

## And Then There Were Four by Lilith Carrie

Chapter 141: Sexual Tension & a Party

Cassie.

Who says you can't be classy and sassy at the same time? The moment I put my egotistical brother in his place and showed everyone what kind of person I was, I felt better

than I ever have. Lucas wanted to gain the attention of the surrounding woman, and I had no doubt many other men

there noticed me at that moment as someone who was...

Attainable.

Grabbing my jacket, I made my way back through the tunnel entrance of the colosseum, ready to get back to my room to relax. It may have been my first day, but the

teachers here were unforgiving when it came to

homework... The sound of that word was disgusting on my tongue but needed, regardless.

As the shadows of the tunnel enveloped me from the sun, a firm grip caught me, and as I was spun, I came face to face with Lucas' deep enchanting gaze, matched with a frown. "What the fuck was that out there, Cassie?"

Laughter bubbled in my throat as I ripped my arm from his grasp. "Don't fucking touch me, Lucas. I was having fun,

and I know you enjoyed it."

"Fun?" He scoffed with irritation. "You and Lux both went too fucking far and you know it. What do you think you have to be badass and show the school who you are? I didn't take you for being the center of attention kind of girl."

With my mouth open, I glared at him as I gripped my jacket in my hand tightly. "Who the hell are you to tell me what kind of girl I am? I can be whomever I want to be, and it's none of your concern; Lucas."

Turning, I continued to storm down the path, but was only able to make it a few feet before I was grabbed again and this time pinned against the cold brick wall of the

colosseum. My heart raced in my chest as he pressed his body against me. His thigh was in between my legs as my wrists were held above my chest.

“You’re my fucking mate. It’s my job to be concerned.”

“Get the fuck off me,” I all but spat at him as I struggled within his grasp, unable to break free. He was stronger than he looked, and even though my body was on full alert, wanting him to devour me as that delicious fresh rain scent wrapped around me, I had to stay alert. I couldn’t allow myself to get distracted by him.

“No. You’re going to listen-”

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“Go fuck yourself, Lucas. I’m not listening to shit you have to say. Why don’t you go back to the whores, you were entertaining and leave me the fuck alone. This between us is never going to happen,” I snapped, causing his eyes to go wide before a small smirk crossed his lips.

I had expected him to lash out because of my comment. To tell me he hated me or that he never wanted a mate like me, but instead, he stood there holding me in place with a shit-eating grin on his face. “You’re jealous.”

“What-no.” I scoffed, rolling my eyes. “Why would I be jealous of them? They are beneath me.”

“Beneath you, huh?” He chuckled as he leaned closer, our lips only inches apart, causing my breath to hitch at the proximity. “Seems like right now I’m the one technically beneath you... in between you-” The whispered response as he brushed his lips against mine caused me to gasp before he leaned in towards my ear.

“I can make you feel things you never have before, princess.”

Part of me hesitated when Lucas spoke, but the other part

of me begged for him to show me. Yet, the part that controls my mouth was asking to be punished. “So can any other guy at this school. What makes you so special?”

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There was not a moment of hesitation on his side as his lips captured mine and his tongue invaded my mouth. The taste of him on my tongue was pure heaven and as I moaned into the way he possessed me, a low growl escaped his throat, pushing him to become rougher and more dominating with every passing second.

Roaming hands and heated moments were things I wasn't accustomed to. I had always preferred one-night stands and quick satisfaction, so this was beyond mind blowing, and caught up in the moment, I seemed to forget completely about what was going on around us, including

where I was.

"Whoa, so much for not liking him." A voice called out, stopping Lucas and me in our tracks.

There before me were Sansa and Trixie, staring at the compromising position Lucas and I were in. Pushing against him, the interrupted moment caused him to loosen up his grip and, with my push, he let go and stumbled back

with a smile.

"Geez, no need to get aggressive, Cassie," he muttered as I quickly adjusted myself, embarrassed by being caught.

"Go fuck yourself, Lucas." The grumbled response caused Sansa to snort with laughter as she looked everywhere but

at me.

Stepping close again, he brushed his fingers down my arm, leaving a trail of erotic sensations running through my body. "Don't act like you didn't enjoy that."

"Oh, I hope you did," I replied teasingly before letting my smile fall. "Because it will never happen again. Stay away from me... I'm not the girl you want."

Pushing past him, I made my way towards Sansa and Trixie, gesturing for them to follow me. The last thing I wanted was for him to tell them anything, but no matter how I tried to tell myself that once again, the shared kiss with him was nothing-I couldn't.

"So-" Trixie started to say before I quickly glared at her. "Nevermind..."

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It took twenty minutes to get back to the place where I was staying, and the entire time we walked, I listened to Sansa and Trixie talking about the party that was supposed to be happening this evening. Some back to school thing that

excited them.

"I think this season is going to be more chaotic than usual with how everyone is already acting," Sansa commented, causing Trixie to laugh.

“No kidding. Especially with our two new pupils.” Looking at me as she spoke, a mischievous grin crossed her lips. “You’re coming tonight, right?”

“Coming to what?”

“That party?” Sansa replied. “Were you listening to anything that we said?”

Shaking my head, I gave them a sheepish grin. I had been too preoccupied thinking about Lucas and the fight with Pollux to think about anything else. Now that my “badass” mood was gone, I felt embarrassed for acting out the way I did.

I didn’t like being the center of attention, and I had literally just painted a target on my back in a good and bad way. “No, sorry guys, I just have a lot on my mind.”

“You mean like Lucas?” Sansa grinned as Trixie playfully elbowed her.

“No, other things.” The response was meant to be vague, but it didn’t work. They knew I was lying by the way they busted out laughing. “I’m serious...”

“Sure you are. Regardless, you’re coming tonight,” Trixie said pointedly as she looped her arm through mine and pulled me down the hallway towards my room. “Come on, there is a lot to do before dark.”

“Guys, I can’t... I have homework-”

Never in my life had I used homework as an excuse to get out of a party, and now here I was, doing just that. All because I didn’t want to face anyone who had seen me act crazy today out in the arena. “Don’t be silly, Cassie. You’re going and I’m going to make you look hot, so stop worrying.”

