

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

Chapter 28

Spring had finally come to the pack land and Finley had decided to celebrate it with a BBQ at his house. Invited was the top tier, Matilda and Cadence family. Jake had trained the pups and adults in hiding and evading for almost a year. He had become close to both me and Sam and the pack had a new appreciation for him. He was an amazing strategist and was good at handling the pups, making the training into playtime. Finley stood on his deck and manned the BBQ. I kept him company as the others were setting the table inside and cooked the side dishes.

“You look happy,” he said.

“I am. I got an invitation from CeCe today. You remember her, right?”

“Sure. The woman who was there when we picked you up.”

“Right. So, Jessie, the man who was there to see me off,” I clarified for him. Finlay nodded but didn’t look happy. “He proposed to CeCe, it was about time if you ask me, so they sent me a save the date for their wedding. June twenty fifth,”

I told him. I didn’t expect him to get all giddy like I had been when I red the invite. But I hadn’t expected him to look like he had bitten into a lemon either. “What?”

“Nothing,” he said. I gave him a look and he sighed.

“The gathering of packs is the same week,” he reminded me.

“Crap. I had totally forgotten. It’s okay, I’ll just tell them I can’t make it.”

“No, you should go. they are your friends and a wedding is a big deal,” Finlay insisted.

“It is. But the pack comes first. You need someone to go with you and then someone needs to stay with the pack.”

“I don’t need someone to go with me. I’m a big Alpha, I can manage on my own. Beside, most Alphas take their Lunas as the plus one. I will be fine,” he insisted. I hesitated. We didn’t talk about it but his brother would be there and from what I could tell, the previous years hadn’t been easy when the two met.

“Why do you both look like thunderclouds? It’s spring, we are having a BBQ and we are supposed to be happy,” Martin

said as he came walking with a beer each for us.

“Thank you,” I said, taking one.

“We were discussing that Amie has received a wedding invitation for her friends’ wedding the same weekend that I’m to go to the meeting of the packs,” Finlay said.

“Oh. So you told her you would go alone to the meeting and I would go with her, leaving Sam and Medow to watch over the pack and she didn’t like it?” Martin asked. I stared at him.

“What?” I said.

“I hadn’t got quite as far,” Finlay told him.

“Well, it’s the only reasonable solution.”

“Wait. Why do I need an escort? I’m going to a small town wedding with people I know, humans. Finlay is going into week long meeting with every other pack. Some are openly hostile towards us. If anything he needs an escort,” I

objected. Martin looked at Finlay and shrugged.

“He can look after himself,” he said.

“Look, red. Just do as he says. The two of you can have some fun and we will feel safe knowing you are not alone. I will know to be on the lookout for trouble. But if trouble finds you, it will be unexpected,” Finlay said.

“Fine.” I caved. “As you are being kind enough to tag along, I will make sure to introduce you to all the single ladies in the town. They will have a field day with you,” I told Martin. He laughed and looked pleased. We had grown close and I

saw Martin like an older brother. He always took the opportunity to tease me or make a joke that had me blushing. But at the same time he was protective of me and more than once when we had met other packs did he team up with Finlay to make sure single wolves stayed away from me. I didn’t mind.

“Sounds like I’m the lucky one. I’ll let the others know,” Martin said and walked inside. Finlay and I stood in silence. It was a nice silence. I was looking out over his garden where Cadence was running around.

“You should get going with your garden, soon it will be too late,” I told him.

“My garden?” he asked, as if he had never heard of the concept.

“Yes. You know, milling and turning the soil, cutting down the perennials, planning what to plant in the garden patches. All the good stuff,” I explained.

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“Oh, I don’t do that.”

“You don’t do that?”

“No.”

“Then what do you do with your garden?” I asked.

“Nothing really.” He must have seen the look on my face, because he continued. “When I built my house, I thought it was a good idea to have a garden. I imagined a mate, some pups, and then a garden was a nice touch. The pups could play out here, we could grow some vegetables. It felt right. But now. It’s nice to be able to come out here in the summer. But I don’t have the time to tend to the garden and I barely eat at home, so the produce would go to waste,” he explained. Mates were a topic we usually stayed clear of. Not like it was a forbidden topic, but with my past and Finlay not having

found his mate, it was a subject neither of us enjoyed.

“You shouldn’t let it go to waste. You have such an amazing garden,” I insisted.

“It was my aunt who designed it,” he told me. It didn’t surprise me.

“I’m guessing she isn’t happy with the state of it,” I told him with a knowing smile.

“No, I’m not,” Matilda said as she joined us. “I have told him he needs to take care of it. I didn’t plan it and oversee its creation to let it become overgrown,” she added.

“Come now. It’s not overgrown. I pay the Hudson kid each summer to mow the lawn and I usually cut down things that get too big,” Finlay defended himself. Matilda rolled her eyes.

“I’m going to come over next weekend and sort out your garden. I will give you suggestions on what seeds to get and I will grow them for you. We can give the crop to the pack kitchen,” I told him. Matilda smiled and nodded while her nephew just looked at me.

“Do you have time for that?” he asked. I shrugged.

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“If you do it the right way, it doesn’t have to take up that much time. I don’t have a garden of my own and I kind of miss working in one,” I said honestly. Growing up, it had been part of my brother’s and mine tasks to help out in my mother’s

beloved garden. We had both protested, but secretly we both enjoyed it.

“Are you sure?” Finlay asked.

“Just accept her offer and say thank you,” his aunt told him. “I would have done it myself if I was younger.”

“Thank you,” Finlay said to me. I laughed.

“It’s okay. I will enjoy it.”

“Isn’t it time you start looking at getting a house of your own?” he asked. I scrunched my nose. I had the means to build a house. My salary from the pack was good and I didn’t have things I spent my money on except for my share of the food budget in the pack house. But I had no desire to build my own house. I was happy in my apartment. I had been in the pack for almost a year and I had turned the room into my own.

“I think I will hold off on that,” I said.

“Oh, honestly. The two of you. Clueless,” Matilda told us. “I thought it would be nice with some spring air. But this is just frustrating,” she sighed and walked away to talk to Candance.

“What is she talking about?” I asked.

“I have no clue. It’s probably something obvious to her but not to anyone else and she is annoyed that we haven’t figured it out yet. She’ll tell us when she is tired of us not seeing it,” he said. “Are you sure you are okay with looking

after the garden? I know you have a lot on your plate.”

“I am. It will be relaxing, and I have missed gardening.”

“Then just give me a list of what I need to get and I will make sure you have it. I trust you know what is best. The only thing I will ask is that you grow sugar pees. I love picking and eating them,” he told me.

“I think we can make that happen. I’ll stop by on Saturday and when I’m done for the day, you will have your list.”