

Rainey Weather

Chapter 2

“I have a lot to tell you, Raine. And I want to start by apologizing for not telling you sooner. But your mother insisted and as long as you were safe with her I had no reason to. Everything is going to take awhile to get out in the open and sort through but first I need you to understand two things. Number one, Your mother loves you more than anything in this world. And number two, you cannot go home or she will hurt you much worse than she did today.”

I felt my breathing getting faster and shallower but I realized quickly it wasn't panic, it was sadness. I was sad that this was the truth, but I didn't seem to be concerned with the fact we were leaving.

“First thing is first, we need to leave. Once we get on the road I will tell you everything and you can ask any questions you want but we only have 10 minutes to get out and get a good head start before people realize we left.”

I just nodded when he looked to me for understanding. I watched as we turned a few times and then came up on a small tobacco shop in the far end of town. I snorted, we had to run away and he needed a fix? He heard me snort and looked at me amused.

“We aren't here for tobacco, but thanks for so much faith in me,” he jokes as he climbs out and gestures for me to do the same.

I follow him inside the building and the familiar scent hits me full force. This was definitely where he bought his tobacco. But as I watched him interact with the men in the shop I saw that he spent more than money here. He hugged them both and gestured toward me. They smiled big smiles and started chattering on about how big I was and how long it had been since they saw me. I was confused by this point and even more so when the biggest of the guys pulled me in for a hug.

“Don't worry little one, we have everything you both need. Come, come. You can pick the car!” he says to me with the biggest smile. It takes me minute to realize what he said, the car. We were switching cars.

We walked to the back and there was a dozen cars parked there. All different models and ages. I walked along and the guys pointed out the 4 with the full gas tanks for me to choose from. My father called out to me to pick one that was discreet and to hurry. I found a small one, grey and boring, your standard american sedan, except for one little thing. Hanging from the mirror was a stuffed moon, a child's play toy, and it was twisting as the wind pushed through the window. It was long forgotten by the original owners and needed someone new to love it. It called to me, to the half of me that loved the moon. I nodded triumphantly and pointed to the car to show my dad. He nodded happily and told the guys my decision.

I watched from the hood of our new car as they guys went into this big barn that held lockers, boxes, furniture and a dozen other things I couldn't see. I didn't know who these guys were, but they seemed prepared for anything.

My dad punched a code on a locker and it popped open. He pulled a shoe box and a big duffle from it. One of the guys came up to the car with two boxes and put them in the trunk, followed by my dad with his loot. He put the duffle and the box in the back seat and came up to me.

“I need your cell phone honey.”

His face was stern and I knew why. I took it from my pocket and looked at it, it held all the numbers from my life. Not just my mom, but all my friends, all my loved ones wouldn't know where I was. It was in that moment I realized I was leaving and probably forever. I felt a tear fall while I gave it my dad. He took it with a somber look and gave it to the smaller of the guy who had my dad's cell already on the ground in front of him. He added mine and then smashed them both with a mallet.

“To new beginnings,” the man told my dad who nodded and shook his hand. I watched numbly as they gave hugs and said goodbye to each other before waving to me. I climbed into the front seat next to my dad and felt the weight lift as he took my hand and put the car in drive. I had no idea where we were going, but somehow, in 10 minutes, everything changed.

We were only 4 minutes from town, headed east on the highway and my dad was checking his timer. From the 30 minutes we had when we left the station we were now down to 11. 11 minutes to get as far away as possible it seemed.

“They won't start looking at exactly 30 minutes, dad,” I said, trying to lighten the mood.

“We don't know that, just to be safe, we need to assume. The reality is that you are more likely correct, they didn't seem all that worried about you which pisses me off. Something about women attacking someone makes them less worried. If I was the one who hit you, you can bet your ass they wouldn't have just sent you back home to me. They probably think your mama is small, human woman who barely hit you and you bruised. Your friend made quite the story and scene, but still. We probably have an hour before they call to check on you, but I want to get off the highway at the 30 min timer anyway. We are gonna travel on the smaller but still fast roads. It will take an extra hour but I can be sure we aren't being followed.”

Why did this man have this so well sorted out? How long had he been planning to leave with me? Had he always known that mom would hit me one day or just that she would get worse? So many questions formed as he spoke.

“Honey I know that face. Look, we are on the road, we won't be stopping for a long while, so settle in and go ahead. Shoot me down with questions. I know you have a thousand and I promise that no matter what you ask I will answer, plus some. No more secrets as of right now.”

I took a deep breath deciding where to start.

“How long have you been planning this?”

“Since you were 10. The first time your mother ever snapped at you.”

I furrowed my eyebrows. I knew what he was referring to and now that I thought through it that was the beginning. It was so long ago and the instances so far apart I hadn't seen it.

“So you knew it would get worse?”

“If you are asking if I knew she would hit you, no. But I knew the day would come when her wolf would have more power than she did.”

“What do you mean?”

“It wasn't your mom who hit you honey, it was her wolf coming forward.”

I gaped at him.

“you... you know?”

He chuckled a deep chuckle as he glanced at the clock again. 9 minutes.

“Yes honey, I know your mother told you I didn't but yes, I know. I know what she is and I know what you are, my beautiful little pup.”

I should be shocked or overjoyed that he knows our secret, he knows we are werewolves. I should be excited that I no longer have to hide it but instead I am just fucking livid. My mother made me feel like absolute shit when I wanted to tell him, she made me hide it, she made me feel ashamed of what I was and told me my father would hate me, despise me, call me a monster. Instead he called me his beautiful pup.

“She had her reasons,” he said to me, drawing me back to the conversation.

“None that matter,” I answer matter of factly. “How did you know?”

“Well, now there is a several level question that I have been waiting to hear for a long time. Because in answering it, I get to tell you everything. My history, your mothers, and the one that brought us together to have you.”

I shifted in my seat and watched the clock for a minute. 6 minutes. I settled until I was comfortable and turned to face him, bracing myself for what I knew would be an overwhelming story.