The two women didn’t give me much room to protest as they quickly dragged me into my bedroom and plopped me down on the round vanity chair that sat in front of a large lighted mirror. I wore makeup and made myself look good on occasions.

However, I wasn’t the kind of girl that obsessed over it.

Not like Trixie and Sansa seemed to be.

"Trixie, you tackle hair and makeup and I will look for the perfect outfit." Sansa directed as Trixie nodded and quickly got to work.

"Guys, seriously, I don't want to go-"

"You're going," they both replied in unison, causing me to groan as I rolled my eyes.

There was no way out of this, and honestly, I was fine with that. If they wanted to dress me up then so be it. I could play the part, for once, instead of always trying to control a situation because I didn't want to do something others did

for a chance.

Watching Trixie work her magic with makeup, I found myself entranced by every swirl of the brush that played against my skin like a canvas being painted by an artist. She didn't go super heavy, and she didn't dive too much into the bright colors I assumed she would have, considering

she loved everything bright and cheerful.

Instead, she went with a dark purple lipstick and cool black smokey eye that matched my flawless skin, and when she curled my hair, she left every strand in a perfect spiral that fell down my back in waves.

If there was one thing I loved about myself, it was my hair, and seeing how she took such care with it touched me for some odd reason. It was as if she knew I was particular about this part of myself, and when she finished and laid

down the curling iron, I stared at a version of me I almost didn't recognize.

"Do you like it?" she asked softly, causing me to turn to her with a smile.

"Trixie, I love it. You really have a talent for this stuff."

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Shrugging her shoulders and giving a meek smile, we both broke out into laughter just as Sansa reappeared from my closet. "Okay, I think I have the perfect outfit-damn girl, you look good!"

Her exclamation to my appearance caused me to laugh again as I stood from the small vanity seat, making my way towards the closet. I didn't know Sansa very well but from the little I did know; she was quite the character.

Her fun loving and very blunt personality almost matched my own. But she also was very artistic and had Trixie's bright, happy persona. It was as if someone had decided to

blend Trixie and I together and come out with a third to our quickly growing friendship circle.

The moment I stepped into the closet, I was shocked.

I half expected something bright and outstanding, but instead, that was far from the truth. Sansa also seemed to

know my style, and the black skin tight dress she picked out for me was to die for.

“Look, I know you love black, so I kept it simple. However, I expect you to be in those killer ass shoes.” I had no idea what shoes she was talking about until I turned towards where she was pointing and spotted the bright red and black dagger designed heels. The silver of the blade glistened in the light, screaming nothing but danger.

Of course, there was a bottom to the heel tip, but the designer was able to implant the danger into the heel, giving it a terrifying look I was in love with.

“Where in the hell did those shoes come from?” I gasped as I quickly picked them up. “I don’t remember those being in here.”

Gazing back up to Sansa from the shoes, she shrugged with a smile as she turned towards Trixie, who remained laughing. A part of me knowing they planned this

somehow. That all of it was part of their plan to make me go wild tonight.

Something I wasn’t sure about doing. Seeing as parties and I only end in regrets and bad decisions. “Stop over thinking it, Cassie.” Sansa said jokingly. “Get dressed.”

She was right, I was overthinking it. At least, I think she is right.

Taking a moment, I mustered the courage I needed and took the dress into the bathroom to change. If I was going to prove I could be someone who was competition, then I had to stop second guessing things and take initiative.

## Chapter 142: Interrupted Conversations

Cassie.

Blaring music, drinks, and wild dancing were what awaited me when Sansa, Trixie, and I finished getting ready and made our way towards where this party was supposed to be

located. I was still trying to wrap my mind around how this place worked, but for the most part, it wasn't too much different from the home I had left.

Feeling confident in my outfit, I walked into the school with my head held high. The last thing I was going to do was let my little stunt from earlier prevent me from enjoying myself. Perhaps I had made a spectacle of myself, and maybe I did make out with Lucas.

“But that wasn't too bad, and now I'd be prepared. Right?”

“Oh, wow!” a tall lavender-haired girl said with sparkling blue eyes. “Trixie, you guys look amazing.”

I didn't have the slightest clue who this girl was, but as Trixie leaned in, giving her a hug, I figured they knew each other well so didn't bother to say anything. “Hey Prim, I didn't think Mom was going to let you come.”

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Prim shrugged her shoulders with a smile. “She changed her mind.”

“You mean you snuck out?” Trixie replied with laughter

before both girl's gazes turned towards me. “This is my friend Cassie.”

Prim's eyes gazed over my body, taking in what I was wearing. She looked quite young, much younger than I and Trixie. “Hey.”

After a few more moments and a quiet smile, she quickly turned and disappeared into the crowd, her head bobbing up and down as she moved to the beat of the music, following in with all of the dancing taking place. When Trixie looked back at me from where her sister had once just disappeared, she seemed amused by the entire situation.

“My sister is so dead. Mom's going to freak,” Trixie mumbled with laughter before taking my hand. The three of us made our way toward the bar, where I noticed top-shelf booze. I won't lie. I was impressed.

Somewhere through the night, I lost track of Sansa and Trixie, both of my friends venturing off to dance with men I didn't know. I, however, was currently happy doing exactly what I was doing. Which was absolutely nothing as I

reclined back in the massive hammock that hung between two enormous trees out in the garden.

Multiple empty bottles of beer scattered the ground below me while a half-empty one relaxed within my grip. I had met a couple of interesting people tonight, but for the most part, I kept to myself. Heads did turn and people did make comments about how gorgeous I looked, but it didn't

matter.

The last thing I wanted to do was entertain those people, and the only reason why I came was because my friends

made me.

Stretching my arms out over my head, I let my gaze fall to the sky, where the two beautiful, large iridescent moons

circled one another, taking my breath every time I saw them. One thing I loved about this place was how beautiful the nature was. It was so intoxicating and so different from what I had been used to back home.

With my eyes captivated by the celestial orb above me, I didn't take notice of the slow movements coming up from the left side of me. "What's a gorgeous girl like you doing out here all alone?"

