

Chapter 0143

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Serena's POV

I pull away from Bill's hug, my heart racing.

I can't believe it. My childhood friend, the one I thought I'd lost forever, is standing right in front of me.

"This is crazy," I say, pulling away slightly and looking up at him. "Do you have any photos from when you were a kid? I need to see if you're really him."

Bill nods, a small smile playing on his lips. "Yeah, I actually have one with me."

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out an old, worn photo. He hands it to me, and I take it with trembling hands.

"This is me at 8 years old," he says softly.

I stare at the photo, my eyes widening. The boy in the picture has the same eyes, the same smile that I remember so well. It's unmistakable.

Tears well up in my eyes as I look back up at Bill, my doubts melting away.

"It's really you," I whisper. "I can't believe this. After all these years..."

Bill chuckles softly, trying to lighten the mood. "Yeah, and I've even lost my baby fat," he jokes. "But I still have the same smile, right?"

I laugh, wiping away the tears that had started to fall. "Yes, you do. It's all coming back to me now."



His expression softens, and he takes my hand gently. "I can't believe it took us this long to figure it out. But here we are."

"Here we are," I repeat softly.

I remember our recent trip to the beach. Something about that day felt so familiar, so right.

My gut had told me then that Bill was more than just someone I had met as an adult. There was a deeper connection, something I couldn't quite put my finger on at the time.

We spent the day walking along the shore, gathering seashells and listening to the waves crashing against the sand. It felt so natural, so familiar.

The way we laughed and talked, it was like no time had passed at all.

"I should have known," I say, looking into Bill's eyes. "When we went to the beach together recently, it felt like I was reliving a memory. I just didn't realize it was you."

Bill nods. "I felt it too, Serena. I guess we were always meant to find each other again."

I glance down at the bracelet in my hands. It's amazing to think that this little piece of our past is what brought us back together. It feels like fate.

But then a question nags at the back of my mind. How did the bracelet end up with Bill?

"Bill, how did you get this bracelet? Did you find it at the office?" I ask.

Bill sighs, looking a bit troubled. "Doris gave it to me. She claimed she

was my childhood friend."

I should've known Doris had something to do with this. She always had a way of inserting herself into situations and twisting them to her advantage.

She must have heard Bill and me talking about our experiences and figured out the connection. It was her way of trying to keep Bill close, inserting herself into a story where she never belonged.

Such a cunning bitch.

"Is that why you were so nice to her?" I ask.

Bill looks down, guilt flickering across his face. "Yeah, I guess so. I thought she was someone from my past, someone important. It made me feel like I owed her something."

"I can't believe she would do something like this. But at least we know the truth now."

Bill reaches out and gently takes my hand. "I'm sorry, Serena. I should have seen through her lies."

I squeeze his hand back, taking a deep breath. "It's not your fault. Doris was always good at manipulating people," I say. "The more important thing is she didn't win in the end."

Bill nods. "Yeah, you're right. We're together now, and that's what matters."

I can't help but think about Doris. She's always the kind of woman who stops at nothing to get what she wants.

But now, thank goodness karma is biting her ass right now. At least, she's in jail and won't be able to cause us any more trouble.

"Serena, you okay? You spaced out for a moment there," Bill calls, snapping me out of my thoughts.

I blink and turn to him, forcing a smile. "Yeah, I'm fine. Just thinking about how things have changed."

We spend a short time catching up, talking a bit more about our childhood.

Bill tells stories about his favorite games and the friends he used to hang out with. I share a few anecdotes about my own adventures, feeling a connection growing stronger between us.

Bill's face lights up as he tells me about his successful presentation at the board meeting. I couldn't be happier for him.

This is what Doris tried to ruin — our bond, our trust, our chance to rebuild our relationship.

But oh boy, she failed miserably.



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