

Dating 121

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Chapter 121

[Liam's POV]

Where the hell is she?

My eyes continuously scanned the bleachers in search of Ella nearly every few minutes. I knew she insisted on packing her bags and gathering all her belongings in advance, but I really didn't think that it would've taken her so long.

Maybe she just got distracted...

It took a lot of energy to not let my worry get the better of me. Knowing Ella, there was a very likely chance that she had already finished packing her stuff up and just lost track of time. If I had to guess where she was, it would probably be that solarium room.

A good part of me was worried that she'd become caught up in another one of Arthur's 'accidental' run-ins. But the possibility of that happening was far less than I was thinking. His team had just finished their final practice before us, so chances were, Arthur was still somewhere in the locker

rooms.

That should have made me feel better, knowing that he wasn't going to be crowding Ella wherever she was at the moment. Much like me, she seemed to also be under a growing set of pressure. This whole past week had been stressful, and not just because of the upcoming matches.

A big part of me felt bad about this. This trip was supposed to give us a chance to spend time with one another and make new memories. And yet, Arthur's presence kept overshadowing us.

He, for some unknown reason, was truly trying to make his presence known in Ella's life.

Just the mere thought of Arthur going out of his way to get close to her set me

edge.

And if that shit wasn't annoying enough, that whole matter with Olivia Jones was sure to send me spiraling. Who the hell was she to go around filing Ella's head with lies about a relationship with me?

I've dealt with bold statements like this in the past but they've never really bothered me. Not until now.

The whole matter had Arthur written all over it, but there was no way to prove it indefinitely.

Out of the corner of my eyes, I finally saw Ella sneak into the rink and snag an open seat at the bottom of the stands.

There was a far-off look in her eyes that gave me a feeling of agitation and curiosity. I made sure the puck was nowhere near me when I stole another glance in her direction. Ella's eyes were glanced toward Olivia and the rest of her group.

Son of a bitch.

Arthur appeared next to her, out of nowhere like some self-appointed guard dog. I suppressed an unsavory growl in my chest while wishing for that final buzzer to go off.

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The practice ended and I couldn't have been more eager to get off the ice. A good majority of the people were filling out from the stands and most of the team was already making their way toward the locker room.

The very second my skates hit the actual floor, I was swiftly approached by an over-enthusiastic-looking Olivia. Her pretty smile stretched from one side of her face all the way to the other. Her eyes glittered with hope and possibility.

"You were great out there, Liam."

"You must be Olivia," I remarked coolly.

Somehow, her smile grew. "Yes, I've met your friend Ella earlier this week."

"Ella is not my friend. She is my mate."

Olivia looked undeterred by that comment. She daringly moved closer. "So, the rumors are true. May I ask why you chose someone like her?"

"You mean why did I choose a human when I could be with someone like us? Ella is remarkable."

She let out a long breath and smirked. "You sound just like a friend of mine."

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"And I'm going to make that grand assumption that this 'friend' is Arthur."

Olivia giggled with amusement. "You're smart as you are skilled on the ice," she purred. "I think you and I would be magnificent together."

An awful taste fled my mouth at the mere thought. "Too bad that's not going to happen." www.theVeloWorldRM.com

"Surely I could change your mind," she pressed with confidence.

My voice dropped to an unfriendly tone that should have been enough for her to get the point. "Not likely."

This conversation was long over in my mind. All I wanted to do was get out of my gear and spend the rest of my day with Ella. Right as I was trying to side-step away from Olivia, I felt her grab the collar of my gear and forcibly pull me toward her.

She pressed a firm kiss to my lips, making every nerve in my body flare up with utter disgust. I wasted zero time pushing her away. It felt like my head was spinning as I hastily glanced around to find Ella.

All I could see was her walking out of the rink with her hands curled into fists at her side. "Ella!" I called out, but she refused to give me so much as a glance back.

There was not a single doubt in my mind that she saw what happened with Olivia.

Fuck! www.theVeloWorldRM.com

I tried to get out of my gear, not even bothering to take a shower. I raced back to the rooms and frantically knocked on Ella's door. Nothing.

My anxiety grew stronger as I went on to try the adjoining door between our rooms...Still nothing.

Yet, I noticed that the door was unlocked. Something in the back of my opened the door and stepped into the room.

wind was telling me that this may not have been a good thing. Slowly, I went to theVeloWorldRM.com

I didn't need to look through it to know that it was completely empty. Any

"Son of a bitch!" I shouted.

Any stitch of Ella's previous presence was gone.

here I spoke to the first available person

I swung open the door and raced down to the main desk "Can you please tell me if Ella Belmont is still here?" I asked.

There was no point in trying to hide the hint of desperation in my voice. Thankfully, the woman behind the counter didn't try to withhold any sort of information because I felt myself seconds away from having a complete mental breakdown.

"I have it here that Miss Belmont decided to check out early," she told me evenly. "I remember her handing in her room key."

I felt deflated. "How the hell did she get home?"

"She called an Uber," Arthur answered from behind me. I hesitated to turn around, knowing that one look at him was going to set me off. "I offered to take her home, poor thing. I'm sure you can imagine how distraught she was when she saw you and Olivia earlier."

Just then, something inside of me snapped. I whirled around and roughly shoved at Arthur, almost knocking the both of us to the floor.

I snarled at the bastard's smugness. "You son of a bitch. You're the one who placed Olivia into Ella's path and screwed with her head."

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Arthur shrugged. "I'm merely leveling the playing field. You told her that I'm not to be trusted, well now I've given her a reason not to trust you."

I knew that we weren't technically supposed to check out until tomorrow morning, but I didn't care. I packed my bag and left the hotel with the hope that Ella would let me explain the situation.

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