

And Then There Were Four (Lilith Carrie)

Chapter 183

Chapter 183: Complications of the Heart

Cassie.

Fated mate?

The moment the dark hair, blue-eyed fae man with pointed ears stepped in front of me proclaiming I was his fated, I found myself completely in shock. Laughter immediately erupted from my lips, and I knew that wasn't the first impression you wanted someone to have of you, but I couldn't fucking help it. "Oh, wow, man... that's a good one. I think I need a drink."

When I said I needed a drink, it wasn't a glass of water. Pushing past the man, I made my way straight towards the bar area where Odin had many alcoholic beverages on display and grabbed the nearest one that happened to be purple with a tart taste to follow.

At this point, I didn't care what anyone had to say to me. The moment I downed one glass, I was reaching another until a firm grip on my wrist stopped me, and once again, I looked up into the Fae man's eyes which were narrowed in my direction. "I don't think you should be drinking that so fast, little one."

Little one? Was he fucking kidding me right now. "Excuse me, I don't even know you."

Taken aback by my response, he let go of my wrist and chuckled. "You are exactly how he painted you. Feisty, ill-mannered, and yet quite enjoyable."

"Ill-mannered?" I muttered, trying to process his words as I snatched the glass of whatever I was drinking from the table before he could stop me and downed it as well. "I'm not ill-mannered, for your information, and honestly, I don't know how you approach women in your world, but I have been through too much shit lately to have some random fucking man I don't know come up to me claiming that I'm his fated... get the fuck out of here with that shit. I'm not a prize to be won."

Not bothering to listen to whatever this man had to say, I stormed past him, looking for a way to escape all the men who were longing to have a moment alone with me. I didn't understand what they expected to happen by having a private conversation with me, but it sure as hell wasn't going to be me letting them sweep me off my feet or whatever the hell they imagined doing.

I was a strong independent woman... or so I kept telling myself.

"Cassie, where the hell are you going?" Stopping in my tracks, I turned to face Trixie, who stared at me with an edge of concern in her gaze. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah," I replied quickly, forcing a smile to my lips. "I just can't be in there anymore. It's been hours now, and all the faces and guys touching me is too much. None of them is the face I wanted to see, and I'm still coming to terms with that."

Nodding her head, she listened to everything I had to say about the various men I was forced to entertain in the ballroom, and at the end, she furrowed her brows with I told her about the Fae man with eyes the same color as mine.

"Uh, Cassie... did this man happen to be wearing a black suit with a blue and purple sash?"

"Blue and purple sash? I don't know, why that matter?" I asked with confusion.

Sighing, she shrugged. "Just humor me, okay... did he have one?"

"I don't know... maybe. Actually, yeah, I think he did..." I replied, trying to remember hard what exactly he looked like. The only problem was I couldn't get past the way he called me his fated... and those damn mesmerizing eyes.

Fucking snob had a lot of nerve to just proclaim me his in the middle of the damn room with all those people looking at us. Groaning in disgust, I met Trixie's gaze again and saw the ashen look on her face adorned with wide eyes and parted lips. It was clear something about what I said was wrong, and for a minute, I started to contemplate if I had fucked up.

"Trixie... what's wrong?"

Shaking her head, she took a deep breath. "Oh, Cassie... that was the fucking Prince of the Fae realm... and you just snubbed him. What the fuck were you thinking?"

Oh shit... once again, my mouth and attitude got the better of me, and as I watched her cover her mouth with her hand and she started to pace in the hallway, I realized it was worse than I thought. "So, on a scale of one to ten, how bad do you think this is?"

Turning to face me, she paused for a moment opening and closing her mouth. "Well, I mean, it could go one of two ways. One, he could be really pissed and offended and complain to Odin, and it could cause war-like issues that result in you begging on your knees in front of him for forgiveness..."

"That's not going to happen. You're out of your damn mind," I snapped quickly, causing her to laugh. "What's option two?"

Shrugging her shoulders, a smile crept across her face. "He has been known to like a good game of cat and mouse in which he would blow your mind by making you beg for him. He has been known to have two different sides, so I don't know... you did kind of go off on him in front of a room of people, so I don't expect him to take this well."

At a loss for what to say, I stood there staring at her in dismay. I had entertained a lot of people this evening, but the two people I wanted to see tonight weren't there. At least not that I could see, and that hurt more than anything.

"I guess I'll just deal with it tomorrow." I muttered with irritation. "I can't be out there right now."

Trixie stared at me for a moment before letting a breath escape her. "Okay, head back to your room. I'll let everyone know that you weren't feeling well and needed to rest. That you will see them next week for the first event."

"Next week? Odin said it starts tomorrow."

"Yeah, he did," she replied with a knowing glance, "that's where people start using their intelligence to figure out how to win."

