

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

Chapter 110-3

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“Eh, dinner might be half an hour later than planned,” he told me. I smiled at him, he looked a little tousled and had some kind of food stain on his cheek.

“That’s fine. Mom is keeping me company, so take as much time as you need,” I said.

“Melissa?” he asked and walked over to me so he could lean into the view of the camera. “Hi, Melissa, how are you?” he asked with a smile. My mother giggled.

“I’m fine thank you Finlay. I hear you are cooking for my daughter. approve. The only thing my mate knows how to cook is his special pasta dish, and I wouldn’t call it cooking,” she told him. I laughed.

“I’m doing my best.” he glanced towards the kitchen. “I think I need to get back to it. It was nice talking to you. Give Ron my best.” He kissed me and then set off for the kitchen.

“Oh my,” my mom said and laughed.

“He is adorable. I suspect my kitchen will need a deep cleaning after tonight, but I don’t mind.”

“He’s a good mate,” she agreed. “And it will be useful if he knows how to cook when you have a pup. Are there any plans for that?” she asked. I knew my mom. She was not putting pressure on me, she was just curious.

“We have talked about it. Things are unstable at the moment with the things happening around us, but neither one of us are against it. We are just not actively trying.”

“But you are actively having sex?” she asked.

“MOM!” I felt myself turning bright red in the face as mom chuckled

“Was that pumpkin I heard bellowing?” I heard my dad ask and then saw him coming into view.

“It was. She is fussing over me asking her about her and Finlay’s sex life,” my mom said. My dad turned visibly pale.

“Love you, pumpkin. Have a nice talk and say hi to Finlay from me, he quickly said and walked out of the room. My mom was giggling.

“Having fun?” I asked.

“So much! You should have seen the look on your brother’s face when I asked him when he was newly mated. I have never seen. someone shift through so many colours in so little time,” she told me, still giggling. I had to agree that it sounded amusing.

“You don’t have to worry about us, that is all I have to say on the subject,” I said.

“Good. Then I’m happy. Take your time with pups if that is what feels right for you. It’s nice to have time for each other.” We

continued talking about other things until Finlay came to tell me dinner was ready. He had set the table and served a large pot with a beef stew and homemade bread. I ignored the mess in the kitchen and kissed him.

“This looks and smells amazing. Thank you for cooking for me,” I told him. He smiled at me and kissed my nose.

“The bread is a little black on the sides and I think, I added a little too much chili in the stew,” he told me.

“You should have seen my first attempts at cooking. If you ask my mom about it the next time you talk to her, she will be happy to tell you about my best efforts,” I said. He laughed and pulled out my chair. He was right, the stew made me feel like a fire-breathing dragon, but it was still good and when we added some sour cream as a topping, it was delicious.