

Dating 75

Chapter 75

I still hadn't talked to Liam for almost a week. He wasn't picking up my calls. He refused to stay after class so that we could walk together. I understood why he did this though. He was still hurt over how I had gone behind his back to talk to Aaron

My mind buzzed with everything that had happened. The Winslow mansion, the deal, mine and Liam's fight—it was all swirling around in my head. But none of it mattered as much as Liam. I needed to talk to him to make things right.

But he didn't want to speak to me. And since our distance was getting to be too much for me so I went back home. I knew it was time to just hang out with mom agun.

When I walked through the front door. Mom was sitting at the kitchen table, a cup of tea in her hands. She looked up, her eyes instantly narrowing with concern. "Ella, what's wrong

I couldn't believe that she could just sense that something was off with me. Still, I tried to shrug it off, but the weight of the day was too much. "Nothing, Mom. Just tired

She put her cup down and stood up, crossing her arms. "Ella. I know you better than that. Sit down and tell me what's going on

1 sighed, knowing I couldn't avoid in. 1 sank into the chair opposite her, avoiding her gaze. "Liam and I... we're fighting."

Mom's eyes softened, and she reached across the table to take my hand, "What happened?"

I hesitated, feeling the knot in my stomach tighten. Thid something from him. When he found out, he felt betrayed. And now, I don't know what to da:

Mom's grip on my hand tightened. "Thid you hide it to hurt him?

"No," 1 said quickly. "I was trying to protect him. I wanted to bigure things out first before telling him."

Mom nodded slowly, her eyes thoughtful. Then you need to go back and make him listen. Tell him why you did what you did. If he loves you, he'll understand"

Her words gave me a tiny bit of hope. Maybe she was right. Maybe if I explained everything, Liam would see that I was just trying to protect him. I stood up, feeling a newfound determination. Thanks, Mom, I think I know what I need to do"

I spent the rest of the weekend hanging out with mom, eating cookies and watching movies. It was the break I needed.

As I headed back to school, my heart pounding in my chest. I had to find Liam and make him listen. I had to fix this. I knew that there was only one place that I would find him. He was always there at this time of day.

When 1 reached the hockey rink, I saw him on the ice, practicing with his team. I took a deep breath and marched onto the field, ignoring the curious looks from the players.

"Liam!" I shouted, cutting through the noise.

He looked up, his eyes narrowing in surprise. "Ella, what are you doing herer

"I need to talk to you, I said, my voice shaking but firm. "Right now, $w\hat{V}w.n@v(e)\ell w\acute{o}rm.co\mathcal{M}$

Liam blew the whistle, signaling a time-out. Liam skated over to me, his expression a mix of confusion and frustration. "What's g

gotten into you?"

I grabbed his arm, pulling him away from the others. "Listen to me, Liam. I know you're angry, but I need you to understand. I didn't hide things from you to hurt you, I was trying to protect you."

He stared at me, his eyes searching mine. "Protect me? From what?"

out before dragging you into it," I said, my voice breaking. "I was only trying to do

"From Aaron, from all the chaos. I needed time to figure things o what's best for you

Liam's expression softened, and he sighed, running a hand through his hair. "Ella, I get it. I was just so angry. I felt like you didn't trust me. But I know I was too harsh on you"

"I do trust you" I whispered. "More than anything, I just didn't want you to get hurt."

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He pulled me into a hug, and I felt a wave of relief wash over me. "I'm sorry, too," he said softly. "I should have listened. Also, there's something need to tell you. Aaron made a proposal" $w(w)\odot.(n)\odot\ve E(i)w_e\mathbb{E}^m.\hat{\odot}\mathbb{M}$

My heart skipped a beat. "What kind of proposal?"

"If I beat Arthur in the upcoming hockey league game, he'll pay for both of us to attend Royal Imperial University, Liam said, his eyes shining with determination $Wwww.no(v)\eth\acute{W}\acute{o}r:m.com$

I stared at him, my mind racing. Royal Imperial University? It was one of the best schools around, but it was also well-known as werewolf turf. They weren't going to be easy on me as a human. "Liam, that's that's huge. But, I don't know. I'm scared."

He nodded. "I know. But it's our chance, Ella. Our chance to stay together,"

I took a deep breath, trying to process everything. "What if you don't win!"

Liam's jaw tightened. Twill, I have to.

The weight of his words hung in the air between us. This was it. Our shot at something more. But it was also a gamble, a risk. He might win but they what if I went to the university and got treated worse there than 1 had been treated here.

"Okay," I said finally. "Can I just, think about it."

Liam smiled and nodded. For the first time in days, I felt a glimmer of hope. At least Liam was talking to me again. He'd even apologized for being too harsh on me. Then why was I feeling nerves in the bottom of my stomach.

We were in this together, and we would face whatever came our way. I knew that. Maybe I just had to focus on that

As we left the rink, hand in hand, I couldn't shake the feeling that this was just the beginning. And what scared me was that I didn't know how it was going to end.

The next day, I went back home to talk to Mom about everything. When I walked through the door, she was waiting for me, her eyes filled with curiosity and concern. "Ella, how did it go?

took a deep breath and told her everything. About Aaron, the deal, and the plan to beat Arthur Mom listened intently, her expression growing more serious with each word.

"Royal Imperial University," she said finally. "That's quite an opportunity. But also, you know how these werewolves are with humans."

"I know," I said. "But besides that, it's also a lot of pressure. What if Liam can't beat Arthur?"

Morn smiled gently. "You have to trust him, Ella. He's strong, and he's determined. And you? You have to be his rock. Support him, believe in him. And I'm sure he'll be your rock if things get tough there too

I nodded, trying to believe mom's words. "Maybe you're right."

But as I lay in bed that night, staring at the ceiling, doubt began to creep in. What if we were making a huge mistake? What if we were walking into a trap, set by Aaron to control us both? The more I thought about it, the more the anxiety gnawed at me.

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