Startled by the deep, intoxicating voice, I quickly sat up in the hammock and turned to face a man I had never seen before in my life. He was incredibly sexy, with dark chocolate brown hair, penetrating bluish green eyes and a

white smile that literally felt like it had its own spotlight. Even his body was toned to perfection, his chest on display with the four top buttons of his shirt completely open. I was ogling him, of course, and the dark patterns of tattoos that crossed over his left pec made me bite my bottom lip with

wonder.

"Gorgeous?" I chuckle to myself. "Why is it that someone like you is out here worrying about someone like me?"

Yes, I was being vague, but I wanted to know who he was.

After all, he could be someone to have fun with. I know I wouldn't mind having fun with him.

"Changing the subject, I see," he replied with a smirk as he stepped closer. His eyes gazing down at me, making my heart race with every single step he made in my



direction. "I came out here to get some fresh air. The girls inside tend to be overwhelming."

"They want to fuck you and you are not interested. I find that hard to believe."

My blunt response caused him to laugh even more as he nodded his head. "I don't want a girl who's going to be easy. I want a girl who's going to challenge me. And there's not a single woman in that room in there who can do that."

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I see. So you just decided to come out here and find one instead?"

Again, I was being forward and, honestly, I didn't care what he thought about me. I found this whole interaction amusing. Climbing out of the hammock, I moved toward the sidewalk with my beer in hand, leaving behind the complete mess I had made. I noticed he followed close behind me.

"Where are you going? It's not safe for someone like you to be out here all alone."

Stopping in my tracks, I turned to look over my shoulder at him. Was he being serious right now? Me, of all people, wasn't safe walking alone at night. "You're joking, right?"

"No, I'm being serious. There's all kinds of weirdos out here," he chuckled, shrugging his shoulders.

"I hate to break it to you, Mr, but I am a weirdo." I had heard the line so many times while sitting there watching movies and going through social media, I couldn't resist the opportunity to be able to use it.

He blanked for a moment, obviously not expecting what I had said. It seemed to have dawned on him, and he broke out into a fit of laughter. "Touché. You said that with a straight face."

There was something about this guy I just couldn't get over. He was mysterious and yet sarcastic, and I enjoyed every moment of it, quite different from how Lucas was, or even my brother, for that matter. "What's your name?"

He rubbed the back of his neck as he stared at me, his smile growing just a little bit wider. "My name is Silas, and you're Cassie."

"Oh, so you have heard me?" I replied with a small smile as I watched him nod.

"After your little stunt today, everybody in school knows who you are. You really did put your brother to shame out there. Not cool. But I mean, I could understand being your brother. He probably pissed you off and deserved it."

Staring at Silas, I shrugged my shoulders. "It's complicated."

'It wasn't actually as complicated as I led on, but that wasn't something he needed to know. Instead, I'd rather have Silas be curious about what the issues were. Keeping them living in suspense was always so much more interesting.

The way his eyes watched me while I moved was as if he was the hunter and I was his prey. I wasn't sure if he was trying to determine his next move with me or if perhaps he was simply trying to figure me out.

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Regardless, I was slightly drunk and perhaps a little in need of something much more sustainable. Something physical I had been lacking for quite some time.

"What's running through your mind right now, Cassie?" The chuckled murmur of his question made me smile as I reached out, wrapping my hand around a nearby light post, swinging my body around it slowly as I watched him.

"There is a lot on my mind, but the one thing that stands out is why you're out here wasting your time with me."

Shifting from foot to foot, he laughed, rubbing the back of his neck. "I just came out for fresh air—"

Laughter escaped me as I shook my head, cutting him off mid-sentence. "See, I don't think that's true. In fact, I think you came out here for something more."

With raised eyebrows, a smirk crossed his face as he took two steps closer towards me.

"Is that right?"

“Mhmm-” I nodded, glancing up at his towering figure. The smoothness of the alcohol ran through my veins, calming

my nerves that would usually be present. “What is it that you want, Silas?”

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The moment his name rolled off my tongue, I could have sworn I heard a low growl of satisfaction leave the belly of his throat. Only a foot of space laid between us as he wrapped his arm around my waist and pulled me against him. “Perhaps I want you.”

Perhaps he wanted me? The internal amusement of his comment made me warm, and as I contemplated the idea of telling him no, the lust driven desires coursing through me wanted so much more. “Perhaps then you should prove it?”

Using his freehand to brush back a piece of hair from my face, he bent down to kiss me. Yet, before his lips could even brush mine, his body was ripped away and a thundering roar echoed about the air. Shaken up and unsure of what the hell had just happened, I looked up at the figure of a man standing between Silas and I.

It was Lucas, and with heaving shoulders moving up and down, I could tell he was pissed. “Lucas-”

“Shut up, Cassie,” he growled without even looking in my direction. “I’ll deal with you in a minute.”

Silas stood to his feet quickly and spun to face Lucas with brilliant fiery red eyes and a snarl on his lips that spoke of nothing but the anger that must have been coursing

through him. “Who the fuck do you think you are touching me?”

“The man who will fucking rip you apart if you touch what belongs to me again.”

Lucas’ warning was not to be toyed with, and as much as he got on my nerves, I prayed Silas would just walk away. The last thing I wanted was something else to draw negative

attention to us being here.

But honestly, what was I to do?

It wasn’t like I knew Silas well enough to save his ass, even though he was absolutely sexy. “Oh, come on... can we not do this tonight?” I asked them with a sigh as I brushed myself off.

Lucas glared at me from over his shoulder with a look of disgust. "You're my mate."

"Wait, what?" Silas replied, his demeanor calming down as he looked between Lucas' and I with confusion. "That's not

possible—"

"Are you calling me a liar, dragon?" Lucas snapped as his fangs protruded from beneath his top lip. He was slowly losing control, and moving to stand in front of him, I placed my hands upon his chest to calm his quickly rising temper.

"Lucas, enough," I muttered softly before turning to face Silas. "Silas, I think you should go."

He scoffed, running his hand through his hair before shrugging his shoulders. "Yeah, sure. I'll catch you later."

Lucas moved to charge after him, but I quickly stopped him in his tracks, watching as Silas disappeared from sight before I let him go. "That was uncalled for, Lucas."

