Chapter 0002

Serena's POV

As I leave the hotel, my left knee starts to sting again. "Well, at least, I'm out of there," I

It's funny how adrenaline can make you forget pain for a bit.

mumble. I still hear the commotion inside. Bill's family is checking on Doris. Wow, they're

overreacting. She only fell — it's not like she lost a leg. Meanwhile, I feel like I might lose mine soon. I focus on breathing to ease my pain. Distracted, I bump into a man going in the opposite

direction. The slight impact causes me to stagger and wobble. "Oops, sorry."

He notices I'm unsteady and holds my arm to help me balance. "Careful there. Hmm... I think I've seen you before. Oh! You're Serena, Bill's wife, right?"

Great, another family member who might hate me. And I thought tonight couldn't get any better. "Uh... Yes, that's me."

I'm curious about who he is, so I look at his face. Time didn't leave overly impressive marks on this man's face, but he was noticeably elder and a bit more mature than Bill.

He's a bit muscular and rocks a mullet with some stubble on his face. He's good-looking but has a more rugged style compared to Bill.

He extends his hand. "I'm Calvin, by the way." "Calvin? You're Bill's uncle, right?"

"Oh please, I'm just a few years older than him. He's more like a younger brother to me than

he spends most of his time on his own business abroad.

a nephew."

cab to arrive.

"Serena, wait!"

know this?

does.

Hey, what am I thinking about?

you want," he says with a smile.

I nod, feeling a bit embarrassed.

knee. I'm almost done cooking."

trying to start a conversation.

knee. I leave my bedroom, feeling refreshed.

apron, busy cooking. "Hey, what are you doing?"

"Isn't it obvious? I'm hungry, so I'm cooking," he replies.

"Looks good," I say as Calvin places the food on the table.

"Is that a good thing or a bad thing?" Calvin asks.

"It feels a lot better now. Do I need to see a doctor?"

home because I was having trouble walking."

Maybe if he knows I'm having his baby, I'll win him back.

supercars, and Doris than me.

Comments (7)

comfort foods when I've had a tough week."

Calvin has a big stake in Bill's company, being the second-largest shareholder, but he isn't really involved in the day-to-day stuff. No wonder he's barely in the family photos because

Bill didn't mention his busy uncle from abroad would be at dinner. But then again, Bill hardly tells me anything. "Uhm... Hello. You there?" Calvin waves his hand in front of me to break out of my daze.

I quickly regain my composure and turn away. I don't want Bill's uncle to see me looking so pitiful.

"Serena, are you okay?" he asks, his voice filled with concern.

"Yes, I'm fine. You should go see your family now."

I stop at the side of the road to call for a taxi. It's getting colder, and I shiver as I wait for a

I turn back to him, trying to smile even though I just cried, which might look a bit weird. I don't want to involve Calvin in this drama, so I decide to walk away from him.

Did Bill just chase after me? Maybe he does care about me, even if it's just a little bit. I turn in the direction of the voice. But it's not Bill, it's Calvin running after me.

He notices me shivering and removes his suit jacket, placing it over my shoulders. "You don't need to run from me. I'm not gonna bite you."

I offer a weak smile and remain silent for a moment, wondering why he doesn't seem to hate me like the others. "I can drive you back home if you want," he offers.

With a pleading look, I respond, "Please." Calvin drives me home, and I appreciate that he understands I'm not really in the mood for

conversation. If it were Bill in this situation, he would likely pick a fight for my silence.

"You know what? Why don't we play some music?" Calvin suggests, sensing my mood.

"Sure," I say weakly. Calvin plays some soothing classical music, and we ride in silence for the rest of the journey. I simply gaze out the window with his jacket draped over my shoulders, feeling touched by his consideration.

"Sir Calvin, good to see you," one of our maids says as he drops me off at our home.

Madame Serena here might have sprained her knee," he requests.

"Anne, you still look great!" Calvin replies. Of course, he knows Anne. She's been with Bill's family for a long time.

"Could you do me a favor and get an ice pack, bandage, and some Ibuprofen? I think

He gently touches my shoulder, and I feel a strange sensation. It's as if a slight electric charge passes through me. "Relax, I'm not a doctor or anything, but if your knee was really broken, you couldn't have walked away so quickly. Actually, you'd probably have trouble

"A sprain? I thought for sure my knee was broken," I say, surprised. Okay, how does Calvin

even standing right now," he reassures. I can't explain why I feel this way, especially since he's my husband's uncle, but there's something about his touch that's calming. Despite Calvin and I being practically strangers, it feels both strange and comforting that he's paying more attention to my well-being than Bill

"Oh, that makes sense," I quickly say. Then, I saw the tea stain on my dress. "Excuse me, I need to go change." After taking a bath and changing into comfortable clothes, Anne helps me bandage my left

As I head towards the kitchen, I catch the aroma of something delicious. Calvin is in an

Crap. I feel a bit guilty that he missed the dinner with his family because of me. "What's on the menu then?"

"Nothing too fancy. Just some instant ramen and grilled cheese. Anyway, you can join me if

"Yeah, thanks for offering. But I'm good." My stomach growls as soon as I say that. Calvin must have heard it because he says, "Please, I insist."

I take a seat in the dining room, propping my feet on another chair as I wait for Calvin. He soon comes out of the kitchen with a tray holding two bowls of ramen and a plate of grilled cheese sandwiches.

Calvin acts like he doesn't notice I'm feeling shy. "You should sit down first and raise your

"Thanks. It's all I can make," he replies. We eat quietly, enjoying the meal. "You know, this reminds me of college," I comment,

"I see... So, I must be a mind reader then," Calvin says with a grin. I guess he sensed that I was having a tough day. "How's your knee?"

"It's a good thing," I reply, smiling at him. "Grilled cheese and ramen are some of my go-to

table, Bill enters the dining room. "Uncle Calvin... When did you come back?" Bill asks, looking a bit surprised to see him here. "I thought you'd join us for dinner tonight."

Following Calvin's advice, I take an Ibuprofen as soon as I finish eating. As Calvin clears the

I respond on Calvin's behalf saying, "Oh, I met him at the hotel. He offered to drive me

"Serena," Bill says. "What the hell happened to your knee?"

"Well, it's just a sprain. It should be good after a couple of days. But if it doesn't improve, yeah, you should definitely see a doctor," Calvin advises. "After eating, take an Ibuprofen." "Okay," I say, feeling a bit lighter. This is the first time one of Bill's family members has been kind to me. I can't help but feel warm inside.

Calvin looks at Bill, looking like he wants to speak. Instead, he just nods and leaves quietly. Wow, is he worried about me? That's so rare. He usually cares more about his job, family,

Bill looks at me quietly, trying to find out whether I'm lying or not. He frowns, looking a

little upset. He turns his attention to Calvin again, "Anyway, Mom wants to see you."