

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

Chapter 56

Finlay had passed the word to me and I would do my best to shove the smirk on Alpha Ryan's face down his throat. He had insulted Finlay, he had said our pack was weak and he had questioned my place as Beta. All with a smirk like this was a done victory for him. He would choke on his own smirk when I was done with him. I couldn't physically hurt him like my wolf wanted me to, but I could use my words.

"Council, my full name is Armeria Rose Winstone Sage. I am the daughter of Ron Winstone, former Beta of the Eagle Forest pack. My brother is their current Beta. My father raised me and my brother both to take part in his, as well as the Alpha's and the Gamma's duties. I was a lone wolf from my eighteenth birthday until I joined my pack four years later. I survived on my own. Alpha Finlay found me and offered me a place in his pack. I was serving as an advisor to the top tier due to my training and worked closely with Beta Martin. When he was killed, I took the role of Beta. I am more than qualified for the position and I am humbled I was asked and that I get to serve my pack in this way. May I add some points in response to the request from Alpha Ryan?" I asked the council.

"Former Beta Ron is your father?" a council member asked. I had skipped that part during our emergency meeting a couple of times earlier.

"Yes," I said.

"The council knows him well. He has always been a good and sensible Beta," the same member said. I inclined my head.

"We have no objection to you adding to the response of your pack," the head of the council told me.

"Thank you. Alpha Ryan states the attack on our pack as the root of his concern. What he fails to take note of is that we won. We did not just drive away the attack from a middle ranking pack. No, they were annihilated by us. We lost three members, and they are missed each day. But they paid by having their Alpha killed by Alpha Finlay and their pack being dissolved. There is no longer a pack by that name, there is no pack land who holds its members. The few members who survived were spared by our pack. That should show you how stable and secure our pack is. They had it in them to show mercy. It is a commonly known fact a pack is a reflection of their Alpha. Alpha Finlay has built our pack to be strong when needed and compassionate when possible. If Alpha Ryan claimed that losing our Beta is a sign of weakness, I would question what it says about his pack as his father, the Alpha, was killed in a rogue attack. Should we draw the same conclusion? Our pack has also grown, as my Alpha told you. Several of our members, including me, have no relationship with Alpha Ryan's pack. What will happen to us? Will you just force the original members of the Ocean Shore to reunite?" I asked. The silence in the room lasted a moment. Finlay's brother didn't look as smug and I was happy about it.

"You are amazing. If we weren't in the council chamber, I would fucking kiss you," Finlay mindlinked me. I felt myself blush, and I looked down to collect myself.

"Alpha Ryan?" the head of the council asked. It looked like he was trying to hide a smile.

"The situation involving my father and the attack which killed the former Beta Martin can't be compared. The situations are completely different," Finlay's brother said.

"How are they different?" a member of the council asked.

"They just are. And I have made changes since then, we are stronger than we were. And we would open our pack to all of the Blue Mountain pack members. Whether they have ties to our pack or not." I wanted to scoff. Something was making him desperate to join the packs. I had seen enough of him and his warriors to know I would never accept to be a part of his pack.

"Anything else you want to add, Alpha Finlay?"

"I think my first statement and my Beta's statement cover most things. The only thing I want to add is if you decide a forced union is the way forward, I ask you to also rule that the pack land should be sold and the profits should be split equally between the current members as their personal property. My pack has all contributed to the funds for buying the land. They should have the right to the profits," Finlay said. How could I not love this wolf? Even at this moment, he was looking after the pack, making sure the profits from the pack land wouldn't go to his brother. All council members nodded as if they approved of his thinking.

"We will recess to talk about our decision and we will reconvene after lunch," the head of the council said. We were escorted out of the chambers and I felt empty as we stood outside. Finlay looked lost as well.

"Should we wait here or go back and eat at the cabin and come back?" I asked. He sighed and shook his head.

"I think it's best to stay here, in case they decide to call on us earlier. You can go back to the cabin, eat and relax for a while," he suggested. I shook my head and mindlinked Rania, one of our support staff, and asked her to bring some easy to eat food to the council building. We found a bench in a quiet area and Rania showed up with wraps filled with chicken salad and big flasks of iced coffee.

