

## Dating 129

### Chapter 129

Tonight had not been a night for celebrating. Quite the contrary, in fact.

Because of Arthur's devious plotting to win the second match, Liam and I were more concerned with the physical state of the team. Many of the players were brought to the nearest hospital to check for any severe injuries while the rest were placed under medical probation until further notice.

I could sense the worry and underlying anger in Liam's voice as he spoke with the coaches.

"There's no way we're pulling out of this season," he argued.

One of the coaches gave Liam a stern look of uncertainty. No promises could be made at the moment. "Liam, we're just going to have to wait and see how everyone is recovering."

"The good news is that the last match isn't until another two weeks," the other coach mentioned.

I knew that wasn't what Liam wanted to hear but it was as good as he was going to get, apparently. I had planned on staying with Liam for the remainder of the evening but he seemed to have other plans in mind.

"I'm taking you home," he said, solemnly. "Then I'm going to stop by the hospital to check on those that were admitted."

I wanted to stay with him. Right as I was getting ready to argue against his plans, I stopped myself. The thing Liam needed to deal with was my aggravated banter.

He's been through enough for one day.

So, I remained quiet and allowed him to take me home. Right as his car pulled up in front of my house, I leaned over pressed a quick kiss to his cheek. "Please let me know how everyone is doing," I told him.

and

He gave me a soft nod and headed off. I made it inside and was instantly smacked with a string of questions from my mom, all pertaining to the match. How did it go? Who won? What was the final score? Are the teams ready for the final match?

"Mom...Liam's team lost."

Instantly, her excitement vanished and was replaced with a look of sympathy. "Oh, I'm sorry to hear that, honey."

I sullenly shook my head and kicked off my shoes. "It was hardly even a game worth watching," I explained. "Liam's team hardly made any goals, they were too busy trying to keep Arthur's team from beating down on them. Jesus, Mom, it was terrible. Half of Liam's players are in the hospital right now."

Her eyes widened as she covered her mouth from the gasp play in the final game?"

she let out. "Oh

my God, that's awful. Are they going to be able to

All I could do was shrug. "We're not sure. Liam's actually making his doing."

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to the hospital now to see how everyone is

Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz.

I glanced down at my phone with the hope that it was Liam trying pulled together when I saw that it wasn't Liam but Arthur.

to give an update on the other players. However, my brows

Suddenly, I was smacked with the same feeling of anger that I had back at the rink.

"What the hell?" I muttered to myself. Why on earth would Arthur be trying to talk to me?

I should be the last person he would want to talk to after the verbal lashing I'd given him earlier.

Topened the message.

Arthur: Ella, we need to talk.

I let out a humorless laugh. Was he being serious?

Ella: I have absolutely nothing to say to you.

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Arthur: I'm serious. Just let me explain what happened earlier at the match.

Ella: Shouldn't you be out celebrating your win? Why on earth would you want to waste your time trying to talk to me?

Arthur: Because I know that you're still certain things you wish to know about me.

"Oh, please," I huffed to myself.

Ella: Yeah, you know what? I was interested in getting to know you. Once. After that ridiculous display you pulled earlier—I couldn't care less anymore.

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I refused to entertain this moronic conversation any further. It had been a hell of a day and all I wanted was a hot shower and some downtime. All I could hope for was that Liam would get around to texting me soon to give an update.

Days had gone by, and with little to no word from Liam, I was beginning to get really worried. Other than letting me know how the team was fairing, I haven't heard or seen much of him. It caused a terrible ache in my chest that I couldn't shake.

Was this what it felt like for Liam when I

I just couldn't understand why. And to message me.

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refusing

to him? Ww©.nOV©ℓw©RM.čôM.

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annoying, Arthur had kept up the persistent issue of trying to

I'd reached a point where I couldn't take being left in suspense any longer. It was the night before the last match and I was determined to speak to Liam. Once I knew my mom had gone to bed, I opened my window and carefully reached across

knock on Liam's.

A moment passed before I saw the curtains on his window shift open. Liam gave me a look of surprise when he saw me practically hanging outside of my own window to reach his.

to

He quickly opened the window and wrapped his hands around my waist. "Jesus, Ella, what the hell are you thinking? You could have fallen."

"You've been avoiding me and I demand to know why," I stated. "I thought things between us were okay."

Liam ran a rough hand over his face and sighed. "We are."

"Then why-"

"Ever since the last match, I've been worried sick about how Arthur and his shitty teammates bested us. It's put me in a very dark frame of mind and I couldn't risk being around you. Christ, you shouldn't even be here now."

I took a daring step forward. "I'm not going anywhere. Damnit, Liam. We told each other that we were going to face this entire situation together and that's exactly what's going to happen." I let out a long breath. "What Arthur and his teammates did—that wasn't hockey. They were brutally beating the other players to prevent them from scoring. We both know that Arthur is not a gracious loser."

The corner of his mouth curved. "You're right." Ww©.Nov©ℓw©RM.©©m.

I reached for his arms and pulled him closer. "So, please. Please don't push me away."

Liam encircled me with his arms and held me close and I melted against him.

"I'm sorry," he muttered.

Gently shaking my head, I leaned back to glance at him. "You have nothing to be sorry for." I raised myself up on the tips of my toes and kissed him. Liam snaked a hand into my hair and drove the kiss even deeper.

A needy moan, unconsciously slipped from my throat while a spark of excitement raced down my front and settled between my thighs.

"I want you," he growled low in his chest.

I felt his hands play around the hem of my shirt. Taking a small step back, I locked our eyes and tugged the material over my

head.

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Then have me," I whispered against his lips. "I'm all yours."