

Scattered Dreams Chapter 4 - FOUR | SASHA

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Gio POV

As I stood in my living room, looking at the woman who used to mean everything to me, all I felt was annoyance. Sasha hated it when she didn't get what she wanted, and it appeared that I was the "something" at the top of her list now. She was behaving worst than the kids I'd just dropped off, and four of the five weren't even potty trained!

"I've been looking for you for six months, Gio, and you just disappear without a trace? After six years together, this is how you behave?"

"I left, Sasha, I didn't disappear, so stop being so damn dramatic. You could have found me if you wanted to, but you chose to put on a show for our friends and family," I replied. I was done sugarcoating things where she was concerned. I had no intention of being nasty to her, but she wasn't going to manipulate everything with her lies anymore.

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"You wouldn't take my calls! I left you countless text messages and voicemails, and you ignored them all. Do you know what I had to go through when you left? Do you?!" she screamed. Theatrics was always her "go-to" when she wasn't getting her way; it was one of the reasons my entire family thought she was a bitch, and I rarely disagreed with them.

"No, please enlighten me, what did you go through when I left?" I asked, pinching the bridge of my nose.

"Two weeks after you packed up and left me to pay the rent and all the bills on my own, I found out I was pregnant. I was going to leave you alone and let you have your space, but when I found out about the baby, I had to find you. I needed you to take responsibility, but instead, you ignored me. So I had to go to the clinic and have an abortion. I was all alone with no one to comfort me, and I was forced to get rid of our child!"

She broke down into her crying show, complete with huge sobs, fat tears, and a red blotchy face. Looking at her, I couldn't believe that I used to fall for this

shit. I'd paid three months advance rent for the apartment before I left to make the transition easier for her; it seemed like all she did was lie these days.

"You were pregnant? You swear?" I asked, still not showing any emotion or concern.

"Yes, I swear, you prick! I have the paperwork to prove it."

"And the baby was mine?"

"How can you even ask me that? Of course, it was! I'm your mate, Gio. I'd never cheat on you," she replied.

"Cut the shit, Sasha. We're not mates, and we both know it, that's exactly why I left. And either you're a liar or a cheater, maybe even both, but if you were pregnant, it wasn't my baby," I stated.

"What is wrong with you? I'm telling you that I had to get rid of our child, and you're accusing me of sleeping around? What has gotten into you?"

She stepped forward and placed her hand on my cheek, and for a second, I missed the familiar warmth of her body against mine. When we would get into disagreements, she could always calm me down with just a simple touch. Then I realized something; every time she touched me, I felt warmth but no sparks. If we were destined, I should have felt it. I removed her hand and took a step back.

"Which is it? Are you a liar, or a cheat? I treated you like a queen for six fucking years, at least tell me the truth this once."

"I don't know what you're talking about, and I don't appreciate this shit. I never did anything but love you, I wanted to build a life with you, and we almost had that until you ran away. Just come back home, Gio. We can have another baby; we can start over again," she begged. Sasha again reached out for me, but I dodged her.

"I had a vasectomy when I was twenty. I knew back then that something wasn't right, and I didn't want to bring a child into a world of uncertainty. So, I'll say it again: either you're lying about ever being pregnant, or you're talking to the wrong guy. Either way, we're done here."

I saw the fake tears magically dry up as Sasha's face became twisted with rage. She looked like she was close to shifting if I'm honest, but her wolf was no match for mine, so I didn't care one way or the other.

"You sneaky fucking bastard! How could you do something like that and not tell me? And you knew I wanted children; I always wondered why it never happened for us. You sat there and watched me try and get pregnant for years and never once uttered a single word. What kind of heartless dick does that to a person?" she screamed.

"Are you lying, or are you a cheating whore? You answer my question, and I'll answer yours," I angrily spat back. Yes, I kept a major secret hidden from her for years, but our entire relationship was based on a lie that I know in my heart she was responsible for. She didn't get to play the victim here, not now or ever again.

"I'm not doing this with you, Giovanni. When you're ready to come home and apologize, you know where to find me. Until then, you can go to hell!"

Sasha flung the door to my cottage open so hard that she almost ripped it off the hinges before she ran down the porch steps and jumped into her car. I followed her out and noticed that she'd managed to start up the waterworks again, taking one final look at me as she started the ignition. When she saw that I had zero fucks left to give, she screamed at the top of her lungs and tore down the driveway, kicking up dust and rocks along the way.

"Holy shit, that was intense, and that bitch is insane. You dodged a bullet with her for real. But be straight up with me, did you really get your dick clipped? I would have just left before I put my baby through such pain," Demetrius said behind me.

I turned around to see him leaning against the door jamb, eating a massive bowl of cereal. I'd forgotten he was here; I was too caught up with Sasha to even think straight. "Yes, I got my dick clipped, and I'll have it reversed as soon as I find my true mate. I don't regret it for a second, I would be miserable if I had to deal with her drama for the rest of my god damned life," I replied as I walked back into the cottage.

"So, what do you think? Is she a liar, or was she sleeping around? I have to admit, I'm really curious to know the truth," he said.

"I don't know, and I don't care. As I told you yesterday, Sasha is no longer my problem, and if some idiot was dumb enough to sleep with her without protection, that's on him."

