Cast Aside

by EdwardsMate4ever

Summary

Carlisle thought he loved the copper-haired boy...until he met a woman who would change their lives forever. Inspired by the music of Rufus Wainwright.

Notes

All songs are linked in the Notes section of my public Facebook profile: EdwardsMateforever
A/N: The song is "Dinner at Eight" by Rufus Wainwright.
Carlisle sat in the audience of the small music hall, his wife at his side, his children seated behind them. After decades of patient encouragement, Edward had finally agreed to share his insurmountable musical talent with the masses. He had been reluctant to do so, knowing that he only had one chance—a matter of about five years—to be visible to the public. After that, people would notice that he didn't age, and he would have to recede back into the shadows.

And so, Edward's premiere was carefully planned. It was perfect timing; the world was ready for his brand of music. The audience sat in rapt attention as Edward's hands flitted over the keys of his baby grand, his haunting voice filling the acoustically perfect auditorium.

Carlisle was proud of him. Edward had been mired in a state of depression for most of his second life. This was the outlet he needed so that he might finally begin to heal. Carlisle sighed in relief; maybe now, the burden he'd been shouldering for so long would be alleviated, at least to some small degree.

Edward's current song came to a close and the audience applauded with vigor. His set was nearly over, and it was clear that he had won over this particular crowd. The record producers in the audience were on the edge of their seats, ready to pounce when he left the stage. But he wasn't done just yet. There was still one song left to be sung.

Edward swallowed and closed his eyes as he waited for the applause to die down. When the hall was once again shrouded in silence, his long, slender fingers began to coax a haunting melody from his piano; the instrument an extension of his own body. Leaning forward as if to kiss the microphone, he began to sing:

*No matter how strong*

*I'm gonna take you down*

*With one little stone*

*I'm gonna break you down*

*And see what you're worth*

*What you're really worth to me*

It was a favorite pastime of Carlisle's; trying to figure out the meaning behind Edward's songs. This was not one he had heard before. He listened carefully to the words spill from the depths of Edward's soul.

*Dinner at eight was okay*

*Before the toast full of gleams*
It was great until those old magazines
Got us started up again
Actually it was probably me again
Why is it so
That I've always been the one who must go
That I've always been the one told to flee
When in fact you were the one long ago
Actually in the drifting white snow
You left me

Carlisle's breath hitched in his throat. This song, It was about him. Them. The very events that had left Edward so broken. Edward heard his maker's thoughts, and he turned his head slightly to meet Carlisle's gaze. His golden eyes contained a hardness to them that clearly said: I have not forgiven you.

So put up your fists and I'll put up mine
No running away from the scene of the crime
God's chosen a place
Somewhere near the end of the world
Somewhere near the end of our lives

Edward tore his gaze away and closed his eyes again as he went into the next stanza of his lament.

But 'til then no, Daddy, don't be surprised
If I wanna see the tears in your eyes
Then I know it had to be long ago
Actually in the drifting white snow
You loved me

Carlisle swallowed hard at the lump that had formed in his throat. So Edward did recognize that Carlisle had indeed loved him once. He hadn't meant to use Edward, but it had ended up that way. Edward may be aware of Carlisle's struggle, but that didn't mean he accepted it.

No matter how strong
I'm gonna take you down
With one little stone
I'm gonna break you down
And see what you're worth

What you're really worth to me

As the last notes rang out, the audience erupted in applause. Edward barely acknowledged it. Instead, he simply rose from his seat, gave a slight nod to his admirers, and strode offstage, his jaw drawn tight. Carlisle couldn't move; he was frozen in his seat as his family stood around him, joining in on the standing ovation, whooping and hollering with the crowd. Esme nudged his shoulder with her hip, urging him with her eyes to rise. He did, if only to avoid drawing attention to himself. Edward had done a good job of hiding his hurt over the years, but it was clear that he wasn't over it.

Not by a long shot.
October 1918

With the utmost care, Carlisle pulled the sheet over the man, effectively pronouncing him dead. The latest victim of the Spanish flu had to be no older than thirty eight—such a waste of life and vitality. After a moment of silent reflection, Carlisle motioned for the nurse to take him to the morgue. *The morgue probably held more bodies at this point than the beds in this hospital,* Carlisle thought grimly. Now came the part that Carlisle dreaded the most—relaying the bad news to the surviving family in the waiting room.

Edward Masen had arrived in Carlisle's care only hours before. He was told that Masen had been brought in by his wife and teenaged son, coughing up blood and unable to walk on his own. The intake nurse had explained that his son was fully supporting the weight of his father, struggling to keep him on his feet. As soon as Carlisle entered the patient's room, he could smell death approaching. There was nothing that could be done; the man was too far gone. That was the trouble with this epidemic—sometimes the onset was slow enough that something could be done, but most of the time it hit like a tidal wave, claiming its victims within twenty four hours. The latter was the case for Edward Masen.

Carlisle wished there was something he could do to stop the spread of this disease, but there was nothing to be done. Carlisle Cullen was a vampire disguised as a human doctor, but he was not to be feared. He was a rarity among vampires—he abstained from drinking the blood of humans, preferring to retain his humanity and help humans in need. Instead of giving in to his basest desire, he instead subsisted on the blood of animals, and that kept him satisfied enough. After centuries of practice, he hardly recognized the call of human blood anymore, and of that he prided himself. He was always in complete control, and although he sometimes had to allow a patient to die so as not to reveal his superior senses to other humans, he rarely lost a patient.

Until now. This flu was infuriating to Carlisle. When he went home after his overnight shift, under the pretense of needing to sleep, he spent his days immersed in research. But this flu was unlike any in history, and Carlisle could find no way to stop it. It struck without rhyme or reason, taking life from the young and virile, while similar epidemics typically claimed the old and weak. It made no sense, and Carlisle had no choice but to watch the humans around him fall and succumb to the disease.

As the nurse wheeled Mr. Masen out of the room, Carlisle gathered his personal effects from the bedside table: his wedding ring, a pocket watch, a billfold, a monogrammed cigarette case and lighter set. The last bits of this man for his family to hold dear. Holding the items in his open palm, he stared at them for a moment before slipping them into a satchel. He knew that the moment Masen's wife laid eyes on the bag, she would know her husband was gone. How he dreaded having to be the one to dash a family's hopes of recovery.

With a heavy heart, Carlisle walked down the hallway to the waiting room. On the way, he passed by cots that held the deathly ill, the overcrowded hospital no longer having proper space for these poor souls. Parting the curtain separating the ill from the healthy, Carlisle stepped into the room. His eyes scanned the crowd of people waiting for word on their loved ones' prognoses. He hadn't been
there for Masen's intake—how would he know which family to approach? The entry door pushed open in that moment as a new patient arrived, allowing the cool, late October air to gust through the room.

And then it hit him. The overwhelming scent of the most delicious blood he'd ever smelled. His sensitive nose immediately located the source. Sitting in one of the chairs, next to an auburn-haired woman who looked to be his mother, was a young man with penny-colored hair. Carlisle couldn't see his face, as he was staring down at the floor, his mother's arm wrapped around his slender shoulders. Carlisle's mouth flooded with venom at the scent of him; this was the first time in decades that Carlisle struggled to control the urge to drink from a human. Shaking his head to clear it, Carlisle tore his eyes from the boy and approached the intake desk.

"Good evening, Minerva. Can you tell me which is the family of Edward A. Masen?"

Minerva gave a curt nod without looking up from her paperwork, extending a finger in the direction of the boy who had stirred the monster lurking inside him. The woman had heard the mention of her husband's name, and she was looking at Carlisle, her teary eyes reflecting a mixture of hope and fear. Swallowing hard and tamping down the beast inside as only he could, Carlisle began to walk over to the pair. As he walked, the woman noticed the satchel in the doctor's hand, and all hope in her eyes was lost as she broke down, her hands covering her face as her shoulders shook violently.

The boy looked up from the floor then, his tired face drawn in concern for his mother. "Mama?" He placed a hand on her shoulder, trying to get her to look at him. "Mama?"

The boy sensed the presence of Carlisle as he stood before them, and he raised his eyes to meet the doctor's gaze. Carlisle struggled not to gasp at the sight of him. The boy was the most beautiful creature Carlisle had ever laid eyes on, and his vibrant green eyes seemed to pierce into his very soul. The scent of this boy's blood, combined with his innocent beauty, aroused something long dormant within Carlisle. There was a stirring in the vampire's trousers and an ache in his belly as their eyes remained locked together.

Embarrassed, Carlisle broke eye contact with the alluring boy and looked to his mother. "Mrs. Masen?" She looked up at him, wiping the tears from her eyes. "I am sorry to inform you that we were unable to save your husband. He has passed on."

The woman swallowed hard. "I know. Thank you for doing your best, Doctor..."

"Cullen. Carlisle Cullen."

"Doctor Cullen. Thank you." Masen's wife turned to her son. "Come on, Junior, take me home."

Carlisle glanced back at the boy as he stood and helped his mother to her feet. The muscles in his neck were taut, his jaw set tight, as he struggled to put on a brave face for his mother's sake. Carlisle couldn't help but feel a sense of pride for the boy who cared for his mother's feelings above his own.

As the young man ushered his mother toward the door, Carlisle realized that he was still holding the satchel with Edward Masen's belongings. With a few long strides, he caught up to the pair. He cleared his throat to get their attention; he didn't dare to touch the boy—he didn't think he would be able to control what might happen if he did.

"Ahem. Young man?"

The boy turned around and raised an eyebrow, but did not speak. Carlisle held out the satchel. "Your father's personal effects."
The teenager stared at the bag for a moment before reaching out to take it. His long, slender fingers brushed Carlisle's briefly as he took the bag, and Carlisle felt his skin burn under the accidental touch. The boy flinched at the feel of the doctor's cool skin, but said nothing, just gave a slight nod of acknowledgment before leading his mother out into the night. Carlisle stood rooted in place, watching their forms slowly disappear into the darkness.

A week passed, and Carlisle could not get that beautiful boy out of his mind. Carlisle had experienced this obsessive desire once before, in Columbus, Ohio, several years before. His compulsion for the young woman all those years ago had driven him from that city in an effort to relieve her of the burden of his existence. Carlisle feared that he may have to do the same again.

When the flu was over, Carlisle vowed to move on from Chicago and forget the boy. He should be allowed to live his life without being watched by a lonely vampire filled with a dangerous desire for his body and blood. But, Carlisle would indulge himself; he felt overwhelmingly compelled to see the boy again, at least once more, hopefully in a more happy state.

Carlisle remembered the home address of Mr. Masen from the cursory glance he had given to the identification in his billfold. One cloudy evening, on his way to the hospital for his shift, Carlisle took a detour down toward the Masen home. This was perfect; he had to be at the hospital at a specific time, which gave him a reason to leave. Otherwise, Carlisle thought he might fall under the boy's spell, and do something he would regret.

The street was deserted, save for a stray dog sniffing around for a scrap to eat. Carlisle watched as the scrawny mongrel, finding nothing to ease its hunger, limped off into one of the yards up ahead. He found himself pitying the dog; it was more than likely that it wasn't a true stray, but that its family had fallen victim to this sudden plague.

Finally, Carlisle was in front of the home that Edward Masen had once lived in. The lawn and bushes lining the front of the home were unkempt—perhaps Mrs. Masen didn't have the wherewithal to keep up with the gardening, or perhaps their gardener had also succumbed to disease. Regardless of the reason, the overgrowth was a perfect cover for Carlisle to hide amongst.

Carlisle could hear the faint sounds of footsteps, followed by the heavy thunk of wood clashing against wood. There was a rustle of clothing, and then, the sound of piano keys played in order from high to low, as though someone was running a hand across the keys. Carlisle followed the sounds to a window at the side of the house and peered inside.

There was his boy, sitting on the piano bench, silently contemplating the piano before him. Thankful for the window pane diminishing the potent scent of his blood, Carlisle's nether regions couldn't help but respond to the sight of the boy; so much more beautiful in person than in his memory. Wistfully, Carlisle wondered what it would be like to touch his warm, supple skin, to taste his sensual, pink lips. The boy snapped out of his reflections and cracked his knuckles, placing his long fingers above the keys of his choosing. And then, he began to play.

Wandering properties of death

Arresting moons within our eyes and smiles

We did rest

Amongst the granite tombs to catch our breath

The tone of his boy's voice, and the impact of his lyrics, had Carlisle in rapt attention. He couldn't
tear his eyes away if his life depended on it. All he could do was stand stock-still and let the boy’s
music wash over him.

*Worldly sounds of endless warring*

*Were for just a moment silent stars*

*Worldly boundaries of dying*

*Were for just a moment never ours*

*All was new*

*Just as the black horizons blue*

Carlisle was hypnotized by the boy’s melodious, enchanting voice. The sounds he pulled from the
piano were a perfect complement to his lament over the loss of his father. His talent was undeniable,
if not a touch rough around the edges.

*Then along the bending path away*

*I smiled in knowing I’d be back one day*

As the last notes rang out, the boy bent his head, his shoulders slumping. Carlisle could smell the
tears that streaked down his cheeks. Suddenly, Carlisle felt intrusive, watching this boy in mourning.
Ashamed at himself, Carlisle turned away from the house and slipped into the shadows. As he made
his way to work, he vowed to leave the boy alone. In truth, he was only torturing himself, wanting
something that could never be. He would give the flu epidemic a few more weeks, and then he
would move on, as he had in Columbus.

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It was November, and the flu had shown no signs of subsiding. There was so much death in the city
of Chicago; it would not surprise him if the death toll now outnumbered the living. Carlisle had kept
ture to his word. He’d successfully avoided the Masen home, though it was a daily inner struggle.
But he refused to allow himself the pleasure of the sight of that boy. It was a dangerous game he
would be playing, and it was not worth the risk of exposure, or tarnishing his record of never tasting
the blood of a human.

As Carlisle approached the front desk, he took note of the large stack of patient charts awaiting him.
The stack never ceased to get taller with each passing evening. Sighing heavily, he picked up the pile
and began to scan through the names. One name in particular gave him pause.

"Minerva? There must be some mistake. This man, Edward A. Masen, passed on a few weeks ago.
Perhaps his paperwork was filed incorrectly?" he questioned her, holding out the sheet for her to see.

"No, Dr. Cullen, there is no mistake," she informed him after taking a cursory glance at the paper.

"This is for Edward A. Masen, Junior—his son."

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: Lyrics from "In a Graveyard" by Rufus Wainwright.
And a huge shoutout to MinaRivera for creating such a wonderful banner as a surprise to me! It's gorgeous, hun, thank you! It can be seen on my Facebook page: Edwards Mateforever
Chapter 2

November 1918

Carlisle stood stock-still in his apartment, staring at the slow-moving hands of the clock on the mantel, waiting for nightfall. He wished fervently that he did not need to pretend to sleep; all he wanted to do was be near that boy. And it seemed to Carlisle that their time together would be cut short sooner than he'd like.

It had been three days since Edward Masen Junior and his mother were admitted to the hospital, showing clear signs of the influenza. They were fading fast—Carlisle would not be surprised if this night was their last. When they'd first arrived, Carlisle thought they might have a chance at survival, as their symptoms were not as advanced as other cases he'd seen. All too quickly, however, the influenza wreaked its havoc. After that first day, Edward had been barely coherent as the fever ravaged his body, his breaths growing ragged as his lungs began to slowly fill with blood. His coughs were painful to listen to as his body tried to rid itself of the encroaching suffocation.

Edward’s mother fared no better, but valiantly (or stupidly, Carlisle wasn’t sure), she insisted on continuing to mother her child, fretting and fussing over his bedside. The nurses joked about tying her to her bed—Carlisle was beginning to think that wasn’t such a bad idea. At this rate, she would never have a chance at recovery, and then, if Edward were to survive, he would be alone in the world. Not that it seemed likely that he would overcome the influenza, but still.

