

Dating 132

Chapter 132

[Liam's POV]

The game was intense. There was no doubt about that.

From what I could make out, both my team and Arthur's team were doing everything in our power to ensure that one of us came out on top. Much to my own surprise, the violence was kept to a bare minimum.

That unexpected jolt of energy and strength that I had arrived with had yet to dissolve. And by the second intermission, the scoreboard was nearly tied up.

I made sure the puck was nowhere in my vicinity when I took a few seconds to scan through the crowd to find Ella. I managed to spot Monica but my heart dropped slightly when I realized that Ella was not with her.

Where is she?

The moment the buzzer went off for the second intermission, I immediately made my way toward the side gate.

"Monica!" I called out.

She carefully weaved her way through the crowd of people to reach me..

"Where's Ella?" I asked her.

Monica threw her hands up in the air and gently shook her head. "I'm not sure. I think she just stepped outside for some fresh air not too long ago. I offered to go with her but she refused."

My worry was growing by the second as well as the list of questions my mind was developing. *www.novelwOrM.cOm*

What could have happened to her? Was she not feeling well? She looked alright this morning. What was going on that provoked her to leave? Has something happened?!

I heard one of my teammates call out for me, but I had more important things to deal with—like locating Ella and finding out what the problem was.

Without giving it another thought, I marched out of the stadium and pushed through the double doors. I fought back my anxiety and was relieved to have at least spotted Ella a little ways down the hall.

My heart slumped into my stomach the closer I got. Ella has herself leaning back against one of the large pillars with her hand pressed against the center of her chest. Her face was ghostly white and streaked with fallen tears.

She was struggling to catch her breath and was shaking like a frightened animal. I approached her slowly and as calmly as I could.

"Ella?"

She sounded winded and there was a slight sheen of sweat on her skin.

"Liam..."

I reached out to her. "Tell me what's wrong? What happened?"

I leaned further into my touch as though I was the only physical thing supporting her. "I don't know. Everything was fine and then suddenly I got this weird burning sensation running all through me," she explained weakly.

My brows pulled together in deep contemplation. What could have possibly caused a feeling like that to occur within her?

1 tried to keep a sturdy hold on her while 1 brushed the hair back from her face. "It's going to be alright."

"Ella?!" A low voice called out from down the hallways near the stadium doors. I turned my head to see Arthur with a wild look of worry and distress washed over his face. He came barreling toward us.

"What the hell are you doing out here?" I snarled.

Arthur rolled his eyes. "Spare me the macho act," he commented. "I noticed how off Ella looked before she even left the

1/3

10:58 AM

Chapter 132 *www.move1W0r@.C@m*

stadium."

He turned his full attention to her and examined her condition closer. His voice softened to a level I never thought I'd hear.

"What's going on?" he asked her.

I felt the inexplicable anger simmering beneath my surface. "Since when do you care about anyone other than yourself?"

Arthur snarled in disdain at my accusation. "Don't presume to know anything about me!"

"Then don't think that you have any right even being in her presence after the shit you tried to pull with Olivia!"

I was seconds away from grabbing him by his collar and throwing him across the floor. I was by no means hesitant to get into Arthur's face and reciprocate his anger. That bastard had no right to show any ounce of concern, be it fake or otherwise, to Ella when he's caused nothing but turmoil.

It pained me to think how close I came to losing her.

I clenched my fist tightly at my side. The urge to send my arm flying was becoming far too strenuous to hold back. If anyone were to walk out of the stadium and witness the scene between Arthur and me, they'd think we were seconds away from an all- out fight.

"Stop!" Ella cried out.

She placed a hand on each of our biceps, instantly drawing our attention. Instinctually, both Arthur and I grabbed her hands and watched the strange reaction of her physical state change once more.

Ella was actually getting...Better.

The color returned to her face and she stopped sweating. Her breathing was no longer labored and was trying to finally even

out.

"You look better already," I said. "What happened?"

"I don't know that feeling—it suddenly went away," she explained.

Arthur's expression still showed mild concern. "What were you feeling before?"

Ella leaned her head back. "Burning. Slicing. Like something was trying to tear through me."

Arthur appeared like he'd fallen into some sort of deep thought. I didn't like the fact that he was still holding onto her hand.

"Liam! Come on, man. Where the hell are you?" Peter called out.

"Shit," I hissed under my breath. I turned to face Ella and gave her a reassuring smile. "When you're ready, try and come back inside."

Arthur glanced down at his and Ella's hands and looked as though he regretted having to let her go. He squared his shoulders back and gave her a leveled look.

"This isn't over," he told her.

I regretted having to leave Ella behind like that but I had no choice. If it had been under any other circumstances, I would have said 'fuck it' and left the stadium with her. But everyone knew that this match needed to end.

I made it back onto the ice and ignored the questionable looks and glares I received from my players. Yes, I was undoubtedly bothered by the fact that Arthur went out of his way to check in on Ella.

Why? Why would he care about her? *@ww.(n)ovE@.(n)ovrm.coM*

The buzzer sounded off and I threw myself back into the game. My eyes never left the puck as it slid across the ice. What we needed was just one more goal to beat Arthur's

team. *wwW.Nóvelw@r(n).C@m*

The clock was running out. With what little time was left, I knew there was only one shot that could win us this game.

I shared a knowing look with my teammates who purposely knew to get into their practiced formation. Peter set up the shot and passed it to Noah who then went on to pass it to me I was inere

feet away from the goal net. Time felt like it stopped just

2/8

Chapter 132

for me to make this one shot.

With all my strength, I brought my stick back and sent the puck straight into the net.

The entire place broke out into wild cheers and chants.

Holy shit. I did it.

I took a moment to see if Ella had made it back inside. Thankfully, I spotted her sitting next to Monica with a large smile on her face. The two were utterly elated and joined in the cheering.

For the first time in what feels like forever, I was breathing easy.

SEND GIFT