"I should have thought about asking someone to bring us food," Finlay said and took a big bite of his wrap.

"You have a lot on your mind. As your Beta, I will pick up the slack. Eat and drink. I don't want you to be hangry around your brother. That will end in a disaster," I told him.

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"I'm more worried about your temper. I saw the look you gave him. Should I worry?" he asked me. I shrugged.

"As long as he remembers to respect you, I will keep my claws to myself. But I am your Beta. If he tries to disrespect you again, I might need to show him we don't stand for that shit," I said honestly.

"Yeah. You should eat as well. Let's go into this with as low risk of maiming as possible," he told me. I wasn't going to object. He was right, and more important, Matilda's chicken salad was amazing. After eating, we sat in silence. We both had enough thoughts to occupy us. From time to time, Alpha Ryan and his Beta walked by. They seemed to have a hard time staying in one place. Probably not used to not being in the gym, I thought. I really should be nicer, but it was preferable that I was snarky in my mind, than me leaving claw marks on them.

"The council is ready to give you its decision," a council warrior told us. We looked at each other, stood up and followed them. We took our spot at the pulpit. A moment later, Finlay's brother and his Beta walked in with two warriors and stood in their place.

"Thank you for letting us talk this through," the head of the council started. "Some decisions this council is asked to make are easy. But this one has been difficult. It has several layers and the consequences of it will be widespread. We have listened to both sides and both Alpha Ryan and Alpha Finlay raise valid points. We acknowledge that the Blue Mountain pack's members have chosen to join the pack of their own free will. And because of that, this council hesitates to step in. But, there is a concern about the pack's safety. We also agree with Alpha Finlay that if his pack ranks well during the game, this concern is not valid. The council's decision is therefore as follows. If the Blue Mountain pack places among the top fifteen packs in the games, the council will not intervene in any way. If the pack places below the fifteenth rank, we will order a reunification to take place. In that case, we will order, according to Alpha Finlay's wish, that the pack land is to be sold and the profit distributed equally to all members above the age of eighteen. This is the decision of the council." I wanted to yell at them. It was unfair. No other pack was being threatened with forced union with stronger packs if they ranked lower. Why were we being singled out? But once the council made a decision, that was it. If you wanted to appeal, you needed a good, strong reason. We all bowed to the council and left. Outside the chambers, Finlay's brother walked up to us.

"Just give it up, Finlay. There is no way you rank above fifteen on your first try. Not with a team like yours," he said. I growled and he looked with surprise at me.

"Alpha Finlay," I corrected him.

"Don't underestimate us, brother. Just because we look friendly, it doesn't mean we won't bite. The last pack that took our calm nature for weakness is no more. I would remember that if I were you," Finlay said. He took my hand and we walked away.

'If you look away for ten minutes, it would be enough,' I mindlinked Finlay.

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'I'm not going to let you lose on my brother for ten minutes, Red. He is still my brother and I think my mother would be upset if he loses eyes and limbs,' he told me. I huffed. 'We need to tell the others,' he added. I sighed.

'Yes. And we need to tell the ones at home. I'm sure we will succeed, but if we, by some chance, don't, they need to be prepared for what is about to happen,' I agreed.

'I hate to tell them something like this when we aren't there.' I nodded as I agreed.

'It will put more pressure on the team. The pack's future is now on our shoulders,' I said.

'Do you think they will crumble?' he asked.

'No. I think it will motivate us. All of us want the pack to stay intact. We will do our best for it to remain so.' I paused for a moment. 'Do you think your brother is desperate enough to try and do something?' I asked him.

"You mean like sabotage our games?" I nodded. 'A week ago I would have said no. The risk is too high if you get caught. But now, I don't know. We will have to keep our eyes open.'

'Do you want me to cancel the meeting with my brother later?' I asked him. He gave me the first smile since we left the council chamber.

'No, Red. You go and have some bonding time with your brother and his mate. At