

Rainey Weather – Chapter 1 Online by Kaycee Molina |

Chapter 1

{ Raine }

The ice pack was irritating the shit out of me but I knew I had to keep it on, had to keep up appearances like I was human. They would definitely notice that I was healed by now if I pulled it off and revealed my no longer bruised eye socket. I twitched my foot impatiently as I waited for my dad to show up. It had been 5 minutes since they called him, 3 minutes since I realized coming to the police was a mistake, and would be another 3.5 minutes until he walked in the door.

The policeman was nice enough. He was a fit guy in his twenties who took my statement. My friend Maria had convinced me to come in about the assault and I had went along with it because a part of me thought it was the right thing to do, to blend in. But I was quickly realizing this was a huge mistake and I hadn't figured out how to get out of here. Once the policeman heard the story I was no longer allowed to leave the building until we solved it, one way or another. I was able to convince them to call my dad and then I would talk to them and now here we are.

I heard his truck before I heard him enter the police station. I sighed when I heard the rumble I knew so well, instantly feeling a bit better. He strolled in and I took him and his scent in to my heart's content. He was home to me in a special way. I didn't live with him but I'd always felt more connected to him than mom which never made sense. His hair was messy and I knew he had just woken up when he got the call and had run his hands through it many times since then from worry. He smelled of his favorite aftershave and his blonde beard was long as it always was in winter.

He spotted me immediately and walked over looking concerned.

“Hey dad,” I said softly. I wished now more than ever I could mind link him. Maybe I could get rid of robocop for a minute somehow so I could talk to dad.

“Hey baby, you alright? Don't take that ice off your eye alright, it will help,” he said it in a fatherly way but his eyes told me everything his voice didn't, don't move that ice.

The police man took the initiative to fill dad in on what had happened.

Earlier that day I was getting ready for school when I had an argument with my mother. She and I have been living together all my life. My dad and her split up when I Was a baby, I saw him just as much as I Saw her but I'd always lived in her house. We were just having breakfast when she snapped at me about my plate in the sink, I looked at her like she was overreacting and before I knew what was happening she had punched me right in the eye. The second hit came so fast I hadn't even finished reacting to the first when another fist hit my jaw. And then everything settled. And everything became clear.

My mom had hit me. Twice.

I looked at her through tears and a swollen eye and her eyes told me everything, no remorse. Then all at once it was like her soul came back into her body and she realized what she had done.

“Oh no,…” she whispered. Then I watched as she ran upstairs and yelled to me not to go to school before slamming her door. Being the stubborn child I Was, I told her ok and then I left the house.

I wasn't planning to go to school, I was planning to go to the library but I ran into a friend right outside my door, my next door neighbor. She saw my eye before I could hide. I tried to play it off but my face was broken and she was smart enough to put two and two together. She was the sheriff's daughter, she insisted we speak to him and no matter how much I persisted I somehow ended up here in the station with an ice pack on my eye and in way over my head.

My mom wasn't a terrible person. She wasn't always like this. It had been a slow development recently, her temper getting worse, especially with me. I could see the disdain growing in her eyes but I couldn't get her to speak to me about why. I had thought about asking my dad and now I knew it was time that I did, if we ever got out of this station.

I had zoned out so I turned my attention back to the police man filling my dad in on the story I had told him. Well, the story Maria mostly told him. She had heard the yelling lately, the crazy hours and my mom's temper hadn't gone unnoticed by others as well it turned out. My father was listening carefully and nodding along.

“What is it you think should be done from here officer?” My dad asks.

“Well, technically, you do not have custody of her, so we can fill out the paperwork to get that changed and her out of that house but we need to return her to her mother's care in the meantime,” the officer said.

WHAT. Ok, in my case, no big deal. I'm a werewolf, I will heal. But if I Was a human child, what the actual fuck.

My dad's eyebrows told me he felt the same, but he only nodded to the police man.

“Alright, would you be able to find the paperwork we need to fill out so we can do it immediately? I would like to be the one to take her home to her mother and then come right back here and get them filed. You seem like you know everything that we would need to do so I'm gonna trust you on this if that is ok.”

I inwardly rolled my eyes at my dad laying it on. Whatever worked though. Sure enough the policeman had a small shy smile form on his face and then puffed up his chest in pride and said, “Absolutely, I know exactly what we need to do. You drop her off and I will have the forms ready for you.”

“Thank you very much sir, I will be back in 30 minutes at the most.” My dad says.

“Excellent, I will be calling you later to ensure you are ok later alright miss?” he asks, turning to me.

“Yes sir, I appreciate it.”

“I’m sorry this is the way it has to be but I promise we will get you out of there soon as possible,” he adds for good measure. I nod my head gratefully and take my dad’s hand as we leave the station.

We load up in his old green ford that he has had my entire life. I breath in the smell of tobacco (which he denies) and mint (cover up) as I buckle myself in.

He doesn’t say anything as he buckles his seatbelt and reaches for his phone. I watch as he sets a timer for 30 minutes and suddenly I don’t think I am going back to my house. I watch his eyes as they start the timer, glance at the clock and then back over to me finally.

“Are you ok? Emotionally?” he asks.

I shrug. “Ish. Im more confused than anything. Not sure what I did. Its been getting worse and worse lately.”

He sighs a deep sigh and rubs his hand over his face before putting the truck in drive and turning on the main road.

“You should have told me Raine, when it first started. I’m sorry if you feel like you aren’t good enough to her, because that isn’t what it is, alright? She loves you. And that is the only thing that has kept her sane this long.”

I stared at him. He was hiding something, everything. He... knew this would happen? How..? I opened my mouth to ask but stopped when I realized we were not headed to my house. I was right, we aren’t going back.

Kaycee Molina

I hope you enjoy the book! About half way through, chapter 44, the chapters will get longer, please forgive me for chapters 41 and 42, they were an accident to be that short! Comments and follows are appreciated, I hope you like it.