

Game of Destiny – A Thrilling Tale of Power, Love & Fate

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“Yes. We usually talk once a week and have done so since we left the old pack,” she told me. It surprised me they talked so frequently. She must have seen the surprise on my face. “I’m sorry didn’t tell you. But your relationship with her wasn’t the best, and our calls meant she could find out how you were doing and let me know she was well.”

“You don’t need to apologise, aunt. She is your sister and you have the right in the world to talk to her,” I told her. She gave me a smile. The worry she felt was obvious.

“Are you worried something has happened to her?” Amie asked and aunt Matilda had liked Amie since their first meeting, but since Ami

ook my aunt’s hand. The two of them had always been close,

and I had mated they had become even closer.

“I don’t know. A little. I think I’m more worried that son of hers has done something stupid,” she told us. We both nodded. I started to think about who I could reach out to in my old pack. Not many who had stayed were friends of mine. Maybe some of the pack who still had family in the old pack could reach out to them? It would put them in an awkward position and I would like to avoid that route, but I didn’t know what else to do.

“I can try calling Martin’s sister. She doesn’t seem as averse to us as many others in your old pack. I think she would at least give us a hint to us if something is wrong,” Amie suggested.

“That may be a good idea,” I agreed.

“I don’t want her to end up in trouble,” my aunt said.

“I agree, we need to be discreet,” Amie told her. We stayed to finish the tea and did our best to reassure my aunt. It had been a long

time since I saw her this worried.

‘I don’t like this. My aunt’s intuition is rarely wrong,’ I mindlinked Amie as we left.

‘I know. I’ll make the call at once.’

‘I will join you.’ We headed for our office and Amie took out her phone. I sat down in my chair and pulled her into my lap. ‘So I can hear the conversation,’ I told her, in case she objected. The smile and the slight head shake told me she didn’t buy it, but she didn’t object.

“Bridget Windwalker,” Martin’s sister answered as Amie called her.

“Hi, this is Luna Amie from the Blue Mountain pack, do you have time for a quick talk?” Amie asked.

“Oh, the children’s fund? Yes, I remember filling out that form. Could you hold on a second?” Bridget asked in a cheerful voice.

“Sure.” Amie looked at me.

‘This doesn’t make me feel better,’ I linked her.

‘Me neither. There was silence for a while on the other end of the call. Martin’s sister must have put us on mute.

“I apologise, Luna. I was with another pack member,” Bridget said.

“No, no. That is fine. I’m sorry to just call like this. I don’t want to cause you any problems. We just haven’t heard from Finlay’s mother for a while and we were getting worried,” Amie told her. There was a heavy sigh on the other end.

“She is in good health and not in danger,” Martin’s sister said. Then there was a pause. Both Amie and I felt there was more and we stayed silent to let her choose what she wanted to share. “Things are bad here. The pack… I don’t know. It feels like it’s falling in on itself. Slowly but surely, we are imploding. The Alpha has forbidden us to speak to anyone outside the pack. The Luna and your

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mother are only allowed to leave the pack house If two of his trusted warriors escort them. I think he is afraid the other warriors will rebel, she finally told us.

“Is there anything to his suspicions?” Amie asked.

“The warriors aren’t happy, but I don’t think it’s as bad as he thinks t is. Kyle, my mate, isn’t among the trusted warriors. Partly because of me and my family ties with your pack, but also because he has never been onboard with the Alpha’s vision. Even my dad

our situation.” is starting to see the reality of

“Are you safe?”

“Yeah. It’s bad, but not dangerous.”

“Good. Please know you can always reach out to us. Call me anytime you need to. We will help in any way we can,” Amie told her and I had to place a kiss on her temple.

“Thank you Luna. We are discussing what options we have. I will call if I need help. Know that Alpha Finlay’s mother is well.”

“Thank you, Bridget. It’s nice to hear. Please take care of yourself.” When they hung up, Amie turned around and looked at me. I looked back at her and nodded. We didn’t need words or mindlinks to understand the worry we both felt.