

Dating 113

Chapter 113

[Liam's POV]

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For lack of a better word, I was pissed off.

Having witnessed not one but two instances of Arthur getting close to Ella, was starting to really put me on edge. Just what the fuck was this guy up

to??

It was getting harder and harder to keep my wolf under control and not let my restraint snap.

My suspicions really stemmed back from when all three of us were at the cabin. I never did find out why Arthur was there in the first place, nor how he came to find us. But if I had to guess at least the first part of that puzzle, I was certain that it all had to do with Ella.

For some unknown reason, Arthur has become fixed on her.

Why was he, all of a sudden, being nice to her? Why was he going out of his way to want to know her?

Arthur literally had no reason for wanting to get to know Ella. I meant what I said last night at the pool—the guy had a crowd of girls that wanted him. Why couldn't he leave Ella and me alone?

I could tell that Ella was horribly uncomfortable from her encounter with Arthur last night at the pool. As much as it pained me, I decided not to press any further into the matter because I sensed she would only get more upset.

For what it was worth, I had essentially overheard most of their conversation. When Ella had stood up to Arthur and his excessive prodding, I felt an overwhelming sense of pride. I was proud of her for not backing down. However, it had taken every last ounce of my control to not slip when I saw him touch her.

Ella was able to hold her own but clearly Arthur wasn't willing to keep his damn distance. The second I spotted him across the rink, I nearly broke out into a full sprint to keep him from reaching Ella.

How the fuck did this bastard keep finding out where Ella was each time?

First it was at the indoor garden, then the pool, and now at practice...Hell, if I had insisted [www.novElW@rm.com](#)

that Ella remain in her room, would the asshole have

tried to get in there as well?

I made my way through the locker room and tried to get a hold of myself. My main goal was to just get simmering on the surface.

Ella away

from him, but my anger kept

confidently say that the guy

All I could think about was my half-brother's potential scheming. We hardly knew each other, but I

knew enough to was a natural-born jerk.

Yet for some reason, Arthur's entire personality would shift whenever he's around Ella lately.

His features soften into a look of pure understanding and wonderment. The guy looks awestruck. He noticed Arthur's recent behavior toward Ella to be that of something he's rather familiar with...A

mating interest.

My heart stopped.

A powerful surge of anger rushed through me, causing me to clench my hand into a tight fist and swing out to crash into the nearest object. A seething growl tore my chest.

NO!! Never!!

Just the mere thought of Arthur trying to vie for Ella's attention caused me to be slammed with Ella is

my mate and I'm not going to let anyone try and stand between us.

a

wave

of jealousy. I refused to accept it. She's mine. [www.nOvelwOrM.com](#)

I would never allow such a thing to develop. Ella is mine. She's been since the night of Noah's party when every nerve in my body was screaming out for her. I'd admired her from afar long before then, but after that night, there wasn't a doubt in my mind that she belonged to me, and I to her. [wwW.NOvelwOrM.co\(m\)](#)

I heard Ella enter the locker room where I forced myself to calm down. I glanced over my shoulder and saw her sheepish, uncomfortable stance.

"It's alright, Ella. You can relax."

"I don't think I should be in here," she said meekly.

"The others prefer to shower and change back in their rooms," I told her.

I heard her let out a long withheld breath while I did away with my remaining hockey gear. The air around us was thick with tension. All it needed [WwW.nOvEl\(w@r\)@.c.M](#)

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Chapter 113

was a single spark to ignite the eager desire that had been suppressed for far too long.

"Liam, Arthur was only trying to talk—hmm!"

[Ella's POV]

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Liam captured my mouth in a furious, soul-snatching kiss that made my knees go weak. He wrapped a secure around me to hold me in place while dragging his tongue along the seam of my lips.

I tried to mentally brace myself for the heated talk that I knew I was walking into with Liam. I thought if I tried to, at least, bring reason and logic to the conversation it may have lightened the heavy mood.

But he ended up wiping every thought I had in my mind. When Liam finally pulled away I was able to get a decent inhale of air as I stared back at him in a daze.

"Yes, Ella. I heard," he said tensely. His voice filled with jealousy that set my body buzzing. "Arthur wants to get to know you and I don't like it."

He brought his lips down to mine again, this time leading a hot trail down the curve of my neck. His hands grabbed at the hem of my sweater and tugged it over my head. I tried to keep my wits about myself but between his mouth and his hands, I was gone.

I wrapped my arms around his shoulders and pulled him closer. "Liam..."

Without a word, he lifted me off the ground. He brought me over to one of the large benches and pressed me down. He stood between my knees and curled his fingers in the waistband of my leggings.

"Lift," he ordered softly.

I lifted my hips up and was met with the cool air of the room when he tugged my leggings down my legs. My eyes grew wide as he lowered himself down and reached for the thin material of my underwear.

The pad of his thumb brushed against the damp spot that had formed there just seconds ago. He let out a low growl of appreciation. "I told you before that I wanted to taste you. And now I've run out of patience."

A choked moan escaped my throat when Liam pulled my panties aside and pressed his face between my thighs. The first sweep of his tongue caused every nerve in my body to glitch. He kept a steady and constant pace while playing with the swollen bud of my clit.

"Oh my God! Liam!"

"Do you have any idea how crazy you make me?" he asked tauntingly. "Every time I see you speak to him, it makes me want to bend you over and claim on the spot."

Holy shit.

The heat beneath my stomach was growing stronger, wounding me tighter with every flick of his tongue and press of his fingers. He was relentless. I curled my hand through his wild hair, wanting to hold him in place.

With a shattered cry, I was falling over the edge with nothing but Liam to keep me grounded. He drew out my orgasm by continuously circling my clit and giving me words of affirmation. "I can never get enough of you. You're so beautiful. So perfect. So mine."

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