutters, windows and a glass-paneled door. We pulled in slowly, and I saw two boys, exactly the same from black hair to red sock, run out to meet us. Charlie stopped and the two little boys were suddenly joined by a slightly less enthusiastic teenager. I guessed that the boys were Joseph and Mark, and the third was Angela, I got out of the car immediately, my face played a smile around my lips.

"Hello, I'm Angela, you must be Beth? Right?" She stared from me to Bella, questioningly, I nodded at the same time Bella shook her head. Angela turned to me and held out a welcoming hand, while the twins filtered beside her.

"It's nice to finally meet you," I said reaching out to shake her hand and high five the twins. "do you mind help getting my stuff out of the back? I'm sure Chief Swan and Bella wants to get home." Angela turned her interest back to the girl in the car and waved shyly, then followed me to the back of the car. We picked up my bags, trying not to disrupt the pile of Bella's only three suit cases.

"Bye Chief Swan, thanks for the lift, it was nice meeting you Bella, see you tomorrow!" I called as Charlie pulled out of Angela's paved drive way.

Angela showed me around their nice home, I liked it allot, the twins were pooped full of regular questions about me while we walked. The living room had peach colored walls and beige carpet, it had a corner sofa in the middle of the room with a TV against one wall and a fireplace at the other end, a few lamps and toys were scattered in corners and on the coffee and side tables. The kitchen was the next room I walked into, yellow and the same shade of peach were used on a secretive wallpaper and wooden cabinets were perched against the walls.

Yellow pots and pans hung in the middle above a island, made of the same wood as the cabinets, a stove, sink and washing machine stood together, only separated by pieces of marble. The dining room was separated by a bar, made of the same yellow marble and wood, and a wooden, oval table sat in the center of the floor, covered in a white table cloth. The walls were plaster board, and the floor was wooden too, but a slightly darker shade, plants hung out side where a two glass doors lead to a deck.

She walked me to a laundry room next, she pointed to an empty basket and said, "This is where you put your dirty clothes, we all take turns doing our own laundry. So if you need some thing washed quickly I suggest you try to switch with one of the twins." She continued the tour up a spiral stair case at the end of the laundry room, which also connected to a garage. She showed me her room, neat, clean and in shades of pink and purple and the twins begged me to see their messy, toy filled room. At the end of the hall was where Jessica's parents slept I guessed, so the second last one was mine.

I took the brass door knob in my hand, I laughed inwardly, it was such a significant thing for me to laugh

at. At my home in Delphos I had no door knob, and only in brief times did my brother let me borrow his, and besides that, four other door knobs were broken in the house too. But now I had my own, but I had no brother to laugh with because of it. I turned it before I could think of anything else, and was surprised to see darker colors in this room.

Dark blue walls, and black carpet was not what I expected after the bright colors of the other rooms, but I liked the dark. A wooden desk and book case stood in one corner, empty and dust ridden, a dresser made of the same wood was on the other side on a bed with a wooden frame and dark sheets. Curtains were made of a silvery material, like some of the pillows and stars traced on the ceiling. I loved it.

"Oh Angela it's perfect, I love it!" I said and I began to unpack my heaviest bags, with books and shoved them onto the shelves, ignoring the dust. I put a laptop that I had gotten for my birthday on the desk along with a few statues of Jesus and art that I had made. Angela set quietly on my bed while I unpack and mentioned a few places to hang my pictures and posters. When I was done unpacking Angela threw my bags in a closet in the hall way where towels and sheets were kept. I was lucky I thought because I only had to share the bathroom with Angela and I could put my toiletries with hers.

When Mr. and Mrs. Webber got home they greeted me with just as much enthusiasm as the twins. No one mentioned my family, I wondered if a letter had been sent to them about it? Were they trying not to upset me, and just pretend that they had nothing to do with it. At dinner it seemed that way, because while I prayed silently they did not interrupt me, but waited for me to stop before digging in.

After dinner Angela showed me around town, driving her parent's mini-van, I didn't pay too much attention to the small town, I only asked a few questions about the Indian reservations. I had never seen any Native American's homes, although, when Angela took me through their I couldn't tell the difference from the rest of the town. She gave me a little history about monuments that lay in the town square, there wasn't much history about it though.

When we got home it was eight o'clock, and I was pretty much out of it, so I took out my contacts and grabbed my glasses and began to write in my journal. Afterward, I remembered my promise to call as soon as I got off the plane, and asked Angela if I could use the phone.

"Sure, it's probably like six or something back in Ohio, I'm sure they're awake." She said leading me to the kitchen where the phone hung on the wall. I dialed my Grandparents number first, it only took two rings for my grandma to come through.

"Hello?"

"Grandma, I'm sorry I didn't call earlier, but I forgot, but I'm here."

"Oh, Elizabeth! We were going to call the Webber's, I understand though, how is Forks?" My grandma sounded thoroughly relieved.

"Covered in moss, clouds, and trees, I like it though, Angela showed me around town a bit, and I'm just about to head off to bed."

"Oh okay, I'll let you go then, but Katie left a message for you, she said 'Tell Beth to call my cell,

because every one is going to the skating rink and they all want o say hi! you have the number right?"

"Yes, goodnight grandma, I'll tell you about school tomorrow." I said wandering why Katie would go skating, she hated it. But then again, every Sunday I'd been spending with her, so maybe she needed to hang out with Devon and Jeff instead.

I called her cell-phone, it barely ring once when I heard Katie's anxious voice. "Hello, is this Beth?"

"Yeah, calm down, don't have a heart attack, I lost track of time, sorry. So why are you going skating?"

"Oh, well, Jeff invited me, and since you weren't there, I figured why not." She said indifferently.

"Okay, tell every one I said Hi, I got'a go, time for bed." I muttered not really eager for Katie's million questions.

"Okay, bye Beth." She said hanging up, I sighed, maybe it was better that I wasn't there, now she and Jeff -who were going out- could hang out more.

That night I woke up from the strangest dream, there mas a boy, he had orange hair, and yellow eyes, he was looking up at me. Now this would not be so strange except that the scene around him was the same as the night of the 'accident'. He was standing by the creek, where they pulled out my brother and mother, he stood out from every one. His pale skin, and black clothes were enough, but the thing that really set him out of place was the fact that he was crying, and his hands were covered in blood. I wanted to comfort him, it was strange, because usually when ever I revisited any nightmare that had to do with the 'accident' I was drowning in the creek. But now I was on the ground, trying to comfort a boy that looked like he was having a mental break down.

Then I woke up, it was three O'clock in the morning, and I was drenched in sweat, not something that usually happened. I put on my glasses and looked out the window up at the moon, but a flicker of motion caught my attention on the ground. There was a guy, he looked like he was just taking a midnight stroll, but his face was turned up toward me, staring at me through the glass window, I could vaguely make out his light orange hair. I didn't even blink, so transfixed on him I was, he didn't noticeably blink either, finally, I mouthed 'Hi' and wrote it on the fogged window. He cocked his head to the side and waved, I wrote my name on the window next 'My name is Elizabeth Golligher', I didn't know why but I felt compelled to talk to this strange man.

He nodded and, playing my game, wrote his name with stones that were lined up on the edge of the road. I had to squint to get the most of it, it said 'Hello, Elizabeth, my name is Duin Cullen' I recognized the name vaguely as an old Irish King, the name wasn't commonly used anymore. He smiled as I put a thumbs up sign to let him know I understood. I wandered how old was the guy, was there a possibility that he was in High School, or that he was a teacher at the school, would I see him tomorrow? I decided to ask.

I re-fogged the screen, and began to write, 'Do you do to Fork's high school?' he looked up at my writing for a minute, his mouth was a hard line, choosing weather to let me know the answer or not. but in the end he started to gather stones, and he wrote 'You'll just have to wait and see tomorrow, won't you?' And then, he was gone, I supposed he dissipated into the forest while I was reading his words. I went

back to sleep too. And I had the same dream again, of the boy crying, his hands covered in blood.

"Good morning, Beth, how was your night?" Angela's voice caught me off guard, she was perched on the edge of my bed, shaking my shoulder. I barely remembered last night, I wandered in it was actually me just going crazy, or maybe part of last night's dream, I wasn't sure.

"Fine, I slept great, what time is it?" I asked looking at my alarm clock, it said it was six, which is probably why Angela was in here, I slept through my alarm.

"Oh about an hour till school starts, my parents just left for work, I'll be driving today, unless you want to walk... I wouldn't recommend it though." She said pointing outside where rain hurled against my window.

