

Scattered Dreams Chapter 14 - FOURTEEN | THE WICCANS PT. 2

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Jenna POV

After the uncomfortable conversation with Gio, I couldn't have gotten out of that hotel room fast enough. I was not prepared to discuss my virginity with him or anyone for that matter. It was a topic I was hoping to only have with my future husband, and now I'd shared that information with my best friend, who I was secretly in love with. Fucking fantastic.

The information that my mom had given me said that Estelle had a small Wiccan shop in downtown Salem where she sold "potions," books on the craft, told fortunes, and basically pandered to the masses who saw witchcraft and Wicca as a novelty rather than an actual religion. I didn't know how she could do that, but I also didn't know her, so I had no grounds to judge.

After about a twenty-minute drive, we pulled up to Estelle's shop, The Witch's Brew, and I was pleasantly surprised by how adorable it was. The cute little cauldron that hung over the door had a continuous stream of "smoke" bubbling from the top, and the window display was full of books, candles, crystals, oils, herbs, just everything. I almost forgot why we were there; I wanted nothing more than to explore everything the shop had to offer.

"Hey, welcome to The Witch's Brew. I'm Bunny, is there anything I can help you find?" the bubbly girl behind the counter stated when we walked in. She had her eyes firmly set on Gio, and I couldn't help but giggle; he looked so uncomfortable.

"My fiancé and I were looking for Estelle. We heard that she's a genius when it comes to reading fortunes, and I want to know how many babies my honey and I are going to have," I said as I hung off his arm. The clerk got the message and looked away, embarrassed.

"Ms. Estelle is in the back. If you'd like to get a reading from her, it will be \$20.00, or \$10.00 if you purchase something from the shop."

Gio handed over a crisp \$20.00 bill, which Bunny quickly took and placed in the cash register. "Wait here, I'll make sure that she's ready for you," she stated. Once she'd walked away, Gio pulled me into a tight hug.

"Thank you so much, Pixie. I hate being looked at like a piece of meat, and Bunny looked like she was ready to pounce," he said.

"Anytime, honey bunny, anytime," I joked.

"Ms. Estelle is ready to see you now, follow me please," Bunny appeared and stated. My heart began to hammer in my chest, and Gio knew just what to do. He took my hand and gave a gentle squeeze before we made our way to the back to meet my biological mother.

"Aren't you two an adorable couple? Come on in and take a seat; what can I do for you today?" Estelle asked. She was wearing a beautiful multicolored bohemian dress, had countless beads and bangles on her arms and at least two rings on each of her fingers. Her long thick reddish-brown hair hung over her shoulder and almost reached her lap, and as much as I hated it, I just wanted to reach out and touch her. She was so beautiful, and I looked so much like her.

"I know this sounds strange, but are you the Estelle who used to live in a little village outside of Rogue River?" Gio asked as he took a seat and helped me down next to him.

"That's me. And let me guess, you two lovebirds heard about my skills and tracked me down all the way here to Salem? Wait, just let me see if I can tell why you're here; would that be alright?"

"Uhh, sure, I guess," I gently replied. Estelle held her hands out to Gio first, and once he placed his palms against hers, she closed her eyes and began to hum.

"You're a wolf, a powerful wolf at that. An alpha?" Estelle asked as she cracked an eye open and smiled.

"No. My grandfather was an alpha, but I'm just a pack captain, nothing too fancy," he replied.

"Oh, well, we can't all be the alpha; someone's got to be the brain behind the brawn. Anyway, I can see that your love life is a mess, but not because of any fault of your own. You're a really good guy and just looking to find where your heart belongs. Am I right?" she opened both eyes and asked.

"Yep, you're spot on actually," Gio replied. Estelle clapped her hands, filling the small room with the clickity-clack of her bangles.

"Yes! I knew it. It's your turn sweetheart, let's see what secrets that beautiful heart of yours hold." She held out her hands, and I nervously rubbed my palms back and forth on my jeans. I didn't expect this type of encounter right off the bat, and I was scared shitless.

"It's alright, Pixie. I'm right here with you," Gio gently urged.

