Violent Delights and Ends

by blackgoldberry

Summary

Jasper Whitlock, the God of War, has found his mate in a woman named Millie Jean Howard. In the irony of ironies, his mate is also a black southern woman who is wary of him. How will these two navigate Jasper's past? And most importantly, what will happen when Jasper's past refuses to stay buried?
March 13, 2016

"The man in front was easily the most beautiful, his skin olive-toned beneath the typical pallor, his hair a glossy black. He was of a medium build, hard-muscled, of course, but nothing next to Emmett's brawn. He smiled an easy smile, exposing a flash of gleaming white teeth. The woman was wilder, her eyes shifting restlessly between the men facing her, and the loose grouping around me, her chaotic hair quivering in the slight breeze. Her posture was distinctly feline. The second male hovered unobtrusively behind them, slighter than the leader, his light brown hair and regular features both nondescript. His eyes, though completely still, somehow seemed the most vigilant. Their eyes were different, too. Not the gold or black I had come to expect, but a deep burgundy color that was disturbing and sinister."

But it was the fourth vampire that proved to be the most intriguing. When Bella laid eyes upon her, she could see that she was wrong in her earlier assessment that the olive-skinned man was the most beautiful of the group. There was no doubt that this woman put them all to shame and even rivaled Rosalie. She was around five-five with a lithe figure, gentle curves, and long legs. Her skin was a cool, rich brown, her lips a full and even cupid's bow. Her perfect face was framed by tight brown-black curls that just reached the top of her shoulders. Two, tight braids began at the front of her hair and continued back until they disappeared into her curls. Her eyes were a soft and beautiful shade of golden honey, a striking contrast next to her red-eyed companions. Surprise and confusion registered on her face as she took in the Cullens.

Bella was curious about the fourth woman and how she came to join with human drinkers, but Jasper distracted her from her thoughts. A low growl rumbled from his chest as he stared at the woman. The woman stared back at him, a look of utter shock on her face before she took a hesitant step backward. What was going on? The others noticed as well and exchanged surprised and worried glances.

"Jasper," Alice hissed, but Jasper paid her no mind, his focus was on the other woman who shifted and finally looked away from his intense gaze. She had distanced herself somewhat from the others, though not too far.

"Don't run, suga," Jasper said, and Bella could hear the warning note in his voice. The woman glared at him, but she didn't move.

Alice grabbed at Jasper again, and this time, he pushed her away with frightening ease that scared Bella. She had known Jasper as Alice's husband and Edward's brother, but who was he exactly?

"It's been a long time since I've seen mates recognize one another," the first man, the beautiful olive-skinned man said pleasantly, the slightest hint of a french accent in his voice. "It's a good thing we decided to come this way then."

"I am Laurent," he said, before motioning to the orange-haired woman and the plain-looking man. "This is Victoria and James." He motioned to the last woman. "And this is Millie." The woman gave a slight nod, her eyes still wary. "No doubt you must share the same feeding habits as our companion here," Laurent mused, and Carlisle cast a glance at the woman before nodding.
"I'm Carlisle. This is my family, Emmett and Jasper, Rosalie, Alice, and Esme, and Edward and Bella," The head of the Cullen family said cordially.

"Do you have room for a few more players?" Laurent asked.

"We just finished up, but we'd certainly be interested another time. I must say your grouping is unusual." But again, there wasn't the slightest hint of hostility in Carlisle's voice. Bella fervently prayed that they didn't notice her. It set at her ease that Millie was by all appearances, a vegetarian, but she was still uncomfortable around the human blood drinkers.

"It is, I was just keeping company with them until I returned to my coven," The woman named Millie spoke, her voice soft, yet beautiful and clear. Bella thought she heard a southern accent, but it was rich and sweet.

Jasper had raised his eyebrows, and there was a hint of a smirk tugging at his lips.

"Are you planning to stay in the area long?" Carlisle asked.

Laurent shook his head. "No, we were headed south when we heard the noise and were curious to see who was in the neighborhood."

"Perhaps we should be on our way, Laurent," Millie said quietly when a low, threatening growl erupted from Jasper. She shot him a glare, which he met stoically. Bella wanted to know what was going on? Laurent had mentioned mates, but that wasn't true, was it? Jasper was married to Alice, and he had been devoted to her just as Alice had been in return.

"What's your hunting range?" Laurent continued as if there wasn't any tension.

"The Olympic Range here, up and down the Coast Ranges on occasion. We keep a permanent residence nearby. There is another permanent residence in Denali, with a family that follows our lifestyle as well."

"Permanent? Is this what you were speaking of, Millie?" Laurent turned to the woman who nodded cautiously.

He turned back to Carlisle. "How do you do this?"

"Why don't you come to our home? We can discuss it more there, as it is a pretty long story," he suggested, and Bella perked up at this. Perhaps everything would turn out all right. They hadn't noticed her. But still, there was now the thing with Jasper and Millie.

"That sounds very welcome," Laurent said, turning to his companions who exchanged surprised looks but remained silent.

"I'll have to ask you not to hunt in the immediate area as to not draw suspicion," Carlisle warned, and Laurent nodded amicably.

"No need to worry; we just ate outside of Seattle," he said, and she felt a chill at his words. She wondered how many humans it took to fill up a vampire, let alone three of them.

"Good, how about Emmett, Rosalie, and Alice and I will run with you there?" Carlisle asked when the wind picked up and blew Bella's hair causing the four new vampires to turn to her. Edward stiffened and let out a low hiss in response before sinking into a crouch. James slipped into a crouch as well, baring his deadly white teeth. Bella bit back a scream of horror and worry for Edward.
"What's this? A snack?" Laurent asked in surprise as Edward let out a snarl at James, who hissed back. Victoria let out a warning hiss as she sprung to his side.

"She's with us," Carlisle said, his voice firm and his eyes hard.

"She's human!" Laurent exclaimed in disbelief.

"She's with us," Carlisle repeated, his voice harsher this time. James feinted right, but Edward quickly matched his position, never taking his eyes off of him. Victoria warily watched the group, her gaze moving from face to face, her eyes searching the field and the surrounding forest while Millie, clearly surprised that a human was present, showed not the faintest hint of desire for Bella's blood, which Bella found to be a good thing at least.

"I see, it seems we have much to learn from one another," Laurent said, his tone placating and apologetic.

"Indeed," Carlisle retorted coldly.

"We won't hunt in your range, and of course, we won't harm the human girl. I want to accept your invitation, though," Laurent continued, ignoring the look of disbelief from James, who straightened somewhat from his crouch. Bella took comfort in the fact that Edward didn't rise from his crouch at all. She caught James' gaze and quickly looked away, not wanting to cause further trouble.

"Of course, we will show you the way, Jasper, Esme, Rosalie?" Carlisle turned slightly in their direction. They converged together in a group while Emmett and Alice moved in front of Bella. Edward said nothing before lifting Bella onto his back and taking off into the woods. They made it to Emmett's red jeep, where Edward flung Bella into the backseat.

"Strap her in," he ordered, and Emmett quickly fastened the harness before sliding into the seat next to her. Alice hopped in the front with Edward, clearly troubled with everything that had just happened.

"This certainly was not the time, but there is not much to do about it now is there?" Edward growled as he stepped on the gas pedal, and the jeep roared off.

"Where are we going?" Bella demanded, but Edward ignored her, causing her fury to rise. How could he ignore her when James was hunting her? It wasn't about him!

"Damn it, answer me! Where are you taking me?" Bella shouted as the speedometer began to climb past eighty-five. She began to tear at the harness that held her in place. Edward was going to listen to her, whether he liked it or not.

"Emmett," Edward said grimly, and Emmett grabbed Bella's hands. His hands were like iron bars, immovable, and unbreakable.

"No! Edward!" Bella shouted, trying to struggle and failing miserably. Emmett's hand didn't even budge against her failed attempts to break free of them.

"We have to get you far away from here, right now," Edward said furiously as the speedometer reached over a hundred.

"No, I am not leaving Charlie! He'll call the FBI, and they will go after all of you!" Bella shouted, desperate for him to understand. Why couldn't he listen? She knew how Charlie would react, and she didn't want any of the Cullens to face repercussions on her behalf.
"We've been there before," Edward said coldly, and Bella found herself stunned into silence.

"Pull over Edward," Alice said quietly, and he shot her a hard look before speeding up. Emmett sat in grim silence, his eyes focused on his adopted siblings.

"Edward," Alice said, a warning note in her voice this time, and Bella prayed that if he didn't listen to her, he would at least listen to Alice.

"He's a tracker, damn him! Don't you understand? I read his mind; he begins the hunt tonight. She is his obsession now!" Edward roared as the speedometer hit one twenty. Emmett stiffened at his words, and Alice looked even more disturbed, but this didn't deter her.

"He won't know where she is-" She began when Edward cut her off. "How long before he catches her scent and tracks her to her house?" Bella felt her stomach almost do an entire flip at his words. Charlie!

"Do you want to hear my plan?" Bella asked.

"No!" Edward said, not taking his eyes from the road as he kept his foot all the way down on the pedal. Alice glared at him on her behalf, irritated with his behavior.

"I. Am. Not. Leaving. Charlie." Bella spoke slowly though her anger was more than present in her words.

"He doesn't matter!"

"Yes he does, he could get killed because of us!"

"We have to take her back." It seemed at least Emmett agreed with her.

"We should have taken Jasper with us, he would have been a great help here," Alice said thoughtfully, though her expression darkened as she mentioned the empathic vampire.

"No." Edward wouldn't budge.

"He's no match for us, Edward. He won't be able to touch Bella with us defending her."

"He'll wait."

"I can wait too." Emmett's smile was terrifying, and Bella was glad that she wasn't James. The odds were on her side for once; she tried to assure herself.

"If it comes down to a fight, we may have to kill him," Edward said, and Emmet nodded. "It's probably our best option."

"There is another option," Alice said quietly.

Edward whirled around snarling: "There. Is. No. Other. Option!"

Bella had had enough of this. "Listen to me! Here is what I can do…"

... It had worked, and now Edward was driving Bella's truck back to the Cullen's house. Bella was hurting after her cruel and callous conversation with Charlie, but she knew it was for the best. They pulled into the driveway that led to the house, but Edward made a left at the house that led to a
detached garage. Bella hopped out of her car, landing gracelessly on her feet. Edward rushed to her side, and they made their way into the garage. It was dark outside, but there were lights attached to the garage that gave Bella somewhat of a view. It was quite a large garage with four solid white wooden doors and lights above each one of them. Inside there was a parked Mercedes, BMW, and a Jeep Wrangler.

An argument was happening between Alice, Jasper, and the second woman from the nomadic group, Millie. Laurent was there, as was Carlisle and Esme.

"What's going on?" Bella asked, causing everyone's heads to snap towards her. She felt tiny at that moment but held her ground.

Carlisle was the one who responded to her inquiry. "It seems that Jasper found his mate," Bella's eyes grew wide at those damning words, and she looked at Alice, who seemed positively furious at this pronouncement. "How? Aren't Jasper and Alice married?"

