Becomes 122

Chapter 0122

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Bill's POV

Is it just me or has Serena been avoiding me all morning?

I watch her from across the kitchen as she moves around, keeping herself busy with chores that don't need doing. She's being slippery. She leaves rooms right when I walk in and won't meet my eyes.

I let her be and focus on answering work emails. After a while, I glance up and catch Serena eating the surprise I left at her doorstep last night – her weird pregnancy–craving mix of Nutella, sardines, and pickle juice. $www.\mathcal{N} \odot v \acute{e} \ell \hat{W}(\circ) \mathcal{R} m.c \hat{o} m$

glass of pickle juice in the other. She takes a bite and closes her eyes for a second. There's a little smile on her lips. How cute.

She's sitting at the kitchen table, dipping a sardine into the Nutella jar with one hand while holding a

Seeing her like this, I knew it was the perfect time to approach her. I get up from the desk and walk over to where she's sitting.

"Hey there," I say softly, smiling. "How's the snack?"

She looks up, startled. Her hand freezes halfway to her mouth. "Oh, um, hi," she stammers, quickly swallowing her bite. "It's good, really good."

She wipes a bit of Nutella off the corner of her mouth with the back of her hand. "I didn't hear you come in, " she says. I see her cheeks turning into a light shade of pink.

"Didn't mean to sneak up on you. I guess my ninja training paid off."

She laughs, a bit more relaxed now. "Now, I know why you're so busy these days."

We both laugh. I sit down next to her, still smiling. "So... Nutella, sardines, and pickle juice. That's quite an interesting combo."

"It's weird... but in a good way. Wanna try?" she asks, holding out a sardine dipped in Nutella.

I stare at it for a second, like it's some kind of alien food. The sardine is slick and shiny, half–covered in the thick, chocolatey spread. "Yum," I say, trying to sound enthusiastic.

I take a bite, fighting the urge to gag as it touches my taste buds. I force a smile, doing my best to pretend I like it. But the truth is, I really want to throw up right now. $\mathbb{W}W$ w. $\mathbb{m}ov$ é \mathbf{LWO} $\mathbb{O}M.com$

Serena watches me with a mischievous glint in her eye, "Don't forget the pickle juice," she says, pushing the glass towards me.

Tnod as I reach for the glass. Oh boy, here it goes.

I take a small sip, the sharp, tangy taste of pickle juice mixing with the bizarre Nutella–sardine flavor already lingering in my mouth. It's even worse than I imagined, but I force myself to swallow.

"Mmm... Delicious," I manage to say. I give her a thumbs–up and a forced smile.

Serena bursts out laughing, trying to control it at first but quickly giving in. It's a loud, wholehearted laugh that fills the room.

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+25 BONUS

I've never made her laugh like this before. She clutches her stomach, tears forming in the corners of her eyes as she lets it all out. "What's so funny?" I say, pretending I'm annoyed.

Serena wipes her eyes, still giggling. "I'm sorry, Bill. It's just... I know how picky you are with food. I can't believe you actually tried it!"

I grin, shrugging my shoulders. "Of course, I'd do anything to see you smile like that."

She stops laughing and looks at me, her eyes softening. We lock eyes, and the room grows quiet.

I reach out and gently tuck a loose strand of hair behind her ear, my fingers lingering for a moment. She doesn't pull away. Instead, she leans into my touch, her eyes never leaving mine. We sit there in silence for a moment.

Slowly, I lean in closer, my heart pounding in my chest. Just as our faces draw near, Serena gasps and pulls back slightly.

"Shoot! What time is it?" she asks, breaking the moment.

Thrown off, I blink and glance at the clock on the wall. "It's almost 10 AM," I reply. $www.n(\circ)V\mathcal{E} \oplus wo\mathcal{R}m.com$

She sighs. "I need to get going. Stevie and I are preparing for our upcoming summer collection."

back. But I'm not giving up.

I watch as she leaves the room. It's hard not to feel like we're taking one step forward and two steps

I know that, sooner or later, she'll let me get closer without any reservations. I just have to be patient.

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