

And Then There Were Four (Lilith Carrie)

Chapter 163



Chapter 163: Kidnapped

Pollux.

Trixie made it clear last night that she wanted me to speak with my sister and correct the wrongs said during our argument when she came to my room. I had no interest in re-ally talking to Cassie about all of this, but the more I thought about it, she did look quite bothered last night.

I wished she would give up on this relentless journey of trying to save Lucas. There was nothing wrong with him. He was simply being the asshole I always knew he was, and toy-ing with my sister was probably just his way of getting back at me for all of the bullshit I put him through in the past.

Freshly showered and with my mate's scent wafting around me from our lingered experiences together the night before, I made my way down towards my sister's room, my feet moving slowly until I approached the door.

With a heavy sigh, I lifted my hand to knock. Before I did, I glanced over my shoulder to see Trixie standing down the hallway with a bright smile on her face, the yellow dress she wore illuminating against her skin as she gave me two thumbs up and nodded her head eagerly for me to go ahead and knock.

If it weren't for Trixie, I wouldn't be standing here right now. But I knew she cared about my sister very much as her friend, and because of that, I was doing this for her and no-body else.

Knocking upon the door, I waited. There wasn't a sound from inside. After a few moments of knocking again, I became irritated. "Cassie, it's me. Let's talk about all of this going on. I'm ready to listen."

There was no sound from the other side of the door again at my comment. I blew out a huff of frustration, banging upon it with my fist. "Cassie, open the door and stop being like this. I-I'm sorry I acted the way that I did. Can we please just talk about this?"

Still, there was no response whatsoever to my attempts to get her to answer the door. Before I knew it, Trixie was at my side. I glanced at her—a worried expression of confusion had crossed her face as her beautiful eyes stared at the closed door.

"Something's wrong," she whispered as she reached for the handle, finding it unlocked, and quickly pushed open the door, entering inside.

Glancing around the room upon first entry, the smell of sex lingered in the air. It was Cassie scent and another male's I wasn't too familiar with. I glanced around at twisted bed sheets, blankets on the floor, and the open balcony door. I was curious where my sister was.

"Perhaps she's already left for today," Trixie said to herself as she glanced around the room, the same as I, and then looked at me, her eyes locking with mine with a simple shrug of her shoulders.

"She might have."

Trixie walked towards the bed. "Well, if she did, at least we know she had fun last night. This bed was absolutely ravaged.

Kind of reminds me of what you and I did in your room."

Chuckling to myself, I crossed my arms over my chest. The last thing I wanted to think about was my sister getting fucked senseless, but it did make sense that whoever she had been here with, she had had a good time. The only problem was, I couldn't shake this feeling in the bottom of my stomach that told me something else was at play here.

Before I could open my mouth to say anything, the door was pushed open and I quickly turned to see Silas standing there with a bunch of flowers in his hand. His mouth partially opened as his eyes met mine, realizing he had been caught in a situation he hadn't expected to.

"Are those flowers for me? Are you here to see my sister?"

Silas rolled his eyes at my comment, entering the room with nothing but confidence as he held his head high. "Your sister, of course. Where is she?"

"Obviously she isn't here, so why are you?" The reply I gave was completely sarcastic, and as his glass eyes glanced towards the bed and then back to me, I gave him a smug smile.

It was clear he saw exactly what I did, and unfortunately for him, no matter how much he liked her, she must have had fun with Lucas last night and rekindled whatever argument that they had.

"Do you know where she went?"

Rolling my eyes, I shrugged my shoulders as a gesture to the bed. "Obviously with her mate who fucked her senseless last night."

Silas look to the bed again, and as he did, he couldn't contain the laughter that ended up erupting from his lips completely, catching me off guard. "You think Lucas did that to her last night and that's why the beds all messed up?"

I suddenly felt as if I was the elephant in the room who had absolutely no idea what was going on. As Silas sat the flowers down upon the dresser, I glanced at Trixie and realized I was incorrect.

Trixie's face flushed red as her eyes widened in shock at what Silas had said. She had obviously realized exactly what he was talking about and I felt completely stupid. I rolled my eyes with annoyance before stepping forward and grabbing Silas's arm.

"If there's something that you know that we don't, it's best that you go ahead and say it."

Silas glanced down at where my grip was upon his arm and quickly shrugged it out of my hand. "It would be in your best interest not to touch me again."

"Boys, boys, that's enough," Trixie quickly exclaimed as she cleared the room, looping her arm through mine to try and calm me down. "Sweetie, it would seem that your sister and Silas may have a small fling going on."

It took a moment for those words to sink into my head, and as they did, I quickly turned my glare back upon Silas with a narrowed, angry expression. "Took advantage of my sister and one of her most vulnerable moods, knowing full well that she has a mate?"

