

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

Chapter 41

I was in my office and looked at the short list of potential members to take to the games. We could bring five and we needed a rounded team, ready to take on everything. There was a knock on the doorframe, my door usually was open when I was in my office. I looked up and saw Medow and Martina. I smiled at them.

“Hello, if it isn’t the cutest wolf in the pack,” I said.

“Hi, it is, and she has her daughter with her as well,” Medow said and we both laughed. “What is the birthday girl doing all hidden away?” Medow asked. “The rest of the pack is preparing your celebration.”

“I know. I just have a couple of more things to do,” I told her. For years, my birthday had been my least favorite day. It held memories I would rather forget. When I lived in the human world, I had done my best to avoid it. But since coming to the pack, I had started to celebrate it again. It was hard to avoid, as both Medow and Matilda insisted, and Finlay had refused to help me tell them no. I had become better each year. But this year was tricky. We were a month away from the games and my nerves were on edge. Medow walked up to me and held Martina on one arm as she put a hand on my shoulder.

“Do you want to talk about it?” she asked.

“No. I’m fine,” I told her. She raised an eyebrow and I had to giggle at how good she had become at the ‘mom-look’.

“Do I need to tell Finlay?” she asked.

“Okay, I’m mostly fine,” I corrected myself. “It’s just a lot at the moment with the games, and trying to prepare for meeting James and my brother again,” I confessed. Medow sat down in my visitor’s chair.

“I can understand that. Is it just bad nerves?” she asked.

“No. Part of me is looking forward to the games. I think we have a good chance at doing really well. And I’m looking forward to meeting Elder. I just hope he isn’t too angry with me.”

“It will be fine,” Medow said. “I’m a mother, I know these things,” she added. I laughed.

“Thank you for cheering me up,” I said.

“You are welcome. You can pay me back by babysitting Martina next Saturday so me and my mate can have some alone time. I think the little monster has a built-in sensor for when we are starting to get things going.”

“Hey there! No need to tell me things. I would love to babysit. Just drop her off and the two of us will have a girls day,” I agreed.

“Thank you. Now I think you could use a walk and then you need to get ready. I’m not letting you miss your own birthday party. I’m sending Finlay to get you at six. At least I know he won’t let you stay at home.”

“Fine, fine. I will yield,” I said and put my things away, shut down my laptop and closed my office. “I’m taking a stroll by the creek, if you need me just mindlink,” I told her and caressed Martina over her head. I took the path Martin and I always used. I plopped down in our spot and let myself feel how much I missed him. I relaxed and listened to the water and enjoyed the summer sun. It did wonders and half an hour later I was ready to head back to the pack house to get ready. Medow, Shelly and I had taken a shopping trip a couple of weeks ago. The two of them felt they needed new clothes after the pregnancy, and I joined them. I found a forest green summer dress I fell in love with. It was just what I needed for the party. After a shower I put the dress on and for once I pinned my hair up. I was happy with the result as there was a nock on the door. I looked at my phone, six o’clock on the dot. I smiled as I opened the door.

“Hello, Alpha,” I said. Finlay smiled back at me.

“Happy birthday Amie, you look beautiful tonight,” he told me and held out a tiger lily.

“Thank you,” I said and took the flower. “One moment,” I said and walked into my room to find something to put the flower in. I placed it on the table by the window and could feel Finlay’s eye on me as I moved around. When I turned back to him, he was leaning against my door frame, looking sexier than anyone had the right to. I hoped he couldn’t hear how my heart skipped a beat and then set off at a rapid pace.

“And a birthday gift,” he said. From nowhere he pulled out a small box.

“Finlay, we don’t give each other gifts,” I objected. Everyone in our friend group had agreed on it. The only ones we gave gifts to were the children, well, the child.

“Uhu, that is why you got me my favourite pen on my birthday?” he asked.

“That was just something I happened to run into around your birthday,” I told him.

“Just open the gift, red,” he told me. I walked over to him and took the little box.

“Thank you,” I said.

“Traditionally, you thank someone when you have seen what the gift is,” he pointed out. I smiled and untied the ribbon and opened the lid. Inside was a thin gold chain with a gold pendant. The pendant was round and flat. Engraved on it was a howling wolf with a mountain as a backdrop. Instead of a moon, there was a red stone set in the pendant.

“Fin, it’s beautiful. Thank you!” I told him and let my finger caress the pendant.

“I’m happy you like it. It’s your birthstone,” he told me.

“I love it. Will you help put it on?”

“Sure,” he said and stood up. I took the necklace out of the box and handed it to him. He placed it around my neck and fastened it. I put my hand over the pendant. “Ready to have some fun?” he asked.

“I am.” Together we walked downstairs and out. Thanks to the amazing weather, the party was to be held in the glade where we had most official parties and gatherings. I could hear the music and see the bonfire long before we arrived. As we arrived, Matilda saw us.

“The birthday girl is here!” she called out, and everybody cheered. Matilda, Medow and Shelly all came to hug me.

Cadence ran up to me and gave me a wooden wolf he had made himself. It was a little crooked and lopsided, but it was cute and still looked like a wolf.

“How much food have you cooked?” I asked Matilda. She laughed at my comment.

“I’m anticipating we will be here all night, we will need food,” she told me. I had let my friends make my birthday party bigger than usual. Everyone was tense about the upcoming games. They needed to have some fun and my birthday was just the distraction they needed. I talked to Sam as we both loaded our plates with food. As we stood around, talking and eating, pack members came around to congratulate me and tell Medow and Matilda what an amazing party it was. When everyone had got the first round of food, Matilda banged on a lid, everyone went silent.

“Time for cake,” she announced. Everyone cheered again. Three of the kitchen staff came carrying an enormous cake. It made sense as it needed to be enough for the entire pack. But it was a throwback to my eighteenth birthday, and I

fought against the memories. The cake was decorated as a large, blue mountain with trees and wolves spread all over it.

It was an amazing cake. I focused on the differences to stay in the moment. The pack gathered around the cake as Matilda lit all the candles. They all sang Happy Birthday and I did my best to blow out all twenty-eight candles in one go.

There was another cheer as I succeeded and next thing the cake was being cut into portions. I got the first piece and I discovered it was red velvet cake with fresh raspberries and blueberries in the layers.

“Matilda, you are amazing. This is the best cake I have ever had,” I told her after the first taste. She smiled and blushed.

The party continued. People talked, laughed, danced and some shifted to run in the woods. The food was amazing and I lost count on how many pieces of cake I had eaten. I had danced with Finlay, Sam and James and turned down three other men. It was well after midnight and I stepped away from the bonfire as I needed to cool down.

“Tired?” Finlay asked as he walked up to me.

“Mostly hot,” I said. “But I’m starting to reach my limit for partying. I’m getting old,” I said and laughed.

“Watch your tongue,” he said in a huff and then chuckled. I laughed even more as I knew he was a year older than me.

“How about we steal a piece of cake each and head over to my place. We can sit on the porch and watch the creek while we eat it. It should cook you down before bed,” he suggested. It was too good of an offer to turn down. I did a little

round to say good night to my friends while Finlay stole some cake. We met up at the path back to the pack house and he handed me a plate with a big piece of cake.

“I will have dreams about this cake,” I happily told him as we walked back. He just chuckled at me.