

And Then There Were Four (Lilith Carrie)

Chapter 199

Chapter 199: Mama's Girl

Cassie.

After the long morning I had, I was quick to accept my mother's invitation to take a walk with her around the property. When I first got here, I didn't have the chance to really take things in and enjoy it.

"Things have changed a lot since you were here last."

My mother's words caused a grin to cross my lips as I looked around. "Yeah, I can see that. You guys have been busy."

With new buildings of various sizes, and the landscaping in the area well maintained and not overgrown, I could see that Trixie had been working hard to make this place just as much her own as it was my family's. It was just one more thing about this place that reminded me it wasn't my home anymore.

That I wasn't part of this world, and never would be.

"I can see something is troubling you, Cassie," my mother said calmly as we walked along cobbled paths lined by green grass that looked soft enough to sleep on. "Your fathers may have filled you in on how things used to be, but at the end of the day, the only way you will figure out who YOU need to be is by asking the questions you need to ask."

I had never known my mom to be some type of philosopher, but walking beside her in our homeland made me see things differently. All this time in Asgard, I assumed I had to do everything on my own and leave my old life behind, and it seemed that my old life perhaps was the salvation to my new one.

"I know, Mama. I'm starting to realize that perhaps I had been taking the hard way all along. Especially when the easy way was simply calling me home."

The chuckle that escaped us both was warming especially when she wrapped her arm around my shoulder and pulled me closer to her. The scent of her perfume wrapped around me like a warm hug that I didn't want to ever let me go.

"I'm glad you're home, sweetheart. The sunshine around here is a little brighter with you near me."

Glancing up at her I sighed, wishing I could feel the heat upon my skin. Yet, the moment I stepped foot in this place, it was as if nothing about the way this world worked affected me in the way it used to. Which was strange but not important enough for me to find out why.

"I'm glad I'm home as well." The shadowed figure beneath the canopy of trees to my right caught my attention. I focused my gaze and took in the sight of Silas' rippled body standing there, staring at me with his hands crossed over his shoulders and Talon's back to me as he obviously engaged in conversation with Silas.

"So, are you going to tell me about the two men you're here with?" my mother asked, causing me to glance at her. I opened and closed my mouth, trying to find the words to express the answer she was obviously seeking. "Don't act surprised, Cassie. I could tell the moment I laid eyes on them that there is something going on with you three."

My mother was clearly very perceptive, and I should have remembered that from when I was growing up. She always knew when something was going on, and though I used to get annoyed by it when I was younger, I was sort of glad she did point it out. Because I really wanted someone to talk to about everything.

"Well, Mama." I sighed, taking a seat on the cast iron bench beneath the limbs of a large oak tree. "I don't even know where to start when it comes to dealing with that issue."

Slight laughter escaped her as she took a seat next to me. Her blue eyes stared out at the green rolling fields in front of us where children ran around and flew kites within the sky. "Why don't you start from the beginning? Who are these two men?"

"Well, the brooding one talking to Talon is Silas." I finally fessed up. Starting with Silas seemed easier even though out of the three men, he was the one I was so unsure of. "He is a guardian of Asgard. Odin sent him with us to keep an eye on me."

"Oh, is he?" The tone my mother took was one that made me wonder if she was plotting something. A twinkle in her eye that turned her straight smile into one of mischievousness.

"Yeah..."

"I think he is here because he wants to be." I wasn't sure why my mother thought that but the more we seemed to speak on this, the more I saw her enjoying the topic of conversation. "In fact, I bet that he is here because he wants to make sure he doesn't lose you."

"...lose me?" Laughter erupted from my lips at her remark, "he doesn't want me."

"So you haven't slept with him?"

"Oh my god, Mom!" Shocked filled me at her question as I sat there staring at her with wide eyes. I couldn't believe she was being so forward with my love life, but she sat laughing at me as if what she had asked was just natural for a mother to ask her daughter.

"Oh stop it, Cassie. You're not a little girl anymore. Don't be so dramatic."

It wasn't that I was being dramatic. I just found it weird for my mother to have the conversation she was having, but at the end of the day if there was anyone I could talk to about this, at least it was her and not one of my fathers.

