

## Chapter 30

Garret

Sophia hadn't come back. I'd texted her, called her, but all she said was we'd talk later, after I'd 'calmed down'. What the fuck? My Dad had dragged me into my room in front of everyone! I was obviously not going to be calm about that! I couldn't believe the way everyone ganged up on me; It wasn't like I hit Sophia or something. No, this was Violet sticking her nose where it didn't belong. As usual. Sophia and I could have worked something out, if she hadn't been eavesdropping.

"You really are a selfish brat sometimes." Hugo growled in my head.

"Wow. So even you're against me?"

"I am not against you Garrett. But I do know that the way you treated our mate was wrong. I'm surprised you haven't acknowledged that yet."

"Okay, maybe I was a little harsh, but come on. You want to mark her as badly as I do."

"I do. But I do not want to force her either."

"I wasn't forcing her!"

"You lashed out because she would not mate with you. Your jealousy is getting the better of you, again."

"I'm not supposed to be upset about this? She gave herself to another guy, but she still won't sleep with me!"

"Perhaps she does not want to mate with you when the reason is solely based on your problems with Jasper Cole."

I growled at his words. Did it matter the reason? I wanted to be close to my mate; I didn't see a problem with that. I stared at the ceiling, bored as fuck. I couldn't be in here anymore. To Hell with this, I was leaving. I jumped off the bed, throwing on my shoes; I was shocked that nobody was guarding my door. After all, I was now the troublemaker in the family, apparently.

Making my way down the ladder, I nodded briefly to the workers who were putting in the elevator. It seemed Dad was putting in two large ones, side by side. Thank the Goddess; I couldn't wait until they were done.

"Garrett?"

I turned to see Aunt Hazel.

"Hey. Long time no see."

"Indeed."

Her facial expression said she knew exactly what had happened, and she wasn't impressed.

"I'm going out."

"Do your parents know?"

I scoffed. "I'm not a child anymore. I don't need their permission."

She didn't reply, only pursing her lips and eyeing me as I left. No doubt she was mind-linking Mom right now to tell her about my jailbreak. Whatever.

"Where are we going?" Ehno asked.

"I don't know. I just needed to get out."

"In other words, we're going to see our mate."

That was the direction my feet were heading. Thinking about it though, I really didn't want to see her. I didn't want to fight about Jasper anymore. I didn't want to fight period. It seemed inevitable though; Every time I

looked at my mate, all I could see was her and Jasper in that bed. It wasn't getting any easier either.

"Perhaps there is someone else we can talk to."

"Like who?"

"Isn't your grandpa knowledgeable on people hating him?"

I blinked. "A long time ago. Mom doesn't hate him anymore. And that's different, Mom is his daughter."

"Nonetheless, he may be able to give you some advice."

"Whatever."

I turned around, heading to Grandma and Grandpas. They lived fairly close to the packhouse, but never in it. After Grandma had finally been rescued by Mom and Dad and Grandpa, she couldn't live in a place with so many people. I didn't really understand, but I never judged her, or asked too many questions. Mom built them their own house, a true fresh start. It was cute, a small two bedroom, living room, kitchen and dining area. Vie and I use to use the spare bedroom when we stayed over. Now it was filled with books and reading chairs.

My feet crunched on the gravel as I walked up the short drive. Before I even made it to the porch, Grandpa opened the door, smiling at me.

"Hey kid."

"Hi Grandpa. You busy?"

"Not at all. Come on in."

I took off my shoes outside, passing him on my way in. The house was quiet today. I also didn't smell any tea.

"Grandma not home?" I asked.

"She's grocery shopping."

"Oh."

He led me to the living room, gesturing for me to sit on the sofa opposite his recliner.

"So, what brings you here?" Grandpa asked casually.

I bit the inside of my cheek. "Well... Can I ask you something?"

"Of course."

I blew out a breath. "How did you deal... when Mom was angry at you?"

His expression didn't change, and he didn't answer. Instead, he waved one hand. A second later, a can of soda floated over to me. I mumbled a thanks as I snatched it out of the air.

"I could give you advice on that all day long Garrett. But your mate being angry at you isn't really the problem."

I looked down at my soda, my shoulders hunching. "I know."

"You need to work through this. It will ruin you, and any chance you have with Sophia. Is this the type of Alpha you want to be? An Alpha ruled by hate and jealousy and anger?"

"No."

"Then you need to figure something out."

I groaned, slamming my drink on the coffee table between us.

"I've tried Grandpa! I keep thinking that soon, it will get better. The memory will stop being so damn hard! But it never does. Every time I see him; I get so angry I want to murder him! And whenever I see Sophia... I'm just a mess." My head dropped into my hands. "I don't know. I don't know how to get past this!"

".... I'm sorry." I raised my head to look at him. "I didn't know this was that painful for you. But I do understand, somewhat. The difference is, I

actually got to kill the man who touched my mate." His eyes flashed with a cold anger.

"That's not an option for me."

"No." He leaned back, rubbing his goatee. "However..."

"... However?" I prompted.

"There... might be another way. Mind you, it is the easy way out. Kind of a cop out."

My eyebrows furrowed. "Huh?"

"Perhaps we should discuss this with your mate."

Grandpa snapped his fingers. One minute it was just us, and the next, Sophia appeared in the living room. I jumped, and she shrieked, looking around wildly.

"Grandpa!"

"What the fuck?!"