As Carlisle waited for the hands of the clock to indicate it was time to return, he wondered what it was about this boy that drew him so. He remembered a time when he was living in Volterra; one of the ruling brothers, Aro, had told him of the existence of singers: a human whose blood called to a specific vampire so strongly that it was nearly impossible to resist. Carlisle suspected that Edward was his singer, but after hundreds of years of impeccable self-control, he found himself able to resist. But it wasn't easy.

Carlisle would be lying if he didn’t admit that there was something more that drew him to the boy, but he couldn't put his finger on exactly what that was. He felt happier when he was in Edward's presence, almost like he was…complete, for lack of a better word. Carlisle never got too close to others, human or vampire, and he was a lonely soul. When Edward was near, he didn't feel so alone. It was a strange feeling: the boy was so far gone, it wasn’t as if they’d really conversed much. All the same, Carlisle felt a pull to be near him. It wasn't ruled by the burn in his throat, but rather, a burning in the very core of his being. A small part of him wondered if Edward might be his mate. Carlisle had no experience with love. His entire existence, he had been a solitary creature; the urge to mate present, but never acted upon. It confused him to think that his mate might be male, so he did his best to push those thoughts away.

Finally, the clock indicated it was time to leave, and Carlisle walked as quickly as he dared to the hospital. He exchanged pleasantries with the head nurse, Minerva, before heading straight to the room that contained the Masens. As he approached their room, Edward's scent grew stronger, and Carlisle swallowed hard against the flood of venom that filled his mouth. Even tainted with disease, the boy's blood smelled delicious.

When Carlisle pushed open the door, he was greeted by the sight of a half-naked, unconscious Edward. A washbasin sat on the bedside table, a bathing sponge discarded inside. The nurses must have given him a sponge bath to help soothe the burning fever. His mother, Elizabeth, moaned
restlessly in her sleep on the cot beside him, lost in fever-induced dreams, no doubt. Both were gaunt, ravaged. Their bodies had lost so much mass, it was as though they were living skeletons, clinging to the last shreds of life. Such a shame. Such a waste. Carlisle swallowed against the lump in his throat as he made his way first to Elizabeth, then to Edward, checking their vitals.

Carlisle pulled up a stool next to Edward's cot, and took the boy's wrist in his hand, checking his pulse. It was slow and thready, a poor sign. His skin was sticky with sweat, and warm with fever, but it was also soft and delicate. Carlisle felt the now-familiar stirring in his pants, and he mentally chastised himself. This inexplicable sexual impulse he felt toward the dying boy made him sick to his stomach, and he struggled to push those thoughts from his mind, willing his erection to deflate.

A quiet crackling began to sound in Edward's chest, and the boy awoke, coughing violently. The doctor quickly circled his arm around Edward's back, lifting him easily to a sitting position, so he would not choke on his own blood. Edward's body shivered in response to Carlisle's cold skin, and his green eyes flew open. To Carlisle's dismay, Edward's eyes were no longer clear, but foggy and unfocused with pain and illness. His chest continued to heave as his hacking cough grew louder and more violent. Carlisle rubbed the boy's back to comfort him, murmuring that he would be all right. He pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and held it to Edward's mouth to catch the outpouring of blood and spittle and phlegm. Morbidly, Carlisle made a mental note to hang on to this handkerchief, so he might never lose the scent of his singer's blood.

When Edward's body deemed him finished, the boy sagged against Carlisle's shoulder in defeat. Carlisle hugged him for a moment, brushing his sweaty bronze hair off of his heated forehead. Reluctantly, he pulled one arm away from his boy and poured some water from the pitcher on the bedside table into a glass, and held it up to Edward's dry, cracked lips.

"Here, drink this."

Edward did as he was told, watching his doctor with wide eyes as Carlisle gently tipped the glass to his lips, allowing him small sips of liquid at a time. When the glass was half-empty, Edward pulled back, apparently finished, so Carlisle set the glass back down. He turned back to the boy, and found him still staring, his sea-green eyes boring into him. Carlisle suppressed a shudder; he felt as though Edward could see into his soul.

Finally, Edward spoke, his voice raspy from disuse. "You...you really care for me."

Carlisle could think of nothing to say. They just stared at each other for a time, their gazes held unwavering. Edward's eyes began to darken, and his tongue slid out to wet his lips. Carlisle couldn't help but wonder if this was some kind of invitation, or if it was a result of the fever. He leaned down closer, and the boy's lips parted, his eyes sliding closed. Was he about to speak? Did he want Carlisle to kiss him? Carlisle wouldn't get the chance to find out, because a nurse had just opened the door to the room, carrying fresh washcloths and water.

The doctor swiftly leapt to his feet. "How is he?" the nurse innocently asked.

Carlisle glanced down at Edward—he had fallen back into unconsciousness. "No different, I'm sorry to say."

The nurse frowned. "And his mother?"

"Much the same as her son."

The nurse sighed. "If only she would stay in her bed, but she is so insistent on taking care of her boy. I keep telling her that I will make sure he is cared for, but she won't listen."
"He is her baby. What can you expect from her?"

The nurse nodded in understanding and the pair of them left the room. Carlisle did not want to leave, but he had appearances to keep up, rounds to make. He would return again near the end of his shift. For now, there were more deathly ill patients to care for.

In the early morning hours, Carlisle returned to the Masens' room to find Elizabeth struggling to make it out of bed. Her body was too weak, however, and she could scarcely raise herself up on her elbows before collapsing back down on the thin mattress. Carlisle rushed to her side.

"Mrs. Masen, you must stay in bed. You are too weak to be moving about," Carlisle explained gently, fluffing up her pillow and feeling her forehead with the back of his hand. She sighed at the contact, but her eyes kept darting to the bed beside hers.

"He's still alive, Mrs. Masen. Try to rest yourself. You want to live for him if he pulls through, don't you?"

She sighed, making herself cough slightly. "I will not make it out of this alive, Doctor. It is only right that I make sure my son does." She was silent for a few moments as she gazed at her son's unconscious form. When her eyes met Carlisle's once more, they were wet with unshed tears. "But he won't make it, will he, Doctor?"

"There is always a chance, but it doesn't look good, I'm sorry to say."

Elizabeth gasped, her eyes closing, squeezing out the tears that had welled up there. Her hand found Carlisle's, and she gripped it tightly, with strength that seemed impossible for her weakened muscles and bones. When her eyes reopened, they stared into Carlisle's with clarity and determination. The look she gave him chilled him to the bone—it felt as though she was scrutinizing him. When she finally spoke, her voice was unnaturally clear and steady.

"You must do everything in your power. What others cannot do, that is what you must do for my Edward."

Carlisle could do nothing but gape at the woman who seemed to know him for what he truly was. Did she know what she was asking of him?

Before he could gather his thoughts to respond, Elizabeth's grip on his hand grew slack. Her lips parted as she drew her final ragged breath, and then the light in her eyes went out. She was dead. Aghast and confused, Carlisle disentangled his hand from hers and gently closed her lifeless eyes.

Sitting at her bedside, Carlisle looked over at Edward. He hadn't stirred, and his pulse was barely audible. His breaths were shallow and spread too far apart. He was approaching death rapidly. Carlisle had to decide what to do, and fast. But there were so many questions that plagued him.

Could Elizabeth have truly known that Carlisle was inhuman? Would she have asked him to save her son if she knew the kind of life Carlisle would give him? Would Edward even want this half-life? Would he resent Carlisle for changing him, tying him to Carlisle for all eternity as his sire, while his own true parents had been allowed to die? If Carlisle had had a choice when he was turned, he surely would have chosen death. But now he would have to be the one to choose between life and death for this boy.

Selfishly, he chose life.

The vampire did not want to be lonely any longer. And he felt so drawn to this boy. He couldn't
fathom giving up his first chance at happiness in centuries. But would the boy even want him? And once he'd tasted the blood of his singer, would Carlisle be able to stop drinking in time?

Carlisle decided that he would have to take that risk. Reverently, he covered Elizabeth with a sheet and gently wheeled her body to the morgue. It pained him to add her to the piles of corpses in that death-filled room, but he had little choice. There was simply no room to leave a gurney. Her body would wind up in a mass grave with the other lost souls in this room.

Returning to their room, he took a long look at the boy before he drew a sheet up over Edward's face. Carlisle fervently hoped he'd be able to stop from killing him. His own expression somber, he wheeled the boy down the barren hallway, barely receiving a second glance from the one nurse he passed. When he reached the morgue, he glanced around him. No one was near. Swiftly, he gathered the boy in his arms and left out the back door. Under cover of darkness, he climbed the nearest building with one hand, heading home to his apartment on the outskirts of town, out of sight of any humans who might possibly be awake at this early hour.

As he leapt over the rooftops, clutching his precious cargo, Carlisle couldn't get the boy's song out of his head.

*Worldly sounds of endless warring*

*Were for just a moment silent stars*

*Worldly boundaries of dying*

*Were for just a moment never ours*

*All was new*

*Just as the black horizons blue*
Chapter 3

November 1918

As Carlisle ran over rooftops with the dying boy clutched tightly in his arms, he reconsidered taking Edward to his apartment. Should Edward survive the bite, Carlisle did not want him to awaken in the city with the notoriously strong lust for blood that every newborn possessed. Instead, Carlisle took him to a small abandoned farmhouse on the outskirts of Chicago, far from any nearby humans. He had found the spot on a recent hunt and had explored the property out of curiosity. It was dilapidated, but he had seen an old mattress there, so it would suit his purposes.

Arriving not a moment too soon, Carlisle burst through the shoddy door. Edward's breaths were rare by that time, and his pulse was barely audible, even to Carlisle's sensitive ears. Though no moon shone in the sky that night, Carlisle had no trouble locating the dingy mattress, and he carefully laid Edward out on it. Drawing back, Carlisle regarded Edward's gaunt frame for several minutes. He struggled with how to approach this. It had never crossed his mind to turn another person, and so, Carlisle had never considered in what way to administer his venom.

Unfortunately, time was of the essence, so his reflections had to be cut short. He decided to simply do what he knew; he would recreate the wound that had been inflicted upon him. That vampire had intended to drain him; he had only been "spared" death because the vampire had gotten distracted. There was nothing to distract Carlisle in this farmhouse—he said a silent prayer to God, asking for the control necessary to stop drinking the human's blood when the time came. Would he know when that time was? Would he even be able to stop? This would be Carlisle's first taste of human blood.

To say he was frightened would be an understatement, but Carlisle had committed himself to this—it was now or never; Edward would be dead in minutes, if not less.

The benevolent vampire lowered himself to his knees and bent over the frail human, taking one last look at the boy. He looked terrible: sallow cheeks, sunken eyes, hair drenched in sweat and plastered to his head. And yet, Carlisle still found himself drawn to him, as though Edward was surrounded by a magnetic pull. It was this force that drew Carlisle's mouth to the boy's sinewy neck. He inhaled deeply; a big mistake. Carlisle immediately felt lightheaded at the close proximity of the scent, even polluted as it was by illness. His lips drew back from his teeth of their own accord, and his thoughts clouded with need as he sank his teeth into the boy's tender flesh.

He was surprised to discover the ease with which his teeth broke the skin, and it was mere milliseconds before the boy's life blood began to flood Carlisle's mouth. The vampire groaned loudly as the taste of Edward exploded on his tongue—the flavor was like nothing Carlisle had even come in contact with, impossible to describe. A euphoria fell over the vampire, causing his brain to become devoid of all thought, save for one: Must keep drinking.

Finally, Edward gained enough strength to react to the burning sensation at the wound, and a whimper left his cracked lips. A weak hand lifted and pushed against Carlisle's arm as the boy struggled to escape from the pain of the bite. Carlisle registered these things, but he was too consumed with the blood rushing into his mouth, overwhelming his senses. It was only when he felt a droplet slip into his hair, the scent of salt unmistakable, that Carlisle came back to himself. The boy was crying; Carlisle was killing him.

Before he could convince himself to finish drinking, Carlisle abruptly removed his teeth from Edward's neck. For a moment, he stared at the gaping wound. He needed to seal it. If he didn't, the
boy might bleed out before the venom had a chance to take effect. But if he tasted the blood again…

Carlisle spat his red-tinged venom into the palm of his hand, and applied it to Edward's neck. The wound closed swiftly, and there was an overwhelming silence in the room for several minutes. Carlisle began to think that he had drunk too much, that it hadn't worked.

It all happened so fast. One minute, Edward was motionless and silent. The next, his head was thrashing from side to side, quiet moans growing louder as the venom worked its way through his bloodstream. Moans turned to bloodcurdling screams, and his limbs convulsed as his earthly body was consumed by the invisible flames. Carlisle's chest constricted at the sight and sound of Edward's pain, the memory of his own change all too clear in his mind. He was glad he chose the shack instead of the apartment. Surely, the authorities would have been called once the horrific screams Edward was producing were heard. His vocal cords couldn't hold out for too long, though, and, after a few hours, his agonized cries turned to whimpers, before petering out altogether. His muscles were still tense, though—the pain was far from over, his voice had just given out.

The silence was deafening as Carlisle waited. Hours passed as the venom worked its magic, redefining weakened muscles and sharpening Edward's features. The change was gradual, but Carlisle could not tear his eyes from the boy burning before him, so he missed none of it. The vampire had lost conception of time—he knew the sun had risen and fallen in one full cycle. There was still much that the venom needed to do. Carlisle wasn't sure how long it would take; when he had been changed, his pain has consumed him so terribly that he hadn't noticed the days ending and beginning, but he did remember that it seemed to take at least forty eight hours, perhaps even seventy two.

Carlisle could only imagine what must be going through Edward's mind at this moment. Did he believe himself dead, being punished in the fiery pits of Hell for some small infraction? Perhaps it wasn't a minor offense; perhaps the boy had done evil things in his short life, things worthy of hellfire. Carlisle realized that he knew nothing of Edward's past, and that this was a distinct possibility. But somehow, Carlisle doubted this. Edward could not be a wicked person, not with a mother like Elizabeth to guide him. The poor young man probably thought he was doomed to burn for eternity for some small slight, like eating another boy's apple in the schoolyard. For several hours, Carlisle considered what Edward's life might have been like when he was human. He hoped that the boy would be happy in his new life; Carlisle hoped that he could make that happen for him.

Eventually, Carlisle could not stand to sit by any longer. He had no need to hunt; Edward's blood had satisfied his need to drink for now. The farmhouse was abandoned, so there was nothing left to distract him, not even a stray book. Spying an old basin in the corner, he thought he might wash the boy off. The poor boy was covered in his own sweat, and he stank of illness; Carlisle thought it best for Edward to wake up feeling fresh, especially with the powerful sense of smell he was destined to possess. Outside, the vampire could hear the gentle babbling of a brook—it was nearby, so Carlisle would not have to go far to fill the basin. Going to retrieve it, he noticed a rag inside the bucket. It looked fairly clean, although it was rather dusty. A good shake and a rinse in the brook would fix that, though. With a glance over his shoulder at the motionless boy, Carlisle swiftly left, returning minutes later with a full basin.

Crouching beside Edward, Carlisle hoped that the cool water would soothe the burning sensation somewhat. Slowly, so as not to jostle him too much, Carlisle unbuttoned the white linen shirt given to all hospital patients, shrugging it off of his shoulders and lifting Edward's body to slide it out from under him. His body odor was heady, unhindered by the clothing, and Carlisle felt his penis move of its own volition. Swallowing hard, he tried to will it away as he set to work, dipping the rag into the basin, wringing it out, and gliding over Edward's sticky skin. He was beautiful, the venom having already restored the muscle mass to the point of health. Edward wasn't burly by any means—he was
still a young man—but his lean form was still enticing. Carlisle began to struggle between his rational mind and his traitorous penis. As he rubbed Edward gently with the cloth, the boy's heartbeat began to calm. It was working. Whether the cool water helped soothe the burning, or whether it was simply a distraction, Carlisle did not know, but whatever it was, it mattered not. What Carlisle was doing was helping somehow, and he felt relief by proxy.