"Uncalled for?" he snapped at me as I rolled my eyes and moved to walk away. "Where do you think you're going?"

Snatching my arm, he pulled me back to him, spinning me so my eyes stared into his. The touch of him set my body alive, and as I looked up into those angry, deep, swirling masses, I found my breath hitch.

"Let me go."

"No!" he yelled, "I'm your mate. How could you entertain that fucking dragon?"

I hadn't meant for him to get upset like he was, and part of me felt guilty. But the fact of the matter was he had entertained and flirted with girls at the arena, so why

shouldn't I have fun?

"Mate? Last time I checked, we weren't bonded, Lucas."

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Gripping me tighter, he pulled me flush against his chest. "That's because you keep denying what we should be,

Cassie."

He wasn't wrong, but at the same time, I wasn't going to give in to him so easily. I wouldn't just allow him to claim me because he thought it was his right. That wasn't the kind of relationship I wanted. "You have to earn my trust, Lucas. I won't just give it away because the gods deemed

us compatible."

"See, it's comments like that Cassie... that make me think you're simply scared of me."

Tight against him, his breath fanned across the side of my face. I couldn't let myself fall into the desires he created within me. However, the longer I remained wrapped in his

scent, the harder it became to resist the urges brewing

inside me.

I had thought I would be able to resist the urge to let him take me, but no matter how hard I tried to deny the inevitable, it kept pulling me in.

"Let me go, Lucas," I whispered as I turned my gaze to his

once more. "Now..."

A chuckle of amusement glinted from the corner of his eyes as he smiled. "Never."

The moment his lips brushed against mine in a savage and passionate kiss, I moaned in satisfaction, wanting more.

God, I wanted so much fucking more.

Chapter 143: Sexual Prowl

Cassie.

Since the moment he had kissed me the night of my birthday, I tried to avoid the feelings I had for him, but once again, I was wrapped within his arms and taken over by the lust our bond created. I wanted more than I knew how to

handle.

With a rush of desire, our hands went wild and, as his skin brushed against mine, a moan escaped my lips. It was like my body was on fire, and the only thing that could quench

it was Lucas.

As his hands reached down behind the backs of my thighs, he quickly lifted me up, pressing me against the lamppost as he continued to kiss me with feverish intent. I wanted him, and I wasn't sure why the desire was so hard to resist.

Breaking the kiss, I tried to speak, but his lips just trailed down over my jawline towards my neck. "Lucas-" I gasped. "We can't... not here."

His eyes met mine, and as they did, a small smirk crested the corners of his lips. "Okay."

"Okay?" I whispered as I stared into the dark abyss of his eyes.

"Cassie, I want you and I will have you whatever way I can. So you can either have me now and right here... or we can

somewhere else. That is, unless you would prefer the company of others' tonight?"

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His statement was daring, and there was no mistaking the meaning behind his words. He had been jealous Silas was out here talking to me, and I felt slightly guilty I flirted back with him. Especially because Lucas was my mate.

No matter how much he irritated and pissed me off.

Taking a moment to think about what I was going to say, I leaned forward and brushed my lips ever so gently against

his. "I want a bed."

He didn't think twice when he placed my feet on the ground and took my hand in his. A slight pull towards the path and I realized he was leading me towards the building we were staying in. Soft giggles left my lips as I tripped over a rock in the path. The alcohol I had been drinking flooded my mind.

"Shit!" I spat out, causing him to glance over his shoulder at me as he laughed and shook his head.

"If you're any louder, someone is going to catch us."

“So, we’re adults. Who cares?” My reply seemed to make sense in his mind because before I knew it, I was tossed over his shoulder and taken through doorways and down halls until finally we entered a room and I was placed on my

feet once more.

He could have picked his room. The dark and sultry air of it seemed to fit the current mood of sexual tension between

us, but instead, he went to mine.

With my gaze

locked onto his, I watched him take steps towards me as I slowly moved backwards. A wicked side to him emerged as he pulled his black shirt over his head and dropped it to the floor.

The tan, toned curves of his muscles rippled in the dim lighting as he approached me like a predator on the hunt. Every bit of him was sculpted in a way that made my mouth water, and when he stared at me, I couldn’t help but feel a wave of anticipated pleasure was over me.

The way Lucas looked right now stalking towards me had me biting my lip as I took in his bad boy persona. The air about him screamed danger, and everything about me wanted it.

“Come here,” he said. The command sent shivers down my spine I hadn’t expected to enjoy.

Yet, remaining in my spot, I cocked an eyebrow and smiled. “Make me.”

Never had I thought those two words could hold as much power as they did the moment I said them. As if a switch had been flipped, he snatched me by the ankle and drug me to the end of the bed. The weight of his body was held up by his arms as he hovered over me.

“Are you sure you want to go with that answer?”

Was I sure? Hell yes, if it meant he would punish me. “You heard me.”

Lacing his fingers through my hair, he yanked my head towards his and pressed his lips against mine. My own hands

grasped at his arms as his tongue dove into my mouth, the taste of him dancing within, causing me to

moan in satisfaction.

“I’m going to make you scream for me, princess,” he murmured as he broke the kiss for a moment. His hold on my hair released as he shifted his hand, trailing a single claw down over the curves of my breast until it slipped under the thin material of my dress, ripping it all the way

down the front of me.

I liked that

dress and destroying it was rather irritating. However, the moment that claw danced along

my skin between my thighs, I gasped out in pleasure. He was doing things to me no other man had, and I loved it.

“You talk a lot of talk for someone who hasn’t made a move yet, unless you count kissing.” He was going to make me eat those words the moment he tore the black panties from between my legs, grasped the backs of my thighs, and raised my hips up to allow his mouth to devour my core.

Diving in like a man who

hadn’t eaten in days, he sucked against my clit before diving his tongue deep inside me, causing my back to arch as my eyes rolled into the back of my head. “Sweet Jesus-

” I moaned as the knot in my stomach slowly built from the very quickly approaching

climax.

Every stroke of his tongue against me had my hands gripping at the blankets on the bed, begging like a bitch in heat for the passion he provided. It was crazy to think he was able to do this, that a man I had been against for so long was able

to make me feel the way he did. When I thought I couldn’t take anymore, he had me screaming in pleasure as he tipped me over the edge.

