

## Dating 131

### Chapter 131

[Ella's POV]

I kept my eyes locked on the game ever since the buzzer went off. Much like everyone else who was sitting in the stands around me, my focus was unwavering and intense. When I watched Liam score the first goal of the match, I felt a brief flicker of relief course through me.

It was a great way to start off the match. But I knew better than to jump to any conclusion that early on. *w(w)w.©eV£lw0℞m.£0m*

At the very least, I was glad that Liam and I were able to clear the air once between each other before today. I'd admit to being a bit shy, waking up in Liam's bed with nothing but a blanket wrapped around us. However, I felt completely revitalized as well as...something else.

It was an odd feeling. One that I couldn't quite place. It seemed like a cross between agitation and a weird ache in the pit of my chest. It felt like a burning spark that kept sending vigorous spurts of energy throughout my body.

I figured it was just because of the excitement and the intensity of the game so I didn't pay much mind to it. There were more important things to deal with than just some strange feeling I had.

When Liam and I arrived at the stadium, we met up with Peter and Monica they were just as eager as we were. While Peter and Liam headed off toward the locker rooms, Monica grabbed my arm and pulled us over to our usual spots behind the player's bench.

Before the game had officially started, she kept glancing in my direction as though I knew something she didn't. The first intermission had just ended when she finally leaned over to me and spoke low.

"You smell different," she said.

My cheeks were slightly flushed. "Oh, uh...I spent the night at Liam's."

Monica narrowed her eyes and closely examined me as though I was gate-keeping the whole truth. "Hmm, yeah. Alright, I'll settle with that for now."

My brows drew together as I gave Monica a look of total bewilderment but swiftly shook my head and returned my attention back to the game. From what I could tell, both teams were playing appropriately which allowed me to feel another wave of relief. *W@w.(n)eV£Lw©r(m).©0m*

Of course, there was the occasional scuffle over who had true possession of the puck, but it never broke out into anything

serious.

One thing that did noticeably stick out to me was how fiercely Liam was dominating on the ice. A majority of the goals that had been made were predominantly by him. No matter how hard Arthur's players would try and steal the puck away, none of them were any match against Liam.

Each striking goal caused the crowd to go absolutely nuts.

"Is it me, or...Does Liam look a little different?" Monica asked.

It was hard to get a real look at Liam as he moved around so quickly. I hadn't really noticed anything different about it earlier, but now that she mentioned it...Liam did appear somewhat different.

He looked bigger. His muscles were more noticeable and slightly protruding each time he flexed. "He does seem a bit faster than normal," I commented.

"Well, he's certainly able to hold his own this time, I mean seriously, Arthur's team can barely keep up with him."

I found myself smiling with pride while my mind began to wander around what could have caused this sudden enhancement in him.

Suddenly, out of the mere corner of my peripheral vision, I managed to pick up on a conversation that I knew I shouldn't have been listening in on. I slightly turned my head to see a small group of girls chatting about the players. Mainly, Liam and

Arthur.

"Wow, Liam is going absolutely manic. There's no way that Arthur's team is going to win this one."

D

10:58 AM

### Chapter 131

Again, I felt that same sense of pride. But beyond that point, the conversation went downhill.

"After the last game, Arthur's team doesn't even deserve to be on the ice."

"He was such an asshole."

"Yeah, but if you think about it, look at the way Liam is playing now...He's acting in the last match."

not

acting much different from the

way

Arthur was

I couldn't tell exactly which statement was the one that set me off. I was, undoubtedly, upset that these people had the nerve to comment about Liam; however, I felt that same twinge of irritation when they were picking apart Arthur as well.

He, of all people, didn't deserve my sympathy after the issues he caused for Liam and me. Yet, I couldn't shake the feeling that was heatedly growing inside of my chest. Regardless of his actions, no one deserved to be talked about behind their backs. *www.noveℓW0r(m).c0M*

The small group of girls just kept exchanging rude remarks amongst themselves for at least another five minutes.

"If Arthur fumbles this next shot, I swear his team is going to overthrow him."

"Oh, please. The only reason Liam and his team are even half decent today is because they've obviously taken something to enhance their skills."

"You think that's the reason why Liam's able to move so fast?"

"Oh, no doubt about it."

My growing anger gradually developed into a seething rage that I couldn't seem to handle. I painfully gripped the sides of my seat and struggled to keep my composure.

Oh God! Can't those bitches just shut up?!

Before I even knew what was happening, an inhuman sound tore from the back of my throat. I was left gasping and beyond terrified.

Monica snapped her head in my direction and gaped at me in awe. "Ella? Was...Was that you?"

I clutched at my chest, finding myself short of breath. My heart was pounding vigorously within my rib cage. Good God, it felt like something was moving within my abdomen.

"I don't feel right. I think something's wrong," I gasped.

I got up from my seat and made it for the exit. I hated to leave. The game was so close to the second intermission but I had no choice. I could tell something was wrong. But I didn't know what.

Monica's eyes filled with concern as she made a move to get up as well. "Well, hang on. I'll come with you."

I shook my head. "No, stay. You'll fill me in on whatever I end up missing which hopefully won't be a lot."

Without looking back, I pushed through the large doors and scrambled down the long passage. I tried to keep myself from bouncing off the walls and tall pillars. This unknown feeling inside of me felt like it was spreading in all different directions.

My vision grew blurry as the corners of my eyes flooded with tears. Goddamnit. This was not how I wanted to remember Liam's last match. *(w)w.w.noveℓw0rM.©©m*

I'm supposed to be sitting in the stands supporting him and cheering every time he scores a goal... Not standing out here.

I lowered my head toward my chest and I closed my eyes. I forced myself to take several deep breaths, hoping that the pain would go away. Somehow, it felt like it was only getting worse.

When I peeked my eyes open, something captured my attention several feet away. A dark figure loomed at the end of the passageway facing me. I blinked a few times in an attempt to clear my vision and saw the figure had miraculously vanished.

Apart from the burning sensation, there was a long-forgotten glimmer of fear that re-emerged from the back of my mind.