

Dating 115

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Chapter 115

[Arthurs' POV]

There weren't many people I would openly confide in. If I've learned anything about being a Winslow, it was that people always wanted something from me. Money. Attention. Popularity.

Most of my life had been planned out since I was a child. Including who my Chosen Mate was meant to be. Olivia Jones.

She was cunning as she was beautiful.

Growing up, the two of us were thick as thieves, always getting into mischief and honing our skills. We both knew from an early age that we would never exceed to be more than friends. Which, in a way, worked out well for us. In the presence of our families and socialites, we were a perfectly crafted couple. However, Olivia and I gave each other a free pass to be with whoever pleased behind closed doors.

It may not be the most conventional arrangement but we knew we could always count on one another when things got challenging. For instance, the moment I found out that Liam and his team were going to be training at the Golden Fawn Rink, I reached out to Olivia and made it so her team would be in attendance with the practices that were taking place.

Olivia had a strong and prominent social media following. So, I already knew that having her appear at the hotel was going to stir up quite a fuss.

The two of us had strategically met at the beginning of the trip to discuss the situation at hand. I had been stiffly pacing the room while Olivia was casually lounging in one of the chairs.

"Alright, are you going to tell me what the hell has gotten you so freaked? Or are you going to continue creating tracks on the floor?" she asked with

amusement.

I hadn't told her, or anyone for that matter, about what had taken place at that Godforsaken cabin. I've only contemplated the event about a hundred times and still could make zero sense of the whole issue. Of course, I haven't been able to get close to Ella since then.

But I was determined to take advantage of this time as much as possible.

"I've devised a plan to get with Ella," I said.

She clicked her tongue. "And should it not work?"

I lowered my eyes and pressed back my growing anger. "Then, at the very least, I'm going to convince her that Liam cannot be trusted and they're not a suitable match for another."

Olivia glanced at her nails as though she found a possible imperfection. "I'm sorry, I'm seeing how I fit into all this," she muttered.

I straightened my shoulders back and shot her a glare. "It's simple. I want Ella. And I know for a fact that you've had your eyes set on Liam since we were children." Olivia gave herself away by blushing. "The way I see it, it's the perfect trade."

She narrowed her eyes before raising a doubtful brow. "Something tells me this isn't going to be an easy ordeal."

I smirked. "Probably not. But that's why I called you in. I know that if anyone is able to help me with this it's you."

Olivia scoffed and rolled her eyes. "You, of all people, should know that flattery gets you nowhere."

"Yes, well, I'm deeply hoping that your sense of flattery is what will end up helping us in this endeavor," I stated. "You're going to befriend Ella. Understand?"

"And why would I do that?"

"Because you're going to go after Liam, then you're going to have to get close to Ella in order for her to trust you and want to open up. Tell her about your past relationship with Liam."

She crossed her arms over her chest and pursed her lips with disdain. "We both know that I've never been in a relationship with Liam before." "Make her believe it. If I recall, you're a very convincing liar."

"How hard is that going to be?" ww*W.00x8lwo0m.Com*

I shrugged. "From what I've gathered, she doesn't have many friends. Many look down upon her because they see her as nothing more than a human."

Olivia got up from her chair and moved over to the window. "She is nothing more than a human," she said coldly.

A vicious growl tore through my chest, causing Olivia to go tense. Normally, I would have had a better handle on my emotions--hell, there weren't many things that would generally set me off like that. However, the thought of anyone, even Olivia, throwing insults at Ella made my temper slip.

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I wouldn't stand for it. Not from anyone.

"You have no idea what Ella is!" I snapped. "If you want to get to Liam then you have to do as I say, got it?"

Olivia slowly nodded her head. "Fine."

"When the time is right, you're going to put a move on Liam and I will make sure that Ella is there to witness it."

Was it devious of me to orchestrate such a crude display just so I could win over the girl that I knew I was truly meant to be with? Yes. Did I even consider acting normal and trying to talk to Ella like a sane, rational person? Also yes.

But Liam had, without a doubt, snuffed out any possibility of that happening. I didn't have to be within hearing distance to know that he was consistently talking shit about me behind my back.

Well, two can play that game.

Even though the plan seemed pretty solid, Olivia still wore a look of indecisiveness.

"What is it?" I pressed.

"What I really want to know is...What makes you think that Ella is going to magically fall into your arms after all this is said and done? From what I've gathered from all this, you wouldn't have brought me in on this if the situation was as simple as you're making it to be. What I'm saying is, if you want this girl so badly, then why not simply take her and claim her for yourself?"

Because she deserves more than that.

Deep down, beneath all the menacing anger and spiteful demeanor that I had spent years piecing together, I didn't want my relationship with Ella to be based on brutish immorality.

I wanted her to be willing to give us a real chance. I wanted to get to know her and find out what truly made her happy as well as what made her tick. I wanted to know all of her dark secrets and her fear so that I could find a way to guard her from them.

I wanted her to fall for me naturally.

Unlike Liam, I had the power and ability to make it so that nothing would ever happen to her. There was not a single doubt in my mind that could willingly convince me that Ella didn't belong to me. That mere brush of our hands had sent the knowing spark through me and I'd been hooked ever since.

"Because right now, she believes that she is Liam's mate. He's got this delusion that she is the one for him. Which is why it's up to me to make her *ww.00VE()4x0r.M.c0m*

see reason."

"I feel as though there's far more to this than you're telling me. But I will help you with this. Just tell me when and what I need to say to her." A smug grin touched my mouth. "Excellent."

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