

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

Chapter 88

From between the trees Finlay came walking. My heart stopped as I took in the moment. I drew in my mate's scent again and relief washed over me as I recognised it. It was Finlay's scent. Finlay was my second chance mate? He didn't stop as he reached me, he stepped into my space, took a grip on my neck and kissed me as if his life depended on it. I wrapped my arms around his neck and responded to the kiss. Sparks danced where our skin touched. These sparks were miles from the ones I had felt with James. I welcomed the tingling sensation. Finlay kept moving forward, making me back up into the trees and bushes. I didn't care. The only important thing was our kiss and the sparks. When my back hit a tree trunk, we stopped moving and Finlay pressed his body against mine. He ended the kiss and looked into my eyes. I could see how close to the surface his wolf was, mine was as well. She felt her mate, her real mate, the one she had been accepting all along.

"You are mine," Finlay told me. The presence of his wolf made his voice dark and growling.

"You're my mate," I told him. He smirked.

"I am." Then he kissed me again. I desperately wanted to feel more of the sparks. The kiss and my hands on his neck weren't enough. I tugged on his tie until I got it off him. I threw it into the bushes. Finlay took a handful of my hair and tilted my head to the right, exposing my neck to him. He kissed his way down it, and I shivered as my fingers did their best to unbutton his shirt. He growled in approval as the last buttons were undone and I placed my hands flat against his six pack. He licked his way up to my ear and I let out a needy sound. "Do you feel the sparks, Red?" I hummed and let my hands travel up over his naked skin. Enjoying the sparks and exploring each valley and rise of his muscles. I watched my hands travel over his chest as he kissed my neck, his hand still tangled in my hair. My eyes found the tattoo he had on his chest. Sam, Martin and Finlay had gone on a boys trip a couple of years back and they had all come back with tattoos. Martin had blue mountains with a howling wolf in front of them tattooed on his upper arm. He had been proud of it and showed me the moment they got back. Medow had told me Sam had tattooed her name on his ribs. I had asked Finlay what he had tattooed, but all I had got was that it was personal. I had been tempted to sneak a peak when we shifted, but it went against all social norms, so I had refrained. Now he was all mine to look at. I found it and took it in. It was the size of a baseball and had a rounded shape. In the background, there were mountains. The same mountains which surrounded the pack land. As the centre of the tattoo, there was a flower. I recognised it, it was an armeria flower. It took my breath away all over again and I placed my hand over it. Finlay stopped kissing my neck and looked down at it and my hand.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

"I love it, but you had it done years ago," I said. He smiled at me.

"I have known for a long time who owns my heart," he told me. With my free hand I pulled him to me and kissed him.

Finlay didn't hesitate. He responded to my feverish kiss with just as much passion and need. His free hand caressed my skirt clad leg. He pulled it up to wrap it around him, but he needed to free it from the dress first.

"To many fucking layers," he whispered against my lips. I smiled. He managed to untangle my leg and I felt his hand travel up and down it as I wrapped it around his hip. Finlay rolled his hips against me and I whined out my need. "Red, we need to stop this before we get out of control. I will take you back to the cabin, it should be empty now," Finlay told me.

"No. It's too far. We can just stay right here," I objected.

"Your first time shouldn't be against a tree in the woods," he objected.

"I don't fucking care. My first time will be with you. That is all that matters," I told him. He used his hold of my hair to pull me to him. He kissed me with a devouring need. I let my hands run over Finlay's skin under his shirt. He let go of my leg, but I kept it wrapped around him, anchoring us together. Finlay took a grip on the front of my dress and pulled it down, exposing my naked breasts to the warm summer air. He broke the kiss and covered one of my nipples with his mouth, letting his tongue play with it. "Fuck!" I exclaimed, tilting my head back against the tree. My fingers curled and I dragged my nails over Finlay's skin to try and pull him closer to me. A low rumble came from Finlay, sounding approving. His hand was back on my leg, going up under the skirt. He took a firm grip on my ass and pressed me against him. I was working on pure instinct when I did my best to move against him. The bulk of my skirt hindered me and made me frustrated. Finlay switched his attention to my other breast and a new wave of sparks danced over my skin. "Finn!" I moaned.

'Keep it up, Red. I love the sound you're making,' he linked me. I wanted more, more of him and the way he set my body on fire. I tried to get his belt open, I was distracted by his skilful mouth and his hand which caressed my ass, moving me against him. After struggling with the thing for far too long, I lost my patience and used a claw to slice through the leather. Finlay chuckled and let go of my nipple. He kissed his way up my chest and neck. "Getting needy?" he whispered in my ear. It was a stupid question and instead of answering it, I gripped his hair and pulled him into a kiss. He used the grip he still had on my hair to secure me to him. With the belt out of the way, I made quick work of unzipping his pants and put my hand inside. I could feel his cock, still separated from my hand by his boxers. This was so far out of my comfort zone, I had no idea what I was doing and was relying heavily on what I had read in romance books. Finlay moved against my hand. I took it as I was doing the right thing and firmed my grip. His hold on my ass shifted and his hand moved over my leg to my front. One moment I was wearing panties, the next, they had been ripped from my body and stuffed into Finlay's pocket. We ended the kiss and looked at each other.

"Don't stop," I told him. He kissed me softly.

"I will never stop. You are mine now, Armeria. We never need to stop," he said. As he locked eyes with me, he slid a finger into me. His thumb found my clit and he moved his hand in the same pace I moved mine. The pleasure was building inside me at a rapid rate.

"Finn," I panted. All his focus was on me. The fire in his eyes was scolding hot.

"Just stay with me, Red. I'm right here. Trust in me and let go, I will catch you," he told me. I trusted him and I let my body lead me. I climaxed hard and I heard Finlay growl in approval. It sent me off into a smaller climax. He kissed me and I wrapped my arm around his neck. "That was just the test drive, sweetheart. Are you ready for the real thing?" he asked. I giggled and kissed his neck.

"You are lucky I had a big dinner, I have a lot of energy to burn," I told him. He licked my neck.

"Lucky indeed," he agreed. We kissed and I did my best to pull his pants and underwear down. He was doing his best to find his way through my skirt.

"Finn," I whined.

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"One moment. This thing is growing as we speak, why do you need all these layers?" he asked, I could hear the frustration. It would have been funny if I wasn't just as frustrated. I heard something rip, but I didn't care as it seemed to solve our issue. Finlay was again kissing me. "Tell me if you want me to stop. Any time, just tell me," he told me as we drew apart. I smiled and took a moment to take the sight of him in.

"I'm not afraid of you, Finn. I want you to mark me, we have waited long enough," I told him.

"Your will is my command," he told me. His one hand took a hold of my jaw, making sure I kept looking at him. With his other hand he aligned his cock with my pussy and slowly entered me. I drew in a breath as the feeling of him filling me was unlike anything I had experienced. "Mine," he told me.

"Mine," I told him right back. He pulled back and thrustured forward. The pleasure inside me made me whimper.

"I love you," Finlay growled as he picked up speed.

"I love you too," I told him and found myself moving against him. Finding our rhythm together, we kissed and then we broke apart to kiss down each other's necks. I felt his sharp teeth scrape against my skin and my own wolf's teeth grew. My wolf knew what needed to be done and she pushed me hard. I felt Finlay's teeth sink into my neck and it was the most blissful thing I had ever felt. I let my teeth sink into his marking spot and we both reached our peak at the same

time. I felt the bond snap in place. It was strong and stable.

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