

Becomes 119

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Chapter 0119

Serena's POV

I pace around the living room, trying to calm my nerves as I wait for Bill to arrive.

When the doorbell finally rings, I take a deep breath and open the door to find Bill standing there with a bag of groceries, including a ready-made dinner from a gourmet deli. I can see containers of roasted chicken, a mixed green salad, and a loaf of crusty bread.

"Hey," he says with a soft smile, holding up the bag. "I thought you might be hungry, so I picked up some dinner."

I look at the food Bill brought, and my mouth waters. "Wow, you really don't want me to get hungry," I say with a smile. "Thanks again."

He smiles, his eyes crinkling. "I figured you might not have had time to eat, with everything going on."

We make our way to the dining table, where I help him unpack the food. The aroma of roasted chicken and fresh bread fills the room, making my stomach growl despite my nerves.

We start eating, and for a moment, the tension lifts as we enjoy the meal together. The chicken is tender and flavorful, the salad fresh and crisp, and the bread warm and satisfying. But before long, I remember why I needed to talk to him.

"So, what did you want to talk about?" Bill asks gently.

I wipe my mouth with a tissue. "Right. So, I saw Max's apology today on his YouTube channel. Did you have something to do with it?" I ask, cutting to the chase.

Bill drops his fork, his face growing more serious. "Yeah, I did. Didn't you get that from the note?"

I nod slowly. "Yeah, I got that. But how did you get Max to admit he destroyed my jewelry?"

Bill looks at the window, his eyes distant and lost in thought. "Let's just say I pulled some strings."

I can't believe it. ill clearly has no intention of telling me what he did to Max. Why is he being so secretive all of a sudden? *W@W.nôvetworm.com*

"Don't give me that, Bill," I say, leaning forward. "I hate being kept in the dark. I need to know what's going on."

Bill sighs, running a hand through his hair. "You don't understand, Serena," he says, his tone strained. "I'm only doing this to protect you."

"Protect me? That's rich," I huff. "Do you really expect me to believe that after you told Max not to mention your mother in his confession?" *w(w)w.n©vE(l)(w)Ormm.c0m*

Bill sits up straighter. His mouth opens slightly, but he hesitates, taking a deep breath. His brows knit together, and he looks taken aback by my accusation

"See? You can't even defend yourself," I snap. "It seems like you only care about protecting your family's reputation."

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+15 BONUS

"That's not true," Bill replies. "I never told Max to leave my mom's name out of his confession. He chose to do that on his own."

I cross my arms. "And why would he do that?"

Bill stares directly into my eyes. "Because he's not just a fashion designer, Serena," he says. "He's working with some shady people."

"Shady people? What do you mean by that, Bill? Are we in danger?"

Bill reaches out and takes my hand. "No, you're not in danger. I promise," he reassures. "Max probably didn't mention my mom because he didn't want people digging into his life."

I pull my hand back, disbelief flooding my thoughts. "This is too much. I think I need some air," I say, standing up and moving toward the door.

"Serena, wait –

As I walk away, my mind racing, I don't notice a wet spot on the floor. My foot hits it, and I feel myself slipping. What have I done? I should've been more careful. A cry escapes my lips, my hands instinctively reaching out to protect my belly.

Instead of hitting the ground, I feel Bill's strong arms wrap around me, lifting me off my feet. He holds me close to his chest, his grip firm yet gentle, steadying me before I can fall.

Bill breathes heavily, his face inches from mine. "Are you hurt?" he asks, his voice full of concern. *©ww.NoVÉ1W0rmm.c0m*

My heart pounds wildly. Adrenaline pumps in my veins, making it hard to think. Thank God Bill is here to protect our child.

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