

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

Chapter 42

Finlay and I sat down on the step leading from his porch to the garden. The heat of the day had given way to cooler air, the moon was a week from being full and the creek flowed at a steady pace. We didn't talk as we ate. We were used to each other's company and it was a comfortable silence.

"Have you had a good birthday?" he asked me as we both had finished our cake.

"It has been amazing," I told him.

"I was afraid it would trigger too many bad memories," he said.

"It had its moments. But in the end, this birthday was much better and completely different." He nodded.

"How do you feel about the games?" he asked.

"About the games or about what will happen when we won't be playing?" I asked. He looked at me and smirked.

"The later," he said.

"I don't know. I'm nervous. I look forward to seeing my brother, but I'm scared he will be angry with me. With James... I just don't know what to think. I don't have feelings for him, those died a long time ago. And I think I mostly have forgiven him for what he did, it led me to end up here. But I'm afraid the bitterness will surface when I see him," I told him honestly.

"Would you prefer to stay home?" he asked.

"No." I didn't need to think about it. Despite my mixed feelings, I knew I would never skip the event. My pack needed me. "How about you? I'm not the only one with complicated family matters," I asked him. He grunted.

"I have dealt with them at the alpha meetings. I'm predicting my brother will try to force a joining of the packs. Again."

"At least we will have each other," I told him. He gave me a smile.

"That is true." We sat a moment longer, thinking about what we had talked about. I felt better after sharing my fears with Finlay. I always did. "Ready for bed?" he asked. I nodded, and he stood up and reached his hands towards me. I took it

and he helped me up. We stood on the porch in the moonlight and neither of us had let go. Our eyes met and after a couple of heartbeats during which none of us did anything, Finlay tugged lightly in my hand. The tug wasn't hard enough to do anything. But I found myself walking towards him until our toes almost touched. Our hands were still

connected and the air was filled with the tension which usually was under the surface whenever we were close. Now it had been released and it was almost palatable. I don't know who made the first move, or if we made it together. One moment we stood looking at each other, the next moment we were kissing like it was the only way to survive. Finlay's

free hand had moved to my cheek and he gently held my face as he kissed me. My free hand had landed on his waist, keeping me anchored with him. Finlay tugged on my lower lip and with a moan I opened my mouth to let his tongue

inside. I had kissed other men, even if it was a long time ago, but nothing could have prepared me for this kiss. I set my body and soul on fire. Everything I held back for six years came flooding out. Finlay responded with a flood of his own.

His hand moved back into my hair and he gripped a handful of it. It didn't hurt, but it was a possessive gesture that had me moaning for the second time. As if my moan had unlocked something in him, Finlay locked his arms around me and

picked me up. Next thing I knew, I was inside Finlay's house, in the hallway he let me down and pressed me up against the wall. My hands had wrapped around his neck and one of my hands tangled in his blond hair and the other caressed over his shoulders. A growl escaped Finlay as he pulled my leg up to wrap around his waist. The skirt on the dress hiked

up to expose the leg. Finlay's strong hand rubbed all over my naked leg and all I could do was roll my hips against Finlay.

This was new territory for me. Finlay grunted and moved his hips with mine. It almost sent me over the edge. His lips left mine as he kissed down my neck. Both my hands grabbed his hair in desperation. His hands had landed on my ass and were pulling me towards him in pace with me rolling my hips.

"Finlay," I moaned.

"Amie," he growled in response. I tried to ignore the voice in my head telling me I couldn't do this. I could, I needed to do this, I told the voice.

"Finlay," I whimpered. He froze as he heard the change in my voice. I hated myself. He tilted his head so his forehead rested on my shoulder. I could feel his heavy breaths against my skin and my hands were still tangled in his hair. "We

can't do this, Finn," I told him in a whisper. I felt close to tears. He looked up at me and cupped my face with both his hands.

"Amie, I can't ignore this thing between us any longer. It's eating me up when I can't act on the instinct to show you affection, take your hand, put my arm around you, kiss you. Every day I have these instincts, my wolf pushes me to stake my claim to you," he told me. I caressed his face.

"I know. I feel it too." I told him.

"Then why can't we?"

"In four weeks we will go to the biggest meeting of wolves in the world. The chance of you meeting your mate there is high," I told him. For once I didn't hide how the thought pained me.

"Amie," he said, leaning his forehead against mine.

"No Finn. It is what it is."

"I will reject her. I don't want anyone else but you," he told me. There was so much certainty in his voice.

"If you did it would break me," I honestly said.

"Why?"

"Because it would be my fault someone would be rejected. How can I live with that?"

"Amie, love, it would be my decision. I love you and I can't see myself loving anyone else this way." His declaration of love had the first of my tears running over.

"I love you too. And it scares me how much. I'm terrified of what will happen when you meet your mate. If I give myself to you like I want to and I have to give you up." I paused to collect myself. "I won't be able to pick up the pieces of myself after. IT will be so much worse then when I was rejected."

"I would never do that to you," he insisted. I smiled at him through my tears.

"I know you wouldn't do it intentionally. But we both know that things happen when you meet your true mate. And if you do, I wouldn't want to stand in your way." Finlay kissed me. It wasn't full of fire this time. It was soft and gentle.

"Please don't cry, red. You are breaking my heart," he said, wiping away my tears and kissing the skin where they had been. "I'm not getting younger. If I want a family I can't wait forever." he said. I chuckled.

"The games are four weeks away, Finn. I don't think your balls will shrivel up until then." He smiled and kissed my forehead.

"Probably not," he agreed.

"I will make you a deal," I told him.

"Like the one that let me lure you to the pack?"

"Something like it. We will hold off on this and focus on preparing for the games. If you don't find your mate during the games, we will revisit this when we get back home," I suggested. He looked at me.

"I have one condition," he said.

"And what is that?" I asked.

"When we are alone, we don't pretend this doesn't exist. I get to tell you I love you and I get to hold your hand and be close to you. As long as we don't cross any lines. And I get to make sure to keep other males away when we are at the games," he told me.

"I think there is more than one condition. But I will agree to it, as long as I can do the same, with the exception if you meet your mate," I said. He smiled.

"I give you permission to chase my mate away as well," he told me. He gave me a long kiss. "To keep me going for two months," he said. It would be a long two months, I thought.

"I should go," I told him. He didn't move, but kept me caged against the wall.

"Do you want to leave?" he asked.

"No. But I feel like it wouldn't be fair of me to stay. I may be inexperienced with these things. But I don't want to tease you," I told him.

"Inexperienced... Amie, have you ever...?" his question remained half unfinished. I blushed.

"No. I was eighteen when I was rejected. Remember? After that, I lived with humans and then I met you," I told him.

"Fuck. Maybe it was better you stopped me. When we do this, it needs to be done right," he told me. I giggled.

"I trust you on that," I said.

"Stay. I don't want you to leave. Not like this, not when we finally have got all of this out." I looked at him and nodded. He stepped back and held out his hand. I took it and he led me to the couch. He sat down and pulled me into his lap.

When he was sure I was comfortable, he put his feet up on the coffee table and leaned back. I felt him relax. I snuggled up in his arms and enjoyed the closeness, his body heat and the scent of forest which always surrounded him. "Go to

sleep, red. We will deal with everything when the sun is up," he told me.

"Good night, Finn. Thank you for a perfect birthday."

"Anything for you, love." He kissed my hair, and I felt at peace.