

Dating 93

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Chapter 93

I stood outside the front door, my heart pounding like I'd just run a marathon. Mom always said I had a flair for the dramatic, but this time it felt justified. After everything Liam had told me, I needed answers. I needed to know if my entire life was built on a lie. [w\(ω\)w.n0vεŁŴ©Řm.C0m](#)

The house was quiet when I stepped inside. I dropped my bag on the floor and kicked off my shoes, my mind racing with the million things I wanted to ask Mom. But the house was empty. Mom wasn't home. Of course, she wasn't. She'd probably picked up an extra shift at the hospital again. I sighed and headed to the kitchen, opening the fridge to grab a soda.

I sat down on the couch, the silence of the house pressing in on me. The questions swirled in my mind, each one more pressing than the last. Why did Liam smell a werewolf scent on me? What did that mean for me? For my mom? The clock ticked by slowly, each minute dragging on. I tried to distract myself with some homework, but my mind kept wandering back to the conversation I'd had with Liam.

He was so convinced about the werewolf smell on me. And, I just didn't have an answer. This wasn't really my fault though. Mom had always been sort of cagy with my past and hers. Even though we were close, there were some lines that she never let me cross.

The memory of Liam's insistence that he could smell a werewolf scent on me sent shivers down my spine. I glanced at the clock again. Mom would be home soon. She had to be. I needed answers. I needed to know why I had a werewolf scent on me and what it meant.

I must have dozed off on the couch, because the next thing I knew, I felt a blanket being gently draped over me. I opened my eyes to see Mom standing over me, looking surprised.

"Mom, you're home," I mumbled, rubbing the sleep from my eyes.

She smiled, but it didn't reach her eyes. "I thought you had a big test coming up next week, honey. Didn't you tell me you were going to be studying all weekend?"

Finals were right around the corner and all the professors were giving us tests and papers that needed to be done before the final tests arrived. I was trying to not be overwhelmed but with everything that I had been through this semester, keeping up my grades had been so, so difficult.

During history class, I had sat there, not knowing what in the world the professor was talking about. It felt as if I hadn't been to class for weeks when I knew that wasn't true. Except for the couple of classes that I missed, I had been there the whole time.

That was why I had initially told mom that I was going to be spending all my time studying over the weekend instead of coming to visit her. Of course, that was before Liam had smelled the scent on me.

I nodded, sitting up. "Yeah, that was the plan. But something came up."

Mom raised an eyebrow, clearly sensing I was holding something back. "You're acting all weird, honey. Are you going to tell me what came up or

not?"

I hesitated, my heart pounding in my chest. How was I supposed to ask mom what was on my mind. Mom and I never talked about these types of things. I'd tried getting deeper with mom about my past when I was a kid but it didn't b

well.

It was in third grade and we were supposed to bring a family tree to class the next day as our homework. When I showed mom the assignment, she frowned.

"What do they mean by this?" she said, getting all flustered.

"I don't know mom, they want us to talk about where we come from," I couldn't understand why mom was getting all weird and agitated.

Mom looked at the homework assignment one more time. She crunched the paper up and tossed it in the garbage can by the door. I was totally

shocked.

"Mom! Why would you do that!"

Mom shrugged. "Just tell them that I wouldn't let you do the homework and if they have a problem with it, they can come see me."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. But I knew after that that asking mom questions like that, questions like the one I was about to ask, was not a good idea. But now, I had no choice.

I took a deep breath, gathering my courage. "When I was hanging out with Liam, he told me something. He said he could smell a werewolf scent on

me."

Mom's eyes widened for a brief moment before she composed herself. "I don't know what you're talking about, Ella."

"Are you sure?" I pressed. "The most common reason for a human to have a werewolf scent on them is if they weren't actually human. Is there something you're not telling me?"

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11:35 AM

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She chuckled, but it sounded forced. "So, what, are you asking me if you're a werewolf or something?"

I blushed, feeling a bit ridiculous. "No, but... things have been weird, and I just wanted to ask if there's anything you're not telling me. Anything about my biological father?" [w©Ŵ.N0vεŁŴ©Řm.C0m](#)

Mom's face turned serious. "No, Ella. There's nothing you need to worry about."

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But as she said it, I noticed the slight flicker in her eyes, the way she avoided looking directly at me. My mom was hiding something. I knew her too

well.

Later that night, I lay in bed, staring at the ceiling. I couldn't shake the feeling that Mom wasn't telling the truth. She'd been acting strange, and her reaction to my questions only confirmed my suspicions. What was she hiding?

My mind raced with possibilities, each one more unsettling than the last. Was my father a werewolf? Was that why I had the scent? And if so, why hadn't Mom told me? What else was she keeping from me?

I turned onto my side, clutching my pillow tightly. The weight of the unanswered questions pressed down on me, making it hard to breathe. I had to know the truth, but I didn't know where to start. [wŴw.N0vεŁŴ©Řm.C\(ω\)©](#)

Mom had always been my rock, the one person I could trust. But now, I wasn't so sure. If she was keeping this from me, what else was she hiding? The thought made my stomach churn.

I squeezed my eyes shut, willing myself to sleep. But the questions wouldn't stop. They circled in my mind like vultures, picking apart every memory, every conversation I'd ever had with my mom.

And as the night wore on, one thing became clear: I couldn't trust anyone until I found out the truth. I needed to know who I really was, and why my mom was keeping this secret from me.

I lay there in the dark, my mind whirling with confusion and fear. Whatever it took, I would get to the bottom of this. And when I did, I hoped I would still recognize the person I found staring back at me in the mirror.

As I drifted into a restless sleep, one thought echoed in my mind: My mom wasn't telling the truth. And I didn't know what to do with that.

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