

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

Chapter 44

“You need to spill it,” Medow said as she sat on my bed, feeding Martina as I was packing.

“Spill what?” I asked as I tried to figure out if I needed more than one dress.

“Oh no, you don’t get to be all oblivious about this. As your friend I need to know what’s going on between you and Finlay,” she said.

“I don’t know what you mean,” I said. It sounded fake even in my own ears.

“Amie,” she said in her best mom voice.

“Fine!” I paused and sat down on the bed as well. “So this thing happened on my birthday,” I started.

“You slept together?!” she exclaimed.

“No! And keep your voice down. We’re in a house full of werewolves with super hearing,” I hissed.

“Sorry, sorry. I got a little excited. So what was this thing?”

“We kissed. Well, that is an understatement, but it’s the word I’m going to use so I don’t give you an aneurysm.”

“Oh my, oh my. This is amazing. Finally!” she said. She almost bounced on the bed in excitement, but remembered Martina was eating and settled down. I gave her a short version of what had happened, carefully edited to keep the more

spicy bits out. “So the two of you just decided to pause everything?” she asked when I was done.

“Kind of. I know it’s not fair to him. But I’m petrified when I think that he might find his mate. I’m already way too deep.

If I let myself think he is mine and he ends up being someone else’s...” I let the rest hang in the air. Medow gave me a sad smile.

“I get it. We wolves are lucky in the sense that we have mates. It makes it less scary to give our hearts away,” she said.

“Yeah. Until your mate rejects you and the big, sexy Alpha both you and your wolf get hung up on hasn’t found his. Then

it just complicates things,” I told her.

“Yeah, it does. But, I’m still happy for you. The two of you have been hovering around each other since the day you came here to visit. It’s good for you to finally get it out and talk about it. And if it helps at all, it’s easy to see how much he cares for you. I know you don’t want him to reject his mate, and I get it. But I think he would in a heartbeat. If I didn’t know he would have swooped you up and claimed you a long time ago if it was true, I would say you were mates.” I blushed.

“We aren’t, but it’s sweet of you to say,” I told her. Matilda gave up a satisfied burp and Medow placed her on the bed with a soft rattle to occupy her with. I tickled her tummy before getting up to get back to packing. “One dress should be enough, right?” I asked.

“No. You need at least three. One never knows,” Medow told me. I scrunched my nose.

“Then I would need another bag,” I told her. Medow giggled.

“Amie, you will be gone for four weeks. I think it’s okay if you can’t fit it all into one bag,” she told me.

“How many is Sam bringing?” I asked as I took out another bag.

“I have no clue. By the amount of ‘may be useful to have’ things he keeps piling up. I would guess closer to twenty.” I laughed.

“Okay. So two should be okay,” I agreed.

Later in the afternoon we all gathered in the dining room. It was the day before leaving and everyone who would be going was sitting together. There were conversations about what the next four weeks would bring going on all around me.

“Are you ready to leave in the morning?” Finlay asked me.

“Yes. Medow helped me pack earlier. How about you?”

“All done.”

“Good. I talked to Matilda and she has made us some amazing food to eat during the drive. We still need to decide who rides with who. We need to make sure we have room for the luggage as well as all the people. But we want to use as few cars as we can,” I told him.

“It’s easy. I will take my truck, you will ride with me and we will take as much luggage as possible. Sam, Jake, Ramses and aunt Matilda will go in Sam’s car and they will have the food we need. Then our two healers, elder Jona and Mandy will go in one car with their personal belongings and the healing equipment. The rest will go in Robert’s SUV,” he told me.

“You and me in your truck? What about Beula?” I asked.

“Red, no one will voluntarily get into that car. And I’m not letting you drive there on your own. Besides, we can’t bring that monstrosity and let the other packs see it,” he told me.

“Hey! She is a workhorse. She has been good to me for ten years. She is amazing,” I objected.

“Sure, sure. And you can drive her around here at home. But not to go and meet the other packs,” he insisted.

“Fine.”

The next morning we loaded into the cars. Matilda had given each car a snack pack for the first day. We would spend the better part of two days driving to a remote part of Canada. We had planned out rest stops and food stops, but since we could switch drivers, we wouldn’t need to stop for sleep. Finlay took the first pass at driving and it was nice being just the two of us.

