

## Chapter One

October 1<sup>st</sup> 2013.

I stared at the white board. The English teacher was writing out the date.

I looked down at my notes, the margins were already filled in with hearts and stars. A bad habit of mine. I remembered when it was October 1<sup>st</sup> 1776, or October 1<sup>st</sup> 1912. Totally different centuries, but I'd been there for all of them.

I was two hundred and ninety eight years old, but I don't look a day over sixteen. I had seen a lot of living in my life. Things historians would die to see. But I hadn't been happy. None of us had, really. My brothers, Matthew and Michael and I traveled from place to place, moving every once and while, new life, new names. We didn't want anyone to discover our secret.

That we could control storm elements. We had done such a great job until these past few months. That's when Felix showed up. I hadn't seen Felix in over a hundred years. And he suddenly popped out of nowhere.

I was heartbroken at first...I had thought he had died a long time ago. But there he was. After a few months of being sad for myself, Felix finally came around. Then our secret was exposed.

I shivered, and I saw started to doodle again. I didn't like to think about those days. I felt someone touch my leg. I jumped, and I glared over at Felix. He looked away quickly, and pretended to listen to the teacher. Who was trying to make the Cold War sound interesting.

Been there.Done that.

I stuck my tongue out at him, and he smirked at me, eyeing me with the corner of his eye. I've been a lot happier since Felix and I got back together. Happier than I've been since 1776.When the incident occurred.

I wrote my name on top of the paper.

Millicent Walter. I smiled at it, I'd been smiling at my name a lot lately.

"Miss. Parker." My head shot up. "Can you please explain to me why the Berlin Wall was built?" my teacher asked. I wanted to tell her that my name wasn't that anymore, but it was no use, she wouldn't believe me if I told her.

I told her the answer, satisfied, she went back to talking about it some more.

"Mr. Walter, can you explain some of the things that would happen to someone if they tried to climb over the wall?"

Felix answered the question, and my smile grew broader. Mr. and Mrs. Walter, that's who we were.

When class ended, I swung my bag over my shoulder, and started out of the room. "We need to get your name changed." Felix said, he wrapped his arm around my waist, as we walked down the hall.

"I know." I replied, "And you need to keep your hands to yourself while we're in class." I snapped at him.

His response was to pull me closer to him. "I don't like keeping my hands to myself, Mrs. Walter."

I glared at him, and pecked him on the cheek. "It's lunch hour. Are you hungry or do you have something else in mind?" I teased him, he gave me a look that said that he had something else in mind. I got butterflies in my stomach.

Since we got married, our teenage hormones finally got what they really wanted. But the good thing about being stuck looking the same for hundreds of years, was that our hormones would always stay the same, and we'd most likely never get bored with each other.

"I do, actually. Want to guess?"

I kind of did. But we were in a hallway with our people, and the fact that most of them hated us already for what we could do, adding what we did in our spare time wasn't something I wanted to broadcast.

"Surprise me." I said. He grinned.

"Suit yourself. I'm going to go grab my lunch—"

"Wait," I said, I pulled away and I ran over to my locker and I opened it up, and I pulled out two paper bags, I handed one to Felix. "I made you lunch." I smiled. He opened up the bag, and he grinned even wider than before. I like making him happy.

He leaned forward, and kissed my hair. "You're wonderful." He pulled away and took my hand. We walked outside and found a picnic table. No one else was out here, it wasn't too cold, but of course, I'd been out in worse, so I could handle it.

"So what's the surprise, Mr. Walter?" I asked. I leaned over the table, as Felix pulled out his lunch. He still had the appetite of a sixteen year old boy.

"You'll see." He said, his mouth full of food. I laughed and I handed him a napkin.

We ate our food and had a small conversation. This was really our only time we got time to really talk. At night we were all exhausted from the day to talk about much of anything.

Usually by now, Michael would have found us, but to our surprise, he wasn't anywhere in sight.

"There's a chemistry test tomorrow," I said. I shoved my wrappers and leftovers into my bag. "I think we should study."

"You've been going to school longer than I have. I should be the one to study." he said as he took my bag, and took out the food I didn't eat. I just shook my head, bit my lip and grinned.

"Doesn't matter, I should study too. Besides, even though I've been around before atoms were discovered, you forget some things."

He leaned over. "You're not that old, Windmill." He went to kiss me, but I turned my head when a horrible wind went through the area we were in. The picnic table tipped over, taking Felix and I with it. We rolled for awhile before coming to a stop. My limbs were at angles they shouldn't be. But I hardly felt any pain.

"Felix?" I moaned, I removed my leg that was twisted in the metal under the table, I scooted out from under it.

"You ok?" Felix asked. I limped over to where he was stuck, testing my limbs. I helped him get himself out.

I blew out some air. "I'm fine. But I don't think Michael is..."

