

## Becomes 27

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Bill's POV

I told Tyler, my driver, to take me to the restaurant where Sarah saw Serena. Here I am, still in a cast, and she's already out on a date with some rich, older guy. Unbelievable.

"Tyler, can you step on it? I've got to meet someone," I say, realizing I'm absentmindedly tapping my fingers on my legs. I want to catch Serena with the guy he left me for. Maybe I'll have a few words with him.

"We're here, Sir," Tyler informs. I remain seated in the car, eagerly awaiting Serena's exit from the restaurant. But after 15 minutes pass, there's no sign of her. Tyler looks at me with a confused expression, so I decide to get out of the car.

I dial Sarah's number and demand, "Were you just messing with me, Sarah?" My fingers grip the phone tightly.

"Sorry? What do you mean, Bill?" Sarah's voice comes through confused.

"Serena... She's not here."

"Oh, that. Look, I was telling you the truth. I can send you the proof right now," Sarah insists.

A ding interrupts us; my phone lights up with a message from Sarah.

"Now, if you can excuse me, boss, my man and I are having some alone time," she adds.

"I didn't need to know that. Bye," I reply. I end the call, anxious to see what Sarah sent me.

The message is a picture of Serena, looking stunning. My heart skips as I see her, the first time since she stormed out of my hospital room. She seems happier. Her hair is up in a loose bun, with curly strands framing

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her face. Her smile is genuine, her eyes sparkling as she raises a glass in a toast with the man in front of her.

The man facing away from the camera looks older. He's wearing a fancy Thom Browne suit, clearly showing he's rich.

My hands shake as I look at the photo. I feel like punching this guy the moment he comes out of the restaurant. *www.novellworm.com*

To my surprise, the next person to walk out of the restaurant isn't Serena, but Calvin, in the exact suit from the photo. My stomach drops as it hits me that he's the one who just had dinner with Serena. I feel like I've been punched in the gut.

He heads to his car alone. Maybe things between them aren't that serious, and they're just casually dating. Still, it bothers me they're doing this behind my back.

And now I'm thinking, maybe Calvin's been giving Serena money, which is why she didn't ask for any financial settlement during our divorce.

But then, a part of me tries to give Calvin the benefit of the doubt. Maybe he's just trying to help out Serena in his own way. He's always been the nice guy in the family, the one everyone can rely on. He may see Serena as a sort of charity case, someone to help without expecting anything in return.

It wouldn't be the first time Calvin stepped in to lend a hand without ulterior motives. Maybe, just maybe, this dinner was his way of offering support, nothing more. *www.novellworm.com*

I couldn't stand it anymore, so I decided to approach him. "Oh, Uncle Calvin! Didn't expect to see you here," I say, acting like I just ran into him by chance.

Calvin's face shows a flicker of surprise before he smooths it into a composed smile. "Bill, this is a surprise! Just had a bit of dinner here," he responds, trying to sound casual as we stand in the restaurant's

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parking lot. "What brings you here?"

"I'm here to meet a client," I reply, keeping my voice even. I don't want to give away my true reason for being here. "How about you?"

Calvin pauses, thinking, before answering. "I guess you could say the same for me. You know, always looking for new ways to expand my *www.novellworm.com*

business here in the US."

He says this with a straight face, but I can tell he's lying. I don't get what this is all about. Is he trying not to hurt my feelings because he was having dinner with Serena?

"Huh? This seems like a pretty intimate place for a business meeting," I point out.

"You really think so?" Calvin replies, his tone calm and subtly inquisitive.

Even though he doesn't outright ask, I can tell Calvin's implying a question of his own—why I'm here for a client meeting in such a place if

I call it "too intimate."

"Yeah, my client is an old couple. They're really fond of this place," I say, deciding that two can play this lying game.

Calvin nods and says, "Ah, I see. Well, I won't keep you from your meeting then. Don't let me hold you up." *www.novellworm.com*

"Don't worry, the meeting isn't for another 30 minutes," I mention casually. Then, adding as if just remembered, "Oh, I forgot to mention, Serena said you gave her a gift while I was in the hospital. I'll send it over to you once I get the chance."

Calvin doesn't even seem surprised when I mention the gift. Did Serena already tell him about it? "That would be great, Bill. I look forward to it," he responds smoothly.

I try to read Calvin's expression, but it's hard to tell what he's thinking. I

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just have this unsettling feeling he's hiding something from me.

"As much as I'd like to stay and chat, Bill, I've got some business to take care of," he says. "I guess I'll see you around."

I nod, choosing not to say anything more. Watching silently, I see Calvin walk to his car and drive off into the night.

I step into the restaurant, looking around for Serena, but she's nowhere to be found. It becomes clear she left earlier.

Over the next few days, I called Serena multiple times, but there was no response. She seems to be busy, almost too busy.

I keep wondering, is Serena really happy without me?

Every time she doesn't answer, it feels like she's saying yes.

It's tough thinking she might be moving on, making a new life where I don't fit anymore.