

Scattered Dreams Chapter 10 - TEN | EMOTIONALLY PREPARED

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Gio POV

"I told you that I don't practice, I remember saying that specifically Gio! And now you want me to find some magic chip that may or may not be somewhere inside your body? Please explain how I'm supposed to do that, because I have no clue," Pixie stated.

"What about the book your parents gave you? Does it have anything like this in it?" I asked.

"My mom got that book in a novelty Wiccan shop in Seattle. It's called Witchcraft for Dummies and has a black cat riding a broom on the cover. I don't think it's going to cover something of this magnitude."

"Please, Pixie. I'm begging you here; I really need your help with this."

"Gio, I'd help if I could, but I can't. I don't know how."

"How do you know how to make that potion you were telling me about?"

"It was in my adoption packet. My biological mother wrote down five spells and potions that she felt I could possibly need when I got older and gave them to the adoption agency when she dropped me off. The agency gave them to my mom, and she gave them to me, along with that stupid book, on my sixteenth birthday. It's when a witch comes into her powers," she explained.

I thought over everything that she'd said, and had an idea, but didn't know how Pixie would take it. I didn't want to push her to do something she was uncomfortable with, but she was the only witch I knew, let alone could trust, and I needed her on this.

"What about your parents? Do you think they could help me?" I asked.

"How? They're werewolves, just like you are. How would they know anything about witchcraft?"

"Not your adoptive parents, sweetie, your biological parents."

In a move I noticed was her "go-to" when she was nervous, she wrapped her arms around her body and began to shake her head. When she took a few steps away from me, I started to panic and pulled her back to my chest and into a hug.

"I'm sorry, Jenna. I shouldn't have asked you that; it was stupid and selfish. Please forgive me; forget I even brought it up," I said as I ran my fingers through her strawberry scented hair. After a few moments, she wrapped her arms around my waist and rested her head on my chest. We stood there for what seemed like forever, holding on to one another as a heavy silence swirled all around us.

"I've never met my biological parents, and I never wanted to. I'm not upset that they gave me up, I couldn't have asked for a better mom and dad, but I never saw a reason to reconnect. I don't even know what I would say to them."

"Nothing; you don't have to say anything to them, sweetheart. I'll find another way or another witch; you've done enough already," I quietly stated.

"I'm so sorry; I feel like I'm letting you down," Pixie whispered.

"You could never let me down beautiful, ever. You're incredible, and I appreciate your every breath; you keep me going without ever even knowing."

"Damn, sir. That was pretty poetic; if I didn't know any better, I'd swear you were in love with me."

I held her tight as her words played over and over in my mind. If I didn't know better, I'd think this was love too; but I did know better...didn't I?

Jenna POV

It felt like every time I was with Gio, our relationship got more and more intense. It was crazy to think that it had been less than two months since I saw him standing at his door, half-naked and dripping wet; that night seemed so long ago. And now here we were, discussing my Wiccan heritage, and the witch and warlock who passed it down to me. The idea of seeing them for the first time was terrifying, especially since I only wanted their help and not to

build any type of familial bond. Was that selfish of me? Would they think it was? These questions and more bounced around my head while I found comfort in Gio's strong arms.

He was breaking down my resolve, and he didn't even know it. I'd promised myself that I wouldn't ever show my feelings for him, I'd never let Giovanni Stone see that I was crazy in love with him, and I felt so at home here with him; but I wasn't his mate. When he found her, he would devote himself to her and leave me behind; revealing my feelings would only hurt us both.

"I need to get going, my sister is coming home to visit, and my mom is rolling out the red carpet like she's welcoming the Pope or something. I've got to help her cook a massive meal that she insists on serving tonight."

"That sounds fun. Where does your sister live?" Gio asked.

"New York. She's a student at NYU; mom and dad are insanely proud," I replied with a smile. I loved my little sister, and even if I didn't say it, I was proud of her too.

"Wow, that's incredible; good for her." Gio tilted my head up and looked me in the eyes, then flashed that smile of his that always seemed to make my stupid knees go weak and wobbly. "You're not upset with me, are you Pixie?"

"No, I'm not upset with you, I promise."

"So, that means that you still love me?"

A small bit of panic struck, and for an instant, I feared he'd figured out my secret until I realized that he was teasing.

"Of course, you know I'll always love you."

He gave me one last hug, and I buried my face in his shirt that smelled deliciously of pine tar and spearmint, this man was so sexy without even trying. "I'm glad to hear that; honestly, I thought that I'd ruined our friendship with my stupidity. Enjoy your time with your family and tell them I said hello, alright?"

"Aye aye, Captain," I replied, topping it off with an over-exaggerated military salute, which made Gio double over laughing. I was such a goof around him; I loved that he was able to appreciate that side of me.

