

Dating 60

COMMENT

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The work passed in a blur of anxiety but also moments of solace with Moonlit Dreamer. Talking to her had been my lifeline. I found comfort in knowing that at least one person didn't care that a human was behind their favorite stories

Each conversation with Moonlit Dreamer felt like I was getting less and less afraid. Like my fear was an onion that I was going to continue peeling- away at until it didn't exist. I didn't know if this was actually true. That all this fear and anxiety that had become second nature to me would one day disappear.

But God, that's what Moonlit Dreamer mad me feel was going to happen.

We talked about everything, my aspirations as a writer, my dreams, and my nightmares. It was so strange telling her that I hoped to one day travel the world, meeting my fans. That I would love to sit in libraries, and book stores, and auditoriums getting to read my works,

Nobody else new this about me. How could they? Even having this dream, that one day 1, a human girl who wrote romance novels about wolves, would be able to come out and not only admit that I was the writer, but that I would be embraced for it. *uW(w).nQV@lw0tm.C0m*

And still, Moonlit Dreamer understood me in ways no one else did, providing comfort and encouragement that felt almost too good to be true. She never laughed at the wild literary dreams that I had bottled up inside me

One afternoon, as I was returning from class, Liam found me in the quad. His eyes, that were usually so filled with warmth, now looked really worried for me.

"Hey, stranger," he said, a teasing smile playing on his lips. "Where have you been hiding? I hardly see you these days"

I managed a weak unile, my mind still preoccupied with the latest conversation I'd had with MoonlitDreamer. Tve just been busy. I met a new friend online, someone who's been helping me feel better about everything."

Liam raised an eyebrow, his armile faltering slightly. "Oh Should I be worried? This new friend isn't a guy, is he?

I rolled my eyes, laughing despite myself. "It's not like that, Liam. Trust me"

He nodded, but the concern didn't entirely leave his eyes. "Okay, just making sure. I

I miss

spending time with you, Ella.

His words tugged at my heart, but before I could respond, he squeezed my shoulder and walked away. I watched him go, a mixture of guilt and confusion churning inside me. *uWw(w).N@ve(l)@or@.Co(m)*

Later that evening, I logged into the platform and saw a message waiting for me from MoonlitDreamer.

Moonlit Dreamer. We should meet in person. There's so much to discuss, and I think it would help. How about tomorrow at the campus garden! My heart skipped a beat Meet in person? The thought both thrilled and terrified me. I needed to talk it over with Monica.

"Monica, Moonlit Dreamer wants to meet in person," I said, pacing the room. My nerves were frayed, my hands trembling slightly.

Monica's eyes widened as she looked up from her laptop. She'd been working on this sociology paper and I had tried to hold in the conversation so that she could focus, but I swear, I couldn't keep it in any longer. I needed her to tell me what to do.

"Are you sure that's a good idea? What if it's a trap?" She said. Monica was always skeptical about stuff like this so, I didn't blame here. That was part of the reason that I was telling her now. Maybe I was been too naive even considering meeting Moonlit Dreamer.

But something in me felt like this wasn't exactly the case, I shrugged, feeling the weight of indecision pressing down on me. "I don't know. But I feel like I can trust her.

Monica sighed, closing her laptop and giving me her full attention. I felt bad that she was pausing on writing her paper but Monica didn't have a hint of annoyance on her face which was why I loved her. Monica was always there for me, no matter what. *wWw.NoVe@W@rm.com*

"Alright, let's weigh the pros and cons. On the one hand, it could be really helpful to meet someone who understands what you're going through"

I nodded, "Exacily" and in a way, Moonlit Dreamer knew what I was going through. She knew my work, she know the stakes that I was up against by revealing my identity. She knew what the community of readers were like. Even more than Monica

I loved Monica but she wasn't really a huge reader like Moonlit Dreamer, she didn't really know what the fans of my work could be like.

"On the other hand, what if it's a setup?" Monica said.

1 sat down next to her, my mind racing. "I know, but I just feel this connection. Moonlit Dreamer has been there for me through so much. I need to know who they trally are."

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Monica put a hand on my shoulder, her expression softening. I get it, Ella. But seriously, you have got to be careful. Because, girl, you've been through enough already. I don't want you to put yourself in danger just because you're curious"

We went back and forth for what felt like hours, discussing every possible scenario. Despite my anxiety, my curiosity won out. I needed to meet MoonlitDreamer, I needed to know who had been my anchor through all of the latest craziness in my life.

and

I lay in bed that night, staring at the ceiling. Memories of my conversations with MoonlitDreamer played in my mind, so much support understanding. Her words had been exactly what I needed to hear. It was almost ceric how well she knew me, how she could confort me even from behind a screen.

I replayed her voice in my head, trying to match it with the idea of meeting her in person. Who could this person be? The thought was both exciting and a little terrifying.

The next evening, I made my way to the campus garden. The sun was just setting which, cast a golden glow over the flowers. It was absolutely gorgeous. My heart raced with every step. What if this changed everything? What if MoonlitDreamer Turned out to be someone I couldn't trust?

The garden was beautiful, and so serene. I tried to focus on that as I moved forward. I walked slowly, my eyes scanning for any sign of MoonlitDreamer. The roses were in full bloom, their smell tilling the air

Really, It should have been a calming scene, but my nerves were one

edge

darkest moments, when

As I walked, I couldn't help but think back to one of the times I'd interacted with MoonlitDreamer. It was during one of my d I felt completely alone and overwhelmed by Ava's threats.

MoonlitDreamer's message had come at the perfect time, like a lifeline thrown to a drowning person. Her words had pulled me back from the edge, giving me the strength to just keep going

I reached the designated spot, a secluded bench surrounded by roses. My breath caught as I saw a figure standing with his back to me, the familiar silhouette unmistakable. My heart pounded in my chest.

"Liam?" I called out, my voice trembling.

He turned around, his face a mixture of relief and guilt. "Ella"

My mind raced, trying to make sense of what I was seeing, "You...you're Moonlit Dreamer?" *uWw.nδ(v)elwδrM.δ0m*

COMMENT