We ate breakfast together, Angela, the twins and I, and we all ate the same thing, cereal. Afterward I got dressed, I wore a tribal style black on white long leaved shirt and black jeans, accompanied by white boots and a black jacket. My hair was partially pulled back by a white headband, if I'd have worn that assemble to school, I would have been called 'THE GOTH'. Angela didn't comment on my choice of clothes, only looked slightly baffled by my lack of color.

Angela dropped the twins off first, then less than three minutes away we found the High school, I saw Bella, in an old cab truck, pulling up to a building that I assumed was the office. I asked Angela to drop me off there and meet me inside after she parked. I found my way inside the small office, which was decorated with -yes more!- potted greenery and flowers. A lady at the desk was explaining to Bella what courses she would have, and didn't see me come in. After she was done Bella turned and was surprised to see me there, she waved shoving papers in her book bag. I waved back and walked up to, I thought Mrs. Cope, next.

After my talk and introduction with Mrs. Cope, I walked to building 3 with Angela, where I spotted Bella in the back of the class, after I gave the teacher my slip, I sat in the only empty seat left next to her. People never seemed to keep their eyes off Bella or me, I ignored them completely, focusing on the teacher. But at the end of class I was confronted by half the class, using the measures that I learned from my old school, I put my headphones from my MP3 player in and kept walking only stopping at my next class.

This went on until lunchtime, in which I found Angela and followed her through the cafeteria line and bought a carton of milk. A few students asked me to sit with them but I couldn't even bring myself to sit with Angela, surrounded by her friends. So instead I retreated to an empty table that was not taken yet, as soon as I sat down I noticed every head in the cafeteria turn to face me. I blushed horribly and turned the music up on my MP3, blocking out all unwanted warnings of watching eyes.

I was drawing a tree when I was suddenly aware that someone was tapping my shoulder. I turned around suppressing a grimace, and was confronted by a group of strangely pale, black eyed, angels. They all stared at me like I'd just insulted them, the two girls stood in front, one a beautiful blond and the other a small black haired pixie cut. The four boys stood in back, one burly, with curly black hair, another with blond hair and lean muscles, the one closest to me had bronze colored hair, he was not as macho as his brothers, but his skin was tight around his muscles. The last one was the one that caught my interest, he had orange hair and gold eyes, he was the shortest besides the second girl, his brow was furrowed in concentration. Here was my answer from last night, here was my visitor, there was the boy from my dream.

"Can I help you?" I asked, taking my head phones out and turning to face them, my face was impassive, I didn't reveal one ounce of admiration that was threatening to leak out. Duin's eyes were still glaring at me, harder then the rest.

"Your the new girl, Elizabeth Golligher," It wasn't a question, but I felt the need to respond to the bronze haired one, his voice was like velvet, flawless.

"Please, call me Beth, and who are you?" I was staring at Duin, strait in the eye now, wanting him to answer my question, not his friends.

"I'm Edward, these are siblings, Rosalie, Emmet, Jasper, Alice, and Duin, but you've already met Duin of course." The bronze colored one still answered, but Duin smiled and winked at me all traces of concentration left his face, the rest of the group frowned and turned to him, narrow eyed.

"What do you want?" I asked again, I sighed, might as well get to the point.

"Well, we usually sit at this table, not that we care to much, but seeing as there are only six chairs..." Duin finally answered, his voice carried a slight European accent, and his voice lighter then Edward's.

"Oh, well I'll move then, see you later I'm sure." I said, I didn't want to crowd their table, I tried to avoid conflict, and even though I was curious about Duin, I was more motivated to get out before the one named Emmet got his hands on me.

"Thank you," Edward answered, looking at me with a curious expression on his face, then he took a sharp intake of breath and breathed out. "it was nice meeting you Beth." He said then they all sat down, and Edward turned his attention to the stone wall, but Duin was still staring at me, smiling. I turned away embarrassed, I felt butter flies in my stomach, fluttering.

So I moved on to another table, listening to my favorite song Nickel Back Saving me, drawling away, resisting the temptation to look at my angels. But I didn't have to resist for long, because Duin was next to me as soon I heard the bell. "Hello, Beth, I believe last night I saw you on my walk." He said carrying his books with one arm and my sketch book in the other, I could only tell it was mine, because the one that I was drawling on wasn't there anymore.

"A, yeah, why were you walking that late anyways, isn't that a bit dangerous? Couldn't you have gotten a ride?" I said trying to snatch back my drawling. My question didn't catch him off guard as I wanted it to, he was expecting it, his face was to calm.

"I was looking for my dog, I just happened to see you looking out your window, I didn't recognize you so I stopped." He said, smiling at me with his brilliantly white teeth, I tried not to show my adoration but failed miserably by blushing again.

"Where are you headed? And can I have my sketch book back please?" I asked, still trying to snatch my book as we headed out of the cafeteria.

"Oh, biology, with my brother Edward. You can have your sketch book back as soon as I'm done looking

a it, your quite good you know? I like the one tree with the poem, did you write it your self?" He asked flipping through the white pages that I hadn't scribbled on yet. He stopped on the last page, where I'd just been drawling, looking closer, I blushed deep pumpkin.

"Yes, I did, actually I'm headed to biology to, can you show me the way?" I asked, trying to distract him from the picture I'd drawn, because the picture was from my dream last night, and it was done in detail, so that the boy actually looked like an exact image of Duin -a wet and haggard Duin, but Duin none the less-. He frowned at the picture still and nodded gravely.

"Why did you drawl this? Who are the... other people carried in stretchers?" He asked with exaggerated slowness as we came in contact with a vexed Edward. Both of them scrutinized my face while I spoke, and I fought hard not to lose control.

"It was a dream last night, I woke up, that's why I was looking outside last night, I was watching the moon, it usually calms me down. The dead bodies are Brion Golligher, and Annette Wright, my brother and my mother." My voice cracked at the very end, and I grabbed my sketch book while Duin's eye's popped in shock, and ran into the class room not caring weather it was Biology or English.

I handed my note to the teacher, and he pondered where to put me, since the last desk was occupied by Edward and Duin. Eventually, much to my dislike, he placed me with Edward and Bella, while Duin sat at another table with two other students. Bella came in just as I sat my books beside Edward's who was already seated, and Bella came and put her books on the other side of me, leaving me trapped between the two. Which would have been okay, except Edward's face was reacting like Bella was the new black plague.

"What is your problem?" I asked as Bella blushed and hid her head, embarrassed.

"Nothing..." He said scathingly, looking at the front board.

"If it's nothing why are you glaring at her? I'm sorry but it's just a bit rude..." I said, defending Bella, I mean, if I were her, I wouldn't take it.

"It's none of your business!" He whipped his glaring eyes to me now, and I frowned and stiffly sat between the two.

The rest of class was hard to bare, because Edward was glaring at Bella, Duin was stealing anxious glances from me and Edward, Bella was taking quick peaks to see if Edward had stopped glaring, every one else was watching Edward or Bella, and I was trying to watch the teacher. At the end of class I felt, not seen or heard, Edward leave, and Duin was beside me again, in Edward's place, and then he was gone without a word.

I wasn't even out of the door, when Duin was back, frowning at me, concentrating like in the cafeteria. "I'm sorry if I upset you, but that boy in your picture, who is he, do you know? Is it me?" He asked me as I grabbed my jacket.

"I don't know who it is, maybe it is you, I don't know, it was just a dream." I said shuffling through the rain and mud covering the sidewalks.

"I'm sorry, it just looked... It was nicely drawn." He said struggling to find words that wouldn't absent me.

"It's fine, they died this... er last... year, on my birthday, that picture, was when they found them in the creek, I was the one who found them..." I said feeling this odd need to have him understand what happened, like it would make me understand the dream just a little bit better if he knew. "My foster father died the next morning of a heart attack, because he heard the news and it... He wasn't prepared for it." I said my voice drifting with my thoughts of that morning, when I was in the hospital, and the whispers, saying, 'He's dead too,' and 'Who should we call?' , 'She's an orphan now, the poor girl, no family besides her foster brother...' and then next 'We can't tell her, she'll go back into shock...' then I woke up.

Duin, stopped outside the building, still frowning, his eyes were hard, it looked like he was deciding something. I felt tears in my eyes and I reached up to wipe them away, and his eyes changed to agonized in one second, just as I lifted my glasses. He looked like he was going to cry, just like me, and before i could ask him whats wrong, he was gone, just like the wind. I sighed, did I for one moment imagine that he was going to wrap his arms around me? Did I think that he was going to comfort me? Me, plane-old-orange-blushing-freaky-drawling-poem-writing-blue-eyed-glasses-wearing-me, did I hope that my beautiful Angela actually cared about my life? I did, and now it seems, that he doesn't, and he was just trying to figure out why I had drawn him. Figures.