Jasper let out a dark chuckle, his eyes blazing brightly. "Vampires can form bonds, whether that be friendship, brotherhood, or that of a parent and child. We can also form temporary bonds as partners in sexual relationships, but this is not the same as being mates. A vampire has only one mate, and this does not change. Alice and I were the former, not the latter." Here he glanced at Millie, who scowled at him.

"What are you doing in the north?" She demanded. "Shouldn't you be down south, ruling with an iron fist?"

Jasper stared at her for several moments, guarded, but she could see the hint of calculation in his eyes. "No," he said with finality. "I left that life decades ago."

Bella could only stare at the two of them in frustration. Her curiosity was driving her insane, and the situation with the tracker didn't help things.

Once again, shock appeared on Millie's beautiful features, but she reigned it in. "I see." She turned her gaze to Bella. "Don't let me get in the way of things, shouldn't you focus on your human? James wants her."

Edward let out a snarl at her words. Jasper's head snapped up towards him, assessing Edward in a way Bella found terrifying. If there was any word to describe Jasper at that moment, it was the word predator, and Edward was his potential prey.

"What can you tell us about him?" Carlisle asked, redirecting the conversation. Millie and Laurent looked at one another.

"Well, I haven't known them that long," Millie began, "but I know James is a tracker, a very good one from the little I have seen. And that woman, Victoria, she enjoys the hunt with him, though not necessarily in the same capacity."

Here Laurent took over. "I have never seen anything like him in three centuries. He has unparalleled skills and is absolutely lethal."

Jasper shook his head in evident disgust. "I've had to fight our kind before, they aren't easy to kill, but it's not impossible. Even a man like James has weaknesses," he said, drawing everyone's attention. "We will have to rip him apart and burn the pieces."

Carlisle grimaced and turned away. "I don't relish the thought of killing another creature, even a sadistic one like James," He said before motioning for everyone to follow him. They entered a
large and neat garage, lined with several cars. Rosalie's BMW, Edward's Volvo, and Carlisle's Mercedes were present.

"Are you sure it's worth it?" Laurent asked, and Edward roared with such a fury that Laurent shrunk back, holding his hands up placatingly.

"You got a choice to make," Jasper said flatly, his eyes boring into Laurent's with deadly intent as he crossed his arms across his chest. Laurent looked around frantically at the hostile faces before looking imploringly at Millie, who merely shook her head.

"You already know by my eyes that I share the same diet as them. And while I may tolerate feeding on humans, I do not tolerate sadistic games of cat and mouse with innocent people," she said firmly, before turning on her heel and walking out of the garage. Jasper's eyes trailed after her before flickering back to Laurent.

"I am curious and fascinated by the life you live here and have been ever since I met Millie. But I want no part in this battle, I bear your coven no ill will, but I will not fight against James." Here he paused and looked down. "I think I will head north and visit the coven you spoke of in Denali."

"Then go in peace," Carlisle said amicably, and Laurent took one last look before hurrying out the door. Bella hoped he meant what he said and wouldn't fight against the Cullens or help James or Victoria.

Bella could tell that Jasper was impatient and ready to spring from the place. "What's the plan?"

"Alice is going to run Bella down South to Phoenix, and we'll head him off. Afterward, we begin the hunt," Edward said darkly.

Jasper shook his head, his expression stern. "Have you ever tracked someone before Edward?"

"I've tracked and hunted humans, and I also have my ability to read minds," Edward retorted, offended at the questioning of his abilities.

Jasper's eyes narrowed dangerously. "You think that hunting and killing humans is the same as tracking a vampire? And a skilled one at that?" His voice was quiet, but there was a sinister quality to it.

"Perhaps I can help with that." Millie walked in but stopped just by the door of the garage.

"Help? What could you possibly do?" Rosalie sneered at her. Bella took some comfort in the fact that Rosalie seemed to act that way towards others, as well.

"Some vampires have special abilities," Millie said. "I have the power to negate or weaken mental powers."

Everyone stared at her in stunned silence. Emmett let out a low whistle, while Jasper looked impressed.

"James, from the little I knew of him, has an enhanced tracking ability. If he's still within my range, I can negate his power and leave him 'blind' so to speak, and then he can be tracked and destroyed." She was suddenly shy. "I'm not that great at fighting other vampires, I've been in a few vampire fights, but..."

"I will deal with James," Jasper said stoically, crossing his arms against his chest.
"We don't know you, how can we be sure we can trust you?" Edward asked abruptly, and Bella had to admit it was a good question, and considering the circumstances, he wasn't overreacting.

"You don't. You can take it or leave it," Millie said shortly, before turning to leave. "I'll be outside while you make your decision." She glided off, Jasper's eyes once again trailing after her.

"Jasper, how can you think that woman is your mate!" Alice cried, rushing over to him.

Jasper looked down at her, his gaze softening somewhat. "You knew this day would come," he said, before striding out the door, no doubt in the direction Millie went. Alice's face crumpled, and Esme came and wrapped her arms around her shoulders.

"If she can help, I think we should take it," Bella said, determined to do whatever it took to evade James and his deadly game. Edward glared at her but said nothing before turning to Carlisle.

"Jasper is right, you don't know how to track, and if Millie can help us, then we should accept," Carlisle said after a moment. "She follows our diet, so there is no need to fear her wanting Bella's blood. Have you detected any malicious thoughts from her?" Edward was silent. "Edward?" The bronze haired vampire shook his head. "I read her thoughts and detected nothing malicious."

"I need a human minute," Bella interrupted. They pointed her in the direction of the bathroom, which was up a set of stairs. On her way back, she stuck her head out of one of the windows, inhaling the crisp cold air without a care in the world. Or at least that was what she was trying to do. She heard voices and looked down to see Jasper and Millie standing about 20 feet from one another. Jasper was rigid, his arms folded across his chest, as Millie paced back and forth away from him, clearly infuriated.

"Try as you like darlin, I know you feel the pull as well," Jasper said before Millie stopped and turned towards him.

"Yes, yes, I do," she hissed. "I know who you are. I'm a southern woman. Major Jasper Whitlock, the God of War, the Major of the Southern Armies." She took a deep breath and flitted away from him somewhat. Bella was intrigued. The God of War? Major Jasper Whitlock?

"Millie," Jasper began when she turned her back to him. "Millie, I can feel your fear, you know I would never hurt you."

She whirled back around, her chest rising and falling rapidly. "I know that?" She laughed. "No, no, I don't! And how could you say you would never hurt me?" She took another step back, which caused Jasper to take a step forward instinctively. "No, stay over there!" She sat down on a random boulder, breathing harshly.

"What am I, Jasper? What am I?"

"My mate," Jasper growled. There was a flash of movement, and in an instant, he was in front of her, one knee on the ground as he lowered himself till they were close to eye level.

"Hmm…. you know that is not what I meant. I heard some of the rumors that Maria snatched you when you were a young soldier, back in the latter end of the 19th century, because that is how far your reputation goes back."

"What about it?"

"You had to have been a soldier. The question is a soldier in what army?"
Silence descended between the two of them for several moments. "The confederate army," he said, and she could hear the regret in his voice. "I was a major in the army when Maria found me." Bella was shocked by his words. Jasper fought in the Civil War? And on the Confederate side?

Millie's entire frame shook, and she tried to move, but Jasper held her in place. "Don't run," he said quietly, but firmly. "I'm not going to hurt you."

"You already have," she wailed. "You son of a bitch! How dare you join that treasonous, racist, rebellion?"

Her cries became louder until she finally collapsed into Jasper's arms, her frame wracking with dry sobs. She pulled away from him in an instant, hysterical. "I'd ask if you saw my humanity, but I'm not even human even more!" She threw her hands up in the air.

Jasper grabbed her face, forcing her to look at him. "I'm not a man of that era anymore."

"Oh, don't give me that shit!" Millie shouted. "I don't believe you!"

"Then I'll prove it to you," he vowed.

"I don't care if we're mates," Millie swore. "I will not submit to you. I will not have sex with you or anything until I no longer worry about you being a fucking racist. I'll be damned if I spend the rest of eternity with a man that regards my entire race as inferior to his." Her body began shaking again. "You were born in the damn 1800s: did you own slaves?" Her voice broke at the end.

"No," Jasper said firmly.

"Did you use them? Rent them?"

"No, and no." His voice was grim.

"Did you participate in any lynchings or murders of black people for not falling in line with white supremacy?"

"No!"

Millie let out a bitter laugh. "You could be lying to me!" She shouted. "What about rape? You ever do something like that? God knows, after killing and torturing, a white man's favorite thing to do in those days was rape!"

"No!" Jasper growled before he pulled Millie close to him to where her forehead rested against his own. What he said to her, she couldn't make out, but she saw Millie's shoulder sag, and she collapsed against him, her body shaking with tearless sobs. But she didn't pull away.

"I have walked the earth for almost two centuries," Jasper began, as he held her, his voice surprisingly gentle. "I have known death, war, suffering, turmoil, and pain beyond imagination. I may have found a peaceful existence with the Cullens, but I will not let my one chance at happiness walk away." His tone grew sharper. "I will gladly show you who I am Millie, even if it takes me centuries to do it, I will show you who I am and that you have nothing to fear or worry about."

The silence stretched on for several minutes before Millie pulled away from, sitting back on her heels. "We shall see Jasper. All I know is that the man who is my mate had better be a man of the present. He had better understand what his mistakes were, and he better show that he has learned from them. You better understand the past and how it affects the present. Also, what is your atonement and what the hell have you been doing all these years?" Millie's voice had hardened
towards the end.

"Now, about this human of yours, who doesn't know it's rude to eavesdrop; let's deal with her situation, and then we will see how this will go."

Chapter End Notes

Alright, so that was the very first chapter, which if you've read Clash of the Southerners, you will see the similarities and the differences. Again, I'm mixing book and movie elements in this story. Carlisle and Esme are aged up to 33 and 36, while Jasper has been aged up to 21, and Alice is 19. There will be more details on Millie, but her age for this story is 20. What do y'all think of me changing her powers? I hope you all enjoyed this chapter! Please leave a review; I'm always interested in how people react to my writing! Thanks for reading!
Millie stalked back into the garage, her emotions all over the place, but determined to focus on the primary task. She would remove turn James' power off, and that would allow Jasper and the others the opportunity to track and kill him.

She ignored the curious glances of other vampires around her. They had to have heard her shouting at Jasper, but she didn't give a damn what they thought. A part of her questioned who and what were the various backgrounds of the other vampires present, but she was too angry to care at the moment, so she filed that thought away for the future.

Her mate followed her into the garage as well, his face unreadable, except for his eyes, which showed inner turmoil. Good. She thought grimly. He should suffer. Millie still couldn't believe that her mate was none other than the Major. So ruthless and vicious that he had earned another title: the God of War. His reputation was infamous in the South, and like most vampires with common sense, she had feared him. She had feared him in that field, and she feared him even now. What kind of life was she going to have with this man?

