

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

Chapter 119-2

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“I really, really don’t like it when you are this stubborn,” I told her with a sigh. She gave me a brilliant smile as the brew the hart win.

“You don’t fool me, Mr big and tough Alpha. You love it when I push back and don’t do everything you tell me.” Fuck if she wasn’t right about that as well. It had been one of the alluring things with her from the start. She was a master at bering when to fold and agree to my orders and when to object. Not many people dared to object to their Alpha’s orders.

“I know,” I said and kissed her. “I love all things about you.”

“Does that mean I get to come?” she asked.

“Yes,” I huffed.

“Thank you. I will be careful and I will stay by your side and don’t do anything that puts ut in danger,” she promised me. I chuckled.

“Don’t make promises you can’t keep, Red,” I told her and kissed her nose. She looked happy again, and it made me feel happy.

“I like it better when you call me Red. You only call me Amie when we are having a disagreement,” she said.

“Should I start calling you Amie more regularly?” I asked. I didn’t want her to associate her own name with something bad.

“You do and you will be sleeping outside until you stop,” she told me.

“Red it is.”

“When we get back from the Alpha meeting, I think we should have a sit down with the ones we have taken in from your old pack. 1 think it’s time we discuss if they want to become part of our pack or not. By then we should have more information to give them,” she said and leaned her head on my shoulder. I pulled her closer to me and placed my chin on top of her head.

“I think it’s a good idea. Unless they broach the subject before, then we will book a meeting with them all and let them decide,” I agreed. We had five families who had chosen to seek shelter in our pack. Martin’s family had been the first, but not the last. They all had similar stories to tell on how they had to sneak off pack land in the middle of the night to get away. Everyone would tell us about the worsening conditions. I was worried about my mother, but I took solace in that she wasn’t young enough to be in the breeding program. My aunt made attempts at contacting her from time to time, but she never got a response after my mother telling her everything was fine.

“Hey, where did your mind go?” Amie asked in a soft voice and caressed my cheek. I smiled at her.

“It just took a detour to my mother,” I told her. She nodded. “I thought I would feel jealous when your parents came to stay. Your family bond is so far from what my family had and has. But I don’t feel like an outsider. It feels, I don’t know, strange? Sad? That I’m closer to your mom than my own.”

“I’m sorry, I love how close you and my mom have got and I love her for adopting you like she has done. But I’m sorry you can’t have the same relationship with your own. It’s difficult feeling cut off from your parents,” she told me and snuggled in closer.

“It is,” 1 admitted. “But my family is growing. I have added your parents and now a pup. I may miss my mother from time to time and wish I could share news about my life with her, but I’m more than happy with what we have.”

“Things may change,” Amie said.

“Sure, but I’m happy with how things are. Well, I wish I could somehow cut my brother off from my family tree. I guess everyone has a skeleton in the family closet.” She giggled.

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“Tur. There is a rumont one of my dad’s great uncles liked to dress in a gorilla suit and run through the pack village a couple of times per year. My dad swears it’s not true, but I’m leaning towards that it i4.” I chuckled.

“Does your family have a thing for dressing up? Does it have something to do with your brother and a purple dress?” I asked Amis giggled.

“I thought that detail had slipped past you,” she said.

“It didn’t. So what is the deal?”

“Promise you won’t tell my parents, or my brother?” she asked.

“I will keep your secrets, Red.”

“You better. I have access to both your private parts and a cheese grater. Keep that in mind.” I felt my cock twitch, and for once, it wasn’t from pleasure.

“Not a word,” I promised.

“Once, when Elder was about sixteen years old, there was a school dance, My brother decided to ask a girl to the dance. He spent so long fretting about it, she had already agreed to go with someone else. This happened a couple of times and my dear brother became... desperate. Eventually he asked a girl who had been interested in him for a long time. He had avoided her because she was too aggressive and she had quite a temper.”

“Doesn’t seem like a good fit for your brother,” I remarked.

“No. But James and their other friends were making fun of him and he just wanted a date, any date. So he asked this girl and even though she already had a date, she cancelled it and said yes to my brother. I don’t know the details, but during the dance the girl found out she was his seventh choice and she felt humiliated. And here is where her temper came into play. She lured him into a supply closet with a promise of some naked fun–time. He was a sixteen year old boy, of course he got naked in the supply closet. Somehow she managed to grab his clothes and ran, leaving only the dress she had worn behind.”

“So he had to wear it to get home?” I asked.

“I wish that was all. That had been funny, but not as humiliating as what happened. So, after evaluating his situation, Elder decided he had to put the dress on and sneak back home. Half way home, there was a breeze and the skirt of the dress blew up, revealing my brother’s privates and covering his head. While he struggled, a group of girls came walking and got the shock of their life. They ran in one direction, my brother in another. He made it home and I saw him sneak inside. The next day, the Alpha announced they were looking for a pervert who walked around in a dress, exposing himself to teenage girls. I connected the dots and asked my brother. He swore me to secrecy. I’m guessing the girl also understood who the pervert was, but I think she was more afraid of what would happen to her if she told anyone what she had done to the Beta’s son,” Amie said, giggling. I was laughing like a lunatic.

“You have the best family, sweetheart,” I told her.