Sure enough, I heard the doors of the school open, then bang close. The wind picked up a little, and Felix hung onto me to keep us from blowing away. Michael stomped down the hill, clothes and hair all messed up. That's what would happen if we didn't hair spray him every morning.

"Michael!" I ran to meet him half way, Felix right behind me. Michael looked very angry, I latched onto his arm, making him stop. Something I had to do to both of my brothers at some point. They argued a lot with each other. "Calm down—"

"Don't tell me to calm down!" he snapped, he shook me off, and continued to stomp away. I followed after him.

"What happened?" Felix asked, he jogged to keep up with Michael's rampage across the lawn.

"I'm sick of this!" was Michael's reply. I hurried past Felix, who had slowed down. Clearly giving up, but the sister in me kept following.

"Tell me what happened." I said, I grabbed his arm again, he tried to shake me off, but I held tight and planted my feet. "Michael Mitchel Parker, you tell me what happened." I narrowed my eyes.

He sighed, and then turned to face me, but I didn't let go of his arm. "I don't want to talk about it." He said softer. I let go of his arm, and I hugged him instead.

"If this is about Marisol..." I started. But he shook his head, and I pulled back.

He sighed. "It's not." He looked over at Felix, who had put his hands in his pockets, watching. "I'm going home. Don't worry about me." He kissed my forehead, and then he started for the parking lot. I folded my arms, and Felix came to stand beside me.

"It's those boys again." I said quietly. Since our capture, and being exposed, we'd got a lot of bullying and teasing. Michael got the most, since he had made the most friends, and now they were turning on him. I couldn't even begin to understand what he was feeling.

I hadn't made a true friend since Mary before the storm.

Felix rubbed my arm. "He'll be fine. He is two hundred and ninety years old, after all."

I brushed some strawberry hair out of my eyes. "I know, but I still worry."

## **Chapter Two**

When Felix and I got home, Michael's car wasn't in the driveway. I hurried to the door, unlocked it and hurried inside.

"Hello?" I called. Then I remembered, Jane had a meeting to go to, and my eldest brother Matthew was working later than usual today.

But Michael should be here.

"Looks like we have the house all to ourselves." Felix said, as he shut the door and hung up his coat.

I dug my cell phone out of my pocket, and Felix disappeared back into the piano room. Our bedroom was connected off of it. It was a wedding present from my brothers. Also, having us so far away from the others wasn't so bad either.

I dialed Michael's number, and walked to the counter. I smiled at Jane's wedding invites spread across the marble counter top. Her and Matthew were getting married. I thought they were so brave. Jane would be long gone, and Matthew would still be going strong. They were so strong those two.

When Michael didn't answer, I shoved my phone back into my pocket. I gathered up my bag and I walked into the piano room. I played a couple notes as I passed by, and hurried into the bedroom.

"Did he answer?" Felix called from the bathroom.

"Nope," I sighed. I set my things on the bed, and then sat down.

Felix came out, brushing his teeth, I gave him a look. "What?" he said. "I don't want to taste bad when I kiss you."

I climbed over to the other side. "I knew you were going to say that." I teased, but my cheeks burned. He had said that on the morning of our honeymoon. I sighed, and traced some designs into the blanket. That felt like such a long time ago. I closed my eyes and took in a deep breath. That day had been perfect until Jane's aunt, the woman in charge of protecting us, or she had been, barged in and told Felix and I we couldn't have children. I was very upset, still am.

"Play me something," Felix said, I jumped, opened my eyes, and frowned.

"I thought you were going to kiss me."

"I will, don't worry. Come on," he stuck out his hand for me to take, I took it, and we walked back into the piano room. I sat down on the bench, and Felix sat down next to me, I pulled out my piano book. "New song?" Felix asked, he leaned forward and looked at the notes. I nodded and smoothed out the paper, it smelled good. I liked the smell of new music.

I nodded. "Yep, been working on it."

Felix leaned back. "Well then, let me hear."

I smiled and closed my eyes. I placed my fingers on the keys. I remembered when I played on this piano for the first time. It was my birthday, my first birthday with Felix in a very long time, and he got me this very piano.

I opened my eyes, and I started to play the song. It was from a musical I loved listening to. My fingers played over the notes gently. I loved pushing the pedal down and making the notes hang longer in the air. When I had finished I closed the piano book. "So, what do you think?" I asked. I swung my legs back and forth.

"I like it, what's it from?"

*“Phantom of the Opera.”*

“Hm,” he took my hands, and then he traced the tattoos on them. I swallowed. Those tattoos were a constant reminder of what we’d been through. Mr. Laker, the man who ruined everything we had built up, had put them on us. I had one on my wrist, it was lightening, the other was thunder. And I had wind and rain on my lower arms. I hated them, but we couldn’t remove them without consequences. And I liked to remember, a reminder that things were different now.

