

Becomes 18

Chapter 0018

Serena's POV

Halfway out of the hospital, I remember that Calvin's gift is still in Bill's room. But I can't go back, not after Bill degraded me.

I can already see it. If I go back for the gift, Bill will probably hurl more insults about me trying to seduce his uncle. He didn't even let me explain that I never wanted to accept the gift in the first place.

I really don't want to get involved with Calvin. After all the trouble with his family for the last three years, why would I want to keep any ties with them? And being around Calvin would only mean more nasty comments from Elena and Claire.

But now that I'm divorced from Bill, I won't have to see them again. Maybe now, I can start finding some peace of mind.

When Bill saved my life yesterday, a part of me wondered if he still had some love for me, even just a little. It made me question whether our divorce was the right decision. I even thought the accident might make us both see that our relationship was worth another shot.

But silly me, Bill hasn't changed. Perhaps saving me was just a reflex, nothing more.

As I walk past Dr. Henderson, I decide to stop and chat with him about Bill's condition. "Hey, Doc Henderson?" I call out.

Dr. Henderson turns and smiles as he sees me. "Oh, Serena," he responds, pausing in his stride. "How can I help you?"

"I was just wondering how Bill is doing," I ask, hoping for some good news. Even though I'm still pissed at Bill, I can't help but worry about his condition.

"Bill has a broken right arm and several broken ribs," he explains.

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Fortunately, the scans showed no concussion on his head, which is a positive sign."

"That's good to hear. How long until he recovers?" I reply.

"The timeline for recovery varies," Dr. Henderson says thoughtfully. "Broken ribs can be quite painful and take a few weeks to heal. As for his arm, it depends on how well he responds to treatment. We're optimistic, but it's going to be a slow process."

"Thanks, Doc. I appreciate the update," I say. I guess Bill just needs time to heal from his injuries, and he's going to be just fine after a couple of weeks or months.

"Does that mean I'm no longer needed to take care of him?" I inquire.

Dr. Henderson replies, "It's advisable that the closest family member

should be there to take care of him."

"So, is that a yes?" I say.

Dr. Henderson furrows his brows and asks, "What do you mean? Aren't you his wife?"

I sigh and confess, "Actually, Bill and I just got divorced before the accident. He had just signed the papers."

Dr. Henderson goes quiet, realizing I had lied to sign the consent papers for Bill's surgery.

"Sorry, Dr. Henderson," I say, feeling remorseful. "I had to do it so Bill could have the surgery immediately."

Dr. Henderson waves his hands dismissively. "It's alright, I understand. And if he just signed the divorce papers, technically, nothing is final yet."

I breathe a sigh of relief, grateful that Dr. Henderson understands my situation. But all of a sudden, a sharp pain shoots through my lower abdomen. My hand instinctively goes to my stomach. I can't help but

+25 BONUS

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fear for the well-being of the baby..

I feel like something is stabbing me, and I struggle to even stand up. Dr. Henderson quickly holds my arm to steady me.

"Serena, are you alright?" he asks.

I panic. "I got dizzy, and my stomach hurts so much. I'm scared for my baby-" Before I can hold back, the words slip out, revealing my secret.

"Oh... Well, then. You should see a gynecologist right away," Dr. Henderson says. "Dr. Wright is on the third floor. I can assist you if you need help."

I shake my head. "No need, Doc," I reply. "But please, don't mention my pregnancy to Bill or his family. I have my reasons for not telling them."

"If that's what you want, then alright," Dr. Henderson says. "I wish you and your baby good health."

"Serena, your baby is healthy," Dr. Wright says. "The pain in your abdomen was probably just from stress and anxiety."

"That's a relief," I say. "Am I at risk of something?"

Dr. Wright shakes her head, offering reassurance, "No, Serena, as of now, everything looks good. But remember to take care of your mental

health too."

"I will, Dr. Wright," I say earnestly. "I just hope my baby will be fine without any complications."

"Just avoid stressful situations. They're not good for the baby," Dr. Wright advises with a caring tone.

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I've got to listen to Dr. Wright. To keep my baby safe, I need to stay away from Bill to avoid getting angry.

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When I arrive at my apartment, I decide to call Calvin and let him know that I won't be taking care of Bill anymore. My hand stayed on top of the screen for a while. And finally, I make this call.

"Serena, I'm so glad you called," Calvin says, sounding upbeat. His voice comes from the other side of the phone, making me feel at ease. "How are you?"

"I'm good," I reply. "Listen, can you do me a favor?"

"Sure. What is it?" Calvin asks.

"Dr. Henderson said the closest family member should take care of Bill," I explain. "I don't know who to contact but you. Can you please

look after him?"

"Are you... going somewhere?" Calvin inquires.

I pause briefly, contemplating my response. "Yeah, you can say that."

Silence follows on Calvin's end, making me wonder if he's still there." Calvin? Are you still there?"

"Uh, yeah. I was just thinking," Calvin says. "Anyway, I'll take care of him. as you wish."

"Thanks, Calvin," I express my gratitude. "One more thing..."

"Okay?" Calvin prompts.

"Can you please not tell Bill about it? It's better if we keep our distance for now."

"I won't tell him, promise," Calvin assures me. And then he seems to hesitate and goes on to say, "I just hope we can meet again, Serena."

The way he calls my name makes my heart skip a beat. I don't know why, but my heart flutters at his words.

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But soon, I put my thoughts to one side and promised, "I'll keep in touch."

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After a few days, the divorce procedure is finally over. It went smoothly since I didn't request any compensation.

I express my gratitude to Atty. Marquez for all his help and then head home. I look at the divorce papers in my hand and breathe a long sigh of relief. Finally, it's all over.

Alright, it's time to return to my old life and start over. And then never see Bill again. Never!