

And Then There Were Four (Lilith Carrie)

Chapter 186

Chapter 186: Prince Finnick

Cassie.

Perfection. It's a word thrown around a lot, but at the end of the day, I don't think anyone knows what the fucking word means. Instead, they throw around their own personal ideas of what they think it means and try to claim it as the only truth.

Fucking fascists.

"Cassie?" The slow, hesitant tone of Ansley caught me by surprise, and as I looked up from where I was buckling the strap on my shoe, I raised a brow in question before straightening myself, making sure I looked the part of fascist perfection.

'Good morning, Ansley. I'll be eating breakfast in the hall today. I have business to attend to.'

It was unlike me to do something like this, and the fact that I was even up early made her lips part, and her eyes widen as she nodded her head. 'Oh-okay. Um, I'll let them know-'

"No. Don't tell them anything."

Ansley looked more than confused, but in silence, she nodded her head and went about her usual activities of taking care of my room. I didn't abuse my status over her like so many others had, and just because I had been warned about the girl, I didn't want to believe that she was like them.

Ansley was a sweet girl... but at times, I wondered if she was actually going to be loyal to me.

Perhaps I was having my own doubts about her, but I wouldn't know until she slipped up and gave me something to be untrustworthy about. I only hoped she would prove me wrong, and that would never happen.

Satisfied with my appearance, I let a heavy breath escape me as I nodded to myself in the mirror with approval of my choice in appearance. I was prepared to go down there today and show them what kind of person I was. Not just opinionated but capable of taking them all on.

Making my way from my room with my heels tapping against the cold flooring, I headed towards the grand hall. My attire today... black dress pants, a royal blue blouse with black swirls on it, and black heels that reminded me of my Jimmy Choos I had back home.

I had worked all summer for those damn shoes, and they never made it here.

No doubt my little sister had stolen them... she was always quite the thief.

The halls of the palace were far quieter than they usually were, and the only noise I heard was coming from the open hall door that signaled everyone was in attendance and enjoying themselves. Part of me was nervous walking in there after how I had acted last night, but the other part was eager to see who was in attendance.

If I was going to pull off my new person, I was going to have to make sure my entrance was epic, and straightening my shoulders, I held my head high and stepped forward around the corner into the glimmering hall to see the two long fifty foot tables decorated with foods of all kinds... not to mention the numerous eyes of men and women who landed on me the moment I entered.

Usually, I would have been hesitant... uncomfortable even. Not this time, though.

"Cassie," Odin said with a slightly confused tone to his voice as his eyes met mine. "I didn't realize you were joining us this morning."

Moving forward. I headed straight toward him, where Solina sat at his side with her brother across from her. There was no way her brother would move, but if I was going to start somewhere, it was going to be with her.

"Well, I figured if I'm going to be the highlighted prize. Grandfather, it would only make sense that I make an appearance at all times. Plus, the people here will all one day be under my rule... correct?"

There was a twinkle of amusement in his eyes as I stopped at his side and casually leaned in to give him a small hug. The hug itself definitely shocked him as I felt him stiffen under me and gently return the favor. "Yes, I suppose you're right."

The moment he released me from the 'hug' I had given him, I cast my gaze to Solina and frowned. 'I think you're in the wrong seat, Solina. That seat is reserved for the next in line... and in fact-'

I turned my gaze towards Mani and smirked. "Grandfather, shouldn't the fae prince be sitting on the other side of you, considering he is royalty?"

Mani stared at me in shock and anger. 'Had you been here in time, Cassie, you-'

Odin held up his hand, silencing everyone at the table. "Cassie is right... Solina, you need to find another place to sit. As for the prince... I apologize for the confusion. Finnick, would you please take Mani's seat next to me? I don't know what I was thinking this morning."

Solina and Mani both hesitated for a moment before quickly getting up with their plates and moving further down the table. The servants made quick of placing new dishes in front of me and making sure Finnick was situated across from me.

I hadn't taken the time to properly take notice of the prince, and after the way I acted last night, I found myself feeling slightly foolish for my behavior. Something I was definitely going to have to make amends for.

Finnick didn't bother to look at me right away and instead spoke directly to Odin, giving me the chance to really take notice of him. I was definitely foolish to think less of him because, overall, he was a very attractive man. His onyx hair was pulled back into a ponytail on his head without a single strand out of place, and instead of the royal garment he wore last night, he had settled this morning for regular black dress pants and a white button-up shirt rolled at the sleeves.

