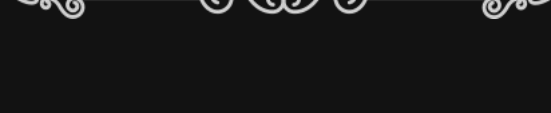


And Then There Were Four (Lilith Carrie)

Chapter 167



Chapter 167: Death To Those We Love

Cassie.

I had never given much thought to how I die, but being faced with it now, I finally realized why it was my parents loved so fiercely. At any point in time, you could walk out the front door and never come home. Fate didn't pick sides, and it never made things fair, but in the end, we learned to live with the futures we were given because, as my mother always said, things happen for a reason.

Watching Lucas walk towards me with the jade dagger in his hand, my heart broke. The moment he realized what he did, he would regret it for the rest of his life because even though Inanna had her claws in him and he tried to reject me, I knew he still felt our bond.

Glancing towards Inanna, who was taking out candles and preparing the altar, to which she would free Loki, I decided to try one more time to get through to Lucas. There was no way he could be unreachable, and with a heavy breath, I focused.

The pull of our slightly broken bond told me he was still there.

"Lueas," I whispered, staring at him with a gentle gaze trying to make him see me. "I'm sorry, Lucas. I'm sorry your mother died, and I'm sorry your father was cast away, but it wasn't me. We aren't responsible for our parents' choices in life, and it isn't fair that we should pay for them either."

"This has to be done, Cassie. I have to save him." Determination sat heavy in the forefront of his mind, and it was that I had to break through.

"I know you do, but I'm your mate, Lucas. Don't I get one more thing from you before I die?" If my words weren't enough to break the hold, I knew one thing that would be.

Halting only a foot in front of me, his dark eyes stared down into mine with knitted brows before a sigh escaped him. "What is it that you want?"

With parted lips, a faint smile crossed my face. "One last kiss... one with meaning that lets me know some part of you loved me."

The request was obviously not something he had expected by the way his face softened and his eyes shifted from side to side. "One kiss?"

"Yes," I nodded, "please... I need you."

Lifting his hand, he brushed the matted strands of hair from my face and gazed down at my body. The robe was coming slightly undone, and with a part of my breast slightly exposed, he let his hand run over it. "I wish things could have been different."

"So do I Lucas... I'm sorry I took so long to realize what I had in front of me."

With that one sentence, his lips pressed against mine, and as he did, he wrapped his arm around my waist, pulling me flush against his chest. The kiss deepened as his tongue moved against mine as if desperate for my touch, desperate for the love he had to give deep down inside.

For a moment, I thought a part of him was back with me, but as the kiss broke and I stood staring up into his deep mesmerizing eyes, I realized that wasn't the kiss. Yes, he was hesitant, but that was because I knew without a doubt he felt the connection in our kiss that I did.

"How is that possible... I rejected you."

Letting a small smile fill my face as tears streamed slowly down my cheeks, I glanced at Inanna, who was almost done with what she was doing. "I never gave up on you, Lucas... I refused your rejection. If you kill me... you're killing the other half of your soul. Please don't do this, please—"

A deep roar filled the air as the smell of fire consumed my senses. I knew that roar anywhere, and as the stone began to shake, a blast of light filled my vision, knocking me to my feet. Anyone in my past life would have thought an earthquake was threatening to take us all, but as my heart began to race, I knew the truth.

"What the hell is going on?" Inanna shrieked as Lucas quickly stood to his feet from where we had both been knocked to the ground.

"Silas," he growled, his eyes gazing toward me. "You almost had me fooled, Cassie, if you cared at all for me, you would never have laid with Silas. You would never have betrayed me."

With no time to respond, the far wall was blown out, and within the debris, I spotted familiar faces I hadn't expected to see.

Faces that would be forever imprinted into my mind, "Pollux... Trixie!"

An agonizing scream ripped from my throat as I turned back to Lucas with wide eyes and parted lips. Gazing down, I spotted the jade handle blade sticking out from my stomach and realized what he had done.

"If I can't have you, then no one can, Cassie."

My heart broke hearing his claim, but at the same time, a roar of anger washed over the room as I clutched at the blade, slowly pulling it from my body. Chaos consumed the area, and with it, the battle began.

I had spent too much time in my life worrying about what I wanted to see that there were people around me that needed things too. People who needed me to be there, but because of my selfishness, I was too blind to see it.

Fire, smoke, and rage filled the area as gentle hands lay upon my skin. Glancing to my left, my eyes met the deep luminescent eyes of Trixie and the tears pouring down her cheeks.

"Sansa!" she screamed, "Sansa, please... Cassie needs you!"

Lifting my hand, I brushed it down the side of Trixie's cheek, catching her attention once more. "It's okay... I'm okay..."

"No, you're not crazy... you better hold on. Don't you fucking dare leave me."

As my head bobbed, a small laugh escaped my lips. I glanced down at the deep red color that stained my robe and shook my head. "I really liked this robe..."

Trixie let her own laugh escape her as Sansa stood on the other side of me, her hand placed over her mouth as her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, Cassie..."

"Don't just sit there... heal or... do something... don't you have something?" Trixie rambled on in hysterics as she took deep breaths, trying to calm herself. "I can't, Trixie..." "What — what do you mean you can't, Sansa?" Trixie gasped in confusion, "you can heal people, though."

Sansa looked down at me again for a moment before a sob racked through her. "I'm sorry, Cassie... it's jade. I can't."

