

Game of Destiny - Chapter 5 Chapter 5

Chapter 5

Four years later.

I walked into the backdoor of the bakery, put down the two bags of flour and got a kiss on the cheek from Mrs Andersen.

"Thank you, Amie. I don't know what I would do without you," she happily told me.

"I'm happy to help," I said, and it was the truth. The two sisters had been good to me these past four years. They had helped me feel at home in the small town, introduced me to all the right people, according to them, and made sure I got out of my apartment for other things than my work. In return, I gladly offered them a hand with some of the heavier work. The sisters were getting older, and I felt bad for them working so hard. My strength was nowhere near that of a full werewolf, but I was stronger than the average human. I had made peace with being a latent wolf; a werewolf who didn't have a wolf, or where the wolf was so weak, it didn't manifest. It made it easier for me to live amongst humans.

"I have a treat for you on the counter over there," Mrs Anderson told me.

"You didn't have to, thank you," I said before I sank my teeth into a still lukewarm danish and sighed with joy.

"Seeing you eat my pastries is a delight," the older woman said with a warm smile. We did this every morning. I would bring her the flour from the storage, she would give me a treat and some of her amazing coffee and I insisted she didn't need to, and she insisted she did.

"I have the lunch shift so I'll be back before it gets dark," I told her as I left, holding the to-go cup of coffee.

"Have a nice day dear, and maybe say yes if Jessie asks you out again?" I heard before the door shut behind me. Jessie was the town's most desirable bachelor, not that it said much in this town. But he had been the highschool football star. He was good looking, hardworking, owned his own farm that actually made a profit and was, overall, a decent guy. Jessie had tried hitting on me since I arrived four years ago, but unlike the local women, I turned him down. Not just the first time, but every time since. It had become a running joke in town, and I knew people were placing bets on when I would finally give in. The thing with Jessie was that he never took offense at me turning him down. He joked about it just as much as anyone else and over the years, we had become good friends. As I walked into the diner, I was greeted by Rich, the cook, and Mrs Jones. I

emptied the last coffee from my cup, careful not to spill anything on my mint-green uniform.

"CeCe is marrying the ketchups. Could you start with the napkins?" Mrs Jones asked.

"Sure thing," I said as I walked out into the front part of the diner to greet my other friend. Yes, during my time in this town, I had only made two real friends. But that was two more than I had expected. CeCe was a year older than me and more upbeat than I had ever been. Usually there was only one waitress needed at the time in the diner. But it was tourist season, which meant we would be two. It also meant we had to take in a third, temporary, waitress as CeCe and I couldn't cover all shifts. It sucked as this year we were stuck with Dara. Dara wasn't a bad kid, she was just clumsy, unfocused and lived more in her own head than out in the real world. To be honest, she usually caused more work than she helped. But Mrs Jones said Dara needed to get out of the house and into the real world. She had a thing for rescuing people, like some old women rescued stray cats, Mrs Jones rescued stray people. I couldn't object as she had rescued me. She had rescued CeCe as well, but in a different kind of way. We were both loyal to the old woman, so we didn't object to having Dara in the diner.

"Am I happy to see you," CeCe said as I walked up to her. We hugged and got back to work.

"How was your trip?" she asked as we got going.

"It was fine," I said. It had been my day off yesterday and I had told everyone I was going to go away for the day, sightseeing and relaxing. What I was really doing was driving as far away as I could possibly get and still make it back home to my shift today. It was my mother's birthday in a couple of days and that meant I sent a postcard to her. I usually just said I was doing well and I hoped she had a good birthday. I did the same for my father's and brother's birthdays, as well as for the end of the lunar cycle. It's like Christmas and new years all wrapped into one for werewolves. I drove to remote towns so the postage couldn't be traced back to where I lived. I didn't know if I was being kind or cruel by sending the four postcards every year. I just wanted them to know I was okay. They didn't need to worry. And I was okay. Life was maybe not perfect, but it was okay. The dull ache was still there in the pit of my stomach, but it had stopped hurting. Or maybe I had got used to the pain. Either way, it didn't bother me as much now as it had in the beginning. It was a reminder that I was alive, I was a survivor and a fighter. I had built my life from scratch and I was proud of what I had, even if it wasn't much.

"Have you seen the hunk who just sat down at your table?" CeCe asked me. We were in the middle of the lunch rush and the diner was full of both locals and tourists. I glanced over at the table I knew she had to be referring to, as it had been the only free one in my section. My body froze as I saw him. He was a werewolf, all my senses told me that much, and to add insult to injury, he was an Alpha. My mouth got dry and my legs refused to move.

“CeCe, could you do me the favour and take that table for me? I can take two, or three of yours in return. I’ll even trade you the one with the four children,” I asked. I heard the desperation in my voice.

“Are you sure, Amie? Have you seen him? Yummy,” she said.

“All yours,” I said. She wasn’t wrong. The Alpha looked like most Alphas, big strong, self-confident. Pair it with blond hair that looked to have a will of its own in a playful way and deep blue eyes and you had yummy. But Alphas were trouble, especially for me. He was the first wolf I had run into since leaving the pack and I didn’t want to bring any more attention to myself than necessary. I knew he already knew what I was. If I could detect him in a room full of humans. He, with his fully developed Alpha senses, would have no problem noticing me. CeCe walked over to him and took his order. I saw her flirt with him and he smiled politely back at her. I tried my best to ignore him and keep my distance. It was hard since he sat in my section of the diner, but I think I did a good job. When he paid and left, I felt relieved, he hadn’t tried to speak to me.

“You missed out on that one. Handsome, nice without being creepy and a great tipper,” CeCe said. “Want me to split the tip?” she then asked. I shook my head. She had earned it and even if the family with four children hadn’t left a huge tip, they hadn’t been skimpy either. I would gladly sacrifice the tip to avoid him. The rest of the day, I was on high alert. I was jumpy and kept checking to make sure the unknown Alpha wasn’t anywhere near me.

“Are you okay, dear?” Mrs Jones asked as I was getting ready to leave.

“I’m fine, but thank you for checking,” I told her.

“You seem a little... I don’t know,” she said.

“Skittish,” Rich helped.

“Yes, that is the right word,” she agreed.

“I’m fine, just didn’t get enough sleep last night. I was going to go home and take a nap. I’m sure that will make it better,” I lied. It gave me an excuse for staying home.

“Oh, poor dear. You do that. Do you want me to send Dara over with some dinner?” Mrs Jones asked. She really was a wonderful woman.

“No thank you, Mrs Jones. I appreciate it, but I was looking forward to the dinner I was planning to cook,” I told her. So many lies in one day, I would get a stomach ache if I continued like this.

“Well then, run along and call me if you need anything.”

“Thank you, Mrs Jones,” I said and gave her a hug. I hurried home and closed the door behind me. No Alpha. I was safe and he would leave town and everything would go back to normal.

Next Chapter