The odor now gone from his upper body, Carlisle halted for a moment. He regarded the white linen pants with trepidation; should he remove them and wash Edward further? The boy's lower half stunk worse than the rest of him, but Carlisle was hesitant. He was a doctor; he'd seen countless naked boys. But never before had he been attracted to one. It felt like he would be crossing a boundary that he shouldn't. The boy would never know, though, would he? It was unlikely that he was coherent enough to register what was happening anyway.

Decided, Carlisle hooked his thumbs into the waistband of Edward's pants and drew them down his legs. Carlisle was dumbfounded for a moment. He had expected the boy to be wearing an undergarment, but then he remembered that undergarments were just one more obstacle to the use of a bedpan in the hospitals. And so, Carlisle was unprepared for the abrupt view of the boy's private area. The vampire couldn't help but stare for a moment—he'd never really stopped to pay close attention to another man's genitalia before—not unless there was something wrong with them, that is. But there was nothing wrong with Edward. It was impossible to tell the true size of a penis when it hung flaccid, but Edward's looked average. He was uncircumcised, much like Carlisle himself. Carlisle stared perhaps a bit too long at the small pink head shrouded by the loose hood of skin. Reddish brown hair surrounded the root and spread over his scrotum, which was neither saggy nor boyish. No, Edward had matured in that area already.

Taking an unnecessary breath through his nose to try to calm his awakening cock only made his desire worse. The pungent scent of the sweat wrought from numerous fevers wafted from the crevices between Edward's legs, making Carlisle desperately want to taste him. Thinking himself terribly inappropriate, he closed his eyes to regain his sense as he dipped the rag back into the basin. After wringing the excess water from the rag, Carlisle returned his attention to the boy's body. He was startled to find Edward's penis not as lax as before, but somewhat firmer. Perhaps it was an involuntary reaction to the change in temperature, Carlisle reasoned to himself as he began to wash the boy's legs. Working up the courage to wash Edward where he needed it most, Carlisle started at his feet and worked his way up to the boy's thighs. He tried to keep his eyes averted, but as he ran the towel over Edward's inner thigh, he saw a movement from the corner of his eye.

Startled, Carlisle drew back. The boy still laid there, not having moved an inch, save for his cock. It was slowly beginning to fill, no doubt from Carlisle's tender touches. He should stop. Really, he should. But Carlisle could not stop. His own cock filled in kind, and his hand moved of it's own accord, slowly moving the rag up the inside of Edward's thigh to the spot where his scrotum met his body. He held the sweaty testicles in the cool rag, gently rolling them in the wet cloth, and his eyes widened as he watched Edward's cock grow before his eyes. Once it had filled to capacity, Carlisle licked his lips, the pressure in his trousers mounting exponentially. Edward's cock was thin, but long, and it stuck straight up like an arrow, a small pool of liquid emerging from the tip.

Unthinking, Carlisle groaned and slid his free hand into his trousers, squeezing his own length to relieve some of the pressure. It felt amazing, so he kept moving his hand, slowly at first, gradually gaining speed. Dropping the rag from his other hand, he dipped it in the cool water before wrapping his fingers around the boy's stiffened cock. It had to be cleansed, but a rag might be too rough for such sensitive skin, wouldn't it? Yes, Carlisle had to use his hand.

Carlisle stroked his cock and Edward's in tandem, his pleasure mounting swiftly. He felt a heat spread from the base of his spine into the pit of his groin, and with an exaggerated cry, he spilled his
seed into his tight fist. His other hand continued to stroke Edward, and though the boy showed no outward signs of pleasure, his penis twitched in Carlisle's palm, and his seed spurted onto his stomach.

Using the rag to wipe the emission from Edward's abdomen, Carlisle mentally admonished himself for taking such advantage of the helpless boy. He was disgusted with himself, but he took solace in the knowledge that Edward was unlikely to remember any of this once the transformation was complete.

Dropping the rag back into the basin, Carlisle removed his shirt and trousers, but kept his undergarments on. He curled his cool body into the prone boy's side, hoping his icy skin might help to mitigate the constant burn that Edward was sure to still be feeling. His mind wandered, reflecting on his physical reactions to the bath he had just administered. That was surely not what Edward's mother would have wanted. Carlisle wanted the boy, but would the boy want him? He decided that he would not act on his basest yearnings ever again. It was beyond inappropriate; it was wrong. He came to the conclusion that he would simply act as the boy's mentor, raising him to live his way of life, like a son. Anything more would be wildly improper. Carlisle would be satisfied with the act he had just committed and suppress his gnawing desire. It was the right thing to do.

Another dawn crested the horizon, and Carlisle sensed more venom than blood in the boy's system. The change was nearly complete. Carlisle imagined that Edward might be able to listen to and retain information, so Carlisle began to explain what was happening to him, what he was to become. He explained what it was to be a vampire, and that his throat would yearn for the blood of humans, but that they would live a different way. He described how he drank the blood of animals instead, and that it was enough to survive on; the only way to retain any shred of humanity. Carlisle talked to his unresponsive progeny through the night, until the sun rose in the sky once more.

Finally, Carlisle heard Edward's heartbeat pick up in speed. Swiftly, Carlisle rose from his position pressed against Edward's body, replacing the boy's pants, as well as his own clothing. Edward's heart pounded in his chest at an incredible speed; Carlisle feared it might beat through his ribcage. Finally, the heart slowed to stop and silence filled the room. Carlisle stood several yards away, fearful of the boy's reaction upon awakening. Edward lay still for several minutes. Carlisle started to worry that perhaps he had done something incorrectly; that the venom had been enough to alter his appearance, but not enough for him to rise again.

Just as Carlisle began to believe that all hope was lost, there was a sharp gasp and the boy's eyes flew open. They darted around the room as he laid motionless, save for the panicked rise and fall of his chest. Finally, the boy's blood-red eyes met Carlisle's. It had been so long since he'd seen a vampire with crimson eyes, and Carlisle gasped in surprise. The boy's brow furrowed as he stared at Carlisle for a moment, still not moving from the bed.

"D...Doctor?"

"Yes, Edward. I am Dr. Cullen."

Edward sighed and closed his eyes, a soft smile playing across his lips.

"I thought I heard you."
Chapter 4

February 1919

Edward had been a vampire for three months. At first, Carlisle had worried that the farmhouse would be too close to the city to remain there while Edward was a newborn. But, as luck would have it, Edward had fallen into his lap on the cusp of winter, and the people of Chicago sequestered themselves indoors during the blistering cold of the season. So, Carlisle felt no need to leave just yet, but once the season began to show the first signs of spring harkening, they would have to move on. Edward's control was nowhere near where it needed to be to live in relatively close proximity to humans, even though the farmhouse was located several miles from the city. Carlisle was resolved to move them to an uninhabited area filled with wildlife to keep them sated come March.

For the first time, Carlisle was thankful for the influenza. Not only was there less population to worry about, but he did not find it necessary to return to the hospital to put in his resignation. The staff would no doubt assume he'd contracted the disease himself and succumbed. As terrible as he felt about leaving them without word, it was necessary. He simply could not leave a newborn vampire alone, not for one minute.

He had spent every moment of every day teaching Edward to control his lust for human blood, taking him out to feed on animals more than was probably strictly necessary. Edward proved to be a rather messy drinker—he was savage in his desire for the elixir that flowed through the veins of the creatures, and it was not unusual for him to be covered head to toe with gore and fur when he was finished. After so many washings, Edward's clothing had become stained and threadbare—Carlisle would have to find a way to get him something new to wear.

Not that Carlisle was complaining. Edward was a heartbreakingly beautiful creature. The thin linen pants were tattered at the ankles from running through the woods—Edward proved to be a skillful and speedy runner. The top button of the fly had long since been lost, and the second button was barely hanging on. Carlisle couldn't help but steal glimpses of the thin line of hair that disappeared beneath the waistband, remembering the crop of curly reddish-brown hair that it led to. The long-sleeved cotton shirt was so worn from multiple washings that Carlisle could see the boy's flat, dusky nipples through the fabric, and Carlisle longed to tease them to a peak with his tongue. Carlisle indulged in these thoughts freely whenever the boy was around, knowing that he would never act on those desires again.

Despite Edward's willingness to learn from Carlisle about this new way of living, Carlisle had a sinking feeling that the boy was hiding something from him. There were times when Edward would huddle in a corner, his hands grasping the sides of his head in desperation. Maybe it was the bloodlust; maybe it was grief over his parents' death and the loss of his humanity. Carlisle longed to comfort the boy, but when he tried to get close to him in these moments, Edward would shy away, glaring at him and shrugging him off. Newborn emotions were volatile, and anger was a dangerous feeling to deal with, so Carlisle forced himself to let Edward be when he acted like this.

It was foolish of Carlisle to expect the boy's complete trust. Carlisle had shepherded him into this half-life; he could hardly blame the boy for his resentment. So, Carlisle would pretend not to notice, and let Edward work through his emotions on his own. But beneath his cool facade, Carlisle's soul
ached for Edward. He wanted Edward to trust him, to care for him as he cared for the boy. But, if that were to happen, it would take time, and time was certainly something Carlisle had plenty of. So he left Edward alone, and fantasized about the day Edward would come around. He only hoped the boy would open up to him soon.

Several months passed since Edward had been turned, and his emotional episodes became less and less. He began to open up to Carlisle, telling him stories of his former life at Carlisle's encouragement. Carlisle explained that if he did not think on his human memories often, they would disappear altogether. Edward lamented that many of his remembrances had already gone, but he relayed the episodes he could recall, and he seemed to be calmer afterwards. Carlisle relayed stories of his past in kind, not only to make Edward feel more comfortable with him, but also so the boy would know who Carlisle truly was. He wanted Edward to know him; he wanted Edward to know everything.

On the eve of the next full moon, Edward requested a hunting trip. They had gone hunting only four days prior, but the newborn's thirst was strong—he needed to feed far more often than Carlisle himself. On this night, Carlisle was also ready to drink. He hoped they would find a flock of deer to make it easier for them both to feed.

Instead, they stumbled upon a stray dog—a large canine resembling a wolf—and Edward took it down without hesitation. The dog fought for its life, but it was no match for Edward. Its claws scrabbled against Edward’s marble skin as the vampire latched onto its fur, crushing the bones beneath, and tore its throat out unnecessarily. It barely had time to whine. Edward drank its blood swiftly; his body crouched over the animal, the linen pants stretched taut over his muscled rear end. Carlisle unconsciously licked his lips at the sight, feeling his traitorous penis begin to stiffen in his trousers. He longed to run his tongue along the curve of Edward’s spine.

Edward shivered and dropped the dog from his clutches, turning to face Carlisle with a feral look in his eye. Although Edward had gotten more discreet about his feeding over the last month, this time, he had reverted back to his more messy ways. Blood soaked his shirt and ran in long streaks over his chin and down his sinewy neck. Having not fed in three weeks, Carlisle found himself unbearably thirsty, looking at all of the blood that Edward had so needlessly wasted. His thirst overcame him, and Carlisle's feet moved forward of their own accord, his instinct to lap up the remainder of the blood taking over his conscious mind.

Some blood had trickled out of the corner of Edward's mouth, and the trail ran down his neck, pooling in his collarbone. Carlisle leaned in and licked it up, making Edward's body spasm at the contact. The newborn stared at him with wild eyes as Carlisle pulled back to look him over. The boy's shirt was completely drenched.

Carlisle was surprised to hear his own gruff voice. "Take it off."

Edward's eyes grew wider and darker at the prospect of being half nude in front of the man. He complied without hesitation, dropping the material to the ground beside him. The blood had seeped through, staining his snow-white skin a deep red. Carlisle struggled to ignore the tent in his pants, while taking clear note of the tenting in Edward's own trousers, and set to work cleaning him off, his tongue lathing the boy's skin ravenously.

Carlisle was acutely aware of the groans coming from both he and Edward as he licked the blood off Edward's chest. When Carlisle's tongue grazed Edward's hardened nipple, the boy gasped and his hips bucked involuntarily. Pulling away abruptly, Edward bent down to grab the discarded shirt, coating his hands in the blood. Carlisle pulled back and watched as Edward shoved his bloodied
hands down the front of his pants. Carlisle's breath caught in his throat as his eyes met Edward's lusty
gaze. The boy smiled at him crookedly, beautifully.

"What are you waiting for? I'm not yet clean."

Carlisle battled between his desire to lick the boy clean and the bounds of his morals. He'd already
surpassed a line; it felt wrong to go further. He did not want to take advantage of the boy again.

"Please, Carlisle. I want you to."

Carlisle shuddered and met Edward's eyes. The boy looked at him as though he could hear Carlisle's
innermost thoughts.

"I can."

Aghast, Carlisle took a step back. "You...you know my thoughts?"

The boy simply nodded, and, unbidden, shameful memories flooded Carlisle's mind. The day in the
hospital when he thought Edward might kiss him before the nurse burst through the door. The
fantasies he had of becoming one with him. The bath he had given the boy while he burned...had he
been aware of what Carlisle had done?

"Yes."

Carlisle stared at the boy, appalled at his own behavior. But Edward did not seem to be upset by the
act, judging from the way he stared at Carlisle now, his eyes burning with need.

"At first, I was...confused. I felt...drawn to you from the moment I saw you in the receiving room of
the hospital, when you told me of my father's passing. I have spent these past few months grappling
with my feelings for you. Your thoughts were overwhelming—your fantasies of me. I'd never
entertained such thoughts before; I'd always been taught that it was sinful for a man to lie with
another man."

Carlisle nodded. They are.

"For humans, perhaps," Edward replied, shrugging. "But I've decided. I no longer care if my feelings
are wrong. You desire me." Edward stepped closer to Carlisle, so that their faces were mere inches
from one another. "And I desire you. Please, Carlisle. I want you. I want you to cleanse me."

Edward was so close; Carlisle could feel his warm breath wash over his face, just before Edward
leaned in and pressed his bloodied lips to Carlisle's. For a brief moment, Carlisle allowed the gentle
kiss, before his wits returned. Edward was akin to a child—this was wrong, so wrong. Carlisle could
not bring himself to encourage it, no matter how much he wanted to.

Carlisle placed his palms upon Edward's bare chest and gently pushed him away. "I'm sorry," was all
he could say, before he turned and ran back toward the farmhouse as fast as he could, hearing
Edward call desperately for him from behind.
A/N: Have I forgotten to praise my fabulous and dedicated betas? Shameful of me, as they have been with me on this story every step of the way. I blame pregnancy brain... I love you, Nancy and Audra! You're the best!
February 1919

Carlisle ran as fast as he could back to the farmhouse, away from the boy who tempted him to ignore his morals. Edward was faster than he, and could have easily caught him, but thankfully the boy did not follow him.

The vampire skidded to a stop once he'd arrived at the shack, throwing open the door and hurling himself inside, closing it behind him and leaning his back against the door. As if that would actually keep Edward away. If the newborn wanted to, he could easily push past Carlisle's stone body and take whatever he wanted from him. But for now, Edward was leaving him be.

Confused, Carlisle sank down and sat on the edge of the dingy mattress resting on the floor, his head clasped in his hands. Visions of Edward's blood-soaked torso flooded his mind; the memory of the taste of the wild dog's blood mixed with Edward's own flavor causing his cock to twitch. Angry at his own body, Carlisle slapped himself across the face, but it did nothing to calm the sensations in his groin. He simply could not rid himself of sexual thoughts of the boy. The farmhouse itself was no escape; the place was inundated with the scent of him.