It took a moment for things to sink in, and when they finally did, I realized what she was trying to say. The blade was special in some way, and from the way my body wasn't naturally healing itself like it usually would—I was guessing it was spelled or something.

The fact my life was slowly slipping away, and there was nothing I could do to stop it, was heartbreaking. When they say you don't realize what you have until it's gone... well, they were right. I was young and had so much to offer, and with my heart slowly coming to an end, I realized it was all that was needed for the shimmering energy of the cell doors to die, and Loki suddenly stepped free.

A maniacal laugh escaped him as he burst from the cage, grabbing Silas by the neck and tossing him into the wall. Both Sansa and Trixie screamed, and as Trixie went to help Pollux, I watched her be cast aside as well, just as Inanna went after Sansa.

My friends and my brother were all in trouble, and as Lucas and my brother went toe to toe with one another, I realized I had to help. I had to do something to stop this chaos because if I didn't, they were all going to die.

With all of my energy slowly draining out of me every single minute, I found the courage somewhere deep inside me to gradually find my feet. Looking down at the silver shackles that bound my wrist, pinching at my skin. I tried to dig deep within myself, tapping into the energy I had locked away for so long, trying to find a way to use it, to wield it to my own needs. "I can't let them die from me," I muttered under my breath, watching as blood began to spill from Pollux and Lucas as they tore into each other, and Loki and Inanna as they went after my friends. Even Silas lay battered and bruised against the cobbled rubble that fell upon the floor from where he hit the wall, cuts on his face and arms, his shirt ripped—it was too much for my heart to bear. If my mother had been able to get rid of Loki once upon a time, then that power in her now runs through me, and I could do the same.

I simply had to find a way to use it. Remembering something my mother had told me long ago, I closed my eyes and felt the gentle hum of power cascading through my body, touching the part of my soul I had no control over. Are you finally willing to wake up my child? It has been so long since we met. The voice that echoed through my mind when I concentrated on that power scared me slightly. I didn't understand who it was talking or where it was coming from, but with slow admission, I whispered its response. "Save them, and you can have me." It was all that was needed for an abrupt power to course through my veins. My eyes flew open to see the surrounding dungeon area in a complete and utter mess vibrating in a variety of colors as if every single object in the room, including every person, created their own color from their bodies. The dark mass that surrounded Loki accented the dark violet blues that surrounded Inanna. They were the reason for the pain I had felt since I had gotten here, and knowing that made my blood boil.

With all of the sudden strength that I had, I ripped my hands-free from the silver shackles that had bound me to the wall. My heart raced as I watched Inanna prepare to throw a massive punch of power towards my brother.

There was no way he would be able to overcome something like that, and in a split second, I dove in front of him, throwing my hands out to watch the powers she had cast rebound straight back at her as if bouncing off the palms of my hands.

As she fell over onto the floor, her body caught fire as her screams of agony flowed through the air I couldn't help but smile. It was wrong, perhaps, but after what she had done both to my mother in accompanying Loki and to me and my friends now... she deserved it.

It was clear Loki had realized he had met his match because no longer did he have a sinister smile on his face. Instead, his eyes were wide, and fear filled them as his lips parted open. "That's not possible."

No longer did I feel like the girl who couldn't control herself. No longer did I feel as if I was a ticking time bomb waiting to explode. Instead, I felt in control, and I felt powerful.

Both of which I loved.

"No longer will your reign bring fear to the people of these realms. I banish you, Loki, back to the prison world you came from." I had no idea where it was I was sending him, but with a flick of my wrist, I opened a portal. A looming black sky of celestial matter and white tundra rock cascaded through the distance of the portal, and as Loki stared at it, he began to shake.

"You can't send me back there. I refuse to go. Your power is no match for me, I'm a god!"

Loki didn't hesitate to slowly bring the source of power from within himself, forming the core energy of who he was within the palm of his hands, and as he attempted to launch that power directly toward me, I simply tilted my head and watched him.

It was pretty the way the voided strings of black matter flowed within his fingertips, but with a snap of my fingers, the power left his hands and came crawling to me. Dancing within my own hands before seeping into my skin as if finding me a better host.

"That's not possible he gasped as I stepped closer to him.

"A lot of things aren't possible, but it's time for you to reconsider the choices you have made."

With a flick of my wrist, his body was cast into the void before it slowly closed behind him. The last I heard were the cries of his anger as he attempted to proclaim his revenge. Yet, even though the portal closed, those were the only sobs I heard.

Slowly turning around, I realized that there was a bigger problem.

There upon the floor laid my body cradled within Silas' lap. Tears flowed down his face, and Trixie, Sansa, and my brother. They wept for me, but what I didn't understand was how my body was there, if I was here. Blood seeped from the wounds and onto the floor, and as my body paled, I realized they had no idea I was standing right here.

"What the fuck?" I muttered in confusion.

Was I a ghost? It wasn't possible, and yet it was like they couldn't see me.

As confusion filled me, I heard the thundering approach of footsteps, and turning to look out the hole Silas had created when he burst into here, I saw my grandfather — Odin standing amongst the rubble.

Odin's gaze fell soft as he glanced at me and then at the body on the floor. A look of sorrow and regret seemed to fill him as he realized what had happened.

"Where were you? You should have saved her," Pollux screamed, jumping to his feet as he stormed toward Odin. "She died because of you."

"Am dead?" I asked, watching as he refused to acknowledge my brother but instead turned to me and slowly nodded his head with a heavy sigh.

"Yes, Cassie... your mortal life is gone as you know it."