

Becomes 109

Chapter 0109

Bill's POV

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The engine roars as I speed around the track, the speedometer climbing fast. My hands hurt from gripping the wheel too tight. The bandage on my knuckle reminds me of punching the wall after seeing Serena with Calvin. I push the gas pedal down, making the world outside a blur. The engine's roar blocks out my angry thoughts. Right now, I don't care about anything else.

I slam the gas pedal, and the car leaps forward, pressing me back into the seat. I race through the turns, tires screeching. With each lap, my anger turns into precise movements.

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I know this isn't the best way to handle things, especially since I'm going to be a dad. I need better ways to manage my anger. There are safer options, but right now, this is what works for me. The adrenaline rush, the focus – it clears my head.

After a few more laps, I pull off the track. The engine is hot, and the cool air feels good on my sweaty skin. My phone rings as I take off my helmet. It's James.

"Bill," he says, "I found something about Max Laurent."

"Really? What did you find?" I ask, still catching my breath.

"It's too risky to send online," James replies. "We need to meet in person. How about the usual spot?" "Alright," I say, wiping the sweat from my brow and looking at the empty track. "I'll be there."

I drive to one of my empty commercial spaces in downtown LA, an underground garage that's as discreet as it gets.

The place is dimly lit, with just a few scattered overhead lights casting long shadows across the concrete floor. The air is cool and slightly damp, and the faint smell of oil and rubber lingers in the background.

I park near the entrance and lean against the hood, waiting for James. The echo of distant traffic is muffled by the thick walls of the garage. WwW.ñr(v)EⓅwoRM.cO(m)

After a few minutes, I hear the low rumble of an engine approaching. A gray SUV pulls up, its headlights cutting through the gloom. James parks next to me and steps out, looking around to make sure we're

alone.

He walks over with a manila folder in his hand. "Bill," he says, nodding in greeting.

"James," I reply, taking the folder from him. I open it and start sifting through the contents. There are photos, documents, and a few handwritten notes.

As I go through the information, something catches my eye. I narrow my eyes, focusing on a specific page. My heart starts to race as I take in the details. Ww(w).novêlworm.(c)oM

"Looks like our friend Max is really shady," I say, flipping through the documents. "How did he get involved with this group?"

James shrugs. "I haven't figured that out yet," he says. But his troubles started back in Europe. He even changed his name to avoid being caught."

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Chapter 0109 wwW.noσv(e)lwOrM.č©m

"I see. How did you find this so quickly?" I ask, looking up at James. I asked Sarah to contact him this morning, and yet he already has this huge file for me to look at.

James leans against his SUV, arms crossed. "I've been tailing Max Laurent for a while. He's connected to a bigger case for another client of mine."

"Wow, I'm impressed," I say, closing the folder and looking up at James. The dim light of the garage casts shadows across his face. I see his serious eyes.

"Be careful with this, Bill. Those are some very dangerous people involved here."

"But I'm not going to release this to the public," I smirk. "I'm just planning to give Max a little scare."

James scrunches his forehead, gray hairs popping out more prominently under the harsh lighting. "Wait. Are you talking about blackmailing him?" he asks, a note of concern in his voice.

"Yep. Maybe more," I say, my mind already racing with possibilities.

"And who's gonna 'scare' him for you?" James asks.

I look at James and nod.

James sighs, rubbing his temples as if warding off a headache. "Alright, fine. But you're going to owe me big time for this one."

"I knew I could count on you," I say, gripping the folder tightly.

Max Laurent is going to regret messing with me and my woman. He has no idea what's coming his way.

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