

Dating 105

Chapter 105

I wasn't sure what time it was when I finally opened my eyes. All I knew was that the sun had gone down and I was feeling a hell of a lot better than I had before. I slowly stretched out my limbs and found myself wrapped in another person's embrace. Liam.

My heart swelled in my chest. I'd completely forgotten about him coming over to, no doubt, give me a lecture. I suppose seeing me in such an unpleasant state was enough to make him lose his point.

As I continued to move around, I felt Liam shift. He turned his head slightly to look at me. A small smile curved his lips.

"You look so much better," he said softly. "The circles around your eyes have gone down tremendously. How do you feel?"

I lowered my head sheepishly. "Better. A lot better, actually." I let out a long sigh and shook my head. "I thought the nightmares were never going to

end.

Liam's smile deepened as he brushed the wild locks of hair from my face. He leaned down to press a swift kiss to my cheek. He brushed his thumb lazily over my bottom lip while never taking his eyes off me.

"I wish you had called me sooner," he said quietly. "Ella, promise me that if these nightmares persist to the point where it's making you sick, you will tell me."

I nodded my head. "I will."

I had no idea what really prompted the nightmares to stop. Having Liam wrap his arms around me, made me feel guarded and safe. Yet, I felt something stir to life from within the depths of my chest.

I fiddled with my fingers in my lap. "You said before that we're going to talk."

Liam sat up and leaned back against the headboard of the bed. "Ella, we can't let what happened at the cabin run our lives."

"That's easy for you to say," I breathed. "You're not the one being stalked and hunted."

Liam let out a low growl of anger from his chest. "Ella..." His tone came off as a warning, but I wasn't about to back down from my side of the argument.

"I mean it, Liam. This man, whoever the hell he is, has been watching me for a very long time—very possibly my whole life. The big question is 'why?'

Another low grumble slipped from his chest. He lowered his gaze and leaned his head back. "You're right. It's the key factor in understanding all of this. In fact, Arthur and I were talking about this as we all left the cabin that night." I raised my brows. "We both heard the strange things that guy was saying to you and we couldn't make sense out of any of it."

"Liam, you know how I've been having my doubts about me being anything other than human?" He nodded his head. "Well, I'm really starting to believe that you've been right about that this whole time." **wwW.nOvêWôRm.c.M**

The look he gave me prompted me to further explain. "When that man was speaking to me, he said something along the lines of 'waiting for the right signs that would give me away'"

"Well, clearly he saw something that was enough for him to act on his impulses to try and get to you," he stated. **wwW.Nôvêl@ôrm.(c)om**

He did get to me...He just didn't finish the job.

"Ella, there are far too many unknown elements of this situation that prevent us from reaching any real conclusion."

Any hopes I had of feeling confident about moving forward were gradually slipping through my hands. "So, what am I supposed to do?" I asked a bit too harshly. "Just wait around for the psycho to try and succeed in his mission all the while trying to pass my finals before the winter break?"

Liam fought back a laugh, which only caused me to playfully shove at him with irritation. He knew I was being serious. I didn't want to live my life in fear of wondering when this guy was going to make another possible move.

"We're going to do what we can. We're going to move forward with heavy vigilance and not take any chances that may provoke a second incident," he explained. "I have a sure feeling that our attacker will not be making any similar attempts any time soon, especially if we remain in public settings."

That certainly made sense. There was a very likely chance that one of the main reasons why we were attacked when we were was mainly because Liam and I were secluded. There wasn't a single home or town around the cabin's location for miles. It, unknowingly, gave him an advantage.

"Also, I'm sure the guy is decently injured at the moment. He's definitely strong—strong enough to take on two Alphas—but not stupid to try anything again so soon."

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I gently nodded my head. "Alright. Somehow, I strangely feel a bit better about the situation."

Liam gave me a reassuring smile and lightly tugged me to his chest. I embraced the warmth that had lulled me to sleep hours earlier.

"So, I take it that you didn't tell your mother about what happened?"

I let out an indignant snort. "Are you kidding? If I told that woman about us getting attacked and me almost getting killed, she would have uprooted our lives in seconds. I probably would have disappeared off the face of the earth."

I felt Liam's hold on me tighten. "You can't disappear from me," he said quietly. "I couldn't bear it if I were to lose you."

I lifted my head up and found Liam's expression to be resolute. "You're not going to lose me." At that moment, I leaned down to capture his lips in a long, searing kiss. "I never got to thank you for saving my life."

His features softened with a tenderness that made me feel weightless. "I would do it again in a heartbeat."

After our much-needed discussion, both my head and my chest felt lighter. I decided to take a nice, hot shower to work my tense muscles while Liam returned back to campus. Once I threw on a fresh shirt and shorts, I made my way into the kitchen to find something to eat.

"Well, you certainly look a lot better," my mom said from the counter.

I offered a smile as I scanned through the pantry. "I feel a lot better. Finally got some decent sleep."

"Is everything okay, Ella?" she asked with a true hint of worry in her voice. "You claimed you had a head cold but you showed no signs of being sick."

Her question made me tense. I glanced at her over my shoulder and hesitated to speak. I meant what I said to Liam before; there was no way I could tell my mom about what was really going on."

"You're right, it wasn't a head cold," I said. "I've been under a lot of stress from classes lately. Finals are right around the corner and I've been so worried that I may not get through all the studying that I need to in order to pass."

My mom swiftly hopped off the bar stool she'd been sitting on and came over to pull me into a tight hug. "Ella, you are one of the most astute people I know. I have every faith that you're going to do just fine on all your finals."

Again, I knew it was wrong to lie like this, but what other choice did I have? **wwwW.NôvêLwôRM.©oM**

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