

Dating 73

Chapter 73

ears, fueling the

I stormed out of the Winslow mansion, my mind a chaotic mess of anger and frustration. Every word Aaron had said echoed in my e rage that burned inside me. Who the fuck did he think he was, really?

I had come there to tell him to stay the hell out of my life. I'd come there to tell him never to talk to my girlfriend again. And then Aaron had come up with an offer. He would pay for me to attend Royal Imperial University. My simple ask was that Ella come too.

And he had said no, Because of course he said no. Aaron wasn't a man that was going to ever really give me what I wanted, he was never going to allow me to hold onto any power. That's what our little conversation had shown me more than anything.

And I was glad for the reminder. I didn't need to lose sight of the fact that just as much as Ella was being used as a pawn for Aaron's desires, so was I.

I couldn't go home, couldn't face Ella, not yet. I needed to hit something, to let out this fury in a way that wouldn't destroy everything around me. There was only one place I could go--the underground boxing rink.

I got onto my bike, pulled my helmet on, and sped away from the Winslow mansion happy to be leaving it behind.

The moment I walked into the dimly lit, gritty basement that housed the rink, the familiar smell of sweat and metal hit me. It was a sanctuary of sorts, a place where I could lose myself in the physicality of a fight and forget about everything else. Tonight, I needed that more than ever.

I hadn't been here for a while. I'd been dealing with the shit with Aaron and the emotional roller coaster that Ella and I had been going through because of it. But it felt good to be hack. It felt good to know that when 1 got out of the gym, I was going to feel better.

People noticed me the moment I walked in. I was a regular, and most of the guys here knew me. I couldn't help but notice the looks of concern that descended on their faces. I was sure it was because they could sense the fury coming off me. **wWW.No v è Ö W o r t M . c o m**

They could see the storm brewing in my eyes, and they wisely stayed out of my way, I made a beeline for the locker room, changed into and taped up my hands.

my gear, **W W w . n o v (e) / W o (r) m . c o m**

My body thrummed with the need to release the pent-up aggression; every muscle colled tight with tension. I had to get into the ring. I had to hit something or else, I was going to burst

I walked out to the main area, scanning the room for a suitable opponent. That's when I saw him-- Jake, a hulking figure with a reputation for being as ruthless in the ring as he was outside of it

We called him "the big bad Wolf because of the way he stalked his prey in the ring, always looking for a weakness to exploit. He was one of those fighters that everybody tried to avoid because of how cruzy he could get in the ring Bait not me, I wasn't scared of him. Ever.

Tonight, he looked particularly predatory. I walked to the corner of the gym.

"Hey, Winslow!" Jake called out, a sneer on his lips. I knew he was trying to fuck with my mind by using that name. "You look like you're about to blow a gasket. What's the matter? Daddy dearest not giving you enough attention?"

I clenched my fists, my nails digging into my palms. "Back the fuck away, Jake, I'm not in the mood"

Jake chuckled, stepping closer. "Or what? You gonna cry about it?

My vision narrowed, a red haze creeping in at the edges. "Or 1 lI make you!

Jake's unile widened. "Is that a challenge?"

"Damn right it is," I growled.

The crowd buzzed with anticipation as Jake and I climbed into the ring. I could hear whispers and murmurs, the excitement palpable. This was going to be one for the books. The bell rang, and we squared off.

I launched myself at Jake with a ferocity that surprised even me. Each punch, each jab, was fueled by every bit of anger and hurt I felt. The betrayal by Ella, the manipulation by Aaron, the uncertainty of my future--it all came out in a barrage of blows. Jake tried to counter, but I was relentless, barely feeling his hits in return.

Time seemed to blur. My vision tunneled, focusing only on the task at hand. I was a machine, a whirlwind of fists and fury. It wasn't until I felt hands pulling me away that I snapped back to reality. I looked down and saw Jake on the ground, bloodied and barely conscious. The crowd had fallen silent, and three guys were holding me back, their faces a mix of concern and fear.

1/2

Chapter 73

" **w w w (w) . n o v e L (w) O r t m . c o M**

"What the hell. Liam?!" one of them shouted. "You almost killed him!"

I stumbled back, the realization of what I'd done hitting me like a freight train. I felt sick to my stomach, a wave of shame crashing over me. I looked at Jake, at the damage I'd inflicted, and 1 couldn't believe it. This wasn't me. I wasn't a monster.

I climbed out of the ring, grabbed my stuff, and bolted out of there, ignoring the murmurs and the stares. What the hell had gotten into me?

The cool night air hit my face, but it did nothing to calm the turmoil inside me. I walked aimlessly, my mind a whirlwind of thoughts.

What was I doing? What was happening to me? I had let my anger consume me, and I had nearly crossed a line I could never come back from. I kept walking, the city lights blurring past me as I tried to process everything.

Ella. The thought of her brought a fresh wave of pain. She had been manipulated, just like I had. Aaron was using her love for me against her, and I had been too blinded by my own hurt to see it. I had to find a way to fix this, to make things right. But how? How could I protect her from a family as twisted and powerful as the Winslows?

I reached the dorms, my body aching from the fight. I stood outside the door, hesitating. The weight of my decisions pressed down on me. I knew that whatever choice 1 made would change everything. I could walk away from the Winslows, from their toxic games and their power struggles. Orl could embrace the legacy, fight for control, and ensure that no one would ever use Ella against me again.

As I stood there, I realized that the choice wasn't just about me. It was about Ella, about our future together. I had to protect her, no matter the cost. Even if it meant diving headfirst into the darkness of the Winslow legacy

I opened the door and stepped inside into my quiet dorm, the decision made. I would fight. I would keep fighting to show the Winslows that I wasn't somebody to be messed around with.

2/2 **w w w . n o (v) E l w o r t M . c o M**