Letting out a heavy sigh of uncomfortableness, I cast my gaze towards the ground and fiddled with my hands. "Yes, I have... on a few occasions."

"I figured as much." Looking at her once more, I watched a confident smile cross her lips. "He isn't a wolf, I know that much for sure... what is he?"

"A dragon..." I muttered as she looked at me with surprise.

"Dragon? But I thought they were extinct?"

Shrugging my shoulders, I didn't know what to tell her. I didn't even know they had existed until I met Silas so at least she knew they did even though she thought they were extinct. "Yeah, well, there he is in all his brooding glory."

"I take it that things aren't great with the two of you by the way you're acting." Once again, her awareness of our situation was a little disturbing, but I didn't bother to deny what she was saying.

"Yeah, he says it can't be and blah blah blah... it's all really annoying."

Nudging me, she caused me to smile as she nodded her head. "Men typically are, Cassie. I can't tell you how many times the four of mine pissed me off so bad I was half tempted to smother them in their sleep. But at the end of the day, the heart wants what the heart wants and he won't be able to fight it forever. Just let him do what he wants... it won't last."

Amusement filled me with her confidence over the situation. She didn't know Silas like I did. There was no way that he would give in again. Ever since the last time, he had done his best to avoid me, and if he could have it, I guarantee he would leave Asgard and move somewhere else to avoid me. "If you say so..."

There was silence for a moment as she continued to look out over the fields. I'd have given anything to be able to read my mother's thoughts. To know what it was that made her keep going day after day even though she had been through so much. She had a strength that I could only hope to achieve.

"So, tell me about the other one... the elf prince?"

The uncomfortable way she said elf prince caused me to chuckle as I thought about Finn. "Honestly, Mama, I don't even know what to say about that one. He is cocky and doesn't really know the meaning of personal space but ... there is something about him that makes me want to be around him."

"He does seem to be an odd one."

For her to call him odd wasn't the term I was expecting, and laughter filled the space between us at her description. "Oh god, what did he do that makes you think he is odd?"

"Well, when you first arrived, he was out there talking to the plants out front. I thought perhaps he was a little crazy, but when he and Silas introduced themselves to us with your brother, I realized otherwise. Still seems odd to know that elves are real. I mean... I knew a lot of things were, but I don't know, it just feels foreign on my tongue when I say it."

"Elves seem foreign? Mom, we're werewolves... come on now. I think odd s**t is the least of our worries anymore." I replied, causing my mom to smirk.

As much as I was enjoying the conversation, I knew it wasn't meant to last forever when she got this frozen look on her face and her smile fell slightly. Something was wrong, and as she stood to her feet I stood to mine as well.

"We need to head back to the house."

"Why? What's wrong?" I asked as we both started making our way back rather quickly. A sense of urgency in her the way she was acting had me on alert, but before we reached the door she stopped and turned to me with hesitation.

"I will go ahead and tell you this now before we go inside. Your father... Domion. What's wrong with him isn't curable, Cassie. He is going to die, eventually... we just don't know how much time he has left."

The happy moment I had with her was gone, and once again the seriousness of the situation was back to the forefront. I didn't want to think about anyone that I loved dying, but it was a natural part of life. I just had expected he would have more time as shifters typically lived long lives. Much longer than those who were mundane.

"How? I don't understand why he is so sick as he is. The five of you were once immortal... I mean you still have—"

"It's because we no longer are that he is." Her comment didn't make sense to me, and the more I thought about it, the more confused I was. I knew the story of my parents. How they fell in love, and how they saved my father once before. But it just didn't make sense to me.

"I don't understand, Momo."

A heavy sigh escaped her as she looked down at the ground and then back towards the house before meeting my eyes once more. "The day we took our immortality and gave it to Domion, to bring him back to life, he was cursed in a way. The thing about fate is that no matter how much you try to change it, the universe will find a way to correct itself. So, though we saved him, Cassie... all it was, was borrowed time."

Her words were powerful, and I knew what she meant.

