Dating 122

Chapter 122

[Ella's POV]

After a lengthy ride back home, I was oddly happy to find the house empty. Not that I didn't want to see my mom, but I knew she would read right through my emotions.

She would insist on knowing what happened and try to talk me through what I was feeling. The thing was, I knew what I was feeling. Hurt. Angered. Betrayed.

Because of my mom's predilection for Liam, she would most likely push me to talk to him. And at that moment, that was the very last thing that I wanted to do. Hell, I partially felt bad about this because I'd promised Monica that I would give her a call once I got home.

But I couldn't bring myself to speak to anyone.

since Noah's party all those months back. It was an ache in my chest that refused to subside.

My head was pounding and all I wanted to do was lay in bed for about a week. I hadn't felt this hurt

No matter how hard I tried, I kept picturing Olivia kissing Liam back at the hockey rink. Aside from the blatantly obvious, the thing that really bothered me the most was how good the two of them looked together. Had I been lying to myself this entire time?

For the past term, I managed to overlook and ignore nearly every comment regarding our

How could I have possibly believed that Liam and I could ever work out?

relationship. But all along, I should have listened to them. Humans and wolves aren't supposed to mix.

I grabbed my bag and threw it into my room before turning to head toward the bathroom. I was

desperate for a long, hot shower. Perhaps, with any luck, it would help to loosen some of the pain in my body.

I leaned back against the cool tile and let myself become engulfed in a thick cloud of steam.

I didn't know what to believe at that point. Was everything Liam told me before really a lie?

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the time.

I knew I should have probably stuck around to hear Liam out at the very least, I knew

better of me and I knew I wasn't going to last much longer in order to hear Liam out.

least, I knew I deserved an explanation. But my emotions had gotten the

Even so, would I have believed anything that Liam could have said to me if I had stayed to listen?

A humorless laugh slipped from my throat. Out of all that happened, the least shocking thing was

Arthur offering to take me home. I practically threw the room key at the receptionist as I checked

out.

"Ella, will you let me take you home?" Arthur asked lightly.

I clutched my bag close and gave his offer a long thought. I was heartbroken and devastated. I'd

I gently shook my head and thanked him anyway. Arthur must have picked up on my pain because he hadn't pushed me.

Once I finished up in the bathroom, I switched into a pair of leggings and a loose sweater. I made

been seething but still had enough common sense to refuse. I couldn't stand to be around anyone at

my way out to the kitchen to make myself some tea. Although some of the pain subsided, a new series of feelings took over.

My mind slipped deeper into thought the more I tried to distract myself from it all.

Maybe it's better that this happened. We both knew that our relationship was

But, deep down, I felt like, maybe, Liam and I could have come to some separated on a mutual basis. Not like this.

only meant to last through the term anyway.

of

nderstanding. We could have talked through this like adults and

Against my better judgment, I turned my head toward my phone which I had purposely left breath and reached for it off the counter.

"Jesus Christ," I rumbled under my breath.

out while I was showering before. I took a steady

Liam. My heart clenched in my chest before dropping when I saw that he was literally trying to get a

hold of me at that same moment.

I rejected the call.

There had to have been at least over a dozen unread messages and several missed calls–all from

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Chapter 122

10:39 AM

Seeing Liam's name pop up on my phone caused another wave of emotions to flood through me.
What I needed was a distraction. So, after my tea was down steeping, I carried it over to the living

room where I clicked on the tv, in search of a movie.

I couldn't deal with any reminders of him.

After the insane week I had, all I wanted was to be left alone.

Maybe not one of those old ones... $\mathcal{WW}_{\mathcal{W}}.nove$ L \mathcal{W} o $\mathcal{R}_{\mathfrak{M}}.co$ MI could recall the time Liam had been over, speaking to my mom and he admitted to really enjoying those old films that she and I were heavily invested in. I didn't care how petty or pathetic it sounded,

Over the course of the next hour, I must have received a handful more calls and texts. Without giving it another thought, I turned my phone off completely and tossed it to the cushion next to me.

jumped out of her shoes when saw me lying there on the couch. "Oh my God! Ella?"

"Hey," I said, tiredly.

I heard the front door begin to open and was greeted by my startled-looking mother who nearly

"Yeah, I decided that I wanted to beat the foot traffic and come home a little earlier," I told her.

team?" wWw.No⊙e①⊚o≁m.(≎)Om

She placed down her jacket and her bag on the table. "How's Liam and the

"I thought you were coming back sometime tomorrow," she noted.

"They're fine, I guess."

My mom narrowed her eyes and slowly moved closer. Damnit. I knew she would see through my

"I really, really don't want to talk about it," I whispered. I didn't want to start crying again and my head was pounding. "I'm going to bed. Oh, and if Liam tries to come here, tell him I'm not interested in seeing him right now."

"Ella, did something happen when you were gone?"

excuse and sense that something was off.

But, luckily for me, she didn't try to ask me any further questions.

I slumped back to my room and went straight for my bed. I chose to turn my phone back on as a way to remind myself to reach out to Monica in the morning. Of course, when I opened my phone, I

My comment must have taken my mom by surprise because her eyes widened and her lips parted.

What really stuck out to me was the one unread message from

Monic

discovered all the new messages and missed calls that Liam kept sending me.

The image was followed by a short message in all caps 'WHAT THE HELL IS

Apparently, she cht me a

It was a captured moment of Liam and Olivia at the rink.

picture...

Wonderful.

another message...This time from Arthur.

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Now I was going to have Monica on my case. I made the promise to myself asleep, I received

thing

Arthur: Are you okay?

call

in the morning. Right as I was about to fall

As strange as it was, I felt an odd sense of comfort from this.

A short moment passed before my phone went off again.

Ella: Not really. But none of this should matter to you so… $oxtimes \mathbf{W} oxtimes ...$ $oxtimes \mathbf{W} oxtimes ...$ $oxtimes \mathbf{W} oxtimes ...$ $oxtimes \mathbf{W} oxtimes ...$ $oxtimes \mathbf{W} oxtimes ...$

Arthur: Anything that pertains to you, will always matter to me. 2/2