

# And Then There Were Four (Lilith Carrie)

Chapter 208

## Chapter 208: Seeking Allies

Cassie.

The dim lighting from the sun filtered through the cottage window as a cool breeze brushed against my skin. I hadn't remembered sleeping as well as I did last night in a long time, and as the memories of what had happened with Finn and Silas filtered through my mind, I couldn't stop the blush that crossed my face.

Finn had pleased me in a way I couldn't even begin to explain, and Silas had been a part of that.

Even if he hadn't actually touched me sexually.

My eyes drifted around the room, my body partially covered by the white sheets upon the bed, and as I took in my surroundings, I realized that Finn and Silas were nowhere within the room.

Did they please me and then leave? Was it just a quick f\*\*k?

The thought that I had perhaps f\*\*\*\*d up by sleeping with Finn last night made me cringe internally. I didn't regret it at all, but I wasn't looking forward to the awkward conversation that could follow.

Slowly moving around in the bed, I sat up holding the white sheet to my chest when the bedroom door opened and Finn came in carrying a tray with food on it, and a very unhappy Silas behind him. "Good morning, Cassie."

"Uh—morning," I replied hesitantly, "breakfast in bed?"

"Yes," he replied sweetly as I got myself comfortable and he sat the tray upon my lap. The array of colored fruits, juice, coffee, and toast was a welcome sight. I wasn't sure why they were being sweet like they were as they had never done anything like this before, but I wasn't opposed to being waited on.

At least for right now, anyway.

"So..." I muttered, lifting the coffee to my lips, "about last night."

Finn stopped dead in his tracks as a smile spread from ear to ear. "What about it?"

"I hope it's not going to make things weird between us..."

There was a slight pause before Finn glanced at Silas, who stood brooding as always, and he laughed. I felt foolish for having said something, but Finn, as always, seemed to understand how I was feeling and leaned over, kissing the top of my head gently.

"Don't worry," he muttered softly, running his hand over my hair. "There is no reason for things to be weird. That won't be the last time we spend a night together, you can be sure of that."

Well, he is overly confident.

The smugness of this man was both irritating and slightly a turn on. Something about his confidence made my heart swell and a small smile to cross my lips as I let my gaze slide from him to Silas. "What's wrong with you?"

Silas let his gaze meet mine with a heavy sigh as he seemed to ponder his words carefully before he spoke. "Nothing is wrong with me. I'm simply here to help figure out what you want to do."

"Do?" I questioned, unsure of what he meant. "Do with what?"

The blank expression across his face was riddled with annoyance before he loosened up a bit letting his arms fall at his sides. "Your brother..."

"Oh!" I exclaimed with soft laughter. "Sorry... I'm not really a morning person. Still trying to wake up."

It was true in all honesty. I wasn't a morning person, never had been. So for me to wake up and have conversation thrown at me, I wasn't always coherent. Silas didn't comment on what I said, but Finn made a snort that sounded like a chuckle before gesturing towards the tray.

"Eat up, Cassie. You need to replenish yourself, and in the meantime, we can explain what we have found out about everything."

It wasn't really a suggestion, as it was a demand for me to eat. Typically, I would have settled for simply coffee but seeing the determination in Finn's gaze for me to do as I was told, I did. They both stood watching me until they seemed content with me picking up one of the pieces of toast and placing it into my mouth.

"Wonderful. Now where were we?" Finn hummed before turning to Silas with a smile. "Do you want to explain, or do you want me to?"

Rolling his eyes, Silas snorted. "I'm a grown man, Finn. I can do s\*\*t on my own."

"Yes," Finn nodded. "However, sometimes you leave me to wonder."

It was clear that the two of them weren't getting along as well as I would have hoped. I had fallen asleep last night before Finn had come back from checking on Silas. I wasn't sure if Silas was upset about what had happened last night or if maybe he was upset at Finn. Regardless, something was definitely wrong with him, and I wanted to know what it was.

"I went and checked out a few things yesterday around the perimeter of this place—"

"Which isn't guarded as it should be," Finn said slowly, cutting Silas off, who glared at him with irritation.

"As I was saying..." Silas gritted out. "What I did find out is there are traces of magical residue to the north. There is a lake up there, and it was the strongest there. I tried to track where it was coming from, but I lost it about three miles west of the location. It ended in a small town, and once there, it wasn't traceable anymore."

"So someone is using magic on him..." I muttered. "Do we have an idea on what kind?"

Glancing between both men, I could see that they knew something they weren't sure they wanted to share with me. I hated secrets, and I had kept many over my lifetime. But I wanted them to be honest with me. The feeling of their uncertainty seemed to flow through my veins, making me question what it was that Silas had found.

"It wasn't Celestial." Silas finally replied.

