## **Becomes 94**

Chapter 0094

Bill's POV

I blink awake, confused at first about where I am. The room is dim and I'm lying on a couch, not my own bed.

I sit up slowly, trying to shake off the fog in my head. The last thing I clearly remember is punching Max and then heading to a bar to drown out the night with drinks.

After that, everything gets blurry–flashes of bar lights, the taste of whiskey, and muffled sounds.

I notice a bandage wrapped tightly around my bruised knuckles, the pain now just a dull ache as I move my fingers. The careful wrapping suggests someone took good care of me while I was out of it.

Still feeling disoriented, I look around the room for clues to confirm where I am.

I notice beautifully made jewelry scattered on a nearby table, each piece carefully crafted. The style is distinctive, clearly the work of someone skilled.

Recognizing the design and craftsmanship; I suddenly realize I must be at Serena's place she's the only jeweler I know who creates pieces like these.

I rub my eyes and stretch, trying to shake off the stiffness in my body. "How did I end up here?" I mutter to myself, confused.

I stand up to maybe jog my memory by walking around Serena's apartment. As I wander through the space, I see a well–organized living area with comfortable furniture, some of Serena's jewelry–making tools laid out on a small workbench, and personal touches like potted plants and books that make the place feel lived–in and cozy.

Everything speaks of her, and the familiarity is both comforting and unsettling given my current confusion. www.novELwor.com

I notice my suit jacket neatly hung on the coat hanger. This triggers a memory of arriving here last night, which helps piece things together a little.

I keep walking and reach the front door. Suddenly, a clearer memory surfaces – remember taking a cab here. We talked near this door but the details are fuzzy. Then, the door suddenly closes on my hand, a sharp pain that blurs out everything else.

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After that, everything is just blank.

+25 BONUS

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I check my watch and my heart sinks-it's already 10:30 AM. "Fuck..." I whisper, realizing I've missed a meeting.

I pull out my phone from my pocket, feeling a rush of relief as I find it there. I quickly scroll through my contacts, looking for Sarah. I tap her name and bring the phone to my ear, waiting for her to pick up.

"Bill? Where are you?" Sarah's voice comes through. "You missed the meeting with the Johnsons."  $w\hat{\mathbf{W}}.(\mathbf{n})\mathfrak{g}(\mathbf{v})\mathbb{E}1\mathbf{w}\mathbf{0}\mathrm{rm}.\odot\hat{\mathbf{o}}\mathbf{M}$ 

"I know. But I can't come to work right now," I reply, trying to keep my voice steady." I'm calling in sick.

There's a pause on the line. "Again? But you missed work yesterday. Our clients are looking for you, and I don't know what to tell them," Sarah responds, clearly frustrated.

I take a deep breath, trying to stay calm. "Just tell them I'm really sick and I'll get back to them as

Sarah sighs heavily. "Okay, but just so you know, the clients and investors are really unhappy.

You've missed some important meetings, and they're starting to worry we won't keep our promises."

soon as I can," I say. "Handle what you can for now, Sarah, and I'll sort out the rest when I'm better.

I feel annoyed at her words. "Huh? When have we ever let them down?" I reply, frustrated that

There's a pause on the line. "It's your call, boss," she finally says. Ŵww.n**0v**êIworM.com

they're questioning our reliability just because I've missed a couple of days.

I realize I can't let my colleagues and business partners lose confidence in me. "Fine, I'll come in this afternoon," I say.

"Alright, I'll let everyone know you'll be in later. See you then," Sarah responds, her tone shifting to one o

relief.

I end the call, feeling the pressure of the situation. I really don't feel up to dealing with work, but I know I can't let things slide further. I need to pull myself together and show that I'm still dependable.

I know I'll need to thank Serena later. Maybe we can even talk about what happened last night.

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I really hope I didn't say or do anything too out of line.

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