



My Heart Beats For You
Jusobele

Complete

Twilight

*My Heart Beats For
You*

By Jusobele

Created by FLAG

<http://www.flagfic.com/>

Copyright Page

This book was automatically created by [FLAG](#) on August 9th, 2013, based on content retrieved from <http://www.fanfiction.net/s/8275307/>. The content in this book is copyrighted by Jusobele or their authorised agent(s). All rights are reserved except where explicitly stated otherwise. This story was first published on July 1st, 2012, and was last updated on July 1st, 2012. Any and all feedback is greatly appreciated - please email any bugs, problems, feature requests etc. to flag@erayd.net.

Summary

Winning entry for JBNP 3rd anniversary anonymous one shot contest. Join Jake and Bella on the journey of their lifetime together as Jake proves to Bella again and again that his heart beats only for her. Beta read by Morigan and Wolfgirl Cheri. Banner by the amazingly talented Cat Rhodes11 .

My Heart Beats For You

A/N: So, my regular readers know that right now I'm away from home with no internet access. But something REALLY EXCITING happened today...My entry to the JBNP 3rd anniversary contest placed first:D I've cajoled and wheedled my way onto someone else's laptop and internet connection to post this because I'm just so damn happy. I hope you enjoy this story. I need to give a massive shout out to Morrigan who went far beyond the call of duty when she beta read this story for me. It would not read as powerfully as it does without her input, and I mean that from the bottom of my heart.

Entry for the JBNP Jake and Bells 2012 Happy Anniversary One-Shot Contest

Title: My Heart Beats For You

Genre: Romance, Drama

Rating: M

Disclaimer: I own nothing related to Twilight and do not profit from Stephenie Meyer's work in any way.

Warnings: tissues needed!

Word count: 8100

Betas: Morrigan and Wolfgirl Cheri

Penname: Jusobebe

24th March 2017 (Nineteen Years After It All Began)

Jacob Black reached out a slightly shaking hand and smoothed his wife's hair back from her forehead. It had only just started to grow back in after the aggressive therapies she had endured caused it to shed. She looked so peaceful lying there.

Jacob's breath caught in his throat as he acknowledged the date. *24th March*. Of course it is, he thought. What other day of the year could this happen? He wondered at what point Fate had taken that date over. It was Jake himself who had chosen it as being special, he who had clung to it year after year as being the most important date in the calendar.

The past year had been the most difficult of his entire life, but what he'd had to endure was nothing compared to Bella's sufferings. Jacob hung his head, knowing he didn't have long before people began to arrive. Family and friends would be coming throughout the day. He would have time to give in to his emotions later, time to allow his mind to absorb the events of this day... but for now, he had to be able to face his tribe.

The Quileute tribe celebrated everything—births, birthdays, engagements, weddings, anniversaries—yes, even death.

Leaning forward to lay a gentle kiss on Bella's cold cheek, Jacob whispered, "Nineteen years together, honey. Not nearly long enough." A single tear trickled down his cheek and for a few minutes, he allowed memories to engulf him.

24th March 1998 (The Day It All Began)

Alice turned for the car, disappearing in her haste. Bella hurried after her, pausing automatically to turn and lock the door.

Jacob caught Bella's arm with a shivering hand. "Please, Bella. I'm begging."

His dark eyes were glistening with tears. A lump filled Bella's throat.

*"Jake, I **have** to..."*

"You don't though. You really don't. You could stay here with me. You could stay alive. For Charlie. For me."

The engine of Carlisle's Mercedes purred; the rhythm of the thrumming spiked when Alice revved it impatiently. (New Moon, page 372)

Bella turned her head sharply to glare at Alice. This was the biggest decision of her life and she would not be rushed. Looking back into the eyes of her best friend, her sun, she saw his agonised tears.

"I—" Her voice trailed off. *What was she doing?* "He left me." She said it as though she were coming to an epiphany.

"He left you," Jacob confirmed steadily.

"You were here for me."

"Always," he breathed. "But don't you leave *me* now. Not over him. Please, Bella."

"Bella!" Alice's voice was shrill with impatience. "We don't have time to sit around! Are you coming?" She was hanging out the window of the sleek black car, revving the engine repeatedly.

"I'm...not." Bella gave a small laugh which quickly took on an hysterical edge. "I'm not, Alice. I'm just not."

The Mercedes shot off, tires screeching, leaving Jacob staring at Bella as she continued to laugh uncontrollably. Suddenly, she threw herself at his chest. He wrapped his arms around her automatically, his body moving faster than his brain as he tried to absorb that she was here, she was really here—she had chosen to stay with him.

As Bella's laughter turned into sobs, Jake held her close, a slow smile forming on his lips as he realised the enormity of what had just happened. Finally, she raised her tear streaked face to look at him. "You were going to kiss me earlier, when the phone rang," she stated. He nodded. "Do it."

Who was he to argue?

