

## And Then There Were Four (Lilith Carrie)

Chapter 194

Chapter 194: Finnick's Promise

Lucas.

Guilt filled me once more at the way I had just disregarded Cassie like I did, but the moment she left I was faced with an evil I didn't want to address. Mani stood there staring at me with a wicked grin on his face as if he had something to say. Not that I cared about what he had to address with me. He had become nothing but a problem this entire time.

From his ridiculous comments to the boosting remarks of how he would make Cassie bend her knee to him. All I wanted to do was beat the living shit out of this man, but I knew that would get me nowhere. It was more than likely exactly what he was looking for and I couldn't allow him to win one over on me.

Grabbing my things I pushed past him, bumping his shoulder causing him to laugh.

"Jesus, Vega. I know you are sweet on that girl but come on, man. You and I both know you don't stand a chance with her. You had one and fucking blew it instead of being a real man."

Spinning around on my feet, I narrowed my eyes at him with anger. He had no idea what I had been through with Cassie and the fact he thought he knew only pissed me off further. His amused and sadistic gaze let me know this was exactly the reaction he wanted. I decided to stay a step ahead of him and simply smiled. "If you want my seconds, all you have to do is ask."

"Seconds? To me, it seems like she has you sucking on her tit like a babe to its mother."

Clenching my fists at my side I stepped forward, watching Mani straighten himself as if he was preparing to square off with me. I wanted more than anything to beat the shit out of Mani considering he had been nothing but a pain in my ass lately. However, if I did that there was a chance that I'd be thrown out of the games, and that was the last thing that I wanted to happen.

"You have a lot to say for someone who will never get the chance at the throne." I replied watching the grin on Mani's face fall. "How does it feel to be passed up as heir, Mani?"

"You little shit," he snarled before the laughter of other men echoed down the halls. People were coming, and Mani cared very much about his image. There was no way that he was going to allow something to happen that could ruin his image. Not that I was worried.

"That's what I thought." I chuckled shaking my head. "Why don't you just keep your fucking mouth closed when it comes to Cassie. If there is anyone who doesn't deserve her, it's you."

Turning my back on Mani with confidence, I made my way out of the locker room. I wasn't worried about what Mani would do. There was nothing he could do to me that would make any of this shit worse than it already was.

Slamming my hands against the door, I watched it swing open as I stepped out into the cool afternoon air. One thing about this place I loved is that it never really got hot. Letting out a heavy breath, I tried to re-examine what it was that had transpired today.

I had lost my first round in the strength and agility games. There were two more that would take place different from the first, and I couldn't afford to lose either. Losing another match would mean losing my chance with Cassie, and while she was sometimes a pain in the ass, she was my pain in the ass.

Perhaps I was hard on her, but it was only because I didn't want her to think I couldn't do this. I loved Cassie more than anything, and if that meant being tough on her then so be it.

Turning towards the city, I made my way back home to try and cool off and figure out my next plan of action. The other men all had people to help coach them and prepare for this shit, but I was on my own. Not a single soul would help me considering what I had done to Cassie before.

They believed me to be evil. The whole like-father,like-son concept.

I was nothing like my father, and if I won this, I could show them how much I wasn't. I'd stand by Cassie's side and help her to rule this place if it came down to it. I'd father her children and spend every waking moment of every day making things up to her. She deserved the best, and I would be the best... but only for her.

Giving up wasn't an option; eventually, I hoped she could forgive me.

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Cassie.

When Finnick asked me to come with him I didn't feel like I had a choice. My emotional state made me feel hollow. Once again I acted immature as Lucas called it, and I had thought by being bold and straightforward forward I was showing these people that I could be the ruler they wanted.

But of course, I just fucked that up like everything else around me.

"You're deep in thoughts, little one. Care to share what's on your mind?" Finnick asked as we walked down the hallway towards his room. There was a calmness about Finnick I hadn't noticed before and as much as I didn't want to share my personal thoughts, I couldn't help but feel comfortable around him. So much so that I did want to share.

"I wouldn't even know where to start," I mumbled as we turned the corner of the hallway and came to the navy blue double doors of Finnick's room. I had never been to this part of the palace and standing here beside Finnick, I wondered why I hadn't. I had assumed I'd seen this entire place before Finnick ever came here, but I suppose I was wrong.

Stepping into his room, I was instantly blown away by its appearance. The room was base white yes, but there were open windows everywhere lined with colored curtains in a variety of colors. From oranges and blues to yellows and reds. I literally felt like I had stepped into India or Morocco with the beautiful array of vibrant colors. Even his bed, which sat far off in the corner, was round and decorated with tons of pillows of all shapes and blankets that seemed to go on for days.

It was definitely not what I had been expecting and from my open-mouthed expression, Finnick seemed to notice as well. "You like it?"

Did I like it? I honestly didn't even know what to say.

"Yes," I muttered glancing at him once more. "It's beautiful."

His celestial eyes glanced around the room once more before turning back to me with amusement dancing within them. "I suppose it is."

"I take it you live like this all the time?"

Shaking his head, he chuckled before heading towards a small wet bar that was on the far left side of his room near another door that I was assuming was his bathroom.