The red-haired vampire Edward had looked at her with a slight frown on his face, and she glared at him. Why the hell was he staring at her?

"We need to throw him off Bella's trail," Jasper said, turning to Bella, who had sheepishly walked back down the stairs.

"Does he know where I am?" Bella asked in a small voice.

"Yes, he does," Jasper answered. "He won't attack the house, but he did follow you here." He looked at Edward expectantly. "Where is he now?"

"About three miles out past the river; he's circling to meet up with the female," Edward said tersely. Now Millie was curious. How did he know that?

Jasper turned to her. "What's your gift's range?"

She did not want to look at his godlike face. But she did look at that black Mercedes that was quite nice. She vaguely wondered what model it was. "A few miles," she said shortly. "Do you want me to try right now?"

"Wait!" Came the voice of that petite, spiky-haired woman that was married to her mate. Alice. "If you do that, you can affect the rest of us!"

Millie eyed her. She wasn't in the mood for petty bullshit. "Who has a gift outside of Jasper?" She asked, addressing everyone in the room.

"Edward can read minds, and I can see the future." Alice glared defiantly at her.

Millie stared her down. She didn't care about the girl, and she could understand that it would be upsetting to lose your husband. She was irrelevant and would soon be nothing more than another piece of Jasper's past.
She frowned a bit. But was she really irrelevant? Where did she come from? And from what time? Her eyes narrowed. Was this bitch born in the same era as Jasper? If so, then she knew her race had to be a factor in that's bitch's dislike of her.

"Alice isn't like that," Edward spoke up, a defensive note in his voice. "She wasn't born in the 1800s; she was born in Mississippi in 1901." He gave her a pointed look. "It's not the Antebellum Era."

This fool had her hot. Did Edward think he could explain away her legitimate worries? And who in the hell was he anyway? "You mean the Jim Crow Era in the South?" She snarled. "I didn't ask you to make excuses or explain anything. Stay out of my head."

"I can't control it," Edward snapped back.

"Let me help you with that." Her voice was sweet, but her actions were not. Her gift worked like turning the dial on an old TV set. She could turn it down and weaken the vampire's gift, or she could turn it off. If that bitch, Alice could see the future, then why did they need him? She turned his power off.

Edward's eyes widened. "I can't read your mind anymore," he said, looking at her. "I can't read anyone's thoughts!" He took a step forward towards her when Jasper cut him off with a warning growl.

Emmett let out a low whistle of what seemed like appreciation, though his expression changed when Rosalie gave him a heated glare.

"You have miss fortune teller over here." Millie jabbed her finger in Alice's direction. "You can't see how this will end?"

"I can't tell, there are many different decisions, so anything is possible," she snapped, and Millie barely refrained from rolling her eyes. How could someone see the future and still be so useless?"

"Alright," Millie said before she focused on her gift and reached out, trying to find James and his power. "Leave now, just in case he goes out of my range before I turn his power off."

"Let's go," Jasper said, before he, Emmett, Edward, and Carlisle left the garage.

"Did it work?" Bella asked, her voice shaking slightly.

"Hmm," Millie said, crossing her arms. She had turned Edward's gift back on too, just in case they needed it, which she suspected they wouldn't. The effects of her powers lasted a couple of days unless she decided to undo her gift herself.

"What if he kills one of them?" Rosalie hissed, as she began to pace the room.

Well, they were around the God of War...hadn't he taught them how to fight?

"I think they will be okay, dear," Esme said, though there was a slight frown on her face.

Several minutes passed in the garage when Alice spoke. "They got him, well Jasper did, but James is as good as dead."

Millie was glad to hear that, at least. "What about the red-haired woman, Victoria?" Rosalie asked. Alice frowned. "She ran; it looks like she didn't want to fight."
Millie nodded before she turned to Esme. "If it's not any trouble, do you have a pen and some paper I could borrow?" She asked sweetly. She needed to leave and quickly.

Esme gave her a warm smile. "Of course, dear, I'll be right back," she said before she disappeared in a flash. Millie ignored the curious looks she got and waited until Esme came back and handed the requested items to her.

Millie quickly set the paper down on the hood of the Mercedes and began to write. When she finished, she folded the paper in half and gave it to Esme, who stared at her in confusion. "Will you give this to Jasper?" She asked softly.

"Are you leaving?" Esme was shocked. "You don't have to go! You're more than welcome to stay!"

"What about Edward's power?" Bella piped up. "He'll need it back before you leave."

"I restored his power to him as soon as he left. I didn't like him reading my mind, and I certainly didn't appreciate him responding to my thoughts when I wasn't addressing him."

She turned back to Esme. "I do have to go," she said firmly. "And I would like to leave before he gets back because otherwise, he would never let me go."

Esme took the paper with a sad look in her eyes. "If you think it's best."

"It is," Millie said before she let out a sigh. "For now." She turned to Alice, who was strangely quiet. She was sure it was more than convenient for Alice that she left, so she could beg and try and entice her mate back into her arms. She would fail, and she didn't need to see the future to say that. "Don't tell him where I have gone."

With that, she bolted, running out in the cold air, without a glance back at all. But as she ran, she reached out and turned Alice's power off.

She smiled to herself. That was something that she enjoyed doing. It might have seemed petty, but it was sufficient enough that Alice wouldn't be able to tell Jasper anything, even if she wanted to for the next couple of days. And by then, well, she had someone who could deal with Alice and her visions.

After that, she ran the whole way to the hotel she had been staying at in Vancouver. She gathered her things and caught a flight in the middle of the night down south to Shreveport, Louisiana. The house her coven lived in was massive but necessary for a coven of five. It was a two-story pale green house with a light beige roof made of shingles. It sat right at the edge of Cross Lake, outside of Downtown Shreveport. Trees lined the property, providing some privacy for the coven.

The taxi pulled into the long driveway that led up to the front entrance in a massive circle. Millie hopped out of the cab with her things and strode up to the door and walked in, knowing that her coven mates were home by their scents, and they no doubt had heard her coming.

"Millie! What are you doing here so quickly? I thought-" Her coven mate/sister, Aaliyah trailed off when she saw the look on Millie's face. Aaliyah was dressed to go out and as usual, looked stunning. She had been changed into a vampire at twenty-three, with that highly prized light beige skin with warm undertones and loose black curls (the kind you usually saw on a white woman) that fell to the middle of her back. She was around five feet and seven inches and had a curvy figure that was the envy of any woman. Indeed, because of colorism, the black community tended to praise her features.

"Hmm…..what did you think?" Millie questioned as she breezed past Aaliyah into the foyer, after
setting her things down. She wasn't usually so blasé or well that damn rude, but Millie couldn't help her agitation at that moment.

"Girl, what is it?" Aaliyah had immediately picked up on her attitude, but instead of snapping back, there was concern and tenderness in her voice.

"I found my mate; that's what." Millie threw herself on the sofa and curled into herself, wishing she could bask in her tears, but there was nothing but her anger, fear, and worry.

"Oh! Why didn't you bring him here? No doubt your pissy because you're separated-"

"The Major, Aaliyah."

There was dead silence, and Millie turned to look at Aaliyah, before uncurling somewhat and arching an eyebrow, waiting for the news to sink in and her sister's response.

"What the hell?!" Aaliyah sat down next to her on the sofa.

"Exactly. That's the reason for my mood," Millie admitted, her voice wavering slightly. "I have a mate that not only is feared in the vampire world but was someone to fear in the human as well."

She heard the rush of footsteps, and Obadiah, their coven leader, stormed into the room, followed by his mate and wife, Louise. "Did I hear you correctly?" Obadiah demanded, folding his arms across his chest. He had the body of a southern man that worked his whole life, and his transformation as a vampire had only enhanced it. Obadiah towered over them all at six-four, and every inch of him was muscle. He had an average build that leaned towards slender, forest brown skin, and short black coily hair.

"Yes, you heard that right," she said flatly.

"That's awful!" Louise shook her head and sitting on the other side of her. Louise had not been the most attractive woman when human, so her features were only plain as a vampire; she was brown-skinned with a tight cloud of tight coils that formed a beautiful afro around her face. At five-eleven, Louise was the tallest woman in the coven, with wide hips, thick thighs, and an ample bosom, full lips and an oval-shaped face. She placed a comforting hand on Millie's shoulder.

"And he let you come back down here?" Obadiah questioned, sinking into the chair across from them. "Alone?"

"Hmm, well, we were in the middle of a situation that involved a sadistic vampire," Millie explained. "While he dealt with him, I left." She looked at Louise. "Speaking of which, can you do me a favor?"

"What is it?"

"Jasper's wife can see the future, and I don't need her to-"

"Wife?!" Aaliyah shouted, her eyes flashing dangerously.

"Yes, and I'm not worried about it." And she wasn't. "He'll break up with her."

"You better make sure." Obadiah gave her a pointed look. "Wouldn't be the first time a white man has tried to juggle having both a white woman and a black woman.

"He wouldn't dare." She growled, rising to her feet, before turning to Louise. "Can you use your
power on me?" Louise had an impressive gift. She had the power of imperceptibility and could make one imperceptible to almost anything except physical sight, touch, and sound. So she could make it to where Alice couldn't see anything regarding her.

Louise nodded. "Of course," she said, clearly understanding why Millie wanted her to do it. "There. She won't see you."

"Good." Millie vaguely wondered if Jasper would restrain himself and remain up in the Northwest. It was still hard to accept that he was her mate. She didn't think that his human past was widely known, but Millie had once stumbled across a history pamphlet that had made mention of him being the youngest confederate major. It wasn't a well-known piece of information (It was good that he was primarily forgotten), but she knew about his past, and she had passed that information on to her coven.

"Does the motherfucker regret what he did?" Aaliyah blurted out, causing Obadiah and Louise to shoot her glares. Aaliyah shrugged. "I know I'm not the only one wondering."

"I don't know; I told him that he had better be a modern man with the understanding of what his mistakes were. We're mates, but there is no relationship to it right now. And I need time away from him." And she didn't mean a couple of days or weeks.

Obadiah nodded. "Makes sense for the moment, though I still don't like that this happened."

"What do you intend to do?" Louise asked softly.

"Remain here until I decide to do otherwise." She gave them a wry smile. "Did you know that he feeds like us? And so does that coven he belongs to."

"There is another coven that feeds on animals?" Obadiah asked, his eyes wide in surprise. He looked at Louise, who stared at her in disbelief. They had all assumed they were the only coven to feed as they did.

"There are two; they mentioned another coven that lives up in Denali," Millie said, leaning forward slightly. It had come as a surprise to her when she had first learned of it herself, but it did please her to know that there were other covens similar in feeding habits to them. It made the vampire world a bit less lonely.

"And the God of War follows this lifestyle?" Louise questioned scornfully. "A man like that would feed on human blood, no doubt."

"From his golden eyes, yes, if it were more recent, as you know, they would be more of an orange color," Millie said, drumming her fingers along the armrest. If she had to guess, Jasper probably did, at some point, feed on human blood and perhaps for a very long time. Maybe she would ask him one day what had made him change his feeding habits.

