

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

Chapter 50

"I heard you found your mate, congratulations. I'm sorry to see she didn't join you. I would have loved to meet her. And don't be too worried about me and the pack's future. There is more than one way to get an heir," Finlay told his brother.

It was his brother's turn to scoff.

"She is too weak to go to a place like this. An Omega, who would have thought the gods would give me one of those for a mate. But at least she will bear me sons," Alpha Ryan said. His voice was so cold and void of feelings it made me flinch.

Finlay glared at his brother.

"You sound very happy, again, congratulations."

"Back to the important topic. Stop being so fucking stubborn and come back to the pack before something goes really wrong. I will even agree to include the strays you have picked up on the way. It could be... interesting," his brother said,

looking me up and down in a way which made me feel like I needed a shower and then be scrubbed with rubbing alcohol.

"No thank you. I would rather be dipped in honey and dragged through fire ants' nests," I said. Matilda laughed, as did Sam. Even Finlay's mouth twitched.

"What did you say, bitch?" the other male wolf asked with a growl.

"Keep your Beta in check," Finlay growled at his brother. "I won't have him insult anyone from my pack."

"I could say the same for you. That b... Beta has a mouth which will lead her into trouble," his brother retorted.

"Amie had all the right in the world to snap back at you after the way you looked at her. You are a mated wolf," Finlay said. The tension between our groups increased by the minute.

"Okay. I think we all need some food in our system. Let's head back before we start a growling contest, or worse, a dick measuring one," I said.

"So true, Beta, lunch is waiting for us. I prepared it before we left," Matilda said in a cheery voice.

"Mom, Ryan, I hope to see you again and good luck in the games," Finlay said. His brother made a face.

"As if we need it." I urged Finlay and Sam to move. I knew if they stayed, it would end up bad. Probably in the realm of disqualification type bad. Me and Matilda got the boys moving and we walked back to the cabin. The others were waiting for us and even if no one asked, they all wanted to know what had happened.

"We are all fine. We exchanged some pleasantries and then they kindly offered us to join their pack, and we politely declined. Now it's time to eat. If you want to join in, make sure to help set the table and bring out the food," Matilda said. It put an end to the hesitant looks. The lunch was as amazing as always. But Finlay's mood stayed the same. During our light training in the afternoon, Finlay almost ran Jake into the wall and when he threw Ramses clear across the room, Sam decided we had trained enough for the day. His bad mood continued during dinner and it affected everyone. I helped Matilda with the dishes and afterwards I found Finlay in the living room, flipping through the channels on the TV. I sat down next to him on the couch and took the remote from him.

"Hey! I was using that," he objected.

"Hey yourself. How many times have you flipped through the ten channels we have on this thing?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said. I flipped through the channels, but at a much slower rate until I found some type of game show. It looked good enough, so I stopped and placed the remote on the table.

'What has got you in this bad mood? Okay, I know what has got you in the mood to begin with, but why can't you shake it?' I asked him in a mindlink.

'It's stupid, I should just let it go. But then I think of the way Ryan looked at you and it pisses me off, or the way my mother just assumed I couldn't handle the role as Alpha, or the way they look down on our pack and I just get angry.

And I hate that I question my own judgment after I have talked to them. He seems so fucking confident. Did we go wrong when we went for a mixed team?' Finlay answered. It was a long list of things. But I started with the last one.

'Sure, they are strong. But let's face it; they make an ox look slender and I bet they weigh more than an ocean liner. I for one am looking forward to the point when we are made to crawl through some tight space and the first of them will get stuck like chuck. I hope it will be an individual game so we get to watch,' I told him. Finlay looked at me and started

laughing.

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'It paints a nice picture,' he agreed.

'Sure does. There are a lot of situations when their build and weight will act against them. And they will be forced to use their brains as well. They don't seem too well endowed in that department. Sorry, he is your brother,' I then corrected myself. Finlay was still chuckling and shook his head.

'Don't apologise, you are right,' he told me. 'Thank you. I needed a laugh.'

'I'm always here. Just talk to me. Don't be a brooding Alpha.' I elbowed him in his side, which made him laugh again.

Sam popped his head into the living room.

"What are you watching?" he asked.

"Some game show, they are trying to crawl up a mountain of slime at the moment," I answered.

"Cool." His head vanished again and five minutes later he was back with a giant bowl of popcorn and sat down on Finlay's other side. Soon we were joined by Matilda who picked up her knitting. One by one, the others dropped in and found a seat. Some brought snacks, some brought beer and pop. For each pack member who joined us, I felt Finlay relax a little more. It was nice. We all relaxed and watched humans make fools of themselves. I looked at Matilda, she looked to be enjoying herself as well.

'Is that a new project?' I asked in a mindlink, not wanting to disturb the others' ongoing comments about the show.

'It is,' she agreed.

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'What is it?'

'You know the rules,' she reminded me, and I smiled. She never told me what she was making, I had to guess. I looked at the project. It was a couple of inches long at this time and around twenty to twenty-five inches wide I would guess.

Matilda was knitting in a pale green yarn that looked soft, but the outer edge was in a cream colour.

'A baby blanket?' I asked.

'You are getting good at this,' she said with a nod.

'For who?'

'That I won't say,' she told me with one of her sly smiles. I frowned. Then I realised it was probably for Alpha Ryan. She may not like what he was doing, but he was still her nephew. As he had mated, it was likely he and his Luna would produce the first in the next generation of the family. I nodded. It wasn't easy trying to navigate family dynamics. When it was time for bed, the mood in the cabin had drastically changed. Everyone was happier and fired up for the next day.

"Hey, Red," Finlay said as I was heading into my bedroom.

"Yeah?" I asked.

"Thanks for getting everyone in the right headspace. I should have been the one doing that," he said.

"Finn, you can't do everything. You are allowed to have bad days as well. That's why you have a Beta. I'm happy to do it.

Sleep tight, Alpha, we will need you tomorrow."

"You too, Red. We will show them not to underestimate us," he said with a smile.