

Dating 56

Chapter 56

I don't know why Ava had been so freaking weird. I hadn't seen her for a while. And then all of a sudden, she popped up, asking me about what I was doing. How I had been. That absolutely wasn't like Ava. But I didn't have time to worry about Ava's sudden interest in my life. I had better things to do.

Determined to shake off whatever that situation was with Ava, I walked into the library, laptop clutched to my chest like a lifeline. The library was one of the few places on campus where I felt I could truly focus. *WwW.nov@Lw0Rm.c0m*

The familiar scent of old books and the quiet hum of whispered conversations usually had a calming effect on me. I could spend hours in the library. Sometimes all I did was focus on my homework and my writing in peace and quiet.

On other days, I loved going down the book aisle, running my fingers across the spine of the books. That was one of my favorite ways to discover an old book that had never come on my radar. There were so many books I had never read and I was always finding little gems just by going into the aisle without a plan or an idea of what I was looking for.

I found a secluded corner, away from the nosy eyes of other students. I powered up my laptop and started working on the final edits of my novel. The words flowed effortlessly, the story almost writing itself, *(w)wW.N0v@Lw0RM.c0m*

This was total only possible because of how..eventful my life had been over the semester. All sorts of dramatic ideas that I could throw my characters into popped into my mind. I was at least happy that I could use the real-life drama in my Bction.

I completely lost track of time because I was so immersed in my world of romance and drama. I couldn't wait to finish the novel and then upload it to Zoodago, the sight where I published my works and had so many loyal readers.

As I typed, a sharp voice cut through my concentration. "Humans aren't welcome in this section of the library"

I looked up to see a stern-faced librarian glaring down at me. She had on round black glasses and a plastic-looking hairdo pulled back so tightly, I could see the strain around the edges of her face.

Her eyes were cold and completely filled with disdain. "Excuse me I stammered, taken aback by her hostility

"You heard me," she snapped. "This area is reservell for special students. Not humans"

Humiliation washed over me. I felt my cheeks burn as several students turned to look, I was about to gather my things and leave when Liam appeared out of nowhere, his eyes blazing with anger

"Is there a problem here?" he demanded, stepping protectively in front of me.

The librarian's expression faltered, fear flickering in her eyes. "I was just reminding her of the library rules," she said, her voice wavering

"You know that's a bullshit rule. Humans can sit wherever they hell they like in the library Liam said his eyes boring into the librarian. And he was right. I had never not been able to sit wherever I wanted in the library

"Look, I can assure that "the librarian started but Liarn quickly cut her off

don't leave Ella alone, Ill make sure you're fired, Liam said coldly, "She's hasn't done anything wrong and you know your little fake rule is

"If you bullshit."

The librarian's face flushed with anger and shame, but she backed off, muttering under her breath as she walked away. Liam turned to me, his expression softening. "Are you okay?" *wW0.nov@Lw0Rm.c0m*

I nodded, grateful for his intervention "Thank you, Liam. I don't know what I would've done without you. I swear, you keep saving me from these crazy situations and I'm so grateful"

He smiled, brushing a stray lock of hair from my face. "It's not a problem at all. Anyway, I wish I could stick around, but I have to head to practice Will you be alright?"

"Yeah," I said, trying to

hide the longing in my voice. I'll be line. Go, I'll see you later."

As Liam walked away, I watched him go, a pang of longing in my chest. I wished he could stay, but I knew how important his practice was. With a sigh. I turned back to my laptop, determined to finish my work.

I stared at the screen, the cursor blinking tauntingly at the end of my last sentence. I was so close to fi

I thought I had it, something didn't feel right, I had been doing so well earlier but now nothing.

finishing, yet the ending eluded me.

I sighed, rubbing my temples. The chaos in my life had sparked my creativity, but now it felt like maybe my brain was holding onto it too much,

Chapter 56

Deciding to take a break, I left my laptop and headed to the bathroom. On my way there, I bumped into Ava again. She was leaving the bathroom in a hurry, a satisfied smirk on her face.

"Watch where you're going, she snapped, brushing past me

I frowned, my unease growing. She was right back to being the bitchy Ava that I knew. At least that was normal again. I shook off the annoyed feeling that seeing Ava had given me. Ava was always a drama queen. I just had to ignore her.

When I returned to my desk, everything seemed fine. My laptop was where I left it, and my notes were untouched. I took a deep breath and resumed my work, pushing through the writer's block with total determination

Hours Later, as the sun began to set, I finally finished the final edits. I leaned back, a sense of accomplishment washing over me. I couldn't wait to share the finished manuscript with Monica.

ed it! My novel is finally done!"

Back at the dorms, I burst into our room, excitement bubbling over. "Monica, I finished it!

Monica looked up from her phone, her expression unreadable. "Ella, you need to see this."

Confused, I walked over and took her phone. My heart stopped as I read the headline: "Ava's New Romance Novel Takes Campus by Storm. I felt the blood drain from my face. "What?" I whispered, my voice trembling-

Monica looked at me with a mixture of pity and anger. "Ava just published a manuscript with a title almost identical to yours. Everyone's talking about it."

Shock turned to disbelief, then to a burning rage. I grabbed my laptop, my hands shaking, and opened the file. My manuscript was gone. In its place was a blank document

my

God," I spat, fury boiling inside me. "She stole my story."

Monica shot out of bed. "That fucking bitch, she cannot get away with this" *WwW(0)0v@Lw0Rm.c0m*

Tears of frustration blurred my vision. "How could she do this? All my hard work

"She's desperate for attention, Monica said fiercely. "But we have to expose her. We'll make sure everyone knows the truth"

I couldn't believe Ava had stolen my story, just like that. That's why she had been so weird every time I had bumped into her. It was only then that I realized she was the one who kept bumping into me on purpose. Chose so that she could steal my work right from under my nose.

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