

## Dating 87

### Chapter 87

The night had been a blur of terror and chaos, but the aftermath was even worse. The encounter with the werewolves haunted my every waking moment, leaving me a trembling wreck. I felt like a marionette with my strings cut, collapsing into a heap whenever I thought about those teeth. Those claws, those eyes.

Every sound, every flicker of movement in the corner of my eye sent me spiraling into panic. My room had become a prison, but at least it was a familiar one. The shadows in my room, seemed to morph into monstrous shapes, leering at me from every corner.

I finally did manage to

Sleep was impossible. Every time I closed my eyes, the memory of that night would replay in vivid, horrifying detail. When I finally drift off, I was greeted by nightmares. One vivid dream had me running down an empty street, chased by a swarm of birds.

Their screeches filled the air, a deafening cacophony that made my skin crawl. I ran as fast as I could, my legs burning with the effort, but the birds were relentless. I fell, my knees scraping against the rough pavement, and tried to stand, but I was too exhausted.

The birds closed in, their beady eyes gleaming with hunger. Just as the first one swooped down to take a bite, I jerked awake with a scream, my body drenched in cold sweat.

My room was dark, the air still and heavy. I looked around, disoriented, my heart pounding in my chest. It took a moment to remember where I was, to convince myself that the nightmare was over. But the fear was real, gnawing at the edges of my sanity.

Monica was at my side in an instant, her face etched with concern amongst the darkness. “Ella, are you okay?” she asked, her voice soft and soothing, like a lullaby trying to chase away the lingering terror. ☹️(w)☹️, n0v(0)llW0rm.☹️(m)

I nodded, though I wasn’t sure I believed it myself. “Just a bad dream.” I whispered, my voice shaky and small.

Monica hugged me, her arms warm and comforting. You’ve been through so much,” she said. “It’s no wonder you’re having nightmares”

Her words were meant to comfort, but they only reminded me of how fragile my peace was. The next day, I tried to go to class, but the thought of stepping out of my dorm filled me with dread. What if Ava was waiting for me? What if the werewolves found me again!

The hallways seemed to echo with my fears, every corner a potential hiding place for danger. In the end, I stayed in my room, the walls of my dorm providing a false sense of security

I buried myself in my writing, the words pouring out of me in a desperate attempt to distract myself from the fear gnawing at my insides. www.(n)0x0llW0RM.c(0)m

Writing had always been my escape, my way of processing the chaos of my life. But even now, the words seemed to mock me, the stories I spun unable to hold a candle to the nightmare reality I’d faced,

I wrote about brave heroines and daring rescues, but I couldn’t shake the image of myself cowering in the dirt, helpless and afraid. I hated feeling so weak, so out of control.

An hour later, a knock sounded at my door. I froze, my heart leaping into my throat. What if it was Ava? Or one of her lackeys? The idea of facing any of them again sent shivers down my spine.

Taking a deep breath, I opened the door a crack, relief flooding through me when I saw Liam standing there. He held a donut and a cup of hot chocolate, his expression gentle and concerned. wWw.n0v0llw0RM.☹️☹️☹️

“Hey,” he said, his voice soft, a

, a balm to my frayed nerves. “I came to check up on you when I didn’t see you in class.”

I smiled weakly as he entered the room, the tension easing slightly at his presence. “You haven’t stopped checking up on me since the attack,” I said, trying to keep my voice light.

Liam set the donut and hot chocolate on my desk, then turned to me, went through something awful, Ella. It’s okay to take some time to recover.

his eyes full of worry. “I just want to make sure you’re okay,” he said. “You

I nodded, trying to assure him and myself. “I’ll be fine,” I said, though the words felt hollow. “I just need a couple of days to let my anxiety calm

down”

Liam frowned, guilt flashing across his face. “I’m so sorry for what happened,” he said, his voice heavy with regret. “I should have been there

Looner.

I shook my head, reaching out to take his hand, the contact grounding me. “It’s not your fault,” I said firmly. “I was so shocked and relieved when you showed up. You saved me, Liam. I don’t even want to think about what would have happened if you hadn’t”

Liam squeezed my hand, his eyes searching mine, as if trying to gauge the depth of my fear. “How did you know to come find me?” I asked, my voice barely above a whisper.

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“I got a panicked call from Noah, Liam explained. “He said Ava had done something bad and was coming after you. I knew it was Ava texting you not Monica, and I came running

Tears we

welled up my eyes, the reality of how close I had come to something terrible crashing over me. “I don’t know what I would have done if you hadn’t shown up.” I said, my voice breaking. My heart started to beat fast, the fear from that night surging back, threatening to overwhelm me.

Liam wrapped his arms around me, pulling me close, his warmth a barrier against the cold fear creeping into my heart. “It’s okay, Ella,” he murmured, his voice soothing, his breath warm against my hair. “You’re safe now. I won’t let anything happen to you.”

I buried my face in his chest, the steady rhythm of his heartbeat grounding me. As I stood there, wrapped in Liam’s arms, I couldn’t help but think about how everything had changed. Just a few weeks ago, I was a normal girl dealing with the usual high school drama. Now, my life was a tangled mess of threats and dangerous secrets. The weight of it all pressed down on me, making it hard to breathe. 1x☹️W.☹️0v0l(w)0R☹️.C0(m)

“I hate feeling like this.” I whispered, my voice muffled against Li

Liam’s chest. Thate feeling so scared all the time.”

“I know.” Liam said softly, his hand rubbing soothing circles on my back. “But you’re not alone. You have me, and Monica, and even Noah, We’re here for you.”

I nodded, the truth of his words sinking in.

“I don’t know what I did to deserve you,” I said, my voice thick with emotion. “Thank you for always being there.

“You don’t have to thank me,” Liam said, his voice firm. “I’ll always be here for you, Ella. No matter what”

I closed my e

eyes, the fear slowly ebbing away as I let his words wash over me. But I knew I would never be safe forever.

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