

## Becomes 62

Chapter 0062 *W@w.nðve/Wðrm.cðm*

Serena's POV

I stretch out my arm, the camera feeling almost weightless in my grasp. as I find him in the viewfinder—the boy with eyes as deep and blue as the ocean, and hair that glints like golden strands under the sun. “Smile to the camera, honey,” I coax.

“Alright, mommy,” he says with a smile. I notice he's missing a few front teeth, which makes his smile even more special.

We're standing in the heart of Amsterdam, enveloped by the city's vibrant energy. The late afternoon sun bathes the cobblestone streets and the blooming tulip fields in a soft, golden light, painting a picturesque scene.

I take the picture, capturing his happy face with all the colorful tulips and the old windmills in the background. Bikes are going by, and we can hear people laughing and talking. The air smells sweet, like those yummy cookies we tried earlier.

“Come here, let's take a photo together,” I say, waving him over. He runs over, laughing, and stands next to me. I extend my arm, phone in hand, trying to capture our smiles against the backdrop of Amsterdam's unique buildings and their reflections in the canal.

“Can I join?” Bill asks, coming over with a smile. I look at him and then at the boy; they look so much alike. They share the same bright smile and the spark of joy in their eyes.

“Of course,” I say, inviting Bill to come closer. He steps beside us, and the boy's smile grows even bigger, full of excitement. Bill takes the center spot, holding the boy's hand and putting his other arm around my waist. The feeling of his touch sends a surprising warmth through me, making me feel a bit fluttery inside.

Taphor deer

Now, all together, we're ready for the photo. The setting sun makes everything look golden and special. Ift my phone to capture this moment of us together. “Smile in 1... 2... 3!” I announce.

As I press the shutter button, Bill suddenly leans in and kisses my cheek. I'm so surprised that I can feel my face turning red. I'm pretty sure the camera caught that moment,

After the kiss, I touch my cheek. “Hey! What was that for?” I say, pretending to be mad.

Bill flashes a cheeky grin. “For luck,” he says, his tone lighthearted, “and to make this photo extra memorable.”

I wake up to the beeping of hospital machines, a sound that's too loud. in the quiet room. When I open my eyes, all I see are the white walls of the hospital.

My head hurts a bit, and I feel really tired. There are some tubes and wires attached to me, monitoring my every heartbeat.

Amsterdam was all just a dream, a beautiful, vivid dream that feels bittersweet now. The dream gave me a glimpse of what my future child. could look like. I couldn't ask for a better dream.

But I find myself wondering why Bill was there. We're not together anymore, yet his stolen kiss felt real, and so did the butterflies in my stomach. It makes me think, is there a part of me that's still holding on to the hope that maybe, just maybe, we could find a way back to each other?

But I quickly push that thought away. The dream probably happened because Bill and I visited Amsterdam when we were still married. Those were happier times for us.

Chapter nona

+25 BONU

I look around the room, still a bit groggy. I see Bill sitting by my bed, fast asleep. His head is leaning forward a bit. Bill's brows, which are. often pinched together with worry or deep in thought, are now smooth and relaxed. The usual lines on his forehead also disappear, making him look younger.

I find myself drawn to Bill, unable to stop looking at him. There's something about seeing him so peaceful and vulnerable in sleep that pulls at my heart. Even with everything that's happened between us, I can't help but feel a surge of affection as I watch him. How can I forget. that I loved Bill for more than three years?

But how can I move on if I'm still into him? Get a grip of yourself, Serena!

Bill wakes up slowly and before I realize it, he's looking straight at me. Crap! It's too late to pretend I'm asleep now. T *W@w.nðVeL@ðrM.cðM*

His eyes widen when he sees I'm awake. “Serena, you're finally awake,” he says, quickly getting to his feet. “Do you need something? I'll get it for you.”

“No, Bill. I'm okay,” I say, though my voice isn't as steady as I'd like. What happened? Why am I here?” My memory is hazy, like trying to see through a fogged-up window, and I'm struggling to piece together the events that led to waking up in this hospital room.

Bill sighs. “You're here because of Doris. She tried to hurt you. But you. shouldn't worry now. She won't bother us anymore.” As he speaks, everything comes rushing back to me all at once—the scene on the rooftop with Calvin's confession, my intense confrontation with Doris, Bill revealing his investigation into her, Doris's attempt to attack me, and finally, the police arresting her.

My hand automatically moves to my belly, and panic sets in. “Oh no... No, this can't be.” Right away, I'm filled with worry about my baby, afraid.

#25 BONUS

Chapter ode *w@w(n.n.veL@ðrM.cðm*

that I might have lost it because of everything that happened. *ww@W.NðveL@ðr(m).com*

Bill takes my hand and gently brushes my palm with his fingers. “Hey... It's okay. Everything's fine,” he reassures me, his voice calm and steady. “You're both fine.”

Bill's reaction makes it clear he's just found out I'm pregnant. The doctor must have told him. He's looking at me now, his eyes full of concern. “Oh... You already know.”

He smiles softly and nods. “Serena... I think we need to talk.”