My eyes connected with his the moment he came up, licking his lips.

“You taste divine.” The low growl that emitted from his throat had me biting my bottom lip as I smiled. He stripped out of his pants, his thick, rigid cock standing at attention. It was huge, far larger than the other guys I had been with in the past, and I had no doubt it would punish me in every way I wanted to be punished.

The moment he pulled me to the edge of the bed,

no words were said, and honestly, that was okay. He slid the head of his cock against my soaking wet core. There was no going



back.

Not that I would want to.

Gently, his hand slid behind my neck, and in doing so, he sat me up, bringing my lips to his. The kiss started off slowly but quickly grew more feverish as he slowly slid every inch of his long, thick cock deep inside me. My breath hitched at his size as he filled me to a point I hadn't expected. He was definitely bigger than anyone I had been with before, and with every inch of him invading my tight cunt, the pressure in my stomach grew until he completely hilted inside me with a low growl.

"You have no idea how long I have waited for this moment," he whispered, my heart racing as he stared down into my eyes. "You're mine, Cassie."

The carnal hunger of our lust drove us both towards a

desire I denied for too long. The moment those words left his mouth, his lips captured mine again.

No longer was it soft and gentle. It was hurried, rough, and completely erotic. My back hit the soft comforts of the blankets as his hips thrust deep inside me.

As if his Lycan side had taken control, he punished me with pain and pleasure. Nails scraped at my skin as his hand slid to my throat, fucking me harder than I could have imagined. My cries of pleasure echoed around the room as I bounced under him..

"Oh, fuck yes-" I moaned, wanting more. "Harder, please

harder."

With a maniacal laugh, he pulled out quickly and flipped me over onto my stomach. His hands

gripped my hips as he pulled my ass up and shoved a pillow underneath my stomach. "You have no idea what you just asked for."

Suddenly nervous, I hesitated for a moment before the head of his cock thrust back inside me. At this angle, every bit of him hit deeper and with the new sensation of his rigid member deep inside of me hitting all the right places, I gasped. "Oh, fucking hell-"

A deep chuckle left his throat as he reached up, grabbing my hair. "Hold on..."

The thrusting force behind his movements caused me to cry out as I took what he offered. I wanted it, every inch of the pain and pleasure he could bring me, and as I took it like a bitch in heat. I spiraled out of control, coming undone over and over again until my throat hurt from screaming out.

“Let me mark you,” he growled as he reached down, gripping my throat. “You have no idea how bad I want to sink my fangs into your pretty little throat.”

For a split moment, part of me wanted to say yes so I could feel the rush of euphoria so many of the mated people I knew talked about, but at the same time, I wasn't ready for that. I wasn't ready to be completely mated to him, and as his cock got harder and harder, I pushed back against him, trying to make him cum.

“Not yet-” I cried out as he thrust harder, obviously unhappy with my response by the sound of the growl that left his lips. The movement tipped me over the edge as I came, my core clenching around his cock, begging to milk every last drop from him.

But instead of cumming inside of me, he quickly pulled out and spilled himself into his hand. I didn't know why he pulled out, but I was pleased. The last thing I wanted was get pregnant, and glancing over my shoulder at him, I saw the confliction on his face.

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His brows knitted together before going lax, and without glancing at me, he stood to his feet and made his way towards the bathroom. I wasn't sure what had just happened, but the drunken feeling I had before was long gone after the sexual pleasure he had pushed through me.

Falling back onto the soft white pillows of my bed, I pulled the blankets around me, staring at the ceiling and trying to think why he would suddenly act the way he did. I wasn't sure if it was because I said no to marking me, or perhaps I had done something wrong during sex.

If it was the marking, I hadn't meant to upset him. I just

wasn't ready to take the mate mark and start bearing children yet. I was only eighteen, and being a mother at this age wasn't something I wanted. Not to mention, I didn't want some mate mark telling me who I loved. I wanted to

feel that love and connection without a mark.

The moment he came back, I propped my head up on my hand and stared at him.

“What’s wrong?” My question seemed to stop him in his tracks as he stood before me completely naked, looking like a ripped Tilly’s model waiting to go on deck.

Shrugging his shoulders, he grabbed his pants and began to get dressed. “Nothing. Why would something be wrong?”

I wasn’t stupid, and the fact he literally responded the way he did made me wonder if he thought I was. “I’m sorry I said no...”

Lucas scoffed at my comment as he shook his head. “Do you really think that bothered me? I’m not bothered you said no. Honestly, it’s best you did.”

“What?” Shock filled me as I listened to him. “What do you mean, it’s best?”

He didn’t bother giving me an answer as he pulled his shirt over his head and covered up the gorgeous muscles of his body. His dark hair was disheveled, standing up on end, and clearly just-fucked. It was clear he was leaving, and as he turned, I couldn’t help but feel disgusted with myself in a way.

“Are you going to refuse to answer me?” The snapped remark was unexpected, but he paused and a deep breath escaped his lips before he turned to me once more.

“I don’t have to say anything, Cassie. Have you not realized you’re no longer a pampered princess here? We are exactly the same, and as great as the sex just was... we don’t have time for things like relationships. Isn’t that right?”

I had never said I didn’t have time for a relationship, but I had said I would never have sex with Lucas—and it happened anyways.

Gripping the sheets around me, I stood to my feet and stormed towards him.

“You’re acting like an asshole right now, and all I’m trying to do is see what’s the matter with you. You went from loving and passionate to not giving a fuck at all.”

Lucas didn’t seem the least bit bothered by what I had to say, and even though I was looking for something to tell me what was on his mind, he just stared at me with complete indifference.

“It was fun, Cassie. But I do have to go,” he said firmly as he glared at me, “perhaps if you’re ever in need, we can do this again. If not, well, that’s fine too.”

I wasn’t sure what the hell just happened, but as he closed the door behind him, I stood there mouth wide open with what I was sure would be nothing but shock written all across my face. “What a complete asshole!”

#### **Chapter 144: Questions & Hangovers**

Lucas.