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“How do you really feel about seeing your brother?” I asked once we had got out on the highway and relaxed. Finlay had taken my hand and I knew this was the best time to have this conversation. He tried to shrug it off.

“I have met him once a year in the joint pack meetings,” he said.

“And it has never gone well. Each year he has tried something new to force us into his pack,” I reminded him.

“Yeah. I don’t see that changing,” Finlay admitted.

“Have you figured out why?”

“Pride, probably. He doesn’t want to look weak in front of the other packs. And I think they have realised that a pack made up mostly of warriors and top tiers is no fun as they now need to do everything.” I hummed. If the pack’s warriors were led to believe they were bigger and better than everyone else, there would be trouble when you asked that warrior

to start cleaning toilets or cook for the pack. Which is why that kind of mindset always makes the pack fragile.

“I guess they would have a hard time recruiting new members that aren’t warriors if word got out how they are being treated,” I thought out loud.

“That is my guess as well,” Finlay agreed.

“So? You haven’t answered my first question,” I insisted.

“I don’t like it. I hate that he tries to manipulate me using our mother and I hate the constant need to prove our pack is not an extension of his,” he told me. I placed my other hand on top of his, sandwiching it between both of mine.

“This time you won’t be alone. We will deal with it,” I told him. He glanced over at me and smiled.

A couple of hours later we stopped at a rest stop and stretched our legs, used the bathroom, ate and switched drivers.

“Are you sure you can handle it?” Finlay asked for the third time as he got into the passenger seat.

“It’s a car, not a spaceship. I think I will figure it out,” I said confidently as I adjusted the seat.

“Fine. Just ask if you need to know something.”

“You are right next to me. It will be fine,” I assured him as I drove off. The biggest difference from my car was that the truck was an automatic shift. It took a little while to adjust to not having to change manually.

Slowly but surely, we made our way towards the destination. The small caravan of cars had a surprisingly easy time sticking together and only twice did we need to wait for someone to catch up.

“It will be nice to sleep in a bed tonight,” Finlay remarked as we got close to the area the games were held in. The council owned a large piece of land in the middle of the Canadian wild. There were no humans for miles and it made it the ideal place to hold the games as well as any joint pack meetings.

“Yes, I’m looking forward to stretching out on a bed,” I agreed. Sleeping in the car was not a comfortable experience when you really couldn’t adjust the seat too much due to all the luggage we had in the back.

“Want company on that bed?” Finlay asked and wiggled his eyebrows. I laughed and punched him in his shoulder.

“In your dreams,” I said.

“Quite often,” he admitted.

“Perv.” We both laughed. On the council grounds there were cabins packs could rent for the month of the games. If you didn’t want to rent one, or couldn’t afford to do so, there were areas for camping. The top five packs got bigger cabins, free of charge. Those cabins had, in addition to the bedrooms, kitchen and living area all cabins had, a gym and a conference room. For all other packs there were joint gyms that could be booked if you wanted private access and also joint conference rooms. We had booked a cabin years ago. It was just a more comfortable option that would give us

advantages. We had made sure to budget for the rent. We had also booked private gym times well in advance. The last couple of hours had been spent driving on a small gravel road in the middle of a deep forest. Seemingly out of nowhere there was a checkpoint. One of the warriors manning it stepped forward to check who we were.

“Welcome Alpha Finlay. You have cabin twenty-five. If you scan this QR code it gives you access to a map of the area and the schedule. The opening of the games is in two days’ time,” the warrior said. Finlay took out his phone and scanned the code the warrior held up.

“Thank you,” he said. The gate was raised and we drove through. Finlay handed me his phone, and I guided him to our cabin. The cabins were spread out over a large area in a forested part of the land. It gave the feeling of privacy, as you couldn’t directly see another cabin. The cabin we had been given was nice. It was a large log cabin with ten bedrooms divided on the top two floors, a kitchen and a living room on the bottom floor. It had already been decided the

participants in the games would each get a bedroom on the third floor and the supporting staff would pair up two to each room on the second floor. We decided to spend the rest of the day unpacking and get se