

And Then There Were Four (Lilith Carrie)

Chapter 216

Chapter 216: Denying Finns Offer

Cassie.

Thinking back on my past, I couldn't remember the first time I rode a bike or my first day of school. I also could no longer remember what it was like the first time I had shifted, but standing on the balcony terrace within my room, I could remember the first time I came to Asgard. It was the first time I felt like I had somewhere where I belonged, and today was the day my future would be determined.

"Cassie, did you hear me calling you?" Sansa came over bright and early to help me prepare for the day's events, and though I had felt like it was ages since I had seen her, I knew for her it had been a lot less.

Letting a smile fall across my lips, a bit of laughter escaped me as I turned from the balcony. "You seem more excited about getting out there than I am."

For the first time in a long time, I saw a sight of Sansa I hadn't seen in quite a while. Her look was more relaxed. She wore her skinny jeans and a loose, flowing yellow shirt that complemented her skin color quite well. Her hair was pulled back and styled into a beautiful high ponytail with loose curls that hung around her face.

Even her makeup was more on the natural side.

This was the normality of her I enjoyed seeing. The one thing I hated more than anything were people who tried to pretend they were something they were not and with Sansa, I always knew that when it came to her, she would always be honest and up forth with me.

"You're damn right that I'm ready to get out there. You know how many hot guys are probably waiting on the sidelines to talk to sweet girls? I mean, come on, you may be claimed, but I definitely am not, and it's been a while since I've been laid, so excuse me if I want to go check out the competition."

There was nothing but amusement laced within her tone and her comment caused me to laugh. Sansa, the party girl, was also extremely intelligent, and she loved men and loved watching them. She also had a good head on her shoulders and she knew exactly what life expected of her. She had high expectations and it would take one remarkable man to be able to capture her attention.

"Whatever you say," I muttered teasingly. "So, what monstrosity are you throwing me into today?" I asked eagerly as I glanced around the room, half expecting there be some gown on a mannequin set forth for me, ready for me to put on and parade around like the royalty I was supposed to be.

Sansa's eye met mine as she gave me a dumbfounded expression and shrugged her shoulders. "I don't f*****g know. Go look in your closet and find something."

"Wait, are you telling me that I finally get to pick out my own outfit, and I don't have you or Freya trying to tell me what I need to wear?"

The shock in my words caused Sansa to laugh as Ansley came into the room, looking slightly confused with what was going on. "Is everything okay?"

Turning to Ansley, I nodded. "Yeah, everything's okay. Sansa was just letting me know that I actually got to pick out my own clothes today."

Opening and closing her mouth, Ansley stood quietly as if she wanted to say something.

"Ansley, I can see that you want to say something. Do you want to offer your opinion? If so, by all means, go ahead and offer it. There's no reason for you to be shy here." I was still trying to get used to how this girl operated. I knew that she had issues with her previous matron, Solina.

But she should have known by now that I was completely different.

"I was simply going to suggest the black and red dress at the back of the closet that you fell in love with when you first came here. You never got to wear it, perhaps you should wear it today. I mean, it is a statement piece or whatever it is that you and Sansa call it.... I just figured since you get to pick your own clothes, maybe you would want to wear that."

Her reply was timid but it made the smile upon my face grow wider. I was proud of her for sticking up and saying what was on her mind, and honestly, her opinion and suggestion were f*****g fantastic. The idea of wearing that dress today sent goosebumps over my skin as I wondered what the guys would say when they saw me in it.

"I love that idea," I replied excitedly as I turned and made my way towards the closet, ready to sift through the fabric to get ready for the day.

"Does this mean that I need to get changed if you're gonna be looking like a hooker today?" Sansa called out after me, causing both of us to laugh as I shook my head and lifted the gown from its hanger. I admired the material, eager to put it on and show everybody exactly who I was.

Lucas.

After last night's conversation with Damian, I made sure to take myself back to my room and get plenty of rest. And I appreciated his suggestion because I definitely needed it. The moment I had gotten back to my room last night, I crashed easily but woke up feeling more refreshed than I had in weeks.

With my bag packed, I made my way down towards the arena. A new found determination in me that I hadn't yet felt before. Yes, I had always been determined to prove myself to everybody else and to prove myself to Cassie that I deserved her. But this was the first time that I wanted to prove to somebody else that I was worth it.