31st March, 1998 (One Week After It All Began)

"Still can't believe you picked me, Bells," Jake said, squeezing her hand as they walked along First Beach. It was probably the twentieth time he had said it aloud over the past week. It ran in his brain like a continuous mantra. He was feeling a little nervous today, though. Something had been bothering Bella, and he didn't know what it was. Usually, he could read her like a book, but this was something he couldn't figure out. He knew he was doing something wrong, but he didn't know what.

Their first few days together had been amazing. They had talked a lot, made out even more, and Jake was in his own personal heaven. On the fourth day, while on patrol with Sam, the older and wiser wolf had given Jacob some advice.

Slow it down a bit, Jake. She's only just realising that you're better for her than Cullen was. He hurt her badly. You've seen it in my mind, what she was like when I found her. I know you want her, but you don't want to scare her off.

Reluctantly, Jake conceded his Alpha was right, and put the brakes on. Bella wasn't making things easy for him, though. Just the evening before, he had nearly passed out when he realised her hand was heading for his belt buckle. Fighting the urge to throw her down and have his way with her, he had heeded Sam's words and gently laced his fingers through hers, removing her hand from his belt.

He was just plain confused, though. Because on one hand, Bella was doing things like trying to undress him, but on the other she was erecting some kind of wall between them. Jake looked sidelong at her as they walked along the beach and was dismayed to see her swipe at her eye as though removing a tear.

"All right, that's it!" He swung her around to face him. "Tell me what's wrong, Bella. I can't fix it if I don't know what it is!"

Bella hung her head, avoiding eye contact, and kicked the toe of her sneaker in the sand. "It's just me being silly," she mumbled.

Jake squatted down, trying to get her to look at him. When she didn't, he took her flaming cheeks in his large hands and lifted her face. "Tell me, honey," he urged.

With tears springing to her eyes, she blurted out, "You don't want me! You keep pushing me away...just like *hedid*. What's wrong with me, Jake?" she wailed.

Jacob opened his mouth only to shut it again in confusion. He tried once more. "What?" was all that came out.

In this case, Jake decided, actions spoke louder than words. His jaw set and his eyes blazed with determination as he pulled his girl flush against his body and kissed her with all the passion, love, lust and need of a sixteen year old werewolf.

That was the last time Bells ever complained about the lack of passion in their relationship.

24th May 1998 (Two Months After It All Began)

Quil - *Fuckin' hell man, that is the funniest fuckin' thing I have ever seen!*

Jake - *Sure sure, Quil.*

Quil - *You have super senses! The fuckin' sirens were on and the lights were flashing, and you still got caught by the Chief of Police with your hand up his daughter's skirt!*

Jake - *I was distracted! And that's not the worst of it.*

Jake let Quil see what had happened next. He had leaped from the truck's cab, chivalrously allowing Bells time to readjust her clothing before her dad got round to her side. He foolishly ignored her hissing at him to get back in, opting instead to man up and face the wrath of Charlie Swan. Unfortunately, he hadn't noticed that Bella's panties were tangled around his foot and his throbbing cock was half on display as she had been working his zipper down when they realised they had company.

Quil bayed and howled with laughter as Jake's memories flashed between their joined minds. *Jeez man, you and Bella have **got** to do the nasty soon. You're both out of control you know.*

Jake - *She said she'll tell me when she's ready. She said she loves me, though!*

Quil - *Yeah, and that's supposed to compensate for the blue balls huh?*

Jake - *Fuck off.*

24th June 1998 (Three Months After It All Began)

"Are you sure, Bells?"

Don't say no don't say no don't say no... Fuck, if she says no will I even be able to stop now?

Jake's mouth was ravaging her neck so hard he was sure he would bruise her. He had a condom on and was lined up at her ready center.

"Yes," she hissed out. She was aching for him, and even though she knew this first time would hurt, she wanted him more than anything.

Oh thank fuck.

Jake pushed himself inside her, taking her virginity and giving his in return.

Oh fuck, sweet Jesus, fuck this feels so good. He felt Bella tense and heard her moan in pain but he literally couldn't stop himself. He thrust into her once, and then again before he came, groaning her name as he registered that he hadn't even lasted five seconds.

Truthfully, Bella was relieved it was over so fast. Jake was absolutely massive and it had hurt like hell.

24th Sept 1998 (Six Months After It All Began)

"Bells you are really gonna fuckin' kill me," Jake gasped out. He was being subjected to the sweetest kind of torture. He and Bella had played a fantasy sharing game the day before. Hers had been to make love outdoors, and he had taken care of that one immediately. His had been for her to give him a blow job in the backseat of the Rabbit...and oh, holy fuck was his girl delivering.

The last three months had taken them on an exciting voyage of sexual discovery. They were completely in tune with one another's bodies now, and Bella knew from his moans and breathing patterns when he was close to coming. Twice now, she had stopped her ministrations at the last second and backed off from him completely until he had calmed, before taking him into her mouth again.

Jake couldn't help but grin as he looked down at Bella's bobbing head. Her hair was wild, and her skirt was still hitched up around her waist from when he had taken her against the garage wall half an hour earlier. He was proud of the ability he had gained to love his girl. He averaged about twenty five minutes inside her before he came. In that time, he could give her two orgasms at a minimum.