It was clear that Silas was not the person I thought he was, and as he quickly ignored what I said and made his way around the room as if searching for something, I couldn't help but want to completely destroy who he was in order to gain satisfaction from the entire situation.

Cassie and I may not have been close, but I wouldn't tolerate anybody taking advantage of my sister, especially since she wasn't in the right mental capacity to make decisions like that, considering the emotional stress she had been under.

"Hey, I'm talking to you," I snapped, moving away from Trixie and straight towards Silas. However, before I could even attempt to lay a finger on Silas again, he quickly turned, gripping me by the throat and hoisting me into the air.

He was far stronger than I had given him credit, and as he looked up at me with a sneer upon his face, I could see he was not in the mood to fucking deal with me. "I need you to back the fuck off so I can figure out where your sister is."

The moment didn't last long as he quickly was thrown from me, my body hitting the floor as Silas hit the wall. I was slightly amazed by the power my mate Trixie had and as she came to stand before me, the aura that radiated off of her body was nothing but pure power.

"Silas... Pollux," Trixie said like a stern mother scolding her children. "What did I tell you about getting along? I thought we've had this conversation before. Both of you need to keep your hands to yourself because I'm in a good mood today and I don't need that ruined."

There was no point in arguing with my mate when she said her piece. I had quickly learned a few days ago after I marked her. When Trixie wanted something, she was going to do it whether you wanted her to or not. And if she told you to knock it off, it was best that you did it. Otherwise, you were likely to receive punishment you did not want.

Something that would make her a wonderfully amazing mother one day. But for right now, I felt a little scolded, like a boy who got in trouble by his mother because I wasn't listening.

Standing to our feet, Silas and I brushed ourselves off before quickly turning our attention back to Trixie, who had crossed her arms over her chest with a smile upon her face as she rocked back and forth from heel to toe. "Thank you. Now it's obvious that Cassie isn't here and we need to figure out what exactly happened."

Silas and I were both silent as we watched Trixie walk around the room. She had an uneasiness before she stepped in here, and as she continued to walk around, looking at every little thing that lingered around the room upon dressers or even within the small bookshelf against the far wall, she came to stop eventually in front of the balcony door to which she was hesitant to go out on.

"She went out here..." Trixie muttered softly before pushing herself forward through the billowing curtains out into the sunny balcony that lay just beyond them.

I barely had a chance to move when a sharp yelp escaped her and I quickly went running with Silas following behind me. The moment my eyes landed upon my beautiful mate, her hands over her mouth with a gasp and a look of horror across her face, I knew something had happened.

Letting my eyes follow the line of sight to see what Trixie was looking at, I found the red small splashes of blood upon the cobbled balcony floor laying in wait for someone to find it. "Is that blood?"

Silas rushed forward, bending to his knees as he touched the blood with his fingertips and quickly brought it up to his nose. "It's Cassie's..."

I never imagined my sister's name would follow the word blood, but as it did my heart sank into the pits of my stomach as I realized this situation was far worse than I had thought.

It was clear something had happened to my sister. She had obviously come out to the balcony after Silas left and was attacked. A million and one thoughts swirled through me, and as I tried to put all of the pieces together. There was only one common denominator that didn't make sense.

And that was Silas.

Rushing forward, I gripped him by the front of his shirt and quickly pushed his back towards the wall. "What the fuck did you do to my sister? Where is she?"

The sound of Trixie saying my name, trying to get me to stop filled my ears, but unfortunately my brain had been hardwired to defend my family and the beast lurking under my skin wanted vengeance.

Once again, with the quick thrust, Silas shoved me off, adjusting his shoulders as he straightened his back and narrowed his gaze down at me. "I told you not to fucking touch me, pup. Trixie, get a hold of your mate before he ends up dead."

She didn't hesitate at the command and was quickly at my side, shaking her head. No. She had obviously known Silas longer than I had, and there must have been a good reason for her to say that. From what she had explained to me, dragons were notorious for being absolutely ruthless, and Silas right now was on the verge of losing control, his eyes flickering between the bluish green to a reddish gold.

I had no idea how we were going to find what had happened to my sister. But before I could even open my mouth, as if she had read my mind, Trixie smiled and pulled her phone from her pocket. "Everyone calm down. Let me call Sansa. She'll know what to do."

"You're calling the witch?" Silas snapped as he sent a glare Trixie's way.

Most people would have been intimidated, and she had been for a moment when he demanded she keep me in check. But as she stood to her feet, pushing the phone against her ear, she pointed at him with an angry gaze, one that I had never seen as her eyes flashed a fluorescent green.

"Silas, you may be powerful, but do not forget who I am. Piss me off and be disrespectful one more time, and I'll put your ass in a permanent timeout."