

Dating 82

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Chapter 82

As we

we continued to bowl, the energy flowing through me felt both exhilarating and terrifying. It was as if something ancient and wild was trying to break free from within me. The pack responded to my howls with a fervor that sent shivers down my spine. This wasn't just getting caught up in the moment this was something more. Something real.

The night air was cool against my fur, the crisp autumn breeze carrying the scent of fallen leaves and earth. The moon hung high above, casting a silvery glow over everything. The light made the forest look otherworldly, the shadows deep and full of secrets. The pack's howls echoed through the trees, a haunting melody that resonated deep within my bones

Walking beside Ella, I couldn't shake the feeling of awe and confusion that had taken hold of me. Her howl—it had been u heard from a human. It was pure, powerful, and undeniably werewolf. I glanced at her frequently, my mind racing with possibilities. Could she WwⓄ.(n)ⓄelwØrm.cⓄm

unlike anything I'd ever really be one of us, hidden in plain sight all this time? The thought both excited and bewildered me. (w)w.w.nov(ø)lwørm.com

The pack began to shift back to their human forms, their bodies shimmering and transforming in the moonlight. I joined them, the familiar sensation of my bones reshaping and fur retracting feeling like second nature. The transformation was quick, a moment of intense heat and then the cool night air on my human skin. As I straightened up, I couldn't help but keep my eyes on Ella. She seemed almost ethereal in the moonlight, her features soft yet defined, her eyes glowing with an inner light

I reached out and took her hand, feeling the warmth of her skin against mine. The touch was reassuring, grounding me amidst the whirlwind of my thoughts. Yet, there was a tension in the air, a question that burned at the back of my mind, demanding to be asked

"Ella," I began, my voice cautious, "are you sure you weren't adopted?

I knew that it was a strange question to ask. Just because someone growled like a wolf didn't automatically mean that they were adopted, that something strange was going on. And sure enough, Ella let me know just how she felt about me asking that question.

Her reaction was immediate and intense. She stopped in her tracks, pulling her hand away from mine. Her eyes flashed with anger and hurt. "What are you talking about!" she demanded, her voice sharper than I had ever heard it "Why would you ask me that?"

I took a step back, my own feelings a mix of regret and urgency. "It's just... the how you let out. It was a true werewolf howl. I know you're human, but what if there's more to your story than you know?"

Anger and hurt bubbled up inside her, and I could see the turmoil in her eyes. "Not everything is about your world, Liam! Just because you were adopted and your parents lied to you doesn't mean that's the case for everyone else!" Her words were harsh, cutting deep. The accusation stung, but I knew it came from a place of pain.

I looked at her, taken aback by the intensity of her outburst. "I didn't mean it like that, I said quietly. I was just curious. It's just a question, Ella"

She took a deep breath, visibly trying to calm the storm of emotions swirling inside her. I'm sorry," she muttered. I didn't mean to snap at you. It's just... I've always known my mom is my biological mother, but I've never known my father. It's a sore spot for me:

Her confession softened my heart, and I reached out to take her hand again, hoping to convey my understanding and support. I understand. I really do. I didn't mean to upset you. I just want to understand you better."

My sincerity seemed to touch her, and she looked up at me with a mix of guilt and relief. It's okay," she said, her voice softer. I get defensive about it because not knowing who my father is makes me feel.. incomplete."

I pulled her into my arms, holding her close. The warmth of her body against mine was comforting, a reminder of our connection. "You are not incomplete, Ella. You're perfect just the way you are." My words were meant to soothe, to heal the wounds that had been festering inside her for so long

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continued walking towards the mansion, the sounds of laughter and music growing louder with each step. The party was in full swing, and the festive atmosphere contrasted sharply with the tension that still lingered between us.

I couldn't shake the strange energy I had felt earlier, the feeling that tonight would bring more revelations than either of us were ready for.

The mansion loomed ahead, its windows glowed with the flickering light of jack-o'-lanterns and the eerie glow of string lights. The sound of people laughing and having fun spilled out into the night, and I could see people in costumes milling about on the lawn. The sight was almost surreal, a stark contrast to the primal energy of the forest we had just left

I kept my arm around Ella, my presence a steady comfort as we approached the front steps. She glanced up at me, her eyes filled with uncertainty and a hint of fear. "Liam, do you really think there's a chance I might be... more than just human?"

Her question hung in the air, heavy with possibility. I looked down at her, my expression thoughtful I don't know, Ella. I really don't know, But maybe we can talk to your mom about it together."

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She nodded, trying to draw strength from my words. Together, she echoed, her voice barely above a whisper. There was a flicker of hope in her eyes, a fragile thing that I wanted to protect and nurture

As we entered the mansion, the noise and chaos of the party enveloped us. People in elaborare costumes danced and mingled, their laughter filling the air. The smell of spiced cider and pumpkin filled my nostrils, mingling with the faint scent of burning wood from a nearby fireplace.

It felt good to be somewhere where there was so much energy in the air. Where people were so alive.

We moved through the crowd, the vibrant colors and sounds creating a dizzying backdrop. I could feel the eyes of the pack on us, their curiosity and speculation almost tangible. They had heard Ella's howl too, and I knew they were wondering the same thing I was; who exactly was her father?

Ella's grip on my hand tightened, and I squeezed back, offering silent reassurance. I could see the flicker of nervousness in her eyes, the way her gaze darted around the room. I knew she felt out of place, just as I often did, but tonight we were here together, facing the unknown side by side.

The music thumped loudly, a mix of eerie tunes and upbeat tracks that kept the partygoers moving. The decorations were elaborate—cobwebs hung from the chandeliers, and fake bars fluttered above our heads. The atmosphere was festive yet charged, as if everyone could sense the undercurrent of something significant about to happen.

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