

Scattered Dreams Chapter 13 - THIRTEEN | THE WICCANS PT. 1

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Jasmine POV

"Circe! What the hell is happening to me?! Is the cloaking spell wearing off already? I thought you said I still had a week before we would have to rebind the new identity," I stormed into the cells and screamed. After Gio basically kicked me out of his house, I rushed straight here; there was no one else on earth who I wanted to see.

"You don't have a week; you have four days remaining, mistress. Your image is still perfectly intact," the old witch replied.

"Perfectly intact, my ass! Gio knows that something is up. And it felt like a fucking alien was trying to burst out of my stomach when we were talking. Fix it! Now!" I demanded.

"Fix what exactly? If your cover story is falling apart, that's not my problem. And if you're going to have a tantrum like a petulant child, then we have nothing else to speak about." Circe retreated to the back of her cell and took a seat facing away from me. She was a stubborn, grumpy, and insanely frustrating old bat, but she was also the best; and she was all mine.

"Circe, please, I need help. I'm so close to the finish line; I don't know what's gone wrong. I just need some guidance," I gently said. I couldn't let Gio know my secret, not now and not ever; he'd never want me if he found out. But I knew I could be the woman he deserved; I just needed Circe's help to make it happen.

"Tell me exactly what happened. As I said, you have four days on the cloaking spell, so whatever disaster you think befell you tonight had nothing to do with it."

I told her every detail I could recall from dinner, and she at least had the decency to look like she was listening. Once I'd finished, I stood by, patiently waiting for her opinion.

"You said he's a wolf; is there any Wiccan blood in his family?"

"Not that I know of. Gio's mom comes from an alpha in Italy, and his father's family has been part of Blue Moon since the beginning. They are all werewolves, I'm sure of it."

"Well, if that's the case, he knows a witch and your plan is in real danger. I'd suggest giving up now and moving on, but you've never been one to take suggestions."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I wasn't giving up; this man was worth all the trouble and more. "What other suggestions do you have? How do you know he knows a witch? I don't understand."

"Only a witch can see a cloaking spell in action. If you've successfully hooked him in every other aspect of your relationship, but he now knows that you're hiding something, I would guess that a witch has told him what she sees. The pain in your stomach is another indicator; it's a simple honesty potion that causes anyone who ingests it great pain if they are dishonest." Circe stood up and rummaged around the dusty old bookshelf until she found a tiny glass bottle filled with a thick green liquid. "Drink this, then show me your tongue," she said as she forced it into my hand.

I pulled the cork and was blown away. It smelled like old ass juice and immediately made me dry heave when the scent hit my nose. "Dear God, what is this?" I asked.

"It's an answer, so drink it." I held my breath and tossed it back like a shot of the foulest liquor. I swear it felt like it was trying to fight its way back up my throat, making me gag and almost throw up all over the floor. "I could make that potion taste like blueberries, but I do enjoy seeing the look on people's faces as they try to force it down," Circe chuckled. I ignored her, and once I had successfully tamed the slime, I took a deep cleansing breath. "Now, child, let me see."

She moved closer to me as I stuck my tongue out. "Bright blue; it's just as I thought, you drank the potion, alright. And it was very well made too. I'm impressed." She crossed her arms behind her back then walked back to her chair to resume knitting the hideous blanket she was always working on.

"Well, what am I supposed to do now? Can you get rid of her? I can't do this if another witch is blocking me," I complained.

"You do what you want mistress, you always have and always will. And yes, I could get rid of her, but I won't. Our kind are few enough already, and a witch with her powers and abilities is extraordinarily special and rare. I will not help you to harm her in any way."

"Listen to me, you old bitch! You will do what I tell you to do, or I'll rip your fucking face off! Who are you to refuse me? I own you!" I spat. Circe never once flinched throughout my tirade, she just continued to knit.

"Your family may have me held captive, but you don't own me, my powers, or what I chose to do with them. If you don't like it, kill me if you can figure out how. Otherwise, I suggest you start thinking because once your cloaking spell wears off, I will not be giving you another." I couldn't help the childish scream that escaped my mouth or the immature stomping of my feet. Circe smiled in my direction then flicked her old wrinkled, liver-spotted hand in my direction, sending a strong gust of wind that forced me to the top of the stairs. When I tried to go back down to express my displeasure with being dismissed, I found that she had locked the door from the inside, and I didn't have the key.

"Fucking hag! I will kill her, I swear," I stormed through the hall and yelled.

As I rounded the corner, I walked straight into a rock-hard chest, almost knocking me on my ass.

"Mother fuck-"

"What have I told you about that mouth of yours? And how many times must I tell you that tantrums and immaturity will not be tolerated in my home?"

I took a step back and rubbed my head. "I apologize, Uncle, Circe is just so frustrating, she doesn't listen to anything I say," I explained.

"Why would she? She's under no obligation to obey you, and contrary to what you believe, she is not your property. I don't even know where you got that idea."

"You said she was a gift for my birthday! She's mine!" I demanded.

"No, what I said was the use of her services were being given to you for your birthday; she doesn't belong to either of us. It doesn't matter though; you'll be returning home soon, won't you? I don't have the patience for this; otherwise, I would have had children of my own."