She wiped the grin off his face when she took him right back in her mouth and moaned throatily, simultaneously squeezing his balls.

"Fuuuuuck!" Jake's hips jerked and he came harder than ever before. He was still panting while Bella licked around his tip, cleaning every drop. "Damn Bells, that was...fuck...it was just...fuck."

Bella sat back on her heels, triumph on her face as she looked up at him. Jacob's eyes widened as she ran her tongue across her bottom lip to capture the last drop. Oh fuckin' hell he was hard again, seeing that. Sometimes, being a teenaged wolf sucked.

Bella raised an eyebrow at him, and leaned in with a smirk to take him into her mouth again, and Jake quickly changed his mind. Sometimes, being a teenaged wolf positively fuckin' rocked.

24th March 1999 (One Year After It All Began)

"Jake!" Bella gasped, looking around her in wonder. "How...when did you...can you afford this?"

Jake smiled from behind her as he wound his arms around her tiny waist. "I've been planning this for a while, honey," he admitted. "It's a special day. It's our anniversary!"

"I know that but...how much is this weekend costing you?" Bella turned in his arms in time to see him roll his eyes.

"I've been saving for this, Bella. I told you, I've been planning it for a while, and it really is all planned out so you're just gonna have to trust me and do what you're told." Jacob knew he didn't have a chance of that happening but figured it was worth a shot.

"How long have you been saving?" she asked.

Jake grinned sheepishly at her. "A year. More or less to the day."

Bella shook her head in wonder, taking in the hotel room. It wasn't fancy, big, or anything extravagant, but it was very Jake and Bells. He told her on arrival that they were here for two nights, three days, and he had taken care of the cost for everything.

"You've been planning this, and saving for it, since the day we got together," she said slowly. Watching her carefully, Jake nodded. Her eyes filled with tears and she pulled his face down to hers. Kissing him sweetly, she pulled back and said, "Thank you. I love you."

"I love you too honey." Lifting her easily, he placed her on the bed and proceeded to make love to her as though she were the most sacred being alive, because to him...she was.

Dinner was in a small restaurant close to the hotel. Again, there was nothing flashy or pretentious about the menu or the atmosphere, but the owners were warm and welcoming and the food was delicious. Conversation flowed easily between the couple as they ate their fill. They talked and laughed, held hands across the table and shared forkfuls of food.

"Walk with me," Jake asked as they left the restaurant. After zipping Bella's jacket against the wind, he took her hand. He wasn't sure where they were headed, just that he would know the perfect spot when he saw it. "There!" he said finally, raising their joined hands to point to a park entrance.

"We're what, going to play on the swings?" Bella laughed, and Jacob grinned back at her.

"No, we're going to find a nice secluded spot."

"And do what, exactly?"

"You'll see."

Jacob finally found what he was looking for. An arched metal bridge ran over a pond. The moon was shining through the clouds and illuminating the water, and he knew it wasn't going to get any better than this. Stopping them both, he put his arms around Bella to keep her warm. Looking down into her gentle eyes, Jacob Black began to pour out his heart.

"Bells, you know the past year has been the most amazing of my life. Becoming your best friend was the best thing that had ever happened to me, but this—what we have now—is a thousand times better. I don't just mean the physical side, although that is *amazing*. I mean you being *you*, and me being *me*, and together being *us*. You know I love you. My heart beats for you. *Only* for you, and it always will. Before you just shoot down what I'm about to ask you, I want you to really think about it Bella, because it makes so much sense to me. I'm not talking about now, or even in a year from now. I know you're gonna give me all kinds of reasons not to, like we're too young or we can't support ourselves, but like I said, I don't mean right now. I just want to know that we're both heading the same way. That you want me in your future as much as I want you in mine, and...I want you to wear this." He reached into his pocket, pulling out a ring. "It was my mom's engagement ring," he told her. "I'm asking you to wear it so that everyone knows we belong together. I'm...asking you to marry me, Bella."

Jacob held his breath as he waited for her reaction. He honestly had no idea what her answer would be. He knew her well enough to know that their young age would be a huge issue for her, but he had been clear that he wasn't intending to rush her. Really, he just needed her promise that she was his, and he was hers.

"Not anytime really soon," she checked. Smiling at her, he shook his head.

"Whenever you want, Bells."

"Yes." Her eyes were bright and she laughed as she nodded her head at him. "Yes, I will marry you, Jacob Black."

"Really?" She nodded again. They laughed together as he pushed his mother's ring onto his fiancée's finger, and then kissed her until she was breathless.

24th March 2003 (Five Years After It All Began)

Jake groggily opened his eyes, squinting as he took in his surroundings. He was...in the forest? Sitting up, he was shocked to find that the world was spinning. His stomach heaved.

What the fuck?

In a flood, it came back to him. *Quil and Paul's fuckin' homemade brew!* Looking around him frantically, Jake saw most of his pack brothers sprawled naked on the forest floor.