I looked at the time and swore under my breath as I rushed to get dressed. I was ten minutes late for my Monday morning briefing with Xander and the crew thanks to Sasha's insanity, and I hated her for coming in here and interrupting the new life I was creating for myself. I threw on a clean polo shirt and opened my laptop, seeing three missed calls from Matt. "Fucking Sasha! That bitch is the devil, I swear," I yelled as I dialed in to connect to the meeting. As soon as it connected, I launched into my apologies.

"I'm so, so sorry, Xander. I had an unexpected visitor and things-"

"Chill out, Gio, you don't need to explain. Sasha was there, we already know. Whenever someone from one home location crosses to the other, Tyson and I get a notification. Are you alright, or do you need a minute to get yourself together?" he asked.

"I don't think I'll ever be alright where she's concerned, but I won't hold you guys up any more than I already have. If you don't mind, I'd like to get started," I replied.

"Alright, the floor is yours," Xander said.

Matt looked like he was probably still on the plane back from Cancun. He had a look of concern on his face, and I hated thinking that he could be worried about me. I shot him a text letting him know I'd explain everything later, then began my usual rundown of northern campus updates. As I was finishing up, my phone pinged with a response.

"We're landing in twenty minutes at an airport not too far from you, and I'm coming over. The pack can survive a few hours on their own while we figure this shit out. Be ready."

I locked eyes with him through the computer, and he gave me his big brother, don't give me any shit stare, so I just nodded my head and tried to focus on the rest of the meeting. Just when things were going well, something had to come in and fuck it all up.

"Before we even get into what happened, just know that Sasha is no longer welcome here. If she tries to cross the border, she will be turned away, and if she tries to sneak on, she won't like what happens to her, let's just leave it at that," Matt told me.

"I'm not a kid anymore, you don't have to protect me; I can handle a crazy ex-girlfriend," I replied.

"I'm not doing this to protect you. Clearly, Sasha screws your head up, and you can't do your job like that. You don't have that in-house support that we do at home; you don't have room to slip up. So, tell me what went down."

I took a seat and explained my encounter with Sasha from beginning to end. As I replayed the events in my mind, I found it almost comical how selfish and pathetic she was. What kind of voodoo was she putting on me that kept me from seeing it all those years? Matt sat quietly and didn't interrupt, letting me get everything off my chest in one go. When I was done, I leaned back and closed my eyes; even talking about her was mentally exhausting.

"I've got mixed emotions about the vasectomy, Gio. It took some real maturity to make that decision, and I think it was the right one, but I also know how much you like kids, so I know it was hard on you. You're having it reversed?" he asked.

"Yeah, once I'm settled down with my destined mate. That is how I know that Sasha is lying about ever being pregnant with my child, it's impossible, and it pisses me off because it means that she's still playing fucking games. She played with my head for years, and now that we aren't together, I refuse to let her keep doing it."

"I've been researching, trying to find out what she could have done to fake the mate bond, and I've got a few possibilities. I need you to send me all the pictures you have of her, and I mean all of them. I need to compare them to see if anything stands out."

"What are you looking for?" I asked. I pulled out my phone and began airdropping pictures to him.

"My first thought would be a piece of jewelry. Did she have anything that she wore all the time, and never took off?" Matt asked.

"Uhh, yeah. She has a ring that she said her grandma gave her. It's got some big gaudy opal in the center, with a bunch of tiny stones around it. If I'm honest, it's ugly as hell, but she said it was a family heirloom," I replied.

Matt flipped through the pictures I'd sent and found one that showed Sasha's left hand, and the jewelry in question.

"Yeah, that's ugly, alright. She had it when you two first met?"

"As far as I know, but I can't say for sure, it was six and a half years ago. What I do know is that all of the memories that I do have of her, she's wearing it. I remember one time I asked her if she wanted to get it cleaned or upgrade the stones, and she lost her mind. She yelled about how she could never take it off, I didn't know how important it was to her, and I was a jerk for even asking. I just brushed off the outburst and made a mental note never to bring up the thing again."

"Okay, this is good. I need you to focus now; when did you really start to feel that things weren't right between the two of you?"

"I knew in the back of my mind for years, but it pushed its way to the forefront a few weeks before your wedding. One day I woke up and felt no emotions for Sasha; no love, no hate, just nothing. She was out of town visiting family for a week, and I never once called her the entire time. It was like I was stepping out of a thick fog if that makes any sense."

"Did she do that often? Go out of town alone to see her family?"

"Never, and the fact that she was adamant that I stay behind was weird, but again, I brushed it off."

Matt moved over to the spot next to me on the sofa and showed me his phone. "Look. This picture was a year before you broke up; the ring has the large center stone and ten smaller stones circling it. I got married in April, and this one was taken in March. Four of the little stones are missing. I think that's why she left town, her bullshit was wearing off, and she needed to get those stones replaced."

"That's a nice theory, but Sasha is a wolf, not a witch. She doesn't have access to that kind of thing, so there's no way that ugly ass ring was the center of all this," I said.

"Are you sure about that? I've heard stories of someone faking the mate bond with hormones or a spell, but it was usually a short term thing that was a quick means to an end. Tell me this: what happened when you first met Sasha, how did you feel?"

"I don't know, Matt. Who remembers the exact moment they met someone?" I asked.

"When you first meet your mate, you can never, ever, forget the moment. Every smell, every sound, the temperature of the room, everything is engraved in your memory for eternity. The fact that you can't remember is a problem, and it probably because someone doesn't want you to remember."

Matt began to quickly text someone on his phone and looked more determined than ever.

"Who are you texting?" I asked.

"Alaia. I need her up here ASAP; we're about to dig through your dreams."