

## Becomes 92

Chapter 0092

Serena's POV

"Bill, what are you talking about?" I ask as I stare at him confused. "I've been trying to keep my life together after everything that's happened. How am I the one hurting you?"

Bill's eyes, red and slightly watery, lock onto mine. "Oh, I think you know exactly what you're doing," he says, his voice low and strained. [www.novelsworld.com](#)

I'm annoyed because I don't even know what he's accusing me of. But looking at Bill, I realize he's too intoxicated to have a rational conversation right now.

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"You're not even making any sense," I say, trying to keep my voice calm. "Just go home and sleep it off."

Bill's voice rises slightly, his words slurred but insistent. "I saw it, Serena. I saw you hugging Calvin. Why would you do that if you didn't have any feelings for him?"

My eyes widen and my jaw drops slightly as Bill's words hit me. How did he see us?

I look away from Bill. "I was just thanking Calvin," I explain. "He helped me fix some jewelry before the show. That's all it was." Tavoid his eyes, not sure why I feel so defensive.

Bill leans closer. "Is that really all it is? I saw the way you look at him, Serena." His gaze sharpens, trying to read my reaction.

I've had enough. Pretending to be angrier than I feel, I snap, "That's enough, Bill," and reach to slam the door shut. I just want this conversation to end.

"Serena, don't please-" Bill's plea echoes just as I swing the door shut. But instead of hearing the door latch, I hear a sharp groan of pain.

Glancing down in alarm, I see Bill's hand wedged between the door and the frame, stopping it from closing completely.

Bill quickly withdraws his hand, clutching it close to his chest. I notice his knuckles are swollen and discolored, clear signs they've taken a harsh beating.

"My God, what happened to your hand?" I ask. Quickly, I unlatch the chain and step out of the apartment to get a closer look at Bill's knuckles. They look even worse up close.

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I gently hold Bill's right hand, examining the extent of the bruising. The discoloration and swelling are too severe to have been caused just by the door.

Then it hits me this is the hand head to punch Max.

So, you got drunk instead of taking care of this?" I ask, my frustration evident. "You're clearly hurt, Bill. What were you thinking?"

Bill stays silent, so I look up at him. He's looking back at me gently, his blue eyes sparkling in the dim light. My heart starts beating faster, caught off guard by the softness in his gaze.

Bill finally speaks, his voice soft. "I was hurt, he admits, his eyes meeting mine. "But seeing you care like this... it makes things a little better."

Bill's fingers gently find their way to my cheek, caressing it softly as he brushes stray strands of hair away from my face. "It was my fault... For three years, you were there for me, and I wasn't there for you."

His eyes glisten, the usual sharpness replaced by a raw, exposed look that makes him seem more vulnerable than I've ever seen him.

"You left me because I didn't see you," he continues, his voice barely above a whisper.

Bill then cups my chin gently, bringing my face closer to his. "Now, you're all that I see," he says.

Tears blur my vision as Bill's words sink in. I've waited a long time to hear those words from him. For years, I hoped he'd notice how distant he'd become, how his neglect was slowly pushing us apart.

Bill's hand lingers on my face, his touch gentle. "I love you, Serena," he says. He leans

in slowly, his eyes searching mine for permission.

As he draws closer, I find myself not pulling away. Instead, Llet the moment unfold, allowing his lips to meet mine.

His lips brush against mine, soft and cautious, as if testing the waters of a once- familiar shore.

Bill's scent is a comforting mix of cedarwood and spice, familiar and distinctly his. As he draws close, his hand gently cradles my face, the roughness of his callused fingers contrasting with the softness of his touch.

His kiss is gentle but firm, his lips moving against mine carefully. I can feel the slight

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scratch of his stubble against my skin, making me remember the times we were apart. I hate to admit it... But God, I miss this,

Bill's mouth opens, and the kiss grows more intense. His tongue touches mine, and for a moment, I'm swept up in the depth of the kiss. But then I catch the sharp, unmistakable taste of bourbon in his mouth.

As I detect it, my senses sharpen immediately. With a baby on the way, any hint of alcohol triggers concern.

Instinctively, I push Bill away to protect both myself and my baby.

Bill stumbles, his legs betraying him as he slowly falls to the ground.

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