

## Dating 119

10:36 AM

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Chapter 119

[Liam's POV]

Something is wrong with Ella.

Since the moment practice first started, I kept glancing in her direction to see if she was alright. This morning has been rather strange. I hadn't expected her to be so willing to sit in on another practice, considering the last time ended in a minor argument.

Ella practically threw on her shoes and rushed out the door without so much as a contemplative word. She didn't even bother to bring one of her journals with her...

I meant to ask her if everything was alright, but the moment we made it to the rink I became swept up in the training. I had to stay focused. This was the second to last training before we were all scheduled to head back home and I needed to take advantage of the time here.

It was stressful, without a doubt, but I felt like both the team and myself had come a long way since we first started. Part of me was greatly looking forward to a real break after this week. I wanted to spend as much real time with Ella before the new term started.

But no matter how much I tried to stay focused on the task at hand, at least once every five minutes, I kept glancing over at her in the stands. She looked puzzled and lost in thought.

My muscles tensed when I noticed another girl making her way over to her. I was highly suspecting some kind of bitter confrontation; however, I was pleasantly surprised to see Ella smiling and gently conversing back. It took me a little longer to realize that the girl who'd been sitting with her was none other than Olivia Jones.

After Ella had first asked me whether or not I ever knew this other girl, I made it a point to search her up on my phone. I spent a little while scrolling through her various social media platforms to get a better idea of who she was.

Much like I expected, Olivia came from a very renowned family—one rather similar to the Winslows. Of course, there was no initial proof for me to be making any sort of grand assumptions about her. But I wouldn't be surprised if she and Arthur were somehow affiliated with each other.

What the hell is going on?? Where is she going? What happened?

One moment Ella was speaking with Olivia and the next she was making her way toward the exit with a deep frown on her face. My stomach twisted into several knots. Had Olivia said something to upset her?

Suddenly, I didn't give a single shit about what was going on around me. I skated off toward the very edge of the rink and called out for her.

"Ella! Where are you going?" I shouted.

She, thankfully stopped but would only glance over her shoulder to look at me. "I need some air," she said.

Ella—"

The tone in her voice held no room for argument. "It's fine. I'm going back to my room."

Every nerve in my body was screaming at me to stop what I was doing and trail after her in order to get to the bottom of this.

"Liam! Come on! Get your ass back here!"

"How are we expected to beat Winslow's teams if you keep going off?"

I snarled under my breath and rolled my eyes. I knew they were right, I had to keep my focus.  $\mathbf{Ww(w).nw\epsilon\{1\}w\oplus Rm.co\otimes}$

But the second that this shit ends for the day, I'm going to find Ella.

[Ella's POV]

I proceeded to spend the majority of the day sitting in front of the large window in my room, excessively scrolling through my phone. I didn't consider myself to be a media junkie—hell, I barely posted anything regarding my personal life.

But after what Olivia told me about her and Liam, I felt too compelled to see if I could find anything related to their previous relationship. I found nothing

Of course, there wouldn't be anything pertaining to an old relationship, Ella. Olivia could have very likely deleted everything when she and Liam broke up.

Regardless, I still couldn't seem to find a possible reason as to why Liam didn't tell me the truth about their previous relationship.

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10:37 AM

Chapter 119

Knock. Knock. Knock.

I heard the adjoining door from Liam's room open into mine. Yet I kept my gaze set on the window.

Liam's voice brushed over me, causing a flood of goosebumps to appear. "Ella. We need to talk."

Yes, we did. I couldn't stand wallowing in any more uncertainty. I turned my head and got up from the chair. "You're right, we do."

"Why did you leave the rink early?" he asked. "I saw you talking to Olivia before but then suddenly you were on your feet, why?"

I couldn't necessarily detect any tone of anxiety or guilt in his voice, only genuine concern. I folded my arms over my chest and took in a deep breath.

"Yes, Olivia and I were talking before. She had told me about your previous relationship with her."

Liam's eyes widened before his brows knitted together in pure confusion. "I'm sorry, what the hell did she say? A relationship with her?"

"Yes!" I shouted back angrily. "Don't you remember? I had asked you about whether or not you knew Olivia—"  $\text{(\text{w}\text{w}\text{w}\text{.}\text{n}\text{O}\text{v}\text{e}\text{t}\text{w}\text{ô}\text{r}\text{m}\text{.}\text{c}\text{o}\text{M})}$

"Yes and I told you I didn't know her," he countered back sternly.

"Clearly you do if the two of you dated for nearly a damn year!"

His features twisted in angered disbelief. "We never dated! Whatever she told you was nothing but a lie," he snarled.

I tore my eyes from him and took a noticeable step back. Why? Why would Olivia go out of her to make up this whole story if it wasn't true? This was a girl who had everything, so what the hell would she have to gain by lying to someone like me?

The room flooded with unbreathable tension as the two of us fell into a deafening silence.

"You don't believe me do you?" Liam asked roughly. "Ella, I have never lied to you. I told you the truth before. If Olivia and I had actually ever dated, I would have told you about it."

He did have a point there. Liam never lied to me, it wouldn't have made sense for him to start now and over something like this.

... Really?" I asked quietly.

Liam closed the space between us and grabbed my upper arms, pulling me against him. "Yes. Olivia and I never happened and are never going to happen."

I gently shook my head. "I just don't get why she would lie. Liam, she spoke about you and Noah as though you all knew each other personally."

"Obviously, she's some kind of pathological liar and was trying to get under your skin," he said.

"But why? She was so nice to me when we first met. Olivia literally defended me to her friends and made her interest known that she wanted the two of us to become friends."

"It's not true. Everything she said to you was a lie.

My head was swimming with so much uncertainty, that it felt as though it were on the verge of combusting. I wanted to believe Liam. I really did. Believing him would have allowed my nerves a chance to calm down and rethink this whole situation.

However, it wasn't enough to override the dark thoughts that were reaching out from the back of my mind.

Lie or not. Olivia would make the perfect, ideal mate for Liam. She could give him a future that I could not.  $\mathbf{WwW_{\cdot}N_{\cdot}V\acute{e}lW\text{ô}Rm.coM}$

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COMMENT