

Becomes 106

Chapter 0106 *www.NoVë1Worm.c©m*

Bill's POV

+25 BONUS

"I told you not to call Serena that," I say, trying to keep my voice steady, but there's a hard edge to my words.

Mom doesn't back down. She steps closer, her voice lowering to a hiss. "That gold-digging tramp has ruined everything. How can you let her drag you down like this?" *WwŴ.110VëⓁWor©.CðM*

Here she goes again. I take a deep breath, trying to keep my composure. I can feel Sarah's eyes on us, and I know the whole office can probably hear this.

"Mom," I say, forcing my voice to stay calm, "why don't we come into my office and talk?" I gesture toward my office door, hoping she'll take the hint and lower her voice.

Mom glares at me for a moment longer before finally nodding. She brushes past Sarah and storms into my office. I can see the tension in her shoulders as she sits down, arms crossed tightly over her chest. I follow her in and close the door behind us.

I take a seat across from her, leaning forward slightly. "Would you like something to drink, Mom? Water, tea, coffee?" I ask, hoping it might help her calm down a bit.

She shuts me down immediately. "No, Bill. Let's just get to the point," she snaps, her eyes still blazing with

anger.

"Fine," I say, meeting her gaze with a hard look. "You know none of this would have happened if you hadn't paid Max to sabotage Serena's jewelry, right?"

Mom rolls her eyes. "That again? I did it because I couldn't stand the thought of Serena crawling her way into the fashion industry. What would my peers say if my son's gold-digging ex-wife started making a name for herself? They'd laugh at me. She's trash, Bill, and she has no place in our world."

"Enough!" I shout, punching the table with a loud thump. Papers scatter, and a few items clatter to the floor. My whole body trembles with anger as I glare at her. "You're way out of line, Mom. You better shut your mouth before I forget you're my mother."

The room falls silent, my words hanging in the air. She stares at me, stunned, and for a moment, neither of us moves. I see the shock in her eyes, mixed with hurt. My heart pounds, adrenaline rushing through my veins.

Slowly, she regains her composure, her lips pressing into a thin line. "I didn't raise you to act like an ungrateful bastard," she says, her voice trembling with anger. "Everything I do is to protect you and our family name. But if you want to throw it all away for her, then fine."

"No, Mom," say, my voice steady. "I'm going to be a father. Serena, our baby, and I will be a family, whether you like it or not."

Her face twists in disbelief, eyes widening. "So, you're really choosing your imaginary family over your own mother," she says, her voice dripping with disdain. "How stupid are you?"

"Yes, Mom," I say, my voice dripping with sarcasm. "I'm choosing my 'imaginary' family over you. How incredibly stupid of me to want happiness and a future with the woman I love and our child."

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+25 BONUS

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The tension in the room becomes palpable. My mom's face flushes with anger. I can feel my own pulse throbbing in my temples, the air thick with unspoken words and lingering resentment.

Neither of us moves or speaks, the silence stretching uncomfortably. It's as if the entire room is holding its breath, waiting to see who will break first.

"Okay, if that's what you want, so be it," she says, her voice icy. "But remember, when she leaves you Calvin, and she will, don't come running back to me. You'll regret this decision, Bill. Mark my words." *wŴŴ.Nr©e/wðrmm.c©*

Hearing Calvin's name makes my blood boil. My vision blurs with rage, and I can feel my self-control slipping away. I hate my uncle that much. The mere mention of him makes me lose myself, my hands trembling with the effort to stay calm. *w©w.mðvełw©Rmm.c(©)*

"Don't you dare bring Calvin into this," I snap, my voice shaking with barely contained fury.

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She raises an eyebrow, a cruel smile tugging at her lips. "How naive are you? Calvin's always had a way with women, and Serena's no different. She's probably already planning her escape with him."

I feel a wave of anger so intense it nearly knocks the breath out of me. My fists clench at my sides, and my knuckles turn white. I can barely see straight, the edges of my vision going red.

"Get out," I manage to say, my voice low and dangerous. "Leave. Now."

She looks taken aback for a moment, but then her face hardens. Without another word, she turns on her heel and walks out, leaving me standing there, shaking with rage.

I pick up the phone and dial Sarah's desk, my hand still trembling. I need to let this anger out before I explode. "Sarah, clear my afternoon. I need to go somewhere," I say, struggling to keep my voice steady. I hang up and lean back in my chair, trying to calm my racing thoughts.

How could she say those things? How could she stoop so low? The nerve of her, thinking she can control my life like this. I won't let her win. Not this time.

As I sit here, I realize something: My own mother might have just become my enemy today.