

Dating 63

Chapter 63

I knew that this feeling of protection that I felt with Liam wasn't going to last forever. Liam wasn't going to be able to always follow me around school, holding my hand. As amazing as that would have been, it wasn't based in reality.

And of course the truth of this slapped me in the face when I had to go to class the next day. In the morning, I walked into class, my heart racing. was the same class that Ava and I shared. I was hoping that maybe she would have skipped class today.

But no such luck. Ava was already there, sitting at the back with her arms crossed, glaring at me. I tried to focus on anything but her, but it was impossible to ignore the tension in the room.

I took a seat as far away from her as I could. It was my usual seat and I was grateful that I had chosen a seat far from Ava at the beginning of the semester. At the time, it was because she was the she-wolf that had cheated with my then boyfriend, Noah.

But now, I was glad I had chosen this seat because she was the she-wolf that was hell bent on making my life a living hell.

The teacher, Mr. Thompson, started the lesson. "Alright class, let's senle down. We've got a lot of material to go through before the bell rings." But it was clear he had something else on his mind. He had a frown on his face and he was just staring down at his notes.

"Before we begin," Mr. Thompson said, finally setting his notes aside, "I need to address a serious issue that has come to my attention. Ava, can you please come to the front?"

Ava looked at Mr. Thompson with surprise. She glanced around the room as if to say, wait, is everybody else seeing this? Then Ava's face turned pale, but she stood up and walked to the front of the class, her back straight

She wasn't fooling me. I knew that she was putting on an air of forced confidence. When she got to the front of the class, the room fell silent, every eye on her.

"It has been brought to my attention," Mr. Thompson continued, "that you have been submitting work that is not your own. Under the OpheliatheScribe."

Ava shot a glance at me then, "What?"

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Mr. Thompson continued, "Plagiarism is a serious offense, and it undermines the integrity of our academic environment. Therefore, as a consequence, you will write an extensive essay on the history and consequences of plagiarism. This essay will be due by the end of the week, and it will determine whether you pass this class.

Gasps and whispers filled the room. I couldn't even believe it. Ava was actually getting punished for what she had done to me. I was so taunts, her bullying, her cheating and the fact that she always got away with it

user

But here Mr. Thompson was, checking Ava and her insane behavior, in front of the entire class. I felt a surge of satisfaction then. Not an ounce of me felt even remotely sorry for her. This was what she deserved.

Ava's eyes flashed with anger as she glanced my way, but she didn't say a word. She nodded stiffly and returned to her seat, her expression a mix of fury and humiliation.

I was expecting her to explode. To push back against Mr. Thompson's demand but she had done nothing. And to be honest, the fact that she just stood there saying nothing scared the shit out of me. It wasn't like Ava to just accept something like that

During lunch, I found a spot in the cafeteria, my usual place by the window. I was sitting a lone because I always sat along when I eat in the cafeteria Monica was my only friend and she was in class right now. And Liam usually hung out with some teammates at lunch.

At the table next to me was Sarah, my fellow literature classmate that I now new read my books. All around her table were a group of the nerdy she- wolves that she had. They had always been the target of Ava's taunts. I wasn't the only one that had to deal with Ava's bullying. *wWw.n0V6LwoR(m).COm*

"Hey, Ella," Sarah said, pushing her glasses higher on her face. "We just wanted to say that we think you're amazing. It took so much courage to come out and claim your work. Ava's always been a bully, and we're glad someone finally stood up to her."

I smiled, feeling a warmth spread through me. "Thank you. It means a lot to hear that

"You can come sit with us if you want," Sarah said.

They sat with me, and we talked about everything from books to classes. It was nice to feel accepted and to know that I many people. I felt a sense of belonging that I hadn't felt in a long time.

my writing had touched so

As the week went on, the support from my readers and friends continued to pour in. I received countless messages, comments, and posts from people who admired my courage and loved my stories. It was heartwarming and overwhelming *Ww0.novelwOrmm.c0)m*

It made me realize that my race *Ww.nov@flwor-m.c0m*

e didn't matter as much as I had feared. People cared about my stories, about the words I wrote and the worlds I

created

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However, Ava's threats lingered in the back of my mind. I couldn't shake the feeling that she was plotting something. I tried to focus on the positive. on the support I was receiving, but the fear was always there, lurking in the shadows

One evening, as I was sitting in my dorm, my phone buzzed with a new message. It was a text from Ava. My heart sank as I read it:

You think you've won, but you have no idea what's coming. This is far from over. Enjoy your moment while it lasts.

I felt a cold chill run down my spine. Ava wasn't going to let this go. I was shocked and immediately terrified. My hands trembled as I put down the phone, trying to steady my breathing

What did she have planned? What was she going to do next?

That night, I could barely sleep, I was so terrified. The next day, as I was heading to my last class of the day. I saw something that made my blood run cold. A group of Ava's friends were huddled together, whispering and glancing my way with smirks on their faces. I knew they were up to something

During class, my phone buzzed with another message from Ava:

Better watch your back. You won't see it coming. *wWw.m0v6DwδRm.c00*

Panic surged through me. What was she going to do? Ava was a master manipulator and I knew that the fact that she was sending texts instead and doing something. was worse than anything. She was building on to something

Later that evening, as I was getting ready for bed, I received one final message. This one was different. It wasn't a threat, but a photo. A photo of me and Monica, taken through the window of the Dean's office that time we had gone to complain.

My heart skipped a beat as I realized what it meant. Ava was watching us. She had always been watching. Ava's threats were no longer just words. She was watching, waiting, and ready to strike at the perfect moment.

COMMENT