

Becomes 69

Chapter 0069

Serena's POV

"I swear to God, this man is still obsessed with you," Stevie says. Her voice is seeping with anger as she steps on the gas.

As she speeds up, I start to feel anxious, especially because I'm thinking about the baby. "Stevie, please slow down," I say, my voice filled with concern, "We need to be safe."

She glances at me, her expression softening as she catches the worry in my voice. "You're right, I'm sorry," she says, easing off the gas and slowing the car down to a safer speed.

Stevie's face hardens again. Her eyes narrow slightly as frustration creeps back into her voice. "But you did this, Serena," she says sharply. "This asshole keeps coming back into your life because you're letting

him."

Ugh, I can't believe Stevie is blaming me for Bill's actions. "Me? What did I do?" I ask, my voice rising slightly. "It's not like I want Bill to keep bugging me. I definitely don't want that."

Stevie scoffs, "Really? Then why are you being so nice to him? It seems like you want to give him a second chance or something. He definitely doesn't deserve that!"

Am I being too nice to him? I keep asking myself this, especially after what Stevie said. Yes, Bill helped me out with Doris, and it's hard to ignore that.

But I definitely don't want him thinking we might get back together. Maybe I've let my guard down too much because I was grateful. I need to be clearer with him and set some boundaries. I can't let there be any confusion about us.

I furrow my brows, feeling the need to explain my actions. "I'm only nice to him because he protected me from Doris. I don't know if I could have handled her on my own if Bill wasn't there."

Stevie nods, taking in what I said. "Okay, I see your point, but you've still got to watch how this goes," she suggests thoughtfully. "Just be straight with him. Thank him for his help, sure. But you might need to spell it out for him, so there's no mixed signals." www.NovelsFrom.com

"Fine, stop the car," I say, clearly annoyed.

"And just what do you think you're planning on doing?" Stevie asks.

I stare into the distance, gathering my resolve. "If you want me to sort this out, I'll do it right here, right now," I say firmly.

"Are you crazy?" Stevie exclaims. "I don't know what that man might do to you. He clearly needs help."

"Don't worry," I reassure Stevie. "Bill has never laid a finger on me

before." www.novelsfrom.com

Stevie sighs and pulls the car over to the side of the road. "Okay. But if he tries any funny business, just scream. I'll kick his ass," she says.

"Alright, I'll remember that," I say. I reach into the backseat to grab the bouquet Bill gave me. Then, I step out of the car to confront Bill.

Bill parked his car in a more secluded part of the street. It's almost hidden in the shadows as if he's trying to keep a low profile. He has no idea we've already spotted him. I stomp my way toward his car, clutching the bouquet tightly.

Reaching the driver's side, I knock sharply on the window. "Bill? I know you're in there," I call out.

The window rolls down slowly, and Bill looks up at me, a mix of surprise and something else – maybe guilt – in his eyes. "Serena," he starts,

+25 BONUS

hesitating a moment as he gathers his thoughts. "... I just wanted to make sure you were safe," he says. www.novelsfrom.com

I narrow my eyes. "Safe? By following me around without letting me know? That's not making me feel safe, Bill. That's crossing a line," I snap. "What gives you the right to follow me like this?"

Bill looks uncomfortable, shifting slightly in his seat. "I only want to protect you and the baby," he says earnestly. "I worry about the danger you might be in, especially with everything that's happened. I thought being close might help, just in case."

Knowing Bill, he's the type to do whatever he wants without asking. It's time to put an end to his overstepping. "Protect me from what exactly? Doris is in jail. No one is trying to hurt me anymore," I say firmly. "You can't just follow me around, Bill. Just stop it." www.novelsfrom.com

"But Serena-" Bill starts, his tone pleading. Before he could finish, I cut him off.

"Maybe you're getting the wrong idea that I'm giving you a chance. I'm not. I have so many important things to do right now," I assert. "You're just distracting me."

Bill stays silent, processing what I just said.

"Here. I don't really want this," I say coldly, pushing the pink tulips back through the car window toward him.

Bill's expression crumbles. He looks deeply hurt, his eyes widening slightly. He seems he can't believe I just rejected him.

"I really don't have time for this," I add sharply, throwing the flowers into his lap. "Goodbye, Bill." Then I turn and walk back to Stevie's car.

As I walk away from Bill's car, my steps are firm, but there's a tight feeling in my chest. I find myself looking back more than once, not really sure why. Bill's hurt face sticks in my mind, making me uneasy.

Chapter 00

I get back into Stevie's car, more agitated than I realize, and

unintentionally slam the door shut.

"Jesus, are you alright?" Stevie asks.

"I'm okay, let's get going now," I say. I fasten my seatbelt, hoping Stevie won't press for more.

Stevie grins. "Ha! I knew you'd finally tell Bill off. And the way you threw those flowers at him? Nice touch."

I realize that Stevie saw everything unfold through her rearview mirror. Look, Stevie. I really don't want to talk about it," I say, my voice tinged with exasperation. "We've got lots to do."

Stevie nods in understanding. "Very well," she replies and starts the car.

As we begin to drive away, I can't help but glance at the rearview mirror, checking the spot where Bill's car had been. There was nothing there now – just the empty street.