

## Dating 62

### Chapter 62

The next morning. I woke up with a sense of determination that I hadn't felt in a long time. Despite the whirlwind of emotions from the night before, I knew I had to confront my fear.

Liam had been my most loyal reader from the very beginning. I still couldn't believe it. He was a guy, a werewolf, and not just any werewolf. Liam was an alpha. He was the captain of our school's hockey team. And he was so popular.

And yet Liam was my biggest fan. How was that even possible. Knowing that Liam was so supportive of me and my work was giving me the courage to face whatever came next. Maybe he and Monica had been right. Maybe things would turn out okay.

Throughout the day, I went back and forth about when I could admit that I was Opheliathescribe. And where. I wasn't going to just stand up in class and say, hey everybody. I'm the real Opheliathescribe. That would be insane.

But what if I put a letter out on the website? Maybe I could do that

Even as I considered the possibility of revealing my true self, I couldn't shake the feeling of impending confrontation. Ava had been eerily quiet since our last encounter, but I knew it was only a matter of time before she tried to assert her control again

If and when I decided to admit that I was Ophelia, she was going to come after me. I just knew it. What I didn't know was that she was going to come after me before I even made my revelations.

That evening, as I made my way back to the dorm after an intense study session at the library, I saw Awa waiting for me in the empty hallway. Her eyes were cold and calculating.

Even though they were both werewolves, I could never understand how different looking into Ava's cold eyes was compared to the warmth I would always find in Liam's gaze when he looked at me.

"Ella," she said, her voice dripping with hate. "We need to talk."

I so wasn't ready for whatever bullshit she was about to level my way. I just wanted to get back to the dorm. Maybe write a couple and then go to sleep. But Ava wasn't going to let The go that easy. So, I had to pretend that I was ready for her s

I took a deep breath, squaring my shoulders. "What do yo

you want, Ava?"

Her lips curled into a taunting strile. "I heard you've been getting a bit too comfortable with the idea of revealing your identity. Let me remind you what's at stake here. If you ever tell anyone that you're Opheliathescribe, you'll regret it. I'll make sure you wish you were never born.

to Ava

How the hell did she know? I hadn't talked to anybody about this except for Monica and Liam. I knew that neither of them was going to go to A and tell her. Maybe someone had been watching

Like some of the top werewolves at our school, Ava had minions that trailer her around and did her bidding. Maybe they had been eavesdropping on me. She was probably the one that sent them to do tuc Shic

The threat of Ava's words hung in the air, but instead of cowering, I felt a surge of defiance. Liam's words echoed in my mind, giving me strength that I needed. "No, Ava. You don't get to control me anymore." **Wwuw**.n)ovétu@rm.c@m

Her eyes widened in surprise. "What did you just say?"

I took a step forward, my voice steady and strong. "You're a bully, Ava. And I'm done letting you dictate my life. I'm done living in fear of you. I'm done.

She sneered, raising her hand to slap me. The feeling of her palm against my cheek was hot and pulsating and instantly made me furious. This bitcht

Instinctively, I mustered all the courage and strength within me and slapped her right back. Hard. The sound of the slap echoed through the hallway, and for a moment, Ava looked genuinely shocked.

"You'll pay for this, she hissed, but there was a flicker of uncertainty in her eyes. She had never seen this side of me before, and it clearly rattled her. Without another word, she turned and stormed off

I stood there, my hand still tingling from the impact, feeling a strange mix of exhilaration and fear. I had stood up to Ava, but I knew that that wasn't the end. There was more to come from Ava. I needed to embrace my true identity, publicly and fearlessly @wW.Novélwôr®.(c)(c)M

I needed to tell everybody that I was OpheliatheScribe.

The next day, I woke up early and sat down at my desk, my fingers hovering over the keyboard. I drafted a message, my heart pounding with every word. I knew this was the right thing to do, despite the terror gnawing at my insides.

With a deep breath, I hit "send" and watched as my announcement went live on social media. The message was simple and honest:

12:32 PM

Chapter 62

Hello everyone.

I'm Ella, and I am Opheliathescribe. Writing under this pseudonym has given me the courage to The lo step out of the shadows and embrace my identity. Thank you for all your support. **wŴW.movE!Wôr<sup>(n)</sup>.CoM**

e to share

my stories with the world. Now, it's time for

Love, Ella.

The response was immediate. My phone buzzed incessantly with notifications. People reposting what I had sent out. It was all immediately overwhelming. There were some people who were shock, others who didn't believe and others who gave their support **WŴ(ω).ÑOvelWôr.m.cóM**

Either way, I felt a sense of liberation, as if a heavy burden had finally been lifted from my shoulders.

I decided to take a walk to clear my head.

As I reached the center of the courtyard, I saw Liam leaning against a tree, waiting for me. His expression was unreadable, but there was a glint of something in his eyes—pride, maybe? Or relief?

"Hey," I said, my voice trembling slightly

"Hey," he replied, pushing off the tree and walking towards me, "I saw your announcement"

I nodded, swallowing hard. I couldn't hide anymore. I had to be true to myself"

He smiled, a genuine, wa

AN FI smile that

u made my heart skip a beat. "I'm proud of you, Ella, It took a lot of courage to do what you did."

I felt tears prick at my eyes again, but this time they were sears of relief and happiness. "I couldn't have done it without you, Liam. You've always been there for me, even when I didn't realize it

He reached out and took my hand, his touch sending a comforting warmth through me. "We're in this together, Ella. Always. You know that."

And to be honest, I did. Liarn wasn't going to just leave me to deal with this alone. Just as he had suggested that we start a fake relationship so that could be more protected, he was going to leave my side at the exact moment I needed him mIME,

The campus was buzzing with activity, and as we walked through the courtyard, hand in hand, I felt eyes on me. Whispers followed us in our wake, a mixture of curiosity and admiration. And even anger. And even though my hands were shaking, I held my head high, trying to ignore the anxiety bubbling within me.

SEND GIFT