

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

Chapter 74

I opened the door to the room that had been booked for us. It was almost the same as the room where we had dinner with Finlay's family. James was standing on the other end of the room, looking out of a window. He turned around as he heard the door open. He looked tired but when he saw me he smiled.

"Amie. I was surprised, but happy, when Elder told me you wanted to talk," he said. I walked inside and closed the door behind me.

"I think it is about time we had a talk." He walked towards me and I had to suppress my instinct to turn around and run away. He noticed my hesitation and stopped. I could see a small twitch in his hands, but he showed them into his pockets. This wasn't awkward at all.

"Why don't we sit down?" he suggested. I nodded and took a seat at the small round table. I appreciated him sitting down across from me and not next to me. "It's been a long while since we talked," he said.

"It has," I agreed. "How is it to be Alpha?" He gave me a grin which reminded me of his younger self. It was nice to see that part of him still existed.

"A lot of hard work, there is always something which needs to be done," he said.

"And you love it."

"I do. It feels right," he admitted.

"Good. I always knew you would be a good Alpha, just like your father," I told him. Like with Elder, it was easy to slip back into how we used to talk. James' smile faltered.

"How about your injury?" he asked.

"It was not really bad enough to be called an injury. It has healed and it won't even leave a scar," I told him.

"Unlike that," he said, looking at my shoulder. It was hot outside and I had worn an oversized t-shirt. It had slipped down over my shoulder and the scar left from my injury I had received during the attack on the pack was visible. I shrugged.

"Who was the one who hurt you?"

"During the game or who caused my scar?" I asked.

"Both."

"The one who caused the scar is dead. For the one during the game, it was just as much my fault. I was annoying and provoking him to the point of him losing control. He got his punishment from the council," I said. James chuckled.

"You always knew how to provoke someone. Fuck you could be annoying," he said. I laughed.

"I am good at it," I agreed.

"Tell me his name and pack and I will make sure he knows he should control himself in the future," James told me and turned serious.

"No need. It's not a big deal and if my pack can live with it, so can you," I insisted. He looked at me for a long time.

"I'm sorry for what I did to you. I shouldn't have rejected you," he said. So much for easing into it.

"Thank you," I said. He sighed and looked down at his hands.

"I was scared." His confession took me off guard. It wasn't at all what I was expecting.

"Of what?" I asked. He looked up at me with a sad smile.

"Of not being able to be the mate you deserved, that everyone expected you to have. My father, your father, uncle Jonas, even the rest of the pack, they all loved you and wanted you to have the perfect mate. When I stepped out of the wood that night and I saw you standing there, so perfect, more beautiful than anyone I had seen, I got scared I could never be what you deserved," he told me. I was stunned into silence. It was like reading a new version of a book you knew by heart. He kept looking at me, expecting me to give him a reply.

"So you thought the right thing to do was to call me weak?" I asked. It wasn't the best response, but it was the first thing to pop into my brain. I saw pain in his face.

"I know it was cruel. But I didn't believe what I said. I was grasping for straws and once I had said it, I couldn't take it back.

After that, I just had to go with it." I shook my head at his explanation.

"Did you ever stop to think about what those words did to me?" I asked. He looked down on his hands again.

"I know my rejection hurt you," he said.

"I'm not talking about the rejection, but yes, that hurt. I'm talking about you calling me weak, telling me I was no good without a wolf. That was worse than the rejection. You told me I had no worth. I hid away for four years, on my own amongst humans, because I believed you. I believed I had no value to a pack," I told him. He paled.

"Amie! No! That was never my meaning. I never meant for you to think so low of yourself. I was weak and afraid, but I have changed. Now I see how right we are for each other. I know I can be the mate you deserve and I will spend the rest

of my life proving it to you if you just give me the chance." I looked at him.

"It's too late for that, James." I sighed. "It's easy for you to say all those things to me now. I'm strong, I'm confident, I'm what you would look for in a Luna. But what would happen if I got injured? If I become weak again? Would you still feel

the same way, or would you turn your back on me again?"

"I will always be by your side," he objected.

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"I don't trust you enough to believe it. James, we were friends before all of this, and I would like to think some of that friendship remains, but your action has consequences. I can't trust that you have my back when I need it. I can't accept a mate I can't trust," I told him.

"Amie, that is harsh. You know how much I take pride in keeping my word," he said.

