

Becomes 39

Chapter 0039

Bill's POV

Flashback

I remember that day like it was yesterday. A little girl and I were having a blast building our sandcastle, totally lost in our own little world. The sun was shining, the waves were calm—it was perfect.

Then, out of nowhere, these jerks showed up, laughing and stomping around like they owned the place. I was mad, but I knew I had to say something.

"You think it's cool to wreck our stuff?" I said, trying to sound tough.

One of them

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a tall boy with a mean grin — looked at me and said, Look who's talking, tubby."

The little girl gave me this worried look, but I just told her to stay back.

I tried to stand my ground. "Just leave us alone," I said, trying to sound brave.

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But they just laughed. "What, you gonna cry now?" another one said, and they all started laughing like it was the funniest thing ever. **wWw.NovEL(w).RM.cOm**

I felt so embarrassed, but I didn't want to show it. I clenched my fists, telling myself I wouldn't let them get to me. I felt tears pricking my eyes. out of anger. But before they fell, the little girl stood up.

She marched right over and pushed the tall bully who'd called me names. "Pick on someone your own size!" she snapped.

Then, in a move that shocked us all, she delivered a swift kick to the bully's groin. He doubled over in pain, his cries echoing across the beach. His cronies, suddenly afraid of the little girl, scattered like leaves. in the wind.

After that incident, I didn't know how to face her. Part of me felt embarrassed here was this girl, standing up for me, fighting my battle. It didn't sit right with me. I mean, I'm supposed to be the one protecting her, right?

But I also felt really thankful deep down. She had my back when I really

needed it.

As we were about to head home, I figured I'd never see her again after I **wWw.NovELWorm.c(o)@**

left.

Then, just as I was lost in thought, a voice I recognized called out to me. "Hey, kid! Come here."

I turned towards the voice and saw the little girl who stood up for me. She was wearing a flowery dress and oversized glasses that didn't quite

fit her face.

"Huh? Who are you calling a kid?" I asked, feeling a bit defensive. "I'm bigger and stronger than you," I added, crossing my arms in front of me.

"Oh, you're big and strong alright," the little girl said, her tone laced with sarcasm. She didn't want to hurt my feelings by bringing up what happened the day before.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"Don't let other people stomp all over you. I won't be there to protect you all the time," she said simply.

I was stunned. It was hard to believe those words came from a little girl. "Thank you, I owe you one," I said, feeling a bit humbled, and I

looked down.

"It's nothing, really," she said with a smile.

In that moment, I knew I had made a friend. I took off my seashell bracelet and handed it to her.

"Here, take this," I said, feeling a bit

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awkward.

The little girl grabbed the bracelet, examining it closely. "Wow, it's so cool."

"Yeah, I spent days collecting seashells and stringing them together. Anyway, you can keep it," I said, feeling a bit bashful.

Her face lit up with gratitude. "Really? Thanks, that's so nice of you."

I glanced away, feeling my cheeks flush with embarrassment. Then, I realized we had never exchanged names.

"I'm Bill, by the way," I said, extending my hand. But when I looked up, the little girl had already left, disappearing into the crowd.

A few weeks before Serena and I got divorced, I shuffled through the endless tasks on my desk. My mind drifted back to that distant memory of the little girl who stood up for me at the beach so many years ago. Her face was blurry in my mind, lost to the passage of time, yet her kindness and bravery remained vivid.

Lost in thought, I was jolted back to reality by the sound of a familiar voice. "Hey, Bill, got a minute?" It was Doris, standing at the edge of my desk with a file in her hand.

"Sure, what's up?" I replied.

Doris smiled. "I thought you might be interested in this," she said, handing me the file. "It's about the charity event we're organizing next

month."

I took the file, flipping through the pages absentmindedly. But then, something caught my eye a glimmer of silver catching the

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fluorescent light. It was a seashell bracelet, dangling from Doris's wrist.

My heart skipped a beat as I recognized it instantly. The same bracelet

I gave to the little girl all those years ago. Could it be possible?

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"Doris," I began, my voice trembling with emotion. "That bracelet... Is it...?"

She looked down at her wrist, her smile widening as she realized what I'm referring to. "Oh, this old thing?" she chuckled. "Yeah, I found it while cleaning out some old stuff at home. Can you believe I've kept it all these years?"

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I was speechless. The little girl from the beach the one who stood up for me

is Doris.

"Doris," I said, barely able to contain my excitement. "You're... You're the little girl from the beach."

She nodded. "Yeah, that was me. Funny how life works out, huh?"

Flashback End

Sitting on the couch, I snap out of my daze and take a drag from my cigarette. My mind races with confusion and disbelief. How could the little girl who once saved me turn out to be Doris, the same person now that could be plotting to kill my ex-wife?

I exhale a cloud of smoke, trying to make sense of it all. Am I missing something?

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