After Gym, in which Bella basically all but got negative points against me, I outclasses every one. Now don't get me wrong back at home I did bowling, volleyball, and soccer, and I was average in gym, but other then that I didn't get out of my room. But it was like these people didn't even have a sports program, and Bella I couldn't blame, because she was just a klutz. But I paid for my playing when I got home, I'd caught a cold, which was actually quite normal, but I tended to get Vertigo or an ear infection where ever it happened. I preferred Vertigo over painful ear infections, which made me have dizzy spells and sometimes pass out, the latter, however, made it impossible for me to go anywhere without a heating pad on one ear or the other.

So as a bonus Angela had to stay after school and take a test, so I had to hitch hike or walk. Now finding a ride wasn't hard, it was just the matter of who to trust to give me a ride. Eventually I asked Bella if she knew where the hospital was so i could get my subscription filled, she agreed and we hopped in her old truck. We were just off the high way when I noticed Duin walking, his shoulders were hunched and I asked Bella to pull over.

"Duin?" I called, but his eyes were already on me.

"Yes," He said flatly, not staring me in the eye.

"Do you need a ride?"

"No, I'll walk, the hospitals just down the road."

"It is, well then I'll walk with you, I'm going there too." I said hopping out and waving to Bella, who looked at me with worried eyes.

"Thanks for the lift Bella, if I haven't called in three hours tell your father that Duin has eaten me alive

and to send the police after his family." I said, smiling reassuringly, I wasn't sure why I wanted to walk with Duin when he obviously didn't want to walk with me, but I did anyway.

"Why are you going to the hospital? Are you hurt?" He asked as I caught up with him, his eyes were sceptically looking over my body.

"I'm getting some pills that I might need in tomorrow or the next day, I have a cold, and when I have a cold, I usually get Vertigo or an ear infection. Usually it knocks of after a few weeks but, there have been times when I've fallen down stairs and passed out in class. So I figured, why not get my pills before that happens. My prescriptions already down here, but I have to pick it up at the hospital, why are going there?"

"Oh, well my father... Er foster father is Dr. Cullen, he adopted me just this year." He said his eye unfocused.

"My first friend was an orphan from Russia, I think she met her parents, I'm not sure. I haven't talked with her in a few years." I said trying to bring him out of his mood, it didn't work.

"My parents have been dead for some years."

"I'm sorry..." I said shutting up instantly.

"It's fine, I'm over it." He said calmly, looking at me in the eye and smiling an adorable, hole hearted smile. We were silent the rest of the way there, and it really wasn't such a long walk, when Duin and I stepped through the doors, another angel was waiting by the door, his hair was blond and he was just as beautiful as the rest of the other angels. I guessed he was Dr. Cullen, he greeted Duin formally.

"Hello, Duin, who is this ?"

"Elizabeth Golligher, Beth, she needs to have some prescriptions filled, she's the forging exchange student." He said, watching Dr. Cullen, who walked over to a desk and searched for my name.

"Ah, which do you need, the ones for Vertigo, ear infection, or theres something about pain medication for an injury in August..." Dr. Cullen turned to me, his eyes were narrowed, examining me, they hit they're mark at the place where my bangs hid my forehead, the place where I had gotten my scar. When I had heard the phone ring I picked it up, on my birthday, and when I heard that my mother and brother hadn't been seen on campus or at my aunts house, I went a little crazy. I asked my grandparents to drive along the rout they'd taken, and they did, and I saw skid marks going off the road along a creek near Celina. I checked it out, my grandparents went one way I went the other. I had seen something in the water, and, in my excitement, leaned over to see it, and I was then swimming in the overflowing creek, it spun me around. I wasn't sure what happened, only that I crashed into my mothers car, and that was how I had found them. I had cuts scrapes and bruises every where, but the one on my leg and forehead needed major stitching and medical help. They were infected, so I needed medication for them.

"All three actually," I admitted, smoothing my bangs again, like I could make the stitched disappear if I couldn't see them. "just in case, I don't want to pass out in school or anything." Dr. Cullen nodded, moving around the front office filling out forms and talking to nurses.

Duin dissipated with him it seemed, so I had no one to talk to, I resorted to reading a Boucher on the table about volunteer work in the hospital. It as too bad that I could never work in a hospital, I thought unhappily, because I'm allergic to most of anti-bacteria solutions that are used to clean cuts. Duin came back with a bag in his hand and a clipboard under his arm.

"Beth, sign here please, it says that you received your medicine," He held out the clip board for me and I signed it neatly as I could, "and here is you medication, do you need a ride home, do you even know where you live?" He said doubtfully, handing me the bag and laying the clipboard on the desk.

"No, I have absolutely no idea where I live, so I could use a ride I suppose." I said, looking at the darkening sky on the horizon.

"I'll give you a ride then," He said walking out of the office again, and coming back with keys and a sly smile. "do you mind if I drive fast?"

"Yes, I get motion sickness too, in fact I get every kind of common sickness that you can imagine. Believe it or not, I've only been hospitalized once, that was when I ripped my forehead open on Thanks Giving day, I didn't even feel it when I ran into the entertainment center. My Brion was crying his eyes out, we always debated about that memory, I guess I'll never know who was right..." I said trailing off, Duin walked me to a black, shiny car, that looked out of place in the town, I wondered why Duin walked when his father could have picked him up in that.

"Too bad, I'm a bit of a speed demon, you might have to close your eyes." He joked, getting into the front seat. He tweaked the radio and soft compositions came on, I closed my eyes and relaxed instantly, I might like rock, but I liked just plain music too. He noticed, I could practically feel the questions burning off him.

"I like every kind of music, if it's not screaming, played by a five year old, or has lousy lyrics or a stupid subject." I answered before he even got the question out, we were rolling on the highway by now.

"Hm... Have you ever played an instrument?" He asked, glancing at me instead of the road, I flinched uneasily.

"Yes, the guitar, trumpet, drums, and violin, once I played the harp. But I only play the guitar, violin and drums now, how 'bout you?" I asked, looking at his black eyes, I noticed a familiar trace of gold in them.

"Yes, I play the flute," He said smiling now, as if he had just made a joke to himself. "and I sing, my family complains that I sing to much." Duin said laughing, and it was the most wonderful sound I'd heard yet, it was a higher pitch laugh, and it was clear, flawless like the rest of him. At the last thought I shook my head, I couldn't think like that.

"I like to sing, but weather I'm good or not is questionable, some times I think that without Katie -my best friend- I can't sing a note without my voice cracking. I'm afraid the only time you'll hear me though, is in the shower though." I said, not even lying, it was true, I sang in the shower.

"Do you miss your friends?" He asked, we were on my street by now, I saw Angela's house.

"Yes, but, it's only been a day, and they haven't left me alone, they're going to take turns calling me every day." I laughed now too, thinking of Katie, and how many times she'd already called.

"You must have some good friends," Duin commented, his voice was far off, as we turned into the drive. "see you around, Beth."

"Thank you," I said, and grabbed my bags.

"Thank you for walking with me today." He waved as he pulled out of the drive, and vanished behind the corner.

That night I went to sleep, and the same dream came, was it trying to tell me something? Why did Duin look so much like the boy in my picture? Why can't I keep my mind of of Duin?

So how do you like it? My new fic is gonna be AWESOME! but I was wondering, if there are any guys who have read Twilight, would you mind doing this chapter from his perspective? Contact me if your interested, girls you can contact me too, my E-mail is lilyuzimaki -no spaces, or PM me.

2 - Those eyes

Equinox

Chapter 2

Those eyes

The next week went by, slowly, and it made me nervous, not because it was my first week here, or because the boys couldn't stop looking at me once I got my contacts, or the fact that my Vertigo had caught up with me. No, what made me nervous was the fact the Duin and Edward dissipated the rest of the week. And both Bella and I thought the reason had to be us, since the rest of the Cullen's staid it made sense. But why did I care anyway, Duin was just a boy, that happened to make me want to float on cloud nine, so what? But I did care, and Bella had the same fixation about Edward, although she didn't admit it.

