

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

Chapter 15

## Chapter 15-1

Finlay called me when he got home, even though I had said a text would do. We talked for an hour as I walked around my apartment and packed my things in a random order. Nothing I would need to stay in town for a week or two. He asked me how I was feeling. My first instinct was to tell him was okay. But I remembered himling me to be honest, so I was. I told him it felt off being back, like a part of me was missing and my wolf was anxious and on high ert. Like the sweetheart he is, he offered to send Sam and Medow to keep me company, But I turned down the offer. I had done this before, and I knew it was temporary this time. I just needed my wolf to understand it as well.

The next morning, I got ready and headed down to the bakery. I had thought about how I should tell the sisters about leaving. After years of knowing them, I knew that once I told one, the other would know within two minutes.

“Amie! I have missed seeing that lovely

ely face.” Mrs Andersen said as came downstairs,

“Hello, it’s nice to see the place still standing. I told her. She laughe

“Nothing changes in this town, and if it does, it takes a lot longer than three days. Here, I have fixed you some coffee and blueberry scones for you.”

“You’re an angel. I’m heading over to the diner.”

“Don’t tell me that slave driver o

of a sister of mine is making you work the early shift?” Mrs Andersen huffed.

“Xo ma’am. I just need to get some gossip from CeCe,” I told her and walked away before she could ask more questions and punch more holes in my weak lie. As I walked into the diner, the cook greeted me and when they heard him, Mrs Jones and CeCe came rushing back to give me a hug and say welcome home. It felt bitter sweet. “Mrs Jones, do you have a minute or two to talk?” I asked.

“Alway, honey. Let me just place Frank’s breakfast order and then we can sit down,” she told me. I nodded and grabbed a table in the corner. She soon joined me with a cup of coffee in her hand. I sipped on the coffee her sister had made me and gathered my thoughts.

“Mrs Jones, I don’t know if I have ever told you how grateful I am that you took a chance on me the day when I arrived here. I was lost, and you gave me a way to earn money and a place to stay. It really means a lot to me,” I started.

“I’m happy I did. Workers like you are scarce. Why am I getting the feeling you’re trying to say goodbye?” She was as insightful as

“My vacation,” I started.

“The first and only vacation you have taken in four years and that just coincided with a hot man stubbornly courting you?” Mrs Jones asked.

“Yes, that one.” She laughed. “I got an offer for a new position. It’s a good opportunity and at first I was going to turn it down, but now I have accepted. I need to hand in my notice. I’m sorry, but I can stay and work until you find someone to replace me,” I told her. She nodded.

“There is no one to replace you. But I think I can persuade Laura to come work here. I would be grateful if you could stay a week from her starting, to help train her.”

“Of course. It’s the least I can do,” I agreed.

“Good, I appreciate it. So, this man of yours. Does he treat you right?” she asked.

“It’s nothing romantic between F

Finlay and me. But he treats me good. I told her. She smiled and nodded,

“I won’t say I won’t be sorry to see you go. You are my best employee and a damned good girl. But I think you are doing the right

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thing. You were never meant to end up here permanently. You are to good for a place like this, I always knew you were passing by. But I’m happy we got four years at least,”

“I’m happy as well,” I told her, Even if the town seemed to gnaw on

my sore spots at the moment, I knew I would look back on

my time here as positive and a turning paint in me finding and accepting myself.

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Game of Destiny

## Chapter 15-2

“Let’s not make this old woman cry, I will talk to Laura and let you know when she can start. And I’m sending CeCe over. I’m guessing you want to talk to her as well?”

“Yes, thank you Mrs Jones.” CeCe came skipping over, filled with exciting news of what had been going on for the last three days. happily let her talk and soaked up her overflowing positivity. As soon as I told CeCe I was leaving, her cheery mood vanished and she looked at me with puppy dog eyes. I felt like I hai kicked a pupu

“You’re leaving? Why?” she asked.

just my time. The job Finlay offered was just too good to tum down.” I said,

“Finlay, that’s that hot guy who didn’t give up until you agreed to meet him, right?” CeCe asked.