"What a mess," Obadiah said, his voice tinged with anger. "As if anyone could deny the mating bond."

Millie let out a sharp laugh. "No, I can't, and neither can he, but I will do nothing until I decide to visit him, and again, there is nothing between us until he has earned my trust and I am sure that he is a decent man."

"Well, if that happens, you bring him down here," Aaliyah said. "I want to meet the motherfucker. I can't wait to see what he looks like too."
He looked like a god, she thought unhappily. Millie remembered when she first saw him, everything perfect and precise. He had the body of a soldier, muscular and fit, with long legs and arms, and fair skin. That face of his was perfect too, with that strong jawline and angular features with deep golden eyes and slightly wavy honey blonde hair that fell just below his jaw. And he was tall, around six-three, and he had a commanding presence.

"I think we all do, if it comes to that," Obadiah said. "I'm glad you came down here and are staying down here, for now, I would hate to have you living so far away."

"Oba, phone, and emails exist, you know," she reminded him. "I would never abandon y'all." She rose to her feet and frowned.

"And where is Cameron?"

"He went hunting."

Her eyes widened. "On his own? Y'all know he is just barely over a year, why did you not take-"

Obadiah cut her off. "It's fine, Millie, I scanned the area he was hunting in. He'll be back soon before you know it." Cameron, well Cameron Green, was the newest member of their coven. Aaliyah had changed him just over a year ago, as she had fallen in love with him and he with her as they were mates.

"You better watch him," she warned. "I don't want him getting homesick and deciding to sneak off down to New Orleans."

"Girl, leave my man alone!" Aaliyah crossed her arms against her chest. "He'll be fine. What you need to do is worry about yours."

"Aaliyah," she growled, and her sister let out a sigh.

"Oh, go on upstairs and work it out," she huffed. "In the end, you'll be fine."

Millie eyed her before she went up the stairs. "And how long will it be before I even get to being "fine"?"

...Jasper tore James' head off and threw it in the fire with grim satisfaction. He then removed his legs and arms from his torso and threw them into the fire as well.

"That was easy," Emmett said as the flames consumed James' remains. He looked at Edward. "Is Victoria still around?"

Edward shook his head. "No, she fled."

"We'll have to keep an eye out for her," Jasper said coolly as he stared at the flames. He wished that Victoria had shown up so that he could kill her. "Mates can be vengeful."

Emmett snorted, waves of amusement rolling off of him. "Of course, you got personal experience now, Jazz."

Jasper whirled towards him with a snarl. "Shut up, Emmett!" There wasn't anything funny about what happened between him and Millie. Jasper knew he had his work cut out for him, and he was eager to get back to her.
Carlisle shot the two of them a warning glare before he let out a heavy sigh. "Today certainly has been hectic."

Jasper agreed, but he was impatient to get back to his mate, so he took off. He reached the house in no time when he saw Esme waiting for him at the door.

He knew then and there that Millie had left. She had left without saying anything. "Where. Did. She. Go?"

Esme handed him a folded letter. He opened it and began reading:

Dear Jasper,

I left. And I am not coming back anytime soon, so don't come looking for me. I'll find you when I am ready.

Ps. Tell your wife, her power will return in a few days. But even then, she still won't be able to see me.

Millie.

He crushed the letter in his hand and was about to go and find Alice when his phone rang. He saw that it was Peter and he answered it.

"What?" He barked out.

"Calm down, asshole, you had better do right by her, but the first thing you have to do is wait." The line clicked, and Jasper put his phone away with a growl of frustration. He felt the Major rattling at his cage, but Jasper had no intention of letting him out unless it was absolutely necessary.

He stormed upstairs to his and Alice's room, his rage threatening to burst, but then as he sat down on the bed, he knew he had nothing to blame but himself. He had never felt that ashamed of his past as he had that evening. He had not only seen her reaction, but he had felt her emotions. Her anger, grief, despair, and worst of all: her fear of him.

It nearly broke him. He had lived a life used to people fearing him. The Major hadn't given a damn, but Jasper had always been a bit more well, less callous. It was good that certain types of vampires feared him, but that didn't mean he wanted everyone to and not his fucking mate of all people.

Several questions ran through his mind. What had Millie meant when she wrote that Alice wouldn't be able to see her? Was it another aspect of her power? He frowned. But then if it was, why not use it in the first place? It had to be something else, or more likely, someone else with the power to block visions.

He gritted his teeth. Peter had told him to wait, but it went against every instinct of his. But, he also knew that Millie needed time.

Jasper had no other choice but to fucking wait. He tried to calm himself, but he didn't succeed. One might have laughed at the irony of the fact that the empath couldn't control his own emotions, but Jasper wasn't in a laughing mood. He wanted what was his, and that was Millie.

Where exactly had she run off to? His mind went over the countless possibilities. He had detected the hint of a southern accent in her voice (Mississippi most likely), but it wasn't a guarantee that she would be somewhere down South (after all, he was in goddamn Washington of all places).
His mind continued to race through the possibilities. What if it was another man she had went to? What if she had a lover or was married? He bit back down a growl of pure fury. No, he couldn't think like that. If he didn't know, then he shouldn't jump to conclusions (however, if she did go back to a lover or husband, then that man was as good as fucking dead). Speaking of which...

Jasper looked up as his wife came into their room, a look of pure anguish on her face. "Alice," he acknowledged. On another occasion, he might have tried to calm her down, but in this matter, he wouldn't mess with her emotions.

She didn't say anything; she just stared at him with those aggrieved eyes. Well, he could break the ice then. "Millie said that your visions would return in a few days, though even then, you won't be able to see her in your visions."

Alice flinched. "Why?"

"I suspect that wherever she went to, she knows a vampire with the ability to block her from your visions." He let out a sigh. "It's the theory that makes the most sense."

"She told me not to tell you where she went," Alice said quietly.

"I imagine you wouldn't want to anyway if you did know," Jasper said. Alice had plenty of reasons not to, and they were apparent.

"Okay, that's true," his wife admitted, looking at her feet before she looked back up at him. "Did you get her letter?"

He nodded. "I did, I'm not going chasing after Millie." The word yet was left unsaid, yet it's weight was still there.

"You're not?" Alice's tone was hopeful. And now came the part that he didn't relish. He had loved Alice, and he had enjoyed his time with her, but the only woman that would suit him now was his mate.

"No, I'm not. But enough about Millie. I want to talk about us."

"Us?" Again, there was a bit of hope, and it tugged at him a bit, but he brushed it aside, knowing what he had to do. "I want a divorce."

Alice's face crumpled, and she pursed her lips. Her emotions were all over the place, but her grief was the greatest, along with her anger. "No," She shook her head. "No! Not after over fifty years together! I love you!"

"I know you do," he said softly. "And I did love you, but you knew this was a possibility. Vampires don't turn away from their mates."

Alice stared at him in disbelief. "She left!" She shouted. "She left you!"

"I know," he said icily. "It still doesn't change what I want, and I want a divorce, Alice."

She shook her head wildly. "No! Not like this, I won't!"

"You won't?" He repeated, rising to his feet. "This can be done the easy way or the hard way Alice, either way, I will get that divorce."

Alice walked up to him, her eyes wide and filled with despair. "You don't have to do this."
"Yes, I do. One day when you meet your mate, you will understand." He felt her resignation and knew he would get what he wanted.

Alice looked away from him. "I'll sign them."

Jasper nodded. He would make this quick. "I'll have them waiting for your signature tomorrow." Now he could focus his full attention on Millie.

Months came and went, and he hated every moment that he was without his mate. He was close to the breaking point. Any more time without hearing a word, and then he would track her down himself. He had almost left the other day, when Peter, that asshole had called him up and told him to stay put.

He spent his time hunting, worrying, and occasionally talking to Peter and Charlotte. He hated it, and he had no one to blame but himself.

September came, and he was up in the guest room on the third floor, having moved all his things out from the other room he had shared with Alice. He was reading (or trying to read) a book on American politics in the 18th century.

Jasper heard her approach before she even knocked on the door. "Esme," Jasper said formally, closing his book and standing up. Esme was the gentlest of the Cullen family, and despite his initial reservations, he had taken to her.

"She'll come back, you know," Esme began gently, giving him a kind smile. He wasn't expecting that topic. How was she sure?

"Will she?"

"Yes, and if you do regret your past, which from what I have known of you, I believe you do, then you will have no issue taking it slow and showing Millie that," Esme said, pointedly.

"I do," he said softly.

Esme beamed at him, her love and happiness rolling off her in waves. He might have chuckled, but he wasn't in a good mood. "Then you will be okay," she said before her expression grew serious. "I have something to show you," she said before she opened the window and leaped out onto the lawn behind the house.

Jasper was surprised, but he followed after her. He was curious about what she wanted to show him. Esme leaped over the river that ran behind the house and darted into the forest. She led him to a small clearing in the woods that contained a small and humble cottage.

"This old thing?" He questioned. "What about it?" It was one of those homes that did have a second floor, but it was small, nothing like the Cullen's house, and designed for two people at the most.

"I restored it for you," Esme said, turning to him with a warm smile. "Two bedrooms, and two bathrooms, a living room, a small library, and a media room." She handed him a small golden key. "I have a copy for you to give to Millie when she gets here."

He blinked several times before he took the key, sending her a wave of his gratitude. "Thank you, Esme." A question still nagged at him. "What made you do this?"

Esme let out a laugh. "Oh, dear, come now! You need your privacy to deal with Millie, and I already know she doesn't like Edward's mind-reading, so this will provide enough distance, without
her having to turn Edward's power off in the future."

Jasper smirked a bit at the memory. "Well then, I better get started on moving my things here."

A few days had passed, when Jasper was at the main house, having just recently beaten Emmett in a wrestling match when he caught a familiar scent that had him at the door within mere seconds. He opened it and there stood his mate, looking as beautiful as the day he had first seen her. She wore a dark royal blue sweater that laced up along the arms and a pair of black jeans that hugged her hips and legs nicely. Her hair was donned up into a very high bun, and a couple of golden hoops dangled from her ears.

"Hey," she said quietly, slowing bringing up her gaze to his own. Her emotions settled for the most part, but he could detect an undercurrent of uncertainty, nervousness, and fear.

"Hey," he returned gently, trying to set her at ease.

"I came to you to see if things work out," she finished, looking away from him again.

He nodded, his mind calculating what he would need to do to please her. "I am more than willing to do the work," he assured her. "And to make you happy."

She looked up at him again. "Okay," she said simply. "I'll be close by at the-"

He cut her off. "There is a small house across the river; Esme restored it." He wouldn't tolerate any further separation. "We can stay there away from the main house and where you won't have to worry about Edward reading your mind."

Millie stared at him for several moments before she finally nodded. "Alright then, I guess it's a good thing I have my bags with me," she said, motioning to the bags behind her.

