

Chapter 0009

Bill's POV

I have no clue where Serena is staying these days.

Three days ago, I walked into my usually spotless house after the successful meeting with Johnson and Haines executives. The marble floors were shining and the elegant furniture and artwork stood out. But something was off - Serena, who always greeted me, was missing.

I checked the kitchen and dining area, but I couldn't find her there. Even the maids didn't know where she was.

As I headed towards our bedroom, my footsteps echoed slightly in the silent house. My hand hesitated on the doorknob, my heart beating a bit faster. I hoped that she'd be inside, just taking a rest.

But she wasn't there as well. The room felt emptier than usual, and I noticed that some of her belongings were missing. A sinking feeling grew as I approached the closet. Opening it confirmed my fears - her clothes were gone, except for a few designer pieces she rarely wore.

As I sat on the bed, rubbing my temple, I thought about how I hadn't given her many personal gifts, believing the credit card would be enough. She could have bought anything she wanted with that card. Maybe she was just being childish.

My thoughts were interrupted by a knock. "Sir Bill? Do you want us to prepare the dinner?" says one of our maids.

Annoyed, I strode to the door and opened it briskly. I confronted the maid, "Why hasn't dinner been prepared already? It should be ready by this time."

She lowered her head, visibly flustered by my tone. "I-I apologize, Sir," she stammered. "We thought Madame Serena had prepared it, as she usually does."

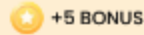
Hearing this, I stopped and blinked rapidly. I stood there for a moment, realizing for the first time that Serena had been cooking my dinners all along.

I started to think maybe I was wrong about Serena. She cooked for me, which showed she cared. But then, I thought that's what wives usually do. I was confused about why I felt sorry, not sure what to make of it all.

"Sir?" the maid's voice interrupted my trance. Pulling myself together, I responded firmly, "Never mind about dinner, I won't be eating tonight."

After the maid left, I looked around the room for clues about where Serena might be. I hoped to find a note or something to give me a hint. I didn't find anything like that, but I did notice her wedding ring, the one I gave her in Vegas, sitting alone on top of a drawer.

I picked up the wedding ring and took a closer look. It was a



plain and worn-out ring, not something you'd expect for a billionaire's wife. There were no intricate designs or precious gemstones, and it looked old and slightly tarnished. As I examined the ring, memories of what happened in Vegas came rushing back to me.

After finishing a business trip in Nevada ahead of schedule, I decided to blow off some steam and celebrate in Vegas. I brought Serena along with me. That was the first time we started dating after working together for three years. I should probably admit that I had a crush on her at the time. But definitely not enough to get married.

In Vegas, we bumped into Doris trying her luck at the roulette tables. While we were partying during the day, I drank more than usual. The next thing I remember is standing in a chapel, looking at Serena's beautiful face. Everything after that is just a blur.

The next morning, I woke up next to her, and I couldn't believe we had rings on our fingers. My usual self wouldn't have hurried into marrying someone, especially when we'd only just started dating.

After having suspicions, I got tested and found Rohypnol in my system. It's notorious for being a "date-rape" drug known for causing dizziness, memory loss, and disorientation. This makes the person who takes it vulnerable and easily manipulated.

I talked to Serena about it, and I couldn't contain my anger. "

What the fuck are you thinking, Serena? Drugging me to marry you?"

Serena tried to look innocent, her eyes widening with a hint of feigned surprise as she met my gaze. "Look, Bill. I don't know what —."

"You know exactly what I'm talking about!" I shouted, my voice rising in anger. It was the first time I yelled at her. "I can't believe you'd do this."

Serena started crying, her tears welling up as she grabbed my arm and explained, "I don't know where this is coming from. My memory is blurry too."

"Stop lying!" I said, "You drugged me with a date-rape drug while I was drunk. I could be at the hospital right now. What were you even thinking?" 1

Serena didn't provide an answer back then. She just cried, and our relationship turned sour from that point on.

As I looked at the ring, I understood she wanted to end our relationship. I couldn't allow that to happen.

I've been calling Serena these past few days, but she isn't answering my calls. The constant ringing without a response is starting to get to me, leaving me increasingly frustrated and upset.

"Sarah, any news about where Serena is?" I called my

assistant, hoping she could tell me Serena's whereabouts.

"I've called every hotel in the city, but she wasn't staying at any of them," Sarah apologized. "Perhaps she's at a friend's house? Do you have any idea who she might be with?"

I rack my brain, but I can't recall any of Serena's friends. It's one of the many aspects of her life that has remained a mystery to me. We kept our social circles separate, and she's always been a private person when it comes to her friendships.

"No, I don't know any of her friends. Have you checked her old apartment where she was staying before we got married?" I suggest.

"Not yet. Do you happen to know the landlord?" Sarah asked.

No, I don't know her old landlord either. It's starting to bother me. Do I really know my wife at all?

"You know what," I say, "just call her, Sarah. Maybe she'll answer to you."

I've had enough of her ignoring me. We're going to talk tonight on my terms. I won't let her leave me just like that.