Becomes 49

Chapter 0049

Serena's POV

It's been several days since Bill walked into my shop and told me he still loves me. He really knows how to mess with my head, and he's aware of it.

Right now, I'm focused on growing my business and keeping my baby healthy. I don't want to stress myself thinking about him. But I'd lie if! said his confession didn't affect me.

During our marriage, he barely opened up about how he felt for me, making me feel like I was just there to keep the house. It felt like all he saw me as was someone to do the chores, hardly noticing me as a person.

That really made me wonder if I meant anything more to him than just being the housewife.

Something stirred inside me when I heard those words from Bill. The hidden feelings I had buried deep down were suddenly reawakened. But I quickly shook off that feeling, knowing Bill might have said it just to control me. After all, he's a narcissist.

Bill can go be with Doris or any other girl for all I care. He doesn't matter in my life anymore. $WWW.n_e(v) \hat{e} \mathbb{L} \otimes \mathbb{O} Rm.c_0 M$

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I didn't open the shop today since I have an appointment with Dr. Sanchez for a baby check–up. It's been a while since my last visit – I've been so caught up with the craziness at the shop.

I step into the clinic, noticing the quietness of the waiting room with just the soft buzz of the air conditioning. Heading towards the reception, Dr. Sanchez comes out with a big smile.

"Serena! So good to see you. It's been a while," she said, her voice full of warmth.

I return her smile. "It's good to see you too, Doc. How are you?"

Dr. Sanchez waves it off and leads me into her office. "Let's focus on Dr. Sanchez waves it off and leads

you and the baby today," she suggests, making me feel at ease.

instantly.

I follow Dr. Sanchez deeper into the clinic, our footsteps echoing quietly on the clean floor. It's bright in here, with sunlight streaming through big windows, making the whole place feel welcoming.

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grabs my file from the desk and flips it open, then looks up me with a concerned expression. "It's been quite a while since your last came in, Serena. What's been keeping you away?"

"Oh, I'm sorry about that," I say, feeling a bit sheepish. "I just opened a jewelry store in a mall in Van Nuys. It's been really busy since it's mostly just me running it."

"Wow, you must be really proud of yourself. I wish you even more success," Dr. Sanchez says with a smile, looking me straight in the eyes. $wW @.n_e v \hat{e} I w \sigma r m.com$

"Thank you. I appreciate that, Doc," I say, feeling a bit of warmth at her encouragement.

"Now, I'll be running some tests to check on how the baby is doing," Dr. Sanchez explains, preparing for the examination.

Dr. Sanchez starts by taking my blood pressure, wrapping the cuff around my arm and watching the gauge as it inflates and deflates. Next, she has me lie down on the examination table for an ultrasound. She applies a cool gel on my belly and then moves the transducer across it, allowing us both to see the baby on the monitor.

She moves the ultrasound wand gently across my belly, and then,

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suddenly, she pauses. "Look here, Serena," she says, pointing to a particular spot on the screen.

"That's your baby's heartbeat."

I lean forward to see better, and there it is–a tiny, flickering pulse on the monitor. It's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. It's real, I think to myself. There's a tiny life growing inside me, and its heart is beating strong and clear. Tears well up in my eyes, not from sadness, but from an overwhelming sense of love and happiness.

"It's so fast," I whisper, more to myself than to Dr. Sanchez.

"Yes, it's perfectly normal for it to be this fast. Everything looks great," she replies, smiling warmly at me. (w)wW.nOvelwôr @.com

I can't take my eyes off the screen. It's finally sinking in I'm going to bet

a mom.

"Well, Serena," Dr. Sanchez begins, turning off the ultrasound machine. and wiping the gel from my belly. "You and your baby are healthy. Everything looks great from the tests.

I can't help but smile as I hear this news. "That's such a relief to hear, Dr. Sanchez. Thank you for everything," I say, feeling a weight lift off my shoulders.

Dr. Sanchez gives me a kind smile and says, "You know, Serena, juggling work and taking care of your health by yourself is really impressive. You're doing an amazing job."

"Thanks, Doc. It feels like a crazy balancing act most days, but I'm trying my best," I reply.

Dr. Sanchez turns a bit more serious, her tone gentle but firm. "Just remember, this is a sensitive time during your pregnancy. It's crucial to avoid anything that could impact the baby's health. Stress, certain foods, heavy lifting-try to steer clear of these as much as possible."

I nod, taking her words to heart. "I understand, and I'll be careful.

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Thanks for the reminder, Dr. Sanchez. I want to make sure I do everything right for the baby."

Walking out of Dr. Sanchez's office, I can't stop thinking about what she said. The whole motherhood thing is starting to feel real, and it's kind of scary but exciting too.

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I've got this little person on the way who's going to need me for

everything. I know motherhood won't be easy, but I'm ready to embrace this journey one step at a time.

I'd do anything to make sure my baby's safe. And if someone threatens that, all hell will break loose. Trust me.