

And Then There Were Four (Lilith Carrie)

Chapter 174

Chapter 174: Coffee Shop Dilemma's

After spending the evenings staying up late talking with Trixie, I felt refreshed when I woke the next morning. Granted, I was still nervous about how things were going to go, but at least I had a clearer mind going into it. I wasn't as stressed out about my position, and though I felt like I had to impress certain people, I would do it on my own terms.

I climbed out of bed, stretched my arms over my head, and made my way to the bathroom to get dressed. Determination surged through me to prove to myself I could be the person I was supposed to be. But first of all, I was going to need a lot of caffeine in my system in order to be able to accomplish what I needed to get done.

Heading out of my room, fully dressed and prepared for the day, I made my way down the corridors trying to follow the steps I had taken with Freya from the night before. Sansa was supposed to be meeting me, and the two of us were going to go up to the local cafe to get a bit of coffee and catch up on what had been going on.

I was informed by Trixie last night with my position I was no longer going to be allowed to attend the school, which is a bit shocking because I was hoping to catch back up with people. Even though there were a lot of people there that didn't care for me.

There were still some I did enjoy speaking with on a daily basis, like Kathy from my magic class.

Letting out a heavy sigh, I tried not to let everything bother me and instead continued on my path, out the front doors of the building and down the street towards the cafe where I knew Sansa would be waiting for me.

It was beautiful outside, as it always was, but the more I walked down the street, the more I realized people were stopping and staring at me. Hushed whispers, excited faces, even smiles, while other people seem to be slightly concerned.

I wasn't quite sure why they were looking at me like this. I mean, granted, Odin did come before everybody to say I was the new heir apparent, a word I couldn't stand hearing, but I was just like anybody else. I wasn't going to be like these other gods and goddesses who thought they were better than everybody, although there were a select few who didn't.

I closed in on the cafe and was excited at having the coffee I needed this morning. As the doorbell chimed above me, people meandered around the cafe with a variety of different caffeinated beverages, I couldn't help but feel finally at home and safe amongst the walls.

Letting my eyes scan over the surrounding tables, I finally landed upon Sansa, who stood sat with her eyes on her phone and a frustrated look on her face.

"Are you okay?" I asked as I approached the table, her eyes lifting to mine before she let out a frustrated groan of disapproval and placed her phone on the table.

"Yeah, I'm fine. My brothers just pissing me off this morning."

Taking my seat across from her, I noticed she had already gotten my coffee, and as I lifted the cup to my lips, taking a deep breath in of the beautiful aroma it created, I sipped it, enjoying the flavors that bubbled over my tongue. "Oh my God, you have no idea how much I needed this coffee."

"I bet." She laughed as she eyed me up and down. "What's with the new get-up? I don't think I've ever seen you dressed so good before."

"Hey, I take that offensive. There's nothing wrong with the way I dress," I replied as I used my hand to gesture up and down my body, causing her to laugh even more.

She wasn't wrong, though. None of my stuff from my old room had been transferred over to the new room yet, so I was forced to get dressed in the attire provided for me in the closet of my new room, which consisted of more formal clothing and not the typical leggings and a sweatshirt I would have rather have been in.

Still, I was able to find a cute pair of black tights that almost resembled leggings and matched it with a black skirt and red sweater, as well as the closest thing I could find to normal boots.

"Okay, I'll admit it isn't that bad. But still, it's weird seeing you out of sight of your leggings and sweatshirts..."

The more we continued to banter, the more I was glad I had come to see her. I had almost decided to cancel the entire thing when I woke up and realized I had to stop being my normal self and start being more... professional, I suppose. Yet, sitting here with Sansa now, I realized I could face everything I had to do.

I simply needed a force of people at my side I liked to get through this.

"So I was thinking I might be able to get you to help me with some of this stuff..." I said in a very nonchalant kind of way that made her brow quirk with interest.

"What stuff?" Sipping on her coffee, I took a moment to think over what exactly I was going to say and how I was going to put it across to her. Sansa was cool as shit, but she was the kind of girl who enjoyed blending into the background. Even when things went down with Loki, and we needed her help... she wasn't one who really wanted to be part of it.

"Well, I got Odin to agree to let me help with designing the games that the men would have to go through... or something like that, and I thought maybe you could be by my side through all of it and keep me sane from the mass of socialites who want to sweep me up."

