

Rainstorm2

by Becky

"Why is it raining? It's practically summer," Laura complained as she continued staring out the window.

"Maybe Steffin's been playing with his Daddy's weather machine," Luke joked.

Laura rolled her eyes. That was getting really old. She mustered a short laugh for his benefit, but changed the subject. "Lulu's so disappointed, she was really looking forward to that fishing trip."

"Yeah, so was I," Luke said. "There'll be other times, though."

"It wouldn't hurt if they happened more often, Luke."

"Don't start, Laura."

It wasn't going to help having this fight again. She wasn't going to win, anyway. "I'm going to go buy her her favorite dinner from Kelly's. Will you stay here?"

"I'd love to, but I have some business at the club."

"Business is more important than spending time with our daughter?" Laura asked angrily.

"I have things I need to take care of. Besides, Lu is in good hands with Les. Ain't that right?"

"You go on, Luke. I'll take care of your daughter." Lesley said. Laura turned to see that her mother had just walked down the stairs.

This was too much. "Fine," Laura said tersely. "Don't forget to go upstairs and say goodbye to Lulu, Luke. I'll be back soon, Mom."

"Are you sure you want to go out in that weather, Laura? The weatherman said--"

"It's not that bad, Mother," Laura snapped as she walked out, grabbing the umbrella as she did so. She got into her car and allowed herself the pleasure of a good scream before leaving the driveway.

"There is a severe thunderstorm warning, all drivers are advised to find immediate shelter."

Stefan clicked off the radio, annoyed. He didn't have time for this. The weather did seem to be rather adverse, however. There was hardly anyone out and he could barely make out the road. He would have to stop. His confrontation with his mother would have to wait.

As he turned the corner he saw Kelly's establishment and hesitated before deciding that it would have to do. As he pulled into the parking lot slowly, visibility was nearly nonexistent. Luckily, there didn't seem to be any cars. He parked and got out, immediately assailed by sheets of rain. Placing his coat over his head he ran to the entrance and walked in.

The place was empty he noted with surprise and relief. He placed his coat and suit jacket on the rack and went to sit on the counter. Suddenly, there was a sound coming from the kitchen. "Hello?" he called out, standing again.

Slowly, a drenched Laura emerged. "Hello, Stefan."

"Laura."

She knew they couldn't stand there all day. She walked on the inside of the counter and put down her hot chocolate. "What are you doing here?"

"I was driving, but the weather turned too rough and I came here for shelter." At her wary look he said, "Are we to have the same conversation of me controlling the weather?"

"If I remember correctly, you did trick me into being stranded on Spoon Island that day. But I'm not going to go running into the rain this time."

"Do you think it's safe to be here alone with me? I'm a Cassadine."

"So is our son. You know I didn't mean what I said before."

"Do I, Laura? I think that I've deluded myself into thinking I know you at all. I've somehow managed to convince myself that your words of love and our making love mean something to you. I know better now."

Laura's eyes flashed. "I meant every word!"

"Yes, when Luke is unavailable and I'm the only one left. But now you have your family back and your feelings for me have disappeared. The love you claimed to have for me is gone. Am I wrong?"

Laura blinked back the tears.

Stefan refused to be moved and continued, not waiting to hear her answer. "No, and as I recall, it was I who systematically dismantled your marriage as well as committed other unspeakable crimes against the exalted Spencers."

"Stop it!" Laura argued. "I was emotional and spoke rashly. I had just found out my son was alive and it was Luke who told me even though you had known for weeks! You promised me you wouldn't lie to me again and you did it anyway. So don't play the injured party with me, Stefan, because I'm not the only one who made mistakes."

"Was that supposed to be an apology?" Stefan asked in a low voice, struggling to remain calm.

"You--" Laura stopped. Stefan watched as she made her way around the counter and came to stand in front of him. "WE messed things up. I-I admit that I may have contributed to a large part of the mess, but you aren't free of blame."

"Laura," Stefan whispered, "you believe me capable of kidnapping your son."

Laura shook her head. "I never did." She wiped the tears from her face. "Please believe that, if nothing else. I'm sorry."

His hand ached to move the wet, blonde strand of hair from her face. He wished he could believe her. Her eyes told him she was telling him the truth. They never lied. Or so he had thought. But he had been wrong about many things. "What does it matter now," he finally said. "We've both moved on. If it makes you feel better, I accept your apology. Excuse me."

He started to move away from her, but Laura stepped in his way so they were mere inches apart, with Laura's hand on his shoulder. Her touch weakened his defenses and her words were lost in her mouth as her eyes landed on his mouth. Looking up she saw her desire reflected in his green irises.

They were instantly drawn together, closing the gap between them. Their mouths were immediately opened, their tongues meeting anxiously. Their hands were everywhere, making up for the time lost. They were both lost in each other until Stefan raised his hands and grabbed Laura's face, separating their mouths. She let out a soft moan in protest.

"It seems the weather has tempered," Stefan said in a strained voice. "We're both free to go to our respective houses."

What he said didn't register until she no longer felt his hands on her face and turned to see him at the door.

"Goodbye, Laura," he said, and turned to leave.

"You're wrong," she said softly, "It's not gone."

He stood at the door for a few seconds, then willed himself to continue walking out. He didn't see the determined glint enter her blue eyes.

"Baby, it's good to have you home safe and sound," Lesley greeted her daughter. "I told you not to go out."

"Can we please save the lecture for another time? I only stopped for a few minutes to change. I have to go see Luke."

Lesley smiled, obviously pleased. "That's great! I know--"

"Mom," Laura interrupted, "It's not what you think. I'm going to take him the final divorce papers."

Lesley's jaw dropped and she was rendered speechless. Laura went up the stairs, smiling. For the first time in months, she felt sure of herself.

Tomorrow would be a brand new day for Laura Webber.