The moment I stepped out of Cassie’s room, my heart sank into my stomach. For a moment, I had actually thought our bond was blossoming, but instead I was a fool to think I was anything more than a quick lay for her. Mate or not, she was adamant to keep me away at every turn.

So of course, I showed her how much of an asshole I could

1. be.

It wasn’t hard to hear her scream once I left her room. I had stayed for a moment trying to decide if I wanted to go back in and apologize. Goddess knows every part of me wanted too, but my Lycan... he wasn’t pleased.

She doesn’t deserve our mark...

The dark, stormy whispers within my mind were loud, and as hard as I tried to shrug them off, they had gotten louder

since I came to this realm. I needed something, anything to quiet them, and as much as I wanted to sleep, I didn’t see it happening anytime soon.

Step by step, I stormed down the hallway with my room in

sight, but **even** the thought of going there right now didn't seem **comforting**. **The last** thing I needed was to get into **trouble** with all of **these people** lingering around, but at the same time, **all** I really wanted was a drink.

A drink to clear my mind and perhaps the company of a woman who was actually worth talking to. Not that I could actually do that. I had just laid with my mate, my fated chosen by the gods themselves, and in a way, I was rejected

-even if she didn't say it.

Passing the threshold of my door, I exited the same way I

had come in with Cassie and ventured outside into the

garden. The cool night air blew gently against my skin, and inhaling deeply, I tried to ignore the scent of my beautiful mate still lingering around the area.

She was everything I wanted in a mate, and yet pissed me off more than anything. How was I supposed to complete a

bond when she refused my mark? It was in our nature to

want to be bonded—at least, that was what I was told.

Could I honestly have been wrong?

Was this not how the mate bond worked?

"Are you okay?" The sound of a woman's voice caught my attention, and looking to my down the shadowed path that led towards the school, a red-haired woman with glowing

**eyes** stepped **forth** into my view.

I wasn't sure who she **was**, but I remembered seeing her around campus. Her long red hair blew against the breeze as the glowing greenish-blue **eyes** she had stared into the darkness **like a cat** stalking **its** prey.

I wasn't sure why she was out here or, better yet, near the dorms but shaking my head, I brushed her off and turned my attention back towards the moons above. "Yeah, I'm fine. Just getting some air."

Turning away from the woman, I closed my eyes, and hoped she would take the hint to walk away, but instead, she stepped closer to me, causing my body to stand on

edge.

“You look like you could use a friend-” she said softly as if she was trying not to alert me in any way. “You’re Lucas, aren’t you?”

Snapping my gaze to where she was now, only standing feet away from me, I had the opportunity to really take her appearance into account. Red hair, glowing eyes and a wicked smile on her face spoke of the trouble this woman was. She was older, much older than me, but something about the look of her seemed so familiar.

“Who are you?” The snipped question caused her brows to raise impressively.

“The dean of your school **for** one,” she replied, causing a **knot** to form in my stomach due to my rude stupidity. “But also someone who knows how to find something you want.”

Confusion filled my mind as my brows knitted together. “What do you mean, something that I want? I don’t want anything, and I don’t have time for riddles, lady, no offense.”

A soft chuckle escaped her lips as the corners of her eyes crinkled in amusement. She may have been the dean of students, but something about her seemed completely off. “Tell you what... you answer a few of my questions and I will take you to him. Does that sound fair enough to you?”

“Take me to him?” Laughter escaped me as I shook my head. “There is nothing that you can tell me, and I don’t have time for the games. I’m sure there are other students around here drunk that you can harass.”

The moment I tried to walk past her, she gripped my arm firmly and stopped me in my tracks. Shocked and irritated that she would touch me, I ripped my arm from her hand

and stared down at her.

“Please refrain from touching me.”

She **wasn’t** in the slightest phased by the Lycan aura

surrounding me. In fact, she seemed almost thrilled she was able to bring forth this part of me as if she was almost hoping she could. “My apologies. I simply wanted to help *you*.”

“As I said, I don’t have time for this. No please leave me alone.” My reply was short, but when I turned away from her once more, her words stopped me.

“Even if it’s about your father and those remarkable gifts you have?”

Stunned in silence, I turned once more to face her. I wasn’t sure if she was messing with me. Yet staring at her, she showed no signs of deception.

I didn’t know my father, and as far as I was told, he abandoned my mother and I when I was two. Part of me wanted to tell her to fuck off, because honestly, I didn’t want to know the piece of shit who left me. The ache it brought my mother was something unbearable, and when she died two months ago, I hated him more for leaving.

The other part of me, though... was intrigued.

“What about him?”

Cassie.

“Dude, you look **like** crap. Hungover from last night?” Sansa’s question caused me to roll my eyes **as** I grumbled underneath my breath. I had hardly slept after what

happened with Lucas, and actually had been searching for him all morning to see where he had gone.

I wanted to confront him, ask him what the hell his problem was. Yet, everywhere I looked, he wasn’t there. Even his bed had looked untouched as if he hadn’t even slept there last night.

“No, just slept like shit,” I finally replied as I grabbed a cup of coffee from the barista and turned, heading towards our usual table on the far left wall of the room. I hadn’t seen Trixie at all this morning, and while I had expected her to come bounding towards me with endless amounts of rainbows and sunshine, I was pleased she hadn’t.

There was too much confusion in my mind right now to deal with another one of her many lectures on my appearances and also what we were supposed to be doing in magic class. Not that I needed it. Most of the students there could barely use their magic.

Yet the teacher told me it’s about me being able to control it... and I could, mostly.

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“So, **are** you going to just **act like** you didn’t sneak off with Lucas **last** night?” Sansa **stated** in a matter-of-factly. My eyes quickly darted to where she **sat as** I tried to understand how she **even** knew that.

“I don’t **know** what you’re talking about.”

Rolling her eyes, she opened her mouth to speak, but a smooth, sultry voice perked my ears to attention instead. “Hey gorgeous, still dancing this morning, I **see**?”

It was Silas, and god, did he look absolutely delicious.

“Silas.”

Running his hand through his dark chocolate brown hair, he gave me that signature white smile, flexing his arms as

he leaned over the table. The conversation with him from

the night before had been enchanting, to say the least, but of course, it quickly died when Lucas made an appearance and went all high and mighty.