Confused by what she meant, Trixie didn't stay around long enough to explain as I watched her swish her way back toward the ballroom, leaving me standing in the hallway alone. Defeated by everything, I sagged my shoulders and slowly turned, making my way through the various halls toward my room to only have the feeling of being watched.

The moment I turned the corner, I came face to face with my cousin Mani. My heart dropped into my stomach, I had hoped to avoid this man at all costs tonight, but from the smirk on his face, he was expecting me. Which must have been the reason why I felt like I was being followed.

"There you are, Cassie," he said as the corners of his lips formed into a smirk. "I thought I'd miss my chance to have a moment alone with you."

Dear God. The last thing I wanted was to deal with him or his sister, and yet fate hated me so much it forced me right into his path. "Unfortunately, I'm not available tonight. Perhaps you can arrange something with me another time."

Not that I would ever allow that to happen.

"I figured you may say something like that, but honesty..." he sighs, making his smile brighter, "I know that's just you playing hard to get."

Narrowing my eyes at him, I scoffed with disgust. "You're fucking insane. There is no way in hell I will ever marry you. Unfortunately, I'm not into that kind of shit."

Pushing past him, he quickly snatched me by the waist and pushed me against the wall. Mani wasn't a small man by any means and dressed up right now in this three-piece suit, I had no doubt most women drooled over him. He was very good-looking. The problem was he was my cousin, and the intimate position in which he had me pushed against the wall wasn't right.

"Get the fuck off me," I snapped at him, struggling in his arms.

"Or what?" he replied in a dark and sinister tone that made my heart race as he leaned closer to me. "What are you going to do, Cassie?"

Shoving against him again, he held me down tighter, a cry leaving my lips as his fingers dug into my arms. "you will pay for this shit. Wait until I tell Odin-"

Laughter erupted from his throat as he stared at me. "Do you think he will care? It's not like you're a virgin. Cassie. We all know that, and honestly, the reputation you have with men already makes you questionable."

The more and more Mani talked, the more I realized my situation wasn't going to end well. Mani was trying to make a point, and I was alone with him in the hallway, far away from everyone who happened to be in the ballroom enjoying themselves.

"You will never have me, and you need to learn to accept that. Mani. Let me go now and go about your business." The loud, clear tone of my voice made his eyes widen slightly as he stared at me bewildered by my comment. I tried hard to make myself seem stronger than I was. More blunt and straightforward, just as a leader should be.

Or at least I thought that was what I was doing just before he quickly gripped my throat and brought his lips closer to mine. "You can try to use that Alpha tone or goddess persona, whatever you want to call it-on me. But it will never work. I will have you on your knees with my cock shoved down your fucking throat before the games are done.

I can promise you that."

A flash of black shot past the corner of my eyes as Mani's body was ripped from mine and tossed across the hallway, hitting the wall before he slumped to the floor. Panic set through me as I fell to my knees only to see a figure in front of me I hadn't expected to see.

"Lucas-" I said breathlessly as I took in the sight of his back heaving up and down as a snarl ripped from him and claws protruded from his hands. Lucas was in mid-shift and definitely not someone I would have thought would come to save me, but as I stood to my feet, it was clear Mani hadn't expected him either.

"You fucking bastard!" Mani yelled, "you dare fucking touch me!"

Standing to his feet, Mani balled his fists at his sides as anger filled his narrowed gaze. The last thing I wanted was bloodshed on my hands and as I turned to Lucas, I quickly laid my hand upon his arm, watching as he stiffened for a moment before glancing at me from the corner of his eyes.

"Lucas, not like this. Please... walk me back to my room. He isn't worth it."

"Not worth it?!" Mani yelled, "stupid bitch, you're lucky that I'm willing to marry you at all."

Another snarl from Lucas signaled his displeasure in Mani's tone, but the more I tugged on him, the more he loosened up slightly, retracting his claws as he squared his shoulders, never letting his gaze falter off of Mani. "She will not be marrying you."

"Oh, because you want her?" He laughed. "You weren't worthy of her once, and you damn sure won't be worthy of her now. You're just the bastard son of Loki... not worthy of trust."

The hate Mani was spewing was nothing but immature insults. I had expected a man of his nature to be capable of controlling himself, but it was quite obvious he wasn't at all what I had expected. He was just like the arrogant football jocks I had gone to school with on earth.

He had no control over his anger, not that I was any better.

"Enough, Mani. If you both have issues, you can handle them in the games. For now, it's time you leave," I said as I stared at him, watching the anger in his eyes grow as he quickly smoothed out his hair, turned on his heels, and disappeared around the corner.

I hadn't expected him to comply so easily, but I was glad he did.

Because now I had a chance alone with Lucas. Turning to face him, I stared up into those dark, mesmerizing eyes flecked with gold, and my breath was taken away just as it had been the first time I met him. Only when I went to open my mouth, he opened his instead.

"We need to talk, now."