

And Then There Were Four (Lilith Carrie)

Chapter 185

Chapter 185: Mapping out the Future

Cassie.

I didn't know what to make of it when Lucas kissed me, but the moment he did, I melted into him with a soft moan that only seemed to make his actions more frenzied. Instinctively, I wrapped my arms around his neck, pulling myself up closer, helping to deepen the kiss already captivating me.

I had dreamt of this moment for so long, and now that I was finally having it once more, I didn't want it to end. I couldn't let go. Just his touch alone captivated my heart and made it soar higher than I'd ever made it felt. However, the moment I pulled closer, he quickly broke away.

"We have to stop," he whispered. He was breathless just as I was, and the sound of his voice swirled within my ears because the close proximity of us together made me shiver with anticipation.

"Why are you stopping? We don't have to stop.*"

Staring into his eyes, I could see the heavy confliction that weighed within part of him wanting this, but the other part, the unruly-fearing part, did not. We had only had this once before, where we had actually allowed ourselves to give in to the indulgence we wanted. After that, things became chaotic, both of us unable to move forward because of the darkness that ended up taking over Lucas's mind. Darkness I wouldn't allow to ever come back.

I loved him. Wholeheartedly, I did. But I could never tell him that, not truly. Not unless I knew he felt the same way. And with the way he looked at me now, I couldn't help but feel conflicted if my feelings were true or if I was simply being a fool.

"As much as I want to do this, Cassie, I can't. You are the prize at the end of these games, and I will admit that I am scared. I'm terrified of hurting you again. But the other part of me longs for you more than you know. So if I want to be by your side, I'm going to have to win the games just like any other contestant would."

I was shocked he was saying this, that he was going to participate in the games when Silas was the one who had asked him to come into it in the first place. He didn't come into it willingly. He came into it because he was told to, and now he was saying if he wanted this with me, he would just have to win the games.

Was that like him saying if he didn't win, it was because he didn't want to?

I was confused in that moment about how I felt. I was confused about whether or not I was going to actually allow this to happen or if I should just push him further and take advantage of a situation, which would definitely be in my character. But then again, sometimes I wondered what my character was, considering I wasn't any longer the person I used to be.

"I don't know what to say..."

It was the only truthful thing I could actually come up with. I didn't know what to say, and as he stared at me, a chuckle came from his throat. What I knew was a sense of amusement he felt at my confusion. Something that even more so infuriated me because I was confused, and he found it funny.

With a heavy sigh, Lucas placed his hands on the outer part of my arms, rubbing them up and down. He stared at me with such intent, I would never be able to forget it. "I know that all of this is confusing. But as much as I want to give in to the emotions I feel right now, I can't. It wouldn't be right.*"

"Since when did you become so chivalrous? This isn't the person that you are, Lucas. What happened to us being mates, to being together? If we are together, then there's no point of the games at all." I replied in desperation, trying to make him see the truth behind it. That if we did go ahead and consummate this between us, decide that we want to be together, then there would be no reason to have these games because I would already be taken.

Another heavy sigh escaped him as he shook his head from side to side. "Unfortunately, Cassie, that kind of thinking right there is what causes problems, and if both of us are ever going to make it through this with the possibility of being together, we both have to follow the rules. There are too many people who have come here from other realms, from what I can see. And the last thing that your grandfather's going to want is a war.*"

"A war?" I scoffed, crossing my arms over my chest. "Who in the hell would actually go to war with Odin? They would be decimated."

"It isn't just about that, Cassie. Everyone who looks at me sees the man that almost killed you, that did kill you. They see a monster, and if we break the rules of the games, they're never going to not see me like that. They will always see me like that. The games are a way for me to prove to them that I'm not that person... to prove to myself that I'm not that person."

Lucas wasn't wrong about that. People did look at him like he was a murderer, a monstrosity that shouldn't be an Asgard, but Odin had deemed that he was to stay here under the watchful gaze of his reign and therefore stay here by me even if they didn't really want me around him.

No one under my grandfather's rule had actually come out and said they didn't like that Lucas was here, but I could see the way that some of the other gods had looked at him shortly after the entire incident had happened. When Lucas had to come before Odin and take his punishment-that was far less than what was expected, everybody was surprised, myself included.

I would never be able to forget the day I stood in the hall with everyone else that was part of Odin's reign and watched Lucas sink to his knees before Odin with his head bowed and his eyes cast to the floor, dark hair falling in front of his face as he listened to the booming words of my grandfather.

The same words that sentenced him to spend an eternity in Asgard. Not because he was granted permission, but as a punishment to keep him from leaving and going back to Earth where he could possibly cause mayhem that could destroy or even lure me or the others back there, putting us in danger.

Odin had declared this was a way for him to be able to be kept under lock and key, and even though I remembered so vaguely my grandfather saying those words, I couldn't help but wonder if there was a hint of something else in his tone that day that said he had other plans.

My shoulders sagged in defeat as I nodded my head in understanding to what Lucas was saying. There was no way I was going to actually be able to get what I wanted, and that was clear. I tell myself over and over again on a continual basis that I need to grow up, that I need to get a hold of myself, I didn't know how to. I wasn't that old, and even most people at my age in the earth realm would still be immature for their age. Still seeking guidance from their parents, they wouldn't be judged for it.

Unlike me... I was judged for everything I did it seemed.

I'd have given anything to have my mother here with me right now, or even my father. I missed them dearly, and more than anything, I wanted them by my side. But I knew that it would be quite some time before that happened. The only way I'd be able to see them again is when they themselves died and came to Asgard.

"Alright, Lucas, if that is what you feel you need to do, then so be it. But if you're going to do that, then we don't need to see each other again outside of the games. You wouldn't want anybody thinking that there was cheating going on, would you?"

Glancing up to meet his gaze once more, I saw something that lurked there, something that looked a lot like regret.

Opening and closing his mouth, he gritted his teeth and nodded. "I need to get going."

Do me a favor, though? Please watch out for yourself. Don't go anywhere alone unless it's absolutely necessary. The last thing I want is for something to happen to you, and I'm not able to be there to protect you... like tonight."

There was no way I could promise him that. Especially when I was more determined than ever right now to prove to everyone, I was not going to be like the others. I would grow up, but I would do it like I wanted.

I would be who I wanted to be, and they either liked it or they didn't.

Nodding my head, he stepped away from me and made his way toward the door. The moment he disappeared behind it leaving me alone once more I started to think about everything I needed to do. If they wanted me to be the royal that represented this realm, then I would be. I'd be the bitch I used to be... the girl who danced to her own tune and set rules for herself.

Rules that made people fear and respect me as they should. It was obvious my cousin had no respect for me, and that wasn't going to work for me. He was the first person on my list I'd handle, the first person I'd make realize I wasn't to be messed with and if he and his sister couldn't fall in line... I'd make them cower at my feet.

Making my way toward my closet, I slowly undid my dress and let it fall to the floor. Gazing around, I noticed my usual attire and how normal that it looked. How non-threatening it was. The first step in making myself be more than I was, was changing my attire.

If I wanted people to believe me, then I needed to play the part. Towards the back of the closet laid attire Trixie had gotten for me when I first arrived in Asgard. Leather, lace, metal studs... all of it was bad bitch vibes, and as a smile crossed my face, I mapped out what I was going to do.

Step One... make them fear me.

Step Two... show Lucas I was a woman he wanted and didn't have to fear.

Step Three... prove to Silas and Odin I wasn't to be fucked with.

If this realm wanted a real show at the games... then I'd fucking give them one.

I'd give them all something to remember.