

Dating 47

Chapter 47

I stumbled into my dorm room, the weight of the night pressing so heavily on my shoulders. All I wanted to do was get into bed, pull the covers over my head and shut the entire world out. I closed the door behind me and leaned against it, trying to catch my breath.

It was dark and I didn't want to wake Monica up. My heart still raced, and my mind was a chaotic mess of emotions. How had things escalated so quickly with Liam? Everything that we had done tonight was so intense

I sank onto my bed, staring at the ceiling. I couldn't help replaying Liam's touch all over my body, his lips on mine, the raw passion we shared—it all just kept playing on a loop in my mind. I couldn't believe how close we had come to crossing a line that neither of us could return from. Part of me regressed stopping, but I knew it was the right decision. Wasn't it?

The next morning, I dragged myself out of bed, feeling like I hadn't slept at all. I had spent the entire night restlessly tossing and turning, haunted by dreams of Liam. In the dreams, Liam and I were walking on the beach. All of a sudden, the water began to rise.

I tried to tell him to look behind, see that the water was rising and that we had to run away so that we wouldn't get swallowed whole. But Liam refused to look at the tide coming hard and fast toward us. He just smiled at me and said, "It's okay, Ella. Just let it come"

I didn't know what to make of that dream and trying to understand it was just giving me a headache.

As I got ready for school. I couldn't let go of the feeling of his hands on me, the heat of his breath against my skin. It made focusing on anything else nearly impossible. God, Liam had made me feel so good last night. *www.noVelwor^(m).CoM*

All my classes blurred together, and I found myself staring out the window, lost in thoughts of the previous night. During science class, the professor made shapes on the whiteboard but I couldn't decipher them.

During my favorite class, English, I couldn't even pay attention. The professor even tried to engage me in conversation, but I could only muster half-hearted responses. She gave me a concerned look but didn't press further.

I was one of her best students and I usually always came to class prepared and eager and ready to talk about our reading. But not today. My mind was only concerned with replaying the amazing and intense night that I had had with Liam

By the time lunch rolled around, I was exhausted. I was exhausted of thinking so much. Exhausted by the fact that I had slept so little. Exhausted by forcing myself to not talk to Liam even though he had called so many times and I hadn't picked up not once.

I grabbed my lunch tray and found a quiet corner of the cafeteria, hoping to find some solace in solitude. Maybe I would try to do some reading. Maybe that would help me to refocus. But as soon as I sat down, Monica appeared, her usual bubbly self. *(w)wW.(n)@vEL@o^rm.cOm*

"Hey, Ella! Where the hell have you been all day?" she asked, sliding into the seat next to me. Well, so much for the peace and quiet that I had been hoping for.

"Hey, Monica," I said, forcing a smile on my face.

Monica studied me for a moment, her eyes narrowing "What's wrong with you! You kind of look like shit. What? You didn't get any sleep last night

I shook my head, "Not really."

"Everything okay?" She said I could tell this wasn't one of the times I could not say anything and Monica would drop it. Monica would just keep nagging me until I told her what was wrong.

I hesitated, not sure if I wanted to delve all the way into the mess of emotions swirling inside me. But Monica was my friend, and no matter what, I knew that she would have my best interest at heart. "I'm just... overwhelmed. A lot happened last night"

Her eyes widened with curiosity and concern "Oh! What happened?"

I sighed, glancing around to make sure no one was listening. "Liam and we almost... we were so close and it was really intense" *wvw.w.nOvEL@vRm.CoM*

Monica's eyes widened, and she leaned in closer. "Almost what? Wait, did you guys almost have sex?"

I nodded, feeling a blush creep up my cheeks. I looked around me to make sure no one was trying to listen to our conversation. "Yeah. It was... it was crazy. We were in the underground ring, and things just escalated. But 1 stopped it before it went too far."

Monica's mouth dropped open, a mix of shock and excitement in her eyes. "Oh my God, Ella! That's wow. I can't believe itt So like, how are you feeling!"

I shook my head, trying to sort through my emotions. "I don't know. It all happened so fast. 1 know I really like Liam, like, I might even love him

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Monica's eyes went wide, ""Are you serious?"

1 nodded, "But I don't want us to do anything that we're going to regret. But at the same time, I can't stop thinking about him."

Monica paused. Thinking. Finally, she reached across the table and squeezed my hand. "You know what, fuck it. I think you guys did the right thing. Once you take that step, you can't go back

Her words offered a little bit of comfort, but they also reminded me of how all over the place my feelings were. I spent the rest of the day in a fog barely able to concentrate on the rest of my classes.

When I got back to my room that evening, I tried to focus on my romance novel that I was writing, hoping it would provide a distraction

I sat at my desk, fingers poised over the keyboard, but the words wouldn't come. Every time I started a sentence, my mind wandered back to Liam I typed a few lines, then deleted them. Started again, then stopped. It was so freaking frustrating until I finally slammed my laptop shut, burying my face in my hands

The next day wasn't any better. Liam was in my thoughts constantly. It felt like his presence was lingering everywhere I went. I found myself checking my phone, half-hoping and half-dreading a message from him. But there was nothing. Shit

Monica comered me between classes. "Ella, you can't keep bottling this up. You need to talk to Liam." *W@w.nOveOwOrM.com*

Ishook my head, feeling a lump form in my throat. "I can't Not yet I need to figure out how I feel first"

She frowned. "Just don't take too long. You don't want him to give up on you guys.

That evening. I decided to take a walk to clear my head. The campus was quiet, the sun setting behind the trees. I wandered aimlessly, my thoughts a tangled mess. How could something that felt so right also feel so wrong!

Suddenly. I heard footsteps behind me. My heart leapt into my throat, and I turned to see Liam approaching. His expression was unreadable, a mixture of determination and vulnerability.

"Ella," he said softly, stopping a few feet away. "We need to talk

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