It was true that Carlisle wanted Edward. That much was clear after what had happened during the ill-conceived bath he'd administered. As shamed as Carlisle had felt afterwards, he had allowed himself to gaze at and fantasize freely about the boy, not knowing that the newborn could hear what he was thinking. Edward knew of the bath and he knew of the thoughts, but instead of being repulsed by them, the boy had just confirmed that he enjoyed it—that he was open to exploring his sexuality further with his sire. Carlisle should be happy about this.

But his firm Anglican upbringing kept creeping into his mind—God frowned on two men fornicating. Carlisle still believed that he might be able to gain the favor of God, even being the monster that he was. He went against his very nature to follow the path of righteousness; surely God would allow him through the gates of heaven should he ever perish. If he laid with another male, his careful efforts may have been for naught.

Edward was approaching now; Carlisle could hear his slow footsteps, and smell his scent growing stronger. He wondered if Edward had heard his conflicting emotions—how far did his ability reach? The door to the farmhouse creaked open and, somewhat reluctantly, Carlisle turned toward the sound. There Edward stood, his linen pants still soaked in blood, more concentrated at the juncture between his legs where he had tried to entice Carlisle by dousing his private area in the elixir. Carlisle shuddered involuntarily, knowing that the boy still had blood lingering there.

A small smile flickered across Edward's lips before he could suppress it, and he took a few steps further inside, closing the door behind him with a quiet thud. The two men stared at one another for several long moments, Carlisle's mind devoid of thought, Edward's—well, who knew. Finally, after what seemed an endless silence, Edward's mouth opened, but instead of speaking, he began to sing.

You gave me all your love in one day
You gave it all and almost faded away
I'm going to take this sad and unread issue

In my arms tonight

Carlisle couldn't control the swelling of his dead heart—the boy had made up a song for him. Enraptured, Carlisle turned his body to face Edward fully, sitting up on folded knees on the mattress. Edward smiled and stepped ever closer as he continued.

Looking at hospitals victorian

Feeling as helpless as the elephant man

Wish you were here

To chain you up and without shame

In my arms tonight

Edward joined Carlisle upon the mattress, mirroring his position. They faced one another, only inches away.

I ain't a soft and saccharine wannabe

Still I pray to God this song will end happily

So I offer you a place to rest and forget yourself

In my arms tonight

Edward wrapped his arms around Carlisle then, drawing him close to his body. He leaned in to Carlisle's ear, softly whispering,

"Carlisle, I know the needs you have. I have them too. We can help each other."

The song, combined with his Edward's close proximity, broke down Carlisle's willpower. Though he was still wary of God's wrath, he simply could not deny the deep, dark desire he harbored for the boy, both in his heart and his trousers. Edward's cheeks rose with a knowing smirk, which only made him more enticing. Carlisle suddenly wanted nothing more than to wipe that smirk from his face and have this cocky boy at his mercy, begging for his touch.

"Yes, Carlisle. Please."

Without thinking, Carlisle grasped the boy's coppery locks at the base of his skull and crushed their lips together. The vampire had never kissed another soul, but his instincts took him over, their mouths moving together in earnest, their tongues entangling to connect more deeply. He felt his chest heave with unneeded breath, and his hands itched to feel Edward's skin, so he allowed it, exploring his chest and arms and back, making the boy moan with the contact and press his body closer to that of his sire.

Running his hands down the lean muscles of Edward's abdomen, Carlisle pulled back from the endless kiss, his fingers settling on the boy's waistband. The sound of his own voice was foreign to him—deeper, disembodied somehow.

"Are you still unclean?"

Edward's intense crimson gaze did not waver from Carlisle's as he simply nodded in response. As the
elder vampire undid the two buttons that held the boy's fly together, his mind flashed with the memory of the boy's cock, and his own hand, stroking it to completion with the cool basin water. Edward shuddered as he shared Carlisle's memory, and his sire pushed the worn linen down over the boy's buttocks, watching as his hardened cock came into view. Carlisle gasped at the sight; the perfect cock of his memory was slathered in streaks of precious blood. Venom pooled in the vampire's mouth as he shoved Edward onto his back, quickly ridding the boy's legs of the entanglement of his garment.

Unable to resist (the vampire hadn't fed in weeks, after all), he ran the flat of his tongue up the length of that solid cock experimentally. A strangled cry caught in Edward's throat, and Carlisle looked up quickly, afraid that maybe he had hurt his boy. Edward's head was thrown back and his jaw was slack—he did not look to be in pain.

"Please, Carlisle. It feels so good."

Encouraged, and more than a little bit hungry, Carlisle went back to cleaning the boy, first licking in long strokes, and then taking the whole of him inside his mouth, sucking the remainder of the blood from his skin. The boy writhed and cried out beneath him, his hands finding purchase in Carlisle's golden waves. The sounds his boy was making, combined with the tugging on his hair and the taste of the blood, had hardened Carlisle's own cock to the point of pain, and he rubbed himself against the mattress for relief.

Deeming Edward's cock cleansed, Carlisle removed his mouth, making the boy groan in disappointment. But as Carlisle took in the sight of the newborn's flawless cock, he noted some specks of blood that had made their way to the sack beneath, and he bent his head to lap at those as well. The blood was less concentrated there, and Carlisle could more easily smell Edward's own musky scent. He breathed it in deeply as he licked and sucked his testes, reveling in the jolts of pleasure that radiated from his groin and up his spine. Gently, Carlisle lifted Edward's sack to cleanse the underside, where he caught sight of the furled skin fluttering between the boy's legs.

He rolled the boy's balls between his fingers as he stared at his entrance, which seemed to quiver under his gaze in anticipation. Carlisle found himself compelled to taste it, and ran the flat of his tongue between Edward's cheeks, making his boy cry out to the heavens.

"Oh, God…"

Carlisle's cock twitched at his enthusiastic response, and he longed to do it again. So he did, again and again, until Edward was moaning and murmuring incoherently. Carlisle drew back and kissed the boy's quaking inner thighs, all the while regarding that alluring entrance. He began to wonder what it might feel like to be inside—it looked so tight. He'd never experienced sexual relations with another, nor had he really considered he may get the chance to, but in this moment, his cock was screaming for it.

"Oh, please, Carlisle. Please! I need to feel you inside me."

Carlisle raised himself up and sat on his knees, looking down at the beautiful, nude young vampire lying before him. Edward boldly met his gaze and held it, allowing his thighs to fall open and reaching down to stroke his own length.

"Fuck me, Carlisle!" he demanded with a growl.

All rationality seemed to leave Carlisle's brain in that moment. The vampire in him felt challenged; he would show this newborn who was in control. Edward smiled knowingly at Carlisle's thought process, further inciting the beast within. In a flash, Carlisle's clothing was gone, and he flipped the
insolent boy onto his stomach, raising his hips so that he rested on his knees, spread wide for Carlisle's invasion.

Carlisle's fingers dug into Edward's hips and he got into position, lining himself up. He tried to surge forward, but he only bumped against the boy's entrance. After several more attempts, Carlisle let out a frustrated growl.

"Perhaps if you slickened yourself…" Edward suggested quietly.

Carlisle felt stupid for not having thought of it himself, but he brushed those feelings aside when Edward was suddenly facing him. For a moment, Carlisle had forgotten that the newborn was faster and stronger than he was.

"Maybe. But I still want you to dominate me," Edward whispered before he swallowed down Carlisle's length. The elder vampire's head fell back and he groaned deeply at the feeling of moisture and suctioning around his sensitive and eager cock. He could feel himself quickly approaching the precipice. Edward heard this and drew back, assuming his former position, presenting his rear end for the taking.

And Carlisle did not hesitate. He was able to glide inside of Edward much easier now, but he did so slowly, as the natural resistance of Edward's body created a tightness that was at once glorious and torturous. He bit his lip and fought to control his urge to come undone as he felt the boy's body stretch to accommodate him. Edward's back arched as Carlisle sank in to the hilt, and his boy let out a long groan of pleasure when he was completely filled.

Once Carlisle felt assured that he had enough control that their joining would not be over before it began, he began to move his hips, at first slowly, but quickly gaining speed as Edward's moans and movements encouraged him. Soon, they were moving in time, fast and hard, their sounds of pleasure growing more feral and animalistic as their pleasure built to the breaking point.

The strength of Carlisle's thrusts had pushed Edward to the other side of the mattress, and he braced himself against the wall of the farmhouse, which was shaking with their forceful movements. Not wanting to damage their only sanctuary, Carlisle wrapped his arms around the boy's chest and drew him close until his back touched Carlisle's chest and Edward sat upon his sire's lap. Carlisle held Edward in place as he continued to thrust up into him, the coil inside him tightening even more now that Edward's body was pressed against his own.

Carlisle wanted Edward to reach his pleasure too, so he wrapped his free hand around the boy's cock, squeezing and pulling in time with his thrusts. The boy's head fell back against Carlisle's shoulder, his chest heaving, his eyes rolled back in his head, his neck fully exposed. The sight was all too much for Carlisle, and he couldn't resist the urge to mark Edward. His teeth sank into Edward's shoulder as he released inside the boy. Edward cried out (whether in pain or pleasure, Carlisle wasn't certain), and his cock pulsed in Carlisle's hand before his seed spilled out, coating his hand and staining the mattress below them.

Spent, Edward collapsed against Carlisle, gasping for unneeded breath. Carlisle removed his teeth from Edward's neck and lapped at the wound, quickly sealing it up. Then, he licked his hand clean of Edward's emission, relishing the bitter taste on his tongue.

As they came down from their mutual high, Carlisle laid them down on the mattress, enjoying the feel of the boy's prone body beneath him. He could not begin to comprehend how wonderful their coupling had been; he was sorry he hadn't experienced it before in all of his time on Earth, but at the same time, he was glad that this boy was his first lover. This boy was special—he knew it from the moment he first laid eyes on him. He was sorry for his initial resistance, and he hoped Edward could
forgive him for it.

Edward turned his face to the side, free of the mattress, so he could utter, "Of course I forgive you."

Carlisle felt himself soften and slip free of Edward's body, and they both sighed at the lost connection. Wanting to remain close, Carlisle rolled onto his back and drew Edward into his arms, until the boy's head rested upon his chest. Edward wrapped his arms around Carlisle's torso and their legs intertwined. Stroking Edward's hair, they laid in silence through the night.

*A place to rest and forget yourself*

*In my arms*

*Tonight*
March 1919

The winter was lengthy during Edward's first year as a vampire, almost as though Mother Nature was mourning the dead. It wasn't until the last week of March that signs of spring began to show. In that final week of quiet safety, Carlisle began to think about uprooting Edward from the dingy cabin they called home, in search of a place where he could live out the remainder of his newborn phase without being a danger to humans.

Edward's eyes were beginning to take on a burnt orange color, like the autumnal sunset, but his control was as yet untested. And the newborn was beginning to grow bored and frustrated, cooped up in the farmhouse under the tight reins of his sire. They were too close to the city for Carlisle to let the boy run free, and he knew, once spring came and the humans spent more time outdoors, it would be near impossible to keep his hold on the young vampire.

It was time to move on, but where? The south was out—too much sunshine to be safe. The northeast was also not an option—too heavily populated. The west was risky, now that more and more people were migrating out there. The best option was due north, and it would have to be somewhere largely unsettled. The northern parts of Wisconsin were not too far and had plenty of wilderness. North Dakota and Montana had thick forests to hunt and hide in, as well as vast, open flatlands to run and enjoy the sunlight. And there was always Canada.

Carlisle absently mulled over possible locations as he lazily ran his hand up and down the spine of the boy curled around him. Edward scratched his long fingers through the light sprinkling of blond hair across Carlisle's chest, occasionally grazing a dusky nipple, making his sire's breath catch.

Edward had been insatiable since his sexual awakening. Carlisle did not mind; after all, he had centuries to make up for as well. He was more than happy to indulge the desires of his young lover—their endless days and nights were certainly kept busy, exploring one another's bodies. This was a good thing for Carlisle; it left little time to dwell on the fact that he was not working for the first time in hundreds of years.

A quiet whisper broke into Carlisle's thoughts. "You miss it, don't you? You should go back to doing what makes you happy." Although Edward was trying to sound upbeat, there was dejection in his voice.

Carlisle sought to reassure him. "I am doing what makes me happy, dear one," he said, stroking his fingers through the boy's silky copper hair.

Carlisle felt Edward's lips stretch into a smile against his skin in response to the endearment, and he was rewarded further when Edward tilted his face up to press a soft kiss behind Carlisle's ear. Capturing Edward's chin with two fingers, Carlisle brought their faces level, nuzzling Edward's nose with his own, breathing in the fresh, cinnamon scent of his boy. They shared a few gentle kisses, full of affection, feeling no need to deepen them.

Drawing back, Carlisle met Edward's gaze. They were glazed with infatuation, and Carlisle wondered what emotions his own eyes belied to Edward. Not that it mattered; Carlisle's every thought was laid bare to the boy—he had little need to read body language.
"Besides, my boy, you aren’t ready for me to leave you. It would be too dangerous. We will see where we are in a year or so; then I will reconsider a return to work."

Edward smiled Carlisle's favorite crooked grin. "More like you aren't ready to leave me."

"You may have something there." Their lips met again with more fervor, joined by tongues and amorous caresses. Just as Carlisle was beginning to lose control, Edward abruptly pulled away, sitting up on the mattress with a far off look in his eye. After a moment, he returned his excited gaze to Carlisle, who was more than a little bit frustrated. Damn the short newborn attention span.

"Let's go to North Dakota. I quite like the idea of roaming free in the plains and hunting big game in the forests. It would be a nice change from all the deer around here," Edward said, his nose crinkling in disgust.

Carlisle laughed. "Well, there are a few things I need to take care of before we go. It is time to leave anyway; we can go tomorrow. There is nothing to keep us here, and spring is around the corner."

Edward nodded eagerly in reply.

Sitting up properly beside Edward, Carlisle stroked his fingers across the boy's chiseled cheek. "If you're a good boy and stay inside the cabin, I'll make you glad you did."

Edward drew his lip between his teeth and let out a groan. "Will you punish me if I don't?"

Smirking, Carlisle thought, Not in the way you'd like me to.

Edward stuck out his plump lower lip in a dramatic pout while giving his sire puppy-dog eyes. Chuckling at the boy's impish behavior, Carlisle captured the newborn's mouth with his own, drawing that protruding lip into his mouth and running his tongue over it. He kissed him with a fervor barely restrained, his mind making promises of more to come when he returned. Tearing himself away, Carlisle rose from the bed as Edward lay back down and let out a soft sigh, watching his sire dress with unguarded affection in his eyes. The look warmed Carlisle's dead heart, and he vowed to return swiftly.

Confident that Edward would stay put for a couple of hours, Carlisle stole into the city under cover of night, stopping by his old apartment to pack up the few belongings he could not bear to part with—namely, his father's wooden cross. While there, Carlisle composed a letter to the executor of the Masen estate, masquerading as the young man, stating that he had survived the plague, but had left Chicago, as it was too painful to remain where so much that he knew and loved was lost. Carlisle requested that the Masen home be kept in Edward Masen Junior's name, so that he might return at some point in the future.

Carlisle left the apartment, the cross tucked safely in a large duffel over his shoulder. He set off to deliver his letter to post, before breaking into a menswear shop to take some fresh clothing for himself and his charge, wrapping his findings in brown parcel paper, and leaving money on the counter to cover the cost of the items he took. Checking his pocket watch, Carlisle found that he'd only been gone the better part of an hour and a half. Pleased with his speed, he headed back to the farmhouse, ready to leave for a fresh start with Edward at twilight the following night.

