

Becomes 130

Chapter 0130

Serena's POV

Bill guides me down a narrow path through the dunes. After a short walk, we arrived at a secluded cove.

A small picnic setup awaits us: a blanket spread out with a basket full of delicious-looking treats and a bottle of sparkling cider.

"Surprise!" Bill says, spreading his arms wide.

I gasp, my eyes widening at the sight before me. My heart skips a beat. The blanket is set perfectly with a vase of fresh flowers. The basket is filled with my favorite snacks and fresh fruits, and the sparkling cider catches the sunlight.

I turn to Bill, my eyes misting up. "Bill, this is amazing," say, my voice barely above a whisper.

This is beyond anything I could have imagined. Every detail is perfect, and it's clear how much effort he put into making this moment special for me.

"It's nothing," he says. He notices the tears welling up in my eyes and grins. "Are you seriously about to cry over a picnic?" he teases, gently nudging my shoulder.

I pretend to be annoyed, swatting his arm lightly. "No way! I'm not about to cry," I deny, though my voice wavers slightly. I quickly blink away the tears and try to look stern, but a smile breaks through.

Bill laughs, clearly enjoying my reaction. He sits down on the blanket and taps the spot next to him. "Come. Sit with me," he urges.

I sit down next to Bill. He opens the picnic basket and arranges the snacks and fresh fruits between us.

"This is really nice," I say. "It's been a while since I've gone on a picnic."

"Yeah, I figured you could use a break. You've been making quite a name for yourself in the fashion industry lately," he says with a wink.

I tilt my head, giving him a playful look. "Oh, I didn't know you were such a fan."

"Because I am," he admits, pouring us each a glass of cider. "I've been really impressed with what you've achieved so far."

He hands me a glass and raises his own. "To you," he says simply.

I clink my glass against his, feeling the sincerity behind his words. "To us," I reply, smiling.

We sip our cider and dive into the spread, sampling the assortment of snacks and fresh fruits.

Bill reaches for a piece of cheese and cracker, holding it up to my lips with a playful grin. "Try this one. It's my favorite," he says.

take a bite, savoring the rich flavor. "Not bad," I say, teasingly. "You have good taste."

Bill grins. "I try. So, how have you been feeling lately?"

"I'm okay," I say, "but I've been getting contractions more often now, and the morning sickness is still www.Novelworm.com

pretty bad."

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+15 BONUS

Bill's smile fades, replaced by a look of genuine concern. His brow furrows slightly as he processes what I've said. "That sounds tough" he says, his voice full of worry. "I hate seeing you go through this. Let me help out more. Seriously, whatever you need."

I shake my head gently. "It's okay, Bill. Don't worry about me and the baby too much."

There's a moment of silence. Bill's face falls, and his eyes show a flicker of hurt.

"How can you say that, Serena?" he asks, his voice tinged with disbelief. "Of course, I'm going to think about you and our baby. You're the most important people in my life."

"Don't get me wrong, Bill. It's just..." I hesitate. "I know you're going through some stuff right now. You look like you're distracted today."

"Bill looks into the distance, his expression guarded. "It's nothing," he says, but I can hear the strain in his voice.*

I touch his arm gently. "Bill, I can tell something's bothering you," I say. "So, what is it?"

Bill sighs. "You really wanna know?" www.Novelworm.com

"You can trust me."

He looks away. "I feel like I'm losing my grip on the company," he says quietly. "People don't trust me anymore. They'd rather have someone else as CEO. It's like everything I've worked for is just slipping away."

Bill's always been the strong, confident one, the person who has everything under control.

Seeing him like this makes my heart ache. I realize just how much pressure he's been under and how deeply it's affecting him.

"Well, aren't you gonna say anything?" he asks.

I slowly push myself up, feeling the weight of my pregnancy making it a bit harder to move. I make my way over to him and sit down beside him, resting my head on his shoulder.

"Everything's gonna be okay," I whisper, wrapping my arm around his. www.Novelworm.com

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