

## Becomes 17

Chapter 0017

Serena's POV

"You're an asshole, Bill," I say with a straight face.

I can feel my face getting hot, but I don't let any emotions show. He's acting like his old self, trying to provoke me with his words. But I can play that game too.

I scoff at his comment. "So, what if I have a sugar daddy?" I shoot back. "What's it to you? We're already divorced."

Bill's jaw clenches, and his eyes narrow slightly. He says, "Now, I get it. You have a new target."

"What does that mean?" I ask, demanding an explanation.

"You're just running around the neighborhood seducing rich guys," Bill snaps. "Well, guess what? I have more money than all those idiots combined!"

Where is this coming from? This is the first time Bill has ever accused me of cheating. And now, he's even labeling me a gold-digger.

"Is that really what you think of me?" I ask. "You're acting like you were some perfect husband just because you're rich. Get over yourself, Bill."

"Oh please, Serena. You knew what you were getting into marrying a CEO. It wasn't all about love, right? You had your eyes on the money from the start," Bill fires back.

Bill's rant is getting worse. I keep calm and say, "I married you for who you are, not for your money. It's a shame you can't understand that."

Suddenly, memories of all the fights between Bill and me come flooding back. He always acted so childish during our arguments. There were times I felt like he wasn't trying to resolve our issues at all.

It seemed like he just didn't want me to have the upper hand. To him, our bickering was like a competition, a game where he had to come out **Ww(w).(n)O(v)(e)l(w),rm.c@m**

on top.

Bill lashes out. "Yeah, right. You just stuck around as long as it was good for you. And now what? Showing up with fancy stuff, probably eyeing your next rich catch already."

"That's it!" I yell, standing up. "I could slap you right now, Bill. But we're in a hospital and I don't want to cause a scene. And for your information, this is from Calvin."

Right after I mention Calvin's name, Bill's expression changes to shock. He looks at me, his eyes wide, as if he's trying to figure out if I'm lying. Then, he turns away and after a moment, says quietly, "I must say, you have guts."

I cross my arms and give Bill a skeptical look. "So, now you think I'm seducing your uncle too?" I ask. "You think I'm going down a list of billionaires? Who am I after now, Jeff Bezos?"

"I just think you're so smart for going after someone richer than me," Bill replies. "I mean, why stop at my uncle? With your track record, I'm sure you've got a whole lineup of rich guys waiting."

I let out a sardonic laugh. "I actually thought you cared about me when you saved me from that motorcycle," I say. "And you know why Calvin gave me this? He was grateful that I signed the consent forms for your

operation."

"What consent form?" Bill asks, looking confused. "Of course, you'd be the one to sign it. You were the only one there."

"They asked for family, Bill," I remind him. "I'm not your wife anymore, remember?"

Bill goes quiet for a bit, then looks at me with a mix of confusion and hurt. "Out of everyone, why go after my uncle, Serena? You really hate

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my family so bad that you want to mess it up?" he asks. "Maybe Aunt Claire and Mom are right about you."

I've had enough of Bill's constant accusations. It's like he's always trying to find some hidden, malicious motive behind everything I do.

Gathering my purse, I'm ready to storm out of the room, but I pause to confront Bill one last time. "You know what your problem is, Bill? You trust everyone's word over mine. Do you really think I'm that evil?"

Bill's response is a cold, hard stare. "How can I trust you," he asks.

I sharply, "when you drugged me to get married?"

me

I'm on the verge of telling him that it was Doris who drugged him, not But I stop myself. What's the use if he's not going to believe me? To him, Doris is a trusted colleague at work, and there's nothing Bill values more than his business. Why would he take my word over hers?

As I head towards the door, Bill's voice stops me. "Hey! Where are you going? We're not done here."

I turn back briefly. "Oh, but we are, Bill," I say firmly. "The only reason I stayed last night was because the doctor asked me to." **Www.N@Vellw@(r)m.c(o)m**

"I wouldn't be in the hospital if you hadn't made me sign the divorce papers," Bill says, blaming me.

"Don't try to blame this on me. Remember your place, Bill. You can't control me anymore," I say firmly. "I'm going to talk to my lawyer to sort out our divorce. After that, I have nothing to do with you anymore."

With those final words, I leave the room. In the hallway, I call Atty.

Marquez.

"Mrs. Richardson," he greets me. "How can I assist you today?" **www.noveℓ(w)oRm.čoM**

"You don't have to call me that, Attorney," I respond. "Bill, my ex- husband, already signed our divorce papers." **wŴŴ.m@Vell(w)o@m.CoM**

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"Understood," replies Attorney Marquez. "I'll get started on the divorce proceedings right away."

"I hope this can be wrapped up quickly," I mention. "I'm not asking for any settlement."

"I'll do my best to expedite the process," he assures me. "And yes, not seeking a settlement should simplify things."

"Thanks, Attorney," I say, grateful for his assistance. After ending the call, I'm left with my thoughts.

I'm still reeling from how Bill spoke to me, painting me as some sort of gold-digger. It's clear he never really understood who I am. Cutting ties with him now seems like the best decision. The sooner it's done, the better!

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