

## Becomes 14

Chapter 0014

Bill's POV

My eyes slowly open, and I see a white ceiling. The sterile smell, the beeping machines it clicks. I realize I'm in a hospital. I try to piece together what happened and how I ended up here.

The last thing that flashes through my mind is a motorcycle heading straight for Serena. Instinctively, I rushed to push her out of the way. After that, everything goes blank. "Fuck," I think to myself. "Is she okay?"

I look around the room, trying to find Serena. There she is, her head resting on my hospital bed. It looks like she stayed here all night, watching over me. I breathe a sigh of relief knowing she's safe.

I try to shift my position and immediately feel a dull, aching pain in my arms and legs, reminders of the accident. But then, my eyes find.

Serena, asleep next to my bed. With her so close, the pain doesn't feel as intense.

As I watch her sleep, the memory of Serena giving me the divorce papers comes back. I remember pleading, trying everything to change her mind, but she wouldn't change her mind. It felt like a sharp stab in my chest, leaving an aching void behind. I can't understand why it hurts so deeply, why the thought of her leaving creates such a hollow feeling inside me.

I suddenly become aware that my hand has been stroking Serena's hair. I quickly pull my hand back, not wanting to disturb her sleep. But why? I don't know why I did this. I realize I never cared about Serena before.

As I do, she gently flinches and my heart skips a beat. I wonder, why am I so nervous about Serena catching me stroking her hair? [www.©\(o\)v@lw0RM.c0M](http://www.©(o)v@lw0RM.c0M)

Then, I see Serena's left hand. Her ring finger is empty, no wedding ring. Next to her, on the bedside table, I spot the divorce papers in her bag. It

426 BONUS

hits me – we are divorced, even if the formalities aren't sorted out yet.

As a CEO, I'm used to having control and making tough decisions, but this... This is something I can't fix or negotiate. My wife's not coming back and I feel so damn powerless.

After some time, Serena begins to stir. She stretches slowly, then her eyes briefly meet mine. But as soon as she realizes I'm watching her, she quickly turns her head away, avoiding my gaze.

"How are you feeling?" She asks, looking down.

Seriously, why is she feeling shy all of a sudden? "Good," I respond.

Serena finally looks me in the eyes, but just for a second. "Thanks for saving me, Bill," she says. "I owe you one for that."

Owe me one, is that all? But I don't say this out loud. Instead, I just play it cool and reply, "No big deal. Don't mention it."

We sit in silence, both of us not sure what to say next. This awkwardness is killing me, almost worse than getting hit by that

motorcycle.

Then, a knock at the door interrupts our silence. "Who is it?" I ask.

"Bill? Thank God you're okay," a woman's voice says from outside. "It's Doris. Can I come in?"

I ask Doris to come in. As she walks into the room, I notice Serena's

expression turn sour.

"Oh Bill, I came as soon as I heard the news from your mother," Doris says, entering the room. She walks over and places a paper bag on the table beside my bed.

Doris starts rummaging through the paper bag, not even bothering to greet Serena. "I brought some essentials for you," she says, pulling out a toothbrush, a few magazines, snack bars, hand sanitizer, and a small

+25 BONUS

toilet kit. "Figured you might need these," she adds, setting them on the table.

As Doris continues to unpack the bag I catch sight of Serena quietly slipping out of the room.

"Where are you going, Serena?" I call out to her.

"I just need to get some fresh air," she replies, her voice calm. It's not hard to tell there's still tension between her and Doris.

I give a small nod of understanding. But just as Serena reaches the door, Doris speaks up, "Hold on."

Serena pauses and turns slightly, her tone distant. "What do you want, Doris?" she asks.

"Just admit it, Serena," Doris says with a sharp tone. "You're happy that Bill got injured because you were jealous. Everyone thinks I'm his wife, not you."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Serena looks as if she's fuming with anger. "I never wanted for Bill to get hurt."

Doris folds her arms. "Maybe you pushed Bill on purpose. It never had to go so far that you'd want to hurt him. We could have just talked this out, Serena."

I'm about to speak up, knowing that what Doris just accused Serena of is absurd, but Serena beats me to it. "I don't have anything to explain to you, Doris. Besides, this isn't the right place to confront you with all your... schemes," she says firmly.

Schemes? What is Serena talking about? I turn to look at Doris, and I see her face lose color. She looks like she's been caught off guard.

"I just want to leave this room peacefully, Doris," Serena says. "You can take care of Bill all you want. That's fine. We're divorced anyway."

Serena takes her purse, which has a few bloodstains on it and leaves

3/5

+25 BONUS [www.noV\(e\)W0RM.C0M](http://www.noV(e)W0RM.C0M)

the room. She doesn't look back.

Doris takes the seat Serena had been in, right next to me. I turn to her, curious and concerned. "What 'schemes' was Serena talking about?"

ask.

Doris shrugs, but she looks uncomfortable. She won't look at me and keeps playing with her shirt. "Well, you know Serena," she says. "She's just making up drama."

I keep thinking about Serena. I'm worried I might never see her again. Honestly, I know it's her I want by my side, taking care of me, not Doris.

"Hey," Doris says. "Do you want to hear what Aunt Claire finds out about her?" [www.NOVeWorm.com](http://www.NOVeWorm.com)

Usually, I'm not interested in gossip. But since it's about Serena, my curiosity gets the better of me. "Okay, I'm listening," I say.

Doris leans in closer, her face just inches from mine. "One of your maids told Aunt Claire that she saw Serena talking with one of your male neighbors quite a bit. They seemed pretty close," she whispers.

Hearing what Doris says, I feel a tight knot in my chest. My hand clenches into a fist without me even thinking about it, gripping the bedsheet. I look at the door where Serena left and the room feels so

small of a sudden. [www.NoVeWorm.c0M](http://www.NoVeWorm.c0M)

"Who's the guy?" I ask. Now, I'm not one to get violent, but the thought of seeing this guy makes me feel like I might lose control.

"It's uhm..." Doris seems unsure of what she wants to say. "I don't think Aunt Claire mentioned his name."

"I see," I reply, my mind still spinning with thoughts. Doris helps feed me, as my right arm is broken and unusable. We don't bring up Aunt Claire's story again, but I can't stop my thoughts from drifting back to Serena. I keep wondering, why does she want to leave me so badly?

+25 BONUS

I understand that she's young. Maybe she's tired of being in a

committed relationship with me. Maybe Serena was telling the truth she really didn't want my money at all. But my stomach sinks as I begin to suspect there might be another man involved.