

Becomes 105

Chapter 0105

Bill's POV

The next day, I walk into my office, and something feels off.

As I move through the hallway, I notice people glancing at me, then quickly looking away. It's like I'm under a spotlight, and everyone is whispering.

I pass by Lisa at the reception desk. She gives me a tight-lipped smile, not meeting my eyes. Usually, she's cheerful and chatty, but today she seems distant. I nod at her and keep walking.

I head to my office and I catch one employee,

quickly turns back to his computer, pretendinom, staring at me. When he realizes I've seen him, he

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but I know he wasn't working a second ago. **wWw.ñoVElworm.COM**

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to be busy. His face is flushed, and he's typing furiously,

What is going on? It's like I've walked into a room right after someone's told a bad joke about me.

Www.Nóvé@wr(o)M.čom

Just as I'm about to reach my offic

door, Sarah steps in front of me, blocking my path.

Her brow is furrowed, and her lips are pressed into a thin line. She looks like she hasn't slept well, and her eyes dart around nervously before finally meeting mine **w@w.ñoveLwo(r)@.com**

"Hey boss, I think you might need to see this," she says, handing me her phone.

I take the phone from her, and my eyes land on the headline: Billionaire CEO Assaults Fashion Designer.

My heart skips a beat, and my stomach churns. I blink, hoping I've misread it, but the words remain the same. My pulse quickens, and a cold sweat breaks out on my forehead. As I scroll down, I see a photo of myself, looking angry at the afterparty.

I take a deep breath to compose myself. "Is there someone we can sue for defamation or something?" I ask, my voice barely steady. **@(w).nOveIlwOrM.c(o)M**

"Well, the one who started this is a TikTok influencer named Eden Jonas," Sarah says. "But I think filing a lawsuit is a bad idea. It could make things worse and draw even more attention to the situation. You know how these things go viral."

I nod, considering her advice. "Call my PR team then," I say, trying to keep my voice steady. "Tell them to get on this right away. I want this cleaned up immediately. We need a statement, damage control, whatever it takes."

"Got it, boss. I'll handle it," she says, already dialing on her phone as I turn and head to my office.

I reach my office door and pause. I turn back to Sarah, who's busy talking to someone from PR.

"Oh, and one more thing," I say, catching her attention. She looks up, phone still pressed to her ear.

"Call James, the private investigator we hired before," I instruct. "I need him to look into something for me.

I close my office door behind me and take a deep breath. This morning's chaos still buzzes in the back of my mind, but I push it aside. There's work to be done.

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I start with the quarterly reports, noting where we've done well. I draft a memo to the department heads, highlighting these successes. As the hours pass, I review contracts and budgets to make sure everything is on track.

Around midday, my inbox fills with emails from shareholders. They've heard the rumors and are worried. I read the emails; the tone is polite but anxious. They want reassurance that the rumors won't affect their investments.

I take a moment to respond. I acknowledge their concerns, highlight our strong performance this quarter, and assure them that our PR team is handling the situation. I emphasize our commitment to transparency and stability.

The afternoon flies by as I juggle various tasks: reviewing a new marketing proposal, giving feedback on product designs, and having a quick call with the legal team.

As I'm deep in my work, a woman's angry voice cuts through the silence. "Where is he?"

Curious to see who it is, I get out of my office and see my mom berating Sarah.

"Mrs. Richardson, please calm down," Sarah says, holding up her hands in a placating gesture. "I assure you, everything is under control. If you could just wait a moment, I'll get him for you."

"Under control?" my mom snaps, her face flushed with anger. "Do you have any idea what kind of mess this is? I demand to speak with my son right now. This is unacceptable!"

"Mom, what's going on?" I call out, stepping forward. Both Sarah and my mom turn to look at me.

Mom narrows her eyes, her voice shaking with anger. "Look at what you've done, Bill. Is this all worth it for that bitch?"

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