"Get up!" he roared at them, kicking at the nearest body. Seth groaned and rolled over, before vomiting violently into the leaves.

"Holy shit, Quil! What the fuck was in that stuff?" Jared's voice rasped from somewhere in the foliage.

"Never mind that. What fuckin' time is it?" Jake demanded.

"Dunno. No watch. Why the hell are we all naked in the forest, man?" Sam's brow furrowed in concentration as he tried to remember the events leading up to where they were now.

"Dude, we got *drunk*?" Paul rubbed his hands in glee. "Hey Quil! That stuff fuckin' worked. I mean okay, we all needed to drink a few litres of the stuff but we got drunk!"

"What's up with Jake?" Seth asked, standing unsteadily.

"Uh, he gets married in a few hours and doesn't know where the fuck he is," Embry guessed correctly.

"Does *anybody* know where we are?" Jake bellowed, panicked. One by one, the pack members looked at each other and shook their heads. Over the next few minutes they pieced together the main events of the evening before. They had been drinking Quil and Paul's concoction on First Beach at a bonfire for Jake's bachelor party. At some point, they had decided to take a run as wolves, and had ended up out here.

"Jeez, that's fuckin' priceless," Quil cackled. "Drunken fuckin' wolves running through the forest!" He cracked up, earning himself a smack on the head from Jacob.

"We need to head home and we need to do it right the fuck *now!*" he snarled.

Tearing through the forest, the pack allowed their instincts to guide them home. They had run further than they initially thought. By the time they reached the outskirts of La Push, they were all starved, filthy and exhausted.

Jake veered off from the pack, in the direction of Charlie's house.

Embry - *Hey Jake, you're not supposed to see Bella before the wedding!*

Fuck that! She'll be freakin' out!

Jake paced around in the trees outside the house. He could hear Emily and Rachel in the room with his Bells. He couldn't burst naked and filthy through the window when they were there.

"They must have gotten drunk off that stuff that Paul and Quil made," Rachel soothed. "He'll be there, Bella."

"They don't get drunk," Bella pointed out. "I don't believe for one second that he's backing out, Rach, but the fact is that nobody knows where he or his best man are and the wedding is in less than an hour." She sighed. "I'm going to kill your husband for his part in this if Jake doesn't make it back in time."

"Jake will be there, Bella." Emily's voice was confident.

Bella sighed again. "You know I told him I don't care what he looks like, that if he's most comfortable in shorts and a T-shirt that's what he should wear. But I swear that if he turns up with twigs in his hair, I'm not saying 'I do'."

That was all Jacob needed to hear. Bella knew he would be waiting for her at the altar, and he needed to shower.

Less than an hour later, the pack quickly took their places amongst the congregated guests. Imprints and mothers frowned at them disapprovingly. Each and every one of them were still fiddling with unfamiliar cuff buttons, smoothing back freshly washed hair, or tying shoelaces. Jacob strode to the makeshift altar that had been erected at the front of the all-purpose community hall with Embry one step behind him.

"Tell me you have the rings," Jake hissed quietly. Embry patted his jacket pocket and nodded.

"You made it. Relax," he told his friend. Jake heaved a sigh of relief and settled in to wait for his Bells.

He didn't have to wait long. Ten minutes later, she was beaming radiantly at him as she walked down the aisle on Charlie's arm. Jake felt his eyes sting with tears and had to swallow hard. Bella looked sensational. Her curls tumbled freely around her shoulders, and her ivory

dress was simple and elegant, hugging her curves with a small train behind her. Raising one brow, Bella's eyes raked over him and Jake knew that she was surprised by his suit. As if he wouldn't have shown her that respect today. Shorts and a T-shirt, *really*?

As Charlie passed his daughter's hand to Jacob, the two men exchanged a look that spoke more than a thousand words ever could. Bella would be cherished and protected for the rest of her life, and Charlie Swan knew it.

24th March 2005 (Seven Years After It All Began)

Bella heaved over the toilet, bringing up the entire breakfast Jacob had made her. She felt rather than heard him kneel beside her.

"I'm sorry," she gasped. "You went to so much effort."

"Doesn't matter, honey," he told her honestly. He handed her a cool washcloth when she was done, and brought her a glass of ice cold water.

"It was the bacon," she explained. "I don't think Baby Black likes bacon."

"Baby Black doesn't like a lot of things," Jake observed.

Bella smiled weakly at her husband. "You're telling me."

"He's the best present you're ever gonna give me, though."

"He?"

"Of course. He's so much trouble already, he has to be a boy. My son," Jake added proudly.

"Girls are trouble too, you know," Bella informed him, standing to brush her teeth. "Just look how much trouble I gave Charlie, especially after we started dating."

"Well I'll learn from Charlie's mistakes," Jake told her confidently. "If we ever have a girl, she will not be allowed to date until she's twenty five."

