

## And Then There Were Four (Lilith Carrie)

Chapter 215

### Chapter 215: Preparing for Game Day

Finn.

"What do you mean you want me to talk to Lucas?!"

When Silas showed up at my doorstep wanting to talk, I figured it had something to do with us sharing Cassie. I didn't even consider the idea of him coming here to discuss with me about the event that would be taking place in just twelve hours. The only problem was he wanted me to convince Lucas to join in with our plan, and then we would share her.

"Finn, it's the only way to make this work," Silas exclaimed, trying to make me see his side of the situation. "Without Lucas on our side, it only complicates things further. We need you to win tomorrow."

"Your faith in my skills is comforting, Silas," I muttered, lifting the goblet to my lips as I rolled my eyes and made my way towards the lush piling of pillows that sat within a corner of the room.

"It isn't that I don't have faith in your skills, Finn. We just need to make sure nothing bad happens," he replied confidently.

I didn't understand why Silas suddenly felt the need to handle things considering how he had acted earlier and how he had been so off with the idea of keeping Cassie before. The man was beyond confusing even for me, but I could see the desperation in his eyes. A desperation that cried for help to keep a woman that he loved.

"Okay, I'll talk to Lucas, but I can't make any promises that it will work, Silas. The kid doesn't even know me and seems to have a very self-centered perception of who he is."

Nodding his head, a smile crept over Silas' face. "That's okay. All I ask is that you try."

As Silas turned toward the door, obviously done with our conversation, I felt the need to know what was really going on through his head. "Before you go... what suddenly changed your mind?"

He stopped dead in his tracks, his shoulders sagging a bit as he let a heavy breath escape him before turning to face me once more. "What do you mean?"

"You know exactly what I mean, Silas. Why is it that you suddenly changed your mind about wanting to be part of Cassie's life? I understand that we all copulated back on earth, that you indulged yourself in the love that she wanted, the attention that she wanted. But the moment she got back here, you fell directly back into your guard duties. Why is it that you suddenly have come to terms with the fact that you want to fix this situation?"

He stood there staring at me for a moment as if he wasn't quite sure exactly what answer to give me. And I could respect that because, it was a hard decision. To know the choice between right and wrong, desire and need. It was complicated for anybody who would have been in his position, but it was important for me to know the true answer behind this.

Because if I was going to stick my neck out there to make things work, instead of keeping Cassie for myself, I want to know that the men that were planning to stand by her side would also stand by mine.

"You know why I want this, Finn?" he replied calmly, his eyes trying to look anywhere but at me. "I am in love with Cassie, just as you are. And because of my position, I am going against orders from the main god of this realm. It isn't easy for me to make things work, but you... you have that chance. As the winner of the games, you could make what we want a reality."

For the first time in a long time, I was looking at a man with sincerity written all over his face, stating that he was hopeless in this situation. I could make everything that everybody wanted come true. I did hold the key to all of this, the way for us all to be able to be together without anyone stopping us. But it still made me wonder why he would trust me when he barely knew me.

"Very well," I muttered, nodding my head as I watched him turn and continue leaving the room. I would do as he asked. I would go and talk to Lucas and try to find a solution to all of this. I couldn't promise that Lucas would do this willingly because he didn't seem like the kind of man to easily back down. But I would do what I needed to in order to make sure that Cassie was happy.

Now the problem was I had to figure out where Lucas was and make sure that I could have this conversation before the competition began.

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Lucas.

There was no time to simply go to sleep tonight and "get good rest" like Odin had told us to do. If I was going to win this thing, I was going to have to spend every waking moment training to ensure that I could beat Mani. I knew I wasn't any match for Finn, but Mani... I had a bone to pick with that one.

Since the moment that I decided to join in the competition, Mani had made it his purpose to piss me off at every turn. It didn't matter how much I tried to stay out of his way if he wasn't the one that bothering me, it was one of his goons. That was the last thing that I needed right now. I needed uninterrupted training where I could focus and plan my revenge against him.

