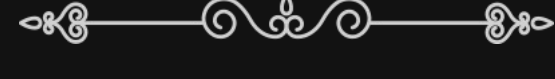


And Then There Were Four (Lilith Carrie)

Chapter 175



Chapter 175: Confronting Issues

Telling Solina off ended up being the beginning of a great day. Sansa had made it her personal objective to guide me through how to make an eventful Solstice game, and according to her, this was something they usually did every few years, but this time... it was going to be epic.

Why was it going to be epic? Because she said, she was helping me plan.

The laughter that escaped me upon this proclamation was uncontrollable, but I loved her for that. She had turned my worries and fears around and made me realize I was freaking out for nothing. Not to mention pointing out that if Trixie happened to pop back once... she was definitely bound to do it again.

The girl was notorious for doing things spontaneously.

"So where are we going?" My question followed a twenty-minute walk uptown, and when the arena came into view, I found myself growing more confused as to where we were headed.

Turning her gaze to me, Sansa scoffed, "I figured the giant arena ahead of us was a dead giveaway, Cassie."

She was annoyed with me asking questions, and that made it all the more amusing when I did ask them. Yet, nudging her shoulder with mine, I was able to get her to smile quite easily. "You know I just enjoy teasing you... but for real though... why are we going to the arena?"

"Because that's where the shit's taking place. I figured our first stop would be to the arena to get a good look at the area and maybe get some ideas."

"Sure it wasn't because you wanted to watch the guys sparring?" The smirk that blessed the corner of my lips made Sansa roll her eyes.

"Shut the hell up..." she muttered, smiling back at me. "I can't help it, they are gorgeous to look at."

She wasn't wrong, and as we made our way through the tunnel, the view of the field came into view as well as the many half-naked bodies upon it. "Maybe this was a good idea..."

"See, I told you," she mumbled back as we made our way down the steps towards the concert seating towards the front. "I think sitting close would be better. Helps to get a good view of the competitors."

I wasn't sure what she meant by that. I knew that it was a competition, but I didn't think it was open to everyone. I had figured it was just all those high socialites I had met the other day. "Wait... anyone can join?"

Looking over at me as we took our seats, she raised a brow in confusion. "Uh, yeah, of course. Didn't they tell you anything about this shit?"

"Obviously not."

The fact I was walking into this whole competition blind was beyond aggravating. I had told Sansa I didn't know anything about this crap, but I suppose it would make sense that they at least would give me the basic rundown. I mean, I hadn't even been told what my job title was going to entail once the competition was over... if I had a job title or whatever it was.

"Look, I'm blind with this crap. That's why I need you to help me because I literally know nothing." Sansa nodded in understanding as she pointed towards the field.

"You see those guys right there with the blue shorts on?"

Following the direction she was pointing to, I spotted four guys who were overly chiseled and dripping in sweat. Their toned bodies in various shades of bronze glistened underneath the sun as they messed around with each other, pretending to spar and wrapping each other in headlocks. "You mean the oversized children?"

"Yeah," she snorted in laughter. "Those are wolf half-breeds. They are typical jocks you would see on earth, but they love a good challenge. Last tournament, the tall one with the golden brown hair lost by half a point and has kept that grudge for a very long time."

"So other words, he needs to be watched out for?"

Nodding her head, she sighed. "Yeah... and he is a complete asshole. However, since you're the prize, he may try to approach you. Just don't fall for his bullshit... it's all a lie. He has never been nice with a single girl he has been with, and that has been a lot."

The longer we sat there, the more Sansa explained to me about the different people on the field who would end up signing up to compete. Most wouldn't as they weren't interested, but there were a lot who would, and they were all ones to watch out for.

As I took in the competition, I didn't miss the dark-haired figure of a man I knew all too well walking across the field to spar. Lucas looked as gorgeous as he did the day I met him, and from the looks of his bulked-out muscles, he had spent a lot of his time on this training field changing.

"He looks good, doesn't he?" Sansa asked, pulling me from the dazed thoughts I had. As much as I didn't want to admit that he did look good, I couldn't.

He was a walk sex machine, and even with our bond broken, I still yearned for him.

"I wonder if he is entering..." I muttered, "he won't talk to me, and I hate it."

