

Scattered Dreams Chapter 5 - FIVE | MENTAL BLOCK

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Gio POV

Matt wasn't able to get Alaia up to the northern campus that night. She was busy helping her brother Aaron, who was the Alpha of our sister pack, Opal Moon, with a surprise for his wife, Jordyn. She was able to come up the next morning, though, so here we all sat in my living room, preparing to uncover lost and scattered memories.

"I promise you this won't hurt; you'll barely feel it. I'll just touch your temples and establish the connection; you'll feel the same buzz as you would feel with a mindlink, then I scan through the memories to find the moment you and Sasha first met. You'll be in a sleep state the entire time. Do you have any questions?" Alaia asked me.

"If I can't remember when we first met, how will you know that it's our first encounter?" I asked.

"Well, when I'm reading memories, I can also feel the emotions associated with them. There's a certain level of surprise and excitement when you meet someone new, so I'm looking for that too."

"Alright, let's get started then."

"One more question, so I have a reference point, do you happen to remember your first time shifting? I just need a significant moment in your life that I can use to gauge your emotions," she said.

"Of course, it hurt like a bitch but was incredible at the same time. I shifted the night of my eighteenth birthday," I replied.

"Perfect. I'll start there, then work my way forward, looking for Sasha. It's possible you crossed paths before you were of age too, so I may look a little further back if I need to. Also, I've gotten better at this, and don't have to see all your memories, so I'll just focus on the ones having something to do her. Everything else will remain private."

Alaia sat at the end of the couch and patted her lap.

"I know this may be a little weird at first, but it's a lot of memories for me to flip through, and I have no idea how long it will take. I need to be comfortable to focus, so I need your head rested in my lap," she told me.

"As long as the Alpha or Alexi don't charge in here and destroy me while we're in dreamland, I'm okay with it," I replied.

"They're both back at home, and both understand what we're doing here, so you're safe," she assured me with a smile.

I laid down and settled my head in her lap as she asked, and closed my eyes.

"Okay, were going to get started now, just relax, and I'll take it from there," Alaia said.

I nodded my head just as she placed her small hands at my temples. I felt the tingle she warned me about, then heard a slight buzzing in my ears before there was a bright flash of red light. It only lasted a second and didn't hurt, but I made a point to remember it so that I could let Alaia and Matt know when we finished. Painfully slowly, my memories began to appear, and in my uneducated opinion, it seemed that Matt was right, and someone had purposely tried to hide them from me.

From what I'd heard from others who Alaia had done this with, their memories flicked past like a movie being played at twenty times the average speed; this looked slowed down twenty times and dragged on for what seemed like forever. When I was beginning to give up hope of it working, the red flash of light hit once more, then was smoothly replaced by purple. Sasha's face began whizzing by in a blur after that, and I knew Alaia had finally gotten through. After yesterday's activities, I was in no mood to see my past, with whom I was pretty sure was the Antichrist, replayed before me, so I zoned out and tried to find my happy place.

"So what did you see? Besides the obvious," I asked when Alaia had finished.

"Well, there was definitely a block put up, a strong one too. Luckily for us, I'm incredible, and black magic's got nothing on me," Alaia said with a big smile.

"You are very incredible, Luna, so, what did you see?" I asked again.

"Oh, right. It's bizarre because I didn't see that first time for you two, it's like one day she wasn't there and the next you were an old married couple. So I looked further back before you turned eighteen; you first met her as a kid."

"A kid? How young are we talking?" I asked, suddenly a lot more interested than I previously was.

"It looked like freshman year of high school; I'd say you were about fourteen or so. You were lab partners in chemistry."

"Chemistry? I had Dr. Olivet for chemistry, he always wore the ugliest brown cardigans and told the worst jokes, but he was an amazing teacher. I remember the classroom like the back of my hand, but I don't remember my lab partner. What the fuck is going on?" I quietly asked.

"It's the block. Whoever put it up figured that if you knew where you and Sasha started, you'd probably figure out what was really happening. I can show you if you'd like," Alaia offered.

"Hell yeah! What do we need to do?" I asked.

"Well, I've temporarily stored the memories in my mind, and I'll just transfer them back to you. Later on, after I've rested a bit, I can work on getting rid of the block altogether, then everything will come back to you over the course of a few days."

"Do you need a break, bean? I don't want to wear you out unnecessarily. You've already given me a lot to work with, so we can hit pause if we need to," Matt chimed in.

"I'm fine, Matty. Transferring the memory only uses slightly more energy than a simple mind link, so I'll share that now then work on the block in a few hours."

"Alright, but let us know if it becomes too much. The guys would kill me if you get sick because I let you push yourself too hard," Matt replied.