“We could remove these, you know.” Felix said quietly. He’d been saying that for almost month now. I shook my head, and sighed. I pulled my hands away, and played softly on the piano.

“No, it’s too much pain, too much money, too much—”

“Time. I know, Windmill...but I know you hate those things. Why not just get rid of them once and for all?”

“Felix—”

He sighed, and shook his head. “Fine, fine. You can keep them.”

I stuck my tongue out at him. And turned back to the piano. “I could just wear gloves if they bother *you* that much.” I said teasingly. He wrapped his arm around my waist, turning me so I could face him.

“Nah,” he said, he smiled, and my stomach did weird summersaults. He leaned in, but I met him half way. He kissed me, Felix Walter tasted like tooth paste, not that I minded. He scooted more onto the bench, and I put my hands behind me so I wouldn’t slide off. He put both of his hands on my waist, pulling me towards him. When he got bored with kissing my mouth, he started to kiss my neck. We had just kissed this morning, but we never had any free time to do anything like this. I put my hands on his shoulders, and he tightened his grip on my waist, like he thought I was going to leave.

“I’m not going anywhere,” I teased softly. I felt him smile against my neck. I curled my toes, he made me feel so strange. I could already feel my mind start to wander. When we touched or kissed, I couldn’t think straight, and he would have enough energy to run around the sun. Those were the effects of being thunder and lightning.

“I know,” he murmured in my ear. “I just like to grab you.”

“You’re a creep, Mr. Walter.”

“No, I’m no creep, Mrs. Walter.” He teased. “I would be a creep if I wasn’t married to you.”

“Ah, now I see the difference.”

“But, if we were married and you wouldn’t let me—”

I kissed him to make him shut up. He wrapped his arm back around my waist again. I think we kissed for a good fifteen minutes, I couldn’t feel my mouth anymore, and I couldn’t think. I had a feeling no studying would be happening tonight.

### Chapter Three

I heard the front door open, and I looked to the side, as the TV blared Dora the Explorer. Why was I watching Dora?

“I’m home,” Matthew said, he hung up his coat, and he frowned at me when he saw me sitting there. “You feeling alright?” he asked.

I nodded, and pushed myself up. “I’m fine,” I said, I smiled. “How was work?”

“Long.” He sighed. He opened up the fridge. “What’s for dinner?”

I shrugged, and turned back to the TV. “I don’t know.”

“I asked her the same question,” Felix came down the steps, he was holding a ball. I think he needed something to do with his new found energy. “But she just glared at me and told me to make it myself.”

“I thought wives were supposed to cook for the husbands?” Matthew asked, he shut the fridge, I glared at him.

“I’m not your wife. And even if I was, I’m not making anyone dinner.”

“I bet she doesn’t even know how to cook.” Felix said to Matthew, I tossed a pillow at him.

“Speaking of food.” Matthew said. I hadn’t heard Matthew tease so much in a long time, I think having Jane has helped him a lot. “Where’s Michael?”

I frowned. I had forgotten about him. I stood up, and smoothed out my shirt. “He had some trouble at school. He said he was going home, but when we got home...he wasn’t here.”

“Have you called him?” Matthew asked. He took out his cellphone and began to dial.

“I did. But he didn’t answer.”

Matthew murmured something under his breath, and he headed for his bedroom, as he took off his tie.

Felix sat down on the couch, and I ran my fingers through my hair. “I can cook,” I accused, leaning over the couch, above his head.

He tossed the ball up and down. “Where’s the proof?”

“Well you’re not getting any.” I walked away, and into the kitchen. “Besides, Jane does the cooking, we made a deal, remember?”

“I know, love, I’m just teasing you.” I liked it when he called me that.

“Well, stop it.” I joked. I got a glass of water, and sipped it. Watching the door. I hoped Michael was alright, I didn’t want him to get in trouble. We already had a government official living next store, keeping an eye on us. Mr. Roster was nice and all, but we still needed to be careful.

Matthew came back down the steps, tie still hanging around his neck. He closed his phone and shoved it in his pocket. He swore.

“Matthew...language.” I said sarcastically.

“He didn’t answer. I’m going to look for him.” He grabbed his coat and headed for the door. He stopped suddenly, and looked from Felix to me. And back again. “Um...Millicent, come with me.” Then he turned and opened the door.

“Wha—Fine.” I grabbed my coat, and kissed Felix on the cheek. “Be right back.” I hurried down the steps, and into the car, which was already running. I saw storm clouds gather. “That better not be you.” I told Matthew.

“Maybe it is, maybe isn’t.” he started the car by jamming the key into the ignition, he looked into the mirror and backed out.

