

# The Restless One

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*He looked into my eyes but he only found tears and emptiness. He picked me up and brought me to a chariot where other people were waiting for him.*

*That was the first night of my life.*

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# 1 - Preface

## The Restless one

### *Preface*

**“Through Hell you shall rise.”**

Me and my sister waked up with the scream from the floor below.

We looked at each other with fear blazing our eyes; I took her hand and we quietly went downstairs.

My mother was screaming; suddenly dad was shoved into the wall we heard a loud crack and he felled unconscious.

Helena stooped a scream and grabbed my hand harder. Mom appeared in front of us.

“Run!!!” she yelled and Helena ran upstairs again. I ran with her and I could hear the footsteps of mother behind us.

“Hide in somewhere!” my sister got under the bed and I watched my mother; I was paralyzed “Isabella sweetie move!!!”

A man appeared behind my mother and shot her. I heard her gasp.

Blood spattered in my face and my dress.

The man had these bloody eyes but I couldn't move; I heard Helena's screams and he passed through me and shot her twice.

Then there were no more screams.

There was only silence.

He came to me and looked into my eyes; but the only thing he could find was tears and emptiness.

He picked me up and carried me to a chariot where other people waited for him.

That was the first night of the rest of my life.

## 2 - Lovely

*Lovely*

**“I prefer put a bullet in your head.”**

I looked to the clock.

“Too soon...” I sighed heavily; there was no way I would get this done today!

I continued my reading and writing; this was the most boring part of the job.

My head was lying in the desk; there was no enthusiasm, this was sooo boring.

This was my punishment for breaking the rules.

My character wasn't one of the best; I was quite the rebel and I didn't care less about what my father said. Well at least I avoid hear what he says.

I laughed *true, true...*

“Lady Sawn...?” I heard a gentle knock. I stood my head up (?).

*Oh god no... I know this voice.*

“It's me Mike Newton...” *Not him!!* I hate this boy and I'm definably not in the mood.

*I can't be rude. I can't be rude. I can't be rude.*

“Please, come in.” He entered quite quickly “It's always...” I stopped; this was a great effort of my person “...a pleasure to see you.” I tried to sound happy but I couldn't avoid the grim face. *Great now I was stuck in the bibliotheca with this...* there were no words to describe.

“I'm sorry to interrupt but your father as asked for your presence.” He looked rather satisfied. *That's not good...* “He gave me permission to escort you to his office.”

*He must be joking me.* My father knows that I hate this... this ... **thing**. I know this palace very well; there is no need to escort. My father wanted me mad, he got it.

*I promise not to break the rules for... a little.*

“I can go by myself, thank you Mr Newton.” I said closing the books. I rose from the chair and grabbed my white gloves.

“Please your father told me to escort you.” he replied in a confident tone.

I sighed heavily and I looked at him. He had that puppy face.

I nodded and he smiled happily.

*It's so easy to make dogs happy.* I was getting a little influenced by Mr Black; at least he knew to live.

It was because of him that I was fulfilling this punishment. I wasn't supposed to be around the Black family; my father believed that one day I would understand and I would be a good girl. Who said I was a good girl was sadly mistaken. I had to restrain laughter.

“Lady Swan I would like to ask you if you had any plans for tomorrow? I was thinking that we could spend some time together...” he trailed of hopefully. I looked at him and tried not to show disgust.

“I believe Mr Newton that my agenda is quite occupied. But thank you for the... offer.” We continued the path silently.

We finally arrived at my father office. Mike let me in there and said that he waited outside before leaving

me in the office.

I sighed and looked at my father; he had this innocent look in his face.

“What were you thinking... father?” he heard the anger in my voice.

“Well I thought that you would like to know Mike Newton better, that’s all.” I rolled my eyes. This is a very bad day.

“That’s all you want... or there is more?” he looked at me with a serious look and then sighed as he rose from the chair.

He came near me and put his hands in my shoulders; he had a guilty look in his eyes.

His beautiful gold eyes had pain on them; I hated that. I can be a bad girl but I don’t want the ones I love hurt; especially without knowing what I did.

“Did I make you sad father?” there was only preoccupation on my look.

Then he smiled; that wise face cheered up. He shook his head and his tone was serious.

“There’s going to be a new introduction.” He said calmly; he knew I didn’t like that but he didn’t like it too.

“Lovely”

An introduction.

That means, (well in fast terms) a big and awful ball given by the family that wants to be introduced to the society.

“Do we have to go? Do I?” he nodded and I sighed again “Well at least I’m not going to be with Mike.” That was the good part of the deal.

“Well that’s for sure dear.” He looked into my eyes and then he looked to the door. “Marcus is waiting for you. Go now the introduction is only in a few hours.” He kissed my forehead and looked at me proudly.

I walked a little angry; my father was the best father that I ever knew. And because of that I thought I was such a bad girl... I’ll get better.

“Are we ready Bella?” Marcus was waiting and there were no signs of Mike so I smiled wildly. He was like my uncle so it was permitted for him to call me Bella or Isabella. “I guess that you and Miss Elizabeth will have a **discussion** with the wardrobe...” he trailed off. My smile faded away.

*Great... I forgot the part of dressing.*

I went to my room and thought the possibilities of running from the ball.

None.

“Shall we have fun with the dresses?” asked Elizabeth.

*I prefer put a bullet in your head.*

I was going to a ball full of unknown people and I was going to be staring at them since they were, probably, more gorgeous than me and likewise their movements would be full of grace.

And most of all, there was always the part where my life was in danger.

I laughed at the thought.

I lived with vampires. I was going to be in a room full of them.

And they had to be nice at me or they would be executed.

For I was the daughter of the Volturi.

The most powerful Coven.

But I wasn’t a vampire, I was a human.