When he arrived home, he was greeted by Edward, still naked and waiting for him. But he was no longer lying in repose; instead, he was on hands and knees, his back arched, rump high in the air, one hand leisurely stroking his rock hard cock which was beaded with fluid, ready to be licked. The boy had a hungry look in his eye, and he licked his lips as Carlisle's eyes raked over his body.
You're never satisfied, are you? Carlisle chastised in his mind, although it was apparent to Edward that he was not truly upset. "I brought you some new clothes," Carlisle said, ignoring the tent in his pants, and indicating the parcel he held in one hand. He liked to pretend he wasn't interested, even if Edward could see through his charade.

"What do I need clothes for?" Edward stated coyly.

Stalking toward his sire on all fours, his heavy, rigid cock bobbing between his legs, Edward used his velvety singing voice to his advantage yet again:

"Just give me sex whenever I want it
'Cause all I ask for is instant pleasure
Instant pleasure, instant pleasure"

Carlisle couldn't help but grin, his cock twitching within the confines of his suddenly too-tight trousers. His newborn was a feisty one. Dropping his duffle and the parcel unceremoniously, Carlisle swiftly shed his own clothes and lowered himself to Edward's level, taking him in his arms and giving them both what they wanted.

After all, there were plenty of daylight hours to kill before they would depart.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Song is "Instant Pleasure" by Rufus Wainwright.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Cast Aside

Chapter 7

July 1919

Life in North Dakota was ideal for a newborn and his maker. The land was expansive, the forests were thick and full of wildlife, and the human population was extremely low outside the cities. It was a perfect place for Edward to get used to his vampirism without the constant temptation of human blood, as well as the bombardment of their thoughts. Newborns were quick to anger, and highly emotional—it didn't help that Edward was a teenager, either. Better to keep his mind clear of the problems of others for as long as possible.

Carlisle hadn't lived so much like an animal in a very long time. He and Edward had a few small shelters built in various parts of northern North Dakota, mainly just to escape the rain, but they spent the majority of their time out in the elements. Since leaving the company of the brothers in Volterra, he had always lived in his own decent home and interacted with humans in a civilized manner. He played at humanity, as Aro always called it, but Carlisle truly felt human in some ways; certainly more comfortable around those fragile beings than his own kind. He had little in common with other vampires.

Except for Edward. Carlisle had everything in common with Edward, not just because Carlisle taught him everything he knew, but because he was privy to his sire's mind, and modeled himself after the elder vampire. Edward knew he wasn't supposed to be drinking animal blood, but, never having tasted human blood, he did not protest Carlisle's credo. Besides, progeny always had the desire to please their sire. Carlisle just never realized that would be the case.

It felt good to have companionship after so many centuries alone, and even better to have a lover. The abject loneliness Carlisle felt for so long had all but disappeared; he'd never been happier in his existence. Edward was not what he would have imagined for himself. The boy was obstinate and cocky, but also affectionate and fun and heartbreakingly beautiful. Carlisle felt freer around him, more able to enjoy the second life he'd been bestowed, now that he had someone to share it with. They ran, and wrestled, and hunted. They watched the sunrise, and cuddled, and made love. It was a simple existence they both enjoyed, but soon they would return to civilization.

Edward was already far less wild than he had been before. Although he was still driven by thirst and lust, Edward's newborn strength had begun to wane. Being slight of build, and only a few months until the one year mark, Edward was no longer stronger than Carlisle, as evidenced by their playful wrestling matches (he was still extremely fast, though—he always would be). Edward had yet to challenge Carlisle's position sexually, which suited Carlisle just fine. As much as he enjoyed the activities he and Edward engaged in, he knew he was a sinner and God was looking down on him, ready to smite. The simple fact that he hadn't yet been struck down by the Almighty God gave him hope for the chance of salvation. Perhaps, if Carlisle remained the dominant party, he wouldn't be seen as truly homosexual in God's eyes. He would continue to behave as a man should, and hope for the best. Carlisle tried not to think about the fact that there would be no hope for Edward. And never did he think any of this without thoroughly protecting his thoughts from the boy with recitations of Paradise Lost. As fundamentally wrong as their relationship was, Carlisle did not want to give it up.
Carlisle gave himself over to indulgence and watched as his charge ran ahead of him, his taut buttocks tensing and releasing with every forward stride. Carlisle was content to run slightly behind and enjoy the view. Edward chortled and gave a quick glance over his shoulder, a wide grin lifting his cheeks. Their run was purposeless, just for fun; they had hunted the previous day. The two men were simply engaging in a lighthearted game of cat and mouse—that was until an unfamiliar scent grabbed Edward's attention.

He raced off in the direction of the enticing aroma; not as irresistible as a human, but nearly as mouthwatering. It was the scent of a huge carnivorous creature, one Edward hadn't come across yet. The largest he'd caught was mountain lion—which he'd developed quite a taste for—but this was far bigger: a black bear. The blood of an herbivore was also present, but the carnivore's scent overshadowed it.

The strong pulse pounded in their ears as they drew closer, Carlisle hanging back a considerable amount. Being so young yet, Edward was likely to instinctually defend such a large kill, and Carlisle did not want a fight to ensue. He did, however, very much want to witness this.

Bursting through the tree line into a small clearing, Edward abruptly came face to face with the beast. She was bent over the carcass of a large buck, and the bear had not sensed Edward approaching; vampires were fast and silent enough to give no warning to their prey. When he appeared before her, she reared up on her hind legs and bellowed, her lips quivering with the intensity of the sound she produced.

Edward's hair was blown back by the force of the air leaving her mouth, but he remained standing where he was, undeterred. He only smirked, staring the bear straight in her eyes. Angered by his courage, she threw her right paw at him in a blow that would devastate any other creature. Her claws dragged across his chest, creating a deafening metallic noise, but leaving Edward unharmed, save for his tattered shirt. The bear seemed confused for a moment, and Edward threw his head back with laughter.

Enraged, the beast grabbed at him with both arms, her jaws snapping at his head. Edward dodged her, playfully sidestepping her attempts to catch him, laughing heartily as she chased him around the clearing. Finally, he tired of his game and allowed her to capture him in a crushing hug, which he met with a hug of his own, easily crushing her ribcage. She screamed in pain and fury, releasing her hold on Edward, but he held fast, sinking his teeth into her throat and drinking his fill of her adrenaline-fueled blood.

When he was finished, he let her body drop to the ground and turned to face Carlisle. Edward had gotten better about drinking neatly in the last few months, but his shirt was torn where the bear initially scratched him, and the thick, red blood stained his chin and dripped down his slender neck. His orange eyes were wild, and his trouser front was taut. He was utterly filled with uncontrolled arousal in the excitement of his kill. He pounced on Carlisle, taking him by surprise and pinning him against a tree.

Before Carlisle could react, Edward removed his sire's trousers and sank to his knees, engulfing Carlisle's length deep within his throat. Carlisle groaned as his boy's throat constricted tightly, swallowing around him and making him intensely hard in seconds. After a few moments, Edward pulled off of him, leaving Carlisle to whine at the loss. Edward did not make him wait long, forcing Carlisle's thighs further apart to gain access to his sac, which he lathed with the flat of his tongue. Carlisle's legs parted even further on their own, giving his charge more room to pleasure him. When he felt a slender finger prod at his furled skin, however, Carlisle's body tensed defensively.

*No.*
Edward snarled and ignored his maker, pressing harder against Carlisle's opening. He grabbed the boy by the hair and pulled his face away, pressing his foot against Edward's shoulder and kicking him a few yards back, sending him sprawling. Carlisle growled and crouched low.

_I said no._

But Edward was not conceding. His intent was to mount Carlisle, and he roared as he charged at Carlisle, hitting him like a ton of bricks. They grappled and crashed through the forest, felling trees, frightening small animals in their fight for the dominant position. Edward still retained a small amount of his newborn strength, as well as the powerful, nourishing blood of the large carnivore, which was giving him more strength than usual. Carlisle would not allow him to win, however; he could not afford to lose the possibility of his pass into Heaven.

Knowing Edward possessed the advantage of reading his mind, Carlisle cleared it of all thought and relied on instinct to guide him. He abruptly stopped fighting, giving the illusion that he was ceding the fight to Edward. His progeny stood over him in triumph—pride written all over his face and reflected in his stance. Those flame-colored eyes burned with lust as he slid his suspenders off his shoulders and allowed his trousers to drop, prominently displaying the tool with which he meant to impale his sire. Bending at the knee to get into position, Carlisle took his only opportunity, sweeping a leg across Edward's, sending him tumbling to the ground in surprise.

In a flash, Carlisle was upon the boy, pinning him to the earth face down, Edward's hands clasped in one of his own above his head, while Carlisle's other hand held his hip steady as the elder vampire took what was rightfully his. Edward whimpered, not because the invasion was painful, but from the humiliation of losing the battle between them. Carlisle sought to teach him a lesson; he would never allow himself to be the recipient of these wicked actions, and Carlisle needed Edward to understand that.


He punctuated each word with his thrusts. Edward's chest rumbled with a defiant growl. Carlisle lifted Edward's hips off the ground and plunged inside his body as deeply as he could, wrapping one hand around the defiant teenager's shaft and squeezing tightly.

_I am your sire. You would do well to remember that!_

Their coupling did not last long, as Carlisle stimulated the sensitive spot inside Edward with every stroke, and milked his long cock roughly. Edward spilled his release over the earth quickly, Carlisle following close behind as the boy's channel clamped around his cock repeatedly. Carlisle collapsed on Edward's prone body, their chests heaving as they panted with unnecessary breath.

When he recovered, Carlisle rolled onto his back, taking Edward with him and tucking the boy into his side. Edward buried his face in the crook of his maker's neck, his body trembling with unshed tears. Carlisle rubbed his back and peppered the top of his head with kisses in an attempt to comfort his lover.

"I'm…I'm sorry, sire;" Edward mumbled, the words muffled against Carlisle's neck.

Carlisle nuzzled his face in his boy's hair and held him tighter.

_You don't need to call me that. "It's all right. It is natural for you to want to try that." But I am not going to allow it._

Edward only nodded against Carlisle's neck and burrowed into the crook even deeper.
Eventually, Edward resurfaced, expressing himself in the way he was most comfortable: through song.

_Suddenly I'm not myself_

_Behind the facade is a lonely fountain, here_

_Suddenly you are the one_

_Who opens the gates to this unruly garden_

_Come and let this man adore you_

_'Cause baby I got to get through_

_Crumb by crumb in this big black forest_

_Maybe in you I'll believe_

_Maybe I'll believe in you_

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Chapter End Notes

_A/N: The song is Crumb by Crumb by Rufus Wainwright_
Chapter 8

Edward was no longer a newborn, and Carlisle decided it was time to test Edward’s control around humans. They had spent many months in the wilderness of North Dakota, far from the more populated areas of the sparsely settled state. Carlisle was concerned about Edward’s blood lust, of course, but he was also worried about Edward’s sanity. Being nearer to humans would mean more thoughts bleeding into his mind, and Carlisle wasn’t sure how he would handle it.

Although they spent the last month in the outskirts of Fargo, letting Edward get accustomed to the scent of the blood he was meant to drink and the thoughts they both wished he couldn’t hear, Edward was exceedingly nervous for his first test. Carlisle had done much as he had in Chicago, breaking into a tailor’s shop and picking up some fresh, weather appropriate clothing for Edward and himself, leaving money on the counter for the shopkeeper. It was a typical northern winter—already blanketed by several feet of snow in early December. Unfortunately, the crisp, clean winter air only allowed the scents of temptation to travel further and assault the nose more potently.

Even so, Carlisle was confident Edward could pull this off. It was early on a grim Sunday morning, when most people were either at church or snugly in their homes on the Lord’s day of rest. Edward and Carlisle stood in an alley beside a shoemaker’s shop. A few blocks away, an older gentleman in his late forties stood next to a stack of newspapers, which were protected from the wet snow, laid upon a tattered blanket.

Carlisle adjusted the lapels of the boy’s overcoat and pulled his fur hat further down to cover his ears. Edward also wore a scarf, heavy boots, and a pair of gloves to maintain the idea that he should feel cold on this brisk morning. Edward looked at Carlisle with wide eyes that seemed to plead with him to forget this whole escapade. Edward nodded, confirming Carlisle’s suspicion, and looked down the alley before redirecting his gaze to his feet.

*You will be just fine, I know it.*

Edward met Carlisle’s eyes again as he listened. Carlisle smiled reassuringly and squeezed his shoulder.

*I have faith in your control. You did learn from me, after all.*

Edward rolled his eyes and gave a chuckle that came out like a huff.

*Just take a deep breath and don’t say too much. Try to conserve your air. Remember to shift on your feet, and move your shoulders so it looks like you are breathing.*

Edward nodded, drawing a shaky breath.

*You can do this.*

With one last look at Carlisle, Edward headed down the alley and turned the corner, his hands hidden in the pockets of his long overcoat. Carlisle scaled the side of the building so he could keep
Focus on me, Edward.

He closed his eyes and squared his shoulders, before glancing up quickly and catching sight of Carlisle peeking over the edge of the roof.

Just listen to my thoughts, no one else's. Let them all fade into background noise. Don't try to piece together what they are thinking.

Edward nodded slightly and appeared considerably calmer as he completed the short journey to the vendor, focusing on Carlisle's continuous encouragement. Under the veil Carlisle had perfected after spending every hour of every day with a mind reader, he couldn't help being exceedingly nervous. While Edward was an exceptional vampire, his control was untested until this point, and anything could happen in the street below. There wouldn't be many witnesses, but Carlisle did not relish the possibility of having to eliminate anyone who saw Edward kill the man, if it were to happen that way. But Carlisle also knew Edward would do anything to please him, and he hoped that included rising above the incredible burning in his young vampire throat. If Edward could pull this off, Carlisle would reward him back at their cabin. He didn't want to think about what he would do if this went sour.

Edward had reached the man selling newspapers, and the jovial, rotund fellow grinned wide at him. Edward smiled in return, showing more teeth than he should.

Keep your lips together! Don't show your teeth...

Edward swiftly complied, and the vendor did not seem to notice.

Keep it short . , Don't use all of your air.

"One newspaper, please."

"That'll be five cents, sonny."

The nickel passed from one gloved hand to the other, and the vendor handed Edward the newspaper, which he tucked under his arm. The man gave a shiver with a sudden gust of wind, and Edward copied him.

"Blustery today, eh? You headed to church?" The vendor wanted to have a conversation, not surprising on this desolate morning. His friendliness just might bring about the end of his life.

Edward shook his head. "Just going home."

"Oh?" the man asked, cocking his head to the side and looking Edward over. "Are ya new here? Haven't seen you around before."

"Visiting my cousin."

"Oh, yeah? Who is he? Maybe I know him. I know a lot of people in town." The man looked at Edward expectantly.
The stored breath Edward had been holding was all gone now; he would need to breathe to respond. Edward shifted uncomfortably on his feet, and Carlisle held his breath in anticipation. His sharp senses allowed Carlisle to hear Edward's intake of breath, and the gasp of pain that would be inaudible to the human standing in front of him. Carlisle watched Edward's throat bob beneath the scarf as he swallowed hard against the influx of venom flooding his mouth.

"Miles Weatherby," Edward choked out in reply.

"I knew it! You look a lot like him. Tell him hello for me, would you?"

Edward nodded and gave him a pained smile before walking away as quickly as he dared. Carlisle's chest was bursting with pride over his boy's elevated self-control. That encounter would have been too tempting to many vampires, but Edward, just out of his newborn stage, handled it with relative ease. He'd even made up a false name for the man. Carlisle jumped down from the roof to meet Edward in the alley.

