

Dating 99

Chapter 99

When Liam camp back from Camp Fang, he was a total mess. He was so distracted by the upcoming game with Arthur, that I could barely get him to focus on us. I tried to calm him down, tried to tell him everything was going to be okay, but he just stayed so tense.

I decided then that what Liam needed was a getaway. So I whisked Liam away to a secluded cabin in the woods, hoping to give him a break from the madness.

The biting wind that had whipped him during Camp Fang had follow him back to town, clinging to him like an unwelcome hanger on. It was time to let it go. And if he wasn't going to do anything about it, then it was up to me to kick it to the curb. So I decided to take matters into my own hands.

The cozy cabin, with its crackling fireplace and flickering candlelight, was a stark contrast to the brutal training camp that Liam had described. I had planned a night of laughter, reminiscing, and a much-needed escape for Liam. [www.W.r0velwor\(m\).Com](#)

I wanted to remind him of the simple joys and give him a moment to breathe. The cabin's rustic charm was perfect, with soft, plush rugs and a scent of pine lingering in the air.

As we settled in, I caught—Liam staring into the fire, lost in thought. "Hey," I said softly, nudging him. "You okay?"

He turned to me, a forced smile on his lips. "Yeah, just... thinking."

I scooted closer, taking his hand. "About what?"

He sighed, his eyes reflecting the dancing flames. "Everything. The game, Noah, my mom, Aaron... you." [@www.no\(v\)eLw0rm.c0M](#)

I squeezed his hand, trying to offer some comfort. "Well, you know you don't ever have to worry about me."

The first sign of trouble arrived as dusk settled. A heavy thud echoed from the attic, followed by a faint scratching sound. A shiver danced down my spine as I exchanged a nervous glance with Liam. He brushed it off as a loose branch or a curious animal.

But the forced nonchalance in his voice couldn't mask the flicker of concern in his eyes.

We tried to shake off the unease and focus on each other. I had brought a deck of cards, and we started playing, trying to lose ourselves in the game. But we weren't fooling ourselves.

As the night went on, the power flickered and died, pulling the cabin into darkness. We were laughing about a joke Liam had heard and when the power went out, we both stopped immediately. The darkness and silence was unsettling.

The only thing we could hear was the crackling fire and the sound of the wind outside. I reached for Liam's hand, my heart pounding. "This is creepy," I whispered.

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He squeezed my hand, his voice steady. "It's just a power outage. We'll be fine."

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Suddenly, a bloodcurdling howl pierced the night, echoing through the trees. My heart hammered against my ribs. "What was that?"

Liam tensed beside me, his hand instinctively reaching for his pocket. "Probably just an animal," he said, but his voice was tight with worry.

"An animal?" I echoed, my voice trembling. "It sounded like a werewolf."

His

eyes met mine, a mixture of fear and determination. "Don't let your imagination scare you, Ella. We're safe here."

Then, an eerie silence followed the howl. A rhythmic thudding noise started from outside, slow and deliberate. It was getting closer. What if just outside, there were monstrous wolves with glowing eyes, their claws ready to rip through the wooden door any second.

"What do we do?" I asked, my voice barely a whisper.

Liam's face was a mask of concentration. "We stay calm. We wait it out."

Memories of my childhood fears flooded back. I remembered the nights I spent huddled under the covers, terrified of the shadows outside my window. Mom would come in, sit by my bed, and tell me stories to chase the fear away. I wished she was here now.

The thudding stopped right outside the cabin door. A tense silence followed, stretching into agonizing minutes. Then, a deep, raspy voice boomed from outside. "Open up, Liam Winslow. We know you're in there."

My blood ran cold. "Who is that?" I whispered, clutching Liam's arm.

He didn't answer immediately. His muscles were coiled with tension. Finally, Liam stood up, offering me a reassuring smile that didn't reach his eyes. "Stay here," he said softly.

"No," I protested, grabbing his hand. "You can't go out there alone."

He looked torn, "Okay. We'll just talk to them from inside." Liam walked right up to the door and grabbed the doorknob but didn't twist it open.

"Who are you?" Liam demanded, his voice steady.

A voice laughed. "Surprised to see me here, Winslow?"

"I said," Liam spat, his hand tightening around the doorknob. "Who the fuck are you? And what do you want?"

Arthur chuckled, a sound that sent chills down my spine. "I'm here to remind you of your place. You think you can just take everything? Think again."

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"Get out," Liam said through gritted teeth. "You don't have the fucking right to be here."

"Oh, but I do," the person said, his voice dripping with menace. "You see, I'm not going to let you destroy me and mine."

I felt a surge of anger. "Leave us alone, just fucking leave us alone!" I yelled. Liam grabbed my hand then and held on tight. He could tell that I was losing it.

The voice laughed. "Ah, that your little girlfriend?"

"Enough," Liam snapped. "Get out, or I'll make you get the fuck out!"

The laugh that came was cold and harsh. "So why don't you go ahead?"

Liam was already turning the doorknob, but I shook my head. I grabbed his arm and held onto his wrist for dear life.

"Please Liam, don't. What if whoever it is wants to kill you?"

"Yeah, what if I'm here to kill you Liam. Maybe you should listen to your little girlfriend" The voice said with a harsh laugh.

Before Liam could stop me, I bolted the door at the top for good measure, my hands trembling, "What do you think this guy really wants?" I asked, my voice shaking.

Liam shook his head, running a hand through his hair. "I don't know. But whatever it is, it's not good."

I wrapped my arms around him, seeking comfort in his warmth. I could feel the beat of our hearts moving as one. Just as we began to calm down, a sudden loud bang echoed from outside. We both jumped, our hearts racing. "What now?" I whispered, fear gripping me

again. [ww\(w\).Ñ@Vελw0Rm.c0@](#)

Liam moved towards the window, peeking through the curtains. His face paled. "Ella, get down," he said urgently.

I dropped to the floor, my heart in my throat. "What is it?"

He didn't answer immediately, his eyes fixed on something outside. "Someone's out there," he finally said, his voice barely audible. "And they're not alone."

The fear in his voice sent a fresh wave of terror through me. "What do we do?" I asked, my voice shaking. [www.n@vélw0rm.COМ](#)

He turned to me, his eyes dark with worry. "We stay quiet. Maybe they'll go away."

But the sound of footsteps crunching on the snow told us otherwise. Whoever it was, they were getting closer. And then, another voice, deep and taunting, broke the silence. "Come out, come out, wherever you are."

My blood ran cold.

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