24th March, 2008 (Ten Years After It All Began)

"Luke Charles Black, will you *stopeating* Will's breakfast?" Bella kicked the kitchen door shut with her foot as she heaved Will onto her other hip. Her older son was pilfering from the baby's plate as though he hadn't already had a huge breakfast of his own. "I swear he's going to phase before he's five," she grumbled under her breath, strapping Will into his highchair. She moved his plate before him, placed an extra slice of bread in the toaster for her constantly hungry toddler, and looked in dismay around the kitchen. She had tidied it all the night before, as always, yet somehow it was upside down again.

"Jacob!" she hissed in annoyance when she saw the empty peanut butter jar lying on the ground. He had presumably tossed it in the general direction of the trash can without bothering to check that his aim was good. How he hadn't heard it clatter to the floor was beyond her comprehension.

Bella didn't know why she bothered saying his name. It wasn't like he was home. He was never home these days. She quickly straightened the kitchen and set about her daily routine.

A few hours later, Jacob let himself into his home. He knew Bella was at Charlie's with the boys. His father in law had promised to call him when she left so that Jake would know how much time he had. Quickly, he threw clothes and toiletries into two separate bags. One for him and Bells, and one for the boys. His cell rang just as he was reaching up onto the top shelf of the closet to fetch her hidden present.

"She's just left. I convinced her to leave the boys here so that you don't need to just turn straight round and bring them back again," Charlie told him.

"Great! We'll drop their bag off on our way then. How'd you manage to get her to leave them though?"

"I told her to leave them so that the two of you could have a few hours to yourselves, it being your anniversary and all. Uh, you should know that her answer was, 'sure, dad, but I'll probably be joining you for take out to celebrate my anniversary this year'."

Jake cringed. He'd really been screwing up lately, and he knew it. "Thanks, Charlie," he told the older man sincerely. "I swear I'm turning things around this weekend."

"I know you will, son, and God knows I can't blame you for working hard to provide for your family."

"Yeah. I'll see you soon with the boys' stuff, Charlie. And thanks again, you know—for doing this."

"No problem."

Bella arrived home ten minutes later. He heard the surprise in her voice when she called his

name, presumably having seen his car out front.

"Hey, Bells." Jake emerged from their bedroom with two weekend bags in one hand. His heart broke a little when he saw her look at them, then back up at him, in total confusion.

"Are you going somewhere?" she asked, and he heard the acid in her voice.

"No, honey, or not alone anyway." He had to acknowledge he had deserved that. "We're going. You and me, to our anniversary hotel, just like we used to before you got pregnant with Luke. Charlie and Sue are looking after the boys for a couple of days."

Bella's mouth dropped open slightly and her hand reached out towards her husband. She looked at it as though it had moved without her permission. "Jake," she whispered, and then she was in his arms. "God, Jake, I thought you'd forgotten," she sniffed against his chest.

"Never!" he denied vehemently before admitting, "I can understand why you would think that though." Pulling reluctantly back from her, he tilted her chin up with his hand and looked straight into her eyes. "Let's go, Bells. We'll talk over dinner, at our restaurant, 'kay?"

Four hours later, Bella had cried when she had kissed her babies goodbye, cried when Jake had pulled the car up outside "their" anniversary hotel, cried when she realised he had asked for the same room they had always stayed in on these trips, and cried when Jake had kissed her tenderly and told her he loved her, that his heart beat only for her.

Jake felt like a complete shit.

"I didn't know it had gotten this bad, honey," he swore to her over their dinner. The couple who owned the restaurant had welcomed them warmly, exclaiming over the fact that it had been four years since their last visit, and then had left them alone.

"Jake, I know you're working like you are to provide for me and the boys, okay? I get that, I really do. And I understand that you're running the pack and more or less running the tribe as well as the garage. But we never see you, Jacob. Like...*never*. You're not there for breakfast, you're not there for bedtime stories, you even missed most of Luke's second birthday party. Is it really absolutely necessary for you to work the hours you do? I can't remember the last time you and I just sat and talked like this. You come home late, you're tired and hungry and you go to bed. Even when we make love, it's like you're not completely with me. You constantly have things on your mind, and I know you have a lot of responsibilities, but Jacob you have *gotta* let me help you. You shoulder everything on your own while I sit at home with the boys. We've always been a team, so why are you shutting me out now?" Bella's eyes were big and earnest as she stared at him.

"Bella, honey I am not shutting you out." Jake sighed. "Look, when we agreed that you should quit working after getting pregnant again so quickly after Luke, we knew money was going to be tight. I took on the big trucking contract to help us out, and the money from that is good. We couldn't manage without it, and you know that's the truth Bella. You know what happened. I took someone on to help with the workload, but he just wasn't as good as me. I started to get complaints from customers for the first time ever. I guess the old saying is true. If you want something done properly, you've got to do it yourself. So with all that extra work I had to do on my own—and yes, I'm running the pack and the tribe now too—it just...it takes up all my time, Bella. Literally *all* of it. And you're right, when I'm with you my mind is everywhere else and I hate that. I never see my sons and I hate that too. I swear to you honey that I'm gonna turn this around, okay? I don't know how, but I will be a better husband and father from now on."

