

Dating 38

Chapter 38 *wŵŴ.novélŴeŘm.c©m*

After the game, Arthur's revelation of my true identity, that I was a Window, completely turned my world upside down. As I walked through the halls of school the next week, I could feel the eyes on me, the whispers following in my wake. Everyone knew

Ella used to always talk about how much people whispered about her because she was a human. I knew that our kind could be unkind to humans. That's why I knew that I had to protect her. But this was the first time that I was facing this kind of attention.

Usually, people gave me attention because I was Liam Gravens, the Alpha werewolf who was always leading our hockey team into victory after victory

But this time, I didn't know what to make of all the stares. Sometimes they felt like curiosity, sometimes judgmental, and something else I couldn't quite place—pity, maybe. That was the worst of all. I couldn't stand when anybody pitied me. And I wouldn't stand for it

During history class, Professor King looked directly at me,

"Liam, where is your mind? All this daydreaming you're doing isn't going to help you pass your class. this time. Maybe you should have done less daydreaming during your little game a couple nights ago. He had a smirk on his face, and I just knew that he was mocking me.

"You don't even know what you're talking about!" I said, my voice loud and filled with rage.

"Watch how you speak to me, young man," Professor King said.

He was the one who had started this and now he was talking about me watching my tone. Who the hell did he think he wast

I shot out of my chair and rushed up to him. I towered over him, and he immediately stepped back. He knew that he should be careful with me. Seriously, if he wasn't in charge of passing or falling me, I would get right up and punch him in his face.

"Fuck this shit, I'm out of here," I said, I walked back to my desk, picked up my backpack and stormed out of the class.

I couldn't believe that asshole was blaming me for losing the game. But it wasn't just him. Everybody was blaming me for fucking up the game against Winslow's team. As if they hadn't seen how hard I'd tried. As if they hadn't seen Noah sabotage me at every turn.

"Yo, Gravens, what happened at the game, man!" Some dude I knew from math class said, raising his arms. He grinned at me, taunting in his eyes It was the same look that Professor King had given to me. But this asshole wasn't in charge of my grades.

I turned back to him, "What did you say?" I said, my voice low..

I said what happened at the game? You really messed it up for us. We thought you were going to take it strong as everybody thought," he said, his voice coming out loud, his eyes never wavering from mine.

home for us. But turns out, you're not as

He was looking for a challenge. Since the game and the revelation, people had clearly thought that I was weak, that they could talk to me however they wanted. As if I wasn't the biggest Alpha at this entire school.

Clearly it was time for me to remind this idiot of who I was. I ran at him as fast as I could. He didn't even see it come. I smashed into his middle with my shoulder and the asshole went flying back into the lockers. *wŵŵ.(n)ov(e)lworm.Com*

He smashed his fist into my back but the adrenalin in me was too strong. I barely felt the blows he was raining down on me, I had been wanting to beat the shit out of something, to get these shitty feelings out of me

This asshole had provoked me at a time when he really shouldn't have. I punched him in the stomach and gave him another punch for good IncasurTC. I was getting ready to throw another blow across his face when the sound of Ella's voice stopped me.

"Liam, Liam! Stope it! Please?" Her voice was desperate and afraid. I turned around and saw her standing behind me, deep concern in her eyes. And just like that the rage that I had felt inside me disappeared.

I turned back to the asshole who was now bent over, breathing heavily, "The next time you come for me, make damn sure you know you're ready for a fight, I growled.

The crowd around us looked on, some were surprised. But behind that surprise, there were so many other people that were impressed. As if they had forgotten who I was, and they were glad to have been reminded.

1 walked back to Ella, grabbed her hand and walked with her out of the building

Ella and I sat beneath one of her favorite trees, the place I used to watch her study for class or write her stories. She looked back at me as we sat in silence for a second, her face a mix of concern but also, determination. She had been my rock over the last few says.

"I'm sorry about all of that, Ella," I said. I couldn't look her in the eyes. I hated when she saw me like that, completely losing control and lening out

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the beast within me.

Ella brushed my words off, "It's okay. I get it. She glanced around at the curious onlookers still staring our way. "Td get mud like that too if everybody was talking about me the way they've been whispering about you and the game and Arthur Winslow."

by down.

She ran a hand down my arm and just her touch made my heart start to calm way

"Sometimes it feels like I'm watching someone else's life and not mine." I said. How had things changed so quickly! I didn't even really know what to do about the fact that I was a Winslow. I hadn't even had time to think about that. I couldn't

Who was I, really? I was adopted by the Cravens but a Winslow by blood. This didn't make any sense anymore.

"Have *ŵŵŵ.Nov(é)lŴeŘm.©ômm*

you talked to your mom and dad, the Gravens I mean?" Ella asked.

I shook my head. I was too pissed to even see their faces. They were the ones who had refused to tell me where I came from. They were the ones who allowed me to find out in the craziest way imaginable.

If I talked to the Gravens right now, I didn't know what I would do. I knew what I was capable of and so I figured that it was best that I stayed away.

for now. *w(ŵ)(ŵ).(n)ovélŴ(ó)rm.cóMl*

My phone buzzed and I looked down at it. It was a text from a number that I didn't know. I frowned.

"What is it" Ella said, looking back at me with concern

"I got a text from a number I don't know." I said.

"What'd they say?" Ella asked.

"Let me open it and see. I clicked the message open. Immediately I felt my rage start to rise within me. It was a text from Arthur.

Meet me at the old bridge. Midnight We need to talk. – Arthur

I showed my phone to her. He was the source of all this chaps, I knew I should ignore him, but I just couldn't.

"Are

you going to go Ella asked. I nodded. "Fine Then I'm coming with you."

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