As if he knew I was watching him, his eyes darted to mine, and I was met with the same mesmerizing celestial blue eyes I saw every time I looked into the mirror. The fact I had been caught watching him made me slightly blush, and clearing my throat, I quickly tried to push it away. However, it wasn't done without his notice-which only left a small smirk on his lips.

"Prince Finnick, I wanted to apologize for last night... I wasn't feeling very well." I was glad Odin's attention was on a pretty, bubbly redhead who was pouring liquid into a golden goblet for him. The sight of my grandfather groping the giggling girl was disgusting, but thankfully, I had Finnick in front of me to distract that kind of attention.

"Last night?" he replied, furrowing his brow as he lifted his fork to his mouth, savoring the meat that was on his plate. "Oh yes... you mean when you had your tantrum."

Tantrum? Was he being fucking serious right now?!

"I don't know if I would have called it that," I scoffed with a smile as I picked up my glass and lifted it to my lips, letting my eyes scan the rest of the table where various people sat eating and talking to each other. The laughter of their conversations filled the room around me.

"Oh, that's exactly what I would call it." Finnick laughed. "It was entertaining."

"I'm glad that I was able to entertain you then."

The flat response made him chuckle. "Yes... well. I'm sure you will entertain me in more ways than one in the future. Who knows... you may even enjoy it."

It was my turn to laugh, and as I did, the water I was drinking went down the wrong tube, causing me to sputter as I choked slightly, causing the poor guy next to me to turn to me with wide eyes and parted lips asking if I was okay. "I'm fine... just went down wrong."

Clearing my throat once more, I stared at my glass for a moment before meeting Finnick's gaze again. "Well, I wouldn't be so sure about that. Regardless I do hope you enjoy your stay here. I'm sure you will find someone around here to entertain you while you enjoy watching the games."

"Watching?" he replied with a small laugh. "You really don't have any idea what is going on with the games, do you?"

It was clear that Finnick knew way more than I did. As much as I wanted to reach across the table and strangle him for his smirks and clippy comments, I had to keep myself in check. One, this guy was royalty, and two, I wanted to make everyone believe I had changed.

If I didn't want to be pushed around, I had to be this different kind of person.

Just as I went to answer him, Silas caught my eye from the side doorway located on the wall behind Finnick. His hazel eyes captivated me, and as he smiled, he gestured for me to come to him. I wasn't sure what he wanted, but there was no way that I could simply get up from the table now and excuse myself.

Thinking quickly, I turned towards Odin and feigned forgetfulness. "Grandfather, I completely forgot something this morning... I was supposed to meet Sansa to go over the last details of my attire for the first day of the games. You wouldn't be angry if I left, would you?"

Odin hesitated for a moment, letting his gaze leave the girl beside him to fall on me with a split moment of confusion before a smile lined his face, and he laughed. "Of course not, go do what you need to. I did enjoy having you here this morning. So make sure you start coming more regularly."

Shit. I hadn't wanted to make it an everyday thing, but now I was fucking locked into it.

"Of course, I wouldn't miss it," I replied with a smile as I turned to Finnick and slowly stood to my feet. "Prince Finnick... it was lovely as always. Please enjoy your stay in Asgard."

A few eyes met mine as I slipped from the chair and made my way toward the doorway Silas had once been standing in moments before.

"Silas?" I whispered as I closed the doorway behind me, making my way down the white corridor until I came to a partially open door where a hand quickly reached out and pulled me into. A yelp escaped my lips until it was covered by the callused hand of a man, and looking up, I stared into Silas' eyes-the same eyes I had grown very fond of looking into.

"Did I scare you?" he chuckled as he released my mouth and stepped back with a laugh.

"You're a fucking asshole. I hope you know that..." I muttered, fixing myself as my eyes took in the large room we were standing in. White walls and navy blue accents littered the area with floor-to-ceiling bookshelves and a black desk in its center. "What is this place?"

"My office," he replied flatly, making his way toward his desk. 'I wanted to speak with you about something important since no one else plans to.'

"Wait... you have an office? Since when does a guardian have an office... and why am I starting to see that Asgard is run like a business instead of a godly sanctuary like we are told in the human realm?"

Sighing, Silas ran his hand over his face. "As I told you before, Cassie... humans are told what we want them to know. Everything, no matter where you go, is always about business."

This, of course, was something I was going to have to get used to. "Okay. So what do you want to speak to me about?"

Taking a moment, he leaned back in his chair and stared at me with his hand upon his rugged jawline. Silas was incredibly sexy, and I knew that the first time I met him. There was something about the way he was now that was so different from the carefree man I had known then.

"Prince Finnick is here for you," he replied calmly, catching me off guard, "he plans to make you his wife."