

And Then There Were Four (Lilith Carrie)

Chapter 176

Chapter 176: Longing for Clairty

Lucas.

I hated myself for how I was treating Cassie, but it was for the best. It was the only way I could keep her safe from the person I had become. From the person who had done nothing but cause her pain. I was supposed to have been her mate, and instead, I allowed myself to fall prey to a greater power. One able to manipulate my mind.

Watching her walk away from me hurt, and the moment she disappeared from my sight, I was left with Sansa's angry glare and look of disapproval. "You're a fucking idiot, Lucas."

"Whatever," I scoffed, rolling my eyes, trying to rationalize what I was doing. "What did you expect me to fucking do? You know the fucking risks of me being around her."

"Risks, Lucas? Please tell me you're joking right now."

There was no point in talking to Sansa about this. She had been telling me for weeks to stop acting the way I was, and I doubted that Cassie knew of my and Sansa's conversations. Not that there was much to tell. Usually, it was a bunch of scolding and my refusal to admit I was being stupid. As much as part of me yearned to be with her, I couldn't. I couldn't run the risk of me falling back on old ways and hurting her again.

Cassie was important to everyone here, and I cared too much about her to let her fall hurt because of me. I didn't care what anyone had to say about that... it was my choice, and I would do what I wanted to in regards to Cassie. "I'm done discussing this. Sansa."

"Well, I'm not," she replied, grabbing my arm to stop me from turning away from her. "Cassie is going through this without anyone to really be by her side, and out of all the men she could be paired with, she wants you to be there. Even though I think she is stupid for wanting that because you don't deserve her when you're acting like this."

Sansa had said many things to me in the past, but she had never been this forward before. I was honestly shocked to hear her comment, and also to learn that no matter how mean I had been to Cassie and all the shit I had done to her, she still wanted me to be with her.

"Even if I wanted to... they won't let me participate"

Laughing, Sansa shook her head. "And why not? What could possibly stop you from doing so?"

No matter what I said, Sansa wasn't going to let this go, and with a groan of frustration, I threw my hands in the air and sneered at her. "Because I'm the reason she died to begin with. Not to mention, I'm not like the rest of them. My bloodline makes me defective."

Sansa stood there for a moment, surprisingly quiet as she stared at me, and then glanced towards the arena where multiple men stood glancing over at us, obviously having heard my outburst. The dirty looks of some and amused glares of others only further irritated me, but what did I expect after what I had fucking done?

I had made things worse for myself by listening to that stupid bitch Inanna.

Tired of dealing with Sansa, I bent down and grabbed my shirt off the ground, tossing it over my shoulder as I stormed off toward the exit. I was still staying in the same room I had been before, and it was clear when they moved Cassie to a more private wing, I wasn't welcome.

I wanted more than anything to go back home to Earth and live my life out there away from Cassie, but the private conversation Odin had with me after the incident made it clear I was never going to be allowed to go back home.

My place would be here permanently, and as long as I stayed in line and did what I was asked to do, then I wouldn't be a prisoner. Even though, essentially, I fucking was.

"Lucas, wait!" Sansa called out as I stopped in my tracks, looking over my shoulder to see her running across the green, the arena looming in the background.

"What do you want, Sansa? I'm done with the scolding bullshit you constantly throw my way."

Out of breath, her curly black hair bounced off her shoulders as she bent over, huffing and puffing, she held up a finger, telling me to give her a minute.

"Fuck, I really need to start working out... my cardio fucking sucks," she panted, causing me to snort with laughter as I watched her.

"Well, I'm surprised you don't work out, seeing as your brother is addicted to it."

Standing straight, she raised a brow glaring at me before quickly shaking it away. "Look... all I was going to say was that you shouldn't give up. She refuses to give up on you, so instead of acting like you are, why don't you prove to her that you want to change... or better yet, prove to yourself and everyone else what you're actually capable of."