He nodded and picked her bags up before leading her to the back of the house. They went outside, and he took her across the river and into the forest where the cottage was.

"How many bedrooms?" She asked as he opened the door and they stepped inside the cottage.

"Two."

"Which one is yours?"

"I haven't chosen," he set her bags down. He couldn't see the future, but he saw this coming. "You can go ahead and choose which bedroom you like."

Millie glanced at him before she disappeared into the first bedroom before she checked out the second one. "Well, this one is the master bedroom, and it has a walk-in closet so..." she trailed off.

He nodded, somewhat amused that she had a thing for walk-in closets. He wondered if she had a taste for the finer life. They called it champagne taste down South. Alice had it, though her clothing taste seemed to differ from Millie's. "Go ahead, Millie, it doesn't bother me."

Millie looked at him for several long minutes before she finally spoke. "Are you doing anything tomorrow?"

Tomorrow was Sunday. The day of "rest." "No."

"Then, tomorrow, I want to talk." Her meaning was clear, and her emotions resolute.
"Alright," Jasper agreed. He was somewhat surprised that she wanted to get it out of the way, but then he supposed it was easier to deal with his past upfront rather than wait. He was ready to fucking get it over with.

Millie grabbed her bags and made her way to her bedroom, but not before giving him one last look. "Goodnight, Jasper," she said softly before she disappeared into her room and shut the door behind her.

Chapter End Notes

Hey everyone! I do apologize, but earlier today, I just caught the fact that I posted an author's note for chapter two, which was meant to be on Clash of the Southerners. I deleted that and in the process deleted a comment which I did approve (thank you Oreobuddy), but just to clarify: I am continuing Violent Delights and Ends, and this is the real chapter two. I made several changes, but someone (a user on fanfiction as I have this story posted on that site as well) had mentioned that they hoped that Millie wouldn't move in with the Cullens and go to school. I don't know about the school part yet, but as the two of them will remain in Washington right now, I think the cottage is appropriate for the two of them for now. Thank you to everyone who left a comment, kudos, and bookmarked this story! As always, I much appreciate it, and I hope y'all enjoyed the chapter!
Chapter 3

The next morning, Millie took a quick shower and changed into a light brown long-sleeved shirt and a pair of black skinny jeans. She had kept her hair up in the high bun she wore yesterday, though she ditched the clip-on earrings. She had spent most of the night, arranging the bedroom to her tastes and filling up her walk-in closet.

She left her bedroom to find Jasper in the living room on the sofa, reading a book. He looked up and closed it and set it on the table in front of the couch. He was wearing a simple long-sleeved dark blue henley and a pair of worn blue jeans.

"Good morning," she said cautiously, as she took a seat next to him on the sofa.

"Morning." He inclined his head towards her. "Are you ready to begin?"

"Yeah, I'm ready," she said, turning to where she could face him fully. "Don't mess with my emotions."

"I wouldn't," he paused, clearly considering a question or thought. "Before we begin, would you tell me something about yourself?"

Millie eyed him, but then she supposed that was okay. She was likely going to be pissed off pretty soon. "Alright," she agreed. "I can tell you some pretty basic stuff, but that's all you're getting right now."

"I'm ready whenever you are."

"I was born on December 17, 1910, in Meridian, Mississippi; My daddy was a sharecropper, and my mama was a maid. I was changed at the age of 20 in 1931."

He looked at her carefully. "You're a hundred and fifteen."

"Hmm. I lived in the south most of the time, and I do have a coven back down in Louisiana that I am apart of."

He nodded, clearly processing everything she had just told him and possible implications that she was sure he was making. "The rest you'll have to learn; now let's get to it. When were you born in the 19th century?"

"June 15, 1842, in Houston, Texas." A hundred and seventy-four then. And right towards the middle of the 19th century. "I was born to a working-class family who owned a saloon. I had a younger brother."

"I had two brothers and a sister," Millie informed him. "Go on, though, what else?"

"I learned the basics, though I wasn't given a fancy education like some of the more well to do families at that time." He frowned. "Of course, when I became a vampire, I started picking up a whole lot of things, and I do have a degree now. Several, in fact."

"How nice," Millie said, and she did mean it. Wallowing in ignorance was not a good look. "I didn't finish high school, but later on, after I became a vampire, I got a GED, and I have a few degrees too." And that was the very last thing she would say about herself. It felt natural, the back and forth, but no, now was not the time. This wouldn't be pleasant.
"When I was seventeen, I lied about my age to join the confederate army," he said, giving her a cautious glance. He should be careful because her temper was close to snapping. Lying to join the damn confederacy?

"Why? And don't tell me you didn't know the reasons behind the South seceding." And honestly, she was curious. Neo-confederates loved to say that the Civil War wasn't about slavery; that it was about states' rights. It was nothing more than a racist dog whistle designed to distract from the South's guilt (of course, slavery wasn't limited to the South) in slavery and white supremacy.

Jasper was silent for several moments before he finally answered. "I was eager for a fight, and I didn't like Yankees dictating to the South. I didn't believe in slavery, but I still had the typical bigoted views of that era." He let out a sigh. "You're right that I knew the official reasons, but it didn't matter to me, I thought I could join for my own reasons."

"How long were you in the army?"

"A year and a half; I was changed in 1863."

Millie was indecisive about where to direct the conversation next. She wanted to know it all, but she didn't know where to go next. She drummed her fingers on the armrest of the couch before she made a quick decision.

"What did you do while you served in the army?"

"I never did any official fighting while I was in the confederate army," he answered. "I was trained, and I did things like scouting and keeping watch. When Maria found me, I was evacuating women and children."

Millie considered the name. Maria. Of course, she had heard rumors about that woman, but never as many as the Major.

"Maria," she repeated, suddenly uncertain. Was she just Jasper's sire, or had she been something more to him?

She looked up at him. "So the first army you joined, which I don't know how you made rank through like that, (actually she had a good guess as to why), was a treasonous rebellion that wanted to preserve the status quo, which we both know was white supremacy." Her lips curled up in distaste. "What was the goal of this second army?"

"How much have you heard about the Southern Wars?"

She shrugged. "I'm assuming not the full entire story. I knew that they were going on. I had heard a bit about Maria, and of course, your reputation was infamous. Vampires clans were fighting one another down there: why?"

A distant look came into his eyes before he finally answered. "Down south, when I was down there: the world was very different. The life-span of the never-aging was measured in weeks, not centuries."

"You know as vampires that the one thing that sates us is human blood, and down there, the more access you had, the easier it was to feed; the more you could feed."

Millie gave him a look of disbelief. "All of that, over human blood?" There was plenty of it! There were humans everywhere in the world! What made the South so crucial that all those clans had to remain there?
"Power, greed, and being perpetually thirsty aren't good combinations," he frowned. "And that wasn't the only motive; there was an element of revenge, vampires could hold grudges, and they did. They do not forgive nor forget, and neither did I."

Millie glared at him. "And now you want my forgiveness. Isn't that ironic?" She asked coldly.

Jasper grimaced. "It is," he acknowledged.

It sounded like hell, and Millie was sure that if she had been in that environment, she would have tried to run away. "What happened after you were changed?"

Jasper stiffened slightly. "With my military background, Maria found me useful and placed me in charge of training the newborns. And when I realized that I could manipulate emotions, I became second in command."

Now, this was surprising to hear. "I'm surprised you allowed that," Millie remarked, tilting her head slightly to the side. "Maria...she's Mexican, presumably?"

She could tell that she had slightly caught him off guard with her line of questioning. She felt a flare of anger and something else, stir within her.

"Yes," he said, and his eyes darkened somewhat. "Maria was my sire," he hesitated slightly. "and my lover."

"Did you enjoy fighting in all those wars?" She asked quietly, not sure how she felt about that revelation.

Jasper frowned. "I thought that fighting and violence was a natural part of vampire life, but it wasn't a good life. It was hell, and it began to take it's toll eventually."

"I can only imagine," she said before she let out a soft sigh before a particular thought came to mind. "So were these armies made of gifted vampires or..."

"They were newborn armies," he answered. "And I think you can imagine why that would be an advantage." She nodded, and he continued. "After their first year, we destroyed. There were exceptions, and they tended to be vampires that were either very useful or gifted."

"How long did you fight?"

"I didn't leave until 1938," he said softly, and she let out a low hiss in horror. "I had changed a vampire back in 1900, his name was Peter, and he had taken off with his mate, and I allowed them to leave." He smiled faintly. "He came back and told me there was another way to this life."

"I can feel people's emotions, and every vampire I killed, every human I killed, I could feel it all, their horror, their despair, and their fear." That distant look came into his eyes again. "I hated it, and the only thing at that had made it bearable, was Peter and Charlotte and his mate."

"What about Maria?" She asked. She was his lover, didn't they comfort one another. But then again, a part of her would have been pissed off at the thought.

"Towards the end, her emotions had changed towards me; they were malevolent, and I knew what I had to do," he said. "I prepared to destroy her."

"I would have left before then," Millie said flatly. "Especially if you felt all those emotions. It would have driven me insane."
"It didn't drive me insane," Jasper said quietly. "But it created a defense mechanism within me. One that could do what was necessary and not give a damn. It's why they called me the Major, and even the God of War."

Her eyes narrowed at him. "A defense mechanism?" She repeated.

He grimaced, and his eyes darkened once more, which scared the hell out of her, considering they were already dark. Something in them told Millie to run that death was seated right next to her, but she ignored it. What the hell was wrong with her?

"It wasn't me," he said, his voice like winter. "You won't find another instance like it; call it an alternate personality, a monster, demon, or whatever." He stared straight into her eyes. "Just know that he was there, and it was he that helped me deal with the reality of the Southern Wars."

"He?" She was glad that her voice didn't shake, of course, that didn't matter since he could feel her emotions. "So, he's gone?"

"He's locked away; he doesn't come out unless it's necessary."

"Okay." Millie said, trying to think of another avenue of conversation besides the one they were currently on. "So this Peter, saved you?"

His demeanor lightened somewhat, and he nodded. "I changed him, he's like a brother to me, and he served under my command."

"A useful vampire then?"

"Useful and gifted," he corrected. "He can't control it, but sometimes he gets information, and it is never wrong."

"And Charlotte?"

"I sired her as well, and while she has always been useful, she doesn't have a gift. Maria had wanted me to destroy her." His voice tightened slightly. "It was then that Peter told her to run, and she did, and he followed after her."

"Are they as old as you are?"

He shook his head. "No, both of them were born after the Civil War, and both Peter and Char were born in Texas."

"So you left Maria in 1938, and then you were with Peter and Charlotte until...?"

"Peter and Charlotte have always been like family, and they are my coven, but even though human blood is satisfying, I still had to feel their emotions, and it still bothered me."

"It was about ten years later, that I was out in the rain in Philadelphia, and I happened to walk into a diner where I found Alice. She told me that I didn't have to feed the way I did, and then two years later, we found the Cullens."

Millie took it all in and decided that it would suffice for now. "So, you want to stay here?"

