

Dating 9

Chapter 9

LIAM'S POV

"Well, you finally decided to show, Gravens? Thanks for gracing is with your presence. I was sure you'd make it a point to skip yet another semester of class," Professor King said to me, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

I shrugged as I continued to casually make my way toward Ella, who was sitting in the back corner of the room. An empty seat was open right next to her.

"I figured better late than never," I said.

Last semester, I had enrolled in Professor King's class. It was one of the required humanities classes I had to take for credit. But making it to class was so not a priority.

I barely attended classes. What with hokey practice, and games, and the parties after the games and well, I'll be honest, the she-wolves that hung around after the parties, being there wasn't really on my to-do list

I think I made it to maybe...three of Professor King's classes, mostly because I was bored, and nobody was around to entertain me those days.

I was shocked when I got my grades at the end of last semester and saw that Professor King failed me. Even though my attendance at a couple other classes was sometimes..spotty, my professors in that class still passed me. They knew I was an Alpha and a star player on the hockey team. But Professor King didn't care.

"You should have taken my class as seriously as you took your little games, he'd said, continuing to work on grades for another class.

I couldn't get him to at least give me a passing grade, even if it was low. So here I was, back in his class the next semester. I had to retake his class because if I didn't do the class all over again, I could get kicked off the hokey team. And there was no way I was going to let that happen

Professor King stared me down, challenge in his eyes, "Just know that I will fail you once again if you decide to show up to my classes whenever the mood strikes."

"I'm a changed man, I swear," I said, with a grin. I held one hand over my heart and the other up, my palms facing forward

My classmates giggled and smirked around me. I was used to being the center of attention, and to be honest, I didn't mind it. [www.nOVE/WÖRM.©om](#)

"You can take a seat, Mr. Graves," Professor king said, rolling his eyes.

"Before I do, I just wanted to assure you that I've even gotten the best person to agree to tutor me," I said. I turned to Ella then. "My mate, Ella." [www.nðvɛlɔv@.c0m](#)

Ella's eyes widened and she shrunk ever so slightly further down into her chair.

"What?!" Ella blurted out, "did I?" Her teeth were clenched.

"You did. Or don't you remember? You said you'd gladly help me pass Professor King's class so that I can make sure to take the hockey team all the way to the championships...and win."

The entire rooin erupted in cheers. Annoyance flashed across Ella's face.

"Right. I remember now. Looking forward to the tutoring sessions," Ella said, her voice flat.

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I grinned with satisfaction at Ella as I slid into the seat beside he

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ELLA'S POV

There was no way in hell that I was going to start tutoring Liam He may have forced me to say yes in front of everybody. but I was going to set him straight.

I waited outside the classroom for Liam while he finished talking to all his little fans.

"Hi honey, can we talk for a second," I said through gritted teeth as I pulled Liam away from the crowd. We walked for a while in silence down the busy hallway, until we could find an empty corner.

"There is no way I'm becoming your tutor,

Liam

Liam grinned, "Come on Ella, you don't want me to fail, get kicked off the team, and ruin the season, do you?"

"I don't care what happens with you and the team," I said. He lifted his eyebrow questioningly. I groaned in frustration.

Of course that wasn't true. I knew how important the hockey team was to our school. And now that Liam had made a whole show about me becoming his tutor, people would probably blame me if he didn't pass Professor King's class.

I glared at Liam. "You're really annoying, you know that?"

"So that's a yes?" Liam said.

"Fine!" I said.

Liam threw his arms around me and lifted me up like I was a weightless piece of paper. "Ella, you're a life saver. Come to my dorm tonight and we can get started on our tutoring sessions." He set me back on the ground. Liam turned around then and walked towards the stairs, trying to catch up with a couple people he knew.

I shook my head. He was so arrogant for assuming that I was going to show up tonight, just because he said I should. I should totally not show up and just leave him hanging dry. That's what I really should do.

I showed up at Liam's dorm around 7:00 pm on the dot. [Www.noDëLw@Rm.cOm](#)

Just as I was about to knock on Liam's door, the dorm room next to Liam's, which happened to be Noah's room, swung open, and Noah stepped out.

"What are you doing here?" Noah said, surprise on his face.

"That's not your business anymore, Noah," I said.

Noah glanced at me and then at Liam's door, "Right. Of course. You're here to see him." Noah shook his head. "You're going to regret not listening to me, Ella."

Liam's door swung open then, and Liam stepped out of his roore, his broad shoulders taking up every inch of space in the door frame.

"You're here, babe. Come on in," he said. He completely ignored Noah's presence, acting as if Noah wasn't even standing right there. As I followed Liam into his room, I caught a glance of Noah silently fuming as the two of us left.

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When I stepped into Liam's room, I was shocked to see how clean it was. I guess I always assumed hockey players and guys his age were kind of slob. But not Liam. Everywhere was neat, and kind of like his room back home, he had a couple posters of his favorite players.

"I guess I'll just sit at your desk," I mumbled. I pulled my notebook out of my backpack and set it on the table. "You know, I'm really annoyed that these little tutoring sessions are going to be taking time away from my writing."

Liam walked over then and crouched in front of me, "Timm really sorry about that. I would never intentionally get in the way of you and your writing, Ella."

"Yeah, alright." I said. The sooner we got started with tutoring, the sooner I could get out of there.

"I'm serious. How about this. To spark your creative juices, you can ask me any questions about me, and I'll give you an [w@w.Nɔvɛlwórm.çOm](#)

answer.

I turned to Liam with surprise. Really?" Liam nodded. I didn't need any time thinking about what I wanted to ask. "What does the werewolf mate bond feel like," I whispered.

Liam looked into my eyes, scanning my face. Then, he gently lifted my face. "Why don't I make you feel it?"

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