

Dating 91

Chapter 91

The library was a sanctuary. I found solace among the rows of books, their silent presence a comforting backdrop to the chaos of my deep into my novel, fingers flying across the keyboard, when a shadow fell over my table. I looked up, startled

life. I was

Noah stood there, his expression hesitant, like he was unsure of his place in my world anymore. The last time I'd seen him, he'd been drunk and mean, lashing out at me in a way that had left scars deeper than any physical wound.

Sometimes I still couldn't believe all the crap that I had been forced to endure with Noah. If I hadn't gotten with Liam and seen how amazing being cared for by him was, I would have sworn off all guys after being with Noah

But now, here Noah was. His eyes were clear, filled with a remorse that was almost disarming. "Hey," he said softly. "Hi" I replic

replied, my voice tight. I hadn't expected to see him again, especially not here. "What do you want?"

He shifted, awkwardly rubbing the back of his neck. "Can I sit?"

I shook my head, the memory of his last drunken tirade still too fresh. "I don't think that's a good idea, Noah."

He nodded, accepting my refusal without argument. "Okay. That's fine. I won't push it" he murmured, and then he was gone, leaving behind a swirl of confusion and old pain.

I couldn't believe what just happened. I hadn't seen Noah in weeks. Not since Liam had kicked him off the team. So much had happened since then. In many ways, some of these things had happened because of him.

I couldn't imagine what Noah wanted now. His soft approach was so surprising. I couldn't believe how clear eyed and sober he was. Noah hadn't always been a drunk like he'd gotten in the last few months. But this new side of him had been around long enough. *w w(w).f i o r e (l) w o r (m). © d m*

The next day, my phone buzzed with a message. It was Noah, asking if we could talk somewhere public. The coffee shop on campus, maybe. I stared at the screen, my mind racing. What could he possibly want now? I was about to dismiss the idea when Monica plopped down next to me. her presence a welcome distraction

"Guess who texted me?" I said, holding up my phone.

Monica glanced at the screen and frowned. "Noah? Seriously? What does he want?"

"He wants to talk. At the coffee shop."

Monica's frown deepened. "Ella, you can't seriously be thinking about meeting him. After everything he's done to you?"

I sighed, feeling the weight of my conflicted emotions. "I don't know, Monica. He sounded....different. Like he actually wanted to make things right

"Different?" she said, rolling her eyes. No matter how much grace I was willing to give Noah, Monica was never going to extend the same for him She would never forget how he treated me and to be honest, that was probably a good thing. "He's probably just trying to worm his way back into your life to mess it up again. Have you forgotten how he treated you?"

I hadn't. The pain was still there, a raw wound that refused to heal. But then Monica's expression softened, as if she remembered something.

"You

u know," she said thoughtfully, "it was Noah who told Liam about Ava's plan with the werewolves. He might have saved your life"

I blinked, taken aback. I mean, yeah, I guess. Wait. Was Monica seriously trying to give Noah a free pass! This shocked me. I guess because Noah had actually saved my life in a way, my talking to him was okay in her books. For now. *(w)w W.n.v e l x o r m.c o M*

"Maybe you should give him an audience because of that?" she suggested, her tone less harsh.

I chewed my lip, thinking it over. "Okay. I'll meet him. But just to hear him out." *W w W.n o V e l © © R m.c o (m)*

An hour later, I walked into the coffee shop, my heart pounding in my chest. Noah was already there, looking a saw me, offering a tentative smile.

as nervous as Licht

as I felt. He stood when he

"Thanks for coming, he said, his voice sincere.

I sat down, folding my arms across my chest. "You have one hour. Make it count.

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Chapter 91

He nodded, swallowing hard "First, I want to apologize. For everything. For being a terrible friend and an even worse boyfriend. I was a complete asshole, and you didn't deserve any of it,"

His words hung in the air, heavy with the weight of past h

urts. I bit back the retort that rose to my lips, forcing myself to listen.

"I was insecure," he continued, his voice cracking. "I was always so jealous of Liam. He's an Alpha werewolf, and I'm just a beta. I felt like I had to prove something, and I took it out on you."

features. "You hurt me, Noah. You shunned me in public because I'm human. You made me feel like I

1 met his gaze, seeing the regret etched in his fe. was nothing."

He flinched, the pain in his eyes mirroring my own. "I know. And I hate myself for it. You were the best thing that ever happened to me, and I screwed it all up. I let my jealousy and pride get in the way."

We sat in silence for a moment, the noise of the coffee shop fading into the background. I struggled with the whirlwind of emotions his confession stirred up.

"I genuinely liked you," Noah said, his voice barely above a whisper. "I was an idiot for letting my issues ruin everything. I regret losing you. And I still love you. Ella

His words hit me like a punch to the gut. I stared at him, stunned. "You still...Jove met

He nodded, his eyes pleading. "I know I don't deserve another chance, but I had to tell you. I needed you to know."

I felt like the ground had shifted beneath my feet. The anger, the hurt, the confusion—it all swirled together, leaving me feeling dizzy. I had no idea how to respond, what to feel.

Noah's eyes were filled with a desperate hope that made my heart ache. "Ella, please. Just give me a chance to prove that I can be better. That make it up to you."

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I wanted to scream, to tell him that it was too late, that he'd already caused too much damage. But part of me couldn't ignore the sincerity in his voice, the way his hands trembled as he spoke.

"I don't know, Noah," I said, my voice barely audible. "You hurt me so much. I don't know if I can trust you again."

"I understand," he said, his voice breaking. "But please, just think about it. I promise I'll do whatever it takes to make things right."

I nodded slowly, not trusting myself to speak. My mind was a chaotic mess of emotions, and I needed time to sort through them. Noah's confession had thrown everything into disarray, and I didn't know what to do. *w © W.n © © x l w © r m.c x M*

As I left the coffee shop, Noah's words echoed in my mind. He still loved me. He wanted another chance. And I was left wondering if I could ever find it in myself to give him one.

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