

## Dating 116

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Chapter 116

[Ella's POV]

Today, I opted for sitting in one of the lounge areas as a means of helping me clear my mind. The longer I stared at my journal, the more aggravated I was becoming. One of the main reasons for taking this trip with Liam was to help me map out the ending for my story. Instead, I've been faced with nothing but an ongoing writer's block.

I was desperate to find my ending because I knew that I couldn't properly move on to the next book without it. With all my various ideas bouncing around my head, I was swiftly growing more and more frustrated over all the time I felt I had wasted.

To have my two main characters end up together in the end so soon, might put people off of another story afterwards. But the idea of working on a cliffhanger ending opened my mind up to a whole new world of possibilities that I couldn't figure out which one would be most ideal.

Meanwhile, I couldn't waste any more time for fear of losing my reader's interest in my work.

Ugh! It's like I'm stuck between a rock and another hard place!

And as much as I hated to admit it, I felt like things between Liam and I had become tense. I'd come to the realization that it didn't matter how many times I told him not to worry about Arthur, he was still going to be aggravated. And with Arthur, I still couldn't wrap my mind around why he would want anything to do with me...

But at least something decent may have come out of this trip. I hadn't anticipated Olivia to be so kindly outspoken toward me. I felt a bit sheepish, having misjudged her in the beginning. Even though she and I came from two completely opposite worlds, I was hopeful for our new friendship. "Hey, Ella!"

I was pulled out of my mental train of thought to find Noah glancing down at me with a wide smile. I didn't know what surprised me more...His outwardly positive tone or the new stylish clothes I'd never seen him wear before.

He wore a fresh dress shirt accompanied by a brand new, flashy-looking watch. He looked shockingly well put together for someone who didn't come from money. Noah had never been the best at keeping a savings account in the past, so it was a bit hard to believe that he could somehow afford such clothing.

"Hello, Noah. Wow, you look nice."

He took the open spot across from me and grinned. "As do you."

I nearly snorted. I knew for a fact that wasn't true. My appearance was less than stellar as I wore one of my old cardigan sweaters while having my hair thrown up into a loose bun on top of my head.

Nonetheless, I felt my cheeks flush at the compliment. "Thanks."

"So, how's the writing coming?" he asked.

I sat back in my chair and sighed. "Not as good as it probably should be," I confessed. "I'm stuck on the ending. I'm not sure what I should do." Even with his newly developed positive attitude, I was rather put off by this 'new improved version of Noah.

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As sad as it sounded, I wasn't used to him acting openly kind to me in such a public setting. Normally, he would have ignored me and maybe even treated me like everyone else did back at school. But now, for some reason, Noah was choosing to be nice.

I recalled him claiming that he wanted to win me back. But I knew that it wasn't ever going to happen. wwvw .noel©©mm. (c) 2m

"I wish I could be more helpful. I've never been strong when it comes to English and Writing."

I waved off the idea with my hand and shrugged. "Oh, it's okay. I would never expect you to

"Perhaps, I can be of some help," a deep voice called out.

Arthur came into view, glaring at Noah to leave while softening his gaze once it found me.

"I've taken all the advanced courses this past semester," he told me, "I was at the top of my writing class."

I looked at him with skepticism. "You seriously want to help me write the ending to my story?"

"Why not? Give me a chance," he said suggestively.

Somehow, I knew that there was an underlying double meaning to those words.

Noah cleared his throat, reinstating his presence. "Can't you see we're in the middle of a conversation!"

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Arthur rolled his eyes. "Certainly not one that's meaningful."

Noah's features twitched with irritation. "Why are you even here, Winslow?"

"I could ask you the same thing, Gravens. I know about your previous relationship with Ella. I know about how terribly you treated her. If you had an ounce of integrity left, you would leave her alone."

Shockingly, Noah got up from his spot and left without another word. The guy I used to know, would have kept verbally sparring off until it would most likely end up in a physical dispute. But no. Noah seemed...Tamed. Controlled. Wwvw .n0vEIWor(m).cOm

Arthur in turn, sat down in his place. "So? How about it? Will you let me read your story?"

Another embarrassing blush touched my cheeks. I wondered if I should have tried to find an excuse that would get me away from him. But I didn't exactly feel threatened at the moment. No, in fact, I was more curious than anything.

"I...I don't know, Arthur. I mean, I doubt this is a story that you would even be interested in." "How do you know?"

"You don't seem the type to be interested in romances."

He raised a brow and smiled. "I'll have you know that I can be very romantic."

"What are you doing here, Arthur?" His smile deepened. "I'm here to train, of course."

I gently shook my head. "No. I mean, what are you doing here with me? Out of all the girls that are probably fighting for your attention, you're choosing to sit with me. Why?"

He shifted in his seat as though he were trying to quickly find an excuse. "I have my reasons."

"And I have my own as to why I should be the last person you would ever want to be around. The first, and main reason, is that I am human."

A short moment passed between us where not a single one of us spoke. This time, he was the one who'd slipped into a thick state of contemplation.

He gave me a pointed look and leaned back. "I disagree, Ella. I think that you're so much more than that."

My bottom lip trembled but nothing came out. I was at a loss for words. What did he mean by that? Was this his way of saying that I was somewhat special in his eyes? Or had Liam accidentally mentioned something to him about the possibility of me not being entirely human?

No, there's no way Liam would let something that vital slip out. wVWw.novsfw(©)Rm.cOm

But that meant that Arthur was actually complimenting me...It reminded me a lot of Noah's attempt to get back on my good side, only ten times more intense.

"Arthur-"

"Have dinner with me one night," he said. "I still haven't lost the interest of wanting to get to know you better."

My eyes widened in disbelief. Now, I was truly at a loss for words.

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