

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

Chapter 20

Game of Destiny

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After ny alarm woke me in the morning, I jst lay in bed for a while getting used to the pack bond again. It wasn't as if you always felt every individual in the pack and what they were feeling. It was more like a soft bumming in the back of your mind. My last pack bond hadn't been severed, as I had run away, the distance had made fell less and less the further away I got. But even during my First months in my new home, I had felt it. But a pack bond that wa't maintained and if you didn't return to the pack land at least a couple of times a year, it faded. The bond was a living thing and needed to be nourished and feed. But now a new pack bond had taken its place, as well as a connection to the pack land. I loved the miliar, yet new, feeling of it. I eventually got up and got ready before heading down for breakfast. Cadence's family invited me to s with them, and I did. It was nice getting to know his parents and older sister. When he asked me if I wanted to go to the river with him and his sister, I had to decline. I had to start my new work today.

"Where have you been?" Medow asked as we met outside the conference room.

"I had breakfast with Cadence and his family," I told her, and Som.

"Is he trying to court you?" she asked and we laughed as we joined Finlay and Martin in the room dedicated for the meeting of the top rank.

"What are you doing?" Finlay asked me as I took a chair that stood along the wall and moved the other chairs around the table to make room for it.

"I'm getting a chair so I can

down," I told him.

"And why do you need a new chair?" he asked, confused. I looked at the table. Finlay was sitting at the head of it, Martin to his right, with an empty chair next to him, opposite him where Sam and Medow sat next to her mate. The chair opposite Finlay was also empty.

"I'm not sitting in the Luna's or the Beta female's chairs," I told him. He sighed, rolled his eyes, and signed for Martin to scoot his chair closer to Finlay. I moved the Beta female's chair after Martin and put my own at the corner between the two empty chairs.

"Happy?" he asked me as I took my seat.

"Yes," I said. The others laughed.

"Now that we got the important matter of the chairs out of the way Finlay said, looking pointedly at me. "We can start by welcoming Amie to our group. I think we are all looking forward to her advice," he continued. The three others eagerly nodded.

"Thank you. But as I told Medow yesterday: I think you are doing a far better job than you give yourself credit for. The pack is thriving and is harmonious. I don't know what I can contribute with, I honestly told them.

"The pack is a good pack, and I agree with you. We mostly got those things under control. Well, Finlay does most of it, and he is a natural Alpha," Martin agreed.

"But what we worry about is the outside threats and how we can prepare the pack to face them, Sam continued. All four of them nodded in agreement.

"We are a low ranking pack. But we are low ranking since you couldn't participate in the last games. I would think packs and rogues —that are after land would go after one of the confirmed weak packs," | said. Finlay and Martin both shook their heads.

"We have chased away wolves that have been close to our borders. It has only been one or two at the time so far, but we think they are scouts, Martin told me.

"Pack or rogues?"

"Both," he said.

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"We think it's due to the fact Confirmed weak packs have already be targeted and all good land has been taken. Most of those packs are living on barren land or in the cities," Finlay told me. I saldered at the thought.

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"And then there is us, and all this amazing land. Okay, I can see why they are willing to chance it," I said. "So we need to prepare. Even if we are a strong pack, not everyisine can fight or defend themselves. What is the plan if we get attacked?" I asked. Finlay got up and got a map from a locked drawer and spread it out over the tale. It showed the pack land and someone had drawn symbols on it. They all explained what plans they had put in place to keep pack safe. They had hideouts in two places in the village and then seven more scattered across the land. Most were natural caves hey had fortified and made sure to keep food and blankets in.

"It looks good. It's a good start." I said. "But we should add some general pack training that everyone participates in. Something that teaches everyone to find shelter if they get caught by surprise.

"Everyone? Even the pups?" Martin asked.

