

And Then There Were Four (Lilith Carrie)

Chapter 198

Chapter 198: Truth of the Past

Cassie.

"Cassie, no!" The scream that left Trixie's mouth went partially unnoticed by the anger that coursed through me. My hand was gripped around my brother's throat as I stared into his eyes, watching his wolf crawl to the forefront snarling like the beast he was. No one in their right mind would ever act like this towards an Alpha, but then again I wasn't "no one".

"Castor, that's enough."

The cold sound of my father brought me back to the present and snapped me out of the anger I was in. My hand instinctively released my brother as I turned to look at my father Hale from over my shoulder. "Daddy?"

A concerned expression marred his face as he let a heavy breath escape his lips. My feet couldn't carry me fast enough as I threw my arms around his neck and hugged him. I had missed my parents terribly and the fact they hadn't been present when I arrived had unsettled me for reasons I didn't understand.

"Castor—" he said softly, "what are you doing?"

Looking up to him I frowned with confusion, "I—I just—"

"You just lost your f*****g mind!" Pollux growled, causing my father Hale to growl back at him in return.

"Enough, son. I understand that you're upset right now, but you're Alpha now. You need to control your wolf and remember that she isn't used to our world anymore."

Turning towards my brother, I stared at him with a wide-eyed apologetic expression. "Pollux, I'm sorry... I wasn't thinking."

He huffed with irritation, his hand rubbing his throat as he turned towards Trixie, who now stood holding her daughter. "Take her upstairs. This is too much excitement for her."

Trixie didn't argue as she gave me a sad look without another word and brushed past me back into the house. I wanted to call out to her, but I knew right now that was pointless. Even Silas and Finnick, who stood there staring at me with shocked gazes, said nothing. I had f*****d up royally and had only just arrived.

"Castor, I think we need to talk," Hale said, catching me by surprise, but without arguing, I nodded. "Your mother is inside. I'm glad that I came out here instead of her."

He didn't wait for me to reply to him as he glanced once more at Pollux with a heavy sigh before he turned and made his way inside the house past Silas and Finnick. Neither man dared say anything to him about the situation, but the moment I passed them, they followed behind me.

I had done many things in my life, but disrespecting an Alpha—that was something unforgivable. Yet, I crossed the line without thinking. I was testing limits left and right and I knew it. Once again, I wasn't thinking before I acted and the words of Freya and Sansa told me echoed in my mind.

When I turned the corner into the living room, my eyes found my mother's and though her face was aged more than I had remembered, I still saw the kind eyes I had seen once before.

"Cassie—" she whispered, wrapping me into her embrace. "I've missed you so much."

"I've missed you too, Mama."

I didn't realize I was crying until she pulled away from me and wiped the tears from my cheeks. I had only been a girl when I left. Barely eighteen and experiencing life. My freedom wasn't earned and though I had been through so much in such a short period of time, I couldn't help but wonder what my life would have been like had I stayed.

"I know something happened outside... tell me what it was." The stern look she gave me reminded me of the look she gave me as a child, and I knew full well there was no way that I was going to be able to lie to her. Especially as I looked around and saw my fathers James, Talon, and Damian giving me the same look.

"Pollux and I just had a disagreement," I replied softly. "It's over."

"Over?" Pollux scoffed from behind me as he brushed past me, bumping my shoulder to take a seat in a red armchair on the far side of the living room. "Cassie attacked me."

My eyes darted towards Pollux, wide as I glared at him, "I didn't mean—"

"Cassie?" my mother whispered, "why would you do that?"

I was at a loss for words as I glanced around at everyone in the room trying to find the words I needed to explain the way I had acted. Yet, no matter how many times I opened and closed my mouth to tell them what happened, I couldn't. Nothing sounded right.

"I was angry... why didn't anyone tell me dad was sick?" Turning my gaze to Damian, I watched his expression change as it became understanding, a small smile on his face that didn't reach his eyes as his shoulders slumped in defeat.

He looked twenty times older than he should have. His dark hair graying as his eyes seemed so dull compared to the man I knew growing up. "Oh, Cassie," he whispered, shaking his head as he gestured for me to come to him. "I'm sorry you had to find out this way."