Through the week, Bella, Jessica, Angela, and Mike began to hang out. We sat at the same lunch table and stuff, the only reason I actually sat with them is so every one else would bug off. Bella seemed at ease, but her eyes always moved to the Cullen's table whenever she thought I wasn't looking. Of course I did the same thing, but I was just a little more gracefully. My friends still called every night, telling me what happened and begging me to tell them all about my boring life. Katie wasn't completely satisfied with my explanation that I walked with Duin just to save Bella some gas, I was lucky though, she didn't press me.

The dreams went on, I wandered why, but every time I had the dream, it seemed like I got a little closer to the boy, and the boys eyes got a little darker. I couldn't help but think that maybe it wasnt a dream at all, but an actual memory, something that untilll now I'd been shutting out, and now popped back into my head. But that was ludicrous, the only people there last night were the medics, my grandparents, and who ever pulled me out of the water... Because, I didn't get out my self, and I sure as hell didn't call 911 on my own, I was still drowning in the water when somebody else called and pulled me out. No one found out who it was, but I own him or her my life.

The weekend, was spent doing home work, and getting towed around by Angela across town to shop for anything she could think of. There wasn't much she could think of, so we just looked around a bit. I got signed up to canter at my local Church which wasn't even half the size of my old one, but the parish seemed nice enough. I went to the service alone, and only noticed a few people from my school, though none of them I knew by name.

Today, I got up early so to get my laundry out of the dryer, and wash my hair. The twins woke up later then usual, and so did Angela, so that by the time they were down stairs I had just pulled my jacket on and walked out into the foggy morning. I decided to walk, since it wasn't really that long away and it wasn't going to rain. I was half way to the school when I noticed that I wasn't the only one walking to school that morning.

"Hello Beth, walking today?" The voice surprised me so much that I tripped, and fell into a rose bush, on the corner of some one's house. I felt the thorns stick my hands and clothes, I cursed silently.

"Are you okay?" The voice asked, behind me, and I felt a hand around my arm lift me up.

"Yeah, fine, just a few thorns in my side..." I saw his anxious face abruptly smile at the phrase.

"So, decided to come back to school aiy'?" I said pulling my self up, and picking out the thorns in my hands, when my odd orange colored blood came out, Duin withdrew slightly. Then sniffing the air a few time relaxed, but his brow was still plucked.

"Yes, it seems that Edward and I had caught the flew, and couldn't return to school." He said helping me pull out the thorns caught on my backpack. "You should go to the nurse, she can put some peroxide on these so they'l-"

"I'm allergic, all it will do is swell up my skin." I interrupted, picking the last thorn out on my knee.

"Oh, then how do you treat your cuts?" He asked as we continued walking, I looked up at his face, it seemed lighter, more color seemed to catch in his cheeks, and the shadows under his eyes were nearly gone. And his eyes were a bright, yellow, like Day Lilies, it reminded me of my mother.

"I run water over them and clot it, how else?" I smiled, as a snow flake fell from the sky and landed on my nose.

"Wait, you don't have glasses on today, do you have contacts?" He asked, catching another in his palm.

"Yes, they were late getting here, my grandma had to ship them." I caught clump of snow in my hand, as a flurry ran past us. "I was hoping that today wouldn't be snowy, or wet, and it would just be nice and cloudy. But no, instead I get flurries." I said pulling up my hood.

"We better hurry, how's your cold by the way, did you end up getting Vertigo?" He asked, picking up speed, to match my faster pace.

"Yes, I did, it's probably a good thing that you came along today, just in case I start getting a dizzy spell, you can toe me to the school." I said only half joking, I was beginning to feel a little light headed, and my cheeks were unusually clammy. I might an hour before I passed out, if I kept going on like this though it might be sooner.

"Okay, but how do you know that I wont end up kidnapping you and leaving you for ransom, I might be a kidnapper..." He said smiling at me, with his impish grin.

"Well, I suppose I'd have to either take those chances, or risk being plowed by a garbage truck." I said, feeling the usual queasiness, that accompanied my dizzy spells, and the side walk just wouldn't keep still!

"Hey, Beth, do you feel okay? Your looking a bit green... Hey!" Duin rushed to my side, as I fell to my knees dropping my books, my legs refused to move any farther. And besides that, black lights were

covering the white snow up, it must be night time, and I was just do tired.

"Beth! Hey, can you hear me?" His anxious voice still managed to penetrate my unconscious state. I tried to speak, but I couldn't open my mouth, and I settled with a nod. I tried really hard to tell him that I had to take my pills, that they were in my purse, and without them I would stay like this all day. But my mouth remained firmly shut, until that is, when cold hands touched my forehead. I moaned, his hands were cold like a pond in winter, and the texture was smooth as glass.

"Beth, please if you hear me, nod or say something!" He was saying frantically, and my eyes fluttered weakly.

"Pills... Bag..." Was all I managed to get out, but he was already digging through my bag, and propping my head up, so wet flakes fell on my face.

"Okay," He took the a round orange container out my bag and examined it. "can you swallow these?" He asked, his eyes were anxious, and his brow was lined, making him look older then he probably was.

"Yes," I answered as he put two yellow pills in my palm. I was able to force them down my throat, and he waited patiently for me to return to my natural color. I sat up on my own in a few minutes, the dizziness was still there, but I had regained the use of my mussels, sadly, I was more tired. The pills made my drowsy, I would fall asleep in class, as soon as I got there.

"Okay, we still wont be late, if we hurry." I said pushing myself to my feet, while Duin watched doubtfully, I staggered on my first step, and Duin caught me before I fell again.

"Maybe I should just carry you, okay, and as for class, I think thats out of the question for you. As soon as we get to school I'm borrowing Edward's keys and driving you to your house." Duin said, slinging my arm across his shoulders and putting his arm around my waist careful not to touch my bare skin. I sneezed, and coughed the whole way there, Duin said he might have to take me back to the hospital if I didn't stop. We didn't talk besides his constant worrying over me.

As soon as we hit the parking lot, Edward was waiting with his keys, looking at me critically. The rest of the students were to absorbed in making it to class, too notice me towed by Duin Cullen, half awake. "What did you do to the poor girl Duin? Leave her out in the cold for three days and drop her from the top of the school?" Edward asked playfully, flinging the keys to him.

"No, she fainted, and couldn't get back up, I gave her some pills, but... Do you think I should take her to the hospital or take her home?" Duin asked, catching the keys expertly, Edward eyed me speculatively and frowned.

"Take her to the hospital, I think she needs to have some one look at the cut on her forehead. The stitches look like they're coming loose..." He said, and the I realized that there was something warm, flowing down my cheek, I reached, up and looked at the odd burgundy that stained my hand.

"Oh, no! I didn't even see that! Is anyone at the house?" Duin asked directing me toward the silver Volvo, that stood out like a bulls eye.

"No, you might want to call them, unless you want to stay with her.." His mouth turned into frown, disapproving.

"Yes, I think I will," Duin said, daring me to object, but just then, my eyes shut, and I was asleep.

Everything felt, numb, and yet I had this weird feeling that something was piercing my arm. That's what must have woken me from my slumber, but why was I sleeping? I tried to open my eye lids, and managed to dislodge them from my cheeks, I blinked at the bright light above me. It wasn't a bright light though, it was a person, a man.

"Ah, coming along now?" I heard the voice but with the bright light I couldn't tell where it was coming from. I felt an icy grip on my right arm, and another slightly warmer one on my other arm.

"Wh... Where am I..." My voice was low, and quite, and it didn't help that my throat was swollen.

"The hospital, you passed out, and your stitches came loose, Duin brought you here." The voice answered me, I felt sharp pains in my head. But at the mention of Duin's name I was ripped out of my daze. I could see clearly, Dr. Cullen was above me, his arm was pulling something in and out of my head. A nurse was holding my left arm down, while Duin was holding the other.

"Oh... I see." I said, tensing up just a bit, because I could feel pain shooting through my head, and my mouth was suddenly dry, I felt clammy sweat on my cheeks.

"All done, do you want me to call your par- Er... Mr. and Mrs. Webber?" The nurse beside me asked, letting go of my arm and signing a few papers on the edge of the bed.

"No, but I do need a ride, is school out yet?" I asked sitting up, and removing a cloth from he head, it was stained orange and burgundy.

"Oh, hunny, you can't go anywhere quite yet, especially with no one home, you'll have to wait till Mr. or Mrs. Webber get home." The nurse said taking a bandage over the place I guessed the stitches were.

"Okay, then, what do I do?" I asked the nurse, who was signing some more paper work.

"Oh, first you better get something to eat, then you can wait in the lobby, Duin has agreed to stay here with you, isn't that nice?" The nurse said walking out of the room, loftily and at ease. I turned my attention to Duin, who sat in the chair by my bed.

