

## And Then There Were Four (Lilith Carrie)

Chapter 180

Chapter 180: Pregnant?

Cassie.

"Pregnant?!" Trixie gasped as she shook her head, 'no, no, no... that's not possible."

It didn't matter that Trixie was refusing to believe she was. I could feel it. There was an heir to my family's home growing inside her, and it totally made sense she was acting the way she was. The only problem was she hadn't accepted, and no one else knew.

"I always wanted to be an aunt." Crossing my hands over my chest, I smiled at Sansa. "Best day ever."

"I'm not pregnant!" Trixie shrieked, causing Sansa and I both to laugh at the outburst she made as her eyes went wide once more, and she covered her hand over her mouth in shock. "There's no way, Cassie... I mean, it's too early."

'Trixie, it's not a big deal. You're going to be an amazing mom, and Pollux will cater to you as he was when you were here. The guy will be ecstatic.'

The moment I mentioned my brother, tears filled her eyes, and I thought back to what she had said before I mentioned her being pregnant. Someone was messing with Trixie, and my brother was obviously being a fucking idiot as usual.

"Trixie, why are you crying?" Sansa asked as she stood to her feet and made her way towards Trixie wrapping her arms around her. "You don't need to be sad."

'Whose the girl messing with you, Trixie?' I stated firmly, causing both of them to glance at me with hesitation. "It wouldn't happen to be Ashley, would it?"

Trixie nodded her head, and as she did, I almost saw red. Hearing my brother's bimbo ex was causing issues for my friend pissed me off. I had told my family to protect and guide Trixie, and it was clear there was nothing being done about Ashley.

She was a problem I should have taken care of a long time ago. I couldn't stand the girl.

'It's okay, though. I'll handle it,' Trixie said, trying to reassure me. My anger did nothing to subside as I thought of the girl who had been more arrogant than was needed back in the day. She had thought because she was a she-wolf and popular at the time, that gave her the claim over my brother.

All of which vanished when he dumped her, and we came to Asgard. Yet, now with Trixie and Pollux back, she is determined it seems to make her place in my brother's life again.

'Have you talked to Pollux about this?' I asked, curious to know if my brother was aware and if he what he was doing to ensure that Ashley was put in her place again.

"Kind of... it's hard to explain." She sighed just in time for a bell to ring and my suite door to open, showing a very excited Freya standing there with her hair hanging in waves over her shoulders as her eyes scanned over the three of us.

'Good morning, ladies.'

I hadn't expected a visit from Freya, and as I opened and closed my mouth, staring at her, she freely moved into my suite as if she lived there as well. What shocked me the most was the way she was dressed. The woman had skinny jeans and a white flowing halter top on as if she was a normal fucking person.

"Uh-hey, why are you dressed... normal?" I muttered just in time for Sansa and Trixie to both glance at me in shock at how I had spoken to Freya, which caused me to simply shrug my shoulders.

Glancing down at her attire, Freya smiled and shrugged her own shoulders. "I thought it was cute."

'Oh, it is cute...' Trixie replied softly, 'it's just that none of us have ever seen you dress like this.'

Laughter escaped Freya as she walked towards the sofa and sat down upon it next to Trixie as if she was one of the girls and had come to hang out. I didn't know what to say, and neither did my two friends, who were sitting there as lost as I was.

"Oh, come on, girls. Don't act so surprised. I saw the outfits you girls kept wearing, and I had to see what all the fuss was about," she replied in a nonchalant tone that was completely awkward.

"...and your verdict?" I asked.

Running her hands down her shirt to smooth out any potential wrinkles, her smile widened. 'I love it, honestly. Jeans and those black pants you always wear....'

"Leggings..." I muttered again, causing Trixie to laugh.

"Yes! Those things... leggings. They are so comfortable.'

I couldn't for the life of me believe I was having this conversation with Freya, a Norse goddess, in my suite living room. 'I'm glad that you're enjoying them...'

Silence quickly fell over my friends and me as I glanced around at them. Sansa shuffled through the papers in front of her as Trixie quickly averted her gaze towards the window in my room as if something outside was more interesting than what was going on in the room.

'Oh fuck it... stop being weird, everyone,' I finally snapped with a sigh, causing Freya to laugh again. "So what brings you here, Freya?"

"Well, I'm so glad you asked. I came to speak to you about the upcoming ball.'

A ball... she had to be fucking kidding me. "What are you talking about?"