I wanted to go to him. Hell, I wanted to curl up in his lap like I used to do when I was a little girl, but I couldn't. I couldn't because I was too hurt to find out how I did. "Why didn't anyone try to tell me?"

"How would we have done that, Cassie?" Pollux replied, causing the others in the room to look at him with slight irritation. "It isn't like there is a phone that will allow us to communicate, Cassie. You're in a realm only accessible by death."

Pollux was being a little dramatic over his last statement. You didn't have to die to go there.

"Trixie could have come to tell me..."

"No!" He growled, slamming his fist down on the arm of the sofa. "I almost lost her once... I went years without her because of your selfish bullshit. I'm not going to let her go again."

It suddenly dawned on me what he meant. He went years without her and didn't know how to get to her, which must have driven his wolf mad with hatred for me. My own brother sat here before me with hatred in his eyes, and instead of trying to understand, I attacked him.

"Pollux," I whispered, stepping towards him. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean—"

It seemed it didn't matter what I had to say, because the moment that I tried to apologize, he rolled his eyes in anger and stood to his feet leaving the room. Not that I had done much to remain welcome in this place, even if it was my childhood home.

"Give him some time. It will be okay."

My mother's words weren't as comforting as I would have liked them to be, but I didn't bother to argue with her. I had made a mess of things and I needed to stop before it got worse. The best thing I could do was keep my mouth closed and try to make the most of the time I had here.

Making my way towards the sofa, I took a seat next to Damian. "I don't understand what's wrong with me. Why do I keep acting the way I do? You would think I'd have learned by now."

Small chuckles left the lips of Jones and my mother. I didn't miss the goze they gave each other before they glonced at me once more. "Cossie, you don't need to blame yourself for this stuff. You're still young. You will make mistakes no matter what you do."

"I'm supposed to be Odin's heir. I shouldn't be making mistakes," I retorted with annoyance, "I'm supposed to set examples."

My mother strode towards me with a sad smile upon her face before taking a seat next to me, pulling me against her so that my head laid against her shoulder. "Oh, sweet girl, you have so much to still learn about ruling. Don't be so harsh on yourself."

Tears brimmed my eyes at her words. I hadn't realized that I would be so emotional seeing my family again, but the fact that I had missed them terribly did nothing to help me control myself.

"I don't have time to learn though. They expect me to do everything."

It was at this that a small noise to the doorway reminded me that Finnick and Silas were still present and again I felt foolish in how I was acting. I wasn't supposed to get emotional like this, and my mother seemed to understand my sudden uncomfortable posture as she turned to both of them.

"Gentlemon, why don't you head to the kitchen and find Gio. She can get you something to eat why we talk and then perhaps we can go to the walk after."

I had expected them both to oppose the idea, but Finnick was quick to bow his head at her words and grab Silas's arm to pull him along. "Of course, that sounds wonderful. Please take all the time that you need."

There was a look of confusion on Silas' face as he glonced at me and then Finnick, who gave him a wide-eyed silent look that finally made him follow Finnick out of view before Hale closed the double doors to the room we were in.

"You didn't have to do that," I muttered under my breath, causing my mother to smile at me with a twinkle of amusement in her eyes.

"No, she didn't," Talon replied as he stood by Jones with his arms crossed over his chest and a steely expression that showed his brooding side hadn't disappeared over the years. "Yet, I agree with her choice to have them leave. It seems we need to have a heart-to-heart with you."

Hearing Talon say we all needed to have a heart-to-heart was shocking. Talon had never been a man to take up such conversations. "Okay..."

"As I was saying, Cossie, you still have a lot to learn. It took me years to know my place here within this pack. But having your fathers by my side helped me grow into my position."

I never considered the fact that my mother hadn't known everything right from the start. I had grown up with her already being in the prime of her position, and to not think differently wasn't odd for me. Yet, staring at her right now, I could see the sincerity in her eyes.

There was a lot I was missing, and as Hale proceeded to tell me about how life with them really was before I was born, I found myself realizing that I didn't know everything I had thought I did. My perception of life was completely wrong, and sitting here with my parents made me feel different.

As if I was complete... which maybe was what I needed to get through what lie ahead.

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