"He was thinking I looked like him, so I just picked the name out of his head," Edward explained.

"Such a useful ability," Carlisle responded, glancing around to make sure they were alone before pulling Edward close in a hug. Drawing back, Carlisle could see his pride reflected in the boy's eyes.

*I'm so proud of you, my boy.*

Edward's answering smile could have brightened the darkest of days.

*March 1920*

Edward had begun to question the existence of others of their kind. Not other vampires in general—he knew of those from images in Carlisle's mind (and besides, he *was* one)—but ones who lived off of animals as they did. Carlisle knew only one other coven who shared their lifestyle; three Russian women who lived in a remote area of Alaska. A mated pair of Spaniards lived with them as well, but last he spoke to them, they had planned an Asian holiday for the year 1920, so were unlikely to be there.

Carlisle did not want to share Edward with anyone, but it also wasn't fair to sequester him away. Against his own wants, he decided to bring Edward to Denali. He wanted to keep his boy happy, although Carlisle wasn't sure he would be once he met the girls.

"Why on earth not?" Edward asked as they ran north. They had been silent for most of the journey, but as they neared their destination and Carlisle grew more hesitant, his thoughts broke through the barrier he'd constructed. Carlisle did not want to give Edward a bad first impression of the three women, so he worked hard at rebuilding the wall around his thoughts of them.

*You will find out soon enough.*

Edward huffed in frustration. "You say they abstain from human blood, like us. Why did they choose this way of life?" he questioned, trying to get information out of the old man. It was to no avail, however.

"Their choice to feed the way we do goes hand in hand with why you may be uncomfortable with their thoughts," Carlisle explained, avoiding a straight answer.

"Fine, be that way."

As they pressed onward, Carlisle opened a different train of thought he had been hiding from
Edward. Carlisle was adamantly against divulging the true nature of their relationship to the three women. He projected to Edward that he was not sure how they might react, as two men closing the curtains together was extremely taboo in modern society. It wasn’t as though they were residing in ancient Greece; this was America, twenty years past the turn of the century. Society was not ready to accept their relationship, and Carlisle had no reason to expect the sisters would either. Rare was the day the two men didn’t engage in sexual activity of some sort. Denali would be a true test of willpower for both of them.

"But why, Carlisle?" Edward's voice taking on a pitiful quality as he slowed to run beside his lover. "I love you, you say they love you. Surely they won't care."

In truth, Carlisle knew they would not be perturbed, but Carlisle himself was not sincerely comfortable with the fact that he slept with a man. His tone was firm, resolute. "You are my charge. I, your mentor. That is all they will know."

Edward sighed, but did not argue the point. He could sense Carlisle was not going to waver. The pair continued to race through wintry forests. When they reached the snowy tundra, they pressed on faster, skin shimmering in the sunlight, reflecting off the blankets of snow covering the flat earth. There was nothing on the landscape save for snow drifts and a tiny speck on the horizon. Their sharp vision told them it was a house, and Edward stopped in his tracks.

"That's the place, isn't it." It was more of a statement than a question.

Carlisle nodded, and the memory of their conversation echoed within their heads. Edward turned toward his sire and reeled him in for their last kiss before their arrival. When their lips broke, they were both left wanting but fought to restrain themselves. The first test.

"I will be good, I promise." Edward hesitated, looking across the open land at the far-off house. "But it will be difficult."

Carlisle clasped the boy's hands in his, and Edward turned to meet his gaze. The look in his eyes pleaded with Edward to understand. "I know, dear boy," he murmured. "But trust me, it is for the best."

"I trust you."

With that, they parted from each other and ran the rest of the way to the house.

~c ~

As Carlisle expected, the Spaniards, Carmen and Eleazar, were on holiday. The three sisters were home, however, and they recognized Carlisle's scent immediately, coming outside to welcome their visitors. The women greeted the men warmly, and brought them inside, asking Edward questions of himself and marveling that Carlisle had actually bitten a human.

Tanya, Katrina, and Irina were not true sisters, although they did look similar. Their maker, Sasha, sought to build herself the family she never had. She found her three daughters easily enough, scattered around Russia, although she never did find a mate. To ease the loneliness of having no mate, Sasha created herself an immortal child, which eventually condemned her to death. Tanya took the head position in the coven after that, and the girls sought to bury the grief of their mother's death. They dealt with their pain the way many grief-stricken people did—by seeking pleasure through sex. There were not nearly enough vampires to satisfy the constant needs of all three women, so they moved on to humans. This was the reason they fed from animals—so they could enjoy the sex with humans without wanting to kill them. They were not without error, and had accidentally killed many
human men over the centuries.

The poor boy's face was strained while they spoke with him, no doubt due to Carlisle's recollection of their origin story, and their lascivious fantasies about Edward as they obviously undressed him with their eyes. Edward nodded slightly with wide eyes, making Carlisle choke on a chuckle.

Edward shifted uncomfortably on his feet under Tanya's intense perusal. Looking anywhere but her direction, his eyes landed on the grand piano in the next room. He walked over to the handsome instrument and ran his elegant fingers across the keys, the scale of notes tinkling in the quiet room.

"Do you play?" Irina asked.

"I haven't had the opportunity since I became what I am today," Edward answered, transfixed by the instrument.

"Won't you play something for us?" Katrina asked kindly, sitting in the plush armchair to the right of the piano.

"Just mind your strength," Irina instructed him.

Edward smiled and nodded, seating himself on the piano bench. Irina moved to sit on the arm of Katrina's chair. Tanya stood next to the piano and leaned on its body, watching Edward expectantly. When the first few notes flowed from Edward's fingers, Carlisle slunk out of the room. Edward's music had a certain effect on him, and he was sure he would not be able to hide his reaction from the women. Carlisle made his way into the library, the sounds of Edward's song following him, and pretended to peruse the titles stuffed haphazardly onto the shelves.

*Desdemona, do not go to sleep*

*Brown-eyed Tosca, don't believe the creep*

*I see it in his eyes*

*And why don't you ladies believe me when I'm screaming*

*I always believe you*

*Violetta, keep your man locked up*

*Or like Cio-Cio*

*You will end up burned by love or sickness*

Carlisle chuckled at the song Edward composed on demand. Opera characters, all doomed. An interesting choice in a house full of undead women.

A shuffling sound behind him alerted him that he was no longer alone. He turned to see Tanya, her pretty face marred by the smirk that twisted it.

"That is a talented and handsome boy you have brought to see us, Carlisle," she purred.

Carlisle swallowed and mentally prepared himself for the shrewd vampire's questions. "We are all attractive, are we not?"

"True," she conceded as she moved close enough to touch him. When she spoke again, her voice was a whisper. "I can smell you on him, Carlisle. You aren't fooling anyone."
"I don't know what you mean."

Tanya tsked and rolled her eyes. "Please. I live for sex—I know a sexual relationship when I smell one. You've claimed him, have you not?"

Carlisle felt panic swirl inside him, but managed to keep his tone steady. "I really don't know what you're talking about, Tanya. It is probably just my venom in his veins you sense. I did change him after all."

"Mmm, yes, I can see why. He is delicious." She licked her lips salaciously. "A little young, maybe, but I know that is preferable for an older man."

Carlisle looked at her in horror. He couldn't believe she could so easily see through him. He thought their ruse was working. "Tanya, you are scandalizing me."

She pursed her lips and cocked an eyebrow. "Then you won't mind if I take him to my bed?"

Jealousy and possessiveness raged within him, but he forced himself to remain in control. "He is just a child. He is not ready for your brand of affection," he said, his tone clipped.

Tanya's eyes narrowed and she balanced her hands on her voluptuous hips. "Who are you to dictate his desires?"

Carlisle could not control the growl that escaped him. "Just stay away from him," he hissed. Her melodious chuckling followed him out as he left the room.

~e~

After a few days of getting to know one another and putting up with Tanya's relentless flirtations, the ladies left for a night on the town in search of their latest conquests.

Finally alone, Edward and Carlisle made quick work of losing their clothes and reacquainting their bodies. Afterward, they lay, limbs entwined, on the bearskin rug in front of the unlit fireplace. Carlisle sighed as he linked the fingers of one hand with Edward's, stroking his back with the other. He had missed this contact.

"I miss it too, Carlisle," Edward whispered against his sire's chest. "Not being able to touch you, combined with Tanya's endless fantasies of me, makes me insane with desire."

Jealousy once again flared before he could tamp it down. Edward chuckled lightly. "Oh, Carlisle, you have nothing to worry about."

*I know, but it angers me still.*

Edward lifted himself off Carlisle's body and kissed him soundly. "There is only you for me."

The elder vampire echoed his charge's sentiment. "And you for me."

Edward smiled the crooked smile Carlisle loved so much. "Can we please go home?"

"We will leave at first light," Carlisle replied. *But for now…*

Edward giggled as Carlisle rolled him onto his back and lay upon him once more.
A/N: The song is "Damned Ladies" by Rufus Wainwright
July 1920

Edward and Carlisle stood before the abandoned Chicago home of his childhood, which he had inhabited just shy of two years ago. The once manicured lawn was unkempt and overgrown, and vines had begun to climb the exterior of the two-story dwelling. Edward’s face was grim, and his mouth turned down slightly at the corners as he surveyed the outside of his former home.

"I can hire a caretaker for the estate, if you’d like."

"I would, thank you."

Slowly, they approached the door, finding it unlocked. On entry, they found the furniture covered in dust cloths, which had collected a thick layer of dust after the long period of disuse. Edward walked ahead of Carlisle, gravitating to the family room, and stopped before his mother’s old piano. The young vampire lifted the dust cover off, sending particles floating into the air which danced in the pale moonlight. He stood and stared for a few moments.

"It still smells like her," he murmured, his tone taking on a despondent quality.

As Edward sat gingerly on the piano bench and lifted the key cover, Carlisle’s mind traveled back to when Edward was still human. He recalled how he’d watched the boy compose a mournful song for his father after the man had succumbed to the flu. Carlisle had been struggling internally with his desire for the boy, and had ultimately decided to never see Edward again, for both of their sakes. Fate had other plans, however, and the pair were now forever bound to one another.

Edward made no outward indication that he had seen Carlisle’s memory, but the elder vampire knew he had; Carlisle did not try to keep it from him. Instead, Edward plucked out a few notes before
frowning deeply and folding his hands in his lap.

"Are you all right?" Carlisle inquired.

Edward shrugged. "It’s out of tune," he replied simply, his voice a monotone.

Carlisle did not know what to say, so he remained silent. Edward sat motionless for a few more moments before speaking.

“I’d like to be alone for a while, if that’s all right.”

*Of course. Take all the time you need. I’ll be back soon.*

Carlisle left the boy to mourn his losses in solitude. He headed into the heart of the city, under cover of darkness; it was probably around two o’clock in the morning. The streets were deserted, and Carlisle made his way quickly to the city clerk’s office, deftly slipping in through an unlocked window.

The elder vampire spent several hours in search of a property he and Edward might be able to live in. He steered clear of big cities, eventually finding a settlement named Ashland in nearby Wisconsin, which had recently constructed a small clinic where he might apply to be a doctor. According to the map of the area, there was plenty of ground for hunting, and it bordered Lake Superior for the occasional swim. Carlisle wondered if Edward had ever gone on family vacations to the Great Lake bordering Chicago, Lake Michigan. He hoped not—Carlisle loved introducing Edward to new things. It was decided; they would head for northern Wisconsin that evening.

Upon his return to Edward’s childhood home, Carlisle waited outside for the boy. Edward would know he was waiting, and Carlisle wanted to allow him privacy to say his goodbyes to his human life. Thirty minutes later, Edward emerged with a small satchel slung over his shoulder, no doubt full of personal effects and mementos. Carlisle did not ask, and Edward did not tell. They simply walked away from the house toward the next chapter of their eternity, and Edward did not look back.

*November 1920*
The pair of vampires had lived in Ashland, Wisconsin for several months. The home they shared was located on the outskirts of town, a fair distance from the prying eyes of humans. It was a two bedroom farmhouse, the number of bedrooms solely to keep up appearances should a workman ever be required, though they only had one bed in the larger of the two rooms. The smaller was used for storage.

Carlisle had begun work at the medical clinic shortly after they moved to the area. Edward had impeccable control over himself, having been molded by the morals of his maker, so Carlisle did not worry leaving him alone for eight to ten hours at a time. Carlisle worked the night shift, which was quite welcomed by the administrators of the clinic, as most humans avoided working overnight. As much as Carlisle enjoyed spending every moment with his charge, it felt nice to be able to think freely and to return to the passion of his existence—aiding ill humans.

On the eve of the second anniversary of Edward’s transformation, Carlisle took the night off, and the pair went on an extended hunt. Edward gave no indication he realized the significance of the date, which pleased Carlisle. It meant the surprise he had planned for Edward was well-protected, as Edward would not have cause to root around in Carlisle’s mind. Even so, Carlisle held onto the wall around his thoughts, though it was with difficulty, as he was excited for Edward to see what he’d done for him back at home. Luckily, Edward was distracted by the abundance of big game, so he did not take notice of Carlisle’s struggle.

He managed to keep Edward away from the house until midday, which he hoped was sufficient. The elder vampire had paid a pretty penny for the services that would have been rendered at their home that morning, and he hoped it was done perfectly. As they approached the small house, Carlisle saw the invoice posted on the front door. The job was done, and he projected his excitement to Edward.

“You have a surprise for me?” Edward asked in disbelief, though he smiled in delight.

“Go inside and see.”

Edward raced toward the house, Carlisle hot on his heels so he wouldn’t miss Edward’s reaction to his gift. Edward burst through the door and skidded to a stop, his jaw dropping comically as he took in the large item nestled in the corner of the living room. Edward’s mother’s grand piano looked very grand indeed in the small space. Carlisle had been very specific that, while it should be tuned to perfection, it should not be cleaned, so that Elizabeth’s scent might be retained. He was pleased to note the woman’s scent did cling to the instrument, however faintly.

“Thank you,” Edward whispered, gazing at the instrument reverently. He crossed to the bench and sat down, gently lifting the lid from the keys and gingerly running his fingers across them. “Carlisle, what is the occasion for this?”
Carlisle crossed to the piano and bent down, hugging Edward from behind. He placed a soft kiss below the boy’s ear. “Happy birthday, Edward.”

Edward’s shoulders stiffened and he pulled away, turning to look into Carlisle’s eyes. His expression was grim. “My birthday is in June.”

Carlisle’s brow knitted together in confusion at Edward’s sudden solemnity. Edward took a deep breath before elaborating. “This is the day I died, the day I lost my mother, the day I lost my humanity forever. It is not a day I wish to celebrate.” He took in Carlisle’s crestfallen expression and shrugged, attempting to soften his words to assuage his sire’s feelings. “I suppose it is a rebirth day of sorts.”

Carlisle held his gaze for a moment, then drew Edward closer, holding his back tight to his chest and peppering kisses along the boy’s neck until he reached the mark he’d left on Edward’s skin. He fitted his lips over it and licked the skin beneath.

*Let’s think of today as the day you were born into my life forever.*

Edward’s body softened at Carlisle’s heartfelt thought. “Oh, Carlisle. This gift is truly so thoughtful. What did I do to deserve you?”

“I could ask the same question.”

Their lips molded together, fitting perfectly against one another. Slowly at first, their kisses gained fire as Edward tasted Carlisle’s lips with his tongue, coaxing the elder’s mouth open. Carlisle let him in, and their tongues explored the cool depths. Edward’s arms wrapped around Carlisle’s neck, playing with the hair on the nape of his neck, while Carlisle’s hands explored the contours of Edward’s shoulders and spine beneath his cotton shirt. Edward moved closer, rubbing the evidence of his arousal against Carlisle’s thigh, but Carlisle drew back, causing Edward to whine in protest. Holding the boy at arm’s length despite his own burgeoning need, Carlisle stared into the younger vampire’s lust-darkened eyes.

