

Becomes 91

Chapter 0091

Serena's POV www.NoVeWORM.com

I flip over for what feels like the hundredth time, pulling at the sheets that are somehow both too heavy and too light.

My body is tired and aching for rest. But my mind just won't stop racing.

A lot has happened today. From Max and Elena trying to sabotage my work to Calvin's unexpected offer to help, everything just keeps swirling around in my head.

Frustrated, I throw off the covers and get out of bed. Maybe some mundane tasks will help quiet my racing thoughts. I head to my desk and start sorting through the paperwork for my shop checking inventory lists, updating order statuses, and

reviewing supplier emails.

It's the kind of repetitive, boring work I usually dread, but tonight, it's a welcome distraction.

Making jewelry now would only energize me further, tempting me to stay up until I perfect whatever piece I start on.

Instead, I focus on the numbers and forms in front of me, hoping they're boring enough to finally calm my busy mind.

The monotony does the trick. As I shuffle through the papers and jot down notes, my eyes begin to feel heavy.

The tension in my shoulders eases, and the endless stream of thoughts begins to slow down.

Each item on the inventory list starts to blur as sleepiness takes over, gently pulling me toward the rest I so badly need.

Finally, with the papers still scattered across my desk, I manage to drift off to sleep.

But it's only been an hour when a sharp knock at my door jerks me awake.

Still squinting, I rub the sleep from my eyes and grab the clock from my bedside table. "Okay, who the heck is knocking at 3 in the morning?" I grumble, annoyed and www.NoVeWORM.com

groggy.

I shuffle to the door and peer through the peephole. Bill is swaying slightly, his hair disheveled and his clothes a bit askew.

10

Chapter 0091

+25 BONUS www.NoVeWORM.com

He leans against the doorframe, trying to steady himself, and even from here, I can tell he's had too much to drink.

My heart sinks as I watch Bill through the peephole, barely keeping himself upright.

"Great," I mutter under my breath. I hadn't expected to deal with this tonight, especially not with everything else that's been going on.

For a moment, I consider not opening the door, just letting him figure it out on his own.

But then, I start to worry he looks like he might fall over if I leave him there. With a heavy sigh, I unlock the door. Here goes nothing.

Opening the door slightly, I keep the chain on for safety. Peering out, I see Bill struggling to focus his eyes on me. "Bill, what are you doing here at this hour?" I ask. www.NoVeWORM.com

Bill's words are slurred, his plea barely coherent. "I just want to talk, Serena. Please." His eyes are pleading, looking for some kind of understanding.

I hesitate, eyeing him warily through the narrow opening of the door. "How did you get here? Please don't tell me you drove like this," I ask.

"I took a cab. I knew you'd hate it if I drove drunk," he says, managing a weak smile. He looks up at me and says, "Just give me five minutes, Serena. Please, let me explain."

I pause for a moment, considering his request. Then I press my lips together, firm but not unkind. "Three minutes, Bill. Make it quick," I say.

Bill nods quickly. "Okay. That's all I need," he says as he takes a deep breath,

I'm not sure what Bill could say to change anything, especially in this state. But he looks desperate, almost broken, and part of me is worried about what's brought him to my doorstep so late.

I shrug, watching as Bill just stands there, not saying anything. "Come on, Bill, you said you needed to talk. I'm not standing here all night," I say to him.

Bill finally speaks up, his eyes searching mine for something I can't quite pinpoint. "I just want to ask..." He pauses, seeming to struggle with his words.

Then, he looks at me directly. "Are you done trying to hurt me, Serena?"

2/9

Chapter 0091

I furrow my brows, taken aback by his ques

coming from.

Chapter 0092