Grandpa chuckled. "My apologies dear. Sometimes that is rather amusing."

Sophias chest heaved, her hand on her heart. "W-what... did you just magic me here?"

"The word is teleport, but yes. I did."

"I don't care what the word is! Fucking warn me next time!" Looking a bit out of it, she stumbled to the other end of the sofa. "Goddess, I could have been in the shower!"

"Sorry." This time, I apologized. The man really had no patience. He couldn't have waited for me to contact her first?

"Now that everyone is here, let's talk."

"No, no. First, tell me why you brought you me here."

She glared at both of us, but more at me. Obviously, she was still really pissed.

"Don't look at me. He didn't say much before you popped in." I held up my hands.

"Garrett has explained to me that he is having a hard time getting over what happened between you too." Grandpa said.

Sophias face paled. She rounded on me. "You told him too?! Goddess Garrett! Just how many people did you tell!"

"I didn't tell him!" I defended.

"He didn't. Actually, my daughter confided in me. As for how she found out, she got it from Jasper."

"Oh, my Goddess...." Sophia moaned, covering her face with her hands.

"Relax child. Only a handful of people know, and none of us are the judgmental type."

"I can't believe Mom told you."

"She wanted our advice on how you would deal with it, and what to do if you reacted badly. Though I'm not sure why honestly. I wasn't there for her teenage years. Maybe it's just an instinct, to rely on your parents-"

"Grandpa." I pulled him out of his pondering.

"Right. Anyway, as I was telling Garrett, there is another way to work through this issue. Though, it's not so much working through it as just forgetting it completely."

Sophia and I looked at each other, then back at him. Neither of us knew what he was talking about.

"Care to elaborate?" I asked.

He turned to Sophia, leaning forward in his chair. "To put it simply, I can erase Garretts memory of that night, and all the memories up until now associated with it."

My mouth opened with an audible pop. He... was going to erase my memory? Did I even want that?

The more I thought about it, the more I realized I kind of did. Grandpa was right too; it was definitely the easy way out. But he'd also made a good point earlier. What kind of Alpha would I be like this? More, what kind of mate? Replaying everything between us so far, I realized just how badly I'd hurt her. I treated her unfairly, because of a problem I had. I didn't want to do that anymore.

"Do me, too."

My head spun, and I stared at her, wide eyed.

"What?"

She was looking at her hands. "I want him to erase it from me too. I... I hate what I did. It's selfish of me, but I don't want to remember it anymore. I just want to move on, with you. I don't want to keep going like this."

"Me either."

"So, you're in agreement then?" Grandpa looked between us.

Sophia nodded, reaching over to take my hand.

"Yes." I confirmed.

"Alright. I can only do one of you at a time. It's better if you don't see each other until afterwards too."

"I'll go first." Sophia stood. Maybe both of us were eager to forget this, literally.

"Alright. Come with me."

Grandpa led her out of the living room, I assumed, to the spare room. I leaned back on the sofa, waiting; I had no idea how long this would take.

"You're sure about this?" Hugo asked.

"Yes. She's right, it is selfish. But maybe this is the best way."

"Maybe it is. Though I don't believe it's selfish."

"No?"

"You are both agreeing to erase a painful memory that is still breaking you apart. It might be the easy way out, but I think the selfish thing would be to keep it, and hold onto it, treating each other badly because of it. Now, you can move on."

There was truth in his words. I'd held onto this anger and hatred long enough. I was looking ahead, seeing a bright future with my mate. That's all I ever wanted.

I waited about twenty more minutes before Grandpa came back out. I stood up but he gestured for me to sit again.

"Well?"

"It's done. You should know that neither of you will remember finding out you're mates. So, when you see each other again, it will be like the first time."

I smiled. "That sounds good, actually."

"Alright. Lay down, get comfortable."

I did what he asked, looking up at him.

"Is it going to hurt?"

"Perhaps a little, but it won't last long."

"Okay."

"Close your eyes."

I felt him get closer to me, on his knees beside the sofa. He then placed his hands on my temples, and began to chant the spell.

"Til on dio...Til on pollah...Til on dio.... Gasven rew shen..."

He repeated the ancient language over and over. His fingertips on my head suddenly began to feel warmer. At the same time, I felt a sharp tugging sensation from inside my head, and winced.

"Til on dio.... Try not to move Garrett." He muttered.

"Sorry."

He continued, and I grew more uncomfortable. My mind felt fuzzy, and also loud. It was as if Grandpa was pulling different memories to the surface, and discarding them just as fast. It left me disoriented. Every so often I would feel that sharp pain, but I tried my best to stay still. After a while, I suddenly couldn't remember what I was doing; I'd come to Grandma and Grandpas, but why again?

"Garrett."

Opening my eyes, I found Grandpa kneeling next to me.

"What are you doing on the floor?" I asked curiously.

"Just checking you. You fell asleep."

"I did? Sorry about that grandpa."

"Don't worry about it. How do you feel?"

"I feel fine... why?"

He shrugged.

I looked around, a little confused. "Why did I come over again? Surely not just for a nap?"

He chuckled, placing his hand on my head. "You came over bring some of your moms special tea. Too bad you forgot it at home."

Huh? Oh... right. How did I forget that?

"Oh. I'll bring it tomorrow for you guys."

"Thank you. I think you should get going home now though."

"Alright. See you later Grandpa."

"See you."