I had f*****d up tremendously when it came to Cassie's family. Having been the cause for her to lash out and kill her best friend Melissa, and also the fact that I had killed her here in Asgard so she never was able to return home. I felt the weight of what I had done constantly.

It was holding me back from being able to be who I needed to be.

So being able to prove to Damian today that I was remorseful over what had happened and that I could work hard enough to win her meant everything to me. I wanted to prove to him that I wasn't the demonic asshole everybody assumed that I was.

Perhaps if I'm able to prove to Damian I am worth it, then maybe the others would think that I'm worth it too.

The moment my feet hit the grassy field that lay between the living quarters and the training fields, I heard my name being called in the distance. I turned, looking over my shoulder to find Finn jogging to catch up with me. "Finn?"

His celestial blue eyes reflected that of Cassie's and constantly caught me off guard every time I had a conversation with the man, which wasn't very often. Today, he had his hair pulled straight up into a high ponytail. He was shirtless, revealing tribal marks all over his skin that looked to be made of some type of paint, something that must have been Elven tradition before they went into battle.

Even the pants he wore fit snugly at his hips. But did nothing to hide the view of the defined cut he had that would leave nothing to the imagination of the women that would most certainly gawk over him.

"Hey, Lucas, I wanted to actually talk to you before the event started today. There's something important that we need to discuss."

"I don't know what can be important. We're getting ready to battle for Cassie's hand. Anything you have to say can wait until afterwards," I replied, not wanting to have a deep conversation or a chance for Finn to f**k with my head before we actually went out there on the training fields.

The moment I went to step away though, he grabbed my arm and stopped me in my tracks again, giving me a look of concern to show he was very serious about what he wanted to say to me.

"Look, I've spoken to Silas. There's something that you need to understand and we need to come to terms on this to ensure that Mani doesn't win today."

"What are you talking about?" I asked, confused as to why he was telling me he was having conversations with Silas.

I could give two f***s less about Silas, and Silas didn't really care for me either. So the fact that Finn had been talking with Silas and came up with some agreement and they wanted to bring me in on it didn't sit well with me.

"It's about Cassie. There's no way that you're going to win this battle today. I understand that you want to prove a point to Mani that you're better than him, but we need to work together to take him down to ensure he doesn't win."

"Look, I don't need your f*****g help to be able to beat Mani. I've been training for a while for this. I can do this," I exclaimed in frustration. "I don't need you babysitting me out there and what the hell does this have to do with Cassie anyways? Of course we don't want Mani to win, but what does that mean that you and I need to work together? No."

The anger within me began to grow. I could feel my beast lurking beneath my skin, wanting to lash out at Finn for even suggesting we would need his help. I wasn't a weak pup that needed protecting.

"Look, there's no reason for you to be arrogant right now. Cassie is like her mother. She has more than one mate. We need to ensure that Mani doesn't win today. Silas, me, and yourself are all destined to be mated into Cassie. She loves each of us. Therefore, we need to work together in order to make her happy—"

"Enough," I scoffed, not wanting to listen to anymore bullshit he was trying to spew. I should have known this elf would have tried to get into my head, tried to f**k with me, to deter me off the path that I had chosen. That would make it easier for him to win.

Perhaps in reality he wasn't as good as I thought he was.

Perhaps this was his way of making sure that he did win because he was threatened by me.

I wasn't entirely sure what his game plan was, but staring at him with the narrowed expression of hatred, I shook my head and turned around and walked off. I didn't want to hear what he had to say, and the closer the training arena came into view, the more I felt that determination to prove myself.

I didn't need anybody's f*****g help to win this s**t. I was going to do what needed to be done to ensure that Cassie and I ended up together in the end.

She could have been with Silas and Finn as many times as she wanted, and though that thought slightly disgusted me, it didn't change the fact that I loved her.

I absolutely and unequivocally loved Cassie.

Nothing was going to stop me from proving that.

Even if I had to kill both Finn and Mani to make sure that I did.

The idea of bathing in their blood and watching the light leave their eyes fed the beast within me. He was hungry. Ravenous for revenge, and I was ensuring that I would give it to him.