

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

Chapter 54

After dinner, when I knew Finlay was feeling better and didn't look like he would kill the first person who asked him a question, I headed up to my room and called Medow.

"Amie! Would it have killed you to call sooner? I have been forced to rely on information from Sam. The moon goddess knows I love him to pieces, but he focuses on all the wrong things. He covered you meeting your brother, finding out you still have a mate bond and that Finlay's brother is trying to take over the pack in five minutes and then spent twenty minutes detailing why you have a strategic advantage on all of them. Now tell me the important parts," she told me. I

laughed and started to tell her everything. I missed talking to her. Things felt better after I had talked them out with her.

"Wow, Finlay must be going crazy. I'm impressed he hasn't killed Alpha James," she told me.

"It's not like that. Finlay knows the only reason I let the bond stay intact is so I can participate in the games," I said.

"I heard you. He knows it on a logical level, but emotionally..... Especially if this James keeps giving you looks like the one Sam saw today," she insisted.

"Yeah, that was strange. I don't get it," I admitted.

"Amie, you aren't stupid, stop acting like you are. The Alpha got slapped in the face when he saw you after all this time and you are this amazing wolf. Strong, confident and drop dead gorgeous. Here he was thinking he did the right thing by rejecting you. Now he sees what a huge, huge mistake it was and he knows that because he was a jerk back then, he won't have a chance now. Not only that, but you also have this other amazing Alpha hanging around you who worships you and who has treated you like you deserve. No wonder he is looking at you like a lost pup," Medow told me. I giggled.

"You make it sound like a romance novel," I said.

"It kind of is. Please just don't go the reverse harem route." We both laughed at the idea.

"I will be happy with one Alpha," I promised.

"And you have to choose the right one," she pointed out.

"It isn't a choice. There is only one."

"That's right. You are talking about Finlay, right?" she asked.

"Of course I'm talking about him."

"Good, great. Then I'll be with you all the way." We talked a while longer about the game and about what was happening at home. "How worried should I be about this thing Finlay's brother has cooked up? Sam said I shouldn't worry at all. But he's my mate so he has to tell me that."

"I don't know. I don't see what grounds a forced unification would have. It's not like Finlay forced anyone to leave the old pack. They all left voluntarily. But then I don't know what his brother will say. We will know more after tomorrow. So don't worry too much about it. I'll agree with Sam on this one," I told her.

"Good. At least that is something." After another half an hour, we ended the call. I was sitting on my bed and looking at my phone. Before I could talk myself out of it, I called my mom.

"Armeria, I'm so happy you called. How are you?" my mother answered and I smiled.

"Hi. I'm good, mom. How are you and dad?"

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"We're fine. We are having fun with Mino. I have forgotten what it is to have a pup in the house," she told me and I could hear how much she liked it.

"Am I interrupting something?" I asked.

"Not at all. Your father is telling the old tales in a best effort to get the little monster to go to sleep. Has something happened?" she asked.

"No. I don't know. There are a lot of things happening right now." My mother hummed.

"Elder told me your pack did well in the first game."

"We did."

"Is this about the man you fancy?" she then asked.

"Yes. And about James as well, I think."

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"It can't be easy having the mate bond and at the same time having feelings for someone else," she said.

"It's easier than I thought it would be. That is what I have a problem with. Do you think there is something wrong with me? I feel like I should be torn between my mate and... the other man. But I'm not. I don't want James, not at all. I feel the bond when we are around each other, but it's more irritating than anything," I explained.

"How about your wolf? They are more instinct driven creatures," my mom asked.

"She's the same. She has agreed with me from the start about the other man. She trusts him as much as I do and her instinct is to choose him. It was strange, the first day when we found out everything. I shook James' hand to seal our deal and I could feel the tingling sensation everyone talks about when touching your true mate. But neither I or my wolf were comforted by it. It was like having ants crawling over my skin, deeply disturbing," I told her.

"There is nothing wrong with you, Armeria. James hurt you ten years ago. Not only was he your mate and therefore someone you should be able to trust, but he was also your friend. So, in a way, his betrayal was double. I'm not surprised your wolf doesn't trust him and if she doesn't trust him, she won't acknowledge the bond. Why would she want to be bonded to someone she doesn't trust?" There was a pause, as if she was thinking. "I'm not saying you should trust him, or that you should forgive him. That is up to you. But the bond is there. I would be lying if I said I didn't like the idea of having my daughter as my Luna. It is the way it should have been. Despite that, it is more important to me that you are happy. If this other man is who will make you happy, then that is who you should be with. No god or mortal can change that," she said.

"Thanks mom. He makes me happy and he has always believed in me. It means a lot to me. He makes me feel safe and seen."

"I can hear how much you love him when you talk about him. Your heart has never let you down, Armeria. Even when it led you away from us. It was the right choice for you. If you let it guide you, you will not go astray. I will always support you in those decisions."

"I love you, mom. I needed to talk to someone about all of this," I told her.

"I'll always be here if you need to talk." We continued to talk about other less serious subjects. My mom had a bunch of gossip about my old pack she told me. A lot had happened in the last ten years. I told her about my new life and my new friends.

Almost three hours after I had gone up to my room, I came back downstairs. I had talked more than I usually did in a week, and I needed some tea and a snack. After getting my tea and a plate with Matilda's cookies, I walked into the

living room. Most of the group were sitting there, watching TV. But there was an empty spot on the couch be