

## And Then There Were Four (Lilith Carrie)

Chapter 188

### Chapter 188: Freya Picks Sides

Cassie.

Storming into my room with nothing but detest rolling off me in waves, I spotted Sansa sitting on the sofa reading over a piece of parchment that looked ancient. I hadn't expected her to be here so quickly, but as her eyes gazed up at me, she seemed to sense my mood and quickly placed the paper down on her lap.

"What's wrong with you?" Her cool and collected reply made me sigh as I shook my head, trying to gather my thoughts. Sansa was a very blunt and straightforward girl but she had a sense of leadership behind her that was unspoken and something I appreciated.

"Heard of Prince Finnick?"

Laughter escaped her lips as she nodded. "Oh. yes. I heard of him and even had the pleasure of briefly meeting him last night. He is quite the... royal highness, isn't he?"

"That's a polite way to put it." I scoffed with a smile. "He thinks he has some claim on me and came to the games to try and win me. Just like every other fuckhead that's walking around here."

Sansa's smile fell slightly as her eyes brought on a kinder approach. "Look, I know that you don't like what's going on but you are luckier than you think. Most of us women can't get a man to look at her properly and if one does, they only want you for a piece of ass. Good men don't come around often. At least you have your selection of who you want."

She was partially right, I did have my selection. The only problem was if I did simply settle on one, it didn't mean I would be able to have him. I was forced into this ancient ritual bullshit at my grandfather's discretion and it was becoming a pain in my ass.

However, I didn't realize that Sansa felt this way about my situation, and part of me wondered if there was someone she wanted but wasn't able to have.

"You seem to feel that statement deeply, Sansa. What aren't you telling me?"

Sansa seemed to hesitate for a moment as if she had said more than she wanted to and quickly shook off my comment. "Don't be ridiculous. I was just simply pointing out a fact."

"Uh-huh," I muttered, "you would tell me if something was wrong wouldn't you?"

Her eyes met mine briefly before she picked up the paper in her lap again with a smile that seemed more forced than it should have been. "Of course I would. Don't be silly."

Deciding to let the conversation go for now, I thought over the situation with Finnick. He was the prince of the Fae realm, and one thing my fathers taught me growing up was if you want to know how to overcome your enemies, you have to know your enemies.

"So, what can you tell me about Prince Finnick?"

"You mean besides that he seems like an egotistical asshole?" She laughed. "There isn't much to really know. He is the Prince of a kingdom called the Kingdom of Tver in the Fae realm. He wasn't supposed to be the future ruler, but when his brother died like a hundred years ago, he ended up being the next in line..."

My eyes shot open as I turned to her. "Wait... a hundred years ago? How fucking old is he?"

It wasn't like it was new to me that some supernaturals aged differently than others, but it was still shocking to hear sometimes how old these people were. A smirk of amusement crossed Sansa's face as she gave a small laugh. "I don't know exactly... like two hundred and something."

This guy was over two hundred years old?! "Jesus Christ... cradle robber much?" I muttered in shock causing Sansa to scoff in amusement.

"In our way of life, there really isn't such a thing as that, Cassie. Some of these creatures are thousands of years old. If you want a man your age, you're going to have to go back to earth."

The moment that she said it, she instantly closed her mouth and froze in her place her eyes wide with hesitation. "I'm so sorry, Cassie... I didn't mean to..."

"It's okay, Sansa. I'm kind of getting used to the fact that I'm not going to be going home."

It was the truth. For the most part, I was getting used to the idea I would never be going home, and though part of me yearned for the freedom I once had, I wasn't going to let it hinder my ability to get things done.

"Are you sure? I know you have been under a lot of stress lately, and I don't mean to make things more stressful," she replied as if what she was doing was stressful. Which it wasn't. I had asked her to help me, but I didn't mean for her to take over. She kind of just did that on her own, and I didn't oppose it.

With a soft smile, I nodded my head. "Yeah, I'm sure."

Sansa stared at me warily before a low groan escaped her. "So what are you going to do? By the look of you, you're trying to prove a point I'm guessing?"

Glancing down at my clothing, a small smirk crossed my face as I shrugged my shoulders. I had hoped to show everyone I was capable of being the woman they wanted me to be, and perhaps I had pulled that off initially but Finn was making it hard this morning to stay focused.

On top of that, I wanted to see Lucas, and couldn't. Not to mention Silas was acting like a weird-ass mentor right now, which was beyond ridiculous. He changed so quickly from the man he had been and I didn't know how to handle that.

"I want people to look at me differently than they have over the past few weeks. I don't want to seem like someone who doesn't know what she is doing."

"But you don't know what you're doing..." Sansa said with laughter as she smiled at me while I rolled my eyes with my own quick laughter of amusement.

"Yeah, but they don't fucking need to know that."

Shrugging her shoulders, she put away what she was doing prior to me coming in, and placed her hands on her lap with a sly grin. "Well, if you want to give them something to talk about I can help you with that... as well as Trixie. Lord knows that girl loves fashion more than anyone else I know."

"Speaking of Trixie... where the fuck is she?" I was confused as to where the girl had gone after last night.

