

Dating 58

Chapter 58

Back in the dorms, Monica paced the room, her anger radiating off her in wa just happened.

waves. I laïd down on my bed, just exhausted from everything that had

Monica muttered to herself, and then I'd hear a string of curse words come out loud and clear. "That bitch! I can't believe she had the nerve to pull that 'my family is powerful bullshit."

I sat on my bed, hugging a pillow to my chest. All the crazy things that had happened to me over the past few days had left me exhausted, both physically and emotionally. "It's not just a card, Monica. It's a reality. I know here family is powerful, and they won't hesitate to destroy anyone who threatens them. I'm already dealing with the Winslows, I can't deal with them too"

Monica stopped pacing and looked at me, her eyes blazing with determination. "Ella, you can't let her win. You have to expose her. Tell everyone that Ava is a thief and a liar." *wWw.m(o)vèLwörmm.cÓm*

I shook my head, the weight of fear pressing down on me. My body began to shake involuntarily. "Exposing Ava means revealing my own truc identity as

Ophellathescribe. That would bring so much attention on me. I already get too much attention as a human slating Liam, People are just now getting used to the idea."

Monica sighed, "I know, I get it, I know."

"Remember the horrible experience I had with that she-wolf who attacked me because I was with Liam? It would be worse if they found out I was writing all those popular wolf romance novels. My readers love the stories, but they'd turn on me if they knew I was human."

Monica sat down next to me, and held my hand in hers. "I get it. Ella. I really do. But you can't live in fear. The truth will definitely set you free. I promise. Once people know what Ava did, they'll back you up.

Tears welled up in my eyes. "I'm not so sure, Monica, What if they don't! What if they turn on me instead?"

Monica squeezed my shoulder. "You have to believe in yourself. You're an amazing writer, and people will see that. Your readers have been loyal to you for years. That's huge They'll see Ava for the fraud she is and stick beside you"

I took a deep breath, trying to steady myself. "Maybe you're right. Maybe I just need to trust that when the truth comes out, people will stand by me. But even as I said these words, I didn't actually believe them- @@W.m©Vèlw@mm.c(o)M

Monica smiled, her eyes filled with encouragement. There we go! We're gonna expose that bitch Ava and make sure everyone knows you're the real Opheliathescribe."

As the day wore on, the tension didn't leave me, I tried to focus on my classes, but my mind kept drifting back to Ava and her smug smile. I knew I had to do something, but the fear of the unknown kept me paralyzed.

Monica's words echoed in my mind, mingling with my own doubts and fears. "You're an amazing writer. People will see that Could it really be that simple! Would people see past my humanness and recognize my talent for what it was?

I remembered the day I first started writing under the pen name Opheliathescribe. It was a cold winter evening, and I was holed up in my room, scribbling furiously in my notebook. The stories flowed out of me like a river, each word a lifeline that connected me to a world where I could be anyone I wanted to be. Writing was my escape, my sanctuary.

I recalled the countless nights I spent hunched over my laptop, my fingers flying across the keyboard as I brought my characters to life. The thrill of publishing my first story online, the nervous anticipation as I waited for feedback, and the overwhelming joy when readers responded with praise and encouragement.

Those were the moments that made it all worth it, the moments that kept me going.

But now, all of that was at risk. Ava had stolen my work, my identity, and was basking in the glory that should have been mine. I felt a surge of anger, a burning desire to reclaim what was rightfully mine

Monica's voice pulled me out of my reverie. "Ella, are you okay?"

I nodded, blinking away the tears. "Yeah, just thinking about everything. It's all so overwhelming."

Monica's expression softened. "I know it is. But you're stronger than you think. You've faced a hell of a lot already this year. challenge and you're going to kick her ass."

I smiled weakly. "Thanks, Monica." I wish I had the same confidence she did.

This is just another

Later that evening, as I was working on some assignments in my room, iny phone buzzed with a new text message. It was from an unknown number. I heuitated for a moment before opening it.

Meet me on the football beld in one hour. We need to talk.

—

Ava

12:32 PM

Chapter 34

My heart skipped a beat. What could Ava possibly want now? I showed the message to Monica, my hands trembling.

"She wants to meet up tonight," I said, my voice barely above a whisper

Monica's eyes narrowed. "It's probably a trap. She's trying to scare you into backing down."

1 nodded, knowing she was probably right. But a part of me was curious. What if Ava had something important to say? Maybe she just wanted to make peace? What if this was my chance to confront her and get her to admit the truth and finally move on with my life!

"I have to go," I said. I was surprised by how sure the words came out of me. I need to hear what she has to say."

Monica looked worried. "Ella, you can't go alone. What if she tries to hurt you?"

I stood up, determination hardening in my chest. TI be careful. But I need to do this. I need to face her."

As 1 prepared to leave, I couldn't shake the feeling of dread that had settled in the pit of my stomach. This confrontation with Ava could change everything, for better or for worse. But one thing was certain: I had to go. I had to see this through *www.n.eVèlw(o)rM.čom*

1 made my way to the field, the night air cool and crisp. My heart pounded in my chest with each step, the anticipation and fear growing with every passing moment. What the hell was I going to find when I finally got to the football field?

Was Ava finally going to admit everything she had done? Or was this another one of her games?

I reached the door, and I took a deep breath, steeling myself for whatever was to come. This was it. The moment of truth. I felt a flicker of hope amidst the overwhelming fear. I just had to be positive about this. Mom was always telling me that.

Well, maybe this time, being positive would work for me even though it had never worked for me in the past.

Taking a final deep breath, I walked through the gate of the football field. Across the field, on the other side, was a dark figure just standing there, *wzw.(n)©vèl©©m.cm*

waiting.

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