Slowly, I moved forward checking out the variety of trinkets and photos he had displayed. I hadn't taken Finnick to be a man who was sentimental, but from the looks of what I'm guessing was family portraits, he was. "Is this your family?"

Glancing at him, he looked over his shoulder at me and smiled. "Yes. That is my mother and father and my siblings."

"Oh," the muttered reply was barely audible as I continued my slow stroll around his room. It was the clink of crystal that caught my attention once more, and as I turned, I found Finnick lounging upon an oddly shaped chair that reminded me of a bean bag.

"So, back to what's on your mind. Why don't you sit down and talk to me."

Finnick had initially come off as an arrogant man who seemed to hold his position in high regard, but right now he was showing me a side of him that I was curious to know if most people saw. "Why are you so interested in what's on my mind?"

"Because I find you intriguing," he replied with a hum of amusement that made my eyes roll before I took a seat on an oversized white fur chair across from him.

"Intriguing... I'm not sure if that's a term most people would refer to me as."

"Is that so?" he replied softly, "what would most people call you?"

There were so many things that most people would call me, and for some reason him asking this caused the anger from my conversation with Lucas slowly began to bubble up. "Oh, I don't know... a bitch, stubborn, self-centered, and immature."

Venom laced that last word and with a low whistle, Finnick laughed. "Immature... you said that word as if it was fresh in your mind. Did you have an argument with someone?"

"It doesn't matter." The quick response made his brow raise as a smirk crossed his lips that made me huff with irritation. He asked me here to talk and all he seemed to want to do was find amusement in me. "Did you just bring me here for your entertainment because if that's the case, I'm not interested."

"Is that what you think this is?" he asked, his smirk turning into a frown as he sipped upon the lilac-colored liquid in his glass. "If I wanted amusement, I'd have a whore brought to me."

"Oh, you're one of those kinds of men."

Finnick frowned, his eyes slightly narrowing as a scoff left his lips. "No. I'm not."

The tension and silence that filled the space between us was unsettling for a moment, and the thought to leave crossed my mind more than once. I hadn't meant to sound bitchy when I asked what I did but the questions he was asking were more than annoying.

"I'm sorry, for snapping at you," I finally sighed as I ran my hand over my face. "There's just so much going on right now and it's so overwhelming. I feel like everything I do is wrong, and when I think I'm helping I'm not."

"So stop helping." The answer he gave sounded so simple, but at the same time complicated. I didn't even know I was really trying to help until it happened and by that time it was too late.

With a heavy breath, I cast my eyes away from him as I fiddled with my hands. "I wish I knew how to quit helping. It seems like I just keep doing it no matter how much I try to keep to myself."

As my eyes met his again, a look of understanding seemed to pass between us I hadn't been expecting. I wasn't sure why he stared at me the way he did but I felt comfortable with him. "Perhaps you simply need a break from this place for a few days."

"Yeah, that could happen." I laughed, "Asgard is the only place I'm allowed to go, didn't you know?"

My comment didn't seem to amuse him as he furrowed his brows at me in confusion. "I don't understand. Why can't you go anywhere else? Are you a prisoner to this realm?"

I opened and closed my mouth to say something but didn't have an answer as to why I couldn't. No one had ever really said that I couldn't leave this place per say. Just that I couldn't ever live on earth again, or something like that. "No, I guess not. I just am immortal or something."

"Or something?" He laughed, "Cassie, you're not a prisoner to this place. I don't see why you can't go somewhere."

"Tell that to Odin... he acts like I can't. I mean, I went and saw my family on earth a few months ago and I didn't even get twenty-four hours before I was forcefully brought back here."

Making a face he wrinkled his nose with a frown. "Because that's not toxic."

A small burst of laughter escaped me and I quickly covered my mouth to stop it. The reaction made a grin appear across Finnick's lips as a twinkle lit his eyes. "I like hearing you laugh, you should do it more often."

Again I rolled my eyes with my own smirk before I stood to my feet smoothing out my blouse, preparing to leave. "I think I should be going, Finn."

"Are you sure? You only just got here," he replied, placing his glass down as he stood as well.

The situation went from comfortable to slightly uncomfortable really fast and I wasn't sure exactly why. Perhaps it was because of the hungry gaze that Finnick gave me as his eyes traveled over my body or maybe it was because I enjoyed his presence so much that it slightly frightened me. "I'm sure..."

Nodding, he stepped closer to me with a small sigh. "Before you go can I ask you one more thing?"

"Yeah," I replied softly. His hand reached up to gently brush down over my arm causing a shiver to run down my spine I hadn't been expecting. "Ask what you want..."

"If you could go anywhere right now, where would it be?"

No one had asked me what I wanted in a while. Of course others had asked me things that pertained to the games but it was never about what I truly wanted. Taking a moment to think about what he asked, I gazed down at my feet with hesitation.

"If I could go anywhere... I'd love to go home."

"Home?" He questioned with a hint of surprise in his tone, "why there?"

Shrugging my shoulders, I gazed at him once more thinking about my family and how much I missed them. They were everything to me, and being separated from them was taking a toll on me more than I wanted to admit.

"I miss them, Finn. Family is everything, and being here-I don't honestly have that."

There was a sad expression on his face as he stared at me, and taking my hand within his he said four words I wasn't expecting. "I can fix that."