

# Left to Ashes

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## **Chapter Four – She'll be coming round the mountain.**

“So where are we going?” I asked Emmett this question as we drove along in his car. The sun was down as usual, but it wasn't dark out. Just overcast, as I've come to expect.

“My family wants to meet you.”

I blinked. “Why would they want to do that? I'm only a friend, Emmett.”

Emmett smile, “Exactly. In Esme's own words, 'he's the first friend you've had since she died'. She seems impressed.”

“Uh, yeah” I said, unsure. “She doesn't seem hard to impress.”

“She's not, but that's beside the point. They'll love you, you have nothing to worry about. Esme and Carlisle already like you.”

I gulped at that. “They're not going to try to... eat me, are they?”

Emmett just laughed at that. “No, they won't. We're vegetarians.”

I blinked at just stared at Emmett. “How can you be a vegetarian when you drink...” I whispered, “*blood?*”

Emmett smiled to me. “We only feed on animals, not humans.”

I turned back to look at the road. Emmett was driving much more reasonably than before. I

told him if he was going to drive 200 km/h then I'd walk. He seems to like driving. He's even started picking me up in the morning for school.

“So you said you're not gay. Then what are you?”

Emmett looked a little sad after I asked that. He quietly answered, “Straight. I was married to a wonderful woman, Rosalie. She... broke the law.”

I blinked. “What law did she break?”

“She told someone about us... vampires. There's one law we must all follow. No one can know about our existence. There's a family or coven of ours called the Volturi. They're like the royal family and live in Italy. They have some of the most powerful vampires on the planet working for them. Anyway, they found out and... executed her.” He looked awfully sad again.

“Wait! Hold on a minute! So because I know that you drink blood, they could kill you?”

He nodded, “And you. Or they could let me turn you. If you're a vampire, there's no issue.”

I gulped. “I sorta like being warm and having a heart beat.”

He just nodded. We drove silently for a few minutes. “I'm sorry, Emmett. For the loss of your... wife. She must have meant a lot to you.”

A tear ran down his cheek. “She did. She could be a real pain in the ass, but she was my pain in the ass. She saved my life, by having Carlisle turn me.”

I just nodded a little, and put my hand on his shoulder. He was a friend in pain, and I had caused that pain. I wished right now that I knew how to cheer up a vampire.

We arrived at the house, and Emmett parked. We walked into the house through the front door. I sniffed the air. “I didn't know vampires cooked food.”

Emmett led me into the kitchen, where Esme had made several grilled cheese sandwiches. “Hello again Keenan. I hope you're hungry. Emmett told me these are your favourite.”

I blinked a moment and just looked at her. “You can cook?”

Esme escorted me over to the table, and put a bottle of ketchup next to me. I just looked up at her, and then to the plate. She sat across from me at the table. “Go ahead and take a bite. I promise they're good. It's my way of saying thank you. Emmett hasn't been in a great mood until you came along.”

I felt and looked crestfallen at that statement. “Uh... yeah.” I took a bite of the sandwich, it really was good. By the time I was finished eating, I was full. Okay, I had been hungry when I had gotten there. I hadn't eaten yet today.

I looked to Esme. "So where did Emmett go?"

"He's up in his bedroom looking on *Facebook* to see if he recognizes the person from the party that he likes. No luck yet. He's been doing this in his free time for days. Why don't you go up stairs and check on him. Third door to the left, right after the bathroom."

I didn't know vampires needed bathrooms either. I just stood from the table, "Oh, I should at least clean up these dishes." I started to pick up the plate to take it over to the sink, but Esme took it right out of my hands.

"Nonsense. You're our guest. I don't mind cleaning up, it gives me something to do. Now go have fun with Emmett."

I just shrugged and found my way to the stairs. Once on the second floor, I noticed the white hallway. The Cullens seemed to have a lot of expensive artwork, and from the looks of it, all originals. I guess that's what happens with long-term collecting.

I found Emmett in his bedroom, and took a seat in a chair next to him. He was still on *Facebook*, but his ability to search it was faster than I could ever manage. "So if you don't find him on here, what's your next plan?"

Emmett didn't look over to me, he just continued searching pretty fast. Like Data from *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. "Then we go searching the town this week. London's not that big, it cannot be difficult to find him."

"Unless he's not from London." I added.

Emmett just looked over at me, finally. "You're not helping, Keenan."

"Sorry" I muttered in apology, and just looked at the floor.

His cold hand found my back, and he patted it gently. "Don't worry about it." He turned off the website, and turned his full attention to me. "I'm sorry too. About your step father and family. Didn't your cousin say your Mom was coming to visit?"

