

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

Chapter 120-1

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My parents stayed with us for a month. Saying goodbye was difficult. My mom had already told us she was planning on returning when it was time for me to give birth and no one objected to it. Having that to look forward to made saying goodbye a little easy. As spring turned into summer, the drama seemed to lessen and life returned to its usual steady pace. The reports of people fleeing the Ocean Shore pack became rare. We didn't know if it was due to the remaining members being okay with the state of things, or if they just couldn't get out. Those who still had family and friends in the pack said it was the first option. We didn't know how trustworthy the information was, but it was what we had. The planning for the Alpha meeting was in full swing. Sam was being stubborn about going with us. No matter how many times we told him we weren't allowed to bring a third person, he insisted. His line of reasoning was since he was my bodyguard, he didn't count. It was sweet but I doubted the council would view it that way. When he couldn't change our minds, he started demanding I stay home instead. Which suited Finlay fine. Sam argued since I was pregnant, I counted as two people so I wouldn't be allowed in. The first time Medow heard his reasoning, she laughed so hard she had trouble breathing. In the end, we convinced Sam both I and the pup would be alright and Finlay was there to protect us.

A week before the Alpha meeting, it was my birthday. I had been kept in the dark about what was being planned. I would have settled for a nice quiet pack dinner and then spent the evening with friends and family. But I knew the chances of that happening were low. It was my first birthday as a Luna, and a pregnant one at that. The pack, and by that I mean Medow, Matilda and Shelly, would be going all out.

"Wake up, sweetheart," Finlay gently told me. I opened my eyes and saw him smiling. "Happy birthday," he said as he bent down and kissed me.

"Thank you." I stretched, and sat up in bed. Finlay was carrying a tray with breakfast. "Breakfast in bed? Did I really sleep through you sneaking downstairs and making me pancakes?" I asked. He placed the tray over my lap..

"No," he admitted. "You slept through me sneaking downstairs and getting the tray from my aunt."

"Thank you," I told him again and carefully leaned so I could kiss his cheek. The pancakes were delicious and it was nice to be pampered with breakfast in bed. We talked about the day, and I ignored the clear effort that had been put into making sure I was distracted all day. If they wanted to plan this for me, I would let them. We were almost done with breakfast when my phone rang. I answered and heard my parents and my brother's family sing happy birthday to me. I giggled and thanked them. Then my mom told us the story about the day I was born, as she had always done on my birthday. It had been a long while since I had heard it, so I enjoyed it more than usual. Finlay loved it.

The rest of the day I spent doing what everyone who was sent my way asked me to do. Matilda and I spent a couple of hours in my office in the house planning a month's worth of meals to be served in the pack kitchen. We had never planned more than a week in advance before. But I obliged and didn't point out how obvious of a distraction it was. Then Shelly and Medow took me for a walk, because, they told me, it was important for my pregnancy. Which hadn't seemed to be the case until today. It was nice to take a stroll with them and we had lunch. They then handed me over to Jake who asked me to help him with some paperwork he told me he was confused about. I didn't tell him he had already done similar paperwork three times without issue. Finally, Finlay took over and sat me down to go through paperwork with him. I was impressed he would voluntarily do paperwork as he hated it and I usually were the one more or less forcing him to do it. When he told me we were done for the day, I gave him a warm smile and kissed him.