"He's a keeper, so sweet and so handsome too; you did good," Estelle smiled at me and said. Her hands were still being held out awaiting mine, and I slowly lifted them, then lowered my palms to hers. The instant our skin touched, I felt an electric shock that made me gasp out loud. "My beloved? Is that you, sweetheart?"

I started to jump up and run out, but Gio held firm to my hand, keeping me in place. "You're not a runner, you and I both know that. You can do this." He gave me a soft peck on the temple that steadied my nerves and calmed me down.

"My name is Jenna Fields. Twenty-two years ago, you took me to the Rogue River orphanage and placed me up for adoption. I was given to a werewolf couple by the names of Franklin and Mary Ann Fields, who showered me with all the love, affection, and attention I could have ever asked for. I love my parents; they are the best things to ever happen to me."

"You're so beautiful, you look just like my husband, his name is Ezekiel, and you have his eyes," Estelle replied. I was so relieved that she didn't call him my father. I didn't think I would have been able to handle that.

"I know this may be a shock to you, but we need your help. My ex-girlfriend-"

"She used a reprogramming spell on you; rewired your emotions to make you believe that she was your mate. But the heart and soul can only be fooled for so long, no matter how strong the witch's powers are. You fell from under the

spell, and now you're trying to rid yourself of it completely. Am I right?" Estelle cut in.

"Yes, that's exactly right. How did you know?" Gio asked.

"When we touched hands, I got a glimpse of what matters most to you. Freeing yourself of the ex was at the top of the list. It makes fortune-telling much easier if I know what you want in life."

"Can you really tell fortunes? Can witches do that?" I asked.

"No, I use witchcraft to make it appear that I'm seeing the future or predicting good or bad fortunes. People just want to be told what they want to hear; it doesn't matter who tells them. I pretend to sell them potions and crystals that will make their lives better, give them a few pointers and tips, and I continue to put food on the table. It's a win-win; I only practice our craft with and for those who truly respect and understand it."

"Wow. Now I feel that you owe us that \$20.00 back," I said. Estelle tossed her head back and let out a loud and beautiful laugh. She seemed so carefree, and it suddenly dawned on me that even though I'd never see her as my mother, I did want to get to know who she was as a person.

"You're silly, I see; you get that from me. Anyway, let me close up here, and I'll take you back to my home. I'm not 100% experienced when it comes to reprogramming spells, but Ezekiel is. I'm sure he can help us figure this all out for you two."

Estelle grabbed her bag and quickly locked up before leading us out of the front door. "I apologize for making you leave early. We could come back at a time more convenient for you," Gio offered.

"It's alright, honey. Tuesday's are usually slow, and Bunny can handle the shop for a few hours. Besides, I'd much rather be helping the two of you. Just follow me, I don't live too far from here."

Gio and I climbed in the car, and I took a deep breath. "Are you ready for this? Do you need a break?" he asked.

"No, I'm ready. Let's go meet my sperm donor."

We followed Estelle for about ten minutes when we approached a thick patch of forest with what appeared to be only a small winding walking path as a way in. When she didn't slow down but continued to drive straight ahead, I just knew she was going to crash into the trees, but instead, her SUV was swallowed by the woods before it disappeared.

"What the fuck is going on?!" I screamed, making Gio laugh.

"Witches and warlocks are constantly in hiding Pixie; it makes sense that Estelle and Ezekiel would take precautions to guard their home, wouldn't you think?"

"I guess so, but damn, she could have warned us," I replied.

Gio slowly approached the path, and I shut my eyes; I didn't want to see my death coming. After a few seconds, when I realized that my heart was still beating, I opened my eyes to see a beautiful modern three-story house before me. Tons of glass, white stone, and straight, sharp lines made up the structure, and I was surprised that two witches owned it. I was expecting something smaller, and I'm sorry to say much more cliché.

We pulled up behind Estelle and hopped out of the truck, but I couldn't take my eyes off the house, it was incredible.

"I hope I didn't freak you out too much back there. We like our privacy, and only those who have been invited can cross onto our little patch of land," she explained.

"What about the walking path?" I asked.

"It's a hologram of sorts. If approached, it will seem like you're walking on a quaint little nature trail, but in reality, you're standing in place, only seeing the images we've programmed. Eventually, the person feels as if they'd walked a full loop, and they leave. It's crazy the first time you see it," Estelle replied with a chuckle.

