

## Dating 108

### Chapter 108

Part of me realizes that I probably shouldn't have mentioned Anthur's presence at the hotel to Liam. Ever since we spoke about the whole ordeal, things have been feeling rather tense.....

Liam wasn't exactly trying to smother me, per se. During the mornings, and most of the afternoons, he was stuck in training with the rest of his team. During this time, he demanded that I remain locked in my room.

At first, I didn't think I minded it as much because I was able to work on my

book in peace. *wWw.nOveLwORm.cOm*

I utilized the desk in my room and was able to spread out all my notes and journals as I worked. Apart from figuring out my proper ending. I'd gone back and made any small edits I could to fill the time.

But, in the meantime, I knew that I was meant to be kept away in my room until Liam was through with practice. That wasn't exactly the most annoying part of it. Whenever he and I would get a chance to hang out beyond our rooms, he proceeded to stirk by my side like some sort of guard dog. Not a single person was willing to speak to me because of Liam's intense behavior.

As strange as it sounded, this setup worked out pretty decently. For about one day, I was quick to realize that the whole secluded schedule wasn't going to work for me. As kind as it was for Liam to extend the invitation to me, I would have had more freedom had I stayed at home, *wWw.nOv(e)LW@rM.cOm*

It was a little past twelve when I sat back in my desk chair and glanced down at all the work I managed to accomplish, I should have felt better than I did. But I still couldn't shake the ongoing anxiousness that was storming inside of me

"This is ridiculous," I said to myself.

If everyone is at practice for most of the day, then there shouldn't be any risk or trouble in leaving the room.

There was only so much writing I could get done, and being completely stumped on how I was going to end my story was not helping my situation. What I needed was a break. A real one. One where I was actually able to spend away from my writing desk and away from my room.

I knew that going for a short walk would help clear my mind a bit. I was fairly certain that there was no harm in it whatsoever.

I made a quick change of my clothes and tossed one of my journals into my bag and grabbed my phone. It was nearly close to lunchtime, so I decided to head down to the cafe for a quick bite.

Right as I grabbed one of those pre-made sandwiches and an iced tea. I planted myself at an available table nearby. But while I picked at my sandwich. I soon came to notice that I was becoming the center of attention by those around me.

Apparently, there were many people who knew about the ongoing hockey training and the two head captains of the teams. I pulled out my journal and tried to jot down any viable notes but was finding it rather hard to concentrate with all the growing commotion around me.

I started to overhear a small group of girls chaming about me a few tables away. They weren't exactly being discreet in their staring and obvious

comments

"I'm telling you guys, that's her!"

"I saw her picture all over Liam's Insta page."

"But isn't she human!"

Those are the rumors."

"But why would he be with her, knowing that she's human?"

"I've heard through one of my other friends that he claims she's his mate."

"Well, she's certainly no Olivia Jones, that's for sure." *wWw.nOv(e)LW@rM.cOm*

By that point, my curiosity was well piqued. Of course, I was well accustomed to the marky remarks regarding my personal relationship with Liam

-I was, unfortunately, well-adapted to those. But who was this Olivia Jones?

I'd never heard of her and something about that fact made my stomach churn with worry. Could she be one of Liam's cost? Was she someone that he'd slept with in the past? Or had they had a real relationship?

From that point on, I did my best to ignore the group and focus on my work. Sadly, it didn't do much good. I wish I had Monica with me. At least she would have helped fend off the leering comments and prying eyes.

Once I decided that I was done trying to get through my lunch, I made the unconscious decision to go for a short walk, wanting to explore more of the area. During my search, I discovered a heated indoor pool area, sauna, spa, and gyou

By the end of my little jaunt, I found myself at one of the lounge areas on the upper levels, facing a large window that overlooked the surrounding

10:40 AM C

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The view was gorgeous. It easily reminded me of the time Liam brought me to that ski resort.

Snow was starting to gently fall, causing a captivating view to watch. It was quiet and peaceful. I wasn't sure how much time passed as I simply sat there and stared off.

"Hey, Ella,"

I turned my head to find Noah making his way toward me.

"Hi. Noah."

I still wasn't used to him speaking to me in such a calm and kind tone. "How's your day been so far? Get much of your writing done?"

I slightly flushed at the question but nodded my head. "It's been okay, I guess. And yes--well, I've just been working on edits so far."

The conversation had been so irregularly pleasant that it hadn't even occurred to me that Noah was still dressed in most of his hockey gear. Which meant practice was over....Oli,

boy. *wWw.nOveLW@rM.cOm*

The very air had filled with tension when, out of the corner of my eye, I spotted Liam. The second he caught sight of me, he clenched his jaw and stormed over to us with anger in his eyes.

"What the hell are you doing out of your room?" he questioned sharply.

My insides twisted and knotted with irritation. "I needed a break from my work."

"You know you're not supposed to leave the rooms unless it's absolutely necessary," he said coarsely.

"Jesus Christ, Liam. Possessive much?" Noah commented. Why the hell won't Ella allowed to be out of her room?"

"Stay out of this, Noah,"

The corners of my eyes twitched with anger. "Well, last time I checked, I wasn't a damn prisoner?"

I grabbed my bag off the couch and headed straight back to my room. I could sense Liam was hot on my trail. I was filled with so much anger that I purposely slammed the door in his face and went on to kick the adjoining door between our rooms.

"Son of a bitch," I hissed.

If this is how the rest of the trip was going to go, perhaps it would be better if I just went home.

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