

Becomes 111

Chapter 0111

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Serena's POV wŴw.©oVêŁw@rm.c0M

I type out a response to Bill. "Not really," I write as my fingers hover over the keys. I stand up and pace the room. After taking a few deep breaths, I return to my phone. "Can we talk?" I add.

I hit send and start to worry. My heart races as I think about the mess Calvin created by claiming my baby

is his and not Bill's. Bill and I haven't talked since yesterday, and I'm terrified of how this conversation will go. I stare at my phone, expecting the worst.

To my surprise, Bill replies almost immediately. "Of course. Do you want me to call?"

I take a deep breath, feeling a mix of relief and anxiety. "Yes, please. Can you call me now?" I type back, hoping to clear the air without waiting any longer.

"Sure, give me a minute," he replies.

I put my phone down and take another deep breath, trying to steady my nerves. A moment later, my phone buzzes with a FaceTime call. I answer quickly, and Bill's face appears on the screen.

He's sitting in his living room, a table lamp casting a warm glow on his face. The TV is on in the background, but it's muted. The lighting is soft, but I can still see the worry in his eyes.

"Hey," he says, a gentle smile spreading across his face. "How are you holding up?"

I try to steady my voice. "I've been better, to be honest. It's been a rough day."

Bill nods. "Yeah, I figured. Do you want to talk about it?"

I hesitate, biting my lip as I think about how to respond. I look away from the screen for a moment. His blue eyes make me feel more exposed than I want to be.

"Yeah," I finally say with a shaky voice. "I think I need to."

Bill leans in a bit closer to the camera. "So, what's bothering you today?"

"It's just been so overwhelming," I vent. "A TikTok creator just posted this horrible video about my jewelry, saying it's poor quality and overpriced. It makes me so mad because it's not true."

"You mean Eden Jonas?" Bill asks. "Wait. Has he been to your shop today?"

I nod, feeling my face getting hot again as I remember how rude Eden and his friends were. "Yes. He bought a few pieces and then 'reviewed' them." I sigh. "I'm scared this will hurt my business."

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Bill's jaw tightens. "What an asshole!" he blurts out. "He's not satisfied ruining my reputation, now he's coming after you too. Unbelievable."

I shake my head. "I really don't know what to do about it," I reply, exasperated.

"Don't worry," Bill reassures me. "I'll handle it this week. But I'll make sure Eden and Max won't bother you anymore."

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I look at Bill suspiciously, noticing the confidence in his eyes. "And what are you planning to do with them?" I ask.

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+25 BONUS

He meets my gaze. His eyes are steady and determined. "Just trust me on this, Serena."

If Bill says he'll get something done, he'll do it. "Fine. Just don't do something I wouldn't do," I say, giving him a cheeky smile.

Bill's expression turns playful. "I can't promise that," he says with a grin.

I feel my cheeks warming, a blush spreading up my neck. I quickly look in a different direction.

Why the heck am I flirting with Bill anyway?

Suddenly, I turn quiet. The memory of yesterday's incident with Calvin and Bill walking out comes flooding back. I feel the need to explain myself.

"Listen," I say. Bill's smile fades as he focuses on me. "About what Calvin said yesterday..."

Bill's eyes flash with anger as he hears his uncle's name. Although, he's trying hard to keep his composure. "I don't really care about what he said," he interrupts, his voice controlled but firm.

"That's our baby, Serena," Ŵw.©oVêŁw@rm.c0M

Both of us fall silent. I can see him struggling to keep his emotions in check.

Finally, Bill breaks the ice. "Are you taking the supplements Dr. Sanchez gave you?"

I nod. "Yes, I wouldn't miss it for the world."

Bill looks slightly relieved but continues, "Are you eating well? Sleeping on time?"

I can't help but chuckle. "Yes, Bill, I'm taking care of myself," I say, smiling. His concern is almost adorable, like a worried parent fussing over a child.

His eyes soften a bit. "I just want to make sure you're okay."

"I know," I say, reaching out to touch the screen as if I could reach him. "And I appreciate it."

Bill hesitates for a moment, then asks, "One last question."

"Sure. What's that?"

"Do you have any cravings?" He asks. "You never mentioned anything you'd like to eat. And I thought, 'Huh, weird.'"

I pause, my brow furrowing slightly. I consider the odd cravings that have been popping up. "Actually, I've been thinking of eating some sardines dipped in Nutella. Then chug it with some pickle juice."

Bill's eyes widen in shock, his jaw dropping slightly. "Wow, that is... Oddly specific. But hey, whatever makes you happy."

I laugh, shrugging my shoulders. "Well, you asked for it."

"Well, I'll keep that in mind," he says. "Sardines, Nutella, and pickle juice it is. Just let me know when the craving strikes."

"I will," I say, smiling. "Thanks, Bill."

He looks at me warmly. "Well, you should probably get some sleep now."

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I nod, realizing how exhausted I am. "Yeah, you're right."

"Goodnight, Serena," Bill says.

"Goodnight, Bill," I reply.

As I end the call and settle into bed, I feel calm. Thanks to Bill, a heavy burden feels lifted off my shoulders.

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