"Probably home. After you left last night, she was all out of sorts because she missed your brother. I told her to take her emotional ass to go see him for a few days and check back in with us when she was ready."

Hearing how much Trixie loved my brother made me happy. I was glad they had each other because I cared about them both deeply. The only thing I prayed for was that Pollux's ex-girlfriend didn't give Trixie too much shit. Otherwise, I'd have to find my way back to put that stupid bitch in her place.

"Well good... I'm sure we can manage without her for a few days."

Again, the sly grin on Sansa's face grew at my words. "Oh, we can... I actually know the perfect person to call for this, but you may not like it."

The way that Sansa said what she did didn't make me feel comfortable at all. It was as if the person she was going to ask was going to be more of a complication than they were hoping. I wasn't exactly sure who it was, but I was intrigued by who she had in mind.

"Okay, then. Who is the person that you're wanting to help us?"

The side, awkward glance Sansa gave as she looked towards the door had me wondering what it was she was up to, and as if by chance, some fairy godmother had cast a spell a knock sounded at my door I wasn't expecting.

"I think you should get that," Sansa replied, causing my mouth to drop open and my eyes to widen slightly in shock.

"How the fuck did you get someone to knock on my door?"

Again, another smile crossed her lips, and she shrugged her shoulders, looking back down at the papers sitting upon her lap, nice and neatly put away. She reopened them and pulled them out and started going over them again.

"If I told you all of my secrets, then it wouldn't really be a surprise now would it?" she replied humbly as if she knew all the secrets of the world.

Hesitation filled me before I slowly got up and made my way toward the door. My hand hesitated over the knob. I decided to push forward and opened the door, revealing Freya who stood behind it. I didn't have the slightest clue what she was doing here, and as I looked over my shoulder back at Sansa, I saw her staring at me with a wide grin on her lips, and everything suddenly made sense.

"Freya is going to be the one to help me?" The words of astonishment flowed off of me, and as they did, a scoffing sound came from Freya, who stood directly in front of me.

"Don't act so shocked that I actually know what I'm doing. Yes, I'm not supposed to get involved with certain things, but that doesn't mean that I couldn't give you a little nudge. Plus, I have money riding on you. I can't afford to have this fall through."

"You have what?!" I gasped as she pushed past me into the room and I slowly closed the door behind her. "Are you saying that you have a bet against me? And with who?"

"Bet against you? No, I have a bet on you. You're going to win all of this without issues. However, some of the people here think that you'll have a nervous breakdown before that happens and that Solina and her brother will take over instead. Of course, I know that won't happen, and I'm not supposed to get involved because, technically, that would be cheating, but it doesn't mean that. I can't exactly give you the proper advice to take whether you choose to or not."

Still dumbfounded, I struggled to try and understand what she was talking about. I was named the heir apparent. There was nothing to win. The throne was supposed to be metaphorically mine, even though we all knew that Odin would never step down, nor would he ever die, so it wouldn't ever exactly matter. But still, it was mine to hold.

So what was I supposed to be winning?

"I can't lose anything. The throne, or the title at least, is actually mine. So what are you talking about?" I asked after I had a moment to try to process what she was telling me. Hopefully, she would give me some clarity instead of the riddles that she usually threw out.

As Freya walked around the room and then casually took a seat on the chair across from where Sansa was sitting, she let her arms rest upon the arms of the chair and stared at me with nothing but amusement lingering in her eyes.

"Did you honestly think that's how this works? If for some reason you're seen as unfit and unable to take that title, Odin will be forced by our laws to give it to the next person in line, which would be Solina and her brother, and the majority of us would not like to see them there. However, those are some of the people that are betting against you, so it's best that we make sure that you do win."

Dumbfounded once more, I found this bit of information to be quite important, considering that I didn't know it and as I cast my gaze toward Sansa. It was obvious she didn't know this either. In fact, she seemed more shocked than I was at what Freya was saying.

"So in other words. I'm taking it that it's a good idea that I had called upon you to come help us."

Freya turned to Sansa with an even wider grin and nodded her head.

"I will admit, I had thought that it would be Cassie that called upon me. But having you by her side as her advisor, it was very wise of you to do so," Freya replied with still the amusement hiding within the depths of her eyes and the smile upon her face. She was a little more confident than I would have liked, and all of this information would have been nice to know ahead of time. But what got me the most was the fact she found everything amusing, something I was slowly trying to get used to, even though it annoyed me more than ever.

"I'm not an advisor," Sansa replied with a small bit of laughter. "I'm just helping my friend out."

"Oh." Her smile fell just slightly. "I'm afraid that would be a little inaccurate. You are her advisor. Slowly but surely, she's putting her team together and you're on that list, as is Trixie. She will need strong people by her side, and I thought you were already aware of this when you guys had to go in the ball together, that you are a team and those positions have been given to you. Granted, of course, she has to win her title in order for you to keep them."

If it wasn't one thing, then it was another. And as Freya continued to explain to us that there were certain ways things had to go, I realized I had more work cut out for me than I actually wanted. But this was all for the best. I was determined to show them that I could be a woman that was worth fearing, and they were going to learn their place with me one way or another.

By the time this tournament was done, three men would know exactly where they stood with me and two other people would know to cower before me.