

And Then There Were Four (Lilith Carrie)

Chapter 179

Chapter 179: Trixie & Sansa

Cassie.

The warmth of sunlight fell upon my cheek and as I slowly opened my eyes, taking in the dust particles dancing within the beams that filtered in through the open window. I realized what had happened last night with Silas wasn't a dream. I had made a stand and fucked things up like I always did, and with a groan, I rubbed my hands over my face and tried to figure out how I was going to apologize for being an idiot.

The sound of footsteps upon the marbled floor caught my attention, and looking towards my bedroom door, I watched Trixie prance in wearing black knee-high boots and a black flowing summery dress that stopped at her thighs with a white belt and her hair curiously braided into two french braids.

A look that was completely different from how Trixie usually dressed, which was odd.

"Trixie? What the hell are you doing here?" I asked slightly shocked and confused as I sat up in bed, trying to process if what I was seeing was actually true.

Taking a bite of the apple in her hands, she went from wide-eyed to furrowed brows with a shrug of her shoulders. "Sansa reached out to me and told me you desperately need guidance. So, here I am."

"Wait. Sansa reached out to you?"

Unsure of what exactly was going on, I let my legs slide over the edge of the bed as I sat there in my blue cotton shorts and tank top trying to process what was going on. It wasn't like we had cell phones in this place. So for Sansa to reach out to Trixie didn't make sense.

"What the hell is wrong with you? Why do you look like you lost your puppy and don't know where to find it?" Glancing up at Trixie, I quirked a brow and laughed at her comment. She was witty with her comebacks, but half the time, they didn't make sense.

Running my hand over my face, I sighed. "I'm sorry. I just was trying to understand how she reached out to you."

"I am a witch, Cassie," Sansa's voice called out from my living room, making my eyes dart towards the open doorway and back to Trixie, who gestured towards the door, shrugging her shoulders again.

"Sansa's here too?"

"Well, yeah," Trixie said nonchalantly, "why wouldn't she be?"

It was clear something was bothering Trixie, and I wasn't sure what it was yet. But her moody comments and unwillingness to seemingly want to help were unusual behavior for her. Not that I was going to point it out.

Sliding from the bed, my feet hit the floor as I stood stretching my arms over my head. I didn't miss the way Trixie glanced at me with a smirk on her face as I padded my way toward the bathroom to brush my teeth. "So, I heard you had a visitor last night."

Groaning, I popped my toothbrush into my mouth and rolled my eyes, trying my best not to get into the topic of Silas and what had transpired between the two of us.

"Oh, come on, Cassie. Give me the details," Trixie urged as I glanced over my shoulder at her finishing my teeth with a sigh.

"There is nothing to tell. He came to visit me... we got into a heated debate, and he left."

Brushing past her, I headed towards the living room only to stop short and stare at the sight before me. Sansa sat on the floor at the coffee table with her dark curly hair pulled up into a bun on her head, papers scattered all around her, and a pencil in her mouth.

"What in the hell-" I murmured, causing Sansa to glance up at me with a smile as Trixie came from behind me and plopped herself upon the sofa.

"You know... I heard that you and Silas had more than a heated debate. That there was some shouting, and when he left, he looked more than pissed off about whatever you two talked about."

Of course, it was no surprise Trixie would know this information and want to know exactly what happened. She was a stickler for the details, and though it was one thing I loved about her, it could also be slightly irritating when it came to your personal life.

"It was nothing," I gritted out, trying to drop the subject. "Sansa, what are you doing?"

"Hmm-" she muttered absentmindedly before turning her attention to me fully. "Oh, this? It's the plans for the games, of course. I have everything mapped out for you. All you have to do is approve it."

I hadn't realized Sansa was putting so much work into this over the last day or so while I had been slacking off for the most part. She was a go-getter, and from the looks of it, she liked to plan things out as well... which would be useful in the long run.

'Oh, well, what were you thinking? Because I have no clue about what to do."

The moment I gave the floor to Sansa, her eyes beamed with excitement as she began shuffling through papers and pulling out books. I didn't realize that an event like this would take so much work to sort out, but according to the way she was acting, it must have been a really big deal.

"So, I say we keep the games as they have always been with the fighting challenges for the strength training, but what I was thinking was mixing it with the agility part. So like, maybe a course but one that they basically would fight during to break towards the end."

With my mouth partially opened in confusion, I glanced at Trixie, who sat on the sofa completely amused by what Sansa was saying. "So are we going like straight Viking then? Like the ways of Bjorn?"

The name Bjorn had come up once before in some of the stuff I had read about Anna and her lover, Bjorn. However, I had never really paid too much attention to it when I was reading it because it wasn't important at the time. Yet, as Sansa nodded her head in agreement, I found it may have been better had I read more into it.

