

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

Chapter 82

Each fighting stage had an official assigned to it. Their job was to make sure we followed the rules and to count down when we had our opponent in a hold. At least there were some security measures in place, I thought as I stepped onto the platform I had been assigned to for my first fight. On the other side another woman stepped up. She was assessing me like I did with her. My opponent looked trained and the way she looked at me showed intelligence. It wouldn't be an easy win. The signal sounded, marking the start of the fight. We slowly circled each other, not looking away. Both ready to defend ourselves if necessary. She made the first move and charged at me. Keeping her centre of gravity low, bending her upper body as she came at me. I understood she was trying to push me out of the fighting circle. I stepped to the right and bent my left leg, pulling it slightly upward. My opponent did most of the work for me as her forward momentum drove her face into my knee.

"Fuck," she growled and tried to stem the nosebleed with her hand. I made the next attack, hoping she would be unfocused. She wasn't and blocked my attack. Her nose stopped bleeding after a minute, but she looked feral with the blood-streaked face and top. We continued to circle each other, trying to find an opening, making attacks to test the other's weak points. We were a good match as we seemed equal in strength and skill. It worried me as I didn't want to spend too much time on this fight. It was the first of hopefully many. I couldn't afford to waste my energy. My opponent attacked again, and I saw my opening. I sidestepped to the left, taking her off guard and as she tried to adjust her movement, I curled into a ball which had her torso move in over me. I rolled onto my back and her eyes grew bigger as she realised what I was about to do, but she had no way to stop me. When she was above me, I kicked out with my feet. I caught her in the stomach and sent her into a somersault. She landed on her back, on the ground outside of the circle. I smiled as I got to my feet. I was announced as the winner. I walked up to my opponent and reached out my hand.

"Good fight," I said. She shook my hand.

"Yeah, nice move. I didn't consider someone would go down in order to win. I will remember it," she told me.

'Good work,' Matilda mindlinked me when I walked over to her.

'Thank you. How are the others doing?' I asked. Before she could reply, Finlay and Sam came walking.

'All of you have won your first rounds,' Matilda told us. 'Jake and Ramses are just starting theirs.' We walked over to the boards. We all had a break before our second match as the first round matches were still ongoing.

'I'll head over and watch Jake,' I told them. Me and Matilda headed over to where he was fighting and Finlay and Sam headed for Ramses. Jake was in better shape than I expected. His training had made a big difference and he won his fight without breaking a sweat.

'Looking good,' I told him.

'Thank you,' he said.'

My next couple of fights were tough. My opponents knew what they were doing and as I barely managed to win my fourth fight, I had more scrapes and bruises than I wanted to admit. The last opponent had landed a full out kick to my ribs and I felt it with each breath. Finlay stood waiting with Matilda when I stepped down from the platform.

'Are you okay?' he asked as Matilda handed me water.

'Yeah. I'll survive,' I told him.

'Jake lost his latest fight and it's starting to show that Ramses' shoulder isn't fully healed yet,' he told me. I nodded.

'How about you?' I asked. He had a bruise on his cheek and claw marks on his shoulder. And that was only what I could see.

'No issues,' he said. We walked over to the boards to have a look at our next opponents.

'Alpha Logan,' Finlay remarked as he read the name next to his.

'I don't think I have met him,' I said.

'He's a good Alpha. We usually get along. He's strong, but I think he will fight fair. It will be an interesting match,' Finlay told me. I was about to tell him again how much I hated this game when his face grew dark. I looked at what he was reading. I was to face one of the warriors of his old pack. I felt myself going pale. I had been insisting the brutes from the Ocean shore pack wouldn't be as dominant as everyone thought, but now I admitted to being royally screwed.

'You will step out of the ring the second the signal goes off,' Finlay told me.

'I might win,' I insisted. Mostly because I hated the thought of surrendering, not so much because I believed it.

'Red, nothing is worth you taking that risk. We know they are not going to play fair,' he told me.

'They won't win anything if they go after me. It's not like they will take me out of commission for the rest of the games, this is the last one,' I said. Finlay sighed and rubbed his eyes.

'At this point, I'm guessing they are pissed enough not to care anymore. They just want to cause harm to us. You will give up the fight. This is not about you being strong or not. This is about you not getting hurt and me not losing my mind.'

'I will give up as soon as I see it going south,' I agreed.

'Red.'

'It's the best I can do.'

'Fine. I'm never letting you go to one of these things ever again. Just so you know,' he told me. I raised an eyebrow.

'As if you could stop me,' I told him. He looked like a dark storm cloud until he suddenly smirked.

'I'll just make sure you will be pregnant with my pup. Pregnant wolves are not allowed,' he told me. I could hear the smugness, as he had found a perfect solution in his mind. I blushed. We had never talked about pups and this was the moment he brought it up.

'Idiot,' I told him and pushed past him to head to my next match. I couldn't help but to smile.

'Are you sure about this?' Matilda asked as she walked with me. She sounded worried, which was not like her.

'No. I'm thinking this will be a short fight,' I told her.

'Don't be stubborn. You know I love that side of you, but all in moderation.' I nodded as we reached the stage where I would be fighting. As I made my way onto the platform, I looked at my opponent. He looked even bigger up close. I felt

like an ant. Maybe I should listen to Finlay for once and just give up as soon as the match started. My ribs still hurt from my last fight, and even if I knew they would heal and I would be as good as new after a night's sleep. I also knew that

right now, my injury was limiting me. The way he looked at me gave me a bad feeling in my gut. He looked mad and the match hadn't even started. We took our starting poses and the starting signal sounded. I moved backwards, away from

my opponent. I had about ten steps to the edge. This should be over soon. I had taken two steps when he charged at me.

I tried to move to the side, avoiding him. Too late I understood he wasn't charging in order to attack me. He was trying to keep me from reaching the edge of the circle. He grabbed my wrist and swung me closer to the middle.

"You won't get away, bitch. You will stay and let me play with you. My Alpha told me I needed to mess you up good. It

will get his brother unhinged and ensure he doesn't move up in the game," he whispered to me. My insides turned to ice.

I finally decided to give up and he wouldn't let me