

Becomes 77

Chapter 0077

Serena's POV *Www.noVEL@oRm.cOM*

Stevie and I make our way to the dining room, spreading out the Chinese takeout on the table. As we unpack each container, the delicious aromas fill the air.

"So, what's really going on with you and Calvin?" she probes gently, her eyes scanning my face for clues.

I take a deep breath, picking at my food before answering. "It's complicated, Stevie. We've been spending a lot of time together, and there's definitely something there, but..." I trail off, unsure how to express the mix of emotions swirling inside me. *W@w.©@VélwoŘM.(c)óm*

Stevie nods, understanding. "But you're not sure if you're ready to jump back into something serious, especially with everything else on your plate right now."

"Exactly," I affirm. "I care about him, a lot, but I'm just not sure if it's the right time for us or if it ever will be *@ww.NoVEL@orm.cO@*

Stevie gives a thoughtful nod. After a moment, she tilts her head, her expression turning serious but supportive.

"Do you want to know what I really think about Calvin for you?" she asks.

"Yes, I do. Tell me," I reply, bracing myself for my best friend's insights.

Stevie takes a sip of her wine, pausing to gather her thoughts before she speaks.

"Serena, from what I've seen, Calvin is perfect for you," she starts, her tone sincere. "He's stable, caring, and genuinely respects you. And he's been there for you through thick and thin, hasn't he?"

She sets her wine glass down and leans forward slightly. "And let's be

honest, he's more of a man than Bill could ever hope to be. Calvin knows how to treat someone he cares about."

I nod, taking in Stevie's points, but there's something else on my mind that I feel I need to mention. "I get what you're saying about Calvin, and I appreciate that. But I've noticed something different about Bill lately. He's actually been listening more and seems like he's trying to be more caring." o

Stevie scoffs lightly. "I don't think it's genuine, girl." *w(w)w.No(v)e!W@rm.č@M*

I find myself needing to understand her reasoning more deeply. "Why do you think that?" I ask.

Stevie's response comes with a slight shake of her head. "Because it's always the same with guys like him. When he realizes he might lose you for good, suddenly he's interested again. But it's all about the chase for him. Once he feels secure, he'll likely revert back to how he was before," she explains.

Is Bill really changing, or is he just reacting because he's already lost me and wants back what he can't have? I know him well enough to guess he might not stop until he gets what he wants. But his big ego is hard to deal with, and I'm not sure I want to go back to that.

Lost in thought, I hardly notice Stevie watching me closely until she breaks the silence. "You don't really want to go back to Bill and be stuck. in that loop again, do you?"

I snap out of my trance and shake my head firmly.

Stevie nods, a knowing look in her eyes. "Didn't think so," she says.

Stevie turns away from the table and walks over to the sink to rinse off

the dishes we have used for our dinner. The sound of water running and dishes clinking creates a mundane backdrop to our intense

conversation.

2/3

Suddenly, I blurt out, "Bill said he still loves me."

The clattering of dishes stops abruptly. "What?" she asks. "When did this happen?"

Stevie turns to face me, her mouth hanging open in shock.

"Remember when you saw me crying at the shop, and Bull was there? That's when he told me," I explain.

Stevie's eyebrows furrow, and her tone sharpens with annoyance. "You waited this long to tell me? That was weeks ago," she says.

"I'm sorry, but I just have a lot to process," I admit. "Calvin also confessed that he wants to be my boyfriend. I don't want to be stuck choosing between the two. It's giving me headaches."

Stevie sighs and nods. She decides not to press any further. "Men... They're the root of all our problems," she mutters half-jokingly, then brightens a bit.

"Let's keep ourselves busy preparing for the fashion show instead of talking about Bill and Calvin," she suggests.

"I like that," I agree. "Let's just put all that energy into something creative and positive."

As Stevie and I dive into planning the fashion show, I realize just how lucky I am to have her as a friend. She helps me sort through my mess of feelings and focuses me on what's important.

And to be honest, I'm too busy to get caught up in boy drama. This is real life, not high school.