

Dating 43

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Chapter 43

I held Liam's hand and followed him into the building, my heart pounding. The dim lights and the subtle scent of sweat and leather gave me a hint about where we were entering long before we even reached the main area

It was a gym, but not just any gym. It was a boxing gym. The sound of gloves hitting heavy bags and the thud, thud, thud, of jump ropes filled the air. All around me was controlled violence.

Liam led me past rows of punching bags and weight benches until we reached the boxing ring in the center of the room. He stopped and turned to me, his eyes focused, determination and something deeper, something raw,

"This is where I come to clear my head," he said, his voice low and intense. "It's the only place where I feel like I can really be myself"

I looked around the room, taking in the sight of werewolves and shewolves training hard. Their determination, their punches, were fierce. This was a world I didn't know anything about. This was the secret world of underground boxing within a world that I was only just starting to understand.

This world seemed so far removed from the chaos of our lives. But it also came with its own chaos. I could see why it was Liam's sanctuary.

A loud cheer erupted from the ring, and I looked in that direction. Inside, two fighters were going at it beating the shit against each other with vicious precision. One of them was absolutely massive, a werewolf like Liam, but he was even bigger than Liam.

His movements were fluid and powerful The other werewolf was smaller but incredibly fierce In another world, they practically could be dancing.

Liam's grip on my hand tightened, and I turned to see a dark cloud passing over his features. "That's Marcus," he said, nodding toward the larger fighter. "He's one of the best fighters here. And he fucking hates me"

My eyebrows shot up. "Why?" I asked. Not a lot of people hated Liam, to be honest, the only people I knew that didn't like him were Arthur and Noah. Liam was in so many worlds, a golden werewolf.

"He thinks I don't belong here, Liam said, a bitter edge to his voler. "He thinks I'm just some spoiled rich kid who doesn't know how to box"

I looked back at Marcus and watched him land a huge blow on the other guy, sending him sprawling to the mat. The crowd roared. Clearly, they had a favorite.

Marcus raised his arms high and made a turn around the ring. He looked like an arrogant peacock. Then, as if sensing our presence, he turned and his eyes locked onto Liam. A slow smile spread across his face.

"Liam," Marcus called out, his voice loud amongst the cheering "Why don't you come up here and show us what you've got?"

It was a challenge. I could feel Liam's body tense beside me. I knew he wasn't tensing because he didn't want to go up there. He was tense because he knew he couldn't, wouldn't say no.

"Liam, you don't have to," I whispered, squeezing his hand. "You don't have to prove anything to him."

But Liam's jaw was set, and his eyes burned with fire, "I have to," he said. "He thinks I don't belong here but, I'm going to show him that's not true."

He let go of my hand and climbed into the ring. He was confident and sure. Marcus watched him with a smug grin, probably already dreaming about the fight and how he would win.

The crowd gathered around. They knew this wasn't like the match they had just watched between Marcus and his smaller opponent. Liam was on another level. I felt a knot of anxiety twist in my stomach as I watched Liam face off against Marcus, ©W.P.(n)ðVz1(w)O.Rm.Com

The bell rang, and they both launched at each other. They were ferocious and vicious and seeing them like this took my breath away. Liam moved like a predator, his punches quick and powerful. But Marcus met Liam's attacks with equal force, his bulk giving him an advantage when they were super close to each other.

I watched, my heart in my throat, as they went blow for blow. God, it was so obvious that they hated each other. But really, more so that Marcus hated Liam.

Margus slammed his fist into Liam's ribs, and I winced as if I was the one that had gotten hit. Liam staggered back. But he got it together, his eyes never leaving Marcus. There was a look of pure determination on his face.

Marcus used his advantage of height to throw a series of hard jabs but Liam was fast and he quickly avoided them. Then, with a sudden burst of speed, Liam countered with a hard uppercut that sent Marcus reeling. The crowd gasped as Marcus hit the mat, stunned.

But it wasn't over. Marcus got back up, shaking off the blow with a growl of frustration. The

e air got even more intense.

They circled each other, both of them breathing hard but neither willing to back down. Neither one of them was willing to back down. This was a banle of wills and not just a luule of strength.

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Chapter 13

Finally, with a fierce yell, Liam launched himself at Marcus Landing a durry of punches on him. Marcus tried to defend, but Liam was relentless. Ha

sts were a blur of motion.

rich a final powerful punch. Liam ser Marcus crashing to the mat. The gum erupted in cheen and applause as the referee called the match in

ed up and started yelling Liam's name. He had won! I was in proud of www.NOVzLw(o)Rm.Com

bemer doubt him ever again!

Liam climbed out of the rit

ring, his eyes found mine, and a slow smile spread across

walked over to me pulling me into a tight

"You were amazing" I whispered. My voice was full of emotion. I was doing everything I could dangle tear fall. "Absolutely amazing.

"Thank you be said. Tcouldn't have done it without you." ©Ww.©ðve/wO.Rm.Com

Before I could respond, Marcus staggered over, still rubbing his jaw from the final blow Grodnich besod. "You've got guts. Liam. And skill

was wrong about you."

as a shady, reluctant complement but Liam pretended not to notice. Thinki"

Marta alamond at me the bark at Liam "So who's this?

ed around me, a proud smile on his lips. "This is Ella: 8

those words,

spreading CHONE

heart swelled with pride and love. Liam wasn't ashamed to claim me even in front of his as I couldn't help the grin

People kept coming up to us Lium introduced me to his fellow fighters, and I couldn't get over how supportive them really was, I could see the winight of the world Ling from Liam's shoulders. He was more relaxed more at ease than I had seen him in weeks.

Then a shewolf wearing a

leather pants and a white tube top walked up to Liam and me. She completely ignored me as she said, her voice dripping with section. "Hi. I'm Destiny, what's your name?"

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