

Dating 123

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Chapter 123

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. *WwW.noV©Iw,cδM*

My eyes shot open in pure panic over the loud noise that was echoing loudly through my room. I struggled to get my breathing under control as I scrambled out of bed to figure out what was going on. I could barely see within five feet in front of me because of how dark the room still was. *wwW.Nov©IwOγM.ç©m*

The thunderous banging rang out again, causing my head to turn toward the window across the room.

My heart flipped in my chest. I suddenly had a very good idea of what was going on.

“Liam,” I hissed under my breath.

It had to be him. There was no other explanation for anyone other than him to be purposely knocking on my window, considering the layout and proximity of our rooms.

Once I managed to subdue the fear that had taken its course, I was soon filled with anger for the sheer ridiculousness that was presently happening.

Right as I was about to stomp over the window and throw back the curtains, I heard my phone go off. Snatching it up from the nightstand, I answered it without so much as glancing at the caller ID.

“Hello?”

“Open your window,” a strained voice said.

My heart skipped several beats. It was right then that I knew it was Liam. “What?” I gasped.

“Ella, open your window, I need to talk to you,” he said sternly.

Goddmanit! I should have looked to see who was calling me before simply answering the call!

A cold shiver rushed down my spine. I turned my head to glance at the window, knowing what was waiting on the other side of it. I was horribly tempted to pull back the curtain just so I could steal a glimpse of him.

As angry and upset as I was, I missed him. Yet, somehow, I kept myself grounded.

“No. Jesus Christ, it’s four in the morning.”

“Well, you wouldn’t answer any of my calls or messages. What the hell was I supposed to do?”

“Give me some goddamn space!” I shouted back.

At the rate I was going, it was only a matter of time before my mother would come barreling through the room to find out what all the noise was about. I already brushed her off once, there was no way that she was going to let it happen a second time—and certainly not in the middle of the night. *W(w)w.(n)ovéI(w)Dℝ.m.c0M*

“Ella, come to the window. Open the blinds. Please. I just...I need to see you.”

My heart clenched in pain. Amidst the few hours of rest I did manage to get, I must have forgotten about all of the terrible emotions that had been flooding through me earlier. Unfortunately, all of those terrible feelings were rushing back at a speed faster than I could handle. All the anger, sadness, and pain came rushing back to the surface.

My knees shook and nearly caused my legs to give out. Tears were beginning to gather in the corners of my eyes.

“I don’t think I have it in me to see you, though,” I whispered back.

It pained me to no end to say those words. But a line needed to be drawn.

I sensed the hurt in his voice. “Ella, please. Please, just listen to me.”

I sighed and gently shook my head. “I don’t have it in me to do this right now, Liam. Stop banging on my window. If I feel like it, maybe I’ll text you

tomorrow.”

Without giving him the chance to say anything else, I ended the call.

I know I need to speak to him. But did he really think that banging on my window in the middle of the night was the brightest idea?

I tossed my phone somewhere on my bed and climbed back under my sheets. I tried to resettle myself as best as I could but came to realize it was pointless. My body was undoubtedly exhausted but my mind was racing.

I closed my eyes but sleep never came.

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10:30 AM

Chapter 123

The following morning, I slowly dragged myself out of bed at the strange sound of voices coming from down the hall. I grabbed one of the blankets off my bed and threw it around my shoulders along with my phone before slipping out of my room.

As soon as I stepped into the kitchen, I was instantly hit with the smell of freshly made coffee. I saw my mom sitting at the counter along with Monica. The two wore a similar look of worry on their faces that I could only assume had to do with me.

I lightly cleared my throat and watched the two of them turn their heads to glance at me. Monica was the first to move. She hopped off the stool and came around to wrap me in a crushing hug.

“Jesus Christ, Ella,” she hissed.

“Did you get any sleep at all?” my mom asked.

I shrugged. “Not really.”

I had no doubt that my disheveled appearance was proof of my sheer exhaustion. I stepped away from Monica and went to fix myself a mug of coffee, hoping that the caffeine would give me a slight boost.

After a good couple of sips, I started to feel a bit of the pressure behind my eyes disperse. I took in a big breath and kept my gaze locked on the

counter.

“Ella, are you alright?” Monica asked softly.

“Not really,” I said. “Liam tried to talk to me last night at like four or something, but I didn’t want to listen.”

She nodded her head with understanding. My mom wore a look of regret on her face. I knew she wanted to listen about what had gone on but she had to get to work. I gave her a look that promised I would explain things to her later and with that, she left the house.

Meanwhile, Monica and I ventured over to the couch with our mugs.

“As you saw from that picture you sent me last night, Arthur Winslow wasn’t the only person I had to deal with on this past trip,” I muttered.

Her brows drew together. “Who the hell is this girl?”

I tucked my knees under me and adjusted my position. “Olivia Jones. When I first brought up her name to Liam, he denied knowing anything

about her.”

“But you didn’t believe him?” she asked with a hint of skepticism in her voice.

“I wanted to. I couldn’t see why he would lie about something like that, so I didn’t think to question his response,” I explained.

“However?”

The corner of my mouth curved upward into a knowing, cheerless smile. “However, Olivia reached out to me, personally, the request of wanting us to become friends. One day, while I was sitting in on one of Liam’s practices she sat with me and went on this whole tangent of when she and Liam had dated one another.”

Monica’s jaw practically hit the floor. “What?!”

I nodded my head. “Again, I spoke to Liam and asked about it. He claimed that Olivia was lying and that he’d never been with her much less know who she was. I tried to let it go again. But something was bothering me about the whole situation and I kept it to myself.”

The screen of my phone lit up, telling me that I had gotten a new message. My brows lifted in surprise. Arthur

Arthur: How are you feeling today?

How was it that dealing with Liam filled me with worry when Arthur, of all people, caused a warm feeling to spread through my chest?

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SEND GIFT

COMMENT