

Scattered Dreams Chapter 2 - TWO | OLD FRIENDS

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Gio POV

I woke up early the next morning, and after completing my morning routine, I made my way to the packhouse where Xander and Tyson had spent the night. Whenever someone from the main campus came to visit, there were always massive amounts of food prepared, so I knew that breakfast would be incredible.

As expected, the guys were at the dining room table, eating and discussing patrols and security.

"Good morning, fellas, what are we going over?" I asked as I grabbed a seat next to Xander. An omega quickly set a plate of food before me, then disappeared.

"It looks like my sensors were tampered with, causing the glitches. Whoever did it wasn't very skilled though, they only cut a few wires, but I've got layers of failsafes programmed in these things, so a few snipped wires won't completely shut them down," Tyson stated.

"Have you noticed anything suspicious going on lately? Any rogues or uninvited quests coming too close to the territory?" Xander asked.

"No, nothing like that. If I had to guess, I'd say it was a prank by some of the teenaged kids. They are out of school for the summer, and even with the new rec center, they get bored and do stupid shit. I'll keep an eye on everything and let you know if anything comes up," I said.

"Whoever did it, it's unacceptable. I take the security of my pack very seriously, so if this was a prank, it ends now. The kids can find some other way to occupy their free time that doesn't endanger the lives of their fellow pack members," Xander stated.

"Yes, Alpha. I'll take care of it. We've scaled down physical patrols, but I'll put a few rotations in play this afternoon, and for the foreseeable future, until we get to the bottom of this," I replied.

"Good. Whether it's kids, or some asshole trying to get onto our land, I want it figured out and dealt with ASAP. So, tell me what's been going on here, and not the boring, clinical stuff you tell me in your weekly reports. I want to know how you're settling in and adjusting," Xander said.

"He wants to know if you've been getting laid, why he's tiptoeing around the question, I don't know, but there it is. Are you getting laid, Gio?" Tyson bluntly asked.

"That's not all I wanted to know, and you could use some pointers in finesse," Xander said with a scowl.

"I don't have to finesse Gio. As he said, he's like my brother-in-law, and that makes us family. I can ask him whatever I want and leave the finessing to you," Tyson replied with a smile.

"Please, stop talking about finessing me, that shit is weird. The answer to the question is no; I have not. I've had plenty of offers, and I've even had a few shewolves bold enough to sneak into my cottage and strip down naked, waiting for me in my bed after work. But they were all sent home and told never to come back. I know I want my mate, but I don't know if I want to immediately get into another serious relationship, or do the casual thing. Since I'm so conflicted, I'm keeping to myself until I figure it out."

"What if you meet your mate while you're figuring everything out?" Xander asked.

"Then that's perfect. I'll take her over everything else," I replied.

"That makes no sense, there's nothing more serious than paring up with your mate, but you just said that you didn't know if you wanted to do that," Tyson said.

"Let me clarify. I want my mate and everything that comes along with having her, but they don't usually just fall into your lap, and I could be looking for her for years. Until I find her, I don't know if I want something serious with another shewolf, or something casual."

"I think we can both understand that. Before I found Alaia, I avoided women because all I wanted was my one destined mate. Tyson flat out refused to date anyone if it wasn't Taylor because he would never be able to love them the way he loves her. Even still, you need an outlet that has nothing to do with

Blue Moon. If you're not looking to date, why don't you have one of your friends from back home up to visit for a while? You just need some balance, so you don't get burnt out," Xander suggested.

"My best friend since middle school, Demetrius, has been asking if he can come up, but I've refused because I didn't want to lose focus," I replied.

"I'm guessing he's a pack member?" Tyson asked.

"He sure is." I swiped Tyson's unlocked tablet and pulled up Demetrius's profile in the biometric database, then slid it back to them to take a look. Even though it was Xander's suggestion, making sure that he knew Demetrius wasn't going to start any shit up here was important to me.

