

## Becomes 23

Chapter 0023

Bill's POV (w)wW.nove/Wo©M.cóm

I almost want to clear my desk with one angry swipe. Serena's really changed since the divorce – she's got way more guts now. w(w)(w).moveℓWORm.c(o)m

She's not picking up my calls, which is totally unlike her. I tried calling again, but now the line's busy. Is she talking to some new guy already?

Considering how Serena's been lately, maybe Doris was onto something. It's annoying enough that Calvin's taken a liking to her, but now it looks like she's on the hunt for wealthy guys.

I clench my fist tightly. It's hard to accept that she's moved on so quickly. Our three years of marriage seem to mean nothing to her now as if she's tossed them aside effortlessly.

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When I got discharged from the hospital, I had half-expected to find her at home, ready to put the whole divorce idea behind us. After all, I had risked my life for her.

But instead, I was met with the cold reality from my lawyer – she had gone through with the divorce. Our marriage was already over. She didn't even give me a chance to fight for it, not even considering that I was still weak, recovering from my injuries in the hospital.

I can already picture it – the ridicule and whispers from my peers and colleagues. They'd see me as a loser, the guy whose wife left him, not the other way around. It's like Serena never even considered how this would affect my reputation. She didn't realize that my face, my status, is on the line here.

I learned from my assistant that Serena had gone back to her old apartment, the one she used to live in when she worked with me. Earlier, I drove there, hoping to talk things out with her, but she wasn't there. It feels like she's avoiding me on purpose, staying out of my

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reach.

It's hitting me now how much Serena did around here. Even the food doesn't taste the same she was always the one cooking, and I never realized how good she was at it. And all my stuff, it's a mess without her. She used to keep everything organized, so I could find things easily.

If Serena's going to ignore my calls, that's her choice. But she should. know this if she ever tries to come back, I won't be waiting with open

arms.

Needing a distraction from all this, I reach out to my family. I pick up my phone and call Aunt Claire and Mom, inviting them over for dinner. It'll be good to have some company right now.

Sitting in the living room while the maids get dinner ready, Mom turns to me with a concerned look. "When are they going to remove your cast?"

she asks.

I glance down at the cast on my right arm. "The doctor said it should. come off in a couple of days," I respond. "It's healing up well, they just want to make sure it's completely set before they remove it."

That's a relief," Mom says, sounding pleased with my recovery.

I nod at Mom's comment, appreciative of her concern. But then, her attention shifts to a vase in the drawer. She scrunches her nose in distaste. "Ugh, what's that ugly thing doing in there?" she asks, pointing at it. "Anne, can you get rid of that? It doesn't match the decor at all."

I quickly stop Anne, "Don't touch it!" The vase, a souvenir from our trip to Vietnam, is special. It's a delicate ceramic piece, adorned with intricate patterns of Vietnam's lush landscapes in vibrant greens and blues. Serena had picked it out herself.

Aunt Claire shakes her head disapprovingly. "That must be from his ex- wife. It looks so tacky," she comments.

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I fall silent, unintentionally confirming Aunt Claire's suspicions, Mom then looks at me and says, "Bill, don't you think it's best if you throw out the things that remind you of that woman?"