

Dating 84

Chapter 84

The she wolf's expression shifted quickly from hostility to something more calculating. Her eyes widened slightly, and she took a small step back, clearly intimidated by Liam's hulking presence. "Hey Liam. Nah, there's no problem at all," she said, her tone suddenly sweet and false. "Just welcoming Ella to the party. She flashed a smile that didn't reach her eyes.

Oh, how convenient. *wuw.novELW@rm.com*

Liar didn't buy her linle act for a second. His grip tightened protectively around my waist, and he didn't take his eyes off her. The tension in the air was palpable, and I could feel my heart hammering in my chest. *Www.nô©éLwôRm.ôm*

I was so glad to have Liam here, to be in his arm. I couldn't believe that I had thought for one second that he wouldn't be able to protect me when we went to Royal Imperial School, Liam was so in tune with me that he always seemed to know when I needed him most.

The she wolf leaned in, her movements slow and deliberate, and kissed me on each cheek. I stood rigid, every muscle tensed. She was playing at something, I just knew it. There was no way that she had suddenly decided to be nice and polite to me

As she pulled back, she grabbed my wrist so that Liam couldn't see and squeezed it so light I inhaled sharply. Then, she whispered in my ear, her breath hot and acrid, "You better watch your back, bitch." She stepped away, her smirk widening before she turned and sauntered off into the

crowd

1 tried to hold back the tears of pain that were forming in my eyes. I refused to let them fall. I exhaled a shaky breath, trying to compose myself. Liam turned to me, his eyes filled with concern. "Are you okay?"

I nodded, swallowing hard to steady my voice. "Yeah, I'm fine. I forced a smile, not wanting him to see how rattled I was.

Liam frowned one more time, scanning my face to make sure that everything was okay. I forced the smile of my face to grow bigger, to look a little more shiny. I didn't want him to go find that shewoll because I knew that would just escalate things too much.

Liam handed me the drink he had gotten for me. The glass was cold against my palm, a stark contrast to the heat radiating from my flushed skin. "1 want to show you something," he said softly, his hand finding mine again.

He led me through the throng of werewolves, past groups of costumed guests laughing and dancing. The further we went, the quieter it became, the noise of the party fading into a dull hum.

"Liam, where are you taking me?" I asked.

Liam turned around and grinned. "Oh, you'll see. If I tell you know, it's going to spoil the surprises."

Surprise? What surprise! I couldn't believe that there was more to the party than what I'd seen so far. Is this what parties were like? I hadn't really grown up going to them. All of this, the costumes, the people, the music, it was all new to me.

We finally reached a room at the back of the mansion, more dimly lit and intimate than the rest of the house,

Inside, a handful of werewolves sat around, their sleeves rolled up, revealing bare arms. My curiosity piqued, I glanced at Liam. "What's going on!"

He pointed towards two people seated across from each other. One of them was a werewolf 1 recognized from school, known for his artistic talents. He was holding a multi-needle tool, dipping it into dark blue ink.

He was in the middle of giving the other person sitting across from him a tattoo. The other guy was from school to and his face a mix of pain and pride. Wow, *wuv(w).NO(v)elWô(r)m.com*

"This is a werewolf tradition," Liam explained. "On Halloween, we get our first tattoos using this ancient method. It's been passed down through generations."

I watched in awe as the tattoo artist worked with precision, the needles puncturing the skin repeatedly. The sight was mesmerizing, and the room buzzed with a sense of shared history and culture.

That was why everybody else in the room had their sleeves rolled up, or their shirt pulled back so that there was a patch of skin that was left bare. They were all going to get a tattoo tonight. They were all going to take part in the tradition.

"Are you going to get one?" I asked, unable to hide my excitement

Liam nodded, "I'm up next."

My heart skipped a beat as I watched him step forward and take a seat. The artist prepared his tools, and I wondered what design Liam would choose. I was annoyed at myself for not asking him earlier. It felt like something I should have known, something that would reveal more about

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Chapter 84

who he was.

Liam didn't even flinch as the needles began their work on his bicep. His jaw was set, his eyes focused, enduring the pain with a quiet strength that left me in awe. The process seemed to take forever, the room filled with the rhythmic sound of the needle tool and hushed whispers of those watching.

Finally, the artist leaned back, satisfied with his work Liam stood, rolling his shoulder to shake off the stiffness, and turned to show me the tattoo. My breath caught in my throat. It was a window, with the figure of a girl sitting inside, engrossed in a book.

Tears welled up emotion

in

my eyes, and I blinked them back, overwhelmed by the gesture. "Liam, it's beautiful," I whispered, my voice choked with

even

He smiled, a soft, affectionate look in his eyes. "I wanted something that reminded me of you. Of how you've always been a part of my world, ev before we were...this."

I threw my arms around him, hugging him tightly. "Thank you, I murmured against his chest. "It means so much."

We stayed like that for a moment, just holding each other, the world outside the room fading away. But then, my phone buzzed in my pocket, breaking the spell. I pulled back reluctantly and checked the screen. It was a text from Monica..

Monica: Didn't know you were at the party too! Come find me in the west wing, need your help with something. *WwW.novE?©OrMl.Cóm*

A frown creased my forehead. Monica's text was strange, almost urgent. Concern gnawed at me. "I need to go find Monica," I told Liam, showing him the message. "She says she needs my help with something."

His brow furrowed, but he nodded. "Do you want me to come with you?"

"No, it's okay," I said, trying to sound more confident thun felt. "I be back soon."

He kissed my forehead gently. "Be careful."

I nodded, squeezing his hand before I turned and headed out of the room. The noise of the party enveloped me again, but my mind was focused on finding Monica and figuring out what was going on. As I moved through the crowd, the sense of unease from earlier returned, stronger than

ever. Something told me that the night's revelations were far from over.

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