Mani wanted to hurt Cassie, and I had heard from so many different people talking exactly what he was planning to do to her, how he was going to bend her to her knees. How he was going to breed her to no end and when he finally was done with her, he would make sure that she stayed within a cell, never seeing the light of day again until she either took her life or he decided to take it for her.

Of course, she was a celestial and she couldn't die. But I was sure that he could make her wish that she was, which was something that I wasn't going to allow to happen.

Away from my room, I quietly edged out towards the garden. I was planning on going to the training arena, but the moment that I stepped outside, I ran into a figure that I had been hoping to avoid. "Lucas, I was hoping to finally see you."

Damian stood before me clad in a purple robe, staring up at the sky when I initially had walked out, but his eyes fell on me quite quickly as soon as he heard the noise wrestling behind him. To say that he was the last person I was hoping to see would be an accurate statement. I mean, I would have rather had ran into Mani than Damien.

"Damien, what are you doing out here?" I asked, halting in my step, wondering if I should run because he was going to try and kill me, or if I needed to stay in place and face him like a man, which would have been the more obvious thing to do. I just wasn't quite sure what kind of mood this man was in.

He definitely looked a lot older than I remembered.

"I could ask you the same question. Shouldn't you be inside resting, preparing for the event tomorrow?" There was a look of amusement in his eyes that allowed the tension growing within me to die down.

"I couldn't sleep. So I decided to get a last training session in."

"This late at night?" Damian questioned me, shaking his head. "No, Lucas. You're going to go to bed. Even the best of warriors know when it's best to call it a day."

"Excuse me?" I muttered, shocked that Damian actually thought he could tell me what to do. He wasn't my father and he definitely wasn't my keeper. It wasn't his place to tell me what I could and couldn't do.

"You heard me, Lucas."

Shaking my head, laughter escaped my lips as I dropped my bag on the ground and crossed my arms over my chest in a show of defiance. "We aren't on earth anymore, Damian. You can't tell me what to do."

Never once did Damian waiver in his expression. His smile held and instead he stared at me with intrigue before his eyes fell to the bag on the floor and back up to me once more. "What is it that you feel you need to train for, Lucas?"

Dumbfounded by his question, I opened and closed my mouth before gritting my teeth. "I need to be as strong as possible to defeat Mani tomorrow."

"I see," he replied, nodding his head. "You're not worried about Finnick then?"

Of course I was, but there was no point in worrying about Finn. He was faster, smarter, and way stronger than I was. I had confidence in myself to an extent, but I wasn't going to be unrealistic. It didn't matter how much I wanted to beat Finn, I doubted I could.

"He is extremely good at what he does. My target is beating Mani."

"Well, if that's the case, Lucas, then you should already be ready. Strength means nothing in war, however, what does matter is the mind of the warrior. If your mind isn't at its best, then you will lose whatever battle you're walking into. The weakest of men can come out victors if they use their brain and not the body."

I didn't understand what it was Damian was playing at but he passed me on the garden path headed for the door as if he no longer cared what I was going to do. "Where are you going?"

"To bed, Lucas. Like you should be."

"So, you're just going to leave me out here to do what I want?" Of course the question was stupid, but I was so taken back by how Damian—the Alpha of Alpha's—was just leaving from a conversation without a care in the world.

As I watched him, he stopped at the door and turned to look at me from over his shoulder with a smile on his face. "You're a grown man, Lucas. At the end of the day you have to decide what kind of warrior you want to be. No one can tell you the answer to that... only you can decide."

What the fuck...

I didn't have the slightest clue what had just happened, but the moment he was gone, I was left standing there trying to decide who it was I wanted to be. Never once in my life did I really even consider that I needed to make this choice, but if the same cold Alpha I once knew could change, then perhaps there was hope for me in the future after all.

Bending down, I picked up my bag and turned to head back towards my room.

Damian was right, if I wanted to beat Mani... I'd need all the rest I could get.