"It is, but so was rejecting me without even giving me a chance. I'm not trying to punish you, or get even. I'm telling you how I feel."

"What about your wolf? She must be driving you to accept the bond. Mine is, he has been since the day I rejected you. At one point he even refused to come forward unless I was in need of him," he told me. I felt sorry for him. I could only

imagine how it would feel to be at odds with your own wolf. Since mine came to me, we had never had a difference of opinion and it was a comfort to know she always had my back.

"I'm sorry. That sounds terrible. My wolf isn't driving me, not to accept the bond at least. She doesn't trust you either. My memories of the rejection are making her distrust you and your wolf."

"She has not even met my wolf. Please, we can go for a run. Let them get to know each other. I saw you during the hide and seek game. Your wolf... I have never seen a wolf like her, my wolf is desperate to meet her."

"James. It's too late. We have no need or want to run with you." I took a moment to gather my emotions. "James, I didn't ask for this meeting to try and fix things between us. There is no fixing it. I put my feelings for you behind me a long time

ago. I wanted this meeting because we are quickly approaching the point of no return. We were friends once. You are my brother's best friend. We both are part of strong packs. There is no reason why we can't handle this in the best way possible and once things settle, forge a friendship again. I know I miss you as a friend, and my pack can always use a

good ally. The packs have bonds between them even if we are far apart geographically," I told him.

"I miss you too, Amie. I don't know if I'm going to be able to see you as a friend. You are my mate."

"I will never be your mate. The bond connects us. But it is weak and in a week and a half it will be severed."

"Is there someone else?" he asked, looking intently at me.

"There is," I admitted. I wouldn't lie to him.

"I can feel the scent of your Alpha on you. I didn't say anything about it because I didn't want to think you would betray me."

"I haven't betrayed you, James. Me and Finlay... It's complicated."

"Are you fucking him?" he asked in a voice dripping with disdain. I stood up so fast, my chair fell backward.

"How dare you judge me? You caused this situation, not me. You rejected me. I have the right to do whatever I want with whoever I want. But to answer your question. No. I'm not fucking my Alpha." I walked around the table and looked down

at him. He looked pissed, but so was I. "I'm still a virgin. Can you say the same?" I asked. A slight blush coloured his cheeks. "Don't judge me, James. You are in no position to do so." I walked back to my side of the table and stood my chair back up. I sat down.

"Amie... Since we found out, I haven't..."

"No. I don't judge you, James. We both thought we were free from the bond. You weren't betraying me, I don't care. It's water under the bridge at this point. Just another thing that proves we shouldn't be mates. I would love for us to stay

friends after the game is over. I understand if you can't do that. If I may ask one thing of you, it would be that you don't let this affect my parents and my brother. I have kept away for ten years, but I feel a need to see my parents again. I want

to meet my nephew. I ask that you allow this, I know you can forbid them from seeing me as I'm part of another pack. Please don't," I said. James leaned his head back and placed his hand over his eyes.

"I would never. I have seen how much they miss you. I would never do something which would hurt them. They are family," he told me.

"Thank you. And know I will be here as your friend. Eighteen years of friendship means something. Even if you are hurting now, it may change."

"You have made up your mind?" he asked.

"I have." He sighed and gave me another sad smile.

"Then there is nothing I can do. I know how stubborn you are. Fuck, I have screwed up. How did I manage to make such a fucking mess of things? It should have been the simplest thing. Accept your mate. Fuck."

"Don't be too hard on yourself. I won't say I'm happy it happened. But I'm kind of is. I'm happy with my life. I'm in a pack where I'm surrounded by wolves who make me happy. When this is over, you will have a chance to get a second

chance mate. Someone who will be perfect for you and your pack," I told him.

"But it won't be you," he said.

"It won't," I agreed and prayed to any god who would listen that it was the truth. "I think it's time for me to leave. No need to drag this out. Please take care of yourself, James. Please look after my brother as well. The games are getting more and more dangerous." We both stood up.

"You too, Amie. I guess we will see each other soon enough," he said. I nodded and mindlinked Finlay I was ready to leave. When I walked outside, both him and Sam stood there waiting for me.

"That was quick," I said. They both placed a hand on my back and ushered me forward, one on each side of me.

"We were in the neighbourhood," Finlay said.

"Both of you?"

"We were taking a walk in the warm evening," Sam told me. I looked at the two of them and giggled.

"Thank you.