

Becomes 48

Chapter 0048

Bill's POV

As I head back to my car, my mind replays the scene in Serena's shop over and over.

I don't usually open up like this, but the truth is, I still love my ex wife, and I'll do whatever it takes to win her back. Calvin doesn't stand a chance. It's clear to me that Serena still has feelings for me, I could see it in her eyes. "

My phone breaks the silence, and I see Sarah's name flashing on the screen. I hesitate for a moment before answering.

"Bill, I've got news from your lawyer. The suspect told the court he met with a woman who paid him to hurt Serena," Sarah tells me.

At last, this investigation is moving forward. "Did he say who the woman was?"

"No," she replies, "he said the woman was wearing sunglasses and a facemask. But he mentioned they met in an old warehouse."

I grip the steering wheel tighter, my interest piqued. "Where?" I ask, ready to note down the details. *wW.Nov(1)Wo(r)m.Cóm*

"The suspect didn't mention it specifically. But the private detective we hired thinks it might be the old warehouse on the outskirts of town," Sarah explains.

"I see," I reply. "Can you text me the address? I'm going over there now."

"Oh no," Sarah cautions. "The detective mentioned it's too risky right now. There might be drug dealings happening at that place right now."

"Sarah, if word gets out that the suspect has confessed, the mastermind might clean up any evidence," I argue. "This could be our

+25 BONUS

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only chance to find out who it is."

Sarah sighs on the other line. "Fine. But don't say I didn't warn you. Be careful out there, boss."

I end the call and wait for Sarah's text. As soon as I got the address, I hit the gas, speeding towards the location. *wW.Novèl(©)R@.com*

As I drive towards the warehouse, the streets become darker and more deserted. The closer I get, the more the atmosphere thickens with an uneasy tension. Streetlights flicker intermittently, casting long shadows. that seem to move on their own. The area feels abandoned, a no-man's land forgotten by the city.

I notice people moving slowly along the sidewalk, their actions sluggish and eerie, like zombies from a movie. Some wander with no real purpose, while others stand still, their heads tilted back, staring at the sky, clearly under the influence of heroin.

When I get to the warehouse, it's deserted and has an eerie feel to it. This place is just as dangerous as Sarah warned. I move quietly, taking each step with caution.

The warehouse is pitch black when I get inside. I pull out my phone and turn on the flashlight to see. The place is huge and quiet, making even small noises echo and feel spooky.

While I'm moving carefully, trying to avoid junk and old boxes, I suddenly hear what sounds like footsteps somewhere in the building. My heart jumps, and I quickly hide behind an old, rusted machine, holding my breath and listening hard.

After a tense moment, I realize the noise isn't footsteps but just rats running across the floor. I let out a sigh, feeling a mix of relief and disgust. Gross, but I can't let that stop me.

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+26 BONUS *Ww(w).N.V(e)lwOr-m.cOM*

I remind myself that I'm here for a reason, despite the unnerving atmosphere. The light from my phone isn't great, but it's all I have. I focus on the goal of finding something that could be key to the investigation, letting that drive me forward, even as shadows and noises play tricks on my mind.

Then, as I sweep the light across the room, something sparkles beneath an old box. At first, I think it's just my imagination playing tricks on me in the dim light. But I lean down, push the box aside, and there it is not a trick of the light, but a real sapphire earring. I pick it up, turning it over in my hand, the gem catching the light and glittering even in the gloomy surroundings.

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I think I've seen this earring before. Doris often wore something just like it, both at work and the last family dinner with Serena. To be sure, I look closer and, sure enough, I find "D.E.T" engraved on it.

"Doris Elizabeth Tipton," I whisper, shining the light on the sapphire earring. "I've got you now. You'll pay for what you've done."