Thinking about Lucas only put a damper on my mood, and as I tried to focus my attention away from him, I couldn't. He stood across the field, his body shining in the setting sun, and as if he knew that I was watching him, he turned to face me, narrowing his gaze.

Was he mad at me? I had no fucking clue, but I was tired of playing games.

I wanted answers. "I'm going to go talk to him."

"What?" Sansa replied wide-eyed, "didn't that end up badly last time?"

Thinking of last time and the way he looked at me when he realized what he had done was heartbreaking. The moment he realized he was the reason I wasn't alive, he wanted to die. The scream that left his throat wasn't something I wanted to remember, and his anger had been so intense he even begged Pollux to kill him for what he had done.

Of course, I didn't allow that. It wasn't his fault entirely. Inanna had been poisoning his mind.

"Yeah... well, kind of. Still, look at him... he looks so angry," I replied, still staring at where he stood, no longer looking at me but instead working out with weights as he waited for his turn on the field.

"He does look like he has spent most of his time out here working out, doesn't he? Damn, that man got bigger..."

"Sansa!" The laughter that broke out between us was refreshing as always, and as she nudged me with her shoulder, she urged me to go and speak to him.

Standing to my feet, I made my way down the concrete steps towards the field and directly across the green grass towards where Lucas was. All eyes were on me for the most part as I made my way towards Lucas, and with the hoots and hollers of the men on the sidelines of the field, it perked Lucas's attention, who turned his gaze towards me with a raised brow.

"What are you doing?" he murmured the moment I approached him, "I have nothing to say to you, Cassie."

"Well, I have a lot to say to you..." The stern tone of my comment caught his attention, and turning to face me, he sighed with what seemed like aggravation.

"I don't know why. I thought we already made it clear I was not someone you needed to be around."

Rolling my eyes, I stared at his chiseled jawline and deep dark eyes that made my core ache with the longing he had created in me. No matter how much time had gone by with us and even with a broken bond... I wanted him. Yet, he refused to see that.

"That wasn't you, Lucas. It was Inanna-"

"Stop it!" he snapped at me in a low and hushed tone, trying not to drag the attention to others who stood nearby. "I was the cause... had I been stronger, you wouldn't have gotten hurt. Not that any of that matters now. You're going to be getting married to one of these pricks anyways."

"One of those pricks? I'd wish you would come to your senses and be the man I want you to be."

The anger that poured off of him was not expected, and as he slammed the weight down upon the ground, the metal clanging against the others, I couldn't help but jump slightly, and the moment I did, remorse crossed his face. "Can't you see I'm nothing but bad for you?"

The fear lingered in his eyes as they searched mine, trying to find some sense of understanding, but I couldn't give up on him. Lucas may have given up on me and everyone else, but I couldn't give up on him. "We were mated, Lucas... those feelings don't go away."

"Yet, they do," he snapped once more. "How many times do I have to tell you we're not mates anymore."

Tears pricked my eyes as a calming flow of energy washed over me, and looking over my shoulder, I watched Sansa approach. Her eyes glowed a slight silver as the powers she used on me kept me in check. "I could feel you getting worked up from all the way over there. Remember what we have talked about."

I knew exactly what she meant. She didn't want me to show my emotions too much to the people out here on the field or in general, period. They couldn't use the emotions and situations to create problems for me that I may not be able to come back from. It was a weakness I couldn't afford, or so that was what Sansa had proclaimed.

As she stood beside me, staring at Lucas, his narrowed gaze darting from me to Sansa and back, I wanted more than anything to reach out to him. To hug him and tell him I forgive him. Yet, that was the kind of emotion I couldn't show.

"If that's how you feel... just remember, it's only your opinion, Lucas."

My feet couldn't carry me any faster as I darted towards a side exit and hastily made my way back towards my suite. The green grass flew by me as I sped towards the elegant white-marbled building in search of the solace I needed.

I wanted to cry... to scream, and yell. To tell him how stupid he was, and I couldn't.

Doing something immature like that in public was just going to make questions arise. Never in my life had I felt so conflicted over my emotions. I was a girl who said it how it was and showed full well that she wasn't someone to be fucked with, and now... I had to be reserved.

It was bullshit, and I hated it more than anything.

If Odin and the other gods thought I was going to be a prim and proper girl...

They were fucking wrong.