

And Then There Were Four (Lilith Carrie)

Chapter 212

Chapter 212: Coming to Terms

The next two days played out as they should have. My brother finally returned to normal and Trixie had the mate back she had longed for her entire life. Seeing them together and back to how they were supposed to have been was a touching sight. I was glad that they had each other, and for once, I could see that Trixie was beginning to look like her normal self, which also pleased me.

The only thing I didn't care for was the fact that no matter how much I tried to find a way to help Damian, it wasn't going to happen. Instead, I watched him grow sicker by the minute, trying to spend whatever time he could with his granddaughter. While hoping and praying that things wouldn't have to end the way they were.

Standing by the back door of the main house, I looked out across the grassy field, watching Damian, who I had never truly been close with, play with my niece. Even my mother, who stood nearby laughing cheerfully with James as she too watched them, seemed to act as if Damian wasn't dying.

As if everything was normal.

I didn't understand how they could be so calm about everything, while I stood here in fear of what the future was going to hold.

"He looks good right now, doesn't he?" Talon replied as he came to my side, wrapping an arm around my shoulder as he pulled me close, kissing the top of my head.

"I don't understand how you can all be so calm about everything. He's dying and everyone just acts like it's a normal day."

"Would you rather us be moping around and mourning the fact that he was going to be passing instead of letting him enjoy the last days that he has?" he asked me, causing me to pull away and look at him with confusion.

He had a point, but no matter how much he was right about what he was saying, I couldn't help but feel regret. Regret that I was so hard on him when I was growing up. Regret that I pushed him away, and acted as if he was weak for doing what he did all those years ago. He gave up being Alpha, and I had always looked at him differently for that.

Even though, when I was growing up, I didn't know the truth.

Truth that I now understand... though it was too late to fix how I acted in the past.

"It just isn't fair," I said softly, my eyes brimming with tears as I glanced back at Damian, "He is still so young, he shouldn't be dying."

"Do not let yourself be full of regret, Cassie. He has lived his life and he understands that with every gift there are consequences. Fate gave him a second chance of life, and it's obvious that fate now believes he is needed elsewhere. Who knows, perhaps he is needed with you in Asgard."

Turning back to Talon, I furrowed my brows in confusion. "What are you talking about?"

Instead of replying, he simply shrugged his shoulders and gave me a wide grin. "I recently had a conversation with Silas and Finn..." he said, pausing for a moment before carrying on. "Your time here has come to an end, and when you leave tonight to go back to Asgard, you will be taking him with you."

"What?" I gasped, shaking my head in disbelief. "No... it isn't his time. It doesn't work like that. I can't just take him with me—"

"Yes, you can. I've already cleared it with Silas, and it will be happening. Damian has suffered too long with his illness. It's time for him to find peace, Cassie. He is needed in Asgard with you. And if fate did not want that to happen, he wouldn't allow it. So, all we can do is wait and see what fate deems to be possible."

"I don't think that I'm ready to go, though. I don't think I'll ever be ready to go back," I whispered under my breath. "If I go back, there's no telling if I will ever see you again."

Talon chuckled as he stared at me. "Well, of course we'll see each other again. This isn't the end, Cassie. We will all end up in Asgard with you, just at different times. Remember, time there moves slower. You never know when we will show up, but I'm sure when we do, you will be there to welcome us with open arms."

I knew what my father was saying was true. Even if deep down I didn't want to accept the fact that he was right. I had missed out so much on my time with my family having gone to Asgard that the thought of them dying broke a part of me.

"Daddy, I don't know if I can do this... I don't know if I can be the person they want me to be."

For the first time in a long time, I cried harder than I ever had. Talon wrapped his arms around me, pulling me to his chest as he smoothed down my hair, hushing me like I had when I was a child. "It's okay, Castor. You're so much stronger than you realize. It's why I trained you as hard as I did, I knew this day would come."

"What are you talking about? How could you know I would be where I am?" I sniffled as I buried my face against his chest, taking in the earthy smell of my father. A scent that I never wanted to forget. If I was ever to be a daddy's girl, I was glad Talon filled the role of my father.

