

And Then There Were Four (Lilith Carrie)

Chapter 165



Chapter 165: Prisoner Beneath the Wall

Cassie.

Darkness seemed to surround me, and slowly waking from the endless sleep I was in, I realized the sharp pain currently radiating through the back of my head and down my neck wasn't actually from me sleeping wrong. It was because I had been hit from behind.

A low groan escaped my lips as I tried to glance around through the darkness, but my vision was blurred, and the more the pain radiated through my head, the worse I felt. The metallic scent of blood must have been on my clothing. It's scent wafted around me, making my stomach turn.

Slowly, I tried to move but quickly realized I wasn't going to be able to. My hands were shackled to a stone wall behind me, and the cold, dripping wet water flowing down the wall from a crack above had begun to pool beneath my bottom,

I didn't have the slightest clue what had happened. I remembered being on the balcony, having just argued with Silas. The next thing I knew, this pain came from behind, my head splitting as the radiating agony of what had happened traveled through my body before darkness captivated me.

Someone had attacked me; that was clear. The only problem was currently, I was sitting in the darkness alone, without anybody around me, or at least that is what I assumed.

My time here in Asgard hadn't been pleasant so far. I had been cast aside by my family after everything that had happened in the other world, brought here by my grandfather, who rarely even checked in on me. Not to mention the number of issues I had with some of the students and even from some of the teachers.

Deciding not to play helpless victim, considering I was an independent woman who could take care of herself, I simply had to find a way out of this no matter how hurt I was. I used all the strength that I had to push myself up onto my feet.

My wrists were shackled, and it did hurt when I stood, but the moment I got onto my feet, I realized the reason why it was such an inconvenience for me to be able to move beforehand was simply because my chains were twisted.

I had about two to three feet of movement from the wall forward, and that was all the space I had been given. Gazing into the darkness—trying to disregard my currently splitting headache—I searched for anything in my surroundings I could use to try and escape.

The only thing I found was cold, cobblestoned walls and a floor that matched. A few iron bars set off in the distance looked like they could have been cells for prisoners. And on top of that, a wooden table sat in the far corner that had a few metal objects on it, but nothing I could distinctly picture nor get a hold of, considering I was chained to a wall and unable to move more than three feet.

Whoever had placed me here had done so with precision.

My mind tried to reel over who it was that could have done this, and the only thing I could piece together was, maybe, I had misread somebody. I had misjudged them and their capability of what they could do to me.

With so many people I had petty issues with, it wasn't enough for someone to want to kidnap me and bring me down here as a prisoner. Therefore, whatever was going on had to be far more than I could comprehend.

Had I simply gotten too close to something trying to figure out a way to free Lucas from Inanna? Was I captured because I had found something or stumbled upon something in that library with Silas I shouldn't have?

It honestly would make sense as to why I had seen Lucas in the woods near the library, but Lucas wouldn't have done this. Even if he had issues with me, I was sure he would never hurt me.

Just when I thought things couldn't get any worse, I quickly realized with the echoing sound of footsteps I was no longer alone down here in my prison. In fact, there was somebody standing behind the bars in the darkness on the far side of the room, watching me.

With my vision slightly blurred, I tried to focus on the figure. However, the only thing I could really notice was the mesmerizing golden yellow eyes that stared back at me. They reminded me so much of Lucas' beast in a way, and my curiosity piqued, wondering if it was him I was staring at.

Yet as I went to open my mouth to ask if it was him, the sound of a door squeaking open caught my attention. I found myself gazing to my left towards a small light shining down a narrow path of stairs.

The footsteps of heels on concrete echoed through the darkness, and slowly but surely, a figure came into view I had hoped not to see. Her fiery red hair and green eyes stared back at me from the darkness. She stared back with a look of pure evil, and the more I stared at her with her hands on her hips, the angrier I became.

"Inanna." The firm tone of her name made my lip curl into a sneer. "What the hell is the meaning of this? Why do you have me here?"

She laughed, and as she stared at me, I couldn't help but wonder what she found amusing. She was supposed to have been the Dean of students, a person who we could go to who would protect us in a time of need, and instead, she had me chained up against a wall with a smile on her face like a kid on Christmas morning.

"Oh, come on. Did you honestly think that after everything that you've pulled, I would run the risk of missing a chance of capturing you? I have waited so many years to be able to take my revenge back out on the descendants of Anna, and you just gave me everything I wanted the moment you stepped through that portal."