“You don’t look too happy to see me,” he replied, his smile forming into a playful frown.

“I’m tired and have a headache,” I mumbled, trying not to seem as annoyed as I was. It wasn’t that he was annoying me. I simply just had no interest in that particular moment to be entertained by him. Even if he was absolutely delicious to look at.

There **was** a twinkle in his **eyes as** his smile grew again. “Hangovers are never **any** fun.”

“I’m not hungover-”

“Yes, you are,” Sansa replied, causing me to shoot her a daggered glare that made her smile. “Don’t look at me like that, it’s the truth.”

Maybe I was slightly hungover, but I didn’t need people pointing it out. Turning my gaze back to Silas, I sighed. “Did you need something, Silas?”



Hesitation twinkled behind gaze. He did want something, and the fact he did made me nervous. He didn't seem like the kind of man who calmly asked for things. At least not to

someone like me.

"Actually, I wanted to see if you would have dinner with me."

Sansa went into a coughing fit, drawing both mine and Silas' attention as well as a few people sitting near us. Patting on her chest, her eyes wide she quickly took a sip of her drink and gave me a sheepish grin. "Sorry, that went down wrong."

I wasn't stupid. The only reason why she choked was because Silas asked me out, and looking at him now, I

could see he was dead serious with his question. "Didn't last night warn you about being around me?"

Laughter left him as he shook his head. "You mean the overgrown dog with a territory issue? I'm not worried about

him."

It was my turn to laugh as I thought of Lucas as an overgrown dog. I couldn't get upset at Silas cracking a joke. Lucas did act a little crazy last night, but it didn't make accepting Silas' offer easier. "Can I think about it? Right now, my head is killing me."

Silas seemed genuinely taken back by my question of whether or not I could think about going out with him. Which meant he more or less was used to people accepting right away. Too bad for him, I wasn't easily swayed, and as he went to open his mouth, Pollux decided to join in on our

conversation.

His egotistical smirk bounded up right next to my table as he clasped a hand on Silas' shoulder with a smile. "Hey, we're getting ready to head out... are you coming?"

Not surprised by the fact Pollux had made friends with Silas or any of the other Alpha males around this place, I rolled my eyes and laughed. "Looks like you better get going. My brother has plans with you."

“Am I missing something?” Pollux snapped as he glared at

1. me.

“Nope, nothing at all.” My reply was more than sarcastic, and my brother knew it. He stared at me for a moment longer before Silas straightened himself and turned. The

tension in the air was strong, and as

Silas said a few whispered words to my brother, I watched them both quickly disappear.

Whatever it was Silas said was enough to make my brother ease up, but I knew the conversation wasn't over. At least not for now. Pollux had a way of making things difficult, and if he knew

I slept with Lucas or that Silas was asking me out, well, we can just say he would flip his shit.

Because no matter the issues we had, he was damn sure not happy about me having a mate before him—let alone a friend with benefits.

Chapter 145: Pixies & Karma

Pollux.

When I saw Silas near my sister, I knew he was up to something. She was never one to really put herself out there, even though it seemed she was. She was rebellious, yes, and had a wicked side when she wanted to but to be

an attention whore... no way.

Yet since the moment we had gotten here, she had become different from the way I knew her. She was no longer the sister I had grown up with. She was more confident and determined to establish herself in this place. Normally, that wouldn't have been a bad thing, but the way she was going

about it felt wrong.

As if coming here had done something to her that couldn't

be undone.

Staring off across the green training fields, I thought to the day I battled with her. I was used to having sparred with Cassie growing up, but something about her that day was so much different from before.

Almost as she thrived for the blood she spilled.

A warrior that had no fill until death presented itself.

Letting a sigh escape me, I watched the men who had the late sparring class take their stance and wished I could get back on the field with them. At least it would keep my mind preoccupied so I wasn't busy thinking about my sister. It wasn't like I was her keeper or anything.

She had to learn to take care of her own affairs and do so quietly.

"Hey, Lux!" Destin, another wolf shifter, called from across the field as he came jogging up. "Are you all done for the day?"

"Yeah, I finished about twenty minutes ago. Ready to head out."

Destin laughed as he tossed me a football. "You kicked ass out there on the field today, man. You up for a few rounds?"

As much as I wanted to say yes, I just didn't have it in me. "Not today, man. As much as I'd love to, if I don't get that paper done for Stuckey, he's going to kick my ass."

The comment made us both laugh, and as I tossed the ball back to him, I stood from where I had been sitting on the bench. "Hey, before you go, there's a small bonfire this weekend. You should come, man. I can tell Zai has a thing for you."

Thinking of Zai made me roll my eyes. Yes, she was fucking gorgeous, but her pride and ego were what made her unattractive in my eyes. The last thing I wanted to do was get involved with someone like her.

Especially when there was one girl in particular here, I couldn't stop thinking about.

"Honestly, Destin, I'm not interested in her."

Shock registered on his face as his mouth made an 'O' shape. "Whoa, really?"

It was obvious most men wouldn't dare turn down the

opportunity with Zai, and that, of course, made me question if I was making the right choice. "Yeah, for real.

She's a little too... dramatic for me."

“Oh, come on. You don’t have to go be with her. Just have fun and claim the right.” That was typical fuck boy shit, and once upon a time, I would have done just that. But I wasn’t like that anymore. I didn’t want meaningless sex.

Not when my mate was out there somewhere.

Shrugging my shoulders, I grabbed my bag and tossed it

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over my shoulder. “Honestly, man, I’m good. But I expect a full report from you on how wild it is, though.”

Taking my time, I walked across the field towards the tunnel that led out of the training arena and toward the school. All I wanted to do was get a hot shower and something to eat, but the moment I walked into the locker

room, I knew something was off.

Eyes fell on me from various guys in there as if they knew something I didn’t. Trying to ignore the rush of emotions running through me, I quickly opened my locker and shoved my things inside, grabbing my stuff for my shower to try and relax.

The amazing feeling of the hot water rushing over my skin was a welcoming moment. Even though I was a shifter didn’t mean I didn’t get sore, and today, I worked out harder than I normally have in the past.