The books, of course, I had in my room somewhere... if they were moved into the new room.

As Sansa went to open her mouth to answer Trixie, I quickly interjected, "Wait, Viking thing?"

Both girls looked at me with confusion and laughter as they furrowed their brows as if unsure of what to say to me. "Cassie, Odin is a Norse god... they are associated with that kind of lifestyle."

"Well, of course, I know that," I replied, rolling my eyes with irritation, "I'm just saying like what Viking thing are you talking about... you know, with the games. I don't get it."

"Oh," Sansa said softly, giving me an understanding smile, "sometimes I forget you haven't been here that long."

"Yeah, it's totally cool, Cassie," Trixie replied, her mood seeming to lift slightly as she leaned forward with her elbows on her knees. "Think of it like a triple cup kind of thing. So there are three events, and the winners of every event move to the next event until the last one proclaims the overall winner. Does that make sense?"

Trixie's explanation did make slight sense, but at the same time, I didn't get why Trixie had called it a Viking thing. I mean, there were tons of cultures I knew about that had done games like that over the centuries. "So what makes it Viking?"

"Well, the brutality, I guess."

Raising my brows in response to Sansa's reasoning, I sat there in shock. "Brutality?"

Glancing between the two girls in front of me, both of them nodded as if it was the most natural thing to suggest. I was a girl who came from a wolf pack and had seen sparring turn into horrible fights but thinking people would have to compete this way never really struck me as something that would happen.

If I was ever going to be able to adjust to this new life, I really had to get it together and stop doubting everything I was told. "Well, that will be interesting."

"Oh, it is... not to mention incredibly hot," Trixie replied, causing us all to laugh.

"I don't think bloodshed is hot... and you're mated to my brother, so I don't even wanna know the kind of things you two get into if you think brutality is hot."

Sansa cackled as Trixie glared at me with shock and a smile. "Oh my God, Cassie... I didn't mean like that. The guys who compete are hot... I'm not a sadist or anything."

"Well, sometimes I wonder what you're into with some of the shit you say," I replied in a teasing tone that caused her to pick up the pillow from the sofa and toss it at me, which caused me to laugh in response.

It was nice to sit here with the two of them and simply be ourselves. Especially when I didn't know exactly how long I was going to be able to continue doing this. When I was awarded the title I was, I expected some type of princess-style life, but I was slowly wondering what I was going to be going through, considering Odin wasn't like the people I read about in books.

He was in charge, but he was more sarcastic and eager to see how things unfold. I suppose like a Viking who took what he wanted, traveled often, and didn't follow any one set of rules.

"So back to the games things, why don't we do this... just draft up the ideas, put a twist on it to some of the shit you both know I like, and let Odin know. I trust you both to make it interesting."

"You sure you don't want your input?" Sansa questioned with concern in her tone, "I mean, I have no problem doing it like that, but I just want to make sure you're sure."

Letting out a heavy sigh, I nodded. "Yeah, I'm sure. Plus, they want me to take classes and learn about shit to do with heritage or something. Ansley was supposed to fill me in with that crap today."

Trixie snorted in response to what I said as she shook her head. "You mean Ansley Gray? The previous servant girl of Solina's?"

"Uh... yeah," I replied with hesitation, suddenly wondering what was wrong with the girl for Trixie to respond the way she did. It was very unusual for Trixie to be acting completely moody like this was, and the more she kept acting like this, the more I questioned what was going on.

"Be careful of that one... she seems sweet, but Solina could have her spying on you."

"Dude, what's wrong with you?" I interjected, completely ignoring what Trixie had said. "You have been incredibly moody since you got here."

"No, I'm not," she snapped under her breath as she avoided eye contact with Sansa and me.

"Actually, now that Cassie mentioned it... you are acting really weird." At Sansa's addition to what I was saying, Trixie jumped to her feet and began pacing around the room, her hand running through her hair before she started biting on her nails.

"I don't know what's wrong with me..." she finally sighed as she turned to us with tear-filled eyes.

"What do you mean... what's going on?" Trying to remain gentler in my tone so as not to upset her, I watched her take a few deep breaths as she shrugged her shoulders.

'That's the thing. There are so many things. I mean, living with your family isn't exactly easy, and then this girl Pollux used to know keeps trying to piss me off, and I'm trying to be nice. On top of that, I can't stop eating... and sleeping. I fucking sleep all the time lately.'

As a smile grew on my face, I turned to Sansa, who was giving me the same look. I knew exactly what the hell was wrong with Trixie, and as she glanced between Sansa and me with confusion, I couldn't help but laugh.

"Trixie... are you pregnant?"