

Scattered Dreams Chapter 8 - EIGHT | UNEXPECTED VISITORS

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Gio POV

"So, what are we watching today? I vote for Hoarders, but you always get so squeamish when they show the super gross houses," Pixie sat in the middle of my couch and stated. Demetrius has gone back home the day before, leaving her as my only outlet to discuss my day and the status of my relationship with Jasmine. I still hadn't figured out my feelings for either of them, but I wasn't too worried about it. As more and more of my memories returned, and I saw Sasha's true colors, I vowed to enjoy every single day with Jenna and Jasmine no matter what; I'd fucking earned it.

"Hoarders is disgusting, and the fact that you're so obsessed with the show makes me second guess how we get along so well," I finally replied.

"Oh, stop your whining Captain, it's not that bad," she smiled at me and said.

"Whatever. What do you want to eat, and please don't say spaghetti or lasagna. We've eaten way too much pasta lately, and I can barely fit into my jeans," I joked.

"How about mushroom risotto, ooh, or ossobuco?! I almost licked the plate when you made it last week," Pixie excitedly chirped.

"Pizza it is, I'll even be nice and pay for it myself," I replied. Jenna and Demetrius would gladly see me live in the kitchen if it were up to them, and I sometimes wondered if they were only friends with me for my cooking.

"Ugh! If you didn't want to cook, you shouldn't have gotten my hopes up. That was just mean," she said with a pout. I took my phone out of my pocket, and as I began to order our dinner, there was a knock at the door.

"I wonder who that could be, and what issues they're bringing to my doorstep now," I said with a sigh. The pack members didn't give a rat's ass about business hours and would show up whenever they wanted to with the tiniest of issues. Sometimes I hated it here. I opened the door, and instead of Mr.

Owens or Mr. Lockwood, I was shocked to see my mom and dad standing before me.

"Uhh, hi? What are you two doing here?" I asked.

"Since when does a mother need a reason to visit her son? Especially when he moves to another state and refuses to return any of her calls!" my mom animatedly shouted. She then launched into question after question in Italian, making both me and my father roll our eyes.

"I'm fine, mom, and yes, I've been taking care of myself and eating. I was actually about to order a pizza when you rang the bell," I assured her.

"Pizza? Giovanni, no! You relax, and I'll cook dinner for you, don't worry my sweet boy."

She pushed past me and into the living room, where she immediately stopped in her tracks when she saw Pixie sitting on the couch. "Who is this beauty, Giovanni? Is she the one?" Mom asked, clearly excited.

Dad, who was still standing on the porch, looked around me and smiled when he too, saw the stranger on the couch. "She's adorable son, but are we interrupting anything? We can just head over to the packhouse and see you tomorrow if we are," he stated.

"She's incredible, but you're not interrupting. Come on in and make yourself at home, there's no way in hell we're getting mom out of here anytime soon anyway," I replied. I walked over to my mother, who was still bouncing like a little kid at the thought of meeting my mate. Poor Jenna looked like a deer caught in the headlights and didn't know what was going on.

"Pixie, these are my parents, James and Gianna Stone. Mom, Dad, this is Jenna, she's become a good friend of mine since I moved up here and keeps me from pulling my hair out on a daily basis," I said.

"A friend? Really? That's it?" mom asked, not at all trying to hide her disappointment.

"Yes, that's it," I replied.

"Jenna, sweetheart, I'm sure you see what an attractive man my son is. You're not marked, and I know you feel the pull, so how is it that you two are not

together yet? I should have more grandchildren on the way by now," Mom stated, making Jenna's eyes almost pop out.

"Come on, Giana. Give the kids a break and ease up on the baby talk. Matt has given you plenty of little ones to spoil, and we don't want to scare this girl away now, do we? Come, let's go see what Gio has got in the kitchen to cook, and we can all sit down to a nice dinner and get to know one another," Dad suggested.

Mom threw up her hands but didn't protest as Dad gently led her out of the living room. Once they were gone, I plopped down next to Jenna and sighed.

"I'm so sorry Pixie; you don't have to stay if you don't want to, my parents can be a little intense, my mom especially," I stated.

"Are you kidding me? Hell yeah I'm staying. Your mom seems incredibly sweet, and I'm sorry to say it, but your dad is hot as hell. And I'll get fed something other than pizza? Oh, you'd have to drag me out of here, kicking and screaming if you wanted me gone," she replied.

"Wait...what? You did not just call my dad hot; you can't be serious."

"I most certainly did. I see where you and your brothers get it from now, you've got your mom's blonde hair and blue eyes, but everything else is Mr. James Stone. And that name, good god! You know what, I think I'll go help them cook!" Pixie jumped up off the couch and ran into the kitchen, leaving me staring behind her.

"What the hell just happened?" I asked. This dinner was about to get really uncomfortable.

"I love her! It's only been an hour, and I love her already," mom hugged Pixie and exclaimed. We'd just sat down to some pesto shrimp pasta that mom had quickly whipped up, and both she and Pixie had been laughing nonstop the entire time.

"I have to admit that I'm flattered, it's nice to know that young women still find this old man attractive," my dad stated.

"Attractive is an understatement, James. Your boys are lucky as hell to have inherited your good looks; no offense to you, Giana, you know you're sexy too," Pixie smoothly replied, making my mom start laughing all over again.

"Gio, this girl is a keeper, please tell me you see that," mom looked at me and said.

"We're just friends, Giana. Yes, he's gorgeous, but we just don't feel that way about each other. And besides, he already has a girlfriend," Jenna smirked at me and stated.

