

And Then There Were Four (Lilith Carrie)

Chapter 189

Chapter! 89: Saved by Finnick

Cassie.

"There is absolutely no way this is going to fucking work," I said out loud as I stood before the mirror, staring at my reflection. They had expected me to go out looking like I stepped out of a dominatrix book dressed in black leather pants and a backless red halter top with no bra and bad girl vibes to a small party in the center of town.

Now, granted, I was all down for the look. It was actually something I would have picked out for myself had I been back on Earth. Stuff that I wore quite often, frequently when I was out and about. But this was not the exact look I was going for when I thought I had to impress everybody.

Turning to face Freya and Sansa, who stood behind me, watching with excitement on their faces as they too got ready, even though Freya said she wasn't actually going to go, she was going to watch and oversee how everything was going, I couldn't help but wonder if they had actually lost their minds.

"You look amazing. I don't understand what you're freaking out about," Santa replied as she put on gold lipstick and fluffed out her hair that now looked chic and full of curls, and then smoothed down the small, skimpy black dress that she was wearing as if it could get any straighter than it was.

"Isn't this the complete opposite of what I should be wearing? I mean, I thought it was supposed to impress them, not look like the old Cassie."

"Cassie," Freya replied calmly as she stepped forward. "You're trying to change who you are, and you don't need to. You need to be the person that you are, the person you've always been. The rebel with a fighter spirit, the woman who never gives up. That is the person that everyone initially fell in love with, regardless if you are mortal or not. That is who you are. Show them that strong woman because that is the woman that is going to win all of this."

Some fairy godmother Freya was trying to be. Instead, she was wanting me to hone in on my natural spirit of rebelliousness to overcome the upcoming bullshit I was bound to face. I wasn't quite sure what she was up to, and part of me wondered if she had actually bet against me and if this was her way of making sure that I didn't win. But the other part of me deep down inside, told me she would never do something like that, that she was trying to help me.

"And what if something goes wrong tonight? What if my powers go out of control again? What if I end up hurting somebody? Are you honestly sure that going to this party and drinking is a good idea?"

Sansa and Freya stared at me with slowly nodding heads. I contemplated what I was about to do, and before I knew it, Freya was shoving me out the door with Sansa like two hookers going out for a night on the town.

Nervous didn't even touch on the way I felt as Sansa and I made our way out into the dark night of the city, down the concrete pathways towards the large gate that sat in front of the building we stayed in and out onto the cobble street roads that would lead down into the center of town where a huge soiree was being held outside under the brilliant night sky.

It was a beautiful night. In the distance, Edison lights had been hung up. People gathered around the treeline, their voices and laughter echoing down the road, through the darkness, right toward my ears.

Everyone seemed like they were having a good time, and the closer we got, the more the nervousness actually subsided. People here knew who I was, but they weren't going to make a big deal out of it. At least I hoped they weren't. And sure enough, the closer we got, the more people we passed. I noticed they didn't even look in my direction, which was pleasing because the last thing I wanted was any sort of attention.

"All right. I'm going to go see if I can find my brother and that sexy friend of his that's always hanging around. Tonight I plan on having fun..." Sansa replied as she turned to walk away, but I grabbed her wrist and quickly pulled her back.

"You're not leaving me, are you? You were supposed to be my wingman. Like, be out here with me. I mean, I don't even know what I'm doing."

"Dude, you're going to be fine." She laughed as she removed her wrist from my grasp. "Deep breaths and stop panicking. You're supposed to socialize with people. Find somebody to socialize with. These are the people you're going to be in charge of one day. You need to get to know them and their actual state of mind. Show them that you're just normal like they are."

"But I'm not fucking normal, Sansa. I'm a freak of nature. Are you kidding me?" I replied quickly. My panicked tone was making my heart race, and as I took deep breaths in and out to try and calm myself, I found that it wasn't doing any good.

"Let me tell you a little story," Sansa said calmly, "when I was learning how to swim, my mother just pushed me into the lake, and either I floated and made it to the surface, or I would have drowned..."

"That's fucking horrible!" I gasped overdramatically. "What does that have to do with me though?"

Laughter erupted from Sansa as she crossed her arms over her chest. "It was brutal, but I'm going to do the same to you. You can either go mingle and have fun or have a panic attack. Honestly, I would suggest going and getting a drink because the alcohol here isn't like the alcohol back home and I'm pretty sure you'll find that you'll relax a little more with some alcohol in your system."

Before I could even say anything else. Sansa held up her finger, wagging it back and forth as if to tell me no, and then quickly turned and disappeared into the crowd of people. I was a little pissed off she had left me standing there, yes, but I couldn't blame her.

I was a grown-ass woman. Not a very mature grown-ass woman, but I was a grown-ass woman and I could definitely do this.

Or at least that's what I kept telling myself.