"The good Doctor, told me to tail you, in case you make a run for it, so don't even think of it. How about I take you to the cafeteria instead, my treat." Duin said, standing up, his movement was so fast and graceful I wondered how I didn't notice it before.

"Fine..." My voice was still low, and but not as quite. I tried to sit up, and it made me feel a little dizzy so I stopped for minute before sliding off the hospital bed.

"Where's my bag and crap?" I asked looking around, trying to find my stuff in the little white room.

"Oh, it's in the closet, I'll get for you later, come on I'll help you down the stairs." Duin said, throwing my arm around his shoulders and lugging me, once again, to an elevator. I didn't speak, because it hurt my throat, and Duin didn't bring anything up to talk about either, so it was quite until we hit the cafeteria.

"What would you like?" Duin asked seating me at a bench and smiling pleased by something.

"A... Water and anything without tomatoes." I said, since I had no idea what they had, Duin frowned.

"Okay..." He said, walking to a line of people with trays and green uniforms on, I guessed they were nurses. When he came back his tray had a slice of pizza, a handful of salad, and what looked like stuffing. I laughed, I couldn't help it, the tray looked so ridiculous, I wondered if he had ever eaten food.

"What?" He asked, I felt the regular orange blush creep on my face. He laid the tray on the table and stared at me with puzzled eyes. My laugh turned to coughing, in just a few seconds, I took three deep breaths and stopped, returning my calm.

"Never mind..." I said taking the pizza off the tray and picking at it, Duin watched me carefully. Now it was my turn to be annoyed.

"Why do you keep staring?" I asked blushing, nibbling on the end of my pizza.

"Nothing I just, er, never mind." He sighed and looked at something else, but I caught him staring at me a few times. When I was done, I drank the water and reached for the money in my pocket to pay him back.

"Aren't you going to eat," I said handing a ten dollar bill to him, he looked at it puzzled. "here this is for the meal, and you know, taking me up here and stuff, I'm sorry I made you miss school. Thank you." But he continued to look puzzled, and somewhat, behind the puzzlement, he looked angry.

"Beth, are you insulting my hospitality?"

"No..."

"Then why are you offering to pay, for what I said I would? And getting me out of school was a treat, I should be thanking you." He said shoving the money back.

"Okay, fine, but still you should grab something to eat, I feel horrible letting this all go to waist." I said, tucking the money back in my jeans.

"Nah, it's fine, come on, I'll bring you up stairs." He said taking the tray and dumping it in a trashcan. I no longer needed help walking, and I felt better, once at the lobby he left to get my things while I doodled on a magazine. He was back, before I knew it, and the only thing to alert me to his presence was the drop of my bags beside me. I jumped, and I heard the harmonious sound of his laughing behind me.

"Scared you!" He said still laughing, and pointing at my orange face.

"How did you get back so fast?" I asked, stunned still by his presence, as he gracefully sank into a

armchair.

"You'd never guess how fast I am when I'm not towing you around." He said rolling his eyes, I grabbed the sketch pad out of my bag and started drawing, I didn't know what at first, but then I decided to draw an eye, which I did often. I liked eyes, I liked the term you could see the sole through the eye, I liked to look at the different eyes, I liked my eyes.

So drawing eyes, though it didn't make me very popular at school, was my favorite hobbies. I drew my friend's eyes, my family's eyes, and my eyes, I loved drawing them, making them look real, look like they have emotion, that they're not just pictures. I succeeded, most of the time, drawing my sad, eyes sometimes mirroring their sorrows and happy eyes with a white gleam in them. Now I was drawing Duin's eyes, wide with curiosity, and his perfectly shaped eyebrows pulled up.

"What are you drawing?" He asked behind me, not quite scaring me this time, and peering closely at the drawing. "Is that an eye, is that my eye?" He asked, seriously, his eyes hard.

"Yes," I said cautiously, not wanting to think I was some nut case. "I draw lots of eyes, I draw all my friend's eyes, do you have a problem with that?" There was an edge to my voice that I didn't mean to put there. Duin rebuked, I continued sketching, I counted him as a friend, but, maybe he didn't count me as one. Once again, why did I care?

We staid silent the rest of the time, until three thirty hit, and Angela, and the twins came in the lobby and asked me rapid questions about what happened. "On the way to school I met Duin, he scared me and made me jump into a rose bush, then I had a dizzy spell and passed out, and at the same time, the stitches on my forehead were pulled loose. So Duin and I walked to the school, and then he drove me here." I said flatly, Duin it seemed had made a speedy escape, damn him.

"Are you okay?" Angela asked, while the twins pouted in disappointment, because, I assumed, they wanted to be part of the action.

"A little light headed, I probably shouldn't walk to school tomorrow." I said as I picked up my bags, I noticed that at some point the snow had melted. Angela helped me into the car and drove home, she helped me get out and we trekked in the house.

When the Webber's got home, fussed all over me, asking why I didn't call them, and making sure I took my pills. Dinner was quite, I ate in silence, picking my meatloaf to pieces, and the twins babbled endlessly away about weather, if in my situation, to go with Duin or call their parents. The latter won, but I didn't have any parents to call so I didn't feel to bad about my choice.

That night, I had the same dream, but something was different, everything was clearer, and when I was the boy, I actually managed to put a hand on his shoulder, he looked up at me and started crying even more. So I pulled my arms around him, tight, and held him while he cried, until there was a sudden shriek. I woke up.

I looked outside, and there was the boy who I'd just hugged, standing in the street, looking up at me with the same eyes. Those treacherous, painfully, agonized eyes. He was in a P.T. cruiser pulled off to the side of the road, and he was looking up at me.

I couldn't understand for a moment, what was going on, until I saw the disturbance that had woken me. There was the car that had slid off the road, it was fine, but the noise had made a shrieking sound that had disturbed me. Back where I lived, there was at least three motor accidents a year, all outside or on just the other side of my house. But here I wasn't expecting it, I got up, forgetting the time, and quietly flying threw the house, and went outside, in my pajamas.

I went across the street where Duin was crouched under his car, with a jack, changing the tire. He didn't notice my presence until I spoke. "Duin, are you okay? Did you pop a tire or something?" I said anxiously, I wasn't even sure why I was worried, I mean he didn't even want to be my friend.

"I'm fine, I must have popped my tire or the turn, you should get back inside, you'll catch a cold..." He said, his mind on his work.

"Are you sure you don't need any help, wait... Why are you out this late?" I asked, stubbornly refusing to move. My question had brought him up short though, and he didn't know what to say.

"I, er... I was... I came... I... I just felt like taking a drive, okay?" He said the edge cut me in his voice, I shuddered involuntarily.

"Okay... just checking, sorry I disturbed you." My voice shook, and I walked away, he didn't move to go after me, did I expect him to? Why did I keep thinking he cared about me? Why did I care about him? Why was I so fixated on him, that he haunted my dreams? Why was he so damn perfect, nice, and caring?

I sunk back into the house quietly, and managed to get to my room without the tears of rejection flooding down my face. But as soon as I was back in my room, and I turned to see that Duin's car was already gone, I couldn't hold them back any longer. And I only realized then, that the boy wasn't similar to Duin, it was Duin. The real reason I was crying, was because my dreams, of the last week were just a fascination, nothing more, nothing less. No matter how bad I want it to be more, for my life to have some secret meaning, it just wasn't.

The next morning was regular, I acted normal, I didn't even think about last night. When we got to school through the snow laced streets, I ignored the whispers that carried in the air and went to Bella's truck, and began to ask her what she was staring at. Because she was staring at the bottom of her truck were chains were put there, to stop her from sliding I guessed.

"Hey Bella, whatch'a staring at?" I asked, as a shriek echoed through the parking lot. I turned and saw Tyler Crawly, a nice boy in my gym class, had just lost control of his car and was sliding toward us. I heard everyone gasp around us, and I looked around, at the same time as Bella, and locked eyes with Duin. He was grinding his teeth and his eyes were wide and terrified, at the same time, Edward disappeared.

Me and Bella were knocked over suddenly, I heard a sickening crack and I went sliding into a car. There was a thud and a flurry of movement in which I saw Duin sliding me and Bella out of the way, before the car collided with us again. And Edward lifted the car to stop it from going any farther, it stopped abruptly, and I heard the glass crack and shatter, around us. It went so fast the I barely had time to finalize their

movements.

"Are you alright?" I heard Duin question me, as Edward asked Bella the same question on the other side of the confined space.