"After I finish school, we can meet up with Peter and Charlotte and go South."

"School?"
"Yes, high school, whenever we move, we pick up at the local high school. The younger we start, the longer we can stay in one area," Jasper explained.

She scowled. "High school? You couldn't do college here?"

He shrugged. "Sometimes, but for now, it's high school. Emmett and Rosalie graduated, so it's just me, Edward, and Alice." His expression hardened. "And, Bella."

"That human girl? How did she even discover who you are?" Humans were either food or changed. They weren't allowed to know the secret. The punishment for breaking that sacred law was death.

"Edward," he said icily. "You can blame him for that. He nearly exposed the entire coven when he prevented a truck from killing that girl. I would have corrected it, but Carlisle said no." She didn't have to guess what corrected meant, and she agreed in principle.

"This is a goddamn mess," she groaned, massaging her temples and leaning back against the couch.

...Well, she was right about that. It was a goddamn mess, and it would take quite a bit to work through it all and get it straightened out.

"Anything else on your mind?" He could feel the negative emotions radiating from her. If he could ease her unhappiness by answering more questions, then he would do so.

This wouldn't be an issue if weren't for your goddamn past, the Major growled in his head. This fucking cage won't hold forever; I'll get out, and you'll be in here. Jasper gritted his teeth, pushing his anger back down. That hypocrite, as if his exploits were any better!

Millie looked at him through narrowed eyes. There was a change in her emotional state, and now he felt her distrust and suspicion.

"You look pissed off," she pointed out harshly. "Are my questions bothering you?"

"No, it's not you," he said quickly, cursing out his counterpart in his head. "I just had an unwanted thought, and it had nothing to do with you, I promise."

"Okay." Her emotions betrayed the fact that she was still suspicious. He swore at the Major, trying to calm his building anger. Did he want him to come off like an insensitive jackass?

"I'll answer any of your questions," he said, softening his voice slightly. "If it'll help you, I don't have any problems answering your questions."

Millie looked down at her hands. "I still have questions, but that's enough for now." Her head snapped up towards him; her eyes were ablaze. "This school thing is another matter, though; are you expecting me to go to high school? Her irritation flared once again.

Our mate is right to hate this high school nonsense, the Major grumbled. There are other things, more pleasurable things we could be doing. Jasper took a deep breath at his words, willing himself to keep his thoughts focused on other things.

"No, I don't expect you to go to high school," he said, keeping his reluctance out of his voice. He didn't want to spend extended amounts of time away from Millie (not after the last few months of hell), but he wasn't going to force it on her. Maybe he could drop out, but with all the attention drawn to his family lately, he didn't want to risk causing even more rumors. "It's entirely up to
His mate scowled and crossed her arms against her chest. "Fine," she growled. "I'll go to high school just this one time."

"It's a small school, and it starts this Thursday, so we'll have to come up with a plausible story and get you enrolled in the school," he decided. The most believable story would be that she was a transfer student and forging documents to prove it wasn't an issue. He would pay Jenks a visit tomorrow and get everything taken care of.

"Who's all going to school?"

"Rosalie and Emmett "graduated," so it's just me, Edward, Alice, and Bella," he finished. He made another mental note to try and make sure that Millie and Alice didn't have the same classes together.

"You...you divorced your wife, right?"

Her question surprised him. Did she think he would remain married when he knew he had a mate? It was unthinkable and disrespectful. Alice had thrown a fit, but he had gotten his way in the end, and she had signed the papers. "I took care of that right after you left." He was a single man (with millions upon millions of dollars) again. Actually, not single, just not in another relationship.

The question came out before he could stop it: "You aren't with anyone, are you?"

He could feel her anger flare up, and she scowled at him. "I wasn't with anyone, so you don't have anything to worry about it!"

"Alright," he said, though inwardly he was relieved and pleased. "But why did you ask? Were you worried I would remain married?"

"Well, not at first," Millie grumbled, not willing to meet his gaze. "But I had to be sure."

She stood up and stretched before she turned to him. "What do you eat around here?" Her eyes were dark, and he knew that his eyes were black too. It had been a while since he had hunted, and he would have to before they returned to school.

"There are plenty of options to choose from," he said as he stood up as well. "Bears, mountain lions, deer, and elk are the most fulfilling ones." It was mostly the same to him, Emmett and Edward had their preferences, but Jasper usually hunted whatever animal was closet to him.

Millie shook her head. "What about the ocean?"

His eyebrows shot up in surprise. "The ocean?" Did she hunt in the ocean? All these years and it had never occurred to him to try and feed on sea animals.

She gave him a small smile that warmed his undead heart. "You've never had any marine animals?"

He shook his head, ruefully. "No, I hadn't even thought to try them." He wondered if they tasted any better than the land ones.

"Whales, big fish, dolphins, sharks, manta rays, octopuses," she listed them off on her fingers. "And not just the ocean, swamps, and lakes will do where you can find alligators, crocodiles, and snakes." She disappeared into her room and returned with her laptop. "Let's see what's up here."
"Try the Salish Sea," he said, referring to the sea that was to the North of them. They could go west to the Pacific, but they would have to go all the way around Quileute lands so they wouldn't break the treaty. Might as well head north.

Her fingers drummed against the laptop. "What's wrong with going west?"

"Carlisle has a treaty with supernatural werewolves, and we can't go into their lands," he said bluntly. "We could go west, but it would be out of the way to reach the Pacific, might as well go North."

Her fingers stopped, and she closed the laptop and looked up at him, her eyes wide in shock. "Supernatural werewolves?"

He shrugged. "I never met them. Carlisle ran across them back in the 30s, and they made a treaty. I'll tell you all the rules later." Usually, he didn't like being dictated to in regards to how he fed (not that Jasper planned on hunting humans), but he would respect the treaty. And he was glad that he didn't have the complication of having a mate who fed on humans.

He could feel her irritation flare up again once her surprise settled down. "Alright then," she huffed, opening the laptop once again. She shut it after several moments, before she disappeared into her room again, returning without her earrings and with her hair hanging down to her shoulders. "Let's go."

They took off towards the north, entering the forest once again, pasting countless numbers of trees, branches, shrubs, and fallen logs and a certain amount of animals. He slowed his speed down to keep up with Millie, who was fast and agile like a dear but still slower than him. They crossed the highway and into more trees and a rising and falling hills until he could smell the scent of salt in the air. They were close.

They reached the beach as the waves crashed against the shore, the wind blowing and creating a chilly scene. Not that the weather bothered him, but the sky was clouded and grey, and it looked ready to rain at any second.

Millie stepped in front of him. "There are some orcas nearby, do you want to try one?"

He nodded, focusing on his senses and allowing pure instinct to take over. He could smell them, even above the water, and it made him even more thirsty. There weren't too far off the beach, but the distance didn't matter, he would catch one of them and feed.

Millie darted into the water, and he followed close behind, wading further and further out until he spotted his prey swimming beneath the surface. He dove under, his legs propelling him towards the orcas. Millie kept up with him until they reached the animal, and she grabbed the orca by its fin and sent it towards him with a powerful push. He caught it, and with a couple of well-placed hits, it was dead.

He held the dead orca and kicked towards the surface. Millie surfaced next to him, placing her hands on the orca's side, ready to feed.

Jasper sank his teeth into the orca, hitting the correct place as the blood instantly seeped into his mouth. The taste reminded him of something fresh and green, like one of the salads his mama made for him as a child, with a hint of something that belonged to the citrus group.

It was better. Better than any bear or mountain lion and certainly any fucking deer or elk. Jasper drank greedily, enjoying the fact that the blood actually sated his appetite for once. When he had
finished, he pushed himself away from the orca, only to see Millie had finished and was watching him with curious eyes that were now a warm butterscotch.

"You drank like a man who went several days without water," she said as she swam closer to him. "Is that what you've really been eating the whole time? Forest animals?"

He scowled. "Pretty much, but it gave me inner peace, so I didn't complain." He was kicking himself inwardly. Why the hell hadn't he thought of this?

"Well, now you know," his mate said. "There are other animals out there to try." She grabbed the fin of the orca and pushed it towards him. "I'll dig a hole at the bottom." With that, she disappeared beneath the waves.

Jasper grabbed the dead orca, an animal that must have weighed thousands of pounds and dragged it to the bottom of the sea where Millie was digging a giant hole to place the carcass. He swung and pushed the giant corpse down into the hole, and they quickly buried it before returning to the surface and then onto the short.

He decided to try his luck with a conversation. "So, you have a coven down south," he remarked as they walked back towards the forest, soaking wet, but it really didn't both him, and he knew it didn't bother Millie.

"Yes, I have a coven down south in Louisiana," Millie answered after several moments of silence. "I'm not the head of the coven, that would be the leader, Obadiah."

"There are five of us, and we're all from the Deep South," she finished.

"We're also black southerners," she continued, giving him a side glance. "They all know who you are, or I should say they are aware of your reputation."

"They all hate me."

Millie let out a sigh. "I would say yes, but they are curious about you, their feelings might improve if they see you are a changed man."

They continued in silence until she spoke up. "The Cullens...what should I know about them?"

"Carlisle is the head of the coven," he answered, "He was born in the early 17th century, in England to a very strict religious preacher."

"The 1600's?" She shook her head. "I can only imagine how strict."

"The kind that tortured innocent people on the assumption that they were vampires."

"A vampire hunter?" He could feel her disbelief.

"Not a very good one, because he only ever found humans, Carlisle, on the other hand, did find one, and that was how he came into this life."

"And I assume he changed his mate next?"

"No, Esme wasn't even born until the very end of the 19th century. He traveled the world and even stayed with the Volturi until he found Edward and Edward's mother in a hospital ward during the outbreak of the Spanish influenza in 1917."

"So, the mind reader was the first?"
"Yes, then Esme in 1932, and then Rosalie the following year and then Emmett two years later."

"That can't have been easy, all those newborns running around," his mate commented.

"I doubt it was, but somehow Carlisle and Edward managed."

"And you and Alice joined them in 1950," Millie said before she stopped suddenly.

He stopped and faced her. "What is it?"

She looked straight at him. "So you're not the only Cullen with a racist past then, huh?"

He frowned. "No one has a past like mine unless you mean something else."

She crossed her arms. "No, I mean brought up in the early 20th century where racism was widespread throughout the U.S."

He understood. "And all the views that came with it?"

Millie sighed before she kicked a rock to pieces with her barefoot. "Yeah, well, I will find out eventually who is and isn't racist." She looked up at him. "Is Emmett from the south?"

The threw him off, but he quickly recovered. "Yes, born in Tennessee in 1915."

Her beautiful eyes narrowed slightly. "Anyone else born in the South?"

He knew where she was going, but he had to answer anyways. "Alice was born in Mississippi in 1901; she has no memory of her past, though. The only information she knows is because she tracked down living relatives and did some research."

"Hmm." She kicked another rock against a tree before she looked up at him again. Her emotions were a familiar cocktail to him now, her anger, irritation, sadness, and that underlying fear beneath it all. It would come and go, sometimes overtaken by other emotions when she was distracted, but it was her general feelings towards him and the situation she was in, and he hated it.