"Well, it's kind of like a welcoming ceremony, honestly. All those who are going to be attending will be there and their families. It will be a time for all the contestants to meet you properly and have a chance to dance with you.'

The fact that Freya was talking about this as if it was so natural was unsettling for me. The last thing I wanted to do was be pranced around like a prize to be won, even though that's exactly what I was. "I thought I already did that when I met the devil twins."

Freya furrowed her brows with her mouth open in confusion. 'Devil twins... are you talking about Thor's children?'

Nodding my head, Freya burst into laughter. It wasn't the kind of laughter that was like a slight chuckle or a bit of amusement. She literally doubled over in laughter at my comment to the point I swore she wiped a tear from her eye.

"Why are you laughing?" Sansa muttered, causing Freya to glance at her slightly dismissive.

"Because... I'm not oblivious to their reputation, but I had never heard them described as devil children. Especially considering their heritage. I don't blame you for calling them that thought. They are very troublesome."

"That's a damn understatement," Trixie muttered, rolling her eyes.

Freya glared at Trixie, and the tension coming off her was a little too much for my liking. Quickly deciding to change the topic, I shook my head. "So why am I having to do another meet and greet. I thought that was what the thing was I went to the other day."

'Oh no,' Freya smiled. "That was just to meet more of your family."

"Wait, what..." I replied, completely dumbfounded, "they are my family??"

Freya nodded her head as Trixie made a gagging noise quietly. My mind tried to wrap around what she was saying and process information all at the same time.

"What's wrong? I don't understand why you're all acting like this,' Freya asked with confusion clearly spread across her face by the knitted brows and frown she was portraying.

"Maybe because the brother is participating so he can marry Cassie,' Trixie finally said with a sigh of disgust. "How the heck are they related?"

That was my thoughts exactly, but the more I started thinking about it, the more it made sense and the more I felt sick to my stomach. "Oh my God... my mother and Thor are siblings...'

"Yep," Freya said with pride. "But you guys are technically like distant cousins.'

"Distant?! I shriek as I jumped to my feet, running my hand over my face. 'No we are fucking cousins, Freya. That's disgusting... I'm not up for that country backwood bullshit. You have got to be kidding me right now.'

There was no way in hell I would ever marry my cousin. I didn't give a shit if he won or not. What got me was how casual and confused Freya seemed to be over the entire thing. It was as if something like this was normal, and that was just completely fucking weird in my opinion.

'Cassie,' Freya said standing to her feet. "I don't understand why you're acting like this. It's not like he is your brother or anything.'

Holding my hand up, I stopped her from saying anything else as I closed my eyes, taking deep breaths as I shook my head no. "Look, I know that may sound normal to you, but I can tell you right now that will never happen, Freya. Never...'

Looking at her once more, she clasped her hands in front of her and sighed with a nod. 'Okay... but besides that, you do have the ball coming up, and I'm sure you will want your friends to go with you. So Ansley will show you ladies in a moment to a room for you to select your outfits. I think the dressmaker did well on the dresses she came up with for each of you.'

Turning on her feet, Freya quickly exited the room, leaving me standing in my pajamas staring dumbfounded at the now closed door. I couldn't believe she actually thought that shit was normal like it was something I would honestly go for.

"Dude... that was weird as shit,' Sansa said with an exaggerated sigh as she picked up the papers she had scattered everywhere. "There ain't no way in hell I'd ever do that shit.'

Glancing at Sansa and then to Trixie, I watched my green-eyed friend with her hand over her mouth, trying not to laugh. "It's not funny...'

"It is, though!" she replied, bursting into laughter. "I mean I have heard some crazy stuff before, Cassie, but never something like that. I forget sometimes how different they live their lives from my people.'

Running my hands through my hair I groaned and made my way towards my bedroom. There was no way I could deal with any of that stuff right now. The only thing I wanted was a hot shower, and to wash away the thoughts of my fucking cousin thinking he could marry me.

The realization of how different the times and traditions were with some of the people who lived here compared to the world I came from was extensive. Opening the bathroom door, I reached for the shower knob and switched the hot water on.

You would think with all this modern technology they took advantage of here in Asgard that they would come to terms with kissing cousins not being a good thing or at least not a normal thing. Yet, here I was finding out my own cousin thought he had a chance to marry me.

I'd fucking kick his ass and prevent him from ever having children if he came close to me with that notion. There was no way in hell I would give in to the idea of marrying Thor's son.

They had to be out of their fucking mind.