

### Dating 33

#### Chapter 33

Chills ran down my spine. I couldn't believe that Liam's birth family had been spying on him and had gone out of me. I couldn't believe that they hated me so much that they wanted me out of his life,

con of the way to

to tell. him not to late

"Liam, maybe we should just call things quit. I don't want you to get into trouble with whoever they are. They're clearly powerful," I said,

"Fuck them!" Liam growled, rage raining all over his face.

Blain glanced at me and I could see the worry in his face. So, I wasn't overestimated how bad the situation was, What if the next time, they did more than just send a letter.

"Liam man, maybe you should listen to Ella. I know whoever your I letter, it's a strong warning." Blain said

Liam pounded his fist on his desk and a crack ran across the top.

birth family is are really fucked up for refusing to reveal who they are but this

"Nobody gets to control my life. Especially if they're doing it from some far away distance. I'm nobody's puppet!" Liar said.

I moved to Liam and wrapped my arms around him. I wanted to soothe him, to take his anger and hurt away

"You're right, Liam,. If you're not worried, then I won't be either," I said *w w w . n o t e l w o o m . c o m*)

Liam looked down at me then. I could feel his heartbeat starting slow to a steady pace. He smiled, "Ella, what are you doing tomorrow night?"

1 frowned, "Um, nothing. Probably getting a little bit of writing done. I'm trying to figure out this really intense pilot point in my novel and it's just kicking my butt." I said.

Liam nodded, "Well, I know how important your writing is and 1 wouldn't ask you to take a break if this wasn't important but...would you come to the welcoming party of the hockey season as my date?"

My eyebrows shot up. I couldn't believe what Noah was saying. It was one thing to come to his games and cheer him on. Even I had heard about the welcoming party of the season that the hockey team had every year.

These parties were fancy affairs. You had to come in elegant dresses and anybody who was anybody went. But that's the thing, you could only go if you were invited, and it was so hard to get an invitation.

"Are you serious, Liam?" I said.

"I would be honored for you to come as my date, Liam said and smiled,

I nodded, "Yes, I'll come."

Despite the scary warning from his birth family, Liam clearly didn't care about what anybody thought about the two of us. He was determined to see our fake dating partnership to the end. He didn't have to take me to the welcoming party but he was choosing to.

It felt like he was determined to show everybody that I really was his true mate, that I was the most important person in his life

I spent the next day running around trying to find the perfect dress for the party. Thank God for Monica who was right there, keeping me sane. *W w w . n o t e l w o o m . c o m*

"Ella, get it together. You're going to look so pretty, I swear," she said.

We went to this boutique shop downtown and found the most amazing green dress that hit me like a glove. Even the sales lady was impressed by how good I looked I looked *W w w . n o t e l w o o m . c o m*

When we got back home, Monica lightly dusted green

green eye shadow o

onto my eye lids and helped me put my straight hair into a cute up doe. Even I had to admit I looked good.

The last time that Monica had helped me get dressed, she'd made me look loke a sexy she-wolf. "This time though, I looked elegant and sophisticated.

Monica was going to the party too and she had on a cute pink dress that hugged her in all the right places. We both looked amazing.

I stood in front of our mirror, adjusting my dress for the hundredth time. I wanted to look perfect, not just for Liam, but to show his mysterious. burth family, whoever they were, that I wasn't afraid to be with Liam: "That I was worthy of being with their alpha son.

12:30 PM c c.

#### Chapter 30

Liam and Peter arrived at arrived at our dorm to pick the bath of us up. They looked amazing in sleek black suits and their hair sticked back and

shiny.

"Wow, Ella, you look, so beautiful. Liam said when I'd opened the door. He ran his hand down my hair before leaning in to give me a kiss on the check. He really couldn't take his eyes off me.

Thanks," I said.

Peter walked in and picked Monica up before twirling her around. "You, baby, are a stunner.

Monica giggled, "You really like what I'm wearing?" she asked.

"I love what you're wearing and Tm going to love getting to take it off later tonight too."

Monica response was to growl back at Peter. Of course,

We left the dorm, and Liam held my hands tight as we headed to fancy sports car.

We got into the car and Liam blasted some pop music as he revved his engine and we zoomed off into the night.

The ballroom where the party was being held was decorated in the most beautiful yellow and blue decorations that I'd seen. Flowers and ribbons sparkled everywhere. Everything felt so grand.

Monica picked up a ballon and tossed it at Peter, "Look at their ballons, they're so big!"

Peter grinned, *w w w . n o t e l w o o m . c o m*

"Are

you sure you can handle balls that bid, babe?"

Ban my hands through the streamers that lined the walls. All around us players, and students and even some famous people mingled, laughed, and danced.

The air buzzed with excitement, and everybody was talking about dominate each season.

the

upcoming hockey season. People lived for hockey here and for our team to

am and I walked hand in hand through the ballroom, all eyes turned to them. I could feel the stares and hear the whispers. It didn't bother me as much now that Liam and I had been fake dating for a while. I was geuing used to it

"Just keep your head high, babe, Liam said, squeezing my hand to reassure me.

Liam led us towards a group of his teammates. As we walked up, they all gave Liam a handshake and casual head nods,

"Sup, Ella, how's it going?" One of the teammates said to me, which surprised me. Maybe they were finally warming up to me?

I nodded and smiled, "Tm doing good." I said.

I was about to ask him how he was doing when suddenly, the atmosphere shifted. I could feel the intake of breathes but I didn't know why. Maybe I had said something wrong?

I looked around the room trying to figure out what was going on. It was as if everybody was on edge, like they were ready to start setting things on fire. And that's when my eyes landed at the front of the room.

The doors to the ballroom burst open, and a group of hockey players strode in, led by Arthur Winslow,

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