"Jake you have always been a wonderful husband and father," Bella reassured him. "You've just kind of lost sight of what's important lately. I want to help you. Please, let me help you. I can do your paperwork and accounts again. I did them before and it worked out fine. Maybe I can even help behind the scenes with some tribal events. And Jake, maybe it's time to think about quitting the pack," she finished gently.

Jake nodded. "I know, Bella. I've already talked to Collin. You know the guys have been quitting one by one, since there's not much threat now. Collin can take over as Alpha, he has Black blood in him."

"You'll do it?" Bella was shocked. She knew that running wild and free as a wolf was one of Jacob's favourite things to do.

"I'll do it for you," he told her, reducing her to tears again.

They stayed at the restaurant late into the night, talking and making plans. Bella's unfailing

support reminded Jacob of why he loved her as much as he did. He knew his life was going to change forever when he gave up his wolf, but he also knew that the woman who was holding his hand and loving him was worth it all.

They made love throughout the night, whispered words of devotion and adoration falling from both their lips as they took their time with one another, cherishing this opportunity to be blissfully alone.

When they returned home, Jake kept his every word. He gave up the Alpha mantle and quit phasing completely. He delegated some administrative duties to Bella. He took on a young apprentice, a boy who reminded him of himself as a youth, and trained him carefully.

Jacob Black was back in his family's life.

24th March 2013 (Fifteen Years After It All Began)

Jacob gazed in awe at the tiny baby girl who lay in his arms. She was already a week old, but every time he saw her, it was like looking at her for the first time. Annalise Sarah Black had been something of a surprise to her parents, but they welcomed the new addition to their family with open hearts. Her older brothers, now aged 7 and 5, were as entranced by her as her father.

"She is going to be such a spoiled princess." Bella beamed as she watched her husband fall more deeply in love with his baby daughter.

"You bet," he grinned at her. Ever since the bump they had hit in their marriage five years earlier, Jake had made damn sure never to let his responsibilities get in the way of family life again. The apprentice he had taken on at work had worked out very well, and was pretty much running things while his boss took a few weeks off following the birth of his new baby.

Jake missed his wolf, but he also knew he had made the right decision. Still carrying Annalise, he smiled at his Bells as he strode to her side and planted a kiss on her lips.

"Ugh, daddy!" Luke protested in disgust.

"What?" Jake asked him. "My heart beats for your mom, you know."

"Sure, sure," the little boy responded.

24th March 2016 (Eighteen Years After It All Began)

"NO!" Jacob roared. "I will find a way to fix this, Bella." He was pacing the hospital room like a caged animal.

"Jake, please," she begged him. "We have to face this. We need to use this time to make plans." Tears streamed down her cheeks as she thought of her three precious children.

He all but yelled as he rounded on her, "Don't you fuckin' dare give up on me, Bella! Don't you dare!"

"Jacob it's terminal!" she cried back at him. "Three months, four at the most. You heard what they said! There's not a doctor alive that can help me."

Jacob's head snapped up, his eyes blazing at her words. *There's not a doctor **alive** that can help me.* Without another word, Jacob Black turned and fled from the hospital, leaving his dying wife alone.

Reaching the tree line, he stripped himself of his clothes and found a flexible twig that would need to do in place of the leather thong he used to wear. He tied his clothes to his ankle, and summoned forth the wolf that had been lying dormant for eight years.

The phase was possibly even more painful than it had been eighteen years earlier. Jake heard his own screams and was grateful he had chosen a secluded spot. His wolf did emerge though, and Jake was instantly connected with Collin.

Collin - *Jesus, what the fuck, Jake?*

He showed him everything in flashes. Bella, dying of breast cancer with only three months to live. He showed him his intentions.

Collin - *Are you fuckin' insane? Jake, you need to spend this time with Bella! **You will not leave now.***

Did you seriously just try and fuckin' Alpha order me, man?

Jake was off and running. He was still the blood born Alpha, and Collin's commands couldn't touch him.

It took him three weeks. He ran himself to exhaustion, and ate only when hunger almost drove him to his knees. He slept only when he dropped to the ground, unable to muster any more energy. It wasn't lost on him that his wolf was older, slower, and had less stamina. Collin

passed messages back and forth. Everyone in La Push thought he was a fucking fool. Bella begged him to come home. She needed him by her side, she told him. She even made Embry carry her outside and sit her on a chair so she could look into Collin's eyes and speak directly to her husband through the pack mind.

Still, Jacob wouldn't budge. Finally, Bella had whispered one more message to him.

"Try the Denali clan."

It was there that Jacob found his first scent. It wasn't fresh, but it was enough. For another four days his paws pounded the earth, until he reached a small town with the unmistakable scents of Edward, Carlisle and Esme Cullen. *So Alice had reached Edward in time.* Jake was glad he could let Bella know that. He knew she had wondered about it.

Phasing to his human form and pulling on his clothes for the first time in over twenty days, Jacob walked around the town, yelling in his mind as loudly as he could.

"Come and find me! I know you can hear my mind! Bella is dying and she needs Carlisle! *Help me!*"

The hairs on the back of his neck rose, and he turned to face Edward Cullen.