"Sure, we'll go with that, I'm alright..." I said flatly, struggling to get free of his icy grip, when he saw my aggravated face, he let go of me at once and stood up..Bella was still on the ground Edward pinned her to his body I crouched beside her.

"...but you were over there..." She was saying, dazed idly, but I knew she was right, how had they gotten over here so quickly?

"No, I was standing right beside you, and so was Duin, right Duin?" Edward said, his voice was cold.

"Yep," Duin said distracted, he looked down at my arm, it was red and black from sliding on the asphalt.

"No you were over their, with your... Family." I said stubbornly, turning to Duin, who looked wary.

"No, we were standing beside you, and we pulled you out of the way..." Duin said through gritted teeth, he stared at me like he was trying to tell me something behind the words.

"Fine... But you two will explain to us later what this is all about, deal?" I said over Bella's frantic ranting and complaining.

"Deal," They both seethed and we waited patiently for the cars to move out of the way, my arm I noticed was scraped, and it stung a little, the shirt that I wore was torn, from where I had slid. Bella had hit the ground with her head, and had to be taken to the hospital, with Edward.

Duin and I staid at school and continued ignoring each other the rest of the day, Edward eventually came back, but not Bella. I did the same thing that I had the first day of school, ignoring the questions and people confronting me. Angela, Jessica or Mike tailed me where ever I went, and refused to let me sit down alone. At the last period I tracked him down to Edward's car and confronted him, he looked warily as I approached.

"Well," I said grimacing. "What happened?"

"I... I don't know how to explain it, okay? I can't tell you," He sounded frustrated, and he sighed in aggravation. "can't you just thank me for saving you life and... Leave me alone!" He said slamming the door of his car, I frowned too, but didn't press him.

"Thank you, for saving my life, twice, tell Edward I said thank you too." I got out of his way and headed to Angela's car, I was already half asleep when we pulled in the drive.

This the second, unbelievably long chapter I have written, by the way, for those still interested in writing about Duin, just so you know... I will E-mail you the next chapter before I post it on the Internet, and I will explain to you a brief summery of Duin's past. I would appreciate your help. If you do not agree to these terms, I will adjust them as I see fit to meet your expectations.

3 - Warning

Equinox

Chapter Three

Warning

The next few weeks none of the Cullens watched Bella or me, and the hurt was written all over our faces. But on the bright side, the dream went away, but my nights were still full of Duin and his strange family. Angela, Jessica, Mike, Tyler, Bella and I, now all sat at the same lunch table everyday, like friends. Although I knew my real friends were still back home, and they didn't let me forget, they still call every night. And after hearing about my accident, ordered me to never go out alone again, or they would literally come to Fork's and drag me home. They meant it too.

In the mean time I began to embrace the forest, I hiked into a clearing, near the house, everyday. And, once there, I set up my recording equipment, recording different parts of songs that I had composed, and recording them over other parts that I had played with different instruments, making a song. I was doing this for my grandma, who's birthday was coming up quickly, she always wants to hear me sing, so I figured I'd make her a CD.

The Webber's didn't mind my hiking, as long as I had a cell phone, wasn't over two miles from the house, took my pills with me, and dressed warmly. As long as I followed those rules they didn't mind one bit. In fact sometimes the twins went with me, they loved to hear me play, and they helped set up the recording to. Angela tagged along too, if she didn't have any homework, and stared in awe as I played the guitar while singing then the drums, base guitar... And what ever else I needed. It's now like this was all mine though, I rented it from a music store, that I had gotten a job at Monday through Thursday. But I was just extra help, so I usually only needed to go in once a week or so, it wasn't a busy store.

As usually I was walking to my first class, but our group was oddly silent, as if some gloom hung around it. I couldn't help but feel something too, maybe it was just me, but I had a feeling that today, was going to be very interesting day.

"Um, Beth..." A boy named Austin was behind me, I didn't know him well, I only knew him from this class, French, the only class I didn't share with Bella. He wasn't looking at my face when he spoke, I could feel the nervous energy rolling off him though. "you know there's a dance in two weeks, and I was wandering, well I mean it's girls choice but..." He didn't finish his sentence, and he looked up to see my reaction, I was laughing. Not because he asked me or anything, nut because that was the reason that Jessica and Mike and Bella had all been down. I was fighting back joyful tears.

"I'm sorry Austin, I'm not laughing at you," I explained, calming down. "it's just that I've been wandering why the place seems so tense today, and this must be the cause. But I cannot accept your invitation, I have plans that day, with Bella." I said hoping that Bella, not so good on her feet, would have plans to be somewhere that night. It wasn't that I didn't like dances, I loved them, but I never learned how to dance with a guy, I was kind of hoping to reserve the first dance for some one *special*. Duin's visage popped

unintentionally into my mind.

The rest of the day, where ever I saw a guy, they were staring at me, smiling or blushing in embarrassment, Bella's day wasn't much different as we trekked around the school, I told her that if anyone asked we had plans to be some where else, she agreed. Jessica and Mike were so tense around Bella that I wondered if they had just murdered her cat in cold blood. During lunch we sat our normal table, and Jessica, normally in the middle, sat at the end, and Mike at the other.

Next in biology I was put at the mercy, of Tyler Crowley and Bella was put at a similar position by Mike. Edward I could see was trying hard not to look at Bella, when we came in and I was forced to sit at Duin's nearly empty table, because his partners had gotten sick, he was staring *all to calmly* at the black board Duin, too, was uncomfortable, he was still as stone, but his eyes flickered from me to Tyler every few seconds, when he rested his head on the edge of his desk.

"Hey, Beth, did you have any plans for the dance?" He asked with exaggerated slowness, I sighed, was this day ever going to end?

"Tyler, I'm going out of town with Bella that day, and besides I have no clue how to dance. I'd just stand around bobbing my head and pretending that I was actually some where else." I said exasperated.

"Oh, okay, do you think Bella might change her mind if I asked her?" He asked hopefully, I turned to look at Bella, but Duin's glare interrupted my current thoughts. He was looking at me with such intensity I wondered if he was trying to see through me, his glare did not let up, so I turned to Tyler.

"I doubt it..." I said, fighting a roll of nausea, is this how Bella had felt when Edward had been staring daggers at her? Probably.

"Okay," He leaned in toward me, taking a peak at Duin. "if the Cullen causes any trouble for you, let me know okay?" He said tuning back to his table.

The rest of the period he was glaring at me, his eyes not quit as yellow as I remembered them. And his face held an unknown emotion, that made me feel pained, but I didn't know why. Edward was glaring at Bella, a bit more composed, and natural, but all the same he stared. At the end of class Duin seemed torn, between leaving and staying, staring at the door and then at me. Finally making his resolve he turned to me, his eyes not glaring as I expected them to be.

"Beth," He cautioned, his voice full of apprehension "I'm sorry I've been so rude lately. I know that it's not fair, but," He looked away from me struggling with words. "It's *better* that were not friends, I'm not *good* for you, I'm *dangerous* to be around. And I don't want you to get *hurt*, Edward feels the same way, it's *better* this way." He said it all in a rush, and then gathered his books and left the room. I felt empty inside, like the wind had just vanished, and it had taken the all the oxygen with it. Sometime later when the first bell rang I ran to gym class, and for once, I was almost as klutzy as Bella.

Angela had to stay after class again, so I caught a ride home with Bella, she seemed pissed, I asked her about it, she told me about Edward, I told her about Duin. We decided that they're either trying to let us down slowly, or there was an actual reason for their strange behavior Bella was pulling out when suddenly a silver Volvo pulled out in front of us, I could see Edward and Duin's reflections in the front

mirror as they waited for the rest of their family. They were laughing, cracking up at something that neither of us could see, and I saw a line starting to form outside, I was contemplating shouting for them to get a move on. I decided to go ahead and do it, like they cared anyway.

"Bella, I'm going to yell at those bastards and tell them to get a move on, wait here." I said throwing the door open, I still saw the silver Volvo shaking with laughter, I balled up my fists. I walked to Edward's side, not wanting to see Duin's bright happy face.

"What are you doing! Holding us all up, are you trying to aggravate us? First you act friendly then treat us like we have the next strain, to saving our lives, to ignoring us like suck up snobs and just a half hour ago you were telling us how we can't be friends, and now you laughing your asses off, while you wait for you family, allowing a line to form and making our lives miserable!" I hadn't meant to say the last part but it did shut them up quite nicely, they looked down shame faced I walked away slamming the door of Bella's truck. Eric and Tyler poked their head in just then though, I was about ready to punch something.