I grabbed my bag and made the quick five-minute walk to my parent's cottage down the hill. It was one of the first round of homes to be renovated, and had a flawless white paint job, with bright and happy blue trim along with upgraded electrical, new hardwood floors, and a state of the art kitchen. I didn't know if it was my friendship with Gio that allowed my parents to be placed so close to the top of the renovations list, but the happiness their new and improved home provided caused me not to question the "why's" or "how's," but to just be grateful.

"Hey, short stack, where are you coming from?" my dad asked as I rounded the corner.

"I was at Gio's cottage for a little while and almost lost track of time. Has mom started cooking yet?"

"No, she just got back from the grocery store about five minutes ago. At the Captian's place again, huh? Are you sure he's just a friend? I respect the man and his position in the pack, but if he's inappropriately touching my little girl-"

"Stop! There is no touching going on besides the occasional hug Dad, geez. He's always a gentleman with me just like he is with everyone else; it's not like that," I firmly stated.

Dad looked me over, then nodded his head. "Alright pumpkin, I believe you. Go get washed up and join your mom in the kitchen; I'll see you later." He leaned down and kissed the top of my head, then went back to pruning his rose bush that had been his obsession for as long as I could remember. Just like any other werewolf, my dad loved nature and to be outdoors, so gardening was one of his favorite ways to pass the time.

"Mom! I'm here!" I yelled as I walked in and tossed my stuff on the couch and strolled into the kitchen.

"What have I told you about yelling through the house? It's not ladylike; if you want to address someone, do it while standing before them," she chastised.

"Maybe I'm not a lady, did you ever consider that?" I joked.

"Of course you are! Now wash your hands and start peeling those potatoes in the sink. Your brother is bringing some girl home to meet the family tonight, and I want everything to be perfect," she said while lowering a pile of humongous steaks into a marinade.

"Josh finally met a girl? How come he didn't tell me? We were supposed to be best friends!"

"I don't know why sweetie, ask him later on. So, have you told him that you love him yet?" Mom asked.

"What do you mean? He knows I love him; he's my baby brother. Do you think that's why he didn't tell me about the girl? Does he think I don't care about him anymore? Well, he's an idiot if he does, and I'll tell him just that as soon as I see him tonight. Big, dumb, idiot," I mumbled. My siblings meant the world to me; how any of them could ever think that I didn't care was insane and hurtful. I couldn't understand.

"I'm not talking about your brother; I'm talking about the Captain. Have you told him you love him?"

I dropped the potato in my hand and slowly turned around to face her. How was it that mothers always knew everything about their kids? It was some weird superpower they had that was creepy as hell and annoying at times too. Even so, I wasn't going to fold that easily.

"Gio knows how I feel about him, he's one of my best friends, of course, I love him," I casually replied.

"I have no doubt about your friendship, that much is obvious, but you don't love him as a friend, and you and I both know it. Why haven't you said anything to him about your feelings?"

I was about to deny those feelings again, but mom gave me "the eye," quickly extinguishing whatever objection I was about to present. I sighed and turned back to the potatoes.

"He doesn't feel the same way, and he wants to find his mate. I care about him too much to take that away by asking that he get into a relationship with me."

"Well, I can't fault you or him. Finding your mate is like finding the other half of your soul, it's transformative. But how do you know that you're not the person he's been looking for? You're not a wolf, so the bonding wouldn't necessarily happen the same way for you two," she replied.

"What did you mean? Aren't you supposed to feel it when you meet your mate? Like, your world stops for a second, and all you see is that person? He was fresh out of the shower with a towel around his waist the first time I saw him up close, so there was no way I could see anyone but him, but I don't think he felt the same for me."

"Pumpkin, you fell for him at the pack run all those months ago; I knew it the moment you asked, in front of everyone, if he was single. Am I wrong?" Gauging from her tone, she knew she wasn't wrong. When I'd asked the alpha if Gio was single, I even surprised myself, but there was a nagging inside of me that just had to know. I'd never seen a man more perfect in my life, and for days he was all I could think about.

Never one to admit defeat, I decided that instead of answering mom's question, I'd change the subject. "Gio wants me to talk to my biological parents. He needs help from a witch, and asked if I'd get it from them," I said. This time, it was mom's turn to drop what she was holding.

"What did you say? Did you want to meet them? Your father and I figured that one day you would, and we've been emotionally preparing for it."

"Emotionally preparing? For what, mom? Even if I did meet them one day, they'd never be more than two people who gave birth to me. You and dad gave me love, a life, and a family. You're my parents; I don't care what genetics say."

"I know, baby, and you'll always be our little girl. So, what did you tell him?" she asked again.

"I basically told him no. I have no desire to meet them, mom, and I don't even know if I could handle it. It's just too much," I replied.

"First of all, you can handle anything; I don't care what it is. Don't let fear hold you back; it's never once been a factor for you in the past, so don't let it become one now. I'm guessing that if the Captain needs the help of a witch, it must be pretty major, so you need to decide if he's important enough to you to push you out of your comfort zone. When it comes to the people we love, we'll do anything for them, even if it means facing a past we'd rather leave behind."