

Becomes 54

Chapter 0054

Serena's POV

Doris's face freezes in surprise, her eyes widening as Bill brushes past her without a second glance, heading straight towards me.

Seeing Bill step in to protect me from Doris feels surreal. This has never happened before. I have to wonder, am I just dreaming?

"Serena?" Bill calls out, noticing I seem lost in thought. "Are you okay? Did Doris hurt you?"

I nod, then add, "I'm fine. She hasn't hurt me yet."

I lock eyes with Bill, his ocean-blue eyes gazing at me with care and a hint of longing. During our marriage, I always hoped he would look at me this way, but he never did. "Was she about to hurt you?" he asks.

"I blocked her slap, but I'm worried she could do something worse," I say, glaring at Doris. Then I turn to Bill and say, "I don't trust her at all, Bill."

"Oh, give me a break!" Doris mocks. "She's just being dramatic, Bill. She's the one who pushed me. I don't get why you're taking her side."

Bill's gaze shifts from me to Doris, his eyes hardening and his jaw clenching, a clear sign his patience has worn thin and anger has taken over. "Enough, Doris!" he snaps. "I can see through your lies now. You can't fool me anymore."

Has Bill finally figured out that Doris was the one who drugged him in Vegas, and not me? His tone suggests he's started to see the real Doris. – a wolf in sheep's clothing.

"What are you talking about?" Doris asks, her voice rising in disbelief. "I didn't do anything wrong, Bill. Why are you accusing me? Serena has always been the snake here, and you know it! She's the one feeding you

#25 BONUS

Chapter 054

lies, trying to seduce you," she insists

My face heats up with anger as I hear Doris's accusations. "Look who's talking," I retort. "You're the one who's been doing exactly what you're accusing me of, Doris."

I take a few steps toward her, but Bill stops me. "Hey, just stay back," he says gently. "I'll handle this."

It feels so unfamiliar, seeing Bill step up for me like this. I can't help but wonder, is this just for today?

Bill walks toward Doris, who picks herself up, realizing Bill won't come to her aid. "Doris, do you know who Carlos Alvez is?" he asks, his tone

serious.

Doris's face turns pale when she hears Bill mention a name I've never heard before. "I don't have a clue who that is," she stammers, her voice

shaky.

Doris goes pale, her eyes flicking around nervously and her hands shaking a bit. It's obvious she's been caught by surprise, scared that a secret might come out. Seeing her so uneasy and trying to hide something makes me feel a bit happy. Looks like she's the one in trouble now, and I'm enjoying every second of it.

"Huh, really?" Bill asks, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "But you look like you're pretty close to him?"

He pulls out a grainy photo, and I lean in for a better look. It seems to come from a dash cam video, showing a woman handing a stack of cash to a man. The woman in the photo is bundled up in a coat, wearing a hat, a face mask, and sunglasses. It's hard to tell it's Doris just by her face, but her posture is unmistakable.

Doris's fear is evident in the way she stiffens, her breath quickening for a moment before she forces herself to take a deep, steadying breath. Attempting to regain some control, she insists, "Look Bill, I don't know

Downs a

what you're talking about. But that woman in the photo isn't me. I swear

"Carlos Alvez is a convicted drug pusher and the one who ran me over with his motorcycle," Bill reveals, cutting Doris off. "A couple of weeks ago, he took a plea deal to shorten his sentence for attempted murder. That photo was captured by his motorcycle's dash cam just days before he got arrested."

I'm stunned. Bill has been conducting his own investigation into his accident all this time.

Doris's face tightens and her eyes flash with anger. "Are you saying I paid someone to run over you, Bill?" she scoffs. "That's ridiculous! Your know, I can sue you for pinning all this on me." she bursts out, letting her carefully maintained mask of innocence slip away completely.

"No, I'm not saying that at all," Bill clarifies, his voice firm and steady. "I'm saying you paid someone to run over my wife, Doris."

Wife? I'm momentarily thrown off. Maybe the tension is making Bill forget that we're already divorced. But I don't correct him. Right now, keeping his focus on Doris, who tried to kill me, feels far more important.

Doris lets out a maniacal laugh. "And a pixelated photo is all you've got? You've lost your mind, Bill!"

Bill smirks, a look that suggests he's holding cards we haven't seen yet. "You're wrong, Doris, I have something more to incriminate you." He pauses, turning around as if pondering deeply, then faces her again. "Why haven't I seen you wear your sapphire earrings in the office lately?" he asks, his question sharp and pointed.

Doris unconsciously pinches her left earlobe, a brief flicