

Dating 133

Chapter 133

[Arthur's POV]

Nothing fucks your shit up more than hearing from your own mate that she is disappointed in you. It hurt more than falling into a losing streak or taking a nasty punch to the gut. Ever since the second hockey match, I'd been wracking my mind and my feelings over what had taken place.

After Liam's team managed to win the first game, I made a mental promise to myself that I wouldn't let it happen again. In my opinion, I thought his players were average at best. They all seemed like the kind of guys who barely listened to directions and were too focused on everything other than the actual game.

Hell, I was even shocked when they somehow managed to win the first match.

The bastard got lucky. Nothing more.

I was still fully committed to making Ella see that I was the superior Alpha between the two of us. Considering that my plan with Olivia fell through, all I was left with was an upset Olivia and a need to let off a bit of steam.

Alright, yes. I was willing to admit that my players may have gone a little overboard with preventing Liam's team from possibly scoring a goal. My victory over Liam was a rather bitter-sweet ordeal.

I had every intention to ask Ella out with my teammates and me to celebrate; however, her reaction to my win was not exactly what I was expecting. $\omega \mathbf{w}(\omega) \cdot \mathcal{N} \circ \mathbf{V} \mathbf{e} \odot \mathbf{W}(\circ) \mathbf{r} \cdot \mathcal{M} \cdot \mathbb{C} \mathbf{O} \mathbf{m}$

I didn't actually expect her to jump into my arms with a smile on her face, but I certainly didn't anticipate getting scolded like a child... Although, part of me knows that I deserved it.

The way her features were pinched with anger and dismay had my stomach twisting in knots. A vision that I still hadn't managed to forget.

I suppose it was rather delusional of myself, to think that she would want any part of me after what went on at the hotel and then the second match. This wasn't how things were supposed to happen. $w \mathbf{w} \cdot n \mathbf{O} \mathbf{v} \cdot \mathbb{W} \odot \mathbf{r} \cdot \mathbb{m} \cdot c \cdot o \cdot m$

Ella and I were supposed to gradually get to know each other once we established some sort of peaceful, common ground. She was well aware of my previous prejudice against humans. But all of that had practically dissolved in my mind the moment I discovered that she was my mate.

I tried numerous times to clear things up with Ella but she refused to respond to any of my texts.

She wants no part of me...

And that's what stung all the more.

Just as bad, I had a difficult time hiding my displeasure about the whole ordeal and my 'friends' were observant enough to notice. $\mathbf{W} \mathbf{w} \mathbf{w} \cdot n \mathbf{o} \mathbf{v} \cdot \mathbb{E} \ell (\omega) (\circ) (\mathbf{r}) \cdot \mathbf{m} \cdot (\circ) \cdot \mathbf{m}$

"Oh, just forget about it, Arthur."

"Yeah, really. You shouldn't give that human a second thought."

"Why bother with her when there are countless other real girls to play with?"

It had taken every ounce of my restraint to not tear them to pieces.

Who the fuck were they to pass judgment? Then again, I was quick to recall that just a few months ago, I was no different than they were.

It felt like having a bucket of ice water being dumped over my head. I had absolutely zero interest in wanting to celebrate my so-called win against Liam's team. Instead, I went home and threw myself into an ongoing stream of research.

I tried reading into everything I could on mating bonds—basic and, or, unique...

How was it possible for someone to have more than one mate? According to what I found, that sort of thing was not a

common occurrence.

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While my teammates couldn't fathom why I cared so much about what a random human

thought, I knew Ella was anything but random. She wasn't average and I had reasonable doubt to believe that she was a far cry from being just human.

I had every intention of sharing my research with Ella but I knew I was going to have a hell of a time trying to pry Liam away from her.

In all honesty, I didn't really care for these hockey matches—at least not anymore. Yes, I enjoyed the sport immensely, and I was told by a set of people that it was imperative for me to win these matches against Liam. But my interests were swiftly shifting.

My new obsession and priority was solely Ella.

That stone-cold look in her eyes was proof that she wanted nothing to do with me. Knowing that she wouldn't talk to me, was enough to drag my sanity to the very edge. It left me riddled with seething anger and frustration.

I actually contemplated throwing the last match.

If it means her giving me a real chance, I'll do it.

However, Ella was too smart for her own good at times. There was no doubt that she would somehow see through my actions and find another reason not to trust me. So, the best I could was give this last match an honest attempt.

This morning, I noticed that Liam physically looked stronger than before. It was like he received a special steroid to the heart that purposely enhanced his skills. But that wasn't it. I knew better. I knew that Liam and Ella had spent the night together. I could smell her perfect, luscious scent all over him.

It was common knowledge that after a male wolf would be intimate with their mate, their senses would become slightly more enhanced. However, I found that in Liam's case, the results were rather extreme.

Worst of all, it had obliterated all possible doubt in my mind that Liam wasn't Ella's mate. He was. But so was I.

This unexpected revelation only added to the catastrophe of emotions that I'd been struggling with. I had been stealing glances at Ella all throughout the match. And I knew for a fact that I was the first one to notice something wrong when she had gotten out of her seat.

I nearly rushed off the ice the second she left the stadium. When I finally made it out to see what was wrong, I came close to tearing Liam to shreds. I noticed the not-so-subtle way that Ella kept glancing to the side as though she were looking for something.

Or perhaps someone was watching her...

Much to many people's surprise, I wasn't furious that my team lost. In fact, I was a bit relieved to know that my days weren't going to be packed with practicing.

I skated over to Liam where I saw him and Ella embracing one another.

"Well done," I commended.

"Thanks, Liam said stiffly. "I couldn't have done it without Ella."

I knew damn well that Liam was trying to take a dig at me. "No, I don't believe that you could have," I pointed out.

Ella clears her throat. "You played well, Arthur."

Hearing her say that took away a fair amount of the irritation I'd been feeling. A smile curved my lips.

Thank you, sweetheart. Remember what I said, you and I still need to talk."

Right as I turned to leave, I stopped to speak over my shoulder.

"Oh, Ella. I've read through your story and I think I've found an ideal ending for it."

"Really? What is it?"

"Would you consider adding in a second love interest for your main heroine?"

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Ella was left speechless while Liam looked both confused and thoroughly pissed off. I didn't even bother trying to suppress the excitement that flickered through me. $\iota \mathbf{w} \mathbf{w} \mathbf{w} \cdot n \odot \mathcal{V} \mathbb{E} \ell (\omega) \acute{o} \mathbf{r} \mathbf{m} \cdot (\circ) \cdot \mathbf{m}$

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