"I see now why Gio assumed the sensors were screwed with by bored kids. It looks like him, and Demetrius got into a bit of that when they were younger," Tyson said.

"What?! You can see that in there?" I asked. The biometrics was just basic data and a 3-D photo.

"I'm the chief securities officer; I have information on almost everything every living Blue Moon member has ever gotten into, especially if they got caught," he replied.

Xander took the tablet and scrolled through the page, then shrugged a shoulder. "There was never anything major, and he's been clean since he turned eighteen. Also, Demetrius is one of our more skilled warriors, so he's organized and dedicated. Call him and have him come up. We can have a car bring him if needed," Xander suggested.

"Nah, he's got wheels. I'll shoot him a text now, and I wouldn't be surprised if he were here before dinner time," I said as I pulled out my phone.

"Is your guest room set up?" Xander asked.

"Yes, he'll be shackled up with me. It's like undergrad all over again," I replied with a chuckle. D and I had some crazy times in college, and I was looking forward to reliving some of those times with him again. Once I finished the message, I craned my neck to see what other information Tyson had on all of us. He saw me peeking and passed the tablet over.

"As Captain, you're entitled to have access to all of this if you want it. We could get you set up before we head home," Xander offered.

"Oh, absolutely. Is there any dirt on Matt? Please tell me there is," I excitedly said as I typed his name in the search. "Nothing. Really, nothing?" I replied, staring down at the blank screen.

"You know better than that. When has your brother ever gotten into trouble?" Xander asked.

"You, Matt, and Kade were always getting caught by Uncle Xavier when we were kids. He had to threaten to take your ranks away a few times, I remember," I replied.

"My dad caught us being kids; the most any of us ever did was drive a car into the lake, and that was an honest accident," Xander said. "Wait, the most Matt or I did was the car, Kade was a different story."

I scowled and looked back at the tablet, then had an idea. Matt might have been a Boy Scout, but Tyson wasn't. Was everything from his time as a hitman in here too? I smiled then quickly typed in his name. "Access Denied. Inadequate Clearance Level?! What the hell?!" I yelled.

Tyson's and Xander both laughed. "That's a bit above your pay grade, kid. Maybe one day I'll let you see what's in there," Tyson replied.

"Well, this was boring," I replied, passing the useless device back. We finished our breakfast, discussing both pack and personal matters until it was time for them to get on the road. As promised, Tyson quickly created my profile to the background database while we spoke, so I was all set.

As the guys loaded up in the truck, Xander gave me one last thing to work on. "Balance, Gio. You're doing great things for the pack, but I need you to do great things for yourself as well. It's not a request."

"I hear you, Xander; I'll work on it." My phone chimed with an incoming text right as they were pulling off, drawing my attention.

"Hell yeah, I'm free, man! I'll be there tonight, just let me pack my bag. I can't wait to see what the chicks there are like, this is going to be epic."

He was still the same old Demetrius, always up for a good time with a not-so-good girl. This was going to be an exciting two weeks.

I remembered the advice I'd been given the night before and made an effort to put my foot down with the pack throughout the day. It was tougher with the older generation, but I still stood firm and was able to avoid having to call in reinforcements unnecessarily. I decided to grab a shower and wash off the day before Demetrius arrived, and was wrapping my towel around my waist right as he began knocking on the door.

Usually, I'd just make him wait while I got dressed, but he'd dropped everything to visit me, so I wasn't going to start his trip by leaving him on the porch. I walked to the door and flung it open to find Demetrius and two shewolves waiting. "Sweet Moon Goddess above, I've never seen anything so delicious in my life," the redhead stated, staring directly at my bare chest. The other girl, who looked to be of Hispanic descent, just stared with her mouth open, never uttering a single word.

"Damnit, Stone! Where are your fucking clothes? It's hard enough keeping a chick around you, and now you're walking around wet and naked?" Demetrius yelled. He then spun the ladies around and gently nudged them off the porch before he picked up his suitcase and pushed past me.