"Very cool and creepy, but I think I like it," Gio replied.

"Well, come on in and let's get down to business."

"I wouldn't dream of disrespecting the Fields by calling Estelle and myself your parents, so I'll just call us your life-givers if that's alright," Ezekiel gently told me as we took a seat in the spacious living room.

Ezekiel was what you would call tall, dark, and handsome; looking at him was almost like looking in the mirror. His light brown eyes were identical to mine, as was his curly brown hair and toasty skin tone. I thought I looked like Estelle before, but I was wrong; I was Ezekiel's clone.

"That's fine, I can handle that," I replied. I placed the small book of spells and potions they'd left me with on the coffee table, making both of them smile as if they were being reunited with an old friend.

"Good. So as your life-givers, we felt the transference of power when you turned sixteen. Your skills are something that you have to hone and sharpen over time, but the level of power you wield comes from the bloodline Estelle and I joined when we made you. You are a powerful witch, Jenna, probably one of the strongest of the past few generations."

"But I don't feel strong; I'm just a normal girl. I don't even understand how any of this works," I explained.

"That will come with training, which we would be glad to help you with if you wish, but you are strong, sweetheart. Stronger than Estelle and I combined; you have the blood of not one, but two high priestesses."

"Whoa! That's insane, and if I'm so powerful, why did you two give me away? Why wouldn't you keep me and teach me about who I am?"

"Not all covens are led by a high priest or priestess, but those that are are blessed to be stronger and more substantial than others. The two of us were born into high level, but opposing covens that we're too stubborn to recognize that we'd have a better chance of furthering our craft if we worked together. When Ezekiel and I met, we didn't see opposing sides, we just saw each other, and we fell in love. You are a product of that love. But our families were afraid that a child with your potential would be a danger to us all. They pushed me to abort the pregnancy, but I couldn't do it; I wouldn't. Ezekiel and I left our covens and started our lives on our own. It was tough, and I knew that no matter how much we loved you, we couldn't protect you forever if someone from our past wanted you gone. So we made the difficult choice to give you up; no one could hurt a child they couldn't find."

"Don't you have spells that track people? If your covens are so powerful, couldn't someone have used magic to find her?" Gio asked.

Ezekiel smiled and flipped the tattered book on the table over, pointing to a mess of jumbled words I never understood.

"Did you ever wonder what this was?" He looked at me and asked.

"Sure I did; I even tried to Google it, but I didn't have much luck," I replied.

"Well, Google wouldn't know anything about this. Estelle and I worked in secret for months on this spell, and as far as I know, we're the only ones to pull it off successfully. It essentially hides your existence from other witches, you could be in the same room with one, and they'd see you as a normal human. You have to make physical contact with them for your true self to be revealed. This spell in particular only works for you; we didn't want it getting into the wrong hands and being used for selfish reasons, so we worked tirelessly to ensure that the only witch it would protect would be the one whose life we were trying to save."

"So, that's why you didn't recognize me until I'd placed my hand in yours?" I asked Estelle.

"Exactly. You were just a beautiful young girl coming in with her handsome friend, that was all I knew," she replied.

Gio took my hand and gave me a reassuring smile. I wasn't expecting any of this when I woke up this morning, and now I was being told that I was one of the strongest witches around.

"Wait! If I'm so strong, won't that put me in danger? Can't others sense my power?"

"You're perfectly safe. The spell will continue to hide you until you decide to reveal yourself or you have a child of your own; the protection will then transfer to them," Estelle advised.

"This is major, and a little too much for me to take in right now. Can we talk about something else for a while? Maybe work on Gio's issue then circle back to all this? Is that alright?" I asked.

"That's fine with me. So, you've been reprogrammed, huh? That's harsh," Ezekiel turned to Gio and said.

"Tell me about it. And I'm pretty sure she's insane too, so I was tied to a psycho for six years."

"Six years? It took a powerful spell to pull that off; most reprogrammings only last a few months, maybe a year at the max. I've never heard of one that stretched on for so long, and I'm sorry to say that I can't rid you of it; I'm not strong enough. But Jenna is."