"I don't suppose, that you nee-" Eric started, but I cut him off, finally snapping.

"We're going to be gone that weekend, end of story, tell any other boys who are planning on asking! I'm walking home, see you later Bella," I spit out and for the last time, slammed the truck's door closed and ran into the forest. I caught a glimpse of Duin's stunned face when I ran by their car, he looked alarmed to me, but I just kept running. I was home in no time, and I was still pint up with energy, so I hiked out to my sanctum and sat angrily by my guitar.

"Why dose life have to be so darned messed up?" I asked myself, taking the guitar in my hands and starting to play. I didn't notice it was raining until I left the clearing, I was too absorbed in my aggravation to notice, but now as I walked back to the house where Angela glanced around eagerly, I noticed the wet moisture on my clothes. When she saw me, with no jacket and half drenched and frowning she ran over and ushered me into the house.

"Beth, were going to go shopping for dresses, Jessica, Bella, and I, would you like to come along? I know you aren't going but you could see Port Angeles with us, what do you say?" She asked as I dried my hair, and combed all the tangles out.

"Sure, I like to shop, I might buy a dress anyway though, I need one for church, I only have one other one, and it's getting kind of old." I said trying to sound practically, I really just wanted to get out of Fork's for a while, I wanted to see just an ounce of sunshine.

"Great, were going Monday," She said, smiling. "Mike also invited us to a party down at La Push, it's supposed to be *sunny*... Can you believe it?"

"No way! Here in Fork's? I thought that the sun didn't shine on us?" I said mockingly, smiling now that the day was over, I headed to bed shortly after, and I fell asleep, dreaming of sunny beaches.

(^)

The next day was the most obnoxious, stupid, happiest day yet. Not just because it was almost Friday, I had two outings to attend, or because I had just gotten my my CD for my grandma finished. No, it was

because this morning, some one was waiting for me to get out of the car.

"Angela, do you mind if I drive today?" I asked as we headed to the car, the twins trailing behind us.

"Sure, just don't crash." She handed me the keys and I climbed into the drivers side, I hadn't driven in about two months, but today I wanted to drive, I wanted to do something different.

On the way to the elementary, I noticed Duin, walking alone again. I was still frustrated with him, so I didn't offer to drive, but he looked up at me as I drove past, his stare almost made me run a stop sign. I thought I saw him smirk, how badly I wanted to wipe that off his face....

I dropped Angela off at the door and parked the car where ever there was an empty spot. I was just about to open the door, when suddenly it was yanked from under my grip, and I tumbled out. Duin looked down on me with surprise and amusement. I glared back.

"What do you want? I thought you were trying to ignore me and stay away from me for my own good?" I said stiffly, getting up in one swift motion.

"Beth, I know I told you that but... I can't help trying to be around you, I can't stop thinking about you. So please- Wait!" I started walking away, I heard this before, back at my school this happened allot, people trick you into thinking they like you and then they dump you. I wasn't fooled.

"Okay, you and Edward had your fun yesterday with the parking lot, but I'm not taking anymore of this crap okay?"

"What..?" He put a hand on my shoulder and swung me around, the look in his eyes was so serious it was almost scary.

"Duin, do you honestly want to be my friend yes or no?" I said, my voice had an edge that I never meant to put there. And his perfect face didn't help, it just made me every bit more angry, because he would never want to be with me when he looked like that, and I looked like... Me.

"Elizabeth, I want to be your friend, it would be... *better... healthier... um... less life endangering*, if I wasn't though. But I can't stay away from you Beth, your just to darn cute and reckless." He said stumbling with the words. I tried to grasp the meaning, because he was trying to tell me something, and I apparently wasn't getting it.

"So, let me get this strait, you want to be my friend, but you think that you'll be risking my life if you are? Is that right?" He nodded, his face tense on my reaction, I scoffed. "Well that's completely stupid! You've saved my life, twice, and you think that your dangerous? I should be concerned about you, one of these days my karma is going to rub off on you." His expression became shocked, and behind that I saw the same amusement.

"So, were friends?" He asked, his voice was lighter, hopeful

"Yes, but, you first have to apologizes for last night." I said trying to be stern, but my face was off, because his usually unbelievably gorgeous face just became beyond what I thought it was possible for

any face to look like. I couldn't stop my blush and ogling, as his smile became wider.

"I'm sorry, *but*, I do have to admit that it was worth it to see Eric and Tyler being rejected so ferociously. You could probably have been heard half way across school, Edward thought you had anger issue problems. Do you see a psychiatrist every week?" He asked smirking.

"No but my brother used to, he kept beating me up every time he didn't win one of his games. Or he'd have a tantrum. My best friend, Katie, has that problem, if she doesn't have a good game in bowling."

"Did you like bowling?" We arrived at my class room, and he was leaning across the door frame, a puzzled expression on his face.

"Yes, and volleyball, swimming, quire, and soccer; but they don't have any of those things here." I said glumly.

"You play your guitar outside, and you sing too."

"How do *you* know that?" I demanded, my eyes narrowing. His face was filled with embarrassment

"I... well, I can hear you sometimes on my home from school," He said sheepishly. "you're really good you know that?" His answer caught me of guard, I was speechless.

"You better get to class, I'll see you at lunch, okay?" He said walking away, I stared at him besotted. I stumbled into class, confused, not taking in anything from the teacher. I couldn't wait for lunch, I was so excited that I went to the cafeteria a period early, I walked back to class sheepishly.

Mike and Angela seemed to be hyper aware of the way I kept looking over my shoulder and smiling for no reason, but I couldn't help myself. I was about the luckiest person alive, I figured, because I was about to sit with my guardian angel, not something that most people got to do. When the next bell rang I noticed that not only was I anxious, but so was Bella, she stumbled more then usually on her way to the lunch room.

I wasn't very hungry, I only got a Gatorade and sat down at an empty table, waiting. Several people tried to sit with me, mostly boys, but I told them that I already promised to help someone with their homework. That some one was either trying to make me nervous, or slowing down time, because it seemed forever before I felt the headphones tug out of my ears.

"Hello, I believe you'll be helping me with my home work today, right?" Duin asked sitting across from me, with nothing to eat, I wondered vaguely why he never ate lunch.

"Yep, now what was that home work about... Ah yes, it was the theory of why unhealthily-pale-mood-changing-extraordinarily-strong-anorexic-insomniacs are dangerous." I said flatly, sarcasm was etched into the words. Duin laughed, it wasn't quite a normal laugh though, not like the I'd heard before, more composed.

"Right, well, I need a theory first, why do you think that unhealthily-pale-mood-changing-extraordinarily-strong-anorexic-insomniacs are dangerous?"

"Hm... Theory one, you've been given the super soldier pill?"

"No, I don't think so, try again."

"You're actually a zombie, awoken from your grave?"

"Oh, so close. But no, try again."

"Give me a hint here, are you in Greek Mythology?" I asked, raking his expression for any faltering, I found none. He shook his head, amusement was plain in his eyes.

"Do your dietary habits include humans?" I asked, I saw the slightest hardening in his eyes, he shook his head though. I was getting close, and it ought to have frightened me that I was, but it just didn't.

"Okay, do you hunt animals?" I asked slowly, my voice almost a whisper. He nodded his head solemnly, I had four choices on my hands, Swamp monster, Phooka, Werewolf, or Vampire. I didn't want to push him though it was probably a secret, and I had enough knowledge to know that he was dangerous in some way. And that should have made me afraid, but I was actually elated, excited that I was with someone so nice, comforting, and yet mysterious. I felt light headed, I wasn't sure why, maybe I was having a dizzy spell.

"Okay, that's all I wanted to know, I don't want you to tell me any more. I know that your dangerous, I know that your not a carnivore So I consider my self warned, but don't expect me to be afraid, because that will not happen no matter how hard you try." I said sipping some of the blue liquid in front of me. He glared at me, amazed, and shocked by my assessment

"What do you mean? Beth, you have to remember, that I am dangerous, no matter what my dietary habits are, don't forget that I'm not completely hum-" His words were cut off, as I had suddenly noticed his family staring at him, their faces horrified, and merciless One of them locked my attention, the tall blond one, his gaze was frightening, but I didn't feel fear. I felt, on the other hand I suddenly wanted to sing, I didn't even know why, but his glare just made me so angry I wanted to sing. So I started singing, softly, and this was the reason for Duin's unfinished sentence, he looked at me with confusion

I sang louder, I couldn't hear it though, my eyes were closed so not to see the stairs of my class mates. My words suddenly seemed not my own, I forgot what I was saying, hearing the faint buzzing replaced my voice around the room. When I hit the last note there was complete silence, I got up and walked out the room, with eyes still closed. As soon as I felt the cool air on my face I took a deep breath and opened my eyes.