I nodded a little, a tear fell. "Ye... yeah."

Emmett brought me over to his bed, and he hugged me as we both sat down. "Hey, it'll be okay."

I sniffed. "I just miss Maria a lot, and Patrick. I'm scared Emmett, and believe it or not, you're not the scariest thing out there." We both gave a small laugh at that.

After that we played games on his Wii. It was two hours later when the phone rang, and my Aunt wanted Emmett to bring me home. Actually, she had offered to send someone to pick me up, but Emmett *insisted* on driving me home.

It wasn't that far back to my Aunt's house. Emmett gave me the idea he might help me to get my drivers license. He ever offered to buy me a car, which I politely declined. Still it was nice of him to offer.

Emmett and I were laughing as we both entered my Aunt's house. Just after we did we heard some noise from the living room. The two of us had taken off our shoes and coats, and we headed in there.

Sitting with my Aunt on the sofa was Maria... my Mom. I just ran over and gave her a big hug. I started to cry again as well. "Oh Mom! I missed you!"

Maria hugged me back and cried with me. "Oh Keenan, I'm so sorry. I thought I could trust Cameron to watch you. Susan told me all about it. At least you're safe now."

I just nodded. "Where were you Maria? Dallas said you weren't in the hospital like Cameron said you were."

Maria rubbed my back a little, "Don't worry about it. I was safe. I had to come and see you though. I cannot stay long, I head back tonight. I'll be back in about two months for good. I'm sorry I cannot tell you more about that." Maria finally spotted Emmett. "So who is your friend, Keenan?"

I sat next to my Mom and looked over. "Maria, this is Emmett Cullen, a friend from school. Emmett, this is my Mom Maria."

Emmett and Maria shook hands, and Emmett sat down in a chair. "So *Cullen*, what is your interest in my son?" I swear when Maria asked that, she was almost vicious.

I shot daggers at Maria from my look. "MARIA! How dare you! He's my friend, my *only* friend besides Justine. If you are going to treat him like he's bad news, then I can leave." I started to stand from the sofa. What was it with these two?

Maria took my hand. "I'm sorry, Keenan." She looked me in the eye. "I was out of line. Please sit down again." She looked to Emmett. "I'm sorry too, Mr. Cullen. You are a guest, and I was out of line."

Emmett nodded to Maria. "It's alright, Mrs. Stewart. We're just friends, I promise."

Maria nodded, and said "I'm trusting you to keep my son safe, Emmett. It seems like a good idea for the time being."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. First Maria had used Emmett's first name, and they were making an agreement about *me*. "If you don't stop that, Maria you will be no better than Cameron was! I am not anyone's property, or a prize to be won!" I was angry now. My fist met with the coffee table making a loud slam.

Susan had made her way back into the living room. She actually nodded in agreement with

me. "He's right, Maria. Keenan, why don't you show Emmett your room? Perhaps play some games on your computer?"

I nodded and took Emmett's hand. I looked to Susan. "Thank you again for the laptop."

Susan just waved it off. "It's nothing, Keenan. Now go."

As Emmett and I headed up the stairs, the two women were whispering. I didn't care, I just spent time with Emmett trying again online, this time a few dating websites, to see if we could find this mysterious guy.

At around 8 pm, Maria came by my bedroom. She kissed me on the cheek and said she had to go. I told her that I would miss her, and so forth.

After she left, Aunt Susan said Emmett could stay over for the night if he wanted. That way he wouldn't have to come back to get me for school in the morning.

As I laid in bed, I looked over at Emmett who was using my computer. "Vampires don't sleep, do they?"

He shook his head. "No, we don't. It sucks, you know?" He looked at me, and I understood what he had given up, more or less.

I just nodded.

"Goodnight Keenan."

I drifted off to sleep.

That night I had a nice, yet strange dream. I was in a large, open grassy area. There was this big white dragon, the fire-breathing kind. It looked down at me, and then kissed me on the forehead. I was afraid it was going to eat me!

Do dragons eat humans?

Anyway, behind it was a larger red dragon. It was more masculine than its white counterpart. It had ornate gold highlights to its scales. Like on the tips of its wings, and so forth. It was absolutely beautiful.

It looked like it was going to say something, but then my alarm clock decided it was a good time for me to get up for school. I groaned, but looked over to where Emmett had been sitting. He wasn't there, instead a few moments later he came into my bedroom with breakfast in hand.

I smiled appreciatively and ate the breakfast in bed.