

Dating 103

Chapter 103

[Ella's POV]

I knew I was dreaming. I had to be. There was no way that life would be so cruel as to lock me in another situation where I was trapped in a corner, unable to escape and facing a madman with a large knife.

I knew it wasn't real. But that didn't mean that my fear was any less prominent than it had been in real life. In fact, the situation I was currently stuck in was far worse than the reality. I was back in the cabin. I was surrounded by shattered glass and broken pieces of wood, making it nearly impossible to move.

All I could see was the tall, hooded man in front of me. He held that same ugly dagger in his hand while the other reached out to grab me. Liam and Arthur were nowhere to be found. I was alone to face the monstrous man.

Just like he had before, he grabbed me by the neck of my shirt and I was unable to break away. My heart slammed in my chest and there were tears streaming down my face. "S-Stop! Let me go!" I pleaded and begged but to no avail.

The man laughed as he brought the edge of the blade down to my cheek. "I told you before, your kind has no place in this world," he snarled with hatred.

The next thing I knew, he lowered the dagger and drove it straight through my chest. The sudden, overwhelming pain caused me to jolt out of my unconscious state, screaming for my life.

"Ella!" A familiar voice spoke out. "Ella, relax, it's okay."

Broken whimpers of distress tore from my throat. I struggled to gain my bearings. I felt trapped beneath several blankets, unable to move which caused my anxiety to grow worse.

I felt a strong hand brush the hair away from my face. "Shhh, it's alright. You're okay," Liam hushed.

"W-Where am I?" I gasped.

I was utterly breathless and covered in a thin sheen of sweat. The room was nearly pitch black and I had no idea where I was.

Liam pressed a delicate kiss to my head. "I brought you back to my dorm room," he told me steadily. "You just had a nightmare."

Funny. It didn't feel like a nightmare. Everything had been so vivid, right down to the grungy smell that rolled off the man's body. My features were pinched with distress as I recalled the pain that came from feeling the dagger.

"It wasn't a dream," I said weakly. "It was a memory...And what feels like a premonition." $\mathbf{W}^{\mathbf{W}(\mathbf{w}),\tilde{n},v\hat{e}/\tilde{\mathbf{W}}\mathbf{O}\tilde{\mathbf{R}}(\mathbf{m}),\mathbb{C}\mathbb{O}\mathbf{M}}$

I felt Liam's body tense up around me. It wasn't my intention to upset him or make him feel uncomfortable, but I wasn't about to suppress the thoughts that were eating away at my sanity. Deep down, part of me was convinced that the dream I'd just experienced was, perhaps, fate trying to send me a message.

"No," he said in a low tone. "I don't want to believe that. Ella, that man will never get his hands on you-never attempt to hurt you again. I prom-"

"You can't promise me this, Liam. Not this time."

I knew this wasn't what he wanted to hear. It pained me to no end to point out the grizzly reality of the situation. Based on what I was feeling, there was no silver lining and there was no happy guarantee that everything was going to be alright.

"I got lucky. Plain and simple," I said. "Had it not been for you and Arthur, I would have been dead."

I felt Liam shift on the bed beside me. He reached over to flick on the small lamp on the nightstand before turning to glance at me with a wearing expression. I was grateful for noticing that Blaine wasn't in the room with us as well.

Liam pinched the bridge of his nose and let out a long, tired breath. "Ella...

You had one of the worst panic attacks and bouts of shock I've ever seen, and rightfully so. Which is why I'm insisting that you lay back down and try to get some real rest."

With all the thoughts and worries that were flying through my head, there was no way I was going to fall back asleep. I kept quiet and slid back into the mattress without so much as another word. Liam shut the light off and sank back into the mattress beside me.

I could tell he'd fallen back asleep, whereas I was wide awake and forced to face the worries in my mind. $\mathbf{W}^{\mathbf{W}^{\mathbf{w},n\sigma\mathcal{V}e(\mathbf{U})\mathbb{W}\sigma\tilde{\mathbf{R}}_{\mathbf{mm}},\mathbb{C}\mathbb{O}\mathbf{M}}$

The moment I saw the first streak of sunlight coming through the window, I carefully slid out of Liam's bed and gathered my things. I left his dorm with the intention of heading back to my own.

Liam is the one who needs rest, I thought. What I need is answers.

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Chapter 103

Thankfully, a majority of the building was still fast asleep. I was able to head back to my dormitory and get to my room without any problems. Unfortunately, there was no chance of me shaking off the gruesome feeling of knowing that I had been stalked and hunted like an animal.

As soon as I got to my room I noticed a strange sound coming from within. My mind immediately went to the man from the cabin.

What if he managed to find his way back and was bold enough to break into my dorm room? Oh my God! What if he thinks Monica is me and he's trying to hurt her?!

I barged into the room in a full panic only to be met with the startling sight of my roommate on top of her boyfriend, Peter, currently in the midst of having sex.

Monica and Peter stared at me with wide eyes.

"Oh my God!"

"Ella!"

I clamped a hand over my eyes and let out a series of apologies. My heart dropped into my stomach and my face flushed a deep shade of red. Monica made a quick work of covering both her and Peter and sat up on the bed. "Good God, Ella. I thought you and Liam were going to be gone for most of the weekend. What happened?"

"We were. I mean, that was the plan anyway..."

"Did something happen between the two of you?"

I couldn't bring myself to tell her about what had really happened. It occurred to me sometime during the night that this issue was so much bigger than anything I'd ever had to face. This wasn't some petty plan to hurt my feelings or ruin my reputation. Whoever this man was, his intentions were to kill me.

And something told me that he would have zero problem hurting others in order to see that plan through.

So, what the hell was I supposed to do now? $(\mathbf{w})\mathbf{W}^{\mathbf{w},r,(n)\mathcal{O}ve\mathbf{I}w\mathbf{O}\tilde{\mathbf{R}}_{\mathbf{mm}},(\mathbf{c})\delta\mathbf{m}}$

I gently shook my head. "No," I answered. "I wasn't feeling too well. I think, maybe, I might be coming down with a head cold or something. It's no big deal."

I hated lying. I hated lying to the people that I cared about. But I firmly believed that I was left with little to no choice at the moment. Monica raised a brow and looked me over with heavy skepticism. "Are you su—"

"I'm going to spend the rest of the weekend at home. Okay?" Not leaving any room for argument, I swiftly got a bag together and grabbed my phone.