"It would seem, my dear, that your family has a witch problem." Finn finally piped up.

Witch? That wasn't possible.

I was confused as to why a witch would want to cause issues with us. If in fact Ashley was a hybrid and Wiccan was the blood she shared with her wolf gene, it would make sense. Yet, it would also mean that she hasn't taken a coven or tried to be part of her Wiccan heritage.

My family had been at peace with the Wiccans for a long time. We worked together to make both of our communities thrive, and my father actually had been in business with a coven down in California. "That doesn't make sense... if that's the case, then we have a bigger problem."

"Why do you mean we have a bigger problem?" Silas questioned as I sat the tray aside and quickly climbed from the bed naked and fully aware that both men were eyeing me up and down like desert ready for the taking.

"I have to talk to my father," I replied absently as I grabbed my shorts and slid them on as well as my sports bra and white t-shirt.

"Cassie, can you stop for a moment—"

Finn was trying to get me to halt at what I was doing, but I didn't have time for that. If we didn't speak with the coven leader down there quickly, it was possible that more problems would arise from me handling Ashley than I wanted. "I don't have time to talk, Finn. I need my father."

"Which one, Cassie... because you have four... which father are you going to see?"

Silas' snarky comment pissed me off. Yes, I had four, but I only had two that I shared blood with.

"I'm going to pretend that you didn't just make that comment, Silas," I replied calmly, not wanting to have an argument with him that I knew he would only regret later. The morning had been peaceful and if that's what needs to happen to ensure that things got done without tension, then so be it.

Making my way from the bedroom, I headed out the front door of the cottage and down towards the training field where I knew that I would find them both. Talon and Hale were identical twins, and both biologically my father.

They were twins and though we will never honestly know which helped create Pollux and I, it was pretty easy to tell. I was reckless, like Talon, had his temper and personality traits. Pollux, though at times temperamental, was more like Hale. He kept himself composed, was extremely smart—a natural-born leader.

And when you got down to DNA... they were identical. Which meant that they were both biologically mine and Pollux's father. Regardless of which actually fertilized my mother's egg.

No matter how weird that was, to think about it.

As I ran across the green, hilly fields that lined the outside of the training area, I saw the men fighting in the distance. My fathers both stood side by side with their backs towards me as they watched the sparring. It was weird, in a way, to see them like this as it had been so long, and though for me, it didn't seem too long ago.

The way that time changed since I had been gone still tripped me up. Both of the men standing there looked far older than I remembered.

Talon turned first to meet my gaze as I approached, a smile spreading from ear to ear as he opened his arms wide, to which I quickly jumped into them, wrapping my arms around his neck as he spun me around. "There's my girl..."

"Hey. Are they looking good out there?" I asked as he placed me on my feet. Hale ruffled my hair a bit as he pulled me close, kissing the top of my head.

"They are okay..." Talon muttered with a sigh, "nothing like you were though."

Laughter escaped me and Hale snorted, giving me the side eye and a small smirk in regards to Talon's comment. "I had a good teacher. Unfortunately, not everyone listens to what they are told."

"That's for damn sure," Talon muttered, shaking his head at the poor performance the guys on the training field were giving.

I was surprised by how much both of my fathers had changed over the years. No longer were they as strict as they once were, and Talon did have much more patience than he once did. Which was good for the newcomers, because he wasn't always the easiest trainer to have.

Deciding not to prolong the reason why I came out to see them, I let out a heavy breath that caught both of their attention and bit my bottom lip. "There is actually a reason I came to talk to you both, and it's going to seem weird, but I really need you both to be open-minded."

"Okay," Hale replied with a raised brow. "What's wrong?"

"I know what's wrong with Pollux, and I need your help to fix him."

The looks that both men gave each other was one I had been hoping for. They knew that Pollux needed help. Hell, I was almost certain that my parents had been talking about it for quite some time because there was no way this was a new issue, especially after what Trixie said.

"Explain," Talon replied, staring at me with a narrowed gaze. "What do you mean?"

With a heavy breath, I nodded. "Someone is controlling him with magic. I had a vision, and Silas sensed the power near the secret lake Pollux and I used to go to as kids. It isn't Celestial, it's a witch, and I know who the witch is."

The look of understanding that crossed Hale's face was hard to miss. He knew exactly what I was hinting at when I said that it was a witch. There was a lot at stake, politically, and in order to handle this, he would have to make a few calls.

"I see. Who's the witch, Cassie?" Hale finally replied as Talon seemed to be lost in his mindlink, a distant gaze in his eyes more than likely talking to my mother.

"That's the problem, Dad. It's Ashley, and I have a feeling she has something big planned for the upcoming event. Something that could risk our pack all together."