"I'll leave when I'm ready, Uncle. And that's not until I get what I came here for." I stormed past him and to my room. I was sick of being told what to do or what to say. If Circe wouldn't find that other witch for me, I'd do it myself. Killing her was going to be so satisfying.

Gio POV

"I told her that I knew something was up, but she deflected, just like I thought she would. Eventually, she left, saying that she wasn't feeling well, and we would talk later; I'm not holding my breath," I explained to Pixie.

"I'm sorry, Gio. Even though I knew this would happen, I'm still not happy about it. You said it was the topic of her family that tripped her up?"

"Yeah, her family and where she was from. I don't understand why that would be something to lie about, though."

"Well, I didn't tell you that I was a witch right away, so I guess I can understand the fear of revealing a part of yourself that may not be widely accepted. Let's just prepare for the worst and hope for the best. Maybe it's something minor; I mean, people can get bent out of shape over anything these days."

I watched Pixie as she ate the dinner we'd prepared, and I had to admit, I was impressed with her. "You're still rooting for Jasmine and I to get together?" I asked.

"Of course I am, it's what you want, and I want you to be happy; even if it is with a woman who doesn't like me."

"I wouldn't be with anyone who didn't like you, Pix. The future Mrs. Stone is going to have to share me with you; there's no getting around that," I said.

"You say that now, but porn can only satisfy you for so long," she replied with a wink and a laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha. So what's the plan with the Proctors? Are you going to go see them?" I asked.

"Yeah, whenever you can take a couple of days off, we can go. They live in Salem, and that's a four-and-a-half-hour drive from here. I thought we could leave one morning, get a hotel for the night, then head back home the next day," she suggested.

"Slumber party! I'm down with that."

"Is it really considered a slumber party if we're in two separate rooms? I don't think it is, and I'm a female, so that makes me an expert on the subject."

"Such a buzz-kill, Pixie. But we can head out on Saturday; I get the weekends off as long as I keep my phone on me for emergencies. How's that sound?"

"It sounds terrifying honestly, but that won't stop me. Saturday, it is." We continued to eat until we were both stuffed, then moved to the living room for a movie. I welcomed the road trip; it would be the perfect thing to take my mind off Jasmine and focus on my future, whether it included her or not.

Saturday morning quickly arrived, and Pixie and I'd left home well before the sun was up so we could beat traffic. It was a serene and peaceful drive that I regretted not making sooner, Oregon was a beautiful state. When we got to Salem, we arrived at our hotel and were met with a less than welcome surprise.

"I'm so sorry, Ms. Fields, but we only have one of the rooms you reserved. We have an ophthalmic conference happening this week and are totally booked to capacity," the desk clerk advised.

"What do you mean? I booked these rooms days ago, why didn't someone say something sooner?" Pixie pushed back.

"We sent an email to the address we have listed on the reservation, letting you know the room was double booked. I apologize if you didn't receive it."

Jenna furiously flicked through her emails, and I instantly saw the problem. She had over three thousand unread messages in her inbox, so I was sure she got the email but never opened it. "Well, shit. What are we supposed to do now?" she looked up at me and asked when she found the cancellation notification.

"You have one room that's available?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. It's a Jr. suite with a living area, kitchenette, and sofa bed," she advised.

"It sounds perfect; we'll take it," I stated as I handed her my credit card.

"We're here to meet my parents, and getting a room for the night was my idea. I'm paying," Jenna protested.

"We're here because of me, so don't argue," I replied.

After we'd successfully checked in, we went up to take a look at the room we'd be sharing for the night. It was modern and nicely decorated, but best of all, it was clean, so I wasn't going to complain. Pixie had been quiet the entire ride up in the elevator, and when I looked over at her, she had her arms protectively wrapped around her body.

"What's wrong, Pix? I'll sleep in the car if you're that uncomfortable," I told her.

"You know it's not that, and you're sleeping right here; don't be an idiot," she firmly stated.

"Then what's wrong? And don't tell me it's nothing."

"I didn't bring anything to sleep in. I expected to be in the room alone, and I usually sleep naked or in my underwear."

"That's it? Pixie, I have a shirt you can borrow, and Salem is full of clothing stores. That's not even close to an issue," I replied.

"Whatever, Gio! I've never shared a room with a man before. The night we met, and you opened the door in your towel, that was the first time I'd seen a man, other than my little brothers, body! I'm freaking out here!" Pixie yelled. I was shocked at what I was hearing; I had to be misunderstanding her somehow.

"Are you a virgin, sweetie? Is that why you stopped me the other night?" I asked.

"I stopped you because it was the right thing to do, just like I told you."

"The right thing for me, or the right thing for you?" I asked.

"The right thing for both of us. Let's just focus on why we're here and leave my virginity as a topic for discussion for another time."

"So you admit that you are, in fact, a virgin. I'm with that, and I can respect your choice to save yourself for when you're ready. Whatever man you do decide to give yourself to better be a saint though, or I'll kick his ass. That's all I'll say." Jenna laughed and visibly relaxed, making me relax in return. She kept surprising me each and every day, and I wondered what other revelations she had in store for me.