With a sigh of relief, I washed away the things that had been bothering me and listened to the pelting of water against the tile flooring.

“Dude, what’s up with you and the new girl,” a voice called out, catching my attention. I wasn’t sure who they were talking about, but I suspected it was my sister.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Silas’ voice

registered in my ears, and the moment I heard him chuckle,

I knew full well they were talking about Cassie. My blood boiled at the realization as I stayed quiet, listening to what was being said.

“I know something is up. Would have thought for sure you. would have got some of that ass the other night-”

“Hey, don’t talk about her like that,” Silas growled in

response to the other guy’s words, “she ain’t that kind of girl.”

“Whatever,” the kid replied. “She ended up hooking up with that Lucas guy right after you left her.”

She hooked up with Lucas?!

I knew the guy was her mate and expected eventually for them to be together, but for my sister to entertain Silas and then sleep with Lucas was completely fucked up. I had thought my sister was more reserved than that, but perhaps I was wrong.

Turning off the water, I grabbed my towel and wrapped it around me as I exited the shower. Both Silas and the

dumbass he was talking to stared at me with wide eyes as narrowed my own in their direction. “Got something else to fucking say?”

“It’s-it’s not what you think,” Silas replied, stuttering over his words.

Not wanting to hear any more of what Silas had to say, I growled at him, my nails sharpening as fangs protruded. “Stay the fuck away from my sister.”

The warning was clear, and deciding to handle this with her myself, I didn’t bother to hear what Silas had to say.

Instead, I strode to my locker, threw on my clothes, and decided to hunt. The only problem was this hunt wasn’t like the others, instead, I was hunting my twin.

I was hunting Cassie.

Thirty minutes later and after much searching, her scent grew stronger the moment I turned into the main foyer of the school. The large vaulted ceilings overhead made it look like a cathedral, and as my eyes scanned the

surrounding area, they fell upon Cassie, who stood with two girls laughing.

One of the girls ended up being the electric blue-haired beauty I remembered seeing at the dinner Odin had thrown for us. Even now, staring at her, I found myself frozen in my steps, not wanting to approach Cassie. But at the same time, my anger over what Cassie was doing grew stronger

and stronger with every passing second.

Pushing aside my doubts about the entire situation, I narrowed my gaze on Cassie and stormed forward with my fist clenched at my sides. Cassie had crossed the line more times than I could even count, and where she thought there was no big issue, she didn’t realize the repercussions of what she did.

“Cassie!” I yelled from across the hall, catching her attention and the girls she was with and anybody else nearby. “You and I need to talk.”

Her eyes widened in surprise a little bit as if she didn’t have a single clue as to why I was in such a rut, but she quickly narrowed them in my direction as she realized I was obviously coming to her with an issue.

“I don’t know what your problem is but if you’re going to sit here and run your mouth at me, you need to do so somewhere else because I don’t have the time for it.”

The sarcastic and snippy way she responded to me ticked me off even more and as I stepped in front of her, snarling down at my sister’s, whose eyes glanced up at me with a blue hue I was all too familiar with, I didn’t know whether I wanted to slap her for her insubordination or punish her in other ways.

“You’re going to listen to what I have to say,” I snapped at her. “After the conversation I just heard some of the guys having in the locker room about you, it makes me wonder what kind of person you’ve become since you came here.”

Cassie’s eyes widened in shock as her lips parted. “What the fuck are you talking about?”

“Don’t play stupid. First, you reject your mate and then decide that sleeping and toying with him is fun and games. And then, on top of that, you’re flirting and trying to hook up with every other male on this campus. You really have lowered yourself to being a whore, haven’t you?”

The anger that quickly swept over my sister was unlike anything I could have ever expected. Her eyes glowed blue as she snarled at me, fangs over her lips, stepping forward, ready to lash out at me in any way that she could.

“I don’t know who the fuck you think you’re talking to, but you have no clue what the hell has been going on. And maybe if you tried being more my brother instead of the egotistical prick that you are because I am better than you, maybe you would have some type of insight into what’s going on in my life.”

Collective gasps were heard all around. Before I could bring my hand back to slap the crap out of her for what she said, the electric blue-haired girl stepped in between us. Her

eyes narrowed at me as she placed her hands against my chest and shoved me back as hard as she could.

I hadn’t expected someone as small as her to be able to shove me as she did. I flew back three feet, falling onto the ground, my eyes wide as I stared at her, the electric current of her touch still running through my skin.

The first time I met her, I knew there was something about her, something that drove my inner beast crazy. But I didn't want to admit there was a possibility she was my mate, even though she smelled more heavenly than I could have ever imagined. Yet the moment she touched me, even though it was to shove me to the ground for speaking to my sister the way that I did, I knew for a fact this girl was. my mate.

"Trixie!" the darker girl said standing near Cassie. "What are you doing?"

"I'm handling a problem. He may be her brother, but that doesn't give him the right to speak to her like that!" she snapped as she crossed her arms over her chest, looking down at me with disapproval. Disapproval that hurt me more than I was willing to admit.

"Trixie, it's okay," Cassie said before Trixie held up her hand, cutting Cassie off. The tension of the situation quickly dissipated as we tried to wrap our heads around what just

happened.

Everyone around seemed just as shocked as I was that this small, petite girl could do what she did, but there was no denying the anger in her eyes as she looked at me.

Shaking her head, Trixie gave me a sad look and sighed. "I understand that you're her brother, Lux, but honestly, that was uncalled for. I had such higher hopes for you."

When those words left Trixie's mouth, I wanted to break down and beg for her forgiveness. I had waited for a mate for so long, and even though I had hoped for a shifter, I couldn't deny the draw I had to this girl.

"I think you've registered him speechless," the dark-skinned girl said as she crossed her arms over her chest with a

smirk. Everybody in the entire hall was staring at me as if waiting for me to respond.

However, I wasn't able to speak because I didn't know what to say.

Looking at my sister, I watched her brows furrow in confusion as she looked from me to Trixie and then back. Her brows lifted as her mouth parted in shock.

"Holy shit!" She laughed, making both Trixie and the other girl glance at her in confusion. "This shit just got a lot more

interesting. Guess karma's a bitch, isn't it."