"She's dying?" His face looked stricken.

"Breast cancer. Terminal. Inoperable. The doctors have given her three months."

Edward pulled out his cell phone. Within five minutes, it was arranged that Jacob would bring Bella to a rented home a half hour drive from La Push. Carlisle would meet them there.

Jacob never knew how he made it home alive. He pushed his massive frame so hard that his heart pounded erratically. He skidded down treacherous ravines when it was faster than running around them. He dashed straight across more than one busy highway because it was shorter.

Finally reaching La Push, he stormed through the door of his home. Charlie and Rachel were in the living room with his sons. He pulled his three children to him for a hug, shook his head in apology at his sister and his father in law, and headed straight for his Bells.

Jacob's knees almost gave way under him when he saw how much she had deteriorated in a few short weeks. She had an IV in her arm. She looked frail and...dying.

"Jake!" Her voice was weak but her eyes lit up when she saw him.

"You need to come with me, honey." Without further explanation, Jacob disconnected her from the IV. Scooping her up into his arms, he marched out to the car and laid her gently across the back seat, ignoring the bellowed protests from Charlie along with Rachel's tears.

"Jacob you've lost your mind with grief!" was the last thing he heard his sister say. *Maybe I have.*

Carlisle got to work almost immediately and Jacob held Bella's hand as Carlisle worked to remove the tumour that four other doctors had said was inoperable. Twice, her heart stopped beating. Twice, Jacob willed her to stay with him. *Take my heart. It beats for you.* Twice, her heart stuttered and re-started.

Finally done, Carlisle shook his head sadly at Jacob. "It doesn't look good," he said honestly. "There's nothing left to do now but wait."

And wait, they did.

On the second day after her operation, Bella's eyes fluttered open. Jacob kissed her hand and willed her to stay with him. Days passed, and Carlisle declared that she had survived the surgery, but now they needed to aggressively target the cancer.

On the third day, filled with guilt at leaving his children and family in the dark, Jacob called home. He endured accusations and tears before returning to his wife's sickbed.

Weeks passed. Bella was frequently nauseous. Her hair began to fall out. Great chunks of mahogany curls came away in Jacob's hands as he ran his fingers through her hair to comfort her. She slept up to twenty hours a day, and was in pain whenever she awoke.

Carlisle continued to aggressively attack the cancer. Some days, Jacob cried and wanted to beg the doctor to leave her alone after all, to allow her to die in peace and dignity. Other days, he got angry and yelled at Bella as she slept to fuckin' *fight*. Mostly, he just sat by her side, holding her hand and willing her heart to keep beating because his own heart only beat for her.

24th March 2017 (continued)

Jacob sighed as he raised his head to look at his wife again. They had been through so much—so damn much—over the past year. He heard the bedroom door open and turned his

head slightly to acknowledge Embry.

"Sorry to disturb you, Jake," his old friend whispered. "Everyone's just starting to arrive. Thought you'd want to know."

"Yeah." Jake rubbed his thumb in circles on the back of Bella's hand. "She's so cold."

Embry laid his hand on his shoulder, and turned to leave. He would tell the group that was assembling in the living room that Bella looked peaceful, and that Jacob needed more time alone with her.

Jake sat a little longer and remembered the day he had brought Bella home after her surgery and therapies. She wore a scarf on her head to cover her hair loss, her mouth was covered in sores and she was nothing but bone covered in skin. She had held each of her children close to her, and cried when Annalise was too frightened of her gaunt appearance to stay by her side for long.

But she had begun to gain strength. She had gotten over the nausea, and gained some weight. Her hair had started to grow back in, fine wisps at first, giving way to thicker mahogany strands. She had cried over the loss of her breast. All Jacob could do was hold her and tell her that it didn't matter to him, it didn't matter to anybody, they were just so grateful she was still with them.

Bella still had to take medication, several pills a day that had all manner of side effects. She saw Carlisle regularly, and he was continually pleased with her progress. Eventually, she gained enough strength to be able to get out of bed, to walk, to pick up Annalise and sit for family meals.

Then, a few days earlier, Jacob had driven her to the home Carlisle and Esme rented for the sole purpose of treating Bella. After Carlisle had run his tests they had returned home where they spent the next three days waiting on tenterhooks for the results.

Now, Jacob wiped the tears from his eyes. He watched as Bella began to stir. She still tired easily, and could sleep like...well, the dead. She was constantly cold, too. Jake's body temperature was back at 108.9 since he had been phasing again, which was convenient. Her eyes opened, and widened as she took in her husband's emotional face.

"He called, didn't he?" she asked him, searching his eyes.

Jacob nodded, momentarily unable to find his voice. "It's gone, honey. It's gone. You have a clean bill of health." His voice broke on the last few words as Bella sat up and they clung to each other.

"Oh my God. Oh God. Oh my God," she chanted over and over again like a mantra.

Jake just sobbed against her neck.

"Is everyone here?" Bella asked finally. "For our anniversary party?" They had organised a big celebration this year. Neither of them had said out loud, *in case it's our last*.

