

Becomes 101

Chapter 0101

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Serena's POV

Calvin saw us laughing. I know he did,

Now, we're all standing in front of my apartment door, and it's like a standoff. Calvin and Bill are staring each other down, neither of them willing to look away first.

"Hi, Calvin, it's so nice to..." I start, but then I glance at Bill. He's stone-faced, giving nothing away. I hesitate, feeling awkward. "...see you," I finally finish.

Calvin finally shifts his gaze to me, completely ignoring Bill. Calvin forces a smile, though I can see something flickering in his eyes, a shadow of something deeper.

"Hey, Serena. I just came from the shop. I've been trying to call you, but you didn't answer," Calvin says. There's a tightness around his mouth that betrays his words. I feel a knot form in my stomach.

"Oh shoot!" I exclaim, fumbli *Ww.w.novelwOrM.com*

for my phone in my purse. When I pull it out, the screen is black. Dead.

I didn't charge it last night, too caught up in avoiding my notifications. I didn't want to see the feedback from the fashion show on TikTok.

"Sorry, Calvin. My phone's dead. I must have forgotten to charge it," I say, my voice sounding more apologetic than I intend.

Calvin's smile softens, and the tension in his shoulders eases a bit. "It happens," he says, his voice gentle. "I just wanted to make sure everything was okay. I know you've been stressed about the fashion show." *W(w)w.nov@LW@R.M.cô@*

I let out a sigh, the weight of the last few days pressing down on me. "Tell me about it," I say, shaking my head slightly.

Bill clears his throat, catching our attention. "Serena," he says, glancing at his watch, "it's time for your Nurovita supplement. You don't want to miss it. We should go inside."

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"Oh right! I think say, reaching for the bottle of Nurovita in my purse.

As I do, Calvin's eyes drift to the stack of books Bill is carrying. His brows furrow. "Where have you been?" Calvin asks, a hint of suspicion in his voice.

Before I can respond to Calvin, Bill steps in. "We went for the baby check-up and then did some book shopping," he says, his tone straightforward. "What's it to you?"

Calvin's eyes narrow slightly, but he doesn't immediately respond. The tension between them feels like it's about to snap, and I'm caught in the middle, trying to find the right words to diffuse the situation.

"You should've told me yesterday. I could've come with you like before," Calvin says, his voice softer now. He glances briefly at Bill, then back at me, waiting for my response.

"Before?" Bill says, raising an eyebrow, his disbelief clear. "I thought you were a busy CEO, Calvin. Or do you have time to play chauffeur now?"

"I could say the same to you," Calvin retorts, crossing his arms. "Bill Richardson missing three important shareholder meetings in a row... It's not a good look."

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+25 BONUS

I'm taken aback. Bill missing important meetings? That's not like him at all. I remember the countless sleepless nights he spent at the office, poring over contracts and spreadsheets.

When we were still married, he would often come home just long enough to shower and change before heading back to work. His sacrifices helped his company grow into what it is today.

I can't help but blame myself. Is this all my fault?

Bill shrugs. "I'm just taking care of Serena and our son," he says, putting extra emphasis on 'our son.'" Besides, I've got everything taken care of."

Calvin raises an eyebrow and smirks. I've never seen Calvin look this cocky before. It's like I'm seeing another side of him. His expression is almost foreign on his usually composed face.

"Your son?" Calvin snorts. "Are you really sure he's yours?"

I freeze, stunned by Calvin's words. He's forcing me to make a choice right now, pushing his offer to claim my baby even if the baby isn't his.

Before I can react, Bill's eyes widen. He drops the books he's holding and lunges at Calvin.

"That's it, you're dead!" he yells, fury contorting his face.

I gasp, my heart racing. My feet feel rooted to the ground as I watch in shock, unable to move or speak. *w(w)w.novelwOrM.c@m*

The scene unfolds in front of me like a slow-motion nightmare.