

# Rainey Weather

## Chapter 5

Oh shit. My mate. My wolf was howling, this man was handsome as hell and his scent was doing things to me. My knees were weak just from looking into his eyes and it felt like time had stopped.

I watched as his eyes changed back from their wolves to his and then he looked me up and down. Then suddenly his expression changed and his nose crinkled as if my scent repulsed him.

“What is your name?” He asked me quietly.

“Lorraine Molina,” the alpha said, answering for me.

“A rogue? You’re a rogue?” he asked, disgust lacing his voice.

“Matthew...”the alpha started presumably to explain who I was and everything but my supposed mate was too busy being a royal asshole to hear him.

“A fucking rogue... of all the women I get paired with a filthy rogue,” he said as he took strides toward me until he was right in front of me. My heart was breaking with every word but I remained calm and fought to remain stoic on the outside. I had a heart wrenching feeling that grew with each word that I knew what was coming.

“I am the GAMMA of the STRONGEST pack in North America. I refuse to have a weak, rogue of a mate. I, Matthew Pierson, Gamma of the Haven Moon pack reject you Lorraine Molina as my mate.”

It felt like someone ripped through me with a saw when he spoke those words. My wolf howling in pain and retreated to the back of my mind but I could feel her soul crushing more each second. I was burdened with both of our pain as our mate rejected us but I forced myself, out of anger, to remain stoic and standing despite how much I wanted to collapse on the floor. Aside from a twitch of my lip, I showed no emotion.

“I Lorraine Molina accept your rejection,” I said with venom in each word.

I watched, we all watched, as the Gamma collapsed onto the ground when my words hit him. We all watched as he clutched his chest, groaned in pain and tears began to form in his eyes. He was the epitome of everything I felt at that moment but refused to show. He remained there, groaning until two of the warriors came to help him up, one holding under each of his arms.

The fury in my veins was something I couldn’t ignore any longer and I knew that I wanted to get away from him. He had ruined more than just my heart.

I looked to my dad who was shooting daggers at my ex-mate and then looked to the alpha who was looking at me curiously. He was probably wondering why his “immensely strong” gamma was crying like a baby while I was unaffected by the severing of our mate bond. Either way, it wasn’t my problem.

“Thank you for the offer but I do not wish to become a member of this pack anymore. If it is alright with you, I would like to request that my father and I can spend an hour with my grandparents to introduce myself and say goodbye, then we will cross your borders and never return,” I said to the Alpha, never faltering.

He looked at me for a few moments longer and then nodded.

“I will have two warriors escort you to their home,” he told me solemnly.

“Wait...” My mate panted out. “Mo-Molina? As in the elders Molina?”

“Yes, as in my grandparents,” I said to him flatly. “I hope that pain lasts forever.”

I turned on my heel and grabbed my dad’s hand pulling him to the door. I was furious and heartbroken and I needed to be as far away from him as possible.

Two warriors met us at the door and we began to walk with them to a small cabin that was at the edge of the pack. It was peaceful, serene here. I understood why it would be for the elders.

“Can you please give us privacy? I promise we will cross out of your packlands in one hour, no more. You can tell the border to expect us,” I said politely to the warriors. They nodded to me and wandered to the end of the road, but no farther. Whatever, as long as they weren’t right here.

I looked down at my wrist watch and set an alarm for one hour. My dad raised an eyebrow and I told him it was better safe than sorry, we needed to be gone before that went off. He looked at me and then took me into his arms.

“I know how much you have to be hurting, but you deserve so much better than that asshole. I’m proud of you for staying strong,” He told me as I buried my face in his chest.

“Are you ready to meet your grandparents?” He asked with joy seeping into his voice.

I nodded and looked to the door.

My father took my hand and we both took a deep breath before he knocked lightly on the door. We heard footsteps approaching and someone speaking quietly in what sounded like another language. Then the door swung open and I saw a face so familiar I could have sworn that we had met before.

My mother, as it turns out, looks exactly like her mother. This woman before me was identical to my mom with the small addition of a few signs of aging. But it also occurred to me that this

woman was probably in her 50s and she definitely didn't look it. Mid thirties more like. I guess agelessness in a werewolf trait. I always just assumed my mom looked young just because.

Her eyes widened when she looked at my face and her hand flew to her mouth as she gasped.

"Nora..?" She said to herself more than anyone else.

I didn't know what to say so I shook my head no and looked to my dad. She followed my gaze and when she saw him she seemed to put everything together.

"Anthony, oh anthony! You're here!" and she pulled him in for a hug. I wondered whether my mother had actually kept in contact with them or only my dad. He gave her a tight hug back and then spoke to her softly in what I was realizing was Spanish. My dad spoke spanish?

"Dios Mio, my sweet sweet Lorraine, I cannot believe you are here," she said with tears in her eyes as she reached for me. I reached back and we embraced each other while we both cried. I didn't know this woman but she felt familiar, like an old memory, the way my dad felt to me all my life before I knew why.

"come, come inside, your grandfather must see you, and you can tell us what on earth you are doing here," she said quickly while she pulled us inside.

Their cabin was small, the bottom floor was basically all one room it seemed like. Living room, dining and kitchen all open to each other. There were log stairs to the side leading up to an open loft style bedroom above us and below the stairs were two doors, one looked to be a bathroom and the soft light from the other illuminated an office where a man was sitting behind a desk.

I heard my grandmother call a name and then the man looked up and his eyes met mine. He didn't move at first, but just stared like I was a ghost. I assume, to him, I looked like one. He finally made a move, slowly getting up from his chair and walking to the door of his office. It was then that he saw my father and he put two and two together.

"Lorraine," he said slowly, his voice heavy with an accent and his eyes beginning to tear up.

After heartfelt hugs between my father, my grandpa and myself we all found ourselves sitting in their living room. My grandma disappeared for a moment and returned with coffee for all of us. Once we were all seated they looked between my dad and I and he looked at me. Apparently I was to start.

"I'm not sure where to start," I said hesitantly.

"Start with your mom, and go from there." My grandmother told me.

I took a deep breath and then I started. I told them about how she had gotten worse, how she had hit me, how I didn't know they existed, how I knew nothing about werewolves aside from what mom told me, how dad and I had left and how we had come here.

“So if you made it to us, then you must have met with the alpha once you came into the pack lands? What did he say? He did offer you to stay?” my grandmother asked me excitedly.

I glanced at my dad and saw the anger flash onto his face but I spoke before he could.

“No, we will not be staying unfortunately. In fact, I told them we would be out of the pack lands in... 48 minutes from now.”

“What?? Why?? You are our granddaughter, by blood you belong here, they cannot do this, surely..”

I interrupted her before she got on a roll and I could see her temper rising at the idea of someone keeping me from them. They needed to know it was my choice.

“I chose not to stay.” A flash of hurt crossed her face so I held up my hand to show her I wasn’t done. “When we were meeting with the Alpha, he offered for me to join the pack. I said yes. Unfortunately, then he called for his gamma to come and show us to your home. And when his gamma came in, we realized that we are mates.”

“You and Matthew?” MY grandma said excitedly, clearly happy to hear of what should have been a joyous union. I saw suspicion on my grandfathers face as if he knew what was coming.

“Yes, unfortunately Matthew could not see past my rogue scent. He asked for my name, told me I was a filthy and weak rogue and that he, as the gamma of the strongest pack in America, deserved better. And then he rejected me.”

“WHAT!”