

# And Then There Were Four (Lilith Carrie)

Chapter 184

Chapter 184: Lucas' Choice

Lucas.

The moment I watched that strange man place his hands on Cassie, I lost my mind. She may not have been my mate anymore, but there was no way in hell I'd ever allow any man or creature to touch her in the wrong way. If I couldn't be with her, then I'd still lurk in the shadows as her protector.

At least then, she could live her life, and I would know that she was okay.

Making our way down the hall, I headed straight for her room. I knew where it was and made a point the day she was moved to find out its location. Even though that was something I would never admit to anyone. It was clear they didn't want me anywhere around her, and I wasn't sure how people were going to take to me being around her now.

We arrived at her room, and I pushed open the door and stepped to the side, allowing her to enter before closing it behind us. There was a lot on my mind that needed to be said, but I wasn't quite sure where to start without flying off the handle on her.

When she turned and met my gaze, my heart about stopped. Cassie looked beautiful in the golden dress she was wearing, and the way strands of her hair hung down in spiral curls around her face made her look more innocent than I knew she was. Even the plump, soft pink hue to her lips made my beast hungry to kiss her, and most importantly, when my eyes met hers, I still felt that spark between us.

The very same spark that made me want to run away for fear of hurting her again.

"What did you want to talk about?" she asked as she stared at me with such fierce intensity. My own heart began to palpitate, trying to gather as much courage as I could to answer her.

I needed to stay focused and remember exactly why I was here in front of her. Cassie had been reckless over the years, and though I myself had been reckless too, we both had to grow up, and we both had to get a hold of ourselves. Because if we didn't, if Cassie didn't, she would end up getting herself hurt or worse.

Cassie had already died once before, and though now she was embodied in an immortal goddess, it didn't mean that she was invincible. There was no such thing as mortality, no matter how much people tried to say otherwise. There was always a way to kill something, to hurt someone, no matter who they were.

Taking a deep breath, I narrowed my gaze, trying to stay focused on what I needed to say. "You need to start being more careful who you speak to the way that you do. What would have happened had I not been there? He could have hurt you. Or even worse, Cassie."

My tone and comments were obviously not what she was expecting because she quickly became defensive as she crossed her arms over her chest and narrowed her own gaze at me, glaring with such heat I myself felt slightly uncomfortable.

"Me. I didn't ask for you to save me. I was quite capable of taking care of myself."

The deep chuckle that left my throat was unintentional, but I couldn't help it. Hearing her try to be so bold and brazen was not expected, and I found it amusing she thought she could protect herself because what was going on with that man was obviously not her protecting herself.

"Is that right? Is that why you couldn't defend yourself out there against that man? And by the way, who is he? Obviously, he knows you're quite well to be able to feel he can corner you in a dark hallway all alone to have a moment of whatever was going to happen."

Eyes wide in shock, she stared at me with slightly parted lips. "Excuse me, do you actually think that I enjoyed that? You're a complete asshole. If the only thing you did was come here to cause an argument with me, feel free to fucking leave."

No matter the conflict I felt, I was slightly hesitant at that moment, wondering if I had misunderstood exactly what was going on. I knew she needed help which was clearly obvious. I could fear her heart racing and smell the uncertainty and fear coming off of her, something I doubted the other man could do. It was clear he wasn't a wolf.

"I'm not going anywhere. We have things that we need to talk about, and after all these weeks, if you're trying to talk to me, are you really saying that you finally don't want to have that conversation?" I asked her, wondering if she would finally buckle and listen to me so I could spend just a few more moments with her, even if I was afraid to do that.

"Talk to you. Do you think I want to talk to you after the way you treated me out there in that training field? I came to you to try and make amends for us to put things behind us, and all you did was the typical thing, pushed me away, and were a complete dick. So no. I don't feel like talking to you."

Running my hand over my face, I tried to clear my mind, the anger slowly building in me because of the irritation I felt with her refusal to simply just open her mouth and stop with all the dramatic nonsense.

I was tired. Tired of being in the position I was in. I was tired of being in Asgard, and more importantly, I was tired of constantly fucking arguing with Cassie.

"Will you stop?" I snapped at her, "I'm tired of this shit with you. You need to grow the fuck up, Cassie, and start listening to the people around you who actually fucking care about you. This isn't a game anymore. Shit has gotten real, and if you're not careful, your life will be over as you know it."

This was the first time I actually took the initiative to be real with her. To tell her the truth and help her to face that truth. I could tell by the gaze in her eyes and the hesitation she felt as she fidgeted with her hands that, deep down, what I was saying was true.