With a low groan, I made my way towards the nearest bar. It wasn't much different from the other bars I had encountered in the past. The white tablecloth over a very long wooden table, a variety of crystal bowls filled with different coloured liquids, one of which I had remembered from the ball. The pinkish purple liquid swirled within the crystal bowl. waiting for me to drink it.

I didn't feel too bad when I had drank it the other night, and thinking about it for a moment, whether this was the route I really wanted to go. I gave into my weaknesses, wanting the panic attacks and anxiety to disappear, and quickly picked up a crystal goblet and filled it to the brim.

Turning to face the crowd, I placed the glass to my lips and drank down the entire contents in one go. It was then I noticed nobody else really had the pinkish purple liquid in their cups and those that did, had they been very tiny ones.

"Well, look who it is. my little rebel. I didn't just see you drink down an entire goblet of Roslaheim, did I?" I knew that voice. I hadn't known it very long, but I knew that voice, and the moment I turned to my right and saw that sexy fucking Fae man walking towards me I groaned internally.

"Why does it matter what I drank?" I replied slightly snarkier than I needed to. "I could have sworn I didn't belong to you or any man for that matter."

A chuckle left him as a smile grew upon his face. His steps brought him closer to me than I wanted but at the same time, the closeness of him made me feel slightly different. "I am no mere man, Castor."

The moment his hand reached up to brush down the side of my face, a cold chill ran through my body I wasn't expecting, and with it my heart began to race. Finn's eyes lit up with excitement at this, and part of me wondered if I had felt what I had to.

"I need to go," I muttered quickly as I pulled away from him and began pushing through the crowds to find a place to escape. All I wanted to do was find a way to fight off the anxiety rushing through me because when I lost control of myself, I lost control of my powers.

Passing a waitress with a drink full of trays, I snagged another pink glowing glass and brought it to my lips as the music flowed around me, it's beat pulsating in my veins as I made my way deeper and deeper through the crowds. My eyes scanned for Sansa or anyone else I knew hoping to find someone to socialize with.

I was supposed to be socializing with the people but not one single person here actually seemed to care about what I was doing. In fact, they were too worried about hooking up with each other and the entire college party vibe going on wasn't really my thing. Even though once upon a time Melissa and I had talked about the days we would do this sort of thing.

As the music changed a hand strayed over my back, and turning, I came to face a man I didn't know. He wasn't much taller than I was, and with beady brown eyes and a scar on the left side of his jaw. "Hello, beautiful, wanna dance?"

Disgust rolled through me at his touch. "No, I don't. Thanks though..."

Pulling away from him, he narrowed his gaze at me before he grabbed at me once more pulling me close to him. The stench of ale upon his breath made my stomach turn. "You think you are better than me, bitch? You're not better than me."

Anger coursed through me slowly at the way this man was speaking to me, and the fact he thought he could touch me pissed me off even more. "Get your fucking hands off me now."

As my power slowly grew, I found myself quickly pulled away from the man as a large Fae guard stepped in between us. I wasn't sure at first what was going on but when I found a set of celestial eyes staring back at mine, I realized it was Finn who had stopped the altercation.

"Finn?" I said softly in a power-induced haze, "what-"

"Don't talk... I need you to move, now," He replied sternly as he wrapped an arm around my waist and pulled me off through the crowd away from the many bodies who had been nearby.

I didn't want to go with him, but something about the entire situation had my mind spinning and with the alcohol hitting my system, my logical sense of thinking went straight out the window. "Finn, where are you taking me?"

"Away from anywhere that you could potentially hurt people..."

"Hurt people?" I stammered as we broke through the crowd as he walked me down the silent cobbled street back towards the building that I stayed in. "I wouldn't hurt anyone... let me go!"

Stopping in my tracks, I jerked myself from his grasp and stood staring at him. His eyes narrowed before he looked off only to look back at me with irritation. "The level of your power just now was enough to kill a majority of people there, Cassie... do you not know how to control yourself?"

Opening and closing my mouth. I tried to speak but found no words at first. "I wasn't going to hurt anyone... no one saw what was going on..."

"That's because they were engrossed in the power. They were blind and clouded from it."

"Yet, you weren't affected." I scoffed, "I doubt that."

"I'm Fae, Cassie. Your powers can't hurt me... plus, I'm your soul mate. Our powers in my world don't work on each other, and from what I can see, that extends to here as well." He sighed, shaking his head before rubbing the back of his neck.

I was at a loss for words for what he was saying, and as angry as I wanted to be at him, I couldn't be. He had just stopped me from doing something horrible, and for that, I had nothing but thanks to him. I didn't want to hurt anyone like I had Melissa.

"Oh... well, thank you," I muttered softly, "I'll just head back to my room."

Trying to slowly pass him. he took my hand and stopped me once more. The closeness of his body to mine was shocking and the feeling he pulled inside me stopped me again.

"One of these days, Cassie... you're going to give me a chance. And I won't stop until you do. I will win you over one way or another."