“Right.”

“I see, well than I approve, kind of. I rolled my eyes as she did something on her phone.

“It’s not like that.” I told her,

“Aha, sure it’s not.”

“No, seriously, it’s not. He belongs to someone else.” It wasn’t a lie. Even if Finlay was single, he had a waiting.

a mate

out there somewhein

“What? He’s not single? What the fuck was he flirting with you for then? CeCe said, clearly outraged on my behalf.

“He wasn’t flirting.

ting. It’s a little complicated to explain. But he has a connection to my family and recognised me. He wanted to offer me a job, that’s all.” It was as close to the truth as I could go, and CeCe looked at me for a long time before nodding. The door to the diner opened, and Jessi stormed in and headed straight to our table. Now I knew what CeCe had been doing on her phone.

“You’re leaving?” he asked as he stood next to me and stared down.

am,” I told him.

“I don’t like it,” he said and sank down on a

chair.

“Why not?” I asked.

“There are a lot of weirdos out there, Amie. If you leave, I can’t keep an eye on you,” he said. I had to smile at him.

“That is sweet in a chauvinistic kind of way. But I’m a big girl, I can take care of myself. I’m more worried about you. Have you two sorted things out?” I asked to distract them. The way they both turned bright red told me they hadn’t. “Yeah, I thought so. Look, it’s easy. Jessie, you like CeCe, like a lot. But you’re worried your reputation as the town flirt will deter her. CeCe, you have had a crush on Jessi since forever. But you are afraid he doesn’t take you seriously, but as just another hook up. You are good together, you respect each other and I’m not going to tell you what to do. But in my opinion you need to sit down and talk about it. Otherwise, life will pass you by and you will both end up old and with a lot of what-if questions.” I felt quite happy about my little speech. It had the desired effect of drawing the focus away from me leaving and all the questions they could have about it. We spent a couple of moments in silence as CeCe and Jessie tried not to look at each other, and then ended up smiling each time they caught the other one doing so. I felt like a third wheel but was rescued when Mrs Jones walked over to us. She gave the two lovebirds a questioning look and then rolled her eyes at me. I smiled.

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and

“I talked to Laura, she can start on Monday. Does that work?” she asked me. It would mean I needed to stay in town for a

half. That was not as bad as I had feared.

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“Sounds good to me, I confited. After that, I just sat around and people watched. There was nothing wrong with the rumour mill In the town. Sohn everyone of the locals knew I was leaving, and the walked over to my table to exchange a few words, telling me It was sad to se me go. It was a nice feeling. Even Mrs Andersen stopped by..

“I’m sorry I didn’t tell you this morning. I wanted your sister to be first one to know,” I told her.

“Oh, that’s okay, my dear. Am I right in g

guessing that sexy pece of an that dropped you off yesterday is the reason for all of this?” she asked and wiggled her eyebrows. It was a little unnerving to hear that coming from her, but I smiled.

“To some extent. But not in an eyebrow wiggling way. He offered mij job,” I told her.

“Sure, sure. My sister told me as much. But we aren’t blind, you know. We see things.” I just smiled and shook my head. I changed for my shift in the bathroom and was almost feeling nostalgic about knowing I had a limited amount of days left to put on the mint green uniform. When I ended my shift, I walked home and sent a te to Finlay, letting him know when my last day was. It took him two minutes and then he called.

“I’ll be collecting you on the Saturday after next,” he said.

“You know, you can send someone else. I don’t have much stuff, most of my furniture I can donate as the room in the pack house has everything I need,” I said.

ll be easier for me.”

“Don’t even try. I know the way, so it will

“Sure, or there are these things called GPS nowadays, 1 teased him.

“Are you trying to get rid of me, Red?” he asked.

“Never. But I would think an Alpha would have better things to spend their time on than collecting me and my boxes,” I told him.

“Nice try. I’m not giving you an out until I have blooded you,” he joked. We ended up talking for almost three hours. It was nice to have his company, even if it wasn’t in person. It helped with the anxiety my wolf felt being away from what she clearly saw as her pack.

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