“Not now—I want you to play for me.”

Edward smiled and ducked his head. “How can I play with this torture in my lap?”
They chuckled together before Edward reoriented himself to face the keys, Carlisle still facing Edward, straddling the bench. Edward seemed lost in thought as he considered what to play, but before long, he settled on something.

Closing his eyes, his hands hovered over the keys. “I’ve had these lyrics in my head for some time. It will be nice to set them to music.”

Carlisle felt a rush of anticipation. He’d heard Edward sing many times, but he only heard the boy play twice—once while he was human and Carlisle crept outside his family’s window, and the second in Denali, where Carlisle had been distracted by Tanya’s interrogation. Carlisle found he couldn’t wait to hear Edward compose something for him on the spot.

After some consideration, Edward’s hands lowered and the first few notes rang out, quickly becoming a flood of chords. Carlisle watched him play, beautiful music flowing from Edward’s fingers. His head was tilted back with eyes still closed, his shoulders slack and body moving fluidly with the sounds he created. Carlisle was swept away by the sight of his lover looking so free, doing what he truly loved—what he was well and truly born to do. He felt lucky to be in the presence of such talent. And then Edward sang the lyrics trapped in his head for so long:

_I’m looking for the tower of learning_
_I’m looking for the copious prize_
_I saw it in your eyes, what I’m looking for_
_I saw it in your eyes, what I’m looking for_
_I really do fear that I’m dying_
_I really do fear that I’m dead_
_I saw it in your eyes, what I’m looking for_
_I saw it in your eyes, what will make me live_

The song continued, and ultimately ended with more solo instrumental accompaniment.

“That was beautiful,” Carlisle whispered, awed by Edward’s talent.
Edward finally opened his eyes, turning his body toward his sire. A shy smile graced his face. “Not as beautiful as the muse that inspired it.”

Before Carlisle realized what he was doing, Edward swung Carlisle’s outer leg over the bench so that he sat properly in front of the piano. Just as rapidly, Edward was on his knees under the keyboard, face-to-face with Carlisle’s turgid, clothed erection. As he began to undo the trousers, Carlisle stilled his hand.

*This is your day—I should be doing this for you.*

“But I want to.”

Edward slapped his hand away, and Carlisle did not protest again. He deftly undid the buttons of Carlisle’s fly, his erection bursting free of the fabric prison. Edward glanced up at him and grinned. “No undergarments today? How uncharacteristic of you.”

Carlisle’s words came out in grunts. “Perhaps I hoped for something like this.”

“Ah, well, allow me to make your dreams come true.”

In one fluid motion, Carlisle’s length was buried in Edward’s throat. Carlisle cried out at the sudden pleasure of being encased in warm, tight wetness, and Edward swallowed, intensifying the sensation. Carlisle gripped the bench tightly as Edward massaged the throbbing vein that ran along the underside of his cock with his powerful tongue. The sounds coming out of him were terribly obscene, but Carlisle simply couldn’t contain himself as he watched Edward bob over his length, propriety be damned. Pretty, pink lips wrapped around the root, perfectly sculpted nose nestling in the curly blonde hair at the base. Carlisle wove his fingers through the boy’s tousled locks, and Edward looked up at him through long lashes, the corners of his mouth turning up as he grinned salaciously around Carlisle’s cock.

Carlisle could not look at the boy’s wicked beauty any longer lest he end this pleasure far too quickly. He closed his eyes and let Edward work him over, his toes curling with the sensations traversing the length of his body, igniting every nerve. He gripped Edward’s hair tighter as his balls drew closer to his body, signifying his impending release. He didn’t want to climax in Edward’s throat, preferring to bury himself deep inside the boy’s tight rear. Edward groaned at Carlisle’s thoughts, and Carlisle dragged him off his cock by the hair, pulling him to his feet as Carlisle rose with him. His trousers pooled at his feet as he whipped the young vampire around to face the piano.
In one motion, he removed Edward’s pants and thrust inside his tight heat. Edward cried out as he was filled abruptly, his hands finding purchase on the keyboard. A cacophony of sound rang out as Edward sought to keep himself upright under Carlisle’s pummeling assault. Discordant notes mixed with moans and sighs and colliding marble skin.

Carlisle was too far gone to last. He wrapped one hand around Edward’s cock, pumping roughly, and he pounded him from behind, his hips relentless as he chased his orgasm. It crashed over him, blinding him temporarily, his seed shooting out into Edward’s cool cavern. The feel of his sire’s climax caused Edward’s own release, his own cock erupting over Carlisle’s hand, and his muscles involuntarily clutching the elder’s softening organ.

Carlisle’s knees felt weak even though he did not tire, and he sank to the floor, taking Edward with him. He sat with Edward still impaled on his lap, the boy’s head tilted back to lean against his sire’s shoulder as he gasped for breath he did not need. Carlisle held tight around Edward’s waist with one arm, his free hand running circles over the boy’s lean, hard chest until his cock eventually slipped out. Edward sighed at the loss and opened his eyes. He gave Carlisle an adoring look before turning his gaze back to the piano before them.

Edward laughed, his shoulders shaking with mirth. “Oh, my!”

Carlisle peered over Edward’s lithe shoulder and took in the splotches of semen staining the face of the piano. Edward stood up and examined the spots closer.

“I don’t think my mother had this in mind for her piano.”

Carlisle chuckled. “No, I don’t suppose so.”

Edward turned around and wrapped his arms around Carlisle’s waist, pulling him close. “We surely christened it, didn’t we?”

Carlisle cringed at the blasphemy, but Edward looked so content. He played along so as not to embarrass his young lover. “I suppose we did.”

Edward turned back around and pressed a few keys experimentally. The sounds produced seemed wrong even to Carlisle’s untrained ear.
“It seems we will need to get this re-tuned.”

“Perhaps we should keep a tuner on hand,” Edward replied slyly, before pulling Carlisle close once more.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Thank you as always to my beautiful betas, harrytwifan and remylebeauishot!

The song is “Tower of Learning” by Rufus Wainwright. Links are such a pain on FFn, so I created a playlist in the “Notes” section of my Facebook page: Edwards Mateforever (the page is public, but send me a friend request anyway!)

I am participating in an anonymous contest, Reflections of Summer Twilight Non-Canon Fanfic Contest. It will be held on The Writer’s Coffee Shop ~ lemons required ;) All entries will be posted the first week of November. Public voting poll will be open Friday, Nov 15 thru Sunday, Nov 24. Bookmark it on TWCS now! A lot of great authors are taking part.
Chapter 11

March 1921

It happened so fast, Carlisle didn’t have time to think.

A late-night swan dive off a cliff had brought the woman’s body to the morgue. It was a shift Carlisle worked once a week in rotation with the other doctors. Not the most interesting station, but it did provide Carlisle with peace and quiet and room to let his thoughts wander without worrying they might be overheard. Life with Edward was as wonderful as ever, but Carlisle could readily admit that having his thoughts heard on a constant basis was taxing. This quiet alone time was freeing for him.

This apparent suicide certainly livened up the otherwise dull work in the morgue. Carlisle could hear that the woman’s heart still beat, albeit faintly, as the orderly wheeled her in, but he wasn’t inclined to do anything to save the woman with a broken back and no other vital signs that he could hear. It was unlikely she would want to live as a paraplegic even if he could keep her alive. Judging from the manner and method of death, she wanted to die.

But curiosity had gotten the better of him and when the orderly had gone, he drew back the sheet covering her face. What he saw caused his mind to go white with shock. He knew this woman—well, he’d known her as a girl. He’d treated her for a broken leg many years before meeting Edward, but the young woman had left an indelible impression on him. In fact, she had been the very first person in centuries who had stirred arousal in him, and her own infatuation with him was apparent. Which was why he’d left Columbus that very night, never to see her again.

The longing he had felt for her was much the same as when he’d found Edward. When he’d found
Edward, he no longer had the strength to leave his source of arousal, however, he was able to keep his distance, watching him from afar, through the window of his home. But when Edward had fallen ill, he was destined to die, and Carlisle could save him from that and make him his. The girl had not been dying, and there lay the difference.

Esme. That was her name. Edward had been dying, and that was what gave Carlisle the moral leeway to change him. Esme had been young and full of life, so Carlisle had left quickly so as not to give in to his beastly loneliness. But now, Esme was dying.

Carlisle scooped up her body before realizing what he was doing and he was out the back door in the next moment, racing back toward the home he shared with Edward. It was while he was running that her heart slowed even more, until it was barely audible even to his own sensitive hearing. He laid her down in some fallen leaves and bit her then and there, beginning her change, knowing it was now or never. Then he picked her up and started running again, trying to get further out of Ashland before she started to scream and thrash.

All of this was done rather mindlessly and without forethought. Reality crashed through Carlisle’s being, however, when he came across a trail that carried Edward’s distinctive and alluring scent. Edward. His beautiful boy.

Panic began to set in as Carlisle raced through the trees with the woman in his arms bridal-style. He hadn’t stopped to consider the ramifications of his actions and now it was too late. Once he’d laid eyes on Esme, not a single thought had been given toward Edward— the boy who usually consumed every corner of his mind.

What would Edward think about Carlisle bringing home another person who would soon become a vampire? She would have to stay with them, at least for a time, even if she chose to go her own way. Even if she wasn’t someone Carlisle had an interest in sexually, his and Edward’s relationship would have to change abruptly, Carlisle had no intention of admitting his feelings for Esme to Edward anytime soon, but their illicit rendezvous would have to stop regardless. Men having relations would surely upset this woman’s sensibilities. Laying with a man was simply not an acceptable activity for another man. He did not want to appear weak in Esme’s eyes.

Whatever happened, he had to shroud these sorts of thoughts for the time being. He needed time to think about how he was going to handle this, and his rash actions hadn’t given him a chance to do so. But Carlisle had no time to dwell or ponder, as he was rapidly approaching the property. Quickly, he changed his thought pattern, focusing on the unfortunate woman’s situation, laying on his feelings of pity thickly, knowing that if Edward was home, he was certainly nearing the range of the boy’s ability. Narrowing his thoughts down to the basics, he heard the faint melody of the piano before it abruptly stopped and the lid was closed with a controlled force, as though Edward was upset, but wanted to preserve the integrity of the instrument. This was made clear when the next sound Carlisle heard was the loud banging of the front door swinging open and splitting into pieces as it was flung so hard that it splintered against the house.

When Carlisle arrived in view of the house, it was to find a furious Edward standing stock still in the doorway, arms crossed tightly over his chest and feet planted wide, effectively barring the entrance. Esme had begun to moan loudly as Carlisle’s venom coursed through her veins.

“What have you done, Carlisle?” Edward spat.

Carlisle remained calm, his voice soothing, yet firm. “Stand aside, my love. I must lay this woman down.”
Edward capitulated with the term of endearment, but not before muttering with vehemence, “Do not lay her on our bed.”

*And where else am I meant to lay her?* Carlisle thought as he ignored Edward’s demand, promptly entering the room they shared and laying her down on their bed with careful reverence. When he drew back to a stand, he looked at Edward properly. Rage and uncertainty warred for position on his handsome face, his arms still crossed over his body protectively.

“Who is this woman? Why have you done this to u--her.” What Edward really wanted to ask was, ‘Why have you done this to us,’ Carlisle knew. Memories flooded Carlisle’s mind unbidden of the time he had treated Esme’s broken leg ten years before, and Edward gasped. “You know her?”

Carlisle nodded and carefully kept his feelings of arousal for her when he’d met her ten years earlier under wraps. Edward softened a little and nodded in wary understanding.

After a few minutes watching over Esme as she writhed in the flame of Carlisle's venom, he asked quietly, “What will we do with her in the house? How will we…” He trailed off and looked away, his arms clutching at his middle tighter.

She may want to go her own way.

Edward nodded, though his anger had not abated. “Possibly. Do you realize she wanted to die? Her baby died a few days ago. She hopes she will see him again on the other side. How do you think she will feel about you taking away her chance to ever see him again?”

With that, Edward flashed out of the room and left the house. Carlisle listened as his swift footsteps rustled the leaves on the forest floor as he ran away to consider this new aspect of their lives, finally allowing Carlisle to freely think about how fate had decided to handpick him a mate.

Xxxx

While Edward was gone, Esme’s cries of pain went from shrieks to whimpers, until she finally fell silent. This was what Carlisle understood as a period between two selves, where a person is suspended between human and vampire, the blood supply replaced by venom and about to turn every organ to stone, digestive, urinary, and reproductive organs first, then bones and skin before finally the lungs, brain, and heart. He suspected that Esme would not realize he was there and thought this would be a good time to change her dingy, cliff-torn and lake water-saturated clothing. He didn’t have clothes for a woman, but he spent some time fashioning a shift for her by knotting some bed linens together. Then he gathered some warm water and a cloth, and set about undressing her in an effort to bathe her, much the same way he had when he turned Edward.

His slid the tattered outer layers of cloth from her body, leaving her cloth corset and petticoat in place for now. He cleansed her face and neck, then moved to her arms. Then he rolled her a little and unlaced the back of the corset, rolling her back into place as he peeled it from her, the dried lake water making it stick to her skin. When her supple breasts were revealed to him, but he spent some time fashioning a shift for her by knotting some bed linens together. Then he gathered some warm water and a cloth, and set about undressing her in an effort to bathe her, much the same way he had when he turned Edward.

This did nothing to calm his erection, because his cock knew the final place she needed cleansing. Taking a deep breath to steady himself, he removed the rest of her undergarments and the odor that permeated from between her legs made him need to pop the button on his trousers, letting his cock touch the cool air. He leaned over her and washed her stomach and hips, until finally he reached her thighs. He washed what he could, and then parted her legs. The scent grew much stronger and
Carlisle was overcome by the scent. It was more alluring than anything he’d ever smelled before and he found he needed it, maybe more than blood.

He moved to the end of the bed and stared between her parted legs. He had only ever seen a woman’s sex during childbirth, and that looked nothing like what he was looking at now. Esme’s lips and folds looked like the petals of a flower, topped by a small, tight rosebud. Carlisle took himself in his hand and squeezed tightly, the desire within him too great to ignore. He stroked himself with great speed, flicking his thumb over the head of his cock every few passes, as he carefully cleansed between her folds. The only movement from her was a slight clenching of her stomach muscles, which Carlisle took to mean he was affecting her sexually too, and it tipped him over the edge, his release spilling over his fingers with a cry on his lips.

He collapsed back into the chair, dropping the cloth into the basin, gasping from the force of his ejaculation. When he regained his composure, he tucked himself away in his trousers and slipped the makeshift dress over her head, positioning it properly to cover her shame. He sat next to her for a time, and once he noticed her skin start to harden, he realized she should be coherent enough to process what he might say, so he began to tell her about what it was to be a vampire.

Xxxxx

“Carlisle.”

Edward’s voice was distant but beckoning. “I’ll be right back,” Carlisle told the still changing Esme, and he went to meet Edward in the woods outside.

Edward was not far from the house, and he stood in a small copse of trees, hugging himself as he had before. Keeping a barrier up in his mind, Carlisle’s cold heart sank as he took in his sad, confused companion. He truly didn’t wish to hurt the boy. He loved Edward. But Esme was different. She was just more. Carlisle didn’t have words to describe it. Perhaps that was why Edward couldn’t figure out what was going on either, even despite Carlisle’s suspiciously blank thoughts.

“Why did you bring her here? And why do you hide from me?” Edward whined pitifully. “Am I… not enough for you?”