Duin wasn't there, no one was, I sighed in relief and walked on, not really caring where. I ended up in biology, five minutes early, I doodled on my note book, waiting for the class to fill up. The day dragged on in silence, no one talked to me, and if they did I couldn't hear them. Duin and Edward did not show up for biology and Bella fainted halfway through class. When I saw her breathing deeply, I helped her up.

"Do you mind if I take Bella to the nurse?" I asked, I didn't hear an answer but I left anyway, Bella slung over my shoulder. We made it to the side walk where she gave up, but I didn't, I kept walking, caring her.

Finally Edward came up to me, his mouth was moving, but I didn't hear it, but I guessed what he wanted. I carried Bella over to him and let her get carried away in his arms. I walked back to class slowly, I heard no wind; but I felt it, I heard no birds; but I watched them fly past. What was wrong with me?

I saw Duin, out of no where, his hands were anxious as they shook my shoulders. His mouth was moving, I barely made out the words from lip-reading. 'Can you hear me, Beth? What's wrong with you?'

"I don't know, why weren't you in class today?" I asked casually trying to keep my calm, not answering the first question.

Again he was saying something about ditching class with Edward and I didn't catch the rest. He was asking questions so rapidly I had no hope in reading them off his lips. He seemed to take in my vacant expression as a confirmation He walked me over to his brother's car where Edward was loading Bella in the passengers side. Duin dumped me by the side of the car and turned to Edward talking rapidly, I knew they were talking about me. I couldn't tell what they were saying *about* me though, my eyes drifted to Bella, who was staring at me with anxious eyes.

I was suddenly aware that my ears had a faint buzzing noise in them, I tried to cover my ears to not hear it, but it got louder. I bit my lip, trying to ignore the buzzing, but a pain started to form, it felt like a metal rod was pushing through my ear. I staggered, and Edward and Duin tuned to look at me, they were worried, there was no denying it. Duin was stepping up to me, hesitantly, and he spoke with exaggerated slowness so I could read his lips. 'Were taking you to see Carsile, we'll tell the nurse that you passed out. Okay?'

I nodded, and Duin shoved me into the back of the car, and sat beside me, staring at me. Edward walked back to the office and came back in a few minutes with a note, he gave it to me and drove off. Duin didn't stop staring until we were at a huge house in the middle of the woods, I didn't even know we were moving. Duin lead me out, Edward and Bella watched hesitantly as we walked to the front porch.

I still couldn't hear anything, not the door opening or closing, not Duin's frantic questions that were to fast for me to read. I noticed Dr. Cullen coming down stairs his face troubled, he looked at me and said something that looked like. 'Bet, an you ear me righ no?' I wasn't sure how to respond to that so I just stared at him uncomprehendingly.

Then there was a flurry of movement, Duin was talking animatedly to Carsile, while shooting quick looks at me, I satisfied myself with sitting on a sofa and tracing imaginary designs into the arm rests. I noticed now that another woman was with them, I didn't even see her move. She was looking at me now and then to, I didn't know her, her caramel hair resembled mine, she looked about Dr. Cullen's age. I didn't know if I should ask her if she had a name or not. But she came and sat with me anyways, with a paper and pencil and wrote in an elegant script a name.

Esme

"Esme?" I asked, every one turned at my sudden voice, then Duin and Carsile went up a beautiful staircase. Esme nodded, in response, she took the pencil in her hand wrote down something else.

Elizabeth, Duin told us about you, I'm his mother, he and Carsile are going to get some equipment to treat your ear, or what ever is wrong with your hearing. Have you ever lost your hearing before?

"No, I've come close though, I get allot of ear infections."

Have you ever needed hearing aids? Or have had other hearing problems?

"Nope, besides Vertigo, I only get that kind of thing when I have a cold or something though. I suppose it's possible that the infection in my ear spread, it might make sense even that it happened in the lunch room, there was allot of noise."

How many ear infections have you had?

"I get one about once a year, which makes sense too, because I at least have three colds a year." Just then Carsile and Duin came down, they were carrying a suitcase it was covered in dust, I guessed that Carsile hadn't been much of a optometrist.

They spoke for a while, then Carsile shoved a funnel looking thing in my ear, I was used to it, I felt a warm light shoot through there. Then Carsile looked at some old notes, and he took an odd looking thing out, it reminded my of a pipe, he shoved it down my ear, I turned on my side so that one ear was lying on the sofa. And then he took some weird oil out and poured it down the pipe and into my ear. It was hot, but I was used to this treatment, I didn't even flinch as I felt it slip through my ear canal, then it was like an eruption of sound.

"-I think it's working, don't be anxious Duin." Carsile was saying, Duin was tapping impatiently his face was speculative, and Esme was beside me, whispering to Carsile.

"Thank you Carsile, I'm sorry to interrupt you, I must be bothering you. But I think that I'm good, the oil is comming out the other ear now, it'll be a few minutes I wager for it all to get out though." I said pounding my ear, trying to get all the water out. They all stared at me for a moment, not sure if I could hear or not.

"Honestly, I can hear, how much do I owe you by the way Carsile?" I asked fishing out my wallet, Carsile shook his head and smiled carefully.

"No, you don't owe me anything, it would be an insult to my hospitality." He said, and I stood up, Duin looked at me cautiously.

"Are you sure? I feel like I've intruded in on all of you, I'd better be leaving, The Webber's are going to think some one's gone and murdered me." I said lightly, I felt the tension in the room sifen. I noticed that the other Cullen's were home, I smiled and waved, I figured that they probably thought I was intruding too.

"I'll take you home," Duin said gruffly, he threw a wary glance at Rosalie, who was sulking. "come on." I fallowed him out the door and outside, I could hear his foot steps and the birds shrieking above us and it comforted me.

"Thank you, Duin," I frowned, thinking of all the things he'd done for me and that I'd have no chance of

repaying. "you must be sick of my health problems by now ay?" I said glumly.

"No, not in the least," He answered. "it's almost fun, having to drag you to Carsile."

"How did you know that something was wrong with me though?"

He looked away, embarrassed again." Well, Edward told me that you didn't hear him, and Bella told him that you didn't hear the teacher or your friends. They were worried, I was worried, so I came shouting from a distance, when you didn't hear me... Well I knew something was wrong." He said quietly.

"So could you hear me singing?"

"Yes, it's better when I can hear you more clearly. I wondered why you did that though?" Curiosity burned in his voice, it was my turn to flush.

"Well, your brother -if he's your brother- Jasper was staring at me and I, all the sudden, got so angry that I... Well I just started singing." We walked to a garage full of expensive looking cars, he opened the door to a black PT Cruiser. I gulped, it reminded me of the car my brother had been driving when they crashed...

"What's wrong?" He said, suddenly anxious, again at my teary eyes. I shook my head defiantly and got in the passenger side, he was still staring at me and I was lost in memories. Suddenly at the memory of them pulling out the car from the creek, he stopped staring at me and winced. He looked down ashamed, and started the car, we zoomed through the forest path.

"Do you miss them? Your family?" He asked.

"Yes, I do, but at least I know that their... Well most of them are in heaven..." I hesitated, I didn't know that *all* of them were in heaven.

"What happened to you father, your real father?" He asked softly, his eyes were not on the road, but I didn't question him.

"He committed suicide, I was only one, I don't remember him. But I do have Trever." I said, trying to break the powerful stream of memory's that seemed likely to over flow. Duin's eyes were sympathetic, he took my hand, cautioning his movements, it looked like he was testing himself, and squeezed it lightly.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to upset you, who is Trever?"

"He's my brother, my foster brother, he's in Japan he joined the Air force." I explained, careful not to look directly into his perfect face, I knew if I did I would start to cry.

"Oh, how old is he?" Duin asked lightly.

"Oh, he's around twenty six, he has a wife." I added, conversationally, I noticed that we had stopped, and we were parked out side of the Webber's house.

"Beth, one more thing," He looked nervously at any where but me. "do you really not care what... I mean, how I'm dangerous?"

"Of course not," I said squeezing his icy palm. "If you want to tell me thats fine, but I wont force it out of you. And if you ever want to talk to me about it, I'll be here. But I really could care less about what you are on the outside," I poked him in the chest gently, his eyes still avoided mine. "I care about what's in here." I got out of the car, and he waved at me, a smile playing at his lips.