"What?! You're dating someone else? What is wrong with you?" mom shouted across the table.

Pixie tried but failed to hide her smiling face behind her glass, and I made a mental note to make her pay with a vicious tickle attack as soon as my parents were gone.

"We're not dating, mom. We're just hanging out, just like the little instigator over there and me."

"So you're 'hanging out' with two women, Giovanni? Your father and I raised you better than that, I thought Luca was the only one of our children who passed his dick out to everyone he met!" mom shouted.

Pixie spit her water across the table; she couldn't hold in her laughter while all I wanted to do was crawl in a hole and hide.

"That's not what's going on; I'm not sleeping with either of them. When I say we're hanging out, I mean just that. We're spending time together, that's it. And like I've told you multiple times, Pixie and I are just friends. It's nothing physical," I firmly stated.

Mom began to curse under her breath in Italian, and I knew without a doubt that she was going to give me an earful as soon as she got the opportunity. And, if things weren't awkward enough, Jasmine's face popped up on my phone, signaling an incoming FaceTime call. "Fucking hell," I muttered.

"Is that the other woman? Answer the call, son, don't leave the poor girl waiting," Dad said, clearly enjoying my discomfort. Why did parents take so much joy in their children's pain sometimes? Jenna offered me a reassuring smile as I lifted the phone and took the call.

"Hey, gorgeous. I can't talk right now, I'm having dinner with my parents and Pixie," I stated as soon as I answered.

"Your parents and Jenna are there? Why wasn't I invited to this dinner, and since when do you call her Pixie, isn't what her boyfriend Demetrius calls her?" Jasmine asked. Mom and dad both whipped their head in Jenna's direction. They'd known Demetrius since we were kids and had never known him to have a girlfriend, especially one as incredible as Pixie. We had so much explaining to do.

"We didn't plan to have dinner, sweetie. My parents showed up unannounced when Jenna and I were about to order a pizza. Demetrius went back to Cali yesterday, so she's here keeping me company," I replied. Since we weren't dating, I didn't feel like I needed to explain myself to her, but I also didn't want to lie to Jasmine.

"Well, don't let me interrupt your family time. Just let me know when you'd like my company again, that is if Pixie doesn't beat me to you."

"Jasmine, it's not like that-," I tried to explain but was cut off by her disconnecting the call. I dropped the phone on the table and let my head fall back against the chair. Women were the most difficult creatures in the world, why did they make everything so damn hard?

"Ouch. Does Jasmine know that you're just hanging out? There was a lot of jealousy coming through on that phone call," Dad asked. The easygoing nature that encouraged me to answer the call was replaced with one of fatherly concern. Like Matt, he knew what I'd gone through, and just wanted me to find true happiness.

"I've made it clear, Dad, from the very beginning. She's usually not like that though; I think that since Demetrius is gone and Jenna and I live so close to each other, she's just a little worried," I replied.

"Demetrius Carter? That Demetrius?" Dad asked.

"Yes. That's the one."

"Please explain. I'm sure that I speak for both your mother and me when I say that we are more than a little bit confused."

I looked over to Jenna, who just shrugged her shoulder and smiled. She was letting me handle this all on my own, refusing to offer to help explain something that was totally her idea. I was going to tickle the hell out of her when this was all over.

"They're not dating, and they never were. It was just a story Pixie over there made up to appease Jasmine when they crashed our night out at the bar," I stated. I continued to tell my parents about the weird and twisted "love triangle" I'd found myself in, much to the enjoyment of the ladies, and listened intently to the advice my dad offered. The night had started on a terribly awkward foot, but in the end, it helped me wade through the muddy waters a bit and see things clearer. For that, I would be forever grateful.

"You know me, son, and you know that I'm a firm believer in letting you boys be men and find your own way, but I have to tell you that I'm concerned. I know how strong you are, and I'll never question it, but you just got out of a terrible relationship that you should be trying to recover from. What you're doing with these girls may be innocent, but it's also dangerous. I know you, and I can tell that you care about them both, but this is going to end badly, I can feel it," Dad told me as he helped me clean the kitchen.

"What's dangerous about it? I've set the expectations early on, and the chance of things going to the next level only exists between Jasmine and I. Pixie is a friend who just happens to be a woman, if she were a guy no one would have anything to say about us hanging out," I replied.

"Don't bullshit me, Gio. I see her, and I see the way you look at her. Add the fact that you've given her a pet name, and you might as well be engaged already. I know these girls aren't your mate, but you do have feelings for them, and eventually, you're going to have to make a choice. Don't string them along, that's not the man I raised. I don't know Jenna all that well, but what I do know, I love. Don't hurt her if you don't have to; don't hurt either of them."

"Come on, Dad! Isn't this what everyone wanted? For me to leave Sasha behind and find someone new? Well, now that I'm doing just that, everyone seems to have a problem with it. I don't know what you fucking want from me anymore," I replied. It seemed like now more than ever, I just wanted to find my mate. I was done with people poking their noses in my love life, acting like I was some reckless kid. Enough was enough.

"You use that tone with me again, and I'll knock your teeth down your throat, I don't care how old you are. And I told you what I want; I want you happy but not at the expense of these girls. Figure your shit out and make a decision, that's it. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir, I understand. And I apologize."

"You're damned right, you apologize. Now put the dishes away and make us a pot of coffee. I'll be in the living room with the ladies." Dad tossed the dishrag he'd been using at me, then walked out of the kitchen, leaving me all alone. I'd built totally different relationships with these women and had no idea how I was supposed to pick one and leave the other behind. I'd never been more confused in my life.