Not ready to tell Edward the truth, Carlisle grasped the boy’s shoulders and said, “Of course you are, Edward. I knew her from before and it felt wrong to let her die. That’s all. Right place, right time, and time only for action, not thought.”

Edward nodded, accepting Carlisle’s explanation even though he didn’t like it, and kissed Carlisle soundly. The elder vampire allowed himself to be swept up in the fledgling’s sweet lips, their tongues meeting and caressing in a familiar and comforting dance. Despite Carlisle’s recent ejaculation, his cock stirred as Edward’s slender hands slid under the back of his shirt, pulling Carlisle’s body against his until their groins were pressed together.

Before their encounter could get very far, however, their sensitive ears heard Esme’s heart speed up.

“We must return. She’s waking.”

Edward let go of him with a sigh and followed Carlisle, letting him take the lead, still leery of the woman inside the house, but his curiosity about the newborn winning over trepidation.
Carlisle and Edward were inside the room in a flash, but they hung back by the door, on guard. One never knew how a newborn vampire might react upon waking to this life. Better to keep a safe distance. The pair listened as the speeding heart went impossibly faster before grinding to a halt.

After several long moments of silence and stillness, sire and progeny met eyes, wondering why the woman didn't move. The fluttering sound of the female's eyelashes opening drew their eyes once more, and her red orbs were staring straight up at the ceiling. Edward and Carlisle remained silent, though Carlisle watched Edward's face for any sign of what Esme might be thinking.

Her eyes landed on Edward first and her brow creased in confusion. His expression remained stoic, but Carlisle saw the tension in his hands as they turned to fists at his sides. Carlisle wondered what she could be thinking to make him have that reaction.

Then, Esme’s gaze shifted, and as soon as her eyes landed on Carlisle, they widened comically. “Dr… Dr Cullen?”

“Yes, Esme Platt,” he responded with a smile.

Her answering smile was blinding, lighting up her whole face. Carlisle thought she looked like an angel from Heaven in that moment.

Beside him, Edward gasped, a sound tinged with both horror and devastation, and he fled from the house once again.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: I'm going to end this here because this is not a story about Carlisle and Esme. But it was a necessary step to move on in Carlisle and Edward’s story. Thanks for bearing with me. More Edward/Carlisle interaction in the next chapter, but the happy times are over for them. Angst ahead! Also, no song due to the heavy focus on Esme’s introduction.
Understandably, Esme was perturbed by the abrupt departure of the young vampire. But her nerves quickly dissipated when her short newborn attention span returned to the man who remained. The man who saved her life. That man she had dreamed about ever since he treated her broken leg ten years earlier when she was just a teenager, much like the young man who disappeared so quickly with a pained expression on his face. Dr Cullen looked exactly as she remembered.

"Yes, one of the markers of our kind. We do not age."

Esme’s brow creased; she hadn't realized she'd spoken aloud. "What was wrong with that boy?" she inquired.

The ethereal doctor's expression was one of resignation. "Please, don't worry about him. His name is Edward and he is my...companion. He is just concerned about this new development in our lives. Vampires have a difficult time with change."

"And do you have difficulty with change, Dr Cullen?"

He smiled wryly. "Not as such. And please, we are equals now. Call me Carlisle."

Xxxxxx

Carlisle took Esme on her first hunt to assuage her thirst. Though nervous at the prospect of hunting, she took to it easily once she caught the scent of the fox. While she devoured the den, Carlisle's senses were filled with Edward, even as he admired the glimpse of pale legs leading to curved hips as his new female bent over her prey. The cinnamon scent of the boy was strong, and Carlisle knew Edward was watching them, even though he was taking care to hide himself, perhaps in the treetops.

Come join us. Meet Esme properly.

The scent promptly disappeared.

Xxxxx

When they returned to the cabin, Carlisle ran a bath for Esme. Just as had been the case with Edward, newborn Esme was a messy hunter, and she was covered in blood. Carlisle would have to find her some clothes for now. Presently, he laid out some of his own clothes, knowing the trousers wouldn’t properly fasten around her full hips, but having no other choice.

Perhaps he could send Edward out into town to purchase her some clothing appropriate for a woman. Carlisle ventured outside to find Edward, and he did find him out in the woods, sitting against a large tree trunk, just out of range of Esme's hearing.

“No,” the youthful vampire said flatly, not looking up at Carlisle.

So, you are refusing?
“Why should I help her? Why should I help you?”

Annoyed, Carlisle spoke to him aloud. “Think of it as helping yourself. Would you rather she be bursting out of our clothes, or perhaps she should just be nude?”

Edward huffed and stood, crossing his arms over his chest in what was becoming a familiar pose.

“She loves you,” he said in monotone, staring at the dirt.

Carlisle couldn’t help the happiness that permeated through his body, completely unable to disguise it from Edward. Esme felt for him what he felt for her, and the reciprocity made him feel complete.


Carlisle chose his words with care. “She was the first one I ever felt such...affection for. I never got to see it started, much less grow to fruition,” he explained. “You have to understand, darling, I love you, but I think I love her too.”

“Don’t call me darling,” Edward spat, hands balling into fists at his sides. “You say you love her, but you barely know her!”

A late-season snow had started to fall, drifting around them, not that they registered the cold. But it certainly accompanied the mood.

“Edward, I am so very sorry. I need you to allow me to see where this goes.” Edward looked away sharply, but Carlisle continued, “She was meant for me. It is fate.”

“And what am I if not fate? Some passing whimsy?” Edward whined, a wealth of woe and hurt in his melodious voice, the sound making Carlisle want to weep.

“Edward…”

“No, don’t say anything else. Don't think anything either! I won't give you up so easily. I love you Carlisle.”

Carlisle felt the twisting of his heart; he loathed to hurt Edward this way. He loved Edward, he truly did, but a man was meant to lay with a woman. He had hidden their relationship from the three sisters, and he had not allowed Edward to dominate him sexually. He was still pure in the eyes of the Lord, he hoped. And now, this beautiful woman had come back into his life and Carlisle knew she was his intended mate. Words couldn't express why, it just was, and Carlisle could do nothing to stop it, as much as he did love Edward.

Images of the intimacy between the two men inundated Carlisle's mind. Images of Edward riding astride his cock like a saddled horse. Of them cuddling sweetly. Of his manhood buried deep inside Edward's slick throat, those pretty pink lips wrapped around the shaft provocatively. Of Edward playing piano and singing those haunting songs for him. But his feelings of longing and arousal for the boy were overshadowed by those of apology and regret.

Edward's head dropped and he whimpered, crying even though he could not produce tears. He'd heard Carlisle's thoughts, of course. There was no lying to him, there was no point.

“Edward,” the older man whispered, shame and remorse tearing through him for hurting the boy. Edward sniffled needlessly and stopped making crying sounds but did not meet Carlisle's gaze. Carlisle reached out and placed a loving hand gently on his shoulder. "I'm sorry."
Edward's shoulders heaved and he gave out a low, heart-rending moan before he turned and ran off into the forest. From some distance away, Carlisle could hear Edward's mournful voice singing through his pain.

*I don't know what it is*  
*But you got to do it*  
*I don't know where to go*  
*But you got to be there*  
*I don't know where to fall*  
*But I know that its comfortable where*  
*I don't know where it is*

Carlisle stared after him into the void of the forest, the boy's song ripping his heart into pieces. He felt as though a part of him had been torn away. He knew Edward felt that way too, albeit much worse. Would he ever see the boy again? Carlisle hoped that he would come back. He wasn’t sure if Edward would maintain an animal diet were he not to remain with Carlisle. Besides, Edward still belonged to him. He was the boy’s sire, and nothing could break such a bond. Being such a newling still, Edward would have need of him, Carlisle was certain.

No, he couldn't leave.

Edward did not leave. At least, not at first. That night, Edward returned with a bundle of clothing for the female, unable to help the desire to please his former lover despite his disdain for the woman. He unceremoniously dumped the bundle on the floor before taking off into the forest once again. Carlisle really wasn’t sure what to tell Esme about Edward, so he said nothing about it. And for her part, Esme never asked, nor did it appear she suspected anything untoward. To Esme, Edward just didn’t want any interruption to their household, man or woman. It was a big, life-changing decision he was left out of.

Knowing what she thought, Edward could not hate Esme. He wouldn’t go so far as to say he liked her, but she was tolerable. Her thoughts toward him were full of concern, and he could already feel her need to mother him, and that did tug on his heartstrings. It would be nice to be mothered again. But the flip side of that was, of course, the elephant in the room, Carlisle himself. Allowing her to mother him would mean accepting he’d lost, and Edward wasn’t ready to do that. So, he avoided her and dealt with her sparingly.

Life was decidedly more strained whenever Carlisle and Edward were in the same room, and thus, Edward was gone most of the time. While that arrangement was best for Edward’s heart, his absence did make it easier for Carlisle and Esme’s bond to grow stronger, and the elder vampire grew fonder of her every day.

During the following weeks of helping Esme acclimate to her new life, Carlisle didn’t act on his feelings for Esme, wanting to wait until she was fully acclimated to this life to start courting her, not while she was still young and learning. He wanted to do things properly this time, not dive into depravity as Edward had tempted him into doing. He considered it another way to save his soul in the eyes of God.

One day while Carlisle was bathing, Esme took it upon herself to clean the house, including the old piano in the living room. Little did she know that she was washing away all the scents Edward held most dear to him; not only removing the faint lingering scent of his mother, but also the evidence of
his relationship with Carlisle.

When Edward arrived home to find the remnants of everything he held dear stolen from him, his beloved piano smelling fresh and clean and like HER, he confronted the well-intentioned vampress, showing her no mercy in his rage that she removed the last traces of his mother. But Carlisle knew it was more than that, that the semen stain above the keyboard was now erased, and perhaps it was the loss of his memento of their prior relationship that rankled the boy more. Edward had yelled at her, making her cry, and Carlisle had comforted her, admonishing Edward for his outburst. Edward slammed the door off its hinges in his fury and haste to run away from the situation.

He was gone for two days, but when he returned, Edward was significantly calmer. He would not meet Carlisle’s eyes, but the young vampire was kind and polite to Esme, albeit somewhat reserved. Still, he granted Esme forgiveness and she did the same for him. Carlisle was proud of his boy for taking the high road about the misunderstanding, and he even felt comfortable enough to venture into town the next day, to look at the real estate listings and purchase a new dwelling for the three of them a bit further away from Ashland. He left Esme in Edward’s care while he ran his errand.

It was during those brief hours that Esme killed her first human. Edward could have intercepted the traveling salesman - he surely heard the man approaching and knew Esme was outside tending to her flowers. But he did absolutely nothing to stop her and that made Carlisle so very angry. Edward had set Esme up to fail, Carlisle knew, in some spiteful attempt to sully Carlisle’s view of her.

She had fallen to pieces in his arms when he’d arrived home, his nostrils overwhelmed by the lingering scent of spilled human blood on her clothing. He consoled the devastated female, then excused himself to seek out Edward, who had left with a smirk after hearing Carlisle’s disconcerted thoughts.

Carlisle found the boy miles away on the shore, looking out over the half-frozen Lake Superior. He looked beautiful in the silvery glow of the moonlight, the full moon shining brightly. The atmosphere was heavy with another impending late season snow, almost as heavy as the atmosphere between the two vampires, the tension of the past weeks having reached breaking point.

Edward turned to face Carlisle then, a self-satisfied smirk on his face. Carlisle was angry with the boy, and Edward seemed to revel in the passionate response he was receiving. He egged the elder vampire on. "I have never killed a human."

"No, because you had me as your guide. She would not have either, had you done what I entrusted you to do," Carlisle seethed. "Now, you have shattered her confidence and we have to move on immediately."

Edward’s smirk faltered but he remained firm. "I am not her keeper, nor do I ever want to be. Perhaps it was foolish of you to leave her in my care."

Carlisle’s anger lost some steam, mulling over if perhaps Edward was right. "I thought you were beginning to like her," he ventured.

"It is difficult to hate her," Edward conceded. "None of this is her doing, really. But no, I do not like her." He approached Carlisle then, until he was standing so close, their noses almost touched. Edward ran his hands up his sire’s arms and leaned in to whisper in his ear. "In any case, the female is now unclean, sullied by human blood. She lacks the control you have carefully cultivated, a control I share with you. She is not a good mate for one such as you."

Edward kissed Carlisle on the sensitive place behind his ear, and Carlisle closed his eyes. He knew Edward was trying to entice him, to sway his decision. Truly, it was the only chance Edward had
left; they both knew that. And though Carlisle understood the boy's motives, his inaction with stopping Esme and saving the human didn't sit well with Carlisle. A man died and a fledgling's confidence was destroyed due to Edward's recklessness, and Carlisle could not look past that.

Still, it hurts me to do this to him.

"Then don't. Please." Edward grasped Carlisle's body tightly to his own, burying his face in the crook of Carlisle's neck.

Carlisle grasped the hair at the base of his skull, losing his fingers in the strands. He grieved for Edward's desperation and the pain he was causing, but Carlisle was also disturbed by Edward's treatment of Esme. Her progress having been so cruelly undermined was proving more important to him than Edward's pain, as sick as it made Carlisle to admit it. "Edward, I'm sorry." Carlisle spoke with finality.

Edward drew back quickly, defeat marring his face and posture. "Why can't you love just me?" he whispered, meeting Carlisle's eyes.

As he looked into those golden eyes, so hopeful, so afraid, his traitorous heart ached, but his previous anger had stoked the long-hidden inner demons, and they came to the fore in that moment. Carlisle spoke his fears true for the first time, having been careful to hide them from Edward all these years.

"Because it is wrong, Edward!!" he roared, unable to control his temper any longer. "A man shall not lie with mankind, only womankind. The Bible clearly says so. I have sinned with you, Edward. This woman is my chance at redemption."

Edward did not hesitate to return the man's rage, grasping Carlisle by the lapels and shaking him. "Oh, great, fuck my redemption, right? Damn MY soul straight to Hell!!"

The elder's anger deflated with Edward's outburst. Of course, Carlisle did not want that for Edward, his head and heart split about the dear boy in front of him. "There's still hope for you. Eternity is a long time to seek your redemption. "Perhaps Tanya?"

Edward's eyes were jet black, fury rippling through his body in visible waves, and he was still grasping Carlisle's lapels. His grip was tight, and Carlisle was quite frightened. "I don't want redemption, Carlisle, I want you! But, seeing as I can't have what I want, I see no point in staying you. Someone who can hurt me so completely."

"You want to leave?" Carlisle asked with a gasp, his chest tightening at the thought of never seeing his boy again.

"I'm not your boy anymore. You chose that." He released Carlisle and stepped back, his hand raking through his auburn locks as he let out a frustrated huff. "What should compel me to stay, to live your lifestyle? Why should I continue abstaining from what my body truly desires? I am already damned, as you say."

Carlisle stepped over to Edward, reaching for his arm. "No darling, please…"

Edward flung Carlisle's arm away from him. "Don't call me darling ever again!!!" Then, he shoved Carlisle in the chest with such force, Carlisle went sailing backward until his back met a large oak tree several feet away. It cracked when he hit it, but did not fall. Carlisle looked up, still able to see Edward's face clearly despite the distance.

He raised his head and his eyes met Edward's. He saw all the suffering, fury, pain, and longing all warring within them. And then, Edward turned his back and was gone. As the distance between
them grew, Carlisle could faintly hear the boy, wrapped in his mournful song, until the wind shifted and he could no longer hear the lyrics.

Carlisle knew he might never see Edward again.

_So I knock on the door_
And I am on a train
Going god knows where to
To get me over
To get me over
I don’t know what it is

Chapter End Notes

_A/N: The song is called I Don’t Know What It Is by Rufus Wainwright._

It would be amazing to know what you think about this chapter. Please consider leaving a review, they really make my day brighter!

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