Stunned and slightly speechless, I tried to process what she was saying, yet before I could even get a word out, she turned and made her way back towards the school without so much as a goodbye.

I had tried for weeks to stay away from Cassie, and as much as I thought that was the best idea, I couldn't help but wonder if I was making a mistake.

Maybe everything that happened did happen for a reason, like Freya had told me.

Maybe the steps taken were setting up a future I needed to be prepared for.

Cassie.

I couldn't believe how idiotic I had sounded trying to explain myself to Lucas on the field. I had really hoped after all this time, he would have seen I was trying to be the bigger person. That I was trying to fix this relationship between us.

Pacing around my small living room, I ran my hands through my hair, trying to let go of the negative anger currently coursing through me. I was pissed, but most of all, I was hurt.

I couldn't understand why he didn't want to just try and make things work.

It was as if the thought of trying was too hard for him to imagine, and perhaps it was time I started accepting that. The roles were reversed for once, and I had to figure out how to do what I was expected to do. I didn't have the luxury of messing around with love when I had a festival to plan.

A knock at my door caught my attention, and stopping in my tracks, I turned to the large double doors and contemplated telling whoever it was to get fucking lost because I wasn't in the mood.

Yet as the door opened, revealing Ansley, the anger subsided.

"Ansley, why are you knocking?" I asked curiously as to why she didn't just walk in, considering she was my assigned servant.

With a bit of a chipper smile on her face, she closed the door behind her and made her way toward me hesitantly. "I'm sorry to bother you, but I was told to prepare you for training."

Was she being serious right now? "Training for what?"

"Uh, I believe to go over the event. I'm not sure I was just asked to let you know," she replied, slightly uneasy by my short and clipped tone. Guilt instantly filled me with how I had spoken to her. It wasn't her fault all this shit was going on, and with a heavy sigh, I ran my hand over my face and groaned.

"I'm sorry, Ansley. I don't mean to speak to you that way. I'm just... it's been a long day. Not to mention I have a horrible migraine."

Ansley stood staring at me as if confused by my apology. Her mouth opened and closed as I moved toward the sofa, taking a seat. "Would you like a cup of tea and some aspirin? Perhaps a snack? I don't mind telling them you're not feeling well so you can rest for the rest of the day."

Rest. It sounded fucking amazing, but as much as I wanted to do what Odin and Freya said needed to be done, maybe Ansley was right. How was I supposed to do what they asked if I was overly exhausted and beyond confused?

The more I thought about it, the more frustrated I became.

"Okay... yeah, let them know I'm not up for it tonight. Maybe I do need some rest and shit."

Nodding her head, Ansley smiled. "I'll bring you something to eat and some aspirin as well. Don't worry, Cassie. Everything will be fine. You just need more time to adjust to everything."

Surprised by her sudden forwardness, I watched her quickly turn and head back out the bedroom door with her hair swaying from its ponytail behind her. The idea of having a servant was still something I was getting used to, as was all the other shit that came with my new job title. In all honesty, I felt more alone than I ever had before.

As the silence of the room consumed my thoughts, I couldn't stop myself from thinking about Lucas and the way he looked at me today on the field. How incredibly hot he was standing there under the sun, glistening in sweat. The way his dark eyes gazed upon me as if he was hungry for me but at the same time confused about how he felt.

Yet, also how angry he looked that I was once again trying to get his attention.

He wasn't the only one who was confused, though, and the more I thought about it, the more I wanted to talk to him. "Ah-what the fuck is wrong with me?"

"You know, they say talking to your sign of intelligence-"

The sound of the voice caused me to jump, and as I turned quickly, my eyes scanned the vicinity by my open bedroom door; my eyes landed upon a pair of bluish-green eyes I hadn't set sight on in weeks. My heart leaped out of my chest as I jumped from my seat, bolting across the space to the tall, broad figure of a man with chocolate brown hair.

"Silas!" I gasped out as I wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled him to my chest with tears of joy in my eyes. "Where the fuck have you been?"