

## Becomes 11

Chapter 0011

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Serena's POV

I'm gasping for breath, sprawled on the hard concrete. My eyelids are clamped shut, trembling slightly. Every inch of my body throbs with the pain from the impact. The shock starts to fade, and I carefully open my eyes.

As my eyes finally adjust, the blurry scene comes into focus. Bill's lying face down on the ground, not moving. His clothes are drenched in blood making my heart thump so fiercely it feels like it might burst out of my chest. Seeing him so lifeless sends chills all over my body.

"Bill!" My voice breaks the silence as I call out his name, but he remains unresponsive. I shake him gently, hoping for him to wake up. But all I'm met with is silence. Tears begin to stream down my face, a part of me desperately wishing this was just a bad dream.

Fumbling for my phone in my purse, I notice blood splatters on the pink fabric. My fingers tremble as I dial 911, trying to steady my shaking hands.

"Hello, I-I need an ambulance, quickly!" I stammered into the phone, my voice breaking with each word.

"Calm down, ma'am. What's your location?" the operator responds.

"I'm in front of Richardson Global Enterprises headquarters. Please hurry, it's my ex-husband, he's hurt badly. He's not moving and there's so much blood," I blurt out.

"An ambulance is on its way. Can you tell me more about his condition? Is he breathing?" the operator asks.

"I-I don't know. I can't tell. Please, just hurry!"

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The ambulance arrives within minutes, its sirens cutting through the tense silence. Paramedics spring into action, swiftly assessing Bill's condition. They carefully lift him onto a stretcher and secure his body with straps to stabilize him.

After the paramedics wheel Bill towards the ambulance, I follow closely behind and climb in. I sit near the front, my eyes fixed on Bill's face. His face, usually so full of expression, now lies still. A gash extends across his forehead, the edges red and swollen. Bruises are starting to form under his eyes, and there's a small cut on his lip.

"Why on earth would you do that, Bill? Are you stupid?" I mutter to myself in my head, half angry, half in shock. Tears roll down my cheeks as I struggle to believe he jumped in front of that motorcycle to save me.

My emotions are all over the place. Bill and I just got divorced, and after years of him not really caring about me, I decided to put myself first for a change. Is that too much to ask?

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But deep down, I still care for him. Seeing him hurt like this makes me feel guilty, and I can't help but wonder if I did the right thing. Plus, we're having a baby.... Oh no, I think, my fall might have hurt the baby. I was so upset I didn't even check. Now, all I can do is start praying quietly, really hoping that both Bill and our baby are okay.

As we arrive at the hospital, Bill is swiftly rushed to the emergency room. I find myself standing in the sterile white corridor, feeling uneasy as my eyes trace the endless rows of doors. The faint smell of antiseptic lingers in the air, intertwining with my escalating anxiety. A doctor, dressed in blue scrubs, walks towards me, with a clipboard in his hand.

"Are you family?" Doctor Henderson asks. "Bill is in a critical

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condition. He needs to undergo an operation urgently."

I hesitate but say, "I'm his wife," even though we're divorced. It's my responsibility to make sure Bill gets immediate care because his life is in danger.

I see. Please sign the consent forms for the surgery," the doctor continues, extending the clipboard towards me.

Instinctively, I take the pen and sign my name. The doctor retrieves the clipboard, offering a nod of appreciation. "Thank you," he expresses sincerely. "We'll do everything we can for him."

Realizing that I shouldn't be the one making decisions for Bill, I swiftly pull out my phone and call Calvin, the only family member I'm on good terms with. *www.NeVilwOrM.CoM*

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