

And Then There Were Four (Lilith Carrie)

Chapter 205

Chapter 205: Cabin Fever

Cassie.

After leaving Trixie I wasn't sure what to do, I hadn't realized things were as bad as they were but after seeing her the way she was, I realized she was in a bad situation. Trixie refused to go further into detail about what all had been going on, but I could see by the shaken look of her that the exhaustion I had noticed when I first arrived was only the cover she used to show people she was okay.

My mind reeled over and over the information as I made my way back towards the cottage, where I had assumed Finn and Silas would be waiting for me. They were both gone early this morning when I had left.

A roar of anger in the distance caught my attention the moment I approached the cottage and as I turned looking off towards the house, I saw Pollux arguing with Sam about something. The anger that filled his voice was unrecognizable. It was clear that the way he was acting was far from him being in control, and that wasn't good for anyone.

An Alpha was expected to remain in control, and though I wasn't part of their pack anymore I still knew that. I could only imagine the anger he was pushing through the pack link right now. To know that he was acting this way was heartbreaking because it wasn't who he was.

Seeing Hale and Talon approach him calmed the ache in my chest a bit as I turned and made my way inside the cabin, trying not to let the scene get to me.

"Cassie, I was wondering where you were," Finn replied, coming from the bedroom half-naked towel drying his hair. "Did you have a good morning with your mother?"

My mind short-circuited a moment as I took in Finn's well-sculpted muscles and the defined six-pack on his stomach. He had a body that would make anyone clench their thighs and right now, I was one of those women. "Uh, yeah—it was good."

"Are you okay?" he replied with a smirk as he dropped the towel to the sofa and strode towards me. His pants hung low and loose upon his hips and the way his "V" line dipped towards a trail of curled blonde hair made me curious about the monster within his pants.

I couldn't let myself get distracted though.

"Uh, yeah. I'm fine. Just a lot going on right now, and my brother is losing his s**t outside... I actually needed to talk to you and Silas about something."

"Talk to us about what?" Silas' voice resonated from the front door as he closed it with a little more force than I would have expected.

Letting a heavy breath escape me, I gestured for him to sit on the sofa. "You guys may wanna sit down for this because it's a lot of information."

Finn didn't hesitate to take a seat, but per usual Silas narrowed his gaze and me and curled a brow as he crossed his arms over his chest. "I'm fine. Start talking."

Dick...

"Alrighty then... So, I was having breakfast with my mother and Trixie ended up showing up, which of course, was completely unexpected—"

"Trixie showed up?" Finn frowned. "I'm surprised your brother allowed that after what happened the other day."

"Well... he didn't." I frowned, shrugging my shoulders. "She snuck away to talk to me. She said that he has been acting weird for a long time now. She is really worried, and on top of that her magic is depleting."

Finn's eyes turned to Silas, who stared at me unmoving. "Yeah, she told me that, and it doesn't make sense because being in this realm shouldn't cause those issues."

This was news to me. I thought maybe being here was causing the problem with her magic but Finn would know that for certain. Which also didn't make sense because then why would he tell her otherwise? "You didn't tell her that though."

He was silent for a moment as he slowly nodded his head. "Yes, but that was because I didn't want to alarm her and let her know it was probably someone stealing her power."

"Is that even possible?" Finn and I both glanced at Silas, who seemed suddenly concerned as he dropped his arms and began pacing back and forth. "If that's going on, that means there is someone who is intentionally trying to bring down your family."

"Again..." I muttered before I realized both men were looking at me crazy. "Years ago, when I was born, my parents had their first run-in with Loki... that's why I said again."

It was hard to talk about what had happened back then because Damian had died. Even though he was brought back, it was at the cost of my parents giving up themselves to do so. Which didn't seem to work well because now time had caught up with him, and he was dying.

"I see. So you think that has something to do with your brother now?" Silas questioned, making me wonder why I was explaining all of this to him. The most important aspect I had to remember was that I needed their help in order to solve what was going on.

I could see clearly that he wasn't sure about what I was saying. It didn't make sense for an Alpha to be in this position, but I knew what I did was real. My brother was seriously messed up and Anna had sent me the warning for a reason. "Yes, Silas, I do."

Silence fell between us for a moment as both men sat there contemplating what it was I had told them. It wasn't every day you come to a different realm to help improve something and then other s**t happens. Then again, this was me we were talking about.

Chaos seemed to follow me everywhere.

"Okay, okay," Silas finally replied. "Tell me what you know, and I'll see what I can find out."

"Really?" Shock filled me that he was taking this so easily. I had expected Silas to put up more of a fight, but he wasn't. Even the calm demeanor in which Finn was laid back on the sofa watching the conversation with me unfold seemed way too casual considering everything.

