

“Storm”

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[30 Days of Writing](#) – One Word Prompts
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Day 4: “Storm”

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It was just past noon and the sky was black. Sheets of rain fell, lashing against the window. This wasn't a normal rain. When it hit, it cut and sliced. The plants in the garden had taken the brunt of the assault so far, leaves battered and torn. The house would be next. Victor's anger was too great for a simple storm. How long before the vicious winds ripped apart the place brick by brick?

She had to stop him.

She knew precisely where to find him, but getting there would not be so easy. She wasn't like Mason—able to teleport her way to any place with just a few spoken words—but this was a desperate time. There was always a risk she wouldn't make it there at all, that her teleportation would be too far off the mark. It made her queasy, besides. But she had very little choice in the matter. Mara had to do what she had to do.

A few moments passed as she stared out the window, watching the rain hit the window. She made up her mind a second later. “Keep an eye on Andy,” she murmured quietly, to Wren. The priestess gave a quiet confirmation and placed a hand on Mara's arm. It was meant to be comforting, but she only found her hand cold and clammy. She slipped away from the touch with a small nod. With luck, she'd be back home, with Victor, before her young daughter had even awoken.

“No time like the present, then.” She gave a small laugh and stepped back. She knew the words of the spell, knew the power that went into it. Calling upon it, however, was easier said than done. Mara took a deep breath, exhaled it, then let her arms hang loosely at her sides. She allowed herself to feel—really feel—the magic hanging in the air. It tingled around her fingertips. She drew it in until she felt it buoyant beneath her skin.

The words were thick on her tongue and fell heavy from her lips. Latin had always tasted strangely in her mouth, but she said the incantation anyway and prepared herself. It was disorienting and her stomach lurched into her throat. The light around her faded. Coldness seeped into her skin. The stinging rain pelted her skin and she winced. It was so sharp, she could imagine welts and rivulets of blood forming where it sliced. When she looked, there was nothing but water tracing down her arm. It wouldn't last though. Soon, it would be tinged with pink, then bright red, and then nothing but blood as she stood there.

It wasn't exactly a vision, but Mara wouldn't risk it either way. She blinked a few times, waiting for her vision to adjust to the new darkness. When it did, she saw him right away.

Her husband stood with his arms stretched out, his head inclined back. The rain hit his face and his hair and clothes were plastered to his skin. He'd surrendered entirely to the power of the storm. Mara was taken with how statuesque he looked. He had conjured all of this with sheer will, with the

incredible force of his power. Wind whipped at his clothes, tore at his hair. His eyes stayed closed.

Mara called his name but the wind carried the sound away before it reached him. The wind threatened to topple her, but she moved ahead anyway. “Victor.” And then again, louder. “Victor!”

But he didn't move. Tentatively, Mara reached out. Her fingers touched his bicep. His muscles rippled beneath her touch. Just like that, the wind died down. The rain stop. The clouds stayed, but sunlight began to peek through, offering minimal light. But something was better than nothing.

Victor lowered his arms. His eyes opened and he turned to look at her. His eyes had darkened with his magic and power and they lightened upon seeing her.

“Mara...” His voice, though softly spoken, was loud in the following silence.

“Shh.” She shushed him. His anger was still there, simmering beneath the surface. She could feel it and it made a tight fist around her heart. “Just let it go. Let it go.”

For a minute, the tension in his arms didn't abate and Mara feared he'd hold on to his anger—even lash out at her. She exhaled a breath of relief when he fully turned to face her. He seemed weary, older somehow. His arm trembled in her grasp. She drew him closer to her.

“It'll be okay,” she whispered. Even if she didn't believe it, she didn't know what else to say. The storm was far from over.