

## Dating 42

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### Chapter 42

I still couldn't shake the picture of Arthur's face from my mind. The intense look he gave me when our hands touched, his words—they all replayed. in my head like a relentless loop

I sat on the edge of my bed, staring at the wall, trying to make sense of everything that had happened out on that bridge.

Monica, was sitting across from me, her brow furrowed in concern

"Seriously, Ella, what the hell happened out there?" she asked, breaking the silence. She had on her fuzzy night robe and had flipped the hood onto her head.

I sighed, rubbing my temples. I could feel a headache coming from all the stress I had been bouling in "Arthur happened. He threatened me. And he threatened Liam. He said... he said he could remove me from the equation, and there'd be nothing Liam could do about it."

Monica's eyes widened. She jumped up from where she was sitting on her bed, "What the actual fuck? That's insane! Did you tell Liam?"

I nodded, suddenly feeling heavy even though I had just released everything that I had been bouling inside me. "Liam was there. He was so mad. I've never seen him so angry."

"Of course he'd be pissed. You're his girl. I bet he wanted to beat the shit out of Arthur, and to be honest, it would be in his right," Monica said with

nod

I frowned. I love how Monica always had my back one thousand percent, "Something strange happened though. At one point, when Arthur and I touched, it felt like... I don't know how to explain it. Like an electric shock traveled between the two of us"

Monica leaned forward, her eyes intense. "Wait, what do you think it was?"

I swallowed hard, the words hitting me with an unsettling truth. I don't know. But I feel like whatever it was, it was Arthur purposefully trying to make me feel shaky around him and about my relationship with Liam."

Monica shook her head slowly, "Damn. Ella. This is all so fucking messed up. I swear, you need to be careful. He's always had a few tricks overpriced sleeves when it comes to you and Liam," she said.

Tell me something I don't know, I muttered I was trying to be funny, trying to lighten my mood a little, but it wasn't really working. WwW.πóV©l@σ©m.cóm

"Seriously, I do not get why that dude hates you guys so much," Monica said.

I shrugged. Neither did I. "Monica, what do I do? Arthur... he scares me, but I feel like e he's not going anywhere any time soon."

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Monica's face softened, and she reached out, taking my hand in hers. "Ella, listen to me. You and Liam are amazing. Don't let Arthur mess with your head. He's trying to break you two apart because he's threatened or whatever."

Her words felt reassuring to hear, especially since my nerves were still all over the place. I just wished that there wasn't still so much doubt within me. I squeezed her hand, grateful that no matter what, she always had my back. www.πó(∨)é(ι)wøτMl.com

"You're right. I just... I need to talk to Liam. Make sure he's okay."

As the day moved on, my anxiety only grew. I hadn't heard from Liam since we had met up with Arthur, and the silence was driving me crazy. I needed to see him, to make sure he was okay. So, I decided to visit his dorm.

When I got there, the door was slightly opened. I pushed it open and found Liam in the middle of his room, furiously doing pushups. His muscles strained with each movement, sweat dripping from his brow. The raw intensity in his eyes made my heart ache.

"Liam," I said softly, stepping inside. He didn't stop, didn't even look up. "Liam, please. Talk to me"

He paused, breathing heavily, and sat back on his heels. "Ella, what are you doing here?"

"I was worried about you. You didn't call, and after everything with Arthur, I just... I needed to see you

Liam stood up, wiping his face with a towel. "I'm fine. Just... frustrated."

I walked towards him him, placing a hand on his arm. "I know. That idiot is just trying to mess with us."

Liam's eyes met mine, "It's not just Arthur, Ella. It's everything. The Winslows, the games, And now this. I feel like I'm losing control"

I wrapped my arms around him and held on tight. "Just try not to worry. We'll figure it out:

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He pulled away, looking me deep in the eyes. "How can you be so sure. Ella Shit. I'm glad you're able to be so calm?"

Was Liam kidding me! He didn't even now all that it had taken for me to get this calm. I'm barely able to stay calm. Liam." I replied, my voice trembling a little. But I just keep remind myself that this is exactly what Arthur wants, for us to start fighting.

Liam looked at me, his eyes softening, "I know you're right. I know."

I reached up to touch his face. "But we have to just ignore him. We can't let Arthur win."

Liam closed his eyes, leaning into my touch. I sometimes just feel like... no matter what I do, it's never enough"

I grabbed Liam in the face and looked him deep in the eyes, "Liam, don't you ever forget who you are. You are the strongest Alpha werewolf that I know. I'm not going to let you doubt that for a second."

Liam gazed into my eyes and finally, I saw a spark of hope there. Thank you. He pulled me into a tight hug, refusing to let go. ©www.n(σ)∇E(ι)W(σ)R̂M.com

We stood there for a long moment, holding each other. It felt like it was just the two of us against the world, like it had always been the two of us against the world. I could feel Liam's heartbeat against my chest, steady and strong, and it gave me hope.

Finally, he pulled back, a determined look on his face. "Let's go out. I need to clear my head.

"Where?" I asked

"You'll see," he said, a small smile playing at the corners of his mouth.

We hopped on his motorcycle and zoomed away from campus.

The wind whipped through my hair and I loved it, Liam drove us through winding roads, his engine roaring. The ride was amazing, and for a second, I forgot about Arthur and his threats.

Liam' gripped the handlebar tight, his knuckles white. I could tell that he still had so much on his mind. I tightened my hold around his hoping the feel of my arm around him was at least a little bit comforting.

waist,

Finally, we arrived at an unfamiliar part of town. The streets were narrower here, the buildings older and more worn. Lots of brick. Liam pulled up in front of a plain, unmarked building

"We're here!" I asked, shouting over the noise of the Engine.

Liam turned off the motorcycle and helped me off. This is my happy place."

As we walked toward the entrance, my heart pounded with excitement. I was even a little scared. I had no idea what was on the other side of the door.

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