

Becomes 47

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Chapter 0047

Bill's POV

Why do I get the feeling I've messed things up with Serena again? I'm just trying to help with her business, hoping we can get back together. and move past everything that happened.

But no, she's being stubborn as always, thinking I'm looking down on her.

As Serena starts to turn away, I gently grab her arm and say, "Hey, I didn't come here to put you down. I just want to help. Watching you with your customers... it's obvious you care a lot about this."

There's a moment of silence. Serena looks unsure about what I'm

saying. "I am passionate about this business. I'm glad you noticed," she admits.

She offers me a small smile. My heart skips a beat – it's been a long time since Serena has smiled at me like that.

"Look, Serena," I start. "I really just want us to talk. I promise I won't lose my temper this time."

"Well, we are talking now," she replies. "But I doubt you can stay calm.. I've always walked on eggshells with you."

Hearing Serena say she always had to watch herself around me really hits hard. I understand. My temper can sometimes get the best of me. Like that time a few weeks ago when I almost kicked her apartment door down – I can't say I'm proud of it. In fact, I hate myself for acting like that.

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It's obvious that being aggressive just ends up making Serena tense. I decided to try a softer approach this time. Perhaps that way, she might start to warm up to me.

Chapter 0047

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"Can we just be friends? I'm tired of all the fighting," I say.

"Yeah, I got tired of the fighting too. That's why I divorced you," Serena responds. "I don't know what game you're playing, Bill, but you can't manipulate me anymore."

She's so hard to deal with. She thinks I'm doing something I'm not. "I'm not trying to manipulate you," I say. "I just want things to be okay between us."

Serena nods. "Okay, Bill. We can be civil," she says. "But that's it. I can't be with you or be friends. It just doesn't make sense after our divorce."

I take a deep breath. "What can I do to change your mind?" I ask. Looking deep into her eyes, I speak from the heart. "I still love you,

Serena."

Serena looks down, her face showing lots of mixed feelings. She seems really unsure, her eyes moving quickly as if she's sad and surprised at

the same time.

"Wow, I never thought you'd say that," she says softly. "But it's too late, Bill. I've got my own life now, you know, without you in it."

"If that's what you want, sure. I'll give you space for now," I say. "But don't think I'm giving up on us."

Serena loses her patience. "Bill, just give it up!" she says, clearly exasperated. She turns away from me again. "If you really love me, your should let me go. This isn't a game for you to win."

Even with her face turned away, I can tell Serena is crying. Her shoulders quiver gently, a silent giveaway of the tears she's fighting back. She quickly wipes away a tear that escapes, despite her best efforts to conceal it.

Just as I'm about to reach out, to hug and comfort her, a woman's voice

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cuts through the tension, "What the fuck are you doing here? Get away from my friend!"

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I watch a redhead woman dart towards Serena, swiftly putting herself between me and my ex-wife.

"You asshole! What did you do to her?" she demands, her freckles bunching together on her forehead in anger.

"I didn't hurt your friend," I try to explain. "We were just talking."

"It's alright, Stevie. Bill didn't do anything wrong," Serena says, calming. the situation.

Stevie? Ah, so this is her close college friend I hadn't met yet. I had assumed they lost contact when Serena and I got marria

"I don't believe that," Stevie counters. "Why are you crying if he didn't hurt you again?"

Serena and Lare at a loss for words in response to Stevie. Neither of us wants to admit that my confession of still loving her is the reason for the tears.

"Get out of here, Bill!" Stevie commands. "Leave before I call security."

I don't get a chance to explain myself as Stevie is already dragging me toward the exit. Once I'm finally outside the shop, she turns to me and says, "Don't you ever come back here!"

I manage to steal one last glance at Serena through the glass. She's standing there, a mix of relief and sadness on her face, her arms wrapped around herself as if seeking comfort.

God, I'd give anything to wrap my arms around her right now.

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