

Dating 16

Chapter 16

You had got to be kidding me. I was hoping Liam hadn't seen me in my room, hadn't seen me staring right into his room, but clearly, I was wrong.

Again, Liam tapped on my glass, this time a little harder. I pretended not to hear. I thought he would stop if I didn't respond but Liam just went on tapping. I started playing music from my laptop which was connected to my speaker.

Maybe if Liam realized that I couldn't hear his tapping on my window, he'd get the hint and move on with..whatever he was planning to do for the rest of the day.

My phone buzzed and I flipped it over. It was a message from Lim:

I know you're in your room, Ella. Just open the window. Plecccase.

At the end of the message was the prayer heart imoji. And a blue heart.

I groaned.

I walked to my window and drew back the curtain. Liam was standing on the other side, a satisfied grin on his face. I unlocked my window and swung it open.

"Did you need something," I asked, trying to sound cool, professional, like we were just neighbors who said hello to each other when we crossed paths in the morning. Nothing more. [www.NoV@LW6\(r\)m.c0M](mailto:www.NoV@LW6(r)m.c0M)

"Yeah, actually, I do," Liam said. All of a sudden, he leaned forward and pushed his long leg through my window.

"Hey! Liam, what in the world-" I said, completely shocked. Before I had even finished my sentence, Liam had already vaulted himself across my threshold.

Liam glanced around my room, an impressed look on his face." like how you've decorated your room. All the bright colors are really cool."

I got up and tried to stealthily tidy up a little bit. My room was still messy because the last time I'd left to head back to campus, I hadn't had time to really organize anything. "Liam what are you doing here?"

"I really need you, Ella?" He said, a pleading look on his face.

"What?" I said, not knowing what else to say.

"You're supposed to be my tutor, remember? I really need your help with Professor King's class."

I'd almost forgotten that I'd agreed to tutor Liam for class. "I thought all of that was, I don't know, like a façade," I said.

"No, I really actually wanted you to help me. It's just so much information to remember and I need help getting all the important historical dates, and figures and events to stick in my mind."

I was surprised that Liam actually needed my help. I'd never seen him once miss class. Even when I knew that he had an important practice session before class or a big game, Liam would somehow manage to make it to class on time.

Sometimes he'd show up completely tired and he'd barely be able to keep his eyes open. Still, I was actually impressed that he was so committed to classes, I knew that he didn't have to be

There were other hockey players on the team in a couple of my other classes. If they came to class once a week, that was a good week.

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"I don't get it, you're in class every time. How are you struggling so much?" I said. I hoped it didn't sound like I was judging him or anything. I just was genuinely surprised.

Liam shrugged, turning his back to me as he picked up the snow globe on my desk, "I don't know. I guess history just isn't one of my better subjects. It's hard for something to stick for me in my mind if I'm not really all that interested in it."

I frowned, crossing my arms, "Wait, if you aren't all that interested in history class, why did you sign up for it in the first place."

Liam paused, not saying anything for a second. Then, "I decided to take the class because I knew someone was planning to take it too."

The way Liam had suddenly gone all weird and silent told me that he had signed up for our history class because of another girl. Annoyance rose up in me. Who was the girl that he was chasing even though he knew that history wasn't a subject he was everLinterested in?

I scanned through my brain, trying to think of all the she-wolves that were in it. I tried to match what I knew, or thought I knew, with Liam's type. He liked she-wolves that were taller, and curvier, and always stood out from a crowd.

There were a few girls in our class that fit that description. The thing was, I had never seen Liam even glance in the direction of any of these girls before. He was always sitting next to me, trying to get my attention. Not that some of these girls didn't try hard to get his attention.

I wanted to ask him who she was. Who was the she-wolf that had driven him to sign up for Professor King's class but I clamped down on my tongue, refusing to ask. It wasn't my place to ask him. We were nothing more than fake boyfriend and girlfriend.

He could have a secret crush on whoever he wanted to. And he didn't have to tell me who she was. It was probably for the best. We had already crossed too many boundaries. I didn't want to have to start pretending to care about some other girl he hoped to sleep with.

I already knew that I wouldn't be able to handle it. [www.move\(1\)woRm.c0m](mailto:www.move(1)woRm.c0m)

A knock sound at my door. "Honey, you busy? Can I come in?" Mom said.

I shot Liam a terrified glance. There was no way my mom could see him in here, "Um, just give me one second, mom!" I turned back to Liam, who looked like he was ready to chill just where he was.

"You have to get out of here. Seriously." www.n0@êLW0rM.c0M

When Liam heard the desperation in my voice, he agreed. He stepped back through my window and swung himself back into his room.

I walked to my bedroom door and opened it wide, "What's up, mom?"

"I was just wondering--," mom stopped talking then as she noticed my window wide open across from Liam's open "Honey, did you just have a little neighborly guest in here?" More said, letting out a little giggle.

I rolled my eyes, "No, mother," but even as I said the words, I could feel my cheeks burning.

"You know you don't have to hide anything from me, honey," Mom said with a grin.

window.

But if only that was true. I knew mom was waiting for me to tell her that Liam and I were an official couple but, I just couldn't. This thing that Liam and I had was temporary. It would be silly for me to tell her that we were a couple when we were going to eventually "break up."

That was going to leave mom heartbroken. It was better not to say anything at all.

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"I know, mom.

"Alright then. Anyway, I'm going to put on a movie. You want to watch it with me?" Mom said with a smile.

I nodded. "Yeah, I'll be down in a second," I said.

When mom left, I couldn't help but to look through my window over at Liam's room. He was laying on his bed, shirtless, playing with his phone.

My phone buzzed with a new message: [W\(w\).NoVel\(w\)orm.c0m](mailto:W(w).NoVel(w)orm.c0m)

You're staring at me again... the message from Liam read.

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SEND GIFT

COMMENT

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