They brought him back, but it was only for a short time. Fate was still going to take his life in the long run because that was the order of things, and my father being alive right now shouldn't have been possible. "I hate seeing him like this."

"I do too, sweetheart, but you being here has actually made him smile for the first time in a long time. Eventually, he will be in Asgard with you and there the two of you can catch up on so much lost time."

The idea of him going to Asgard put a thought into my head that I decided to keep to myself. Domion was on the verge of death and in pain, but perhaps there was something I could end up doing for him in the long run.

"I know... Mom, go ahead and go to him. I know you want to make sure he is okay. I'm just going to walk around for a while and take everything in."

"Are you sure?" she asked furrowing her brows as she took my hand, "I don't want to cut our time short."

Nodding my head, I smiled. "We have plenty of time to spend together before I leave. Go... have fun, and we can catch up later."

My mother didn't need to be told twice for her to quickly disappear inside the house, leaving me standing alone on the front doorstep. She loved my fathers with everything in her just as she loved her children. They had given up so much for us and wanted more than anything to give back to them.

Which perhaps I would be able to.

For now, I had to get myself together, and a lot of what she said made sense.

If I wanted things to go right, I was going to have to stop fighting what fate wanted to happen.

"Elves seem foreign? Mom, we're werewolves... come on now. I think odd s**t is the least of our worries anymore." I replied, causing my mom to smirk.

As much as I was enjoying the conversation, I knew it wasn't meant to last forever when she got this frozen look on her face and her smile fell slightly. Something was wrong, and as she stood to her feet I stood to mine as well.

"We need to head back to the house."

"Why? What's wrong?" I asked as we both started making our way back rather quickly. A sense of urgency in her the way she was acting had me on alert, but before we reached the door she stopped and turned to me with hesitation.

"I will go ahead and tell you this now before we go inside. Your father... Damian. What's wrong with him isn't curable, Cassie. He is going to die, eventually... we just don't know how much time he has left."

The happy moment I had with her was gone, and once again the seriousness of the situation was back to the forefront. I didn't want to think about anyone that I loved dying, but it was a natural part of life. I just had expected he would have more time as shifters typically lived long lives. Much longer than those who were mundane.

"How? I don't understand why he is as sick as he is. The five of you were once immortal... I mean you still have—"

"It's because we no longer are that he is." Her comment didn't make sense to me, and the more I thought about it, the more confused I was. I knew the story of my parents. How they fell in love, and how they saved my father once before. But it just didn't make sense to me.

"I don't understand, Mama."

A heavy sigh escaped her as she looked down at the ground and then back towards the house before meeting my eyes once more. "The day we took our immortality and gave it to Damian, to bring him back to life, he was cursed in a way. The thing about fate is that no matter how much you try to change it, the universe will find a way to correct itself. So, though we saved him, Cassie... all it was, was borrowed time."

Her words were powerful, and I knew what she meant.

They brought him back, but it was only for a short time. Fate was still going to take his life in the long run because that was the order of things, and my father being alive right now shouldn't have been possible. "I hate seeing him like this."

"I do too, sweetheart, but you being here has actually made him smile for the first time in a long time. Eventually, he will be in Asgard with you and there the two of you can catch up on so much lost time."

The idea of him going to Asgard put a thought into my head that I decided to keep to myself. Damian was on the verge of death and in pain, but perhaps there was something I could end up doing for him in the long run.

"I know... Mom, go ahead and go to him. I know you want to make sure he is okay. I'm just going to walk around for a while and take everything in."

"Are you sure?" she asked furrowing her brows as she took my hand, "I don't want to cut our time short."

Nodding my head, I smiled. "We have plenty of time to spend together before I leave. Go... have fun, and we can catch up later."

My mother didn't need to be told twice for her to quickly disappear inside the house, leaving me standing alone on the front doorstep. She loved my fathers with everything in her just as she loved her children. They had given up so much for us and wanted more than anything to give back to them.

Which perhaps I would be able to.

For now, I had to get myself together, and a lot of what she said made sense.

If I wanted things to go right, I was going to have to stop fighting what fate wanted to happen.