

Dating 89

Chapter 89

Returning to the familiar halls of my dorm, the warmth of my brief escape with Liam lingered. I opened the door to find Monica and Peter engaged in a fierce video game battle, their laughter echoing off the walls. The dorm room, usually a chaotic mess of clothes and textbooks, felt almost welcoming.

I loved the fact that Peter and Monica were together. They fit each other so well with Monica's bubbly more bold personality and Peter's more laid- back chill vibe. When Monica had first told me she had a crush on Peter, I really couldn't see it.

She used to love the bad guys. The love 'em and leave 'em types. But Peter couldn't be more opposite from that. which is why I think they just clicked. Peter was always there for her. Solid and dependable. I loved that for her. **www.NO©e()wORm.coM**

"Hey you guys," I said, shutting the door behind me. **Www.n@VeLw6r™.Co(m)**

Monica's eyes lit up when she saw me. "Hey! How was your time with Liam?" she asked, pausing the game and turning her full attention to me. Peter grinned, not missing a beat, and tossed a teasing glance my way

"It was good. Just what I needed after everything." I said, managing a smile. My mind flashed back to the cozy bed and breakfast, the feel of Liam's arms around me, the way his eyes darkened with concern.

Monica's brows knitted together, noticing the slight frown that tugged at my lips. "What's wrong?" she asked, her tone shifting to one of concern. She put the controller down and moved closer to me, while Peter's playful demeanor turned serious

I hesitated, my mind waging a war on whether to confide in them about what Liam had said. It felt too strange, too surreal. But the need to share my burden won out. "Liam, he said something weird. He swore he smelled a wolf scent on me."

Monica's eyes widened, and she exchanged a glance with Peter, who paused the game and turned to face me as well. "A wolf scent!" she repeated, her voice skeptical. "Let me smell."

She got up and approached me, leaning in to take a sniff. I stood there, feeling awkward as Monica inhaled deeply. After a moment, she straightened up and shook her head. "I don't smell anything. He probably just caught a whiff of a passing werewolf or something

Peter coughed, drawing our attention. "Well, not necessarily," he said, earning a dubious look from Monica.

"What do you mean!" I asked, a mixture of curiosity and dread swirling in my stomach. My heart pounded as I remembered Liam's serious expression, the conviction in his voice

Peter glanced at Monica, then back at me. "Had you and Liam, you know, just been intimate when he said that?"

My face turned crimson, and I avoided Monica's gaze. She smacked Peter on the arm. "Peter! That's none of your business"

"It's fine," I muttered, my voice barely above a whisper. "Yes, we had," **Www.NoVeOWor@.co©**

Peter nodded, looking thoughtful. "After sex, a werewolf's sense of smell is incredibly heightened. They can pick up scents they normally wouldn't. So if Lian smelled something, it's probably true."

Monica's eyes widened in shock. "Wait, are you saying...

Peter shrugged. **wWw.mOvêlW(o)r)m.C(o)m**

I stared at him, my mind racing. "But I'm I human. My parents are human How could I have a werewolf scent?

Peter looked as puzzled as I felt. "I don't know, But it's worth considering

I sat down on my bed, my thoughts a chaotic whirlwind. Could Liam be right! Could there be something about me I didn't know? The idea seemed absurd, but Liam's conviction had shaken me to my core.

Monica sat next to me, her hand gently squeezing n minc. "Ella, we'll figure this out. Maybe there's an explanation we haven't thought of yet.

Her words were comforting, but they did little to quell the storm of thoughts raging in my mind. "I hope so," I whispered, sturing at the floor.

As evening settled in, the questions gnawed at me, refusing to be silenced. I replayed the conversation with Liam over and over in my head, searching for some hidden meaning, some explanation ilut made sense. Nothing dit.

Monica tried to distract me with another round of video games, but my heart wasn't in it. I kept glancing at the clock, counting the minutes until I could retreat to the solitude of my bed and try to make sense of it all.

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Finally, the night enveloped the dorm in silence. I slipped under the covers, but sleep was elusive. My mind was a storm of thoughts the darkness only amplifying my confusion

Liam's words echoed in my head. Trust my instincts. I know what I smelled."

s and emotions.

What did it mean? Was there something hidden in my past, something my mom hadn't told me I thought about my childhood, searching for any clues, but everything seemed normal. Ordinary

A memory surfaced, one I hadn't thought about in years. I was about eight years old, playing in the backyard. Mom was inside, and I had wandered to the edge of the lawn that bordered our property. I remembered feeling a strange sense of being watched, the hairs on the back of my neck standing up. I had turned around and seen nothing, but the feeling had lingered.

Could that have been a werewolf? Or was my imagination just running wild!

I tossed and turned, my mind racing through possibilities. Maybe it was some sort of mistake. Maybe there was a logical explanation that had nothing to do with me. But the fear, the uncertainty, refused to be brushed aside.

What if I wasn't just a human girl? The thought was absurd, and yet... Liam had no reason to lie. He believed it, and that belief planted a seed of doubt in my mind.

I stared at the ceiling, my heart pounding What if there was a part of me I didn't understand? A part that was connected to the very creatures that haunted my nightmares?

Sleep remained out of reach as I grappled with these questions. I couldn't shake the feeling that everything was about to change, that this revelation was only the beginning. And the more I thought about it, the more I realized that I couldn't ignore it

The night stretched on, every creak and groan of the old dorm building making me jump. I felt vulnerable, exposed. If Liam was right, what did that mean for me? For us?

My thoughts drifted back to my mom. She had always been loving and supportive, but there were moments of tension, times when they seemed overly protective. Had they been hiding something from me all along? I remembered the hushed conversations, the worried glances exchanged when she thought I wasn't looking,

By the time the first light of dawn crept through the curtains, I knew one thing for sure: I had to find out the truth, no matter how terrifying it might be. My mind was consumed by the possibilities, and I knew I couldn't rest until I had answers.

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