He was the one I had bonded to the most.

"Sweetheart, I know that I have always come off as harsh, blunt, and a little unorthodox for most. However, before you were born, I had a dream that showed me what you would become. Now, I wasn't one to believe in those kinds of things, but over time, I realized that it was the fate's way of showing me what I needed to do. It was fates way of showing me what I needed to live for."

Pulling away from him slightly, I looked up into his eyes with confusion, and saw his own tears lingering on the corners of his eyes. "What do you mean you needed to live for?"

"That doesn't matter..." He chuckled, wiping his face. "The point is that you were always meant to be who you are, and I'm so proud to have been able to be a part of your life, Cassie. One day, when I arrive in Asgard, you will have to show me everything you have worked so hard to accomplish."

To me it seemed like he was trying to tell me goodbye. Which I suppose was fitting, considering I was leaving to go back to Asgard in a few hours, but it didn't stop me from feeling like there was something else. Something important that I was missing.

"What if something happens after I leave? I need to be here with your guys."

"What?" He laughed. "Cassie, we have been taking care of this pack long before you were born. The pack isn't your responsibility, nor is it protecting us."

"You say that, but look what happened to Pollux," I replied, watching him sigh because he knew I was right. I hadn't been here and an issue with Pollux happened.

How was I supposed to just leave and believe everything would be fine?

"Cassie, this isn't up for discussion. You have to go back tonight... we will manage everything here, and I'm sure now that he is back to normal, Trixie isn't going to let him out of her sight."

It was true that since he had been back to his old self, Trixie hadn't left his side. In fact, I wouldn't doubt that they were trying to create more nieces and nephews for me right now.

A thought that made me cringe in disgust thinking about it.

"I guess you're right..." I muttered. "Still, doesn't mean that I like how this is going."

The tension that had been there between us only a short while before had started to dissipate. I felt the pressure less within my gut when it came to the thought of leaving, and turning to look over my shoulder, I spotted Silas and Finn and realized why.

They were calming me... they were the reason why my heart felt less heavy.

"I also approve of your mates, Cassie," Talon whispered in my ear, causing me to blush as I realized my father was insinuating that I belonged to both men.

"Thank you, Talon. I appreciate that you approve of me," Finn said confidently. He stood there next to Silas with his chest puffed out and a proud smile on his face. While Silas glanced at him before rolling his eyes with a huff.

It was clear that the men might not have seen eye to eye with each other, but they had come together to stand by my side, and more than once the last two nights they had my toes curling and my body melting at their touch.

Something that I would never be able to get used to.

Without another word said, Talon kissed the side of my head as he turned, making his way down towards where my mother, Damian, and James sat upon the grass. They looked happier than I had ever seen them and though I wasn't ready to let sights like this go, I knew I would have to.

"Are you okay?" Silas asked me as he came to stand by my side.

"No," I sniffled, wiping away a loose tear. "But I will have to be. Talon said that he talked to you about Damian coming with us."

"Yeah, he did."

Turning to him, I shook my head. "Is it even possible?"

His reddish golden eyes turned to me with a look of amusement as a smile slowly crept across his lips. "Cassie, you're Odin's heir. Asgard is yours. That means that you can deem whatever you want to happen and no one can stand against you."

The thought that no one could stand against me caused me to laugh. He was talking as if I was all mighty and powerful. Both of which weren't true. "I'm just me, Silas. I'm not some almighty being or anything like that."

"The fact that you think that proves why you are the best thing that has ever happened to Asgard. You don't let the idea of power get to your head, and instead, think of the people around you before thinking of yourself."

I hadn't considered that, but after coming back here and dealing with everything like I had, I could admit that I felt different. I felt as if things were starting to make sense and the confusion that I had felt before was slowly slipping away.

Maybe that had to deal with me partially getting closer, or maybe it had to deal with me finally coming to grips about my situation with Silas and Finn. I wasn't sure of either, but I was sure that as long as I had them by my side, anything would be possible.

I just had to remain positive, and let Fate decide my future.