

## Becomes 22

### Chapter 0022

#### Serena's POV

I just stare at my phone for a couple of minutes, wondering, "Why on earth is Bill calling me now?"

Seeing the puzzled look on my face, Mom leans in with concern. "What's wrong, dear? Who's calling you?"

"Oh, it's just my friend, Stevie. She's probably checking if I got here. safely," I lie, hoping to avoid any further discussion about Bill. The last thing I need is for Dad's anger to flare up again.

Finishing my meal, I stand up and address my parents. "Mom, Dad, I'm pretty tired from the trip. Would it be okay if I go rest in my old room for

I a bit?"

"Of course, honey," Dad replies with a nod.

I smile at them both. "Thank you. And Mom, thanks again for cooking my favorites. It was delicious," I say..(w)w.NoV©ÉŁwoRm.đm

Heading up the stairs, my phone starts ringing again. I mutter under my breath, "Seriously? What does he want now? Maybe it's something. about the divorce."

Frustrated, I rub my temple. Bill's starting to get on my nerves. I don't. want to stress out, especially with the baby. But he's really giving me a headache now.

As I step into my old room, I can't help but feel nostalgic. It's like nothing's changed the same posters and photos from high school are still up on the walls. My bed's made up perfectly, the old quilt from my teen years draped over it. The shelves are just as I left them, all my books and little collectibles neatly in place and dust-free. Clearly, Mom. has been keeping it clean since I left for college.

### Chapter 1

#### +25 BONUS W(w).N(c)©ÉŁwoRm.đm

I sit down on the bed, opening Bill's message. It reads, "Can you please answer your phone? It's important. Thank you."

I can't help but raise an eyebrow. 'Please' and 'thank you' in the same. text from Bill? That's new. Looks like he's picked up some manners since the divorce.

Choosing not to answer his call, I quickly type a reply to Bill's message. I'm busy. What do you want? Talking to him directly just feels too draining at the moment.

His response comes swiftly. "I can't find my watch. The gold one with my name engraved on it. Do you know where it is?"

I sigh, wondering why he thinks I'd know where his watch is now. I mean, how the fuck am I supposed to know where his stuff is? He still thinks I'm his maid or something.

I quickly delete the text, erasing it from both my inbox and my mind. Leaning back, I close my eyes and take a few deep breaths, trying to calm down. The doctor's advice echoes in my head – avoid stress at all costs. And right now, anything to do with Bill just spells stress.

Startled, my phone buzzes with another text from Bill. I glance down and read, "You left Uncle Calvin's gift in my hospital room. I have it."

Realizing that Calvin's gift wasn't lost after all, I think about the situation. Bill can just hand it over to Calvin directly. I know he's likely using this as an excuse to get me to talk to him.

But Bill isn't giving up. My phone keeps ringing, one call after another. He's about to drive me insane at this point.

Just as I'm about to block his number, my finger slips and hits the

answer button. Shit.

Frustrated, I quickly speak up, "Look, Bill, I don't know where your watch

#### +26 BONUS

His voice comes through, sounding annoyed, "How could you not know. where it is? You saw me wearing it when we had dinner with my family."

I can't believe what I'm hearing. "And you expect me to keep track of your stupid watch?" I snap back.

Bill's voice is laced with arrogance. "That watch isn't stupid, Serena. It was from my late father. It's worth more than anything you've ever had."

I can't help but snort. "You're still a dickhead, Bill. Goodbye." And with. that, I end the call.

–

Even after hanging up, my phone keeps buzzing with calls from Bill. It's baffling why won't he drop this? He's a busy CEO; surely he has more important things to do than obsess over a watch.

My phone keeps on ringing, the sound almost echoing in my ears.

Fed up, I answer the phone again. "Stop calling me! Take a hint," I say firmly, hoping he'll finally get the message.

Surprised, I pause, realizing it's not Bill. "Woah there," says a different man's voice from the other end. "I'm just calling to check up on you."

Stammering slightly, I quickly apologize, "C-Calvin, sorry, I thought it was someone else."

Calvin's voice comes through with a hint of concern, "I understand. So, how are you, Serena?"

"I'm great, actually. Just spending some time at my parents' house right now," I reply, trying to sound relaxed. www.noV©ÉŁwoRm.đm

"That's good to hear," he says. "How long are you planning to stay there? I was hoping we could go out for dinner sometime."

I can't help but smile a little and decide to playfully respond, "Only if

315

you're treating me."

Calvin's reply is quick and light-hearted, "Deal," he says. W(w)w.(n)©Ve(1)©óR©.©om

"Oh, I was just joking. I can cover my own meal," I say, not wanting Calvin to think I'm taking advantage of him just because he has money

"Come on, don't worry about it. I want to treat you," he insists.

I think about what I'd wear if Calvin and I were to go for dinner. Perhaps I'll choose my favorite dress – a stunning knee-length, midnight blue gown with an intricate lace overlay. It pairs perfectly with the necklace that Calvin gave me. However, there's a little issue. \*

"By the way," I mention, "I accidentally left your gift in Bill's hospital room. So now, Bill has it. Maybe you could pick it up from there and return it to the store."

Calvin responds, "No need to worry, Serena. It's your gift to keep. So, when are you planning to return to LA?"

"I'll be back in LA on Saturday," I reply.

"Are you busy on Sunday night?" Calvin asks.

"Uh, not really," I say.

"Great, can we have dinner then? I'll pick you up," Calvin says with a cheerful tone. "You know... So, we can catch up."

"Sounds lovely, Calvin. See you then."

"Cool, Sunday it is. Take care, Serena."

I hung up, my heart beating rapidly against my chest. Did Calvin just ask me out on a date?

Bill had mentioned before that a lot of women were swooning over Calvin, but he hardly paid attention to them. I'm starting to think that Calvin likes me more than his nephew's wife. It's refreshing to consider

#### 25 BONUS

### Chapter 0022

the possibility of being with a good, respectful man for once....

But, damn it, what am I thinking? He's Bill's uncle! Besides, I can't get involved with Bill's family again.

I mean, why would I want to experience that hell again when I've just managed to get out of it?