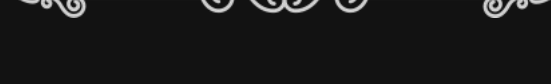


## And Then There Were Four (Lilith Carrie)

Chapter 173



### Chapter 173 New Room & Old Friends

By the time I got back to my room, I was beyond exhausted over having to deal with people in-general. The sun had set long ago, and as the moons rose up within the sky, I had a feeling my night was far from over. As soon as I walked through my door to my bedroom, Freya stood there waiting for me. And honestly, I was surprised how she had moved so quickly from the Grand Hall to my room without me even noticing.

"Freya, did you need something?" I asked her, watching as her cool eyes turned towards me with a smile on her face as she looked at a photo within a white frame I had set on my dresser.

The photo was of me and my mother from just before graduation. I hadn't wanted to take the picture with her, however, she had coerced me into doing so. And because of it, I was grateful, because it was a part of her I got to keep.

"You didn't seem too pleased to take this photo with your mother," Freya said, catching me slightly off guard as I moved within the room closer to where she was standing. I knew the woman wouldn't cause me any harm, but after all of the issues I had with Inanna and Loki, I wasn't going to take any risks of trusting people so easily.

"Yeah, that was before my mother and I kind of fixed things with each other. I was rebellious when I lived there. And my mother got on my nerves, as every mother typically does with their daughters."

"Yet you miss her dearly," she replied in a very awkward kind of sense, as if she was trying to understand what the connection with my mother and I was.

"Well, of course, I do. Don't you miss your mother?" My question was hesitant, and as I stared at her, I watched her gaze slightly furrow before she placed the picture back upon the dresser and turned to me completely.

"That isn't important, but what is important is I have a surprise for you."

Not sure what the surprise was going to be, but as she took my hand and pulled me along back outside of my room and down the hallway in a different direction than I had ever been. I couldn't help but wonder why the surprise couldn't have waited until morning.

The last thing I wanted to do was go gallivanting around this damn place. All I wanted to do was crawl into bed in PJ's and possibly read a book or something, considering there was no damn TV.

"Freya, where are you taking me? It's late, and I want to go to bed," I whined slightly, not happy with the fact she was taking me halfway across this massive palace of Odin's toward a wing that was explained as being restricted.

"Well, since you've taken upon your new position, there's no reason for you to stay in the room that you had. All of your stuff is going to be moved over in the morning, but for the time being, you're being placed in a different wing of the building."

She was literally moving me in the middle of the night to a new bedroom instead of just waiting for me to wake up in the morning refreshed after having spent a long period of time speaking with people I had no interest in actually speaking with!

Freya was a bit of an extraordinary person, and though I had gotten to know her slightly in passing since I had been here, and I had heard stories of her from my mother when I was growing up, I still couldn't understand why it was that she did things she did.

Freya always seemed to ask the most questions, and she watched everybody carefully as if trying to mimic or understand why it is they did what they did, whether it be from eating to simple conversations or even the way that I would dress. I could remember right after I had come here she had made a comment on why I was wearing leggings because she found them most extraordinary. Or so that was the wording she used.

Someone would think for a goddess who's been around for a very long time, she would at least have been able to understand what comfortable clothing was.

A few moments later, we finally arrived outside a set of white and gold double doors. I wasn't exactly sure what was beyond it, other than the room she supposedly had said was for me, but as she opened the door, my breath was literally taken away.

This room looked to be the size of an entire house. The moment I stepped in, I took in the white and lilac decor, the king size bed that sat within its center, rounded edges with draped sheer curtains and canopies that billowed down the sides of it.

Of that there were photos upon the walls of floral designs and different abstract pieces of colors, some shades I didn't even know existed. "Holy shit, is this all for me?"

Freya laughed and as I glanced over my shoulder at her moving around the room, I couldn't understand why they would give me something so massive an entire family could live in the size of this room.

"Of course, it's for you. If you're going to be a leader one day, you need a proper room."

Her question paused me in my steps, and as I spun to look at her, I couldn't help but frown. "What does a room have to do with me leading people? I don't even know if I can do this, Freya."

Opening and closing her mouth, she stared at me as if I had grown a second head. "You can, Cassie. It's in your blood."

"I don't know about that," I muttered in reply as I turned from her and continued making my way around the room.