"Well, at least we have some privacy to ourselves," she said pointedly. "And I should say if that mind reader comes around me, I'm turning his power off."

He bit back a smirk. Edward had complained multiple times even after she turned his power back on. It served him right, and it was a welcome relief.

"By the way," he began, "there's a party at the house next week. Alice is throwing a party for Bella. You're invited if you want to go."

He could feel her surprise. "Birthday party?" She repeated.

"Bella's turning eighteen, and while she's the main force behind the party, Edward like's to keep track of these human ceremonies."

"He values her humanity, is that it?"

He rolled his eyes before looking back at her. "Something like that."

"Maybe," Millie said, kicking another rock. "Ask me next week, and I'll have an answer then." She frowned. "It's just vampires, right? Not a bunch of high schoolers?"
"The only human that will be there is Bella."

"Good." She wrinkled her nose. "It's bad enough there will be humans at the school, especially high schoolers."

He couldn't argue with that. In fact, he agreed with her. "Let's go home."
How had she not seen this coming?

Alice stared up at the ceiling in her bedroom, unblinking and unmoving. It was early in the morning, and it was a couple of hours before school started. Today was her best friend's birthday, and Alice intended to throw a party for Bella this evening, and yet all she could do at the moment was think about the past several months. In a blink of an eye, she had lost her husband, and she was alone.

Alice had been alone when she woke up, an entirely new and bloodthirsty creature with no one to guide her. Her human past was nothing but a blank, so she wasn't able to explain the present. There had been nothing but the future, and so it had been embraced with all her might. Out of the many visions she had seen, one remained consistent. However, she had to wait for him to come to her because of his hateful environment.

And wait, she did. She waited for eighteen years until Jasper was ready. She took her seat in that diner and waited, and the rest was history.

68 years. He had been her companion, her friend, her lover, and her husband. Alice didn't want anyone else; Jasper was hers, and no one but him would suffice.

She hadn't seen it coming — what a sick twist of fate.

Alice rolled on to her side, her face shifting into a deep frown. How could her visions fail her? Why did they not warn her that the man she loved would leave her for someone else?

Of course, Alice knew all about the concept of mates. However, no one knew when they would meet their mate, so it was not unheard of for vampires to take lovers. After all, eternity was a long time.

School or no school? She closed her eyes as she made the decision not to go to school that day. Nothing happened. Bella would understand, and life would go on. Alice could stay in her room, forget the rest of the day and wallow in her own misery. It was so tempting, and she already had seen how her decision would play out at no cost to her.

Alice felt a nagging sensation in her thoughts. Bella. Her best friend who deserved to have her birthday celebrated. She let out a heavy sigh and changed her mind and decided to go to school and have that birthday party. The day wouldn't mean much of anything, but the party would be good. The family would be happy, and Bella would enjoy herself (even if she didn't appreciate clothes off the runway as Alice did).

She rolled back onto her back, wishing she could cry real tears — one baseball game. One chance meeting in that field, and it had all gone to hell right then and there. Why the hell hadn't she seen it? How could her visions fail her that badly?

Millie Howard.

Alice had never hated anyone as much as she did that woman. Alice wouldn't even deign to call her Jasper's mate. She wouldn't acknowledge that bond (though deep down she knew the truth).
Millie was just like Maria, who had been a bitch who kept her from the love of her life for her own selfish reasons. Maria had lost her mate, and still, she had kept Jasper at her side for her selfish purposes.

Millie, on the other hand, was supposedly his mate, and yet she didn't want Jasper; even worse, she wasn't grateful for how her life had recently changed. Alice wasn't stupid. Millie knew about Jasper's reputation, and she had known he had joined the Confederacy when he was human. Millie was black, and Jasper was white, and those two facts had given them entirely different upbringings in the South. Alice knew that Jasper's past bothered Millie on a level she couldn't even fathom herself. So why even pretend? Why come back. Why not let Jasper go? He was happy with Alice. They had made each other happy.

She let out a dry sob. Jazz. How did she even agree to that divorce? It felt like it was another person that signed those papers, but in reality, it was her. These last few months without him by her side had been pure hell. She missed him too much. She missed his quiet smiles and that tender love in his eyes that had been reserved for her. She missed the subtle waves of emotion from him that he sometimes sent that let her know how much she meant to him. And their lovemaking (they weren't as bad as Rosalie and Emmett, but still they had enjoyed one another), to think that they would never make love again, hurt too much.

They had been perfect for one another, and now it was all gone in an instant.

Alice stood up and walked over to her enormous closet. She had already picked out her outfit for the evening well in advance. She had chosen a deep purple dress with thick spaghetti straps that reached just above her knees. A silver jeweled pendant sat at the front and center of her dress. She had chosen that and a pair of the latest Yves Saint Laurent patent leather ballet flats and her ribbon choker necklace that had the Cullen crest on it. It was the perfect outfit for the occasion.

Her hands balled into fists, and she took a deep breath, trying to calm the simmering rage she felt. It wasn't fair! It wasn't fair!

She turned back to her closet. She needed this. She needed the distraction, or she would lose it, and it wouldn't be pretty. School started in an hour, and she had to be there to see her best friend. Plus, she had a gift for Bella that she had to give her before the party.

Alice flicked through the countless options she had in regards to her clothes and shoes. While she had a bit of every color, she especially loved her blacks, greys, dark blues, and dark purples. And sometimes even a bit of white.

She paused just as she reached for a grey blouse from Jean Paul Gaultier. A sudden streak of competitiveness flared up within her. What was Millie wearing? Alice hadn't paid much attention when she had first seen Millie, but it was only appropriate to see what exactly her so-called successor was like, and an excellent way to do that was through her fashions choices. Only one way to find that out. She checked the future and saw Millie, sitting in a classroom, looking bored, but stunning in a soft pink sweater that hung off one shoulder and a pair of dark blue skinny jeans with dark grey boots with thick three-inch heels. Her hair was pulled up into a high bun with her thick curls on display with two loose tendrils hanging in her face.

Alice would have thrown up if she was human. It was hard not to look at Millie and think that her beauty was something that she could never compete with. Even Rosalie would struggle, and her beauty was something other-worldly.

She closed her eyes and allowed the vision to go away before she opened them again. She was in her closet, looking at all her clothes still. A growl of frustration ripped from her lips as she flipped
through her wardrobe. What was she going to wear? She decided that instead of wearing jeans and a beautiful blouse, she would wear a dress. And not just any kind of dress...

Her hand ran over the delicate and expensive fabric. It was a black dress with a trimmed gold fabric along the line of the skirt from Versace. She hadn't worn it yet, but she decided it would work for today. She also needed a nice jacket to go with it. A lovely black leather jacket...there it was, a three quarter sleeved cropped black leather jacket. What else did she need? She was short, so she always tried to make her legs look beautiful and long. She was wearing a dress, so a pair of stockings would do — a nice pair of black sheer stockings and a pair of black Tory Burch ballet flats.

Alice stepped into her bathroom and took a shower and washed her hair. What to do with it? It had always been that short, and sometimes she wondered why she had done it in her human life? She had been changed in the very early twenties before the flapper fashion came into vogue.

Well, it didn't matter, Alice could make it work, and she always had. After she hopped out of the shower and quickly dried off, she walked to her dresser and opened the drawer and pulled out a black satin bra with a matching set of panties before she changed into her outfit.

She then set to work on her hair with a curling wand, working her short tendrils into tiny curls before she fixed it with a holding spray. Alice then put on some beautiful Estee Lauder purple lipstick and eyeshadow before she nodded in satisfaction at her appearance. She grabbed her black Dior bag and Bella's present and pranced downstairs to where Rosalie and Emmett were.

"Rose, I need to borrow your car," she said, flashing a smile at her blonde sister.

Rosalie rolled her eyes but nodded. "You know where the keys are."

Emmett grinned. "Have fun at school!"

Alice stuck her tongue out at him and went and retrieved Rosalie's keys to her sleek red BMW. It was beautiful, but Alice preferred a different kind of car. Something like a Porsche 911 and a yellow one too. Fast and sleek and compact (just like she was). She got in the car and peeled off, headed for town.

In no time, she arrived at the school and saw that Edward's Volvo was there as well a shiny white Range Rover Evoque Sport, which belonged to none other than the very woman that had stolen the man she loved away from her.

Alice got out of the car and walked into the building where she knew Bella and Edward would be.

"Bella!" She greeted, giving her best friend a warm smile. Bella and her birthday provided a welcome distraction from the current pain and mess that she called her life.

Edward gave her a sympathetic look, which she ignored as she embraced Bella. "Happy Birthday!"

"Alice!" Bella protested as they pulled apart. "Don't mention it."

Alice pulled out her gift and handed it to Bella, who let out a sigh. "I thought I said no gifts."

"I've already seen you open it," Alice said with a knowing smile. "And guess what? You love it!"

Bella gave her an exasperated look. "What's in here?" She asked, shaking the present slightly.

"You'll wear it tonight," Alice informed her. "Our place. Seven O'clock."
"I have work!"

"Ah, ah," Alice wagged her finger with a smug smile. "I called Mrs. Newton and spoke to her about it. She's trading your shifts. And she also wanted me to tell you 'Happy Birthday.'"

"Oh, alright," Bella huffed. "You had it planned all along, didn't you?"

Oh, just a couple of months. "Of course, it'll be fun, I promise! What could go wrong?"

"Okay, what time?"

"Seven O'clock." She looked at Edward. "Have her there on time, Edward. This party must be perfect!"

Edward rolled his eyes but nodded. Alice smiled at both of them. "See you tonight!"

She pranced off to her first class as fast as she could without using her vampiric speed. When she got to her class, her smile dropped, and the dense cloud was over her once more.

She tried checking the future multiple times to see if anything would change. And most of all, she decided to check and see if Jasper would change. But no matter how many times she looked, it was crystal clear that he was not going to change his mind.

In her despair, she tried to check and see if there was a possibility of her finding her own mate soon, but there was no such luck.

During lunch, Alice went outside to where a multipath walkway was that led to different buildings of the school. There were a few tables outside for the students to hang out during lunch or a free period, and Alice was just about to take a seat when her entire body froze.

There, at one of the tables, was Millie looking down at what appeared to be an iPad. Her head snapped up and met Alice's gaze with narrowed eyes.

Alice didn't care what happened; she made a decision and walked over to Millie and sat down across from her.

Millie leaned back somewhat and gave her a "what do you want?" look.

"Aren't mates supposed to be attached at the hip?" She began, wincing inwardly at the slight tremble in her voice.

"If that were true, then I wouldn't have been gone for several months now, would I?"

Bitch. Alice swallowed heavily before she tried again. "You know I love him."

Millie nodded. "That seemed pretty obvious. What is it you want to tell me?"

"Give him back to me," she blurted out without even thinking. "I'm not stupid. I know there are race issues with you and Jasper...it would be the best for everyone."

