

Dating 74

Chapter 74

The next day, I found myself standing outside the Winslow mansion, a mixture of anxiety and determination swirling inside me. Even though the last time I was at the mansion, I'd left pissed off with a promise to myself never to come back, here I was, again.

I had agreed to meet with Aaron, to hear him out. Aaron had been calling my phone over and over, asking me to come back so that we could talk about the deal he'd proposed. Finally, I said yes. *www.NoVELWOrM.coM*

Despite everything, I had to know more, wanted to understand what drove him and how it all connected to me. But more than that, I had to find a way to ensure Ella and I could be together, safe from the chaos that was the Winslow legacy.

The door opened, and there was Aaron, his expression unreadable. "Liam, come in," he said, his voice calm and measured. I was surprised it wasn't the maid that greeted me like usual. Aaron must have really wanted me to come and hear him out.

I stepped inside the mansion. By now, I was used to its grandeur. But still, I couldn't help taking it all in again, Dark wood panels, leather-bound books, and the faint smell of old money and power. We walked through the house until we had gotten to his office..

Aaron gestured for me to sit, but I remained standing, my arms crossed.

"You wanted to talk?" I said, my tone was harsh but I didn't give a shit I didn't come here as a casual friendly business. I knew that Aaron would try to get me comfortable and then try to screw me over with some shit I hadn't seen coming. I had to be ready. I had to stay ready.

Aaron nodded, his eyes narrowing slightly, "Yes, but first, I want to show you something."

He stood up and walked towards the door. I hesitated for a moment before following him. We moved through the mansion's labyrinthine hallways, each turn revealing more opulence.

Aaron stayed silent the entire time and it was starting to get a little unnerving. Still, I kept my guard up, not willing to let him see any weakness,

Finally, we stopped in front of a large, ornate door. Aaron pushed it open, revealing a vast room lined with portraits and artifacts. This is the Winslow family gallery," he said, his voice tinged with a strange mix of pride and sadness

I glanced around, taking in the faces of all the people in the portraits. There was a weight here, a sense of history and expectation that was almost suffocating. Aaron walked over to a portrait of a stern-looking man, his eyes cold and unyielding.

"This was my father, Aaron said quietly. The man who controlled my life, who dictated every decision I made

He turned to face me, his expression serious. "I was the eldest son, expected to dominate in every situation. I wanted to travel the world, but he forced me into the family business. I promised myself that one day, I wouldn't let him control my love life"

Aaron's eyes softened as he spoke, and I saw a glimpse of vulnerability. "That's when I met your mother. She was a fiery, free-spirited waitress, a she-wolf who lived life on her own terms. I fell in love with her instantly."

He paused, his gaze distant. "We were inseparable. When she told me she was pregnant, I was over the moon. But when I told my father, he forbade me from marrying her. She wasn't from a prominent family, and in his eyes, that made her unworthy."

I could feel the tension in Aaron's voice, the anger and regret. "I tried to defy him, but after a lifetime of obeying his commands, I caved. I turned my back on her, and she fled. A few years later, my father died, and I searched the world for her. But she had died too, and our child was lost." *www.NoVELWOrM.coM*

He looked at me, his eyes piercing. "It took years to find you, Liam. My firstborn I watched from a distance, took care of your financial needs, all to protect you from the rest of the Winslow family. But now, it's time for you to step up to your destiny."

I stood there, stunned by his revelations. This wasn't the story I had expected. "So, you really had been watching me my whole life?" I asked, trying to process everything. *www.NoELWOrM.coM*

Aaron nodded. "Yes. And now, I need you to join the family, to help protect what's ours. But I understand your conditions, Ella comes with you." My heart skipped a beat. Was Aaron saying what I think he was saying? "So, you agree! To my conditions"

He sighed. "Yes, but on one condition of my own. If you beat Arthur in the upcoming hockey league, only then will Ella also qualify to study at Royal Imperial University. It's a fair deal"

I stared at him, my mind racing. The stakes were high, but this was my chance to secure a future for Ella and me. "Deal," I said, extending my hand.

The moment my hand met Aaron's, a cascade of emotions washed over me. It wasn't just relief—it was an acknowledgment of a new reality. A reality where I had to face the legacy of a family I barely knew but was undeniably a part of

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Walking back through the halls, I couldn't help but reflect on the story Aaron had told me. His life, dictated by a domineering father, felt eerily like a warning. The love he lost, the child he abandoned these were the ghosts that haunted him. And now, they were my inheritance.

As we passed more portraits, I wondered how many of these ancestors had similar stories. How many had lived under the suffocating pressure of the Winslow name? Each face seemed to stare back at me with a mixture of judgment and expectation. I felt a pang of unease, a whisper of doubt

Back in Aaron's office, I sat down this time, the weight of our conversation pressing on me. Aaron returned to his desk, his demeanor shifting back to the composed, authoritative figure I had come to know.

"You'll need to prepare," he said, breaking the silence, "Arthur won't go easy on you. He's been groomed for this role his whole life."

I nodded, my mind already strategizing. Arthur was more than just a rival: he was a symbol of everything I had to overcome. Beating him wouldn't just prove my worth to Aaron—it would solidify my place in this world.

TI be ready, I said, my voice steady. *www.NoVELWOrM.coM*

Aaron's gaze softened for a moment, a flicker of paternal pride breaking through. "I know you will. But remember, this is about more than just the game. It's about securing a Future for you and Ella"

Ella. Her name brought a rush of warmth and determination. She was my anchor, my reason for fighting. I couldn't let her down. I wouldn't..

As I left the mansion, my thoughts returned to the day Ella and I had first shown up at the mansion. I couldn't believe I'd agreed to join this fight. But I had to. Not just for my future, but for Ella's as well.

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