

Becomes 93

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Chapter 0093

Serena's POV

Oh, God. What the fuck did I just do?

I rush to Bill, lying motionless on the ground, I call out his name but he doesn't respond. He's completely out cold.

I kneel beside Bill, my hands shaking as I check if he's okay. Feeling guilty, I start talking to him, even though he can't hear me. "I didn't mean to push you so hard," I whisper. "It's just the smell of alcohol... It made me panic. I'm really sorry."

Seeing Bill like this, I realize there's no way he can go home in his condition. I scratch my head, feeling overwhelmed and unsure. What am I supposed to do now? I can't just leave him here.

He'll have to stay at my place for now. But there's no way I can carry him inside by myself.

I lean down closer to Bill, gently shaking his shoulder. "Bill, you need to wake up," I urge him, my voice firm yet worried. "Come on, you have to stand up so I can help you get inside." I watch anxiously for any sign of him stirring.

Thankfully, Bill starts to budge. With a groan, he finds the strength to push himself up, though his movements are unstable and slow.

I quickly move to his side, offering my shoulder for support, ready to steady him as he wobbles slightly, trying to regain his balance.

Bill is heavier than I expected, but I manage to support him. We shuffle together slowly, his arm over my shoulder and mine around his waist. Each step is careful as we make our way to the couch.

Finally, I help him sit down, easing him onto the cushions. He sighs heavily as he settles in, and I step back to catch my breath, making sure he's comfortable.

"What do I do with you now?" I mutter, looking down at Bill as he rests on the couch.

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I turn my attention to Bill's bruised knuckles, realizing they need some immediate care. I grab my first aid kit from the bathroom and sit next to him on the couch. Carefully, I take his hand and apply a cooling gel to the bruises to help reduce the swelling.

After spreading the gel, I gently wrap his hand with a bandage, making sure it's snug

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but not too tight to keep it comfortable.

Bill stirs on the couch, his movements sluggish and clumsy as he starts tugging at his clothes, "Why is it so hot?" he mumbles, his words slurred and barely coherent.

Seeing Bill struggle, I move closer and gently help him slide out of his suit jacket. He mumbles a half-hearted thanks, still dazed. I take the jacket, making sure it's neatly hung on the coat hanger by the door.

I glance back at Bill just in time to see him fumbling with the buttons of his shirt. Heat rushes to my cheeks as I quickly step towards him. "Oh no! Don't do that," I say, catching his hands to stop him.

"But it's so hot," Bill protests weakly, still groggy and struggling against the discomfort.

Recognizing that Bill is genuinely feeling overheated, I decide on a more practical approach to help him cool down.

I head to the bathroom and grab a clean bath towel. I then go to the kitchen, where I fill a small basin with cold water. With these in hand, I return to where Bill is.

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"Just lie still," I instruct, setting the items down beside him. "This will help you cool down.

I dip the towel into the cold water and wring it out. As I gently rub the cool, damp towel over his chest and arms, I can feel the firmness of his muscle under my touch. A flutter of butterflies races through my stomach, making me briefly pause as I continue to help him cool down.

I keep moving the towel over Bill's shoulders and down his back, trying to stay focused despite the fluttering in my stomach.

After a few minutes, I dip the towel back into the basin of cold water I have nearby, wring it out again, and place the refreshed, cool towel on his forehead and watch him for a moment. His breathing has evened out, and the flush in his cheeks is fading.

Look at Bill's face. His features are softer, the lines of stress gone while he's half- asleep. Smiling a little, I say gently, "You're still a big baby," my voice mixing teasing with fondness.

"Gonna take care of you... and the baby," he mumbles. ©ww.noveℓwδ(r)Ml.com

Bill's words catch me off guard, and for a moment, I'm unsure how to react.

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If he really means to help take care of me and the baby, I have to consider what that means for Calvin. He's been so supportive lately, and I can't just ignore that.

Feeling a headache starting, I decide it's best to get some sleep and deal with everything tomorrow.

I look over at Bill, asleep on the couch. "Sweet dreams," I say quietly, then head to my bedroom.

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