"Yes, Cassie. Really."

A sigh of relief washed over me in the moment as I tried to quickly collect my thoughts so I could finish explaining to them what I knew. "Okay, well like I said, Trixie said that something has been off with Pollux, and I think it has something to do with a girl named Ashley."

"Who is this girl?" Finn asked curiously. "Who is she in your pack?"

"Well, years ago. when we were in school... well. I mean years ago here when we were in school... she was my brother's girlfriend, I guess you could say. She wanted to be Luna of the pack but of course my brother was adamant he only wanted his mate. Then of course when we went to Asgard, he found Trixie."

"Ah, I see. So, she is a jealous ex-girlfriend wanting the throne," Silas replied, rolling his eyes. "What does that have to do with the way you're acting?"

"Because when I spoke to my mother today, it turns out that Ashley isn't pure blood like the rest of us. She is a halfling and adopted. Not to mention, she caused issues before for Trixie and Pollux's relationship, and the vision Anna showed me had Ashley using magic on my brother."

There was no way for Silas to disclaim what I was saying. He knew that the information I had given him pointed clearly to there being an issue and running his hand over his face, he nodded before turning to Finn. "Keep her here and slay put. Let me go find out what I can from Hale and I'll be back shortly."

"Hale? Why are you going to talk to my dad?" I gasped, taking a step forward only to find that Silas was quick and out the door before answering my question.

Turning to Finn with a wicked smile on his face, he shrugged his shoulders before standing and making his way towards the small kitchen where he pulled a clear bottle of liquor from a cabinet and turning to me with a smile. "Well, since Silas gave us orders to stay here, perhaps we should have a drink."

"Seriously... I'm trying to find a way to save my brother and my pack, and you want to drink?"

Laughter escaped him as he held up his finger and smiled. "Correction... your brother's pack. You're not a wolf anymore, remember."

The jab was a strike to my heart that made me sneer. The last thing I wanted for him to do was to remind me of that. Every day I felt the urge to touch my wolf and let her run through the trees feeling the wind across my fur but then I remembered that she died the day I did, and my soul cried to touch her once more.

Holding back tears that threatened to fall, Finn seemed to realize that he upset me. Because before I knew it, the bottle was placed down upon the table and his arms wrapped around me pulling me close. "I'm sorry, Cassie."

"It's okay, don't worry about it."

"No, I crossed the line there. It wasn't right for me to say that to you," he replied, holding me tight against him. "I don't want to be an asshole or anything like that."

Kind of late for that. However, even if I wanted to stay mad at him, I couldn't. The smell of Finn wrapped around me like a blanket, and as I inhaled, all I could do was close my eyes and relish in the way he made me feel.

"It's okay," I muttered before pulling away from him. "Maybe you're right. Maybe I do need a drink. There isn't any point in carrying on like I have been until I have all my information correct."

"Touche," he replied as he picked up the bottle and handed it to me. "You're a smart woman, Cassie. I have no doubt you will figure this out."

"Is that right?" Taking the bottle, I unscrewed the cap and tossed back some of the liquid, letting the burn run down my throat and into my stomach. The horrible liquid wasn't pleasant and instead tasted like I was drinking gasoline. "I think you're just trying to get me drunk."

He chuckled as I handed him the bottle, watching as he swigged it back as if downing the liquid didn't bother him one bit. There was so much to Finn that I didn't know and as he pulled the bottle back setting it down on the table, I realized I wanted to know more about him.

"Do you think I'm a crazy f**k up, Finn?"

My question caught him off guard as his eyes widened and he closed his mouth. "No, I don't."

Pleased that he didn't think I was a f**k up, I nodded in understanding. Trying to understand how someone like him wouldn't think so. "So, what do you think about me?"

"I think you're sweet," he said with a smile that caused me to roll my eyes.

"Come on, I'm being serious... you and I both know I'm not nice."

Tilting his head from side to side, he moved closer to me once more. His hands reached out to graze my hips as he quickly jerked me closer to him. "Why don't you show me how mean and naughty you can be?"

The whispered response set goosebumps over my skin as he slowly leaned forward, nipping at my lips as I tried to process what he wanted. The irrational part of me would have said no at one point, but this other part of me. The primal part of me wanted to submit to him in ways that didn't register normally.

Leaning up, I let my primal nature take over and as my lips brushed against his listening to the soft gasps escape him, I nipped at his bottom lip earning a groan of approval before his mouth was on mine.

The raw desire that pressed through us both was much needed and if he wanted to f**k me into the morning sun, I'd let him.