

## Becomes 33

Chapter 0033

"Did I do something wrong?" she asks, tears forming in the corners of her eyes. "You acted as if you really didn't want to see me here. I've also noticed you've been avoiding me lately."

"What are you talking about?" I say, dismissing her accusation. "I don't understand why you're getting emotional, Doris. I'm just having a bad day."

"I don't believe you," Doris says, her voice trembling with hurt. "You've been distant lately. What did I do to deserve this treatment?"

"Fine, you really wanna know," I say, frustration lacing my words as I roll my eyes. "I saw how badly you treated the janitor a few nights ago. Tell me, was that the real you? Have you been faking your kindness this whole time? I don't know, Doris. Maybe Serena was right about you."

Doris' complexion pales as she stammers, "I—I didn't intend to act that way. It was just a rough moment with Mr. Dixon, you know how he can be. I only took it out on the janitor, but I felt really sorry the next day."

Feeling a bit guilty for not considering Doris's perspective earlier, I ask, "Did you even apologize to him?"

"I did," Doris says. "I spoke to him as he was collecting his things from the company. I apologized and told him he could keep his job," Doris says. "I even offered compensation for him and his family."

"Okay, that's good to know," I say, offering a small smile. "Sorry, I jumped to conclusions so quickly."

"That's alright," Doris says, wiping tears from her eyes. "But please, next time, just talk to me about what's bothering you, Bill. I don't want any misunderstandings between us."

I feel a weight lift off my shoulders as Doris and I make up. Our

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friendship is something I treasure deeply, and I won't ever forget how she stood up for me against beach bullies when we were young.

I arrive at the office to retrieve the contract and find Sarah still there. *Ww.ovéLw(ó)r@.com*

"Sarah? What are you doing here so late?" *w(w.nóveLwor@.CòM*

"Hey, Bill. Perfect timing. Remember how you asked me to look into the motorcycle driver that hit you?"

"Uh-huh," I say. "Any updates? Did the police already identify whose motorcycle it is?"

"Even better," Sarah says. "They've caught him. I asked the lawyers to fax his image here."

"Well, let me see," I say, curious to see the face of the culprit who tried

to kill me.

As Sarah hands me the photo of the suspect, I take a closer look. In the image, a young man in his mid-20s gazes back at me. His features speak volumes: a well-groomed mustache adorns his upper lip. *(w)ur(w).N@r(e)l@Rm.com*

"His name is Carlos Alvez," Sarah says. "The police caught him during a buy-bust operation. They found a lot of cocaine in his motorcycle, the same one that hit you. Do you know him?"

"I've never seen him before in my life," I say, feeling a sense of unease. creeping in. I began to suspect that one of our competitors may have orchestrated the attempt on my life.

Sarah's phone dings. "I think the lawyers have more updates."

She furrows her brows while reading the message, and suddenly, Sarah's mouth falls open.

"C'mon, Sarah. I don't have all day," I urge.

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"Well... The culprit said he didn't mean to hit you when he found out who you were. He said he was targeting someone else."

"Who was he targeting then?" I say.

Sarah hands me her phone, and as I glance at the screen, my heart sinks. I see a grainy CCTV photo of Serena entering the office with the envelope containing our divorce papers. Someone working from within the company had sent the photo to the guy who nearly killed me.

"The lawyer said we would find out more after the plea deal. We'll have to wait for now," Sarah says. "Any clue who could be the mastermind behind this?"

I shake my head, but honestly, I have a gnawing feeling about who paid the suspect to harm Serena.

There's only one person I can think of who might hold such a grudge against her and works here: Doris.