

Dating 100

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The flickering candlelight danced on the cabin walls, casting long, menacing shadows. The howling wind had faded, but the silence that followed was heavy, suffocating. Then, a fist slammed against the cabin door, rattling the aged wood.

Liam, his stoic facade finally cracking, sprang to his feet. A fierce look in his eyes, a stark contrast to the playful evening I had envisioned. With a swift movement, he reached for his pocket, only to find it empty.

Panic flickered across his face for a fleeting moment before steely resolve took over. What had he been looking for?

I watched, heart pounding, as Liam cautiously approached the door. The candlelight threw his shadow across the room, making him look larger, more formidable. "Liam, be careful," I whispered, my voice trembling. Fear coursed through me.

He offered me a tight, reassuring smile that didn't reach his eyes. "Stay here, Ella. I'll handle this."

A deep, mocking voice boomed from the other side of the door, sending chills down my spine. "Open up, Liam. Don't keep the family waiting."

The name, dripping with disdain, sent shivers down my spine. Liam, with a resigned sigh, threw open the door, revealing a figure shrouded in darkness. As the firelight illuminated the face, a gasp escaped my lips.

There stood Arthur, his eyes held a coldness that sent shivers down my spine. He was grinning like this was all a game.

"Arthur," Liam growled.

Arthur shrugged and stepped inside, his presence filling the small cabin with his bad energy. A cruel smirk played on his lips. "Enjoying the rustic accommodations? Trying to channel your inner woodsman to impress dear old Aaron?" His voice dripped with sarcasm, echoing through the small cabin.

Liam, jaw clenched tight, met Arthur's gaze with a steely defiance. "So, it was you the entire time? What do you want, Arthur?" His voice was a low growl, barely controlled.

Arthur chuckled, a harsh, grating sound. "Just a friendly reminder, Winslow Jr. my team is ready to crush you on the ice. Your little charade can't last forever." His eyes flicked towards me, a flicker of something akin to amusement playing across his features. "And as always, you're playing house with Ella once again, how quaint." *Www.n(e)velw0rM.c0m*

I bristled at the blatant disrespect, but before I could retort, Liam stepped forward, his voice a dangerous whisper. "Don't you dare say her name. She's none of your business."

"Oh, on the contrary," Arthur countered, his voice dripping with venom. "Father's quite curious about your little... project. How long do you think you can keep up the charade? How long until Aaron realizes he's been grooming the wrong heir?"

Liam's face contorted in a mixture of anger and fear.

A tense silence descended, broken only by the crackling fire. The accusations hung heavy in the air, a suffocating weight threatening to erupt into violence. I could feel the fury radiating off Liam in waves, his fists clenched at his sides.

Just as it seemed a brawl was inevitable, a loud growl resonated from outside, closer this time. Both Liam and Arthur froze, their attention drawn to the sound. A dark shape shifted in the shadows beyond the flickering firelight.

They glanced at each other as their primal instinct for survival kicked in. Liam and Arthur united for a quick moment against the unknown threat, slowly moved towards the back of the cabin, grabbing whatever objects they could find for defense.

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We crouched behind an old, weathered sofa, the fire's warmth doing little to ease the chill in the air. The rhythmic thudding grew louder, more deliberate. My mind raced with worst-case scenarios. What if it was a pack of wolves, their glowing eyes and sharp claws just outside the door? What if Arthur had led them here, a twisted part of some sick game?

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Liam's hand found mine, his grip firm and reassuring. "Whatever happens, stay close to me," he whispered, his breath warm against my car.

Arthur, crouched beside us, cast a wary glance towards the door. "Aww. Were you always the brave one, Liam?" *wWw.00v.e(w)0T(m).c0m*

"Shut up, Arthur," Liam hissed. "This isn't the time."

A loud crash from outside made us all jump. The door shook on its hinges, the wood splintering under the force of whatever was trying to get in. My heart felt like it was going to explode out of my chest.

"Liam," I whispered, tears welling in my eyes. "What do we do?"

He squeezed my hand tighter. "We fight, Ella. Whatever it is, we fight."

Arthur snorted. "Always the hero, aren't you?"

Before Liam could respond, another voice, deep and taunting, broke the silence. "Alright, everybody in there needs to get the fuck out. Now!"

My blood ran cold. The voice was unfamiliar, but the malice in it was unmistakable. I pressed closer to Liam, my body trembling.

"Who the hell is that?" Arthur muttered, his bravado wavering.

Liam didn't answer, his eyes locked on the door. "Stay quiet," he whispered. "Maybe they'll go away."

But the footsteps outside told us otherwise. They were getting closer, the crunch of snow underfoot loud in the stillness of the night. It was a whole pack of them, I knew it. The door rattled again, harder this time, the wood groaning under the

strain.

"Open the door," the voice called out, mocking and cruel. "Don't make me break it down."

Liam's grip on my hand tightened to the point of pain, but I didn't care. "We're not opening the door," he said, his voice strong and unwavering. "Whatever you want, leave us alone."

The voice growled with frustration, "You can't hide in there forever!"

I couldn't take it anymore. "What do you want?" I shouted, my voice cracking.

Silence followed my outburst, the kind of silence that made my skin crawl. Then, the voice spoke again, softer this time, almost gentle. "I want to get into that cabin. And I want to get in there now."

"No," I whispered, shaking my head. "You can't."

The voice growled again, a sound that seemed to come from everywhere and nowhere. "Brave little girl. But bravery won't last when we get our hands on you."

Liam stood then, pulling me up with him. "Ella, stay behind me," he ordered, his voice leaving no room for argument. Arthur rose too, grabbing a fire poker from beside the hearth. "Guess it's time to see what you're really made of, huh Liam."

The door burst open with a deafening crash, the wood splintering and flying across the room. A figure stepped inside, cloaked in darkness, their face hidden by the shadows. The cold night air rushed in, extinguishing the candles and plunging us into darkness.

"Boys," the figure said, their voice a low growl. "I do believe your time is up."

My heart raced, my mind screaming for me to run to hide to do ow

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As the figure moved closer, the firelight caught their face, revealing a menacing grin. I gasped, recognizing the face from my nightmares. It wasn't a werewolf, but something far worse. Something I had hoped to never see again.

"Liam," I whispered, tears streaming down my face. "It's them."

And with that, the figure lunged, and our world descended into chaos.

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