

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

Chapter 84

We had all seen it. Finlay's opponent in the final fight was his brother.

"Maybe it's a good thing. This way, they can fight without killing each other," Ramses said. Matilda and I looked at each other and I knew we were thinking the same thing. The two brothers couldn't kill each other, but no matter who won, their relationship would never recover. This was the final blow. Sam would be facing a Gamma from a pack I hadn't heard of and my brother would face the Beta from Medow's old pack. There was no way around it, I would have to watch Finlay fight, there was no way I wouldn't be there for him. We split up. Ramses and Jake walked towards the ring where Sam would be fighting. Matilda and I walked over to Finlay. He was standing beside the platform with a frown on his face.

When he saw me, the frown deepened.

'I thought you would be good as new. You don't look like it,' he mindlinked me.

'Oh thanks, just what a woman wants to hear. Easy on the compliments,' I joked and tried to make him smile. His frown stayed put. 'Honestly, I'm in better shape than when you last saw me. I'm standing up and I'm in my human shape. Hugo tells me I will be all better by tomorrow. So you will have no excuse not to dance with me,' I said. He didn't smile, but at least his frown relaxed.

'Good.'

'How are you holding up? We have done well over all, it would be fine for you to step down from this,' I told him.

'I won't. I think we need to do this,' he said. I knew by the tone he was set on it. I nodded.

'Matilda and I will be here,' It was his turn to nod. He took a deep breath and turned to walk up on the platform. The match was about to begin.

'I don't know how Becky managed to watch all of Elder's fights,' I linked Matilda and felt her take my hand. We stood side by side, holding hands and watching the two brothers prepare to fight. Tamara came walking and stood on Matilda's other side.

"I have done everything I can to not have this happen, and now the game has forced us to this point," she said.

"Maybe it has always been unavoidable," Matilda told her sister. I stayed quiet. It would have been easier for Finlay if his mother hadn't stopped him challenging his brother eight years ago. I was almost certain he would have won. If he would have, he wouldn't have created our pack, and I wouldn't have met him. So, in a way I should be grateful to his mother. I decided it was in the past and no matter what I thought about it, it was too late to change. I focused my attention to the two men as the signal to start the fight sounded. I almost crushed Matilda's hand as Finlay's brother attacked him. Alpha Ryan tried to swipe with his clawed hand at Finlay. Finlay ducked and moved to the left, under his brother's outstretched arm. As he moved past, Finlay sent a punch at his brother's gut. It hit home and I could hear Alpha Ryan release the air from his lungs. He staggered for a few steps, but recovered and turned to face Finlay again. I felt sick to my stomach as I watched a series of kicks from Alpha Ryan hit their target and Finlay almost went down on one knee. He managed to parry the final kick and found the strength to remain standing. After a while, Sam, Ramses and Jake came walking. Sam looked unharmed. I gave him a quick hug.

'How did you do?' I asked.

'What do you think? I won of course,' he told me. I congratulated him and asked if he was hurt. He reassured me he just had some bruises. 'How is he doing?' he then asked, looking at Finlay.

'He is holding his own. He is faster and more agile. But Alpha Ryan is stronger,' I told him.

'It will be fine. Finlay even manages to beat me from time to time. He will be fine.' I tried to smile at him. It was nice of him to try and comfort me. All members of the pack were now standing around us, watching their Alpha fight. Again, Finlay's brother used his claws. This time he managed to catch Finlay's arm and four long wounds opened up and started bleeding. I did my best to tap down on my growl. Some must have escaped as Sam, Matilda and Tamara all turned and looked at me. I cleared my throat and Sam smirked. Both fighters looked tired. One way or the other, it would be over soon and they were terrifyingly equal.

'Amie, would you do anything for the Alpha to win?' Ramses asked.

'Of course,' I told him.

