

Chapter 0142

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Bill's POV

"It's here somewhere," I mutter, rummaging through the drawers.

I pull out papers, old receipts, and random knick-knacks, tossing them aside. My frustration grows with each passing second.

I dig deeper, moving old notebooks and pens. I open another drawer, hoping to find it there. No luck. I slam it shut and move to the next one.

I rub my face, feeling the tension. I need to find it. It's the only way Serena will believe I'm her childhood friend.

Then it hits me. I suddenly remember where it is. I rush to the small wooden box on the top shelf of my closet. I pull it down and open it, my heart pounding

And there it is: the bracelet I gave Serena when we were children.

I pick it up gently, turning it over in my hands. The once bright seashells are now faded, and the string is frayed in places. It looks worn, aged by time. I can still see the small, uneven knots I made when I first put it together.

Doris had shown it to me, claiming she found it among some old things. Now I know she was a liar and a manipulator. She must have taken it from Serena.

Without wasting another moment, I grab my phone and quickly type out a message to Serena. "I'm coming over. It's important."

I grab my keys and hurry out the door.



Driving to her place, my mind races. I hope what I'll show her will be enough to make her understand.

The streets blur as I speed towards her house, the bracelet resting on the passenger seat beside me.

How didn't I figure out sooner that Serena is my first love? We were married for three years, and we never even shared photos of what we looked like as children.

I shake my head. We were so caught up in our lives, our work, our routines, that we never took the time to dive into our pasts.

I remember the little details now – the way she smiles, the way she laughs – they all match the memories of my childhood friend.

Why didn't I ask more about her past? Why didn't we talk about our childhoods more?

I grip the steering wheel tighter, feeling the sting of missed opportunities. We were so close, yet so distant in those moments. All the signs were there, but I missed them.

I beat myself up mentally, replaying moments in my head where I could have made the connection. The small hints she dropped, the stories she told – they all align perfectly now. Back then, I just didn't see it.

But it's all in the past now. There must be a reason why we met again after all these years.

Fate has a strange way of bringing people back together, after all.

I pull up to her apartment and grab the bracelet from the passenger seat.

Taking a deep breath, I step out of the car and walk to her front door. My mind races with what I'll say, how I'll explain everything.

"Bill? What are you doing here?"

"Remember when you said you hope your childhood friend is doing good wherever he is now?" I reply, recounting what she says in the interview.

Serena's eyes light up, a happy smile spreading across her face. "Oh, you watched the interview?" she asks, clearly pleased. "Uh, yeah, I said that. Why did you ask?"

"Well, your friend is doing great and is so handsome now. He also owns a company," I say with a small smile.

"I'm happy for him then," she says. "But how do you know him?"

"Because it's me," I reply, holding up the bracelet for her to see.

Serena's eyes widen in shock as she stares at the bracelet in my hand. Her mouth opens slightly, and she takes a step back, trying to process what I just said.

"Bill... you're him?" she whispers.

Instead of answering, I step forward and pull her into a tight hug. She tenses for a moment, then relaxes into my embrace. As I hold her close, I feel a small kick against my belly, startling me.

This moment couldn't be more perfect. I'm with the two most important people in my life right now: Serena and our child.