

Dating 94

Chapter 94

Liam's POV

I was in the middle of my third set of bench presses when a buzz of tension spread through the underground gym. My senses immediately sharpened, and I glanced around, spotting a massive security guard striding towards me. Everyone else in the gym stopped what they were doing, eyes wide, waiting for a confrontation.

I dropped the barbell back onto its rack and stood up, wiping my hands on my shorts.

"Are you Liam?" the security guard asked.

"Yeah, I'm Liam. What do you want?" I said, making sure to keep my face

The security guard, built like a tank and with a no-nonsense look on his face, didn't flinch. "Mr. Winslow requests your attendance at his house tonight for dinner."

A ripple of murmurs passed through the gym. Aaron Winslow wasn't someone who sent dinner invitations lightly. And definitely not in front of a crowd. I kept my expression neutral. "What's it about?"

"That's between you and Mr. Winslow."

I sighed, grabbing my water bottle and towel. "Fine. Tell him I'll be there."

The guard nodded and turned to leave, the tension easing slightly as he disappeared through the gym doors. I could feel everyone's eyes on me, but I ignored them, focusing on finishing my workout. If Aaron wanted to see me, it couldn't be good. But I couldn't afford to look weak in front of these guys.

Later that evening, I found myself standing outside the massive intimidating gates of the Winslow mansion that didn't ever let you forget that it was made with old money and so much power.

I couldn't help but feel a twinge of unease as I walked up the long driveway. The maid answered the door and led me through to the massive dining room.

a maze of corridors

I waited, standing by the table, trying to suppress my irritation. Aaron was usually eager to get these meetings over with, but tonight he was playing games. I hated games. After about ten minutes of waiting, I decided I'd had enough. I turned to leave just as Aaron walked into the room.

"Where are you going, Liam?" His voice was calm, but there was a hint of amusement in his eyes.

I glared at him. "Where the hell have you been? I don't have time for your little power plays."

Aaron smiled slightly, motioning for me to sit. "No games, assure you. I got caught up in some family business. Sit, please."

Reluctantly, I sat down, my muscles still tense from the workout and the waiting. Aaron took his time settling into his seat, pouring himself a glass of wine. "How's school been?" [WwW.NoVtW©RM.©Omm](#)

I frowned. What the hell kind of question was that? "School's fine."

"And hockey?"

"Also fine."

He finally looked up at me, his gaze piercing. "A little birdie told me you've been preoccupied with... other things besides hockey."

Anger flared in my chest. "What the hell are you talking about?"

Aaron leaned back in his chair, swirling the wine in his glass. "I brought you here to remind you about the importance of preparing for your upcoming match against Arthur. I wanted to make sure your attention isn't being swallowed by other distractions."

I clenched my fists under the table, struggling to keep

my

compos.

"I know what's at stake."

He raised an eyebrow. "Do you? Because it seems li

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has been elsewhere. I've heard things, Liam. About Ella."

His mention of Ella made my blood boil. "Leave her out of this."

"I wish I could, but her future is intertwined with yours. You know that. Ella's attendance at Royal Imperial University is contingent on your victory against Arthur. If you lose--"

"I'm not going to lose," I interrupted, my voice low and dangerous,

Aaron's eyes flashed with a mixture of amusement and menace. "Good. Because failure isn't an option. Not for you, and certainly not for her."

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I forced myself to take a deep breath, meeting Aaron's gaze head-on. "I know what's at stake," I repeated, my voice steady. "And I'm ready."

Aaron nodded, seemingly satisfied. "Good. Then we understand each other."

The tension in the room was palpable as we stared each other down. Finally, Aaron stood up, signaling the end of our meeting. "Remember, Liam. Every decision you make affects more than just yourself."

I got up, feeling the weight of his words settling on my shoulders. "I know that which is why I'm going to work my ass off to make sure that I win that game against Arthur."

He smiled, but it didn't reach his eyes. "See that you don't."

As I left the mansion, the cool night air hit me like a slap in the face. I clenched my jaw, trying to push down the anger and frustration bubbling inside me. Aaron's reminder was clear, and the stakes were higher than ever. Ella's future depended on my performance in that game, and I couldn't afford any distractions.

I needed to focus. To channel all my energy into winning. But the thought of Ella kept creeping into my mind. Her smile, her laugh, the way she looked at me with those big, trusting eyes. I couldn't let her down. I wouldn't.

The pressure was immense, but I thrived on it. This was my chance to prove myself, to show everyone—including Aaron—that I was more than just his puppet. I was my own person, and I would forge my own path.

As I walked back to my dorm, my phone buzzed. It was a text from Ella.

Ella: Hey, are you okay?

I paused, my fingers hovering over the screen. I wanted to tell her everything, to let her know how much she meant to me and how hard I was fighting for her. But I couldn't burden her with that. Not now.

Liam: Yeah, just a long day. How about you? [wwW.NoVtW©RM.©Omm](#)

Her response was immediate.

Ella: Same here. Miss you.

My heart ached at her words. I missed her too, more than I could say. But for now, all I could do was focus on the game and hope that everything would fall into place.

I put my phone away, the determination in my heart growing stronger with each step. Aaron had thrown down the gauntlet, and I was ready to pick it up. Failure wasn't an option. Not for Ella, and not for me.

As I entered my dorm, I knew one thing for sure: I would win. No matter what it took, I would make sure Ella got to Royal Imperial University. And I wouldn't let Aaron or anyone else stand in my way. [wwW.π©xéLw©RM.com](#)

Arthur could go to hell if he thought that he wasn't going to stop me from getting what I want.

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SEND GIFT

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