

Dating 126

Chapter 126

[Ella's POV]

Leave it to Monica to ensure that we would have the best seats in the stadium. We were dead-center, facing the rink with the perfect view of both sides. The place was packed and practically humming with excitement and long-awaited anticipation.

I think out of everyone there, I was the only one who was filled with an underlying sensation of dread and worry. These matches came with insurmountable severity. For Liam, it was more than simply winning the championship for his team.

These upcoming matches were the only chance he had to prove himself to his family that he was a viable Alpha. According to what Aaron told us, it was his title and birthright he was fighting for.

Monica was shocked that she didn't have to convince me to attend any of the matches, knowing that they weren't really my thing. "This isn't about me," I told her before. "This is about us going and supporting Liam and the rest of the team."

And to think, I almost didn't want to be here...

I scolded myself when the reality of his situation fully set in. How could I have ever thought to not be here for him?

After meeting up with Liam at the cafe, I went back to the house where I called up Monica and filled her in on all the details. While I was meeting with Liam, she had gone ahead and done her own bout of research on Olivia.

It was then that I had come to the startling conclusion that Liam must have been telling the truth, regarding having not been with Olivia. According to Monica, not even she could locate any pictures proving Olivia's claim to be true. In fact, the only photos she did come across that could have held any particular significance were of Olivia and Arthur.

There had been multiple pictures where the two had stood particularly close to one another in a manner in which one could assume they were dating.

So, that entire thing was a set-up.

Once the shock wore off, I was left with a gruesome feeling of guilt and embarrassment for not giving Liam an actual chance.

"Good God, Ella, I can feel your anxiety from here. Don't worry," Monica muttered beside me. "You'll get a chance to talk things out with Liam after the match."

"I know," I sighed. "You're right."

And with that, the loud buzzer sounded off. Both Liam's team and Arthur's started to make their way onto the ice. One thing I noticed almost immediately was the size of Arthur's teammates. They all looked slightly bigger in comparison with most of Liam's team.

"Jesus Christ," I whispered under my breath.

The match began and everyone's focus fell on the game. As usual, it was difficult for me to keep my eyes on the puck as it continuously zipped around the rink.

The best I could do was keep my eye on the scoreboard to at least know who was ahead. It seemed that whenever Liam's team would score a goal, Arthur's team was quick to score a goal of their own just seconds later. Arthur's teammates were purposely tactful. They often resorted to violence when it came to stealing the puck away from Liam's team.

I cringed every time some poor player was pinned to one of the glass panels. It was intense, to say the least.

"My God," Monica commented. "It's only the first match."

I gently shook my head. Something told me that Arthur must have known how high the stakes were in these games. By the way he was directing his players, he wasn't taking any chances either.

By the time we reached the second intermission, things were becoming rather antsy. Like before, the cheerleaders came out and took their positions in front of the stands. I hadn't made the connection before but I remembered that Ava was no longer part of the squad.

Part of me felt a sense of relief not having to see her. However, when the rotation was made, Olivia's squad made it to our side of the rink.

It was obvious that many of the people present must have seen the post of Olivia kissing Liam because soon the stands were flooding with whispers and muddled chatter.

"It looks like Liam finally moved on from that human." *4w@w.(n)0V-lwor@c6M*

"It's about time, what, did she think he was going to settle for someone like her?"

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"Yeah, especially when he could be with someone like Olivia."

Monica snapped her head in their direction and snarled at the girls. "They're not separated you idiots," she hissed.

1, on the other hand, was too busy focusing on Liam, wondering if he was doing alright. Arthur's team was ahead by one goal.

Both teams had already retreated to their separate sides of the rink. But from what I could see, Liam. This, of course, only stirred the crowd even more.

What the hell could he possibly want to say to him now?

He wore a smug smile on his face and tilted his head. "I admire your ability to want to keep this up," he

"I'm not giving up so easily, sorry," Liam said.

looked like he was making his way toward *wwW.mov@Pwó℔M.c0@*

come over. My heart dropped into

Arthur chuckled. He glanced into the crowd and swiftly spotted me. He crooked his finger and summoned my stomach. *www.nóveL.W0rm.c(0)m*

me

to

"What the hell does he want?" I cursed under my breath and carefully made my way down toward the glass barrier.

I ignored everyone's blatant stares and shocked expressions.

"What is it?"

"I'm determined to make this grand event as interesting and impactful as possible. Which is why I'm going to make the proposition here to your guard dog here," he explained. "Whoever wins the majority of these matches, if not all of them, wins endless bragging rights for a year...as well as you."

My jaw dropped. "Excuse me?!"

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Liam fumed. *www.novèLw0rm.c6M*

"You heard me. Winner takes home the championship as well as the girl."

A searing anger coursed through me. "I am not some goddamn prize. Arthur!" I shouted.

Liam glanced at me with a look of feral determination and a hidden promise. As soon as the break ended, they all made their way back out and I weakly made it back to my seat. Monica was gaping at me with wide, disbelieving eyes.

The puck began to fly across the ice. Players were zig-zagging left and right in order to redirect where it was going. Somehow, Peter managed to steal the puck away from one of Arthur's players.

He'd strategically passed it to Noah who made the shot that scored the team another goal.

"Oh my God," I breathed.

"At least they're tied now," Monica said.

The clock was ticking, time was running out. From where I was sitting, I could feel Liam's rage from Arthur's earlier comments. I wish there was a way I could ease some of his anger. Then again, perhaps that's what he needed in order to best Arthur...

Everyone was watching with the utmost diligence as Liam's team maneuvered the puck out of the other team's possession. Arthur was shouting and throwing curses at his other players to get it together. But it didn't matter. Liam had possession of the puck and stormed down the rink. With one swift snap of his stick, the puck flew toward the inner corner of the goal net and the game was over.

Monica and I, along with everyone else in the stands, practically jumped out of our seats and cheered with booming exhilaration.

I was relieved that Liam's team had won...But now I was set to face the music with Liam.

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SEND GIFT

COMMENT

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