

Dating 101

Chapter 101

[Ella's POV]

Those burning eyes...That horrible, taunting grin...And that disturbing, nerve-splitting voice. All that time he'd been nothing but a figment from my past. A dark shadow that hovered over me even in my dreams.

I knew I could never prove it, but the awful gut-swirling feeling was enough for me to believe that 'this' was the man who'd been watching me. The gruesome, unpleasant sensation that took hold of my senses left me feeling hollow and cold. But, still, the question remained firm in my mind. *Why?* Why, after all this time, did he finally decide to attack? And why me?

There wasn't a single aspect of my life that I would ever consider worthy of investigation. Hell, I wasn't even a werewolf.

This mysterious man looked at me as though he knew my entire life story as well as all the deep-seated secrets that not even I knew. A voice in the back of my head told me that this unknown stalker knew everything.

His towering height and brutish build made his presence all the more intimidating. My heart leaped into my throat when I caught a quick glimpse of something shiny hanging off of his side.

A dagger.

This man wants me dead. *Ŵwɹ.(n)(ə)(v)etw0rm.com*

The moment the wind took out whatever lighting was left in the room, it was as though whatever peace and sanity was left had fled along with it. The man bent down and turned toward me. I didn't need to see his face to know that it possessed a menacing expression.

A feral-sounding snarl tore through the air as he lunged.

Both Liam and Arthur gave out an objective growl and sprung into action in order to keep the unknown man from reaching. Liam curled his hands into fists and took several hard swings at the man's midsection while Arthur struck him from behind with the poker.

It was enough to keep the man from reaching me but not enough to stop him completely. The three became hastily embroiled in a fight for dominance—not a single one was willing to back down.

What little furniture was lying around was broken and destroyed in the midst of the growing violence. Mixed sounds of glass shattering, and wood snapping, had me fearing for my life as well as Liam's. Part of me still didn't understand why Arthur was there or how he even came to find us.

But a lot of my suspicions were overlooked when I saw him willingly working with Liam to take down this guy. Unfortunately, things weren't looking too well in our favor. The man's strength surpassed Liam and Arthur's. His determination had me unknowingly backing into a small

corner.

"Ella!" Liam called out.

"Get back!" Arthur ordered.

But there was nowhere else for me to go. I was stuck. Trapped. Their attempt to try and keep the man away had faltered when Liam took a harsh kick to the side of his leg while Arthur reeled back from a sharp elbow jab to his chest. *Ŵww.π©vélɹɹ(m).c0m*

The man must have realized my shitty predicament because I watched as his terrible smile grew.

"You have no idea how long I've been waiting to do this," he said darkly. "All these years of waiting and watching. It was very clever of you to live the life of a mere human to get yourself off our radar, but we found you. We'll always find you."

My brows drew together in a mixture of confusion and fear. "What the hell are you talking about?!" I shouted. "I am human!"

He tilted his head back and cackled. "Hardly." With lightning-fast reflexes, he snatched me by the collar of my shirt and dragged me closer. *ɹŴŴ.(n)0Vεlw0rM.c0m*

Arthur and Liam erupted in a simultaneous growl. "Don't you fucking touch her!" "Let go of her!"

"Let me go!" I cried out. "Why are you doing this?"

"You thought you could escape your fate. Sneaky little bitch. Your kind has no place in this world."

"M—My kind?"

What the hell was this guy talking about?

He let out another harsh laugh that made my skin crawl. "For years I had my eyes on you. Waiting for the right signs and clues that would give you away. So many of my men thought I was crazy, wasting my time on some dumb, pointless human. But no. I knew from the beginning."

My head was spinning with all of the questions that continuously spun around. However, my mind went utterly blank when the man lowered his gaze to his side.

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We all watched as he grabbed for his dagger and held it high in the air. I let out a sharp, blood-curdling scream that was so loud I could have sworn it vibrated the entire room.

I tried to pry his hand away from my neck but no matter how hard I dug and clawed my nails into his hand, there was no shaking myself loose.

My heart pounded vigorously inside of my rib cage, knowing that my desperation was leading me nowhere. Streams of hot tears poured down my face as the unyielding sense of dread filled me to no end. I was certain that this was going to be it for me.

Through blurry eyes, I saw them jump toward us. Each of them grabbed the man by the arm and fought to pry him away from me. Arthur gave a brutal punch to the man's side as Liam made a quick move to grab for the dagger.

In that same second, I managed to capture a heart-stopping sight that I never thought I would see. Liam's anger. It was cold, ruthless, and murderous. It was beyond anything I had ever witnessed from him.

His hand wrapped firmly around the dagger, he yanked the man back and slashed him viciously across the chest in a state of pure fury. A deafening snarl accompanied the sound of the man tumbling to the floor.

I was frightened beyond comprehension. I never thought he was truly capable of something like that. Sure, I've seen him fight in the ring as well on the ice during a match. But this was an entirely new side to him that I never knew existed. And I wasn't sure how to handle it.

Although the prominent threat of death was slowly receding from my mind, the numb sensation that surrounded me was still there.

Both Arthur and Liam were heaving to catch their own breath as they glared down at the body at our feet.

A sudden rush of air filled my lungs, causing me to sway on my feet. My vision was spotty and going in and out of focus. I tried taking in several deep breaths but it felt useless. From what I could make out, the place was a crumbled, shattered mess—exactly how I felt inside.

So much for trying to ease Liam's mind... *ɹww.nô(v)ElWôrm.cômm*

I'd brought him to the cabin for some peaceful, quiet alone time. Little did I know that this trip was going to end in atrocious madness and bloodshed.

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