

Rainey Weather Novel

 +15 BONUS

8

{ Raine }

My dad shook me awake a few seconds before I heard a smooth voice come over the intercom in the plane announcing that we were landing.

I looked out the window and took in the sight that was Spain. I felt my smile grow as my excitement did too. I couldn't believe I was in Europe. I'd always wanted to come here, I had felt a pull to Western Europe since I was a kid and now I felt like I finally knew why. All these questions from my life, these weird feelings were all making sense lately and despite how much pain I had experienced in the past two days I could not be more thankful for the answers that came with the pain. [1](#)

I watched the runway come into view and I numbly walked with my dad through the airport and to our rental car. The pack was a long way away and we had a few hours to kill in the car to get there. We settled in, grabbed some pastries at the shop next to the rental location and then went on our way.

"Tell me again," I asked him an hour into the drive.

"Your cousin's name is Nel, he is the Beta of the pack. That is the same rank as what you are, by blood. You are strong, Raine. I've always known that. And now I understand why.

Nel is going to meet us at the border and escort us in. We have to meet with his Alpha and do the same thing we did at Haven Moon," he told me.

"Except without the awful part," I said, chuckling.

"Yes, except that. There will be a few trials to go through, as a human and a wolf. This will show them where you are developmentally. When you turn 18 your position in the pack will be more specifically decided. But as a member of the Beta family, it wouldn't be surprising if you are a warrior your Abuelo said."

I nodded. Abuelo had told me all this on the phone and had written it down for my father but it soothed me to hear the details of what was to come.

We reached the pack lands 2 hours later. I watched as cities turned to country estates and then eventually to just country. Trees everywhere and slowly I saw the ocean come into view and pop back away as the road weaved and bobbed. The cliffs between us and the ocean took my breath away and I could already imagine running through here in wolf form, free and happy. 1

We came into a thicker part of the woods a few minutes later and my dad pulled over, parking the car in the bushes. A warrior came up and greeted us, telling us we were expected and that someone would be returning the car to the local town for us. We thanked him and then walked a few minutes until a tall and familiar looking man came into

view.

He was young, maybe 20, but the resemblance was striking. If my mom looked just like my Abuela, this guy was the clone of a younger Abuelo. I knew instantly that he was my cousin.

"Nel?" I asked as we approached.

His smile grew to cover his face and I could feel the joy emanating off of him.

"Lorraine?" he asked.

"The one and only. This is my dad Anthony," I told him. He looked between us, shook my dad's hand and then pulled me into a hug. I allowed it and hugged him back. In a weird way he felt like home and I chalked it up to him being family.

"I'm really happy you are here, both of you. The family cannot wait to see you and meet you and most likely grill you with 100 questions, fair warning," he said. His Spanish accent was thick and his curly black hair was falling in his eyes. He was so friendly and happy and if my family here was anything like him I knew I would be happy here.

He motioned for us to follow him and we walked further into the pack lands. He told us what everything was as we walked. I quickly realized we were taking a full tour, not to a destination so I fell into step beside him and listened carefully. He showed us the pack houses. They were spread out all along the surrounding land, small 2-4 bedrooms

homes with Spanish style barrel roofs and gorgeous stone masonry on the exterior. He told us about the local town which they shared with humans to remain discreet. They owned most of the shops in the town and the Alpha and Beta families also owned several companies in the closest city which supplied most of the funds into the pack. I was excited about this because this was a possible job opportunity for me.

He showed us where the doctor was, where the market was, where the school and nursery were. We walked through the training fields which were several football fields wide and I was beginning to wonder how many wolves were in this pack.

"Do you fight?" he asked me.

"Um, not really. My mom never taught me to fight but my dad taught me to defend myself as a human. I've never fought as a wolf or trained or anything though," I told him.

"Ok, that is no problem. Here all wolves take the beginning warrior class. It teaches self defense and beginning attack moves to allow all wolves to feel they can protect themselves. Then the higher up and more advanced classes are optional to whether you want to be able to fight in battle, as an official warrior. As a beta, you will be very strong and valuable as a warrior if you choose to be. I can tell."

I smiled up at him. Did I mention this guy was tall? He was easily 6'4 and while I wasn't tiny, my 5'8" frame was full on

looking up to meet his eyes.

"How big is this pack?"

"1402" he said proudly. I felt my eyes widen.

"How big is a regular pack? How big was Haven Moon?" I asked, looking between him and my dad.

"Haven Moon is roughly 900 according to what Mark told me. The average pack is 500-1200." Nel told me.

"That's.... a lot of wolves" I said more to myself.

"You didn't know there were that many wolves, did you?" Nel asked with kindness in his voice.

"No... I did not. My mom, she told me that wolves usually like to be alone when I was little. She said the lone wolves were all over, and some were bad but most were fine. She told me she knew a lot of them and they were her friends. But hse never let me meet them or let them near the house. She said that the ones who lived in big groups were weak and we didn't belong there." I realized halfway through while I was talking how many lies she had told me over my life.

"She told you she saw other rogues?" my dad asked, drawing my attention back to him.

"Um, yeah actually. She never called them that, but she told me she spent time with other wolves who were also by themselves. I hadn't heard her talk about them in a long time, not since I was little. Then I stopped asking," I

shrugged as my father and Nell exchanged a glance.

"I know now that she lied about basically everything, so I really want to learn. Learn the truth about us, our people, our lifestyle." I told Nel.

He gave me his signature big smile and nodded happily.

"You deserve to know. You belong here, with us. It will make you stronger, I promise. For now, let's head to the packhouse. The Alpha is away for work but should be home in an hour or so and then we can work on getting you settled. After that, the family is dying to meet you and has requested breakfast with you in the morning if that is alright."

How could I turn that down?

"Sounds great, Nel, Thank you so much," I said as I looked to my dad who nodded as well. I would need to ask the Alpha about my dad. As a human without a mate, he was not welcome to live here. But the human town was very close. If he could temporarily stay until I'm settled that would make me feel more comfortable though. 1


We walked to the packhouse as Nel continued to babble on about the pack and the lands around us. As we neared it I realized we were coming up to the back. There was an olympic sized swimming pool, lounge chairs, a kids playground and other fun things surrounding the back yard. The landscaping was gorgeous and well taken care of and I inhaled the sweet smell of geraniums wafting in the air.

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Nel and my dad were deep in conversation as I began to wander the back yard. I found myself drawn to this overgrown and out of place garden near the line of the woods. There was a bench there on the bench was a small little boy. His back was facing me and he was gently swinging his feet with his head down. I walked closer and came around in front of him. From this position I realized the pack house and people out back could not see us, or more specifically, him. He was hiding.

He looked up at me and I saw that I was right, he was hiding. And the sad look on his face told me why.

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