

Chapter 0004

The puck flew at me and I stopped it in my stick like it was nothing. The crowd cheered all around me at the save that almost went into the other team's possession.

"Liam! Liam!" everybody screamed from the stands. I always loved the sound of my name being cheered on from the bleachers, but I never let it distract me. I was here to play. I was here to win.

We were playing against the Blue Jay's, another college team who were one of our fiercest competitions in the league. We were always battling it out to see who would take the top spot at the end of the season.

I wasn't worried though as I juggled the puck around the players trying to steal the puck away from me. I glanced up and saw Noah wide open. He was close enough to the other team's goal. He could score if he went straight for it.

I hit the puck as hard as I could in his direction.

Noah took control of the puck. Since no one was around him, he decided to show off. He liked to do this sometimes. Just to keep the players on their feet. It was also a way to have the crowd start to call his name.

Noah danced around with the puck, twirling it around in a circle. When players from the other team came closer, he continued showboating instead of passing the puck to our teammate.

"Fucking Pass it, Noah!" I yelled. I knew what was going to happen if he didn't—

And just as I'd predicted, number 76 from the opposite team swooped in from behind and stole the puck from Noah. He drove down and shot the puck right into our goal.

Damn. I looked up into the crowd and my eyes immediately fell on Ella, as if she was a magnet that they were drawn to. Even though she was hiding in a corner, it always felt like I could always find Ella. Her eyes must have felt mine because she turned and looked at me.

When her eyes meet mine, they held onto me for a second before looking away.

It was just like when we were children. If our bedroom curtains were open and our eyes meet each other, she'd shyly draw the curtains closed. Which only made me want her more.

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When we were kids, Ella used to act like she barely noticed me. If she came over to hang out with Noah, she'd walk right by me with a small nod, not bothering to look in my direction. I couldn't stand it.

Sometimes at school, I'd run into her in the hallway at the water fountain.

"Hi, Ella," I'd say, trying to start up a conversation.

She'd nod, clutching the books she always seemed to have, closer to her chest. It was almost as if she thought the books could serve as some form of protection between the two of us. Like she was purposefully creating an extra layer of distance.

I never understood this attachment that I seemed to have to Ella. Not when we were super young, not when we were a little older. Even when I could have my pick of she-wolves, and indeed I did.

Sometimes, while I was laying in bed with my latest she-wolf, I'd glance across and look into Ella's bedroom window. Whether she was writing, or reading, or sometimes even staring into space, daydreaming, it was always Ella that I wished was laying next to me.

I knew something was up when Noah started talking less and less about Ella. Before, he used to talk about their friendship to me. He knew it made me jealous that the two of them were so close. But then, one day a few years ago, I realized he never talked about Ella.

If Ella and I somehow ended up alone in the same room at home, Noah would sense that and he was right there. It was like he didn't want her out of his sight, especially when I was around.

One day, I walked into the house and caught the two of them kissing on the living room couch. There was a movie playing on the T.V. but neither of them could have cared less.

"Oh, so I guess that's why you've been acting all weird and shit," I said. I tried to make my voice calm like I didn't give a shit, but even I could hear the low rumble coming from inside me. I started to burn with jealousy and anger at seeing Noah's arm rapped around Ella.

Noah jumped back.

"What are you doing back so early," Noah said, accusation in his voice.

"I'm sorry, I didn't know you were my mother," I said. Ella's eyes were wide with worry. I turned and walked up the stairs, refusing to look back.

It wasn't long before I realized that Ella wasn't the only girl Noah was seeing. There would be other girls, she-wolves, coming in and out of the house. Entering and exiting Noah's bedroom. It was clear that Noah only saw Ella as a toy. He refused to claim her as his girlfriend.

This had always made me pissed off but I didn't know why.

After last night, the anger I felt at the way Noah treated Ella started to make sense. I had called her my mate. I hadn't even meant to but it just sort of came out. I couldn't hold the words in if I tried.

I didn't know if Ella really was my fated mate. All I knew now, was that, last night, I felt more of a connection with Ella than I'd ever felt with any of the other she-wolves I'd ever been with.

"Liam!" someone called out. My head snapped and I was back in the game. I was standing without anybody around me. My teammate shot the puck at me and I took control of it. I turned and drove hard and fast towards the opposite team's goal.

The goalie didn't stand a chance. I shot the puck right in between his legs and the crowd went wild.

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Ella's POV

I still couldn't get Liam calling me his mate, out of my mind. It had to be a mistake. Humans couldn't be mates to werewolves. Actually, on second thought, they could. But if that was the case, they would be cursed to childless unions.

I tried to forget about last night as I watched Liam drive the puck toward the opposite team's goal and score like it was nothing. But it wasn't nothing. Because Liam had just won the game for our team. The crowd went ballistic.

He was an amazing player. His speed, his power, his skill was like nothing I'd seen before. For the first time, I could see why he was so popular.

As I watched Liam move with control, I couldn't help but think that he would make a great character in a story of mine.

I stood up to cheer with everybody else, a huge grin on my face. Noah looked up at me and smiled as if the smile on my face was for him. I frowned, disgust all over my face as I turned away from him. I say down. I would never let him think my joy was his to claim.

Standing nearby was Liam and our eyes met.

Meet me in the locker room, Liam mouthed at me.