More white accented furniture was decorated with crystal vases and a variety of flowers in different colors. It was magical and all, but the taste of the room was far from who I really was. Something I would have to fix if this was going to be my permanent situation.

"You can do it, you just need to give it time," Freya replied with hope in her voice. "Perhaps meeting with some of your friends will help to clear your mind. I let the guards know Sansa would be a frequent visitor."

Guards? What guards... I had never seen a single guard around this place since I had been here, but as I looked at

Freya once more over my shoulder, I could see how serious she was about what she had said. "What guards?"

"The valkyrie. They protect us... certainly, you knew this."

I did. I remembered the woman who came to check on us various times over the years of growing up, but I hadn't really thought of them as guards. They were warriors, but I guess to these gods, maybe they had multiple purposes.

"Yeah. I just wanted to verify," I replied, trying to play it off, "this room is beautiful, but I'm really tired..."

Freya's eyes widened slightly as she smiled, nodding her head. "How silly of me. You have had a really busy day, and tomorrow is going to be even more fun."

"Fun..." The flat tone of my response amused Freya, and as she turned without giving further explanation, I had little hope whatever I was going to do was actually fun. If it was anything like I had gone through today... it would be zero fun.

As soon as Freya left, and I was left alone again, I took the opportunity to wander around my new room-or large apartment-to see what else it had to offer. Which was a lot.

A separate room held a small living area with navy blue sofas and a white coffee table and what took my breath away was an actual fucking TV in the room. "No fucking way..."

"I thought you would like it..." the sound of a woman's voice made me jump out of my skin as I screamed and spun around to find Trixie leaning against the door frame to another room with a wide smile on her face.

I had never been so happy to see her, and as I ran to her throwing my arms around her, I tried to understand how she had even gotten here. "What the hell are you doing here?"

"Well, I kind of needed a small break from your... parental units, and figured you may want some more reminders from home."

Hearing she was already tired of my parents worried me, and as I pulled away, staring at her with a look of concern, she let out a small laugh. "It's fine...really."

"What's fine? What have my parents done?"

Shrugging her shoulders, she moved towards the sofa in the center of the living room, and plopped down upon it. "Well, when you disappeared, your mother went into full on panic mode, and took it out on everyone. Of course, your father's Hale and James were able to sort of get her calmed down, but when she found out I can still come and go between realms, she was on me like... what was that term your brother used..." she replied while thinking to herself, "oh yeah... she was on me like white on rice... or something like that."

A snort of laughter echoed from me hearing Trixie try to speak in normal terms considering she came from a culture that didn't speak like that. "I'm sorry she acted that way towards you. She can be a little dramatic at times."

"A little?" Trixie scoffed with a smile. "She was the one who made me bring you tons of shit... including the TV which I told her wouldn't work because we don't have television... so she gave me the DVD player in the living room to give you as well as the collection of DVDs... which your brother Dillon was pretty upset about."

Hearing the stuff going on back at home made me want to cry. I missed my family, and hearing the usually dilemmas from Trixie's mouth while not being able to experience it was heart-wrenching. "Thank you for bringing that stuff. It means a lot."

There was a moment of silence until Trixie sighed, pulling me from my own thoughts of what my family was up to. As I let my gaze meet hers once more, I found her looking around the room, taking in all the decor and extras it had to offer.

"Freya didn't waste any time in having Odin put you on a pedestal, did she?"

"I wouldn't call it a pedestal," I replied, "but it's really nice."

"That's good... so Ansley said you had to meet with the council today. Played nice and whatnot so everyone liked you," she replied completely disregarding what she had said. beore.

"Yeah... but how do you know Ansley?" Trixie looked at me for a moment before smiling and shrugging her shoulders. "I know everyone..."

"So I see..." Shaking my head, I took a moment to think over the event, and my mind quickly drifted back to Solina and her brother. "I did meet the children of Thor... Mani is something else."

Sitting up straight, she leaned forward with wide-eyes. "Oh, shit... those two are back?"

"What do you mean back?" I asked, now worried about them seeing as Trixie wasn't one for explaining shit very well, and from the gaze in her eyes, I could tell she didn't mean to say what she had.

"Well-" she sighed, "let's just say that Mani was supposed to have your title, and you came and took it from him without him being able to fight to keep it. Not to mention your a girl and outside of his sister, he is completely sexist."

Great... just fucking great.

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