"I swear, he and Kade are like two extra big brothers. You'd never know that I outranked them with the way they coddle me," Alaia leaned over to me and whispered.

"I heard that. And it's my job to protect my Luna, even if it's from her own desire to help her pack. Anyway, let's do this," Matt stated.

Alaia crossed her legs on the couch, then reached out one hand for me, and the other to Matt.

"You're showing us both?" I asked.

"Yeah, I might as well. It's not any extra work, and I figure if you both see the memory, it makes the investigation a little easier. It will be like you both were there," she explained.

"Cool. I'm ready if you two are," I replied.

As soon as the three of us joined hands, that purple light appeared in my mind again, and I was pulled back in time.

FLASHBACK

"Mr. Stone, did you perform the hydrochloric acid experiment at home that I showed you?" Dr. Olivet asked.

"Yes, sir. I almost burnt a hole in Demetrius's hand, but it was totally worth it," I responded with a smile. I lived for this class and the after school experiments that Mr. Olivet would send me home to try. My best friend Demetrius was always my unwilling assistant, but whenever we made something blow up, he was usually just as excited as I was.

"I hope Mr. Carter was wearing protective gear, these chemicals can be hazardous if not handled properly," he warned.

"Honestly, we weren't using the gloves, they get in the way, but I promise we will next time," I admitted.

"Good. Ah, Ms. Stephens, welcome to AP Chemistry, where all new students get a joke. Are you ready?" Dr. Olivet excitedly asked the new girl timidly standing next to his desk.

She had chin-length, curly red hair, pale skin, and intense green eyes. She was average height, average build, and for lack of a better word, just ordinary. She wasn't a girl who stood out in the crowd by any means, and she seemed

like she preferred it that way. She nodded her head at the teacher and gave a small, shy smile. "Yes, sir, I'm ready."

"So, What do you do with a sick chemist?" Dr. Olivet asked.

"Uhm, I'm not sure, sir," the girl replied.

"If you can't helium, and you can't curium, then you might as well barium. Get it? Helium, curium, and barium? Elements on the periodic table?" He then bent over and held his stomach as he roared with laughter, making the entire class chuckle. His jokes were usually super corny, but because he was always so tickled by them, it rubbed off on the rest of us. After a few seconds of him enjoying his own humor, he stood upright and wiped the tears from his eyes.

"Oh, that's a good one. I heard it when I was working on my doctorate, and it's stuck with me ever since. Anyway, class, this is Ms. Sasha Stephens, who's just transferred to us from college prep chemistry. I'm sure you'll all make her feel welcome. I'm going to pair you up with Mr. Stone, he's the handsome gentleman in the first row, and he'll be a great lab partner. He's one of my best students, so I know he'll take good care of you," Mr. Olivet said while pointing in my direction. I waved at Sasha and flashed her a smile to make her more relaxed and comfortable.

"Head on over, and as soon as the bell rings, we'll get started."

Sasha slowly made her way to the seat next to me, looking down the entire way, but I'm sure feeling all the eyes that were on her. When she sat down, she placed her hands in her lap and stared intently at them, not wanting to make eye contact with me. "Hi, I'm Giovanni, but everyone calls me Gio. It's nice to meet you," I said, holding my hand out towards her.

"Uhm, hi? I'm, well, I mean, I don't have a - Wait, what did you ask me?" she replied, making me laugh. Either she was really nervous, or my curse was making her way too flustered; I needed to throw the girl a lifeline.

"I didn't ask anything; I was just introducing myself," I stated. I took Sasha's hand and shook it, offering her another friendly smile. "I don't think I've seen you around before. Have you always gone to this school?" I asked

"Well, we're freshmen, I'm pretty sure we've all been here the same amount of time, but we also went to middle school and elementary school together. You

would have been in the packhouse preschool, so we wouldn't have met there," she explained.

"So, we've met before? Are you sure?" I asked. This was a strange conversation since she seemed to know all about me and that I lived in the packhouse when I'd only told her my name, but being a Stone was almost as recognizable as being a Black or a Thomas. Everyone in the pack knew who the ranked members were, so as strange as it all felt, it was understandable.

"No, I wouldn't say we've met, but we've crossed paths. You and your brothers are kind of hard to miss," she shyly said.

She looked at me with stars in her eyes before the bell rung, signaling the start of class. Eventually, Sasha peeled her eyes from my face and turned to face the whiteboard, but I didn't miss the secret glances that she shot at me every few minutes. I sighed and tried to focus on Dr. Olivet, but I had a strange feeling that Sasha was going to turn out to be more trouble than she initially let on.