

Becomes 85

Chapter 0085 (w)wW.n0v@l@óΓM.©DΜ

Bill's POV

"Who the fuck are you?" the security guard barks as I enter the CCTV room. The room is dim, lit only by the flickering screens displaying silent footage from around the building. He's a broad-shouldered man with a clean-shaven head, his brow furrowed in suspicion.

"Name's Bill Richardson. I'm a friend of Timothy Munger, your boss. He sent me to check something," I reply.

The security guard snorts, his skepticism clear. "And I'm Tim Munger's drinking buddy.". His hand inches toward his belt. "Seriously, pal, get out of here before I tase you."

"Hey, there's no need for that," I say, holding out my hand in a calming gesture. From my pocket, I pull out my phone, quickly scrolling to a photo. "Look, here's Tim and me at the Lakeview conference last month." I tilt the screen towards him, showing at picture of Timothy Munger and me, arms around each other's shoulders, smiling at the camera.

The security guard leans forward, eyes narrowing as he examines the photo. His posture relaxes slightly, the tension easing from his shoulders. "Alright, but this doesn't mean I'm letting you wander around without keeping an eye on you."

"Fair enough," I say with a nod. As I sift through today's CCTV footage, I'm on the lookout for anything odd that might explain who tried to sabotage Serena. She deserves to know, and they need to be held accountable.

I pause the footage when Serena is called up on stage by Marjorie. On the grainy screen, her happiness is unmistakable. She's beaming, her smile wide and genuine- something I rarely saw during our marriage.

Watching her now, I can't help but think that maybe our relationship held her back. Now that she's on her own, she seems to have fully embraced her talent as a jewelry designer.

As I'm hunting for any signs of sabotage against Serena, I spot something—or rather, someone—unexpected. My mom appears on the screen, a full six hours before the runway show was set to begin.

Her being at a fashion event isn't strange since she knows a lot of people in the

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industry. But why is she here today, so early before the show? WwW.n0v@lwoRm.Cóm

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The video shows her talking to Max Laurent, one of the designers. They look like. they're in a deep conversation. Then, she gives him something. I pause and zoom in – it's clearly a wad of cash.

The room seems to spin a little as I stare at the paused frame. Why would she do this? My heart pounds uncomfortably in my chest, a mix of betrayal and disbelief churning in my stomach.

I push back from the desk, needing a moment to gather myself. A headache starts to form, and I rub my forehead, pressing down on my temples to ease the tension.

The security guard glances at his watch, clearly annoyed. "Are you done?" he asks. sharply: WwW.n0v@l@óΓM.©DΜ

I glance up at the guard. "Yes, I'm done," I respond.

I stand and nod to the guard, who switches the CCTV feeds to real-time. I decide to take one last look.

The backstage area is quiet now that the show has ended. On the screen, Serena and Calvin step into a corner. They look at each other for a moment before Serena pulls Calvin into a tight embrace.

Seeing Serena in Calvin's arms is a shock to the system. Everything inside me tightens up, making it hard for me to breathe. I'm stuck for a second, not sure whether to walk away or do something about it.

My hands clench at my sides, the fingernails digging into my palms. Anger starts to simmer within me. www.n0VeL(w)(r)m.čom

Overwhelmed, I lash out the only way I seem capable of at the moment I swing at the concrete wall. The sharp pain in my hand barely cuts through all the other feelings swirling around inside me.

The guard's voice cuts through my haze. "Hey, watch it! Don't do that here," he warns. "I don't care who you are. You need to get out of here. NOW!"

I step out of the room, noticing my knuckles turning red from the impact. The door shuts behind me, and the sting in my hand isn't what's bothering me

—

it's what I just

saw.