

Becomes 46

Chapter 0046

Serena's POV

W@w.Novelworm.CoM

Why is Bill here? He hardly comes to the mall.

Patty, Doris's mother, clears her throat and smiles at Bill. "Bill? I didn't expect to see you here. Is Doris with you?"

Bill shakes his head. "I'm just browsing for some nice jewelry," Bill says. "How about you? You don't look like you're here to buy anything."

Patty stammers, "Y-you know, Serena and I were just discussing the TikTok video she posted. I really don't want to stir up any trouble here."

Bill's brows furrow. "What video?" he asks, clearly unaware of the video I posted. "Anyway, if you're not here to buy anything, I suggest you leave now. There are a lot of people waiting behind you."

Around them, several people in the crowd nod in agreement, hoping for Patty to go elsewhere.

"Okay, okay," Patty concedes. She gives me a cold stare. "I'll come back some other time."

"Finally!" someone in the crowd exclaims as Patty makes her exit. (w)w@.n@v@l@w@r@m.c@.m

As Patty departs, the crowd returns to browsing through the shop. Before assisting another customer, I make my way over to Bill. "Thanks for helping me handle that situation."

Bill meets my gaze, his expression unreadable. "Wow, so this is what you've been busy with," he remarks, scanning the shop. "It's a nice spot for selling jewelry. Though, it could be bigger."

Oh no. Is he insulting me again? "Excuse me? But this is all I could afford for now," I say, crossing my arms.

Bill throws his arms up. "Relax, I'm not here to start a fight. Just go back

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No matter how hard I try to focus on the customers, my eyes keep wandering back to Bill. In the crowd, I see two girls giggling and nudging each other, telling one another to go talk to him.

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She's a pretty blonde, with a youthful charm that suggests she might be younger than both Bill and me. She approaches Bill with a napkin in hand, likely with her number written on it.

"Miss? I said I want to buy this," the customer I'm currently assisting says, pointing to the jewelry she wants to purchase.

"Of course, I'll wrap this up for you," I say, snapping back to the present. I can't afford to lose customers if my mind is distracted.

As I wrap the item, I steal glances at the girl who's about to give Bill her number. She says something to Bill and hands him the napkin. Bill looks at her strangely, as if it's the first time a girl has ever flirted with

him.

Surprisingly, Bill declines the napkin and looks apologetic. The girl looks disappointed and embarrassed as she walks back to her friend.

I breathe a sigh of relief... But why am I relieved? I shouldn't care if girls hit on Bill. After all, he's good-looking,

"Are you finished, Miss?" the customer asks.

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Turning my attention back to her, I nod. "Ah, yes. That'll be \$375," I say as I hand her the paper bag. She promptly hands me the payment. Come again."

I

As the customer leaves, I glance at Bill once again, only to find him. looking back at me. For a moment, time seems to stand still.

"Thanks again for helping with Doris' mother earlier," I say to Bill as I close the shop. "What are you doing here anyway?"

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Instinctively shield my belly with my arms, grateful for the loose clothing I'm wearing. That way, Bill won't see my tiny baby bump.

"I heard you started a new business here and wanted to congratulate You" Bill says. "Did you make all these?" he asks, pointing at the jewelry.

"Yeah, I did," I reply with a smile.

"I see," Bill says. "They look great."

Wow, did Bill just compliment the jewelry I made? This is a first. "Well, thanks," I say, surprised and pleased,

"Did Calvin pay for all this?" Bill asks. "I just can't figure out how you can afford to start this kind of business on your own.

Here he goes again. Bill immediately assumes that someone else. made this business possible for me. He always looks down on me, and that will never change.

"Just so you know, I asked my parents for a loan to start this business," I say, "Calvin has nothing to do with it. I told you, we're just friends." wW@.NOVELWorm.CO@

Bill looks like he's lost in thought for a moment before speaking again. Okay. But I can get you a nicer and bigger shop than this one. Was that why you were at Melrose? Well, I could get you that place you were looking at if you just come back to me," he says.

I look Bill straight in the eyes. "You don't get it, Bill," I say firmly. "I don't need you to be successful. I hope you respect my decision. We're no longer together, and you don't need to look after me."

With a nod, I turn away from Bill, leaving behind the memories of what once was – of us together.