"Yeah. We need to go and tell them all." Jake stood up, wiped his eyes on his shirt sleeve and made to pick up his wife.

"Oh hell no," she grinned up at him. "I'm walking out there on my own two feet."

24th March 2018 (Twenty Years After It All Began)

"I don't like it, Daddy!" Annalise stomped her foot, pulling at the dress her mommy had coaxed and cajoled her into wearing. She was five years old, and definitely not a girl's girl. She was, however, something of a prima donna.

"Come on Anna," Jacob pleaded with her. "This is a really special day for your mom. Can't you wear it just for two hours? You can put your jeans back on again as soon as we're done."

Anna huffed and grumbled but at the end of the day, she wanted to make her mommy's special day even more special.

"Okay, you all know what you're doing?" Jacob checked.

"I stand beside you and give you the ring," twelve year old Luke replied promptly.

"I sit with Papa and Gramps to make sure they don't need anything," ten year old Will put in.

"Anna?" Jacob prompted.

She sighed theatrically. "I walk down the aisle in front of Mommy so everyone can see my dress and hair are as pretty as hers."

"You got it, kiddo." Jake took her hand. "Let's go and marry Mommy again."

Thirty minutes later, as Bella walked down the aisle towards him on the twentieth anniversary of the day she had chosen him, Jacob thought his heart would overflow with love

and pride. The last year had seen his wife return to full health. The threat of the cancer returning remained and she still required daily medication, but Carlisle was satisfied that he had cured her completely. After the miracle he had already performed, both Jake and Bella placed their faith in him. Dr Cullen saw Bella every few months, each time professing himself more and more delighted with her state of health.

As they renewed their vows, Jake added one final statement to his own. He hadn't told Bella he would say it, but she mouthed it along with him anyway.

"My heart beats for you."

24th March 2068 (Seventy Years After It All Began)

"I'll get the door, Bells," Jake croaked as he struggled up from his recliner.

"Don't be ridiculous, they'll just come in," she chided him.

"Hey you're the old one here, you married a younger guy, remember?" He laughed and then wheezed. Bella simply rolled her eyes.

"Gran-gran!" Kate came in, her eyes alight as she looked at her great grandmother Bells. She had started calling her "Gran-gran" as a child, and it had stuck. Jake thought it was a ridiculous name. Bella shushed him and told him to indulge the children.

Their own three children had married and produced ten grandchildren between them. Those ten grandchildren were mostly married, creating over thirty great grandchildren. Now, Kate had given Jacob and Bella their first great great grandchild, a little boy named Ethan. She appeared in their living room with her husband Brian, and her grandmother, Annalise.

"Give Gran-gran first cuddle," Jacob said. "She's been waiting for this." He looked affectionately at his Bells as she reached her frail arms out to receive the baby boy. Arms that had cradled over forty babies that held her blood and her genes.

Bella smiled in satisfaction as she held the child close to her. She began to rock her chair, the rhythmic creaking matching her heart beat. Her heart had been weakening of late. Carlisle had offered a number of medical treatments but with Jacob's full support, she had rejected them all. She was eighty eight years old. Bella had lived a full and happy life and had known more love and fulfilment than she could ever have dreamed of. Her time on this earth was almost up.

Jacob had noticed his own heart beginning to falter. He had always been so strong and so healthy. Bella had been alarmed until he had quietened her. "My heart beats for you, Bells honey. When yours stops, so will mine."

Now, Bella moved her rocking chair as she gazed at the baby who fell asleep in her loving arms. Her eyes raised and she locked them with those of her beloved husband. The rhythm of the chair began to slow. Bella smiled tenderly at the incredible man who had brought her back to life metaphorically as a teenager, and literally when cancer should have claimed her.

The chair stilled.

"Gran-gran?" Kate asked in concern.

"She's gone," Jacob said softly. "She was waiting to hold the baby. Five generations of Blacks. She wanted to live to see him." His eyes went out of focus slightly and he squinted to the rear of Bella's rocking chair. He ignored Kate who had taken her baby back and was starting to sob as she closed her Gran-gran's eyes.

"Hey Bells!" the old man said. "Wait for me! We've never gone anywhere except together. I want to make this final journey with you."

Kate, Brian and Annalise watched as Old Man Black inexplicably began to count.

"What are you doing, dad?" Annalise asked him gently.

"Hush!" he scolded her. "I've always known, my heart beats for your mother. I want to know how many beats are left."

He never reached fifty.

A few houses away, Jacob's old friend Quil startled his grandson, Quil Junior, by leaping to his feet and throwing open his living room window. Quil Junior raced to his grandfather's side.

"Hey Jake! Bella!" the old man cried. Quil Jr squinted into the sunlight. There was nobody to be seen. "I won't be long behind you!" his grandfather yelled, raising his withered hand in salute to two of the best friends he had ever had.

Quil Junior never saw sixteen year old Jacob Black take eighteen year old Bella Swan's hand, grin happily at his childhood friend, and walk with his love towards the light.

