

Dating 86

Chapter 86

My head swam, and my heart pounded in my chest as I stumbled through the garden, the night air cold against my skin. The effects of whatever potion Ava had forced down my throat were taking hold fast, and I felt like I was moving through thick fog.

It was so hard for me to move, to stand, to know what was happening. My legs felt like they were moving through a pool of honey. Why couldn't I move right? Why couldn't I think straight? What was going on?

Panic gripped me as I tried to stay upright, my vision blurring at the edges.

"Monica!" I called out, my voice trembling, barely above a whisper. "Anyone...

Silence was my only answer, broken only by the sound of my own ragged breathing. I could hear faint laughter from the party in the distance, but it felt a million miles away. Ava's laughter still echoed in my ears, her taunts replaying in my mind.

"You should be scared, Ella." Ava had said. But what did she mean? She'd forced this aphrodisiac potion down my throat for a reason but it was a reason that she hadn't bothered to share with me. Something told me she had something else planned for me.

Why did she hate me so much I replayed every interaction we'd had, trying to pinpoint the moment it all went wrong. Was it something I said! Something I did? Maybe if I had just let her take credit for my work maybe then she wouldn't be doing this to me now.

My mind went back to the day that I had found out that Noah had cheated on me with Ava. If I had known back then what Ava was going to put me through, I would have backed off. I never would have run to confront him. *wWw.NoVelworm.com*

I hadn't known then how dangerous Ava was. It was like I was a little mouse that she couldn't get enough of toying with. And here I was now, paying the price because I hadn't been smart enough to just stay entirely out of her way,

As I stumbled, my foot caught on something, and I went sprawling to the ground, dirt and grass scraping against my palms, I pushed myself up, trying to steady my shaking legs. The world around me was spinning a dizzying blur of shadows and faint lights.

Then, out of the darkness, a figure emerged. My heart leapt, hope flickering to life for a brief moment.

"Monica?" I whispered, though I knew it couldn't be her. My vision cleared just enough to see Ava's smug face, followed by the shadows of others stepping forward.

"Ava," I begged, my voice weak. "Please, don't do this.

Ava's laugh was sharp, cruel. "You think begging is going to help you now? Fuck you, human." She turned and walked back towards the house. As she walked a way, other figures started to step out of the shadows, taking her place.

They were all wolves, staring at me as if I was the last piece of meat on the table. They surrounded me, waiting for something.

I looked around, panic clawing at my throat. The werewolves circled me, their eyes gleaming with predatory hunger. They looked at me like I was prey, a helpless victim they could toy with. Immediately, I knew that this was all Ava's doing. *Ww@.Novelworm.com*

She had forced that potion down my throat knowing that I wouldn't be able to defend myself from whatever these werewolves had planned. What d

o you want?" I asked, my voice trembling. Just let me go."

One of the werewolves stepped forward, his eyes dark with intent. "We just want to have a little fun." he said, his grin revealing sharp teeth. He reached out and grabbed my arm, pulling me towards him with a strength that made my knees buckle.

"No, please!" I pleaded, but he silenced me by pressing his mouth to mine, his tongue invading my mouth. His kiss was bitter, tasting of bile and cruelty. I struggled, trying to push him away, but my strength was no match for his.

"I just want a little taste of you," he growled against my lips, his grip tightening.

Tears streamed down my face as I realized how helpless I was. How did I end up here, surrounded by monsters? If only I had never crossed Ava. If only I had let her take credit for my writing. Maybe then, I wouldn't be here, fearing for my life.

Another werewolf approached, pulling me away from the first. His hand roughly grabbed my breast, squeezing hard enough to make me cry out in pain. The world around me was a blur of fear and desperation.

"Please, stop," I sobbed. "Just stop."

They laughed, their eyes gleaming with malicious delight. I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to block out their faces, their laughter, their touches. But their presence was all-consuming, a nightmare I couldn't escape,

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Chapter 86

Suddenly, a feral growl shattered the air, and I opened my eyes to see one of the werewolves flying across my vision, crashing into a tree with a sickening thud. My heart pounded with renewed hope

"Liam!" I screamed, my voice raw with desperation. *w@W.noVELworm.com*

He was there, a whirlwind of rage and strength, tearing into the werewolves with a fury I'd never seen before. His fists flew, each punch a brutal reminder of his power. Even though it was five against one, they didn't stand a chance against his rage.

The first werewolf tried to attack him, but Liam caught his fist mid-air and twisted his arm, throwing him to the ground. Another lunged at him, but Liam dodged and delivered a swift kick to his side, sending him sprawling

1 scrambled to the edge of the fight, trying to stay out of the way as Liam continued his onslaught. My head was still spinning, the effects of the potion making it hard to focus. But I couldn't tear my eyes away from Liam. He was like a force of nature, unstoppable and fierce. *WwW.OVelworm.com*

One by one, the werewolves fell, their bodies hitting the ground with heavy thuds. Liam's growls filled the air, each sound a promise of vengeance. I watched in awe and terror as he fought, every movement precise and deadly.

Finally, the last werewolf fell, unconscious at Liam's feet. He stood there, breathing hard, his eyes wild with anger. The garden was silent except for the sound of his heavy breathing and my own ragged sobs

"Liam," I whispered, my voice trembling. Thank you"

He turned to me, his expression softening as he saw my tears. In a few quick strides, he was by my side, his arms wrapping around me protectively. 1 clung to him, my body shaking with sobs of relief and fear.

"It's okay, Ella," he m

murmured, his voice soothing. You're safe now."

I nodded, burying my face in his chest. He lifted me in his arms, cradling me like a child, and began to carry me away from the garden. The world around me faded, the shadows receding as we left the horrors of the night behind. But even as 1 felt the safety of his embrace, the fear lingered, a haunting reminder of how easy it was for me to come close to losing everything

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