I didn't have the slightest clue what she was talking about, or that I was a descendant of Anna. As far as I knew, I was just someone who looked like her. Perhaps, I should have given Silas more of a chance to explain things instead of getting frustrated over not getting the answers that I wanted.

"I have no idea what you're talking about. I have done nothing to you."

With laughter, she took a few steps towards me, admiring the handiwork of me being chained against the wall as if I was some type of decorative ornament in her home. "Oh, but you have everything to do with everything. Didn't you know that?"

"You're fucking crazy. I don't even know you, and you don't even know anything about me. So, how did I do something to you?" Pulling on the restraints, I tried with every bit of energy I had left to find a way to escape. But my efforts were simply met with a slap to the face that had my ears ringing and my head splitting further from my previous energy.

"Shut up!" she screamed at me, "how dare you speak like you're innocent. Because of you, my child is dead!"

This woman was beyond insane. I had barely had a few conversations with her, and yet she seemed to believe I had wronged her in some way. The last thing I wanted to do was upset her, but I was growing worried about her mental stability.

Not to mention my safety, the woman already had me chained up.

"Look, lady.. you have me mixed up with someone else. I haven't killed anyone—"

The words froze on the tip of my tongue as I paused midsentence. I couldn't say I hadn't killed anyone because I had. Melissa was dead because of me, and the more I thought about Melissa, the more I saw something in Inanna that made my breath catch in my throat.

"There it is... the look of realization." Shaking her head, she rolled her eyes before letting a heavy breath escape her. "I had hoped one day she would be here, that she would... or that I would at least see her again."

Inanna didn't seem like the type of person to be sentimental, but staring at her right now, I could tell that her

165 everything to her. "How... how was she your daughter?"

I was at a loss for how Melissa was Inanna's daughter. I had known Melissa my entire life, and as far as I knew, Melissa's mother died when Melissa was a baby. To find out now that wasn't the case was troubling. Especially since that meant Melissa was a celestial half-breed and she never had shown any sign of being like me.

Cringing in pain from the shackles that were digging into my wrists, I watched as Inanna paced around the stone dungeon. "I never meant to leave Earth.. but when your horrible mother attacked us, I had to help. I had to save my people, and in the process, I was sent back here."

"Enough!" The booming sound of a male voice caught me by surprise, and even Inanna jumped, freezing in her place as her breathing increased. "The girl doesn't deserve to know everything. You have a job... now do it, and free me."

Small scuffling noises once again echoed from the otherside of the room where the yellow eyes had once appeared, and with his command, Inanna moved towards a wooden torch that laid against the far wall. Her hand shook as she pulled something from her pocket and lit the torch illuminating the room before me.

There, amongst the cobble walls and stoney floor, were cells with iron bars that seemed to buzz with their own energy. An within the cell directly in front of me stood a man with dark hair and black eyes, eyes that reminded me so much of Lucas.

"Who are you?" I whispered softly, watching a smile cross his face.

Wan

"What... you don't recognize me? I would hope you did, considering your mate and I share very similar features." I couldn't stop thinking of how familiar the man looked. How I had seen his face before but wasn't sure where I had seen him before.

"She looks just like Ivy, doesn't she?" Inanna chuckled. The man before me gazing at her for a split second with annoyance on his face. It was clear he didn't care to much for Inanna speaking and as he stood to his feet, I realized where Lucas got his build from.

"You're Lucas' father?"

Nodding his head, he chuckled, "I am... and I do have to thank you for bringing my son with you to this realm. I waited for that moment for a very long time."

Quickly, I realized this was not just any man, but Lucas' father and what he had said before about him and Lucas sharing similar features made sense. He didn't seem like a man who was here willingly, and perhaps that was something I could use to my advantage.

If he was using Inanna to try and free himself, perhaps I could have him be on my side instead. I could make him see she was hurting Lucas, and that would put him against Inanna.

Desperate in my thoughts to try and find a way to escape, I decided to resort to extreme measures to make the man see my side of things. To see if he would be a savior in the depths of shadows that seemed to fill the dungeon around me.

"I didn't—it wasn't like that," I muttered quickly, "please let go... I need to find your son. Inanna is poisoning his mind, you have to help me—"

"Poisoning?" He laughed, running a hand over his squared jawline. "I wouldn't say that. She simply helped him to see the truth of the past. The truth of why he lost his father, and how his mother eventually died from a broken heart... the truth of the evil that runs in your veins, Castor."