

Dating 90

Chapter 90

AVA'S POV

The campus buzzed with life as I made my way to class, but I felt like a ghost, Invisible and untouchable. The air was thick with all kinds of scents- freshly cut grass, blooming flowers, and the faint hint of sunscreen

I should have felt alive, felt like the baddest bitch around, but instead, my mind was a battlefield, haunted by all the shit that I had gone through over the past few weeks.

Ella. That bitch. Her name was a bitter taste in my mouth, a constant reminder of my failure. Every time I thought about Ella, I wanted to spit in the floor. I wanted to punch something. No, every time I thought about Ella's name, I wanted to punch her.

I had orchestrated everything perfectly or so I thought, I couldn't believe how spectacularly my plan had failed. I wanted to fuck Ella's life. I wanted her to feel like the outcast that she had made of me

So I'd gone to the sketchy part of towns and rounded up five werewolves that looked like nobody I would ever want to hang out with. Which meant they were perfect for the kind of havoc that I needed them to release on Ella's life

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memory of waiting for the werewolves to report back was still vivid. I had waited, filled with anticipation, for the news that Ella was finally out of my life. I was already planning my grand return to being the queen bat school

My fall from the top was all Ella's fault. She was the human with the fake, ob, help me I'm just a helpless human shit that she was pulling all up and down school. But she wouldn't be able to do that anymore if she was just gone. Unable to return because she was back to being a pariah.

But the werewolves that were supposed to get my social life back on track had returned looking like they'd been through hell. They were battered, bloodied, and terribed. I could still see the fear in their eyes as they went on about how Liam had come out of nowhere and decimated them. Completely beat the shit out of them.

I had completely underestimated the shit out Liam and what he could do. And that meant that I had fucked up royally. I knew that Liam would not take kindly the fact that I had pushed his little princess into a pack of wolves hoping for them to eat her alive.

And no, he hadn't been pleased with that at all. Ever since that day, I had been watching my back, waiting for Liam to strike. If he could do all of that to five huge werewolves who were all twice my size, it scared me to think about all that he could do to me *W@W.noveŁwó(r)M.cOm*

Now, every step I took felt like a countdown to my inevitable downfall. My minions, once loyal and obedient, were now wild cards. I couldn't trust anyone. Paranoia gnawed at my every thought. Liam was always one step ahead, a shadow lurking around every corner.

I rounded the corner, my heart racing with a mixture of fear and defiance. I spotted one of my she-wolf minions-Clarissa. Relief washed over me; maybe I wasn't completely alone after all,

Clarissa wasn't the brightest bulb in the pack, but she was someone that was always loyal to me. She did whatever I told her to do. In fact, she was one of the minions of mine that helped me beat the shit out of Ella at that day at the cafeteria,

Until that nerdy bitch Sarah ganged up on us and turned my plan to shit. *w@w.N@vel@©(r)m.cOm*

"Clarissa," I called out, trying to sound confident, but my voice wavered.

She turned, and for a split second, I saw the flicker of recognition in her eyes. But then, her expression hardened. She moved towards me with li psycho predator, her eyes locked on mine.

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Before I could react, Clarissa slammed her arm into my neck, knocking me to the ground. Pain exploded through my body, and I gasped for breath, completely stunned.

"That's a present from Liam," she snarled, her voice dripping with malice.

I stared up at her, realization dawning with a sickening twist in my stomach. Liam had turned my own minions against me. There was no one left to trust. The fear that had been simmering beneath the surface erupted into full-blown panic.

I scrambled to my feet, adrenaline fueling my escape, Clarissa stood there, watching me with a cold, satisfied smile. I had to get out of here. Now.

I ran through the campus, my heart pounding in my chest. The world around use blurred as I sprinted, my breathis coming in ragged gasps. I heard the shouts before I saw them-students lining my path, their faces twisted with anger and disgust.

"Get out of here, you evil bitch someone yelled, and a water bottle flew past my head, narrowly missing me.

I kept running, my legs burning with the effort. The crowd grew larger, the barrage of objects increasing. Someone threw a half-eaten sandwich,

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Chapter 90

which splattered against my shoulder. Another person hurled a textbook, its corner catching me on the arm and leaving a painful bruise.

"Leave and never come back!" a girl screamed, her eyes blazing with hatred.

felt like I was about to have a heart attack but I refused to stop. The anger, the hatred-it was overwhelming. I had brought this upon myself, and now I was paying the price. My carefully constructed world was crumbling, and there was no way to salvage it.

A soda can hit me in the back, and 1 stumbled, nearly falling to the ground. My vision blurred, but I pushed on, fueled by a desperate need to escape. The campus, once my kingdom, had turned into a nightmare,

As I neared the edge of the campus, the crowd's shouts grew fainter. But fuck. I couldn't believe all the shit that they had thrown at me, all the shit that they had said about me. I wasn't that bad. Fuck them. Fuck them all.

My body ached, and I felt so down. I had lost everything-my power, my allies, my place in this world.

I reached the gate and glanced back one last time. The campus loomed behind me. School was a place that had once felt like home but now seemed like a prison. If I stayed, they'd kill me.

With a final, shuddering breath, I turned away and ran, leaving the campus and my past behind. The future was uncertain, but one thing was clear: I could never return. The life I had known was over, and I had no idea what lay ahead.

The pain of my failures, the humiliation of my defeat, and the fear of the unknown weighed heavily on me. All I could do was run. Run and hope that I would find a place to start over,

And whenever I got to that place, I would make sure that I began to plan my next attack on Ella. She was probably comfortable now, thinking that she didn't have to worry about me. But that bitch didn't know what was coming *w^W^W.nóvE(l)w(o)r©.©om*

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