

And Then There Were Four (Lilith Carrie)

Chapter 193

Chapter 193: Foolish Behavior

Cassie.

I wasn't quite sure what to make of what Balder had said, but the more and more I thought about it, I couldn't help but wonder if he was trying to tell me something secretly without exactly coming out and saying it, which seemed to be the usual kind of thing that happened around this place.

The moment the sparring games had finished for the day, I took my leave with Sansa and made my way down the stone steps toward the main courtyard door, eager to be able to check and see if Lucas was okay. It was clear he had taken a beating from Soren, and I felt incredibly bad that he had, especially since he was so eager to prove himself in front of everybody. And yet when he lost, it seemed like he was just ridiculed over it.

Afterward, men scattered around the area talking and hanging out after everything had finished. I followed Sansa down the corridors toward the main door and I couldn't help but stop next to the door that led to the shower areas. It must have been where Lucas had gone after everything was said and done. And as I halted there, Sansa looked over her shoulder at me with curiosity.

"What are you doing?" she asked as she stood staring at me with her brows furrowed together and a look of confusion on her face.

"I think I should go check and see if Lucas is okay."

Shaking her head from side to side, she frowned. "I don't think that's a good idea, Cassie. He is already dealing with a loss... having you go in there is only going to make things worse."

"What are you talking about?" I scoffed with annoyance, "I'm just there checking on him."

Crossing my arms over my chest, I frowned at the way she was acting. How could she think that I would make things worse? I was, at one point in time, Lucas's mate, and he cared for me greatly. He would never get upset at me for checking on him.

After a moment of the stare down, a smile crossed her face as she gestured toward the door. "Okay, then. By all means, go check on him. Just don't come complaining to mewhen it backfires."

Her words caused me to hesitate as I glanced toward the door and then back to her. Maybe she was right, but at the same time, I couldn't help but feel the pull to check. The image of him bleeding was imprinted in my mind, and I just had to make sure that he was safe.

In frustration, I huffed out and moved toward the door causing Sansa to groan as she turned walking away and I entered the darkened pathway. The smell of rank body odor caused me to gag as I made my way toward the lockers and searched for the dark head of hair I had grown to love overtime.

"Whoa! What do we have here, men?!" The hoots and hollers of multiple men made me internally wish I had listened to Sansa. Their testosterone levels must have been through the roof because as I walked past them, they licked their lips and fucked me with their eyes.

"Get over yourselves," I snapped as I pushed past them in search of Lucas.

A tall, muscular, and well-cut wall of godliness stepped in front of me, causing me to halt in my tracks as I looked up into the eyes of none other than Soren. The man who had caused Lucas harm today. He stood in front of me completely naked with a smirk on his face and his arms over his chest like the cocky prick he was.

"What are you doing in here, Delicious? Did you decide to reward me early for my win?"

Disgust filled me. He was more self-centered than most men I had met and he only said one sentence to me.

"If you think for one moment your trashy pick-up line was going to work, you're sadly mistaken. Plus," I replied, looking him up and down thoroughly, "It doesn't seem like there's much to work with."

The roar of laughter that left the mouths of the men in that locker room was enough for anyone outside of this building to hear it- and Soren wasn't pleased with what I said. His eyes narrowed at me as he sneered at my remark. "You have a lot to say for a woman who's being passed off as a prize to please the man that wins."

Placing my hands on my hips, I refused to back down and let him see me falter. It was men like him that made me wonder if I should just be single forever. He was nothing but a prick looking to get one off and any pretty face who would entertain him.

"If that's what you think this entire thing is then I'm afraid you're wrong." Hearing me say he was wrong seemed to puzzle him, giving me the opportunity I needed to put him in his place. "You see, the winner won't win me. He will win the opportunity to please me however I see fit for the rest of his life. Granted you will have luxuries... but you will never be free again."

Silence fell over the locker rooms at my comment, and as I glanced around I watched every man in there silently question what I was saying. They had all come into this thinking that they had a chance to bag themselves a princess as some may say. Yet, never stopped to think that perhaps that wasn't the case.

"You're lying," he muttered.

Turning to him again my smile widened. "Am I?"

It only took a moment for him to step aside and storm off without another word. He didn't like what I had to say, and I didn't care if he didn't like it. It was the truth. I would never let a man think that just because he won the tournament, I was his property to do with as he pleased.

I was no one's property, and if that was what people thought my future was going to be, they were sadly mistaken. Moving through the lockers, I turned every corner until my eyes landed upon the dark hair of Lucas, his dark eyes connected with mine. "Cassie?"

"Lucas, I found you," I muttered as I wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled him close to me. There were cuts and bruises all over his body and I knew that with time, they would heal but it didn't stop me from worrying about him.

The comforting moment only lasted a moment before he pulled back from me with a frown. "What are you doing in here, Cassie?"

"I came to make sure you were okay... aren't you glad to see me?"

He seemed taken back that I was there, and for a moment, I thought I saw pleasure in his eyes upon seeing me but it quickly disappeared and was replaced by something else that I didn't understand. "Cassie, you can't be here. You need to leave."

