

Dating 88

Chapter 88

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The morning light filtered through the classroom windows, a stark contrast to the dark thoughts swirling in my mind. Despite my best efforts to focus, my eyes glazed over, staring blankly at the textbook in front of me. Mr. Thompson's voice droned on, a distant hum that barely registered. My heart was still pounding from the nightmares, and every shadow seemed to morph into a werewolf waiting to pounce.

"Ella, are you paying attention?" Mr. Thompson's sharp voice cut through my haze, dragging me back to the present. I blinked, realizing that the entire class was staring at me. My cheeks burned with embarrassment.

"Uh, yes. Mr. Thompson, Sorry," I mumbled, trying to avoid the curious gazes of my classmates. I could feel their eyes boring *WwVW.noveLWor(=).çO@*

g into me with curiosity.

"It's quite clear

you weren't," Mr. Thompson said, crossing his arms. "Just because your book became popular online and everyone knows you're Opheliathescribe, doesn't mean you can do whatever you want. This is still a classroom, and you're still a student."

The words hit me like a punch to the gut. The room seemed to close in on me, the walls pressing closer as my heart pounded louder. My vision blurred, and 1 fought back the tears that threatened to spill. The last thing I wanted was to give them more ammunition.

"Sorry," I whispered, my voice barely audible.

Mr. Thompson sighed and continued with the lesson, but the damage was done. I could hear whispers, feel the stares. Everyone loved a good drama, and right now, I was the main event

I struggled to keep it together, focusing on my notebook and pretending to take notes. But my mind was miles away, trapped in a cycle of fear and shame. Why couldn't I just be normal for once?

After class, I fled to the only place that felt remotely safe—the old oak tree on the edge of campus. It had become a sanctuary, a place where I could breathe without feeling like the walls were closing in

I sat under the tree, my knees drawn to my chest, and let the tears fall. The weight of everything—the attack, the nightmares, Mr. Thompson's harsh words—crushed me. I felt so small, so helpless. *@wVW.noQéL@oTm.côm*

"Ella?" Liam's voice broke through my sobs, and I looked up to see him standing there, concern etched across his face.

I tried to smile, to assure him I was fine, but the expression crumbled almost immediately. "Hey," I said, my voice shaky.

He sat down next to me, wrapping an arm around my shoulders. "I heard about what that bastard professor said to you. What the hell was he thinking

"It's fine," I said, though we both knew it was a lie. "I

"He's right I should've been paying attention.

"Don't do that," Liam said, his voice firm. "Don't make excuses for people treating you like crap. You've been through enough"

I leaned into him, taking comfort in his warmth. "I just want to get away from all of this," I admitted. "Just for a little while."

"Then let's go, Liam said, standing up and holding out his hand. "Right now,"

I stared at him, confused. "Co where?"

"Anywhere but here," he said, a mischievous glint in his eye. "Come on. I've got it all planned out. Trust me

Part of the wanted to argue, to insist that I needed to stay and face my problems. But the larger part of me was desperate for an escape, any escape. So I took his hand and let him pull me to my feet.

We drove for what felt like hours, the landscape changing from the familiar streets of our town countryside. Liam kept the conversation light, trying to distract me from

my dark thoughts.

open roads and rolling hills of the

Finally, we arrived at a quaint bed and breakfast a couple towns over. The place was like something out of a fairy tale, with ivy-covered walls and blooming flower gardens. I felt a flicker of hope, the first in days.

"This is amazing" I said, turning to Liam with a smile.

He grinned back, his eyes twinkling. "I thought you could use a break."

Inside, the bed and breakfast was just as charming. Our room had a cozy fireplace and a balcony overlooking the gardens. It felt like a different world, far removed from the chaos and fear that lead consumed my life.

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We had dinner in the small, intimate dining room, and for the first time in a while, I felt a sense of normalcy. The food was delicious, and Liam kept me laughing with his stories and jokes. For a few precious hours. I forgot about the nightmares, the werewolves, and Mr. Thompson's harsh words. I felt loved, cared for, safe.

"Thank you," I said quietly, as we finished our meal. "For everything Especially after.. you know.

Liam reached across the table, taking my hand in his "You don't have to thank me. Ella. I'll always take care of you, no matter what."

His words sent a warm rush through me, and I felt a strange shift between us. The air seemed to thicken, charged with something I couldn't quite name. Liam's eyes darkened, and before I knew it, he was leaning across the table, his lips capturing mine in a gentle, yet hungry kiss.

A fire ignited between us, a desperate need to be closer, to forget everything else. We stumbled back to our room, barely able to keep our hands off each other. It was a night filled with passion and tenderness, each touch, each kiss, a promise of safety and love.

Liam's breath was warm against my skin as he nuzzled my neck, his nose tracing a path up to my ear. "You smell different," he murmured, his voice husky.

I laughed softly, shivering at the sensation. "Different how?"

"I don't know," he said, pulling back to look at me, his brow furrowed in thought "Like there's something more."

"More what!" I asked, my curiosity piqued

He shook his head, a small smile playing on his lips. "I don't know. Maybe I'm just imagining things."

But the next morning, as we lay tangled in the sheets, the question came up again. Liam's expression was serious, almost worried "Ella, last night. I wasn't imagining it I could smell a werewolf scent on you. Strong

I stared at him, disbelief and a touch of fear mingling in my chest. "List, that's impossible. I'm human. My parents are human. There's no way...." He nodded, though his eyes were troubled. "I know it doesn't make sense. But I trust my instincts. I know what I smelled." *w(=)w.noVèlWor(=).cOM*

The conviction in his voice sent a chill down my spine. I wanted to brush it off, to laugh it away, but the look in his eyes stopped me. He believed it, and that scared me more than I wanted to admit.

"Liam, I don't know what to say I stammered, trying to wrap my mind around the possibility: "Maybe it was just. 1 don't know, some leftover scent from the attack?" *wWw.no(v)elWoRm.com*

"Maybe," he said, though he didn't sound convinced. "But I keep an eye out, just in case. Trusting my nose has never led me wrong before-

I forced a laugh, trying to lighten the mood. "Well, I trust you. But I think your nose might be a little off this dime.

As we packed up to leave the bed and breakfast, the weight of his words settled over me. What if he was right? What if there was more to my past than I knew? The questions swirled in my mind, leaving me feeling unsteady and anxious.

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