

Dating 143

Chapter 143

[Arthur's POV]

I almost couldn't handle the whirlwind of emotions that were flying through me at that very moment. Throughout the day, I was furious, angry, frustrated, and now I was experiencing something along the lines of worry and total confusion.

Ella's expression melted from a venomous, bitter look to one of fear and discomfort as she peered down at the phone screen her roommate was showing her. From what I could see, it looked like it was some weird account that was flooded with pictures of Ella. But that wasn't all.

Ella clicked on one of the newest posts on this strange account. I felt her go stiff beside me as she stared down at the photo.

Whoever owned this account had uploaded a picture of Ella and me. It was when she and I were speaking yesterday after classes. The look on her face was so different from what I'd just experienced a few seconds ago. It was softer and her eyes were filled with a trusting innocence.

God, I would never forget that look on her face. It would forever be branded in my mind.

However, when she moved on to the second uploaded picture, my anger returned with a vengeance. It was of her and Liam. He had his arms wrapped tightly around her like he was trying to console her over something.

What bothered me the most about this image was the fact that Ella was hugging Liam back.

I hate how she trusts and accepts him so openly. Why? Why can't she give me a chance like how she gave Liam a chance?

I snatched the phone out of her hands and tried to get a better look at this account. My brows pulled together. "What the hell is this?"

Ella grabbed the phone back and handed it over to her friend. "As if you don't already know?" she hissed. Her tone was filled with accusation.

"Ella-"

"I bet you're behind this shit too! What did you get Olivia to go around snapping photos of me in her spare time?"

Once more her eyes were filled with a seething rage. She shoved at my shoulder to get past me and stomped away with her roommate following close behind her.

Oh, great. She has absolutely zero trust in me now.

"And remember everyone, this Friday is Parents' Weekend here at Eastwood," the teacher told us. *www.NoV•LWÖrm.COм*

Most students were normally excited about getting a chance to see their parents while at school. But not me. I had always dreaded parents' weekend because of my mother's insufferable behavior.

A few days had gone by since Ella and I last spoke and she basically accused me of creating that weird account. I tried asking her if either of her parents was planning on showing up but, as expected, she didn't answer me.

"For fuck sake, I had nothing to do with that damn account," I whispered to her.

Ella shot me a fierce glare, yet she still remained silent. It was torturous.

Nothing was working to my advantage and my patience was growing thinner by the day. Another thing I noticed was that ever since this divide occurred between Ella and me, she'd been looking rough. Ella appeared paler and there were circles under her eyes. She didn't look healthy but drained of energy.

There had to be something I could do to help her get better. I took zero pleasure in seeing her suffer like that. Unfortunately, as much as I wanted to remain close to Ella, I needed to meet up with Olivia in order to get to the bottom of that social media page. Who made it and why? *wŴ(•)nov•lwörm.c•м*

Although I enjoyed the privileges that came with the Winslow name, I still considered myself to be a very private person. Unlike a majority of my so-called peers, I kept a lot of my social media accounts on private,

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Right as I met up with Olivia, I pulled up the media page on my phone and showed it to her.

"Does anything about the profile look familiar to you?" I asked.

Olivia examined it closely but shook her head. "I can ask around, though. Maybe one of the girls knows something about this person."

"Do it as soon as possible."

She raised a brow in question. "Why the rush?"

"Ella is convinced that I had something to do with this and I need to prove to her that I didn't."

I wasn't about to get into the details as to how Ella found out about my little scheme to switch around our schedules. God only knew I wouldn't have heard the end of it from Olivia.

She handed me back my phone and took out her own. "Yeah, I caught a glimpse of her earlier today. Is it me or does she look kinda rough?" she asked. *(•)wŴ(•)nov•lwörm.c•м*

I let out a long breath. "You're not wrong. I think she may be coming down with something."

"Well, humans do have weaker immune systems," she pointed out. "Maybe it's just a head cold or something."

I still didn't believe that Ella was human and my initial plan to bring out her wolf had to be put on hold because of this damn media page.

"Just help me find out who's behind this."

"By the way, is your mother planning on attending this weekend?" she questioned.

"Oh, yes. Cecilia would never miss out on a chance to show herself off in a crowded place of other envious parents," I muttered.

The corner of her mouth curved up into a smile. "I'm assuming she knows nothing about your attachment to Ella."

Good God, no. If my mother ever found out about my attachment to Ella, there was no telling what she would do to 'correct' the situation.

[Ella's POV]

I couldn't understand why I wasn't feeling well.

It was strange but ever since Arthur and I had that tense confrontation after class, I'd been feeling fatigued and worn out. I wasn't sleeping well and I could barely focus.

Part of me was almost relieved when my mom told me that she wasn't going to make it to parents' weekend, According to what she was told, work had become super busy and no one was able to cover her hours.

Don't get me wrong, I was a bit bummed out that we wouldn't have a chance to catch up. I missed my mom terribly, but because I wasn't feeling well would have surely made things complicated.

No matter, I knew there would be other times when she could come and visit. Either way, I decided that I was going to utilize my time and catch up on some work over the weekend.

On the bright side, I knew I wouldn't have to deal with Arthur. However, when Liam caught wind of my not feeling well, he almost insisted that I move into his dorm so he could watch over me until I got better. And it turned out that he wasn't the only one who was concerned about my condition.

Bonnie was also worried.

"Ella, why don't you take a break from your work and come out of the dorm for a little while?" she prompted. "Some fresh air may be good for you."

"Hmm, I don't know. I'm really wanting to catch up on some of this work I have for English and Biology," I told her.

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