I opened and closed my mouth to respond, but nothing came out. I had thought he would have been happy to see him considering it had been so long but instead of happiness, he was frowning and telling me to leave.

"I'm not leaving," I replied flatly with my hand on my hip as I stared at him in disbelief. "I came to check on you. It was brutal out there, and I wanted to make sure you were safe."

Agitation and annoyance flowed off him as somewhere within the locker room laughter echoed, and I realized that there must have been people listening to our exchange which only made him even more upset that I was here. "I'm not a fucking two-year-old, Cassie. I don't need you to come check on me. You being here makes me look weak, and complicates everything I'm trying to do."

"What are you talking about?" I gasped trying to understand what was so wrong with me being here. "Girls do it all the time...!"

"Yes! Exactly! Girls, Cassie... fucking girls. You're still mentally eighteen, Cassie. You may be twenty on earth, but you're not on earth anymore. Not to mention twenty-year-olds don't do shit like this and your immature behavior is really starting to make me wonder if you're even ready for the future you're supposed to have. Now leave, and don't do this shit again."

My heart ached at his words as he grabbed his white shirt from the bench and pulled it over his head. He was still just as gorgeous as I remembered, and yet I couldn't understand why he seemed so cold toward me. I guess he had a point but at the same time, I hadn't meant to act immature. I was genuinely worried for him, and he was scolding me like I was a child.

Stepping closer to him, I lowered my voice to a whisper. "Tell me you're only acting like this to throw them off. You don't mean that..."

He paused for a moment before his brows knitted together and a heavy breath escaped him. "I'm being serious, Cassie. I know what you're looking for, but I already told you where I stood with things. I am participating in this contest like everyone else, and if I don't win, then I'm not worthy of you. End of story. Now fucking leave and don't come back."

"Lovers quarrel-" a mischievous and annoying voice commented behind me. "Here I thought this competition was going to be fair."

Turning around, I took in my cousin, who stared at me with a lust-filled gaze I hadn't wanted to see. His body leaned up against the far wall as he used a towel to wipe off his hands while he raked his eyes up and down my body. "Cousin... I don't know what you're referring to."

"Oh, don't play coy with me, Cassie. I am aware of what he is to you."

Before I could address his comment, Lucas stepped forward with his fists clenched at his side. "I can assure you there is nothing going on. I was just telling Cassie it wasn't appropriate for her to be here and that she didn't need to come back."

The tone of his voice was demanding and cold, and as I stared between the two men, I had to hold back tears of anger that threatened to fall down my face from the way Lucas had spoken to me, and in the end, all I could do was lash out in anger. "You can both go fuck yourselves."

I didn't bother to hear anything else they had to say as I stormed past them back through the locker room and out the door back into the cool fresh air. I was a fool to

think going in there to check on Lucas was a good idea. I had allowed myself to be made fun of and ridiculed and all for what? To have a man I care about speak to me as if I was nothing?

Sansa had been right, and there was no way she was going to let me live this down.

I walked forward toward the city from the outskirts where the arena lay. My mind reeled over what had just happened as my heart clenched knowing that things had indeed changed between Lucas and me. I had hoped that he would still make exceptions to come see me even though he was in the contest, but of course, that had only been wishful thinking.

The moment my feet hit the cobble steps leading toward my building the tears of frustration that I had been holding back slowly began to leak through. I may have been immortal but I still had mortal feelings. "God, how could I be so stupid..."

"Talking to yourself again?" a familiar voice asked from within the garden walls of wildflowers marble statues. Looking around, I quickly wiped the loose tears from my eyes until Finnick came into sight.

"Are you following me?" I snapped without meaning to sound as harsh as I did. "I'm really not in the mood to play games, Finn."

The tall, godly figure of Finn came properly into view as he strode forward in loose white and blue linen clothing that was more ornate than what I was accustomed to seeing. His white hair was partially up, and loosely hung down around his face is waves highlighting his chiseled jaw and piercing eyes. Even with his clothing that seemed so simple but clung to him in certain areas, accenting the rigid well built muscles of his body made me mentally pause in my steps to admire him.

He was gorgeous, but something about him still made me wary.

"Cassie, what's wrong?" There was a seriousness of concern in his voice as he stepped toward me. His hand reached out to wipe a stray tear from my cheek as he stared into my eyes with the same celestial glowing hues I was so accustomed to seeing in my own reflection.

"Nothing, I'm fine. It's just been a very long day..." I replied trying to avoid having an awkward conversation with him. Typically, I wouldn't want to speak with him at all, but right now his presence was honestly comforting.

"Cassie, I can tell something is wrong with you. Let's go to my room... I'll have them make some tea and we can talk about things."

Shaking my head, I tried to refuse him, but he took my hand nonetheless and pulled me toward. I wasn't sure what to expect, but no matter how much I found myself uncertain about what he was asking of me I couldn't help but wonder why it also felt right.