

Dating 128

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Chapter 128

I was glad that Liam and I were able to properly clear the air between us but I wish we had more time to ourselves. Before we knew it, the second match was upon us and all focus had to be placed on the game.

I had every bit of faith that Liam and his team would pull off another win. For the sake of our futures, I knew he would not let either of us down. Granted one win against Arthur was good, but it wasn't enough to sustain Aaron's request. Majority if not all the matches had to be won, that was the deal.

Monica and I were back at the stadium. This time, we chose to sit closer to the player's private bench. Ever since I was able to open up to Liam, I'd been feeling the explicable urge to stay close to him as much as I could.

Like before, the place was buzzing with eager anticipation. However, something felt off. The air was filled with a tension that could only be described as lethal. *www.NoV.LwOrM.Com*

There was no doubt in my mind that Arthur was angry from having lost the first match, but surely he wasn't going to take drastic measures to ensure his win this time around...Right?

I tried to keep Arthur out of my mind but it was near to impossible. The things he'd said during the last game kept bouncing around in my head to no end.

'Winner takes the championship and Ella.'

What a ridiculous thing to say, as if I would willingly leave with Arthur if Liam somehow lost the next two matches.

Never.

The thought alone made my skin crawl. Hell, I was still trying to mentally recover over the stunt he tried to pull with Olivia.

I can't let him get to me. As of right now, all that matters is Liam and the matches. *www.NoV.LwOrM.Com*

I'd come to the conclusion early on that Arthur was purely his own species of person. Just when I thought I knew what kind of person he was, I was struck with another curve ball. I could never figure out if he was truly being genuine or if everything was a part of some long-term scheme.

It truly begged the question; did I want to meet up with Arthur and hear what he had to say?

I wasn't sure. *www.NoV.LwOrM.Com*

The buzzer finally sounded off and that game had begun. That same nervous feeling bunched in my stomach like it had during the previous match.

Both teams made it out onto the ice and took their positions. The moment the puck began to move, everyone became hyper- focused on the game. What I noticed nearly immediately was that anytime Liam's team took possession of the puck, Arthur's players were set to get by whatever means necessary.

And a majority, if not all, of the time that meant using some form of violence. Players were being pushed, shoved, knocked over, punched, and basically hurled down the ice. Hell, I was fairly certain that the players were moving more than the actual puck was.

"Jesus Christ," Monica hissed. "What the hell is going on?"

From what I could assume, Arthur was beyond pissed for having lost the first match. He must have done or said something to his teammates because they all wore the same bitter look on their faces.

"My guess....Arthur," stated sternly.

Monica's features pinched together in pain, having to watch the brutality of this whole fiasco.

"It's like they're out for blood this time."

As time ticked by, there were more altercations on the rink than there were players making goals. The scoreboard was a sad thing to look at. Any hope that I had for this match was slowly deteriorating in the back of my mind.

Things were not looking good. When the players were actually playing the game, only Arthur's teammates were the ones making goals. Liam's players were the ones getting pulled off the ice due to possible injuries.

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Chapter 128

"This is hribile mattered.

when the final buzzer went off. To no one's surprise, Liam's team ended up losing. I turned my head to glance at Monica who looked, just as upset as I felt.

My stomach

"You know what? I'm glad it's over because that was seriously terrible," I commented.

What the hell kind of a game was that?

Monica and I made our way around to the private bench where we both assessed the damage of some of the team members. Poor Peter, the guy was supporting a mean-looking black eye and busted lip. Noah was holding his arm to his chest as though something was either sprained or broken.

Liam, out of all of them, was the least injured. But I knew, deep down, that it was his pride that took the worst blow of it all. He was still heaving, trying to catch his breath.

I reached out to carefully rest my hands on his shoulders. "Hey, it's okay," I said softly.

"Well, well." Arthur's taunting voice echoed across the rink. "Not so high and mighty now are you, brother?"

Liam let out an exhausted snarl. "Asshole."

Some of Arthur's teammates were cackling like a bunch of hyenas. It set my blood boiling. Hadn't they had enough?

I turned to glance over my shoulder to find the small group just a few feet away. Their taunting smiles and short retorts nearly made me snap had it not been for Liam grabbing ahold of my arm. *www.NoV.LwOrM.Com*

"Go away, Arthur. Your reckless game plays caused enough damage," I said bitterly. "That was the worst excuse of a game I have ever seen."

The Alpha scoffed. "You're just upset because Liam's team lost. Perhaps he's not all he's cracked out to be."

A horrible shiver raced through me. Liam's entire body was stiff as his eyes became transfixed on my face. "Ella, your eyes..." he whispered.

I had no idea what he was talking about. All I could think about was turning my anger on Arthur. I squared my shoulders back and turned to face him head-on.

"I could say the same thing about you," I stated. "You didn't play the game, Arthur. All you did was tell your players to fight and beat up the other team."

All the amusement dropped from Arthur's face. His eyes grew wide, his lips parted but it seemed like he was at a loss for words.

"Oh, ignore her, Arthur."

"Yeah, she's just pissed off because we're the winners this time."

"What's a silly, little human like her gonna do anyway?"

Reality must have sunk back into Arthur because seconds later he snarled in vicious anger at his own teammates. "Will you all shut the hell up!! Look, Ella. I know you must be a little pissed off but-"

"Oh, I'm not pissed off. I'm just really disappointed in you."

Wherever thought or useless words Arthur was planning on saying next, had become lost. Now he looked as devastated as the rest of Liam's team.

Good.

Liam wrapped his arm around the back of my shoulders and headed toward the locker rooms.

"Wow," Liam said quietly.

"What?"

"I didn't think you had that in you," he remarked. "I almost feel bad for the bastard."

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