Gone was the defiant, bitchy side of Cassie, and slowly as it melted away, her eyes brimmed with tears as she quickly batted them away with the fluttering of her lashes. "Do you think I don't know that, Lucas?"

"I don't know... do you?" I replied, exhausted from all of the shit that had been going on between us since the moment she realized I was her mate.

A A A A A A

Cassie.

Hearing him, I couldn't contain my anger. Perhaps I was a little immature, and I did act out of anger the majority of the time-I blame that on the genetics I got from my father, though.

"Why do you care what's going on, Lucas? Why the hell are you even here?"

That was all I wanted to know. He had made it clear he wasn't interested in shit with me because of the fear he felt, and yet low and behold, he was here in front of me; a protector I hadn't asked for but so desperately needed.

"Silas asked me to be here," he replied with indifference as he stood before me, looking like the sex god he was. Even in the broody mood he portrayed with narrowed, darkened eyes and gritted teeth concealed by his rugged jawline, all I could do was think about him taking me.

"Silas?" The laughter that left me was more of disbelief. "Of course he did. He couldn't even come to see me himself. Instead, he sends someone else to do what he is supposed to do."

Lucas scoffed as his arms fell by his side. "Sorry to disappoint you. Perhaps I'll go tell him to fucking sort you out instead..."

The quick response was unexpected, but I suppose what I said was a little harsh. "I didn't mean it like that... I'm just so....fucking irritated by all of this. I feel like I'm on a merry-go-round that's never going to end."

Half expecting Lucas to lash out at me, I was surprised when I turned to find him looking at me with a softer expression. "I get it..."

"You do?" I replied, shocked and unsure of what to say.

"Yeah, I do." With a heavy sigh, he rubbed the back of his neck. "Look, this kind of shit isn't easy for me, okay. I do care about you, Cassie, I'm just not good for you... you deserve better..."

I couldn't believe what he was saying right now. He was literally using the lines every fuck boy in my school had used on one girl or another over the years I had been there. The I'm not good enough for you, it's not you, it's me, bullshit. Shaking my head, he stopped talking as a smirk crossed my face. 'So I deserve someone like Silas... or maybe the fae prince who seems to believe I'm his fated...'

"Fate?" Lucas quickly said, narrowing his brows, "what the hell are you talking about? What Fae prince?"

I wasn't trying to test boundaries or upset him, but it was clear that my revealing this little bit of information unintentionally didn't sit well with him. Not that I understood why he would get upset. What I did with my life wasn't any concern of his. He was the one who didn't want me.

Deciding to just rip the information off like a bandaid, I sighed and shrugged my shoulders. "Supposedly, I'm fated to him... he staked some claim on me that I am to be his in front of everyone in the ballroom. It was the reason why I was in the hallway heading here. I kind of went off on him in front of everyone, and now Trixie is playing damage control."

Stepping towards me, Lucas clenched his hands at his side. "The only person you were fated to is me, Cassie. No fucking fae prince, or even a dragon, for that matter, will deserve you."

Watching the flash of jealousy flicker in Lucas' eyes made me smile. He literally had just said I deserved better, blah blah blah. Yet, he was suddenly acting like this when I told him someone else wanted me.

Talk about confusion.

"Why do you care, Lucas? You already made it clear you don't want me... in fact, I don't know why you're still here and not running away like you did before."

"I didn't run away," he snapped, breathing heavily before taking one step closer. "Don't fucking with me right now, Cassie. I'm not in the mood for your shit..."

"Who's playing?" The reply wasn't one he wanted, but I was being serious. I was tired, just as he had said he was. I didn't have in me to fight for a man who didn't want to commit to what he wanted. Not that fighting would help... I was destined for the winner, no matter who it was.

'Look, let's just call it a night. It's clear that you don't have anything better to do than babysit me. Not that you should be... why don't you just go, I want to get some sleep.'

The moment I stepped forward to try and guide him towards the door, he quickly stopped me by grabbing my wrist. "Not until you understand where I'm coming from."

"There is nothing to understand, Lucas," I replied with a sigh, "things are pretty clear. I just need to rest. I have a lot that I need to figure out."

Lucas didn't let up on my arm as I gently tried to pull myself from his grip. Instead, he shook his head from side to side, telling me no before pulling me close to him. The strength of his body against mine was something I hadn't felt in a long time, and just when I thought things couldn't get any more unsure... his lips brushed against mine.