

Becomes 24

Chapter 0024

I furrow my brows in confusion. "What are you talking about? I'm fine," I

insist. *w(w)w.NoveI[W(o)rM.co@*

But Mom and Aunt Claire exchange a knowing glance. Mom then turns back to me, her expression filled with worry. "Bill, you don't look so good," she says gently.

I try to sound convincing, "Trust me, I'm doing better than ever." But deep down, I know they can see right through me. *wW.nóvElw@Rm.c@m*

Before they arrived, I had glanced at myself in the mirror and even I was taken aback. My reflection showed dark circles under my eyes, standing out against my pale complexion. My lips were losing their color, and I hadn't shaved in days. The truth is, ever since I found out the divorce was final, sleep has been a stranger to me.

Aunt Claire's voice is filled with sympathy, "No need to deny it, Bill. We understand your ex-wife cheated on you. It's only natural you'd be stressed out like this."

I bite down hard on my teeth, trying to keep my emotions in check at Aunt Claire's words. Why are my marital problems their business

anyway?

Aunt Claire's suggestion catches me off guard. "I heard Doris is still single. Why don't you get to know her better?"

Mom chimes in, adding to the unexpected proposal. "Yes. I think she's been holding out for you, Bill. It's about time you dated a mature, smart

woman.

"Look, it's not what it looks like. Doris and I are just friends," I hastily explain. "Why don't we just talk about the Feynman-Webster merger, Mom? I'm guessing it's gonna happen soon."

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+25 BONUS

I deliberately change the topic of our conversation to business matters. I prefer to keep Aunt Claire and Mom from meddling in my dating life.

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For the next few days, I bury myself in work. I attend more meetings than ever and prepare proposals for some of the biggest names in the financial industry. Staying busy is my way of distracting myself from thinking about Serena.

One night, Sarah shares some surprising news with me over the phone. "You won't believe who I spotted at the Soleil et Lune Bistro last night."

I fall silent, perplexed. I can't imagine why she thinks I'd be interested in which celebrity she meet at that restaurant. "Anyone I know?" I ask, adding a touch of sarcasm.

"Oh, you know her," Sarah says, a bit more seriously. "Your ex-wife, Serena, is here with some older guy."

Upon hearing about my ex-wife having dinner with another man, a knot twists in my stomach. I pause briefly before responding.

"Well, who was she with?" I ask.

"I didn't see him clearly," Sarah says. "All I could make out was his back, but it was definitely Serena, and she seemed to be having a good time, laughing quite a bit." *wW(w).nóvElw@rM.coM*

Serena rarely laughed during our marriage. It's evident she's trying to charm another wealthy man, maybe even her sugar daddy.

I lean back and let out a heavy sigh, feeling my shoulders tense up. Yeah, I couldn't care less about her. We're divorced anyway," I say, but my emphasis on the word "divorce" makes it sound insincere.

"Wow, you're not really taking it well, boss," Sarah comments. "Looks like somebody's jealous."

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I roll my eyes and clench my jaw, trying to keep cool. "Jealous? That's ridiculous. And you don't need to update me on Serena's every move, okay?"

"Okay, okay," she replies, sounding a bit defensive. "Just thought you should know. I'm leaving now. They arrived just a bit ago."

How could Sarah thinks I'm jealous when I'm not? I just need to get to the bottom of this. I won't stand by and let her be with someone else. If she can't be happy with me, then she won't be happy with anyone else either.