Millie's eyes flashed dangerously. "How convenient. The two of you can go off into the sunset without thinking about race or racism, and I can just suffer without my mate?"

That threw her off. "I...you are angry with him."

"You can't even imagine how angry." Millie stood up. "That doesn't mean I'm going to be alone"
and in agony because of the mating bond. Jasper's past actions are the problem, and the whole reason our relationship is strained right now." Her eyes darkened slightly. "Why should I suffer alone? And why in the hell would I give him to you?"

Alice didn't have to be an empath to know that Millie was seething with rage. She held up her hands in a placating manner. "You left him once," she reminded her. "I don't think you can blame me for thinking you could do it again."

Millie picked up her purse and tablet. "I could do it," she acknowledged. "But that doesn't mean he would come back to you." She walked off without a backward glance, leaving behind an angry and confused Alice.

She went back to class, feeling a sense of emptiness and despair. She left school early, glad to be free of the environment, and eager for some alone time before she started to prepare for the evening. She drove around aimlessly before she finally pulled over and sobbed as much as she could. It hurt. Everything hurt. And the only way to fix it was impossible.

After several moments, she finally calmed herself down and decided to focus on preparing the house for Bella's party. She went to Port Angeles to pick up the cake she had ordered (her best friend's had an aversion to excessive luxury, so Alice had decided to chose Safeway as a sort of compromise), and on her way home, she picked up the decorations as well.

She pulled up in front of the house, and Esme appeared, a welcoming smile on her face. "Hello dear, need any help?"

No, she didn't need any, but it was welcome all the same. "Sure, can you get the cake for me?"

"Of course." Esme lifted the three-tier pink cake with buttercream icing out of the car and carried it into the house.

Now for the decorations. Alice had already seen how she had placed everything in her vision, so it was simple enough to go about decorating the front porch and the living room where the party was going to take place.

Esme approached her as she set up the glass table, a look of concern on her face. "I've haven't bothered you lately, but I will ask: are you alright?" Her voice was tender and filled with a warmth that Alice could only appreciate.

She hadn't seen that coming either. Must have been a last-minute decision, but it was a welcome one. "I'm..." She struggled to find the right words, especially after that disastrous encounter with Millie. And god only knows if she told Jasper about that. "I'm okay as much as I can be right now." There, that ought to do it, and it was the truth.

The Cullen matriarch nodded carefully. "If you ever want to talk, you know I'm here for you as always."

Alice gave her a small smile. It was hard not to when Esme was around. "Of course, I'll keep that in mind."

After she had finished setting everything up, she went upstairs to her room, where she decided to take a relaxing bath. It would ease her racing nerves.

After her long soak (good thing her skin didn't prune anymore), she got up and changed into her outfit for the evening. She carefully styled her hair so that it was slick and neat and accentuated her face. She pranced downstairs when a vision appeared in her mind. She frowned. So, Millie had
made up her mind and would be there. The party would be fine, but Alice had hoped she wouldn't show up. But then if she hadn't, Jasper would have skipped the party as well to keep her company.

"Alice," Emmett boomed good-naturedly as he came downstairs. Her massive brother was well polished for once. He wore a rolled-up grey dark grey shirt with a dark shadow colored vest over it. And while he didn't wear slacks, he did wear black jeans and a pair of black shoes.

"Decent, Emmett," she chirped, though there was no bite to her comment. "Where's Rose?"

"Still getting ready," Emmett said. "She'll probably come down when the party starts and not before then."

Alice couldn't be surprised by that either. It was no secret that Rosalie despised Bella and didn't like the fact that she knew their secret.

"I'm actually looking forward to this little shindig your throwing pixie."

Alice rolled her eyes. Shindig? But she agreed with the sentiment. "Well, it's been a while since we've celebrated a proper birthday."

Esme eventually joined them. She had straightened her caramel waves and had changed into a light purple dress with ruffles along the neckline, bodice, and shoulders of her outfit. She wore a silver heart on a chain around her neck, and her expression was warm and loving.

"Carlisle should be here any minute now," she said, and sure enough, they could all hear the sound of his black Mercedes pulling into the driveway that led to the house.

Carlisle walked in the door and greeted Esme with a kiss. "You look lovely," he said.

Alice rolled her eyes. "Carlisle, go and get dressed! Bella will be here soon!" She said, and the Cullen patriarch shook his head before he headed to his room.

She caught the scent and froze before she quickly moved back from the door, deciding to occupy herself with some last-minute check overs.

"It's Jazzman and Millie!" Emmett went to the door and opened it. Jasper walked into the foyer, looking quite handsome in a nice dark blue pullover sweater with a pair of straight black jeans and black loafers. Her blonde Apollo was as stunning as ever, and he made her insides melt. But her attention was quickly caught by the woman who was now the mate of her ex-husband. Millie had come in behind him, looking a bit uncertain, but dressed for the occasion. She wore a deep burgundy sleeveless dress and what seemed to be a pair of expensive black strappy Jimmy Choos. She held a silver-wrapped gift in her hands.

"Jazz! Millie!" Emmett greeted jovially. "Just in time, because I think Bella and Edward should be pulling up any moment now."

Millie gave him a small smile. Jasper arched a golden eyebrow. "Where's Rose?"

Emmett smirked. "Upstairs. Don't' worry, she'll be down here soon, and she'll be on her best behavior."

"They are here!" Alice called to everyone in the house as the sound of Edward's Volvo approached the house. "Rose, Carlisle, get down here!"

The door opened and in walked an awkward-looking Bella Swan and Edward. Thankfully, Bella
was wearing the green and black dress that Alice picked out for her (even if she did eye those tennis shoes with distaste).

Several happy birthdays greeted Bella. "Sorry we couldn't reign Alice in," Esme said as she embraced Bella. "Happy Birthday, Bella."

"Thanks, Esme," Bella said, though Alice could see that she meant it.

"It's time. It's time!" Alice squealed as she picked up one of the presents and handed it to Rosalie. Her sister coldly gave it to Bella, who opened the box and saw it was empty. She looked at them. "Umm, thanks?" Alice bit back a laugh.

Rosalie cracked a smile, and Emmett laughed good naturally. "It's a radio for the old piece of junk you call a truck." He grinned. "I've already installed it." Bella gave him a mock glare. "Don't diss the truck," she admonished playfully. She was genuinely pleased with the gift. Light laughter erupted in the room, and Alice was glad that the party was going smoothly.

"Jasper and Millie wanted to give you theirs next," Alice said, her voice less chirper as Millie stepped forward.

"Consider it a hello present as well," Millie said as she handed Bella the small and narrow box wrapped in silver paper. Bella took it and stuck her finger under the wrapper and jammed upwards. The paper sliced her finger, and a small drop of blood dripped from her finger.

"Ouch," Bella had muttered as she fumbled with the box. "Paper cut."

Why hadn't she seen it coming?

"No!" Edward roared before he hurled himself in front of Bella. He shoved Millie, a loud sound that echoed throughout the entire house, backward, sending her flying into the piano. Edward pushed Bella away, and she flew back into the glass table before falling onto the ground amongst the shards.

Was Edward out of his mind? The blatant smell of freesias hit her nose, and her mouth filled with venom. Blood. Now that Edward had shoved Bella into a glass table, her injuries were worse, and blood ran down her arm. Edward had turned a worrisome situation into a nightmare in a matter of seconds.

A loud roar erupted, and she turned to see Jasper had launched himself into the air at Edward. He landed in front of him and hurled Edward into one of the walls.

Esme let out a scream of horror. Emmett lunged for Jasper, but he was no match, and Jasper sent him flying across the room. He didn't get back up either. Rosalie rushed to his side, her face twisted in horror and concern.

"Jasper!" Carlisle cried, trying to get the attention of the empath. He had moved over towards Bella, taking a slightly protective stance just in case.

His words fell on deaf ears as Jasper strode over to Edward. Edward had risen to his feet in a flash and had slid into a crouch. Jasper's eyes were pitch black, his stance like that of a powerful lion.

She felt a sudden chill descend over her. No, not a chill, a fear, a fear so potent, that came with the realization that it wasn't Jazz in front of her, but the Major himself.

"Edward, don't!" Alice cried. "That's not Jasper! Everyone get back!"
Edward's eyes locked with her own, and she tried, she did try to show him with her mind that the man before him would kill him without even blinking an eye. But at that moment, she saw Edward's decision.

Millie had sat up, stunned, but unharmed, her eyes narrowed at Edward and Jasper. "Jasper?" There was a hint of uncertainty in her voice.

The Major inclined his head towards her, when Edward, seeing an opportunity, lunged forward. Stupid! Even with his speed, it wouldn't work, and right before her eyes, the Major turned and met Edward head-on, catching him by the throat and slamming his knee into his stomach. He then flipped him over onto the ground; his foot pressed at his neck.

"That was your last mistake, boy," he growled, and Edward suddenly seized, his face a picture of pure agony. Alice clamped her hand over her mouth to prevent herself from screaming.

Millie had stood to her feet by then, her eyes wide as she watched the scene before her. Alice knew she was afraid, and it was ironic because she was the only person in the room that the Major might have listened to. And he would have never harmed her.

"Stop it!" Bella screamed, moving forward, but her hands fell upon glass shards that produced fresh new cuts from the smell of it.

"Bella, be still, and stay back!" Carlisle warned, grabbing her arms and guiding her back firmly, albeit gently.

"Major Jasper Whitlock." Alice approached him cautiously; her head bowed slightly in a sign of vampire submission. The Major pressed his foot further on Edward's neck and turned towards her, his black eyes boring into her own. She didn't need to be an empath at the moment to feel her own fear. He was death itself, and no one in the room could stop him.

"Don't kill him," she begged, hoping he would remember the times that they had spent together. "He's my brother...he's your brother."

His eyes narrowed dangerously at her, and she took a step back. "No, he ain't," he growled. "And if you know what's good for you, you'd not side with this ignorant whelp." He stomped Edward's neck for emphasis, the sickening crack echoing around the room.

There it was, in ugly and brutal words. It was like a knife through the heart. It was so heavy and painful that Alice physically stumbled back. Out of the decades they had spent together, she had only seen the Major appear once.

Millie turned and disappeared into the night. Not that it mattered. He would catch her. She didn't need to look into the future to see that.

The Major had noticed that his mate had left, but he looked down at Edward and cocked his head before he acted. A sudden metallic sound rang through the air. Edward was on the ground with no arms writhing and screaming.

"You touch my mate again, and I'll kill you," the Major said simply before he turned and took off in the direction that Millie had gone.

Chapter End Notes
So there it is! Chapter 4! So my most significant change was that I decided that this entire chapter would be from Alice's point of view. I thought it would nice (and this is the only time you will get her point of view) to see Alice's perspective and how she feels with the recent upheaval in her life. Up next: the Aftermath. And as always, I am grateful to everyone who left kudos, and bookmarked this story. I always appreciate comments as well! Happy Holidays and Happy New Year!

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