

Chapter 0141

Bill's POV

We arrive at the restaurant, a cozy place with dim lighting and soft jazz music playing in the background.

We take our seats at a large round table near the back, away from the main crowd.

Sarah and Kevin sit across from me. The waiter brings us menus and takes our drink orders.

Once the waiter leaves, Sarah turns to me with a smile. "Looks like you're still RGE's CEO since Frederick decided not to sell his shares."

"For now," I reply, taking a sip of my drink. "But we have a lot to do to prove to the board members that the changes I mentioned in the meeting are going to make a real difference."

Sarah nods thoughtfully. "You're right. They'll be watching us closely to see if we follow through on our promises."

Kevin is quiet, his gaze fixed on the table. Sarah and I exchange a look, both of us concerned about him. Sarah nudges him gently with her elbow.

"Hey, you okay?" she asks softly, her concern evident.

Kevin looks up, forcing a smile. "Yeah, just a lot on my mind."

Sarah nudges him again, this time with a playful grin. "Come on, Kevin, we're here to celebrate. Lighten up a bit."

Kevin's smile becomes more genuine. "Alright, alright. I'll just try to

enjoy the moment."

Sarah raises her glass with a bright smile. "Good. Let's toast to getting through today and moving forward."

We all raise our glasses, clinking them together. "To the future," I add simply.

Kevin joins in. "To new beginnings."

The mood around the table lightens, and the conversation flows more easily. We talk about upcoming projects, share ideas, and even laugh over a few stories. Kevin seems more engaged, his earlier distraction fading.

As the evening winds down and we prepare to leave, I pull Kevin aside. "Hey, remember, if you need to talk or take some time off, let me know."

Kevin nods, looking grateful. "Thanks, Mr. Richardson. I appreciate it. I'll be fine."

I watch Sarah and Kevin walk away, their figures blending into the evening crowd. I pull out my phone, about to call Tyler to pick me up and drive me home, when I notice a message from Serena. She's sent me a link to a YouTube video.

I wonder what the video is about, but I decide to wait until I get home to watch it.

When I got home, I make my way to the living room. I sink into my favorite chair, the soft cushions offering a welcome relief. I pull out my phone and click on the link Serena sent me, curious about what she found important enough to share.

The video plays, and it's an interview of Serena with Taylor Vanderbilt.

As the screen fills with Serena's image, a big smile spreads across my face. She looks stunning, her natural beauty radiating through the screen. Serena's long, blonde hair cascades over her shoulders in soft waves, and her eyes are bright and expressive. Beautiful.

The video begins with Serena and Taylor Vanderbilt sitting across from each other in a chic studio.


Taylor starts the video with a warm smile and an enthusiastic introduction, setting the tone for the interview. Serena, clearly nervous at first, fidgets slightly with her hands and gives a small, tentative smile.

Taylor's welcoming demeanor helps ease the tension. Serena takes a deep breath and starts to relax, her fingers stilling and her smile becoming more genuine.

After the small talk, they delve into Serena's inspiration. Serena leans forward, her eyes brightening as she begins to share a story from her past.

She talks about a time when she saved her childhood friend from some bullies at the beach. To show his gratitude, the friend gave her a seashell bracelet he had made. As I listen, my heart skips a beat. This story sounds oddly familiar.

I lean closer to the screen, my mind racing. I remember making a seashell bracelet for a friend who saved me from beach bullies. I wonder if it's just a weird coincidence.

I sit back, my thoughts swirling. Could Serena be the friend from my childhood and not Doris? 

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Before Serena and I got divorced, Doris showed me the same bracelet I gave my childhood friend.

Serena mentions in the interview that she once lost the bracelet at work. Then it hit me. Doris might have stolen the bracelet from Serena.

It's her. Serena's my childhood friend. My first love.



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