

## Chapter 30 – Remember, You're On The Same Team

Monica and I waited for the crowd to swarm out of the hockey rink.

“That was so amazing. The way Liam completely beat the shit out of Noah...totally legendary,” Monica said, practically bouncing up and down.

My heart was still beating fast from all of the emotions that I had felt throughout the game. There were so many times that I wanted to run onto the hockey field, and I don’t know...protect Liam. Noah had been so brutal. But in the end, Liam had come out on top.

And then, Liam was walking out of the tunnel. He still had on his jersey, and I realized how much I loved to see him wearing that jersey. His gaze was intense as he scanned the crowd. I wasn’t sure who he was looking for. Maybe his coach?

But then his gaze landed on me and his entire face softened as he made his way towards Monica and I. Even though there were tons of people still in the gym and noise surrounded us, suddenly, it felt like the whole world had gone silent as Liam moved towards me.

When Liam was right in front of me, without a word, he wrapped his massive arms around me and pulled me into a tight hug. I breathed him in. He smelled woody, and a little salty and somehow, like the physical manifestation of adrenaline.

“I’m so glad you came,” Liam whispered, his lips moving against my temple.

Being in his arms felt so warm, so safe. I had never felt more protected with any other guy, not that I had been with many other guys in the first place. Despite the chaos, the bodies, the noise that surrounded us, it felt like it was just me and Liam against the world.

“Liam, oh my God, you guys killed it out there,” Monica said.

I looked up at Liam, “I’m glad I came too. You guys were amazing. You were...spectacular tonight,” I said.

“I’m really glad everyone got to see you in the stands,” Liam said with a smile.

Suddenly my heart started to beat faster. Wait, what did he mean by that. And then I remembered. We were supposed to be making sure that our fake relationship was supposed to look real.

My heart sank. Was that why Liam had come out here? Was that why he was holding me in his arms like this? Confusion swam through my head as my heart continued to flutter. What if this care that I had gotten used to from Liam was all just a part of our fake dating act.

I was the one that kept forgetting, that kept feeling that things between Liam and I felt so real. But maybe I needed to be more careful. I needed to remember.

But, God, it was so hard to when I could feel something so genuine behind all of Liam’s actions.

I glanced over Liam’s shoulders as he continued to hold me and saw Noah glaring at us, his face twisted with anger and jealousy. My body tensed.

Liam felt the change in me and he looked down, “What is it?” he said. When I couldn’t get any words out of me, Liam followed my gaze. He saw that I was looking at Noah, watching us with disgust in his eyes.

Finally, I said, “Nothing.”

Liam shook his head, “Wait right here.”

“Liam wait, don’t go!” I said. I didn’t want Liam to get into a fight with Noah. He wasn’t worth it.

But Liam didn’t listen. Monica grabbed my arm, “We better get over there.”

We raced after Liam as he stormed towards Noah.

“Don’t you ever look at Ella like that again,” Liam said.

Noah’s eyes narrowed, “I can look at whoever the hell I want, however the hell I like.”

Liam shoved Noah, and Noah stumbled backwards, “No you can’t. Nobody can look at my mate the way you were just looking at her right now,” Liam growled.

His voice was low and menacing and his eyes had become dilated. They were darker than I had ever seen them before.

“Liam, it’s okay, just leave it. He’s not even worth it,” I said.

Noah let out a harsh, bitter laugh, “Oh, so now that you’re with Liam, you’ve gotten very bold, haven’t you?”

Anger flared up in me. He really never knew me despite all the time we’d spent together, “I’ve always been bold, asshole, you just always refused to see that.”

Liam stepped in front of me, shielding my body from Noah, “Like I said, Ella is my true mate. You better stay away from her or you will face the consequences. And they’re going to be severe. This is your last warning.”

Something in Liam’s eyes must have conveyed how serious he was. Noah stepped back. He clenched his fists, his jaw tightening as he struggled to contain his rage. “You think you can just —”

“I don’t think,” Liam interrupted, closing the distance between him and Noah, “I know.” His tone was icy. “I know you’re not going to bother Ella again, because if you do, you’re going to have to face these hands. Again.” Liam held up two fists.

A shiver ran down my spine. Liam’s possessiveness seemed so...real. So convincing. Too convincing. When had the lines between our fake relationship become something so...real?

“Sup guys, what’s going on here?” We turned to see Peter standing there, a casual look on his face.

Monica squealed. She ran up to Peter and pulled his face down towards her for a kiss, “Good game, baby.”

Noah and Liam hardly reacted to Peter’s arrival. “We’re just having a man to man talk,” Noah said, his eyes never leaving Liam’s. His hands were still balled into fists at his side.

“Right, just settling some things, man to man,” Liam said. Even though his face was blank, I could feel the tenseness in Liam’s body, like he was getting ready to pounce at any moment.

“Alright, just don’t forget that you guys are teammates. That was just a little intrateam friendly game,” Peter said, trying to defuse the tension.

“Yeah, sure, a little friendly,” Noah said. “Anyway, I’ve got better things to do with my time,” he turned to Peter then and shook his hand, “Good game, Peter.” Noah turned around then and walked away.

Monica looked at me with concern, “You okay, Ella?”

I nodded, my body buzzing. But I didn’t want Ella or Liam to see how much the whole back and forth had affected me, “Yeah, I’m fine.”

Monica turned to Peter then, “Did you guys see? Arthur was at the game tonight,” she said.

Peter nodded, “I know. He’s just trying to intimidate us, see what plays he can steal.”

Liam’s face darkened, “I can’t stand that guy.”

I remembered then, catching Arthur watching me. His face was hard and unsmiling. I couldn’t tell why he was looking at me like he knew me and already hated me. But then again, I was sort of used to that look now. Werewolves were never all that kind to me.

“He was kind of intimidating,” I said.

“I swear, the next time I see that guy, he better not do anything that’s going to piss me off,” Liam said.