"Wait, who are those girls? You can't just leave them roaming around out there," I said as I shut and locked the door.

"The hell if I know, I found them when I crossed the border, and they were more than happy to bring me to the Captain's cottage. So, what's up?" He dropped his bag and fell back on the couch, immediately grabbing the remote and flipping through channels.

"So, you were going to bring two random girls you just met into my home? Not cool, D. These chicks are insane, especially since my curse is active again. I wouldn't be surprised if they're still outside sniffing around my fucking windows," I stated.

"You complain too much, Stone. I would kill to have every woman I meet drooling all over me. What you call a curse, I call a blessing. You've got to change your perspective, man."

"Pick up your stuff and follow me, I'll show you where you're staying," I said as I started towards my room. "You're right here, your bathroom is across the hall, and I'm at the end of the hall. I know you'll probably want to train while you're here, and that's at 6:30 AM instead of 5:00 AM like at home. You're free to anything in the kitchen, and I want you to make yourself at home, but please don't bring any women here, especially if they're from the pack. I need to maintain that distance so I can effectively do my job," I stated.

I didn't wait for a response; I knew that I didn't need to. Demetrius had a wild side, but he was also incredibly loyal, so he would respect my wishes. I walked to my room and got dressed in some sweats and a t-shirt then went to see what there was to eat in the kitchen. Twenty minutes later, D joined me looking and smelling like he was fresh from the shower.

"What are you cooking? If you're preparing a welcome dinner, your mom's chicken piccata will do the trick," he suggested. As kids, my mother, who was born and raised in Sicily Italy, would teach me and my younger brother Luca, how to cook all sorts of dishes. Matt got out of cooking class because he was usually with our dad, learning everything he would need to know about being the pack's Gamma.

"I'm making spaghetti bolognese; with marinara sauce from the jar, don't tell my mom," I replied with a chuckle.

Demetrius grabbed his chest and gasped, making us both crack up with laughter. We were less than an hour in, and I was already wondering why I hadn't had him visit sooner. "So, I'm going to get this out of the way now, and we won't have to talk about it again, but Sasha has been looking for you. She isn't bold enough to go to the packhouse and ask them, or to your parent's place, but she's hit up Luca and me multiple times crying and carrying on. She's becoming desperate, man."

"Sasha isn't my problem anymore. I broke things off and made it clear that we were never getting back together. And she's got some fucking nerve; I don't know how she did it, but she tricked me into thinking she was my mate for over six years. Now she wants to play the victim because she can't find me? Bullshit. I'm not in hiding, she's a member of the god damned pack, and it's common knowledge that I was named Captain; she just needs to get her head out of her ass and open her eyes. She's not looking for me, she's looking for sympathy," I angrily replied.

"You really feel like it was all a trick? You seemed like you were in love to me."

"I don't feel like it was a trick; I know it was; I probably knew all along. When you see real mates, you can almost feel that bond they share because of how intense it is. I never had even a fraction of that with Sasha. It was like my brain said she was my mate, but my heart and soul knew otherwise. I was always at war with myself when I was with her, and I hated it. I thought something was wrong with me. We didn't even connect during sex; it didn't matter what she did, I just was not into it. I'm not getting back with her; I don't care how much she bitches and complains. Sasha needs to go find happiness with someone else because that's precisely what I intend to do."

"Six years of boring sex? Man, that's harsh. I feel for you."

"That's all you heard? Out of everything I just said, you only picked up on the sex part? Why do I even waste my breath? Eat," I said, placing his bowl in front of him.

"I heard what you said, you know I did, I'm just trying to lighten the mood a little. I'm all for your happiness, no matter what, and if Sasha doesn't make you happy, then let's find the girl who does. With your looks and skills in the kitchen, you can get any girl you want. So just pick one already," Demetrius said as he shoveled a massive forkful of spaghetti into his mouth.

"I wish it were that easy man, I really do."