"Especially the pops. We all know they have a tendency to go explating either on their own or w

know what to do if we are attacked," I said.

a friend or two. They need to

"Should we maybe just make sure they stay close to an adult?" Sam Juggested. Finlay, Medow and I all shook our heads.

"Exploration is necessary. It gives them confidence and nourishes their natural curiosity," Finlay said.

agree. It's better that we teach them to hide, contact an adult and wait for help." I said.

"Okay. But how do you train pups? I know how to train adults, but even I know that won't work with pups," Sam said. I giggled. I had seen him train the warriors when I visited and he was right. His raining style was to yell at the warriors and shout profanities when they didn't do as he wanted.

"No, we won't do it that way. I would say that we should turn it into game," I suggested.

"Oh, yeah. Like a hide and seek tournament," Medow said enthusiastically. I nodded.

"Not a bad idea. We could have different classes. One for pups, one for regular pack members and one for warriors," Finlay thought

out loud.

"We can arrange some fun prizes and us five will be the judges and trackers," Martin said.

"If we do it two or three times a year, everyone will have a good understanding on what to do in a sharp situation." They all looked at me and nodded. We agreed to plan the first tournament as soon as possible. "So how are we doing with training for the games? If we do well there, this won't be an issue," I said.

"You know the

training schedule," Sam told me, sounding confused.

"You use the same one as for the warriors? That seems excessive since the games are almost six years away," I said. Four wolves looked at me as if I was stupid. "What?"

"Do v

you expect us to have separate trainings for the games? We just combine it with the regular trainings," Sam asked.

"Oh, okay, you are planning to only send warriors?" 1 asked, as I understood why we misunderstood each other.

"Yes. In our old pack that's how we did it. Should we send others?" Martin asked, sounding unsure.

"No, no. I guess that's fine," I said.

"Amie, we asked you to be the advisor so you would advise us. How was it done in your old pack?" Finlay asked in his usual calm

voice.

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"We held training a couple of times a year for all pack members between certain ages. You know the games test on not just strength and brute force. There are elements of cunning and strategical thinking. Speed and agility. They all matter. I'm not saying the warriors can't be good at all of that. But you don't need to be a warrior to be strategic or cunning. So we tested everyone that would be of a suitable age during the games. When we found the ones with the best skills, we trained them," I explained.

"But all the participants have to participate in all challenges," Finlay said. I nodded.

"But then, let's say Medow is the most cunning wolf In our pack. And forgive me for this baby, but she isn't the fastest or strongest woll. How is she going to keep up during the more physical challenges? Sam asked. Then he peppered Medow's hand and neck with

kisses.

"It's okay, honey. I know my limitations," Medow giggled.

"I guess

it's a numbers game," I said. "What we know is that each challenge holds a maximum of ten points during the games. There are ten challenges, so the top score is one hundred points. No one knows the score until all challenges are done," I continued, and everyone nodded. "So let's say that we send physically strong warrior, some with okay abilities in the more mental challenges. There are two, or three challenges that focus on physical strength, as many that focus on mental and the rest is a combination. We will do well on the physical parts, and average on the combination rts, but below average on the mental parts."

"Sure. But if we send wolves with strong mental abilities but poor physical skills, won't the numbers tilt?" Martin asked.

"They will, if we don't train everyone. But let me ask you; do you think it's harder to train someone's ability to be strategic and cunning or someone's ability to run fast?" I asked them. There was a moment of silence when the others looked like fishes on land. Then Finlay laughed, and the others followed.

"That's why it's important that we identify them as early as possible, he said. I nodded.

"Give Sam live ve

years and he will have the most lazy wolf in shape," said.

"Fuck yeah!" Sam exclaimed, and Medow rolled her eyes and then she laughed and kissed her mate.

guess we

need to hold trainings for the pack to see what talents we have," Finlay said, and a smirk appeared on his face. "I knew you would be worth the effort it took to recruit you," he told me.

"Oh please. I made it easy for you. I barely put up a fight," I objected

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