I crossed my arms, then I pulled out my phone and I tried to call Michael again. He didn’t answer. I almost started to cry...If Michael had done something wrong, or even got kidnapped, or...or...I took in a deep breath. I needed to focus.

“You’re off today, is anything wrong?” Matthew asked, as we drove down the streets as slow as legally possible.

“I’m fine.” I said, I texted Michael, praying he’d answer.

“I’ve never come home to find you watching TV voluntarily.”

“That’s not true, remember back in the fifties when I was sick? I was watching TV when you came home from your job.” I hadn’t really been sick, it was just that time of the month and apparently storm powers didn’t count that as a real sickness.

Matthew tightened his grip on the steering reel. “Fine, but what is wrong with Felix then?”

I looked out my window, hoping he’d just drop it. “He’s fine too. We’re all fine Matthew. But if we don’t find Michael, then we won’t be fine.”

Matthew gave up, and he continued to look for our other brother. I kept praying that he’d be ok. After an hour of driving all over Newark and Granville, Matthew decided it time to head in.

“We can’t just leave him out here.” I said softly.

“He’ll be ok,” Matthew reached over and squeezed my hand, but I didn’t feel any better. Suddenly, I saw a flash of red.

“Matthew! Stop the car!” I cried, he hit the brakes so hard, I was glad I was wearing my seat belt. As soon as I could, I unbuckled myself and hurried out of the car, avoiding beeping cars, and towards Michael’s red convertible in a gas station parking lot. I ran to his car, and looked inside. He wasn’t there. A sob filled my chest, but I breathed it away, he was around here somewhere, he wouldn’t leave his car without him close by. I knew Michael, and he wouldn’t do that. His car was important to him.

I turned and looked around, I spotted a park bench, and then I saw someone with dark brown hair sitting on it. “Michael!” I cried, I ran towards the bench, and Michael turned around. I stopped in front of the bench, and Michael looked away. I sat down next to him, slowly. “You ok?”

Michael put his head in his hands. “Everyone keeps asking that. But no, I’m not ok. I wish people would stop asking me that.”

“But we just care about you—”

Michael’s head shot up, and the wind blew a little stronger than it had been. “I’ve heard that too. From some of my friends, but then...they just decided that they didn’t care anymore.” He stood up, and I watched him sadly. I saw Matthew get out of the car and walk towards us.

“Things are just hard right now, alright? Everything will go back to normal here soon—” I tried.

Michael laughed, and put his hands in his pockets. “No, Millicent, they’re not going to back to normal. Ever since we found Felix—”

“Don’t blame this on him.” I said sternly.

“You thought the same thing though!” he turned to look at me. “While I was lying on a cold floor, *dying*. But now that everything is just great, you don’t even spend time with me or even Matthew anymore. Even your *cat*, it’s all about Felix now, isn’t?”

I felt like I just got all the air sucked out of my lungs. I swallowed, I felt the lightning crawl into my hands. That hurt as much as it made me angry. “We’re not boyfriend and girlfriend, I’m his *wife*. I’m supposed to spend time with him. If this was back then, I wouldn’t even be living with you guys. I would most likely only see you once a month or even that.”

“But this isn’t ‘back then’ is it, Millicent? It’s the twenty first century, where most couples live with their families until they can get back on their feet. And if you’re so keen on the idea of leaving me and Matthew, go ahead, go off and live with Felix.” He started to walk away, but Matthew came out of nowhere, and grabbed him by the arm, that’s when the rain started to fall. I took in a deep breath, trying to keep the lightning inside. The wind picked up.

“You apologize right now.” Matthew his voice was even, but I heard it crack a little.

Michael yanked his arm away. “No, *Matthew*. I’m done with this. I was done with this a long time ago, but I didn’t want to go anywhere because I thought ‘oh hey, they still want me’ but I have a feeling that you guys don’t want me anymore. Am I right?”

“That’s not true.” I said quietly, my tears mingled with the rain.

“But it is.” Michael snapped, he turned back to Matthew, who was trying to keep himself together. “I’m done with this, I’m done with this family. You guys can go back to the ‘love of your lives’ and I’ll go find something to do with my miserable and immortal life.” He turned on his heel and started to walk to his car. I let out a sob, and Matthew just watched him walk away.

My feet got a mind of their own. I took off after my brother. “Michael!” I sobbed, I caught up with him, but he didn’t stop walking. I wrapped my arms around his waist, and started to sob. “Don’t leave.” I sobbed into his shirt.

He stilled, but he didn’t put his arms around me like he would do if Michael wasn’t leaving me.

“Don’t leave me.” I sobbed. “Please don’t.”

Michael pried my arms off around him, “Goodbye, Millicent.” He said quietly. He turned around and jogged the rest of the way to his car, he got in, started it, and drove away. I fell onto my knees, and sobbed.

He was gone.

**GET THE HURRICANE IN PAPERBACK AND  
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