

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

Chapter 51

The day had finally arrived. I had been waiting for it since I was a pup and first heard the stories about the games. I

dressed in my training clothes and when I almost ran into Finlay and Sam outside our rooms, we all grinned.

“Time to go, boys,” I said, heading for the stairs.

“Hey, who are you calling a boy? I’ll let you know I have a daughter. I’m all grown up,” Sam objected, and both Finlay and

I laughed. We joined the others for breakfast and there was a nervous excitement in the air. We didn’t know what the day would bring, but it was finally here. Matilda was ready for everything. She had made an array of different snacks, ready to

eat meals and beverages. Everyone who wasn’t participating would be watching the games. They would all make sure her

food got there and could be handed into the appointed space as needed. Jake was looking nervous.

“Are you okay?” I asked.

“Not really. Why did we need to start with a strength test? I’m useless on those,” he told me.

“It’s not my strong point either, no pun intended,” I told him and managed to get a smile from him. “But we are a pack

and we work together. You and I will do our best and we will rely on the other three to do most of the work. Then you

and I will take the lead when we need to use our brains,” I added.

“Yes, Beta,” he said and looked a little more relaxed.

“I feel like there was an insult embedded in that, but I can’t figure it out enough to be upset about it,” Sam told Ramses.

Finlay laughed. Despite the nerves, we were all in a good mood. After breakfast, we all headed towards the gathering

point.

“Participants, please go into the stadium, spectators please go to the right and you will be guided to where you can watch the game,” an official was telling us. Our party split up and the five of us headed into the stadium. We went to our

designated seats again. There were considerably less wolves there today as only five from each pack had been allowed in. We sat down and waited for what would happen. Nine o’clock sharp, there was a sound coming from the speakers and

then the voice of the head of the council.

“Good morning. Today marks the first game. It will be performed in seclusion. This means we have prepared four

identical areas. Each pack will do the game without any other packs present or able to see what is happening. You will not

be told what the game is until you arrive at it. You will have ten minutes to plan and twenty minutes to complete it. There will be equipment provided. You may choose to use all, some or none of it. All packs will have the same equipment

provided to them. The order in which the pack will perform the game has been drawn at random. Please stay in the

stadium until an official calls your name and follow the instructions given. Once you have completed the game, you are

free to join the spectators. Thank you for participating.”

‘Looks like we are in for a wait,’ I mindlinked the others.

‘Try and get as comfortable as possible and move around from time to time,’ Sam told us. We all nodded and did our

best to keep our nerves in check as we watched other packs being called. I saw Elder waving at me from the seats closer

to the stage and I waved back. He gave me a thumbs up and I smiled. Finlay pointed out some of the packs to me, letting

me get a look at what he thought would be the top contender for the high rankings. As he did, he placed his hand on my

arm. It was a simple gesture we both had started doing after my birthday. Just seeking out each other. In the middle of

him telling me about the Narrow River pack, I felt the sensation of being watched. I looked around. James was staring at

us, zoned in on Finlay’s hand on my arm. Finlay had noticed I wasn’t listening and followed my eyes to what I was

looking at.

‘Ignore him’ I mindlinked Finlay.

‘I don’t think this is just a way to get through the games for him,’ Finlay said, not looking away from James.

‘Don’t care, don’t have time to think about it. It is for me, and the ball is in my court. Now stop obsessing,’ I told him and

flicked his forehead with my finger. He looked at me and rubbed the spot. Sam looked highly amused, and I suspected he

had guessed what was happening. Jake and Ramses were deep into their own conversation.

“Blue Mountain pack, please follow me,” an official said. We all looked at each other as we stood. This was it. The official

guided us out of the stadium to a waiting mini-bus. They drove us into the woods and we could see a clearing up ahead. We

were asked to step out and walk to the clearing. In the middle of the clearing there was a large rock structure. About

thirty feet from it there was a railing and on the other side of the railing there were benches for the spectators.

“Welcome to the first game, Blue Mountain pack. In the rock before you there are hand och foot holds carved. Your

objective is to get all five members to the top of the rock formation, using only the designated holds. It’s not allowed to

carve out new ones, use your claws to find a better grip or damage the rock formation in any way. You have been

provided with tools on the table to your right. It is up to you if you use them or not. You will get ten minutes to plan and

prepare and then you have twenty minutes to reach the top. If not all members reach the top, points will be deducted. If

none of the team reaches the top within the set time, no points will be given. We will look for physical and mental

strength and teamwork and will be awarding points based on how well you perform. Have you understood?” a speaker’s

voice explained.

“We have,” Finlay answered.

“Your time has started.” We all walked up to the table. Gloves, rope and talc powder.

‘Sam, give us your plan,’ Finlay asked.

‘I say we use the rope and talc powder. No gloves. I also say we go without shoes. From what I can see the holds look

shallow, we will get a better feel without them. I say you go first Alpha, Amie second, Jake you have the middle and then

Ramses, I will go last. We connect ourselves with the rope. That way we have the two strongest at each end,’ Sam

instructed us.

‘And me in the middle,’ Jake said. He didn’t look too pleased about the thought of climbing the rocks. I was with him. I wasn’t afraid of heights, but I was highly uncomfortable with them.

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next chapter—visit us now and continue your journey!

‘Yes. If someone falls, we have a better chance of holding them up with two strong endpoints. We can also see and adapt

the pace so everyone can keep up. We do this nice and slow. Twenty minutes is a good amount of time. I rather we use

eighteen minutes and all of us get up there, than spend twelve and lose one member on the way,’ Sam explained. We all

nodded as we removed our shoes and put on the bags of talc powder. Sam tied the rope to us and made sure he was

satisfied with the order and distance before he nodded.

“We are ready for the next phase,” Finlay said.

“You now have twenty minutes to reach the top,” the commentator said. We jogged up to the rock formation and Finlay

started to move up the first holds. He looked around to see if I was with him. I had no issues with the first holds. They were comfortable and even if the rock face was steep, they provided enough grip to let us climb them. One by one we

climbed up. The path the holds took wasn’t straight up, but instead it sneaked around the formation. It meant we could

only see a few feet of the holds in front of us and the ones above us. We moved at a slow but steady pace. I made sure to

keep an eye on both Finlay and Jake. The higher we climbed, the narrower the holds became. I was happy we had chosen

to go barefoot as I needed my toes to get the hold my feet needed.

‘It looks like we are approaching an out croup which will force us to use arm strength alone,’ Finlay told us. I leaned out

as much as I dared to get a look around him. A piece of the rock formed a ledge and the holds were carved on the

underside of it.

‘Get as close to it as you can and then stop. We will take two minutes to shake loose our arms,’ Sam said. We stopped

and did our best to restore a decent blood flow and shake the muscles back to life.

‘Here we go, try and keep moving forward once you start. Use your body’s momentum to move forward,’ Finlay told us

as he started moving under the ledge. I followed and could feel the hard stone dig into my fingers as my body weight

was put on them. I moved steadily forward, Finlay was almost at the end of the ledge. I was focused on him. If he made it,

I was almost there as well and I could give my fingers and arms a well-deserved break.

“Fuck!” I heard Jake’s call a heartbeat before I felt the rope around my waist pull tight. It knocked the wind out of me, but

I didn’t let go of the holds. My fingers weren’t just holding up my weight, they were now holding parts of Jake’s as well.