

Dating 130

Chapter 130

The way Liam was staring down at me made me feel like I'd just become some kind of prey. And I loved every second of it. Normally I was met with the soft, kind gaze that always made me feel safe.

This was not one of those times.

Something predatory flickered across his eyes, sending waves of goosebumps down my arms.

“Get on the bed,” he said roughly.

I followed his order without a second thought. As I slid to the top of the bed, Liam did away with his clothes and then lowered himself beside me. He cupped my cheek and brought me in for another heart–pulling kiss.

His hands scored down my sides and pushed at my leggings until they joined the growing pile of clothes on the floor. Liam began trailing small kisses down the length of my neck and down my chest. He brought his hand up to cup my breast while slipping his other hand further down.

My entire body shuddered when the pad of his thumb brushed over my clit. Liam gave me a devious smile and pulled himself back on his haunches. He hooked his fingers on the waistband of my underwear and pulled them down my legs.

My cheeks flushed as his voice rolled over me.

“I love how wet you are for me,” he hummed with “val

Liam snaked between my legs. He teasingly ran the tip of his length through my wet folds before pushing himself inside. A guttural groan escaped the back of his throat whereas all the a air had been snatched from my lungs.

“Oh my God,” I gasped.

“Fuck, you’re so perfect.”

I wanted him to move—to give me any sort of friction that would ease the ache he’s caused. Right as I tried to push my hips upward, Liam grabbed my waist and flipped us over to where I was now perched above him.

My heart slammed inside my chest. I'd never been in this sort of position before, it left me feeling a little lost. Liam must have sensed my panic and raised himself up to place a gentle kiss on my lips. He gave me a reassuring look.

“It’s alright,” he said. “Start off slow, like this.”

With his hands curved around my hips, he gradually guided me back and forth. The moment he’d touched the hidden spot inside of me, my entire body spasmed and a slow burn started to spark beneath my stomach.

Unknowingly, I started to quicken my pace, gaining a confidence I didn’t know I had. Liam, in turn, lifted his hips to meet each one of my swift movements.

“Shit,” he hissed. “You’re doing so well. Keep going, that’s it. Ella…”

My mind was in a total daze. All I could focus on was the ragged sound of Liam’s voice and the sinful push of his hips that drove me closer toward the edge.

“Liam… *www.noVElworm.co*”

I was close and he knew it. Liam doubled his efforts and snarled with a fierce determination that had me gripping the bed sheets and gasping for air. He gave me a long, lingering kiss and spoke against my lips.

“No matter what happens tomorrow, I’m going to stay by your side.” I don’t know what possessed me to say this at that very moment, but I couldn’t hold those words back.

“My perfect mate. Come for me.”

The world around me blurred and within seconds I found myself falling over the edge. Wave after wave of euphoric pleasure rushed through me until my eyes were too heavy to keep open.

Chapter 130

[Liam's POV]

I wasn't sure what changed my previous outlook on today's match. Before Ella had all but snuck into my bedroom the night before, I'd been locked in a negative mental block that I couldn't break.

I wasn't going to lie, after the previous game, my confidence had taken a massive hit. Part of me wasn't even sure if my team was going to be able to continue playing considering how badly some of the players were injured.

I'd been informed by one of the coaches a few days prior that a majority of the team was in decent enough shape and the match would go on. I should have been happy but for a good while, I was only left with uncertainty.

What if Arthur tried to pull those same dirty plays again? My chance to secure my future, as well as Ella's, was as good as gone.

However, that morning she and I had gotten ourselves ready to head back to the stadium and I could feel that something was vastly different. Not only did I have an overpowering energy that refused to dissolve, but I physically felt stronger. All of my senses were heightened to the point of fearless clarity.

It doesn't matter what kind of shit Arthur is going to try and pull, I'm going to win this match.

Ella gave me a quick kiss before I headed off toward the locker rooms to get changed. Most of the team was already there, getting geared up.

Peter came over to my side and patted me on the back. "How you feelin' today, man?"

I turned my head and gave them all a prideful smirk. "You're going to win this match today. Come hell or high water, Arthur's team is not going to lose. Whatever kind of shit they try to pull, you are to give it right back to them, understand?"

The whole room broke out in excited and supportive shouts. When it came time to hit the ice, I was eager to face Arthur head- on. Some dark, hidden voice in the back of my mind was almost eager for a confrontation.

I want to get back at him for the way he beat up my team the last time. *www.m@V#lworm.c@*

As expected, the place was packed—more so than it had ever been before. This was the final match, after all, so it made complete sense.

I noticed Arthur's team starting to emerge from the opposite side of the rink. Some of the players looked as angry and pissed off as they did in the last game. Good.

I met Arthur at the center of the rink. The bastard had the audacity to smile at me and laugh.

“Ready to lose again?” he asked, tauntingly.

Arthur's smirk suddenly slipped from his face. He moved another inch closer and took in a deep inhale. He snarled under his breath and turned to glance toward the stands where Ella was sitting.

I mirrored his previous grin. My tone became laced with venom. “You can smell her on me, can't you?”

His expression was pinched with anger.

The buzzer sounded off and the two of us were instantly enraptured in the game. I roughly shoved past Arthur and dodged each one of his annoying teammates. Noah set the puck up for a clear shot and passed it to me. I took one swift snap from my stick and sent the puck flying into the goal net. *Www.@vE/wôrm.c0m*

I overlooked the chaotic roar of the crowd and kept my focus locked on the game. My eyes landed on Arthur and I could have sworn that I actually saw the guy slightly cower under my seething glare.

Of course, it was too early to see where this game was going to lead. But I let it be known within the first few seconds that I wasn't going to take this lying down. *www.(n)δ(v)eLWorm.C0m*

Bring it on, bastard.