'Then please forgive me for this,' he said as he walked to stand behind me. He placed his hand on my injured side and pushed. I yelped as the pain which had been forgotten surged to new highs. Ramses had moved away from me as fast as he could when there was a growl from Finlay. I could see him searching me out and I thought Ramses' little trick would only distract him. But then Finlay turned to his brother, and it looked like he had found a new strength as he attacked Alpha Ryan. The power of the attack had his brother moving backward to avoid being hit. The power behind each punch was clear. Alpha Ryan almost lost his footing as the back foot hit the edge of the platform. For a second I thought he would step off it, ending the fight. But he found his footing and tried to dodge around Finlay, to get away from both the edge and his brother. Finlay seemed to have expected the move and took a hold of his brother's throat, he moved around his brother and kicked him hard in the small of his back, realising his grip. It made Alpha Ryan land hard on his stomach. Finlay was on top of him in an instant, taking a strong headlock. His brother was pinned and the official started the one minute countdown. When he got to half a minute and Finlay's brother still hadn't managed to get back up, I could see the desperation in Alpha Ryan's eyes.

'He's going to shift,' I mindlinked the others. I had barely finished the sentence before we could see the shimmer surrounding Alpha Ryan. This could go badly. If Finlay's brother managed to shift while Finlay was this close to him, he could use his teeth and claws before Finlay could shift and defend himself. But Finlay knew what was happening. He shifted his grip to his brother's throat.

"Don't," he growled. The shimmer around Alpha Ryan vanished and the official finally reached a minute. Our pack howled as Finlay was declared the winner. We surrounded him as he got back down off the ring and congratulated him. I could see he was moving stiffly, meaning he had taken more damage than he wanted us to know.

"Okay, okay. Give him some space and let him get checked out by the healers," I told everyone and they made room around him. It was then I realised his mother wasn't with us. I looked around and just caught a glimpse of her walking away with his brother. "Come on, time to get checked out," I told him.

"I'm fine," he insisted.

"I believe you, but everyone just needs a little reassurance at the moment. It won't cost you a thing."

"Fine, but we do it back at the cabin, I had enough of this place," he said. I nodded. I was on the same page. As we walked past the board, I saw my brother had won his final match as well. I was happy for him. The walk back was not comfortable, but I did my best to hide it. We finally got back to the cabin and I realised I needed to climb two sets of stairs.

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"I'll just go and grab some milk. You can head up first," I told the others. I needed a moment to brace for the task and I would rather not have everyone else standing around to watch when I tried to do it. I should have known Finlay and Sam

would follow me into the kitchen.

"Milk?" Sam asked.

"Yeah." I took the milk out and filled a glass. "You want?" I asked.

"No thank you," Sam said. Finlay remained silent. Looking at me. I drank my milk slowly. No one spoke. As I put the glass

in the sink I was ready to face the stairs.

"How bad is it?" Finlay asked.

"Not that bad," I said.

"Bad enough to avoid stairs," Sam pointed out.

"Not avoid. I just needed to prepare."

"Red." There was a clear warning in his words.

"Three broken ribs."

"Fuck," Sam said.

"It's okay. I will be fine by tomorrow."

"I'll carry you upstairs," Finlay told me.

"Don't think I don't see that you are hurt as well. You try to hide it, but something is wrong with your left side," I said.

"He got in a lucky hit," Finlay muttered.

"I will be fine. It will just take some time for me to get up to the room. Go on ahead, Hugo is waiting on you," I insisted.

"I will carry you. I have already been checked out and I only have some bruises," Sam told us both. I saw Finlay almost objecting. Then he paused and finally he nodded.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"Come on, Amie. It will be fun." They both walked me to the stairs. The rest of the pack had gone to do their own thing until dinner. Sam made sure he kept my injured side towards him as he gently lifted me. I couldn't see any pain on his face and he walked up the stairs as if he wasn't carrying me. Finlay walked a step behind, making sure we made it safely. At the third floor, Sam gently put me down on my feet. "Think of me as your personal elevator until you have healed," he told me. I had to giggle.

"Thank you, Sam," I said.

"Just let me know when you need me. Now I'm off to take a shower and call Medow. I'm happy she didn't know what the final game was. She will be worried enough hearing about it when she already knows I'm fine." Sam walked off to his room. Hugo stood outside Finlay's room.

"Go and get checked out and take a shower. Tell me when you are done and we can have a talk," I said to Finlay. "If he is being stubborn, let me know," I told Hugo.

"Take it easy," Finlay told me. I nodded and walked into my room.