Sansa paused, staring at me before she broke out into a fit of laughter as if what I had suggested was the most amusing thing she had ever heard. "Oh. You were being serious?"

"Yes-" I replied, rolling my eyes with a groan, "I have no idea what the hell I'm doing, Sansa. You know this place and the people better than I do."

Shaking her head, she scoffed. "No... that was Trixie's department, not mine."

"Yeah, and she can't be here." I reminded her, causing her to sigh.

"I know she can't, but I'm not sure I'm the best one for this task. I mean I can't even get shit right when dealing with my brother and his friends, and you want me to take on the whole elite socialite department of this realm?"

I could tell by the look on Sansa's face she didn't really like the idea of having to do this, and I hated asking her but I didn't have anyone else to really ask that wasn't a goddess already or someone who didn't like me. "So I'll take that as a no?"

Setting her coffee cup down, she glared at me before crossing her arms over her chest in anger. "Well, of course I'm going to fucking help you, dum-dum... I'm just saying I don't know shit about this crap, and we need someone who does."

A victorious squeal escaped me as I jumped from my seat and about knocked the drinks over on the coffee table in front of us in an attempt to hug her. "Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you!"

"Calm down, woman!" she gasped as I pulled away laughing and took my seat, watching the shock settle in her facial expressions. "Jesus, you spill my coffee, and you're buying me a new one."

"Deal," I muttered with a smile as approaching footsteps caused us both to look over to see Solina walking towards us with her own coffee in her hand. Her eyes gazed between Sansa and I with amusement.

"Cassie, it's good to see you again."

My demeanor completely changed the moment this girl spoke to me, and sitting a little bit straighter, I held my chin high and gave her a blank expression. "You as well, Solina."

I wasn't looking to carry on conversation with her after the things I had heard she had done to quite a few of the staff-besides Ansley-over her time in staying in this place. Not to mention the introduction we had yesterday was enough to last me a lifetime.

"So, if I overheard correctly... you're looking for help? I'd love to offer my services. I know all about this kind of stuff."

If she thought for one moment her smooth talk was going to get her anywhere with me she was sadly mistaken. "Thanks for the offer, but Sansa and I have this covered."

Solina's eyes gazed over to Sansa again before she sneered slightly in disgust before looking to me once more. "But she is just a witch... surely you need someone with a better understanding."

I couldn't believe Solina had enough balls to take shit to me in front of Sansa. She didn't even know the girl and from the looks of it, Sansa was glad she didn't have to know Solina.

"She said we got it," Sansa said as she leaned forward in her chair. Her elbows rested upon her knees as she stared at Solina.

"Thank you though... you can co find a new victim—I mean, best friend to play with."

It was clear to anyone in or out of the conversation that Solina and Sansa did not get a long. Part of me wondered if it was something to have been done in their past, but the other part of me wondered if it was just because they were stubborn and didn't want to relinquish the idea of us all being friends.

Not that I wanted to be friends with Solina.

She was to wicked for her own good.

"Fine, suit yourself," Solina said, finally turning towards the door to the cafe without a single other word said to either of us.

"For some reason, I have a feeling this isn't the last we see if her...!" Sansa muttered picking up her phone again, "what about reaching out to Silas or Lucas to help."

"What?" No way... Lucas hates me, and Silas was MIA... and for a dragon, that's nearly impossible.

"Why not?" she shrugged, gesturing towards me with knitted brows and a look of confusion.

I wasn't sure what exactly to tell her when it came to Silas and Lucas. She knew the gist of it but at the same time shit was a little more complicated with them than I had initially told her and Trixie. "I-I can't use them."

"And why would that be? Both boys are fucking in love with you."

"Yeah, but neither of them are my mate... well, Lucas isn't anymore. Plus, I haven't spoken to them since the day everything happened," I countered in frustration, hoping that she wouldn't get on to me like a few others had.

Opening and closing her mouth, she hesitated before she began to laugh. "No communication like... at all?"

"Yeah, no. They are avoiding me like the plague."

"Well, then you need to fix that," she commanded as she stood to her feet. "If we are going to make shit happen then you have to fix things with them. That's your task. In the meantime, I'll hit up the school and see if I can find trustworthy people there."

There was no point in arguing with Sansa when she said something, and leaning in to hug her goodbye, the feeling of easiness washed over me, realizing I didn't have to do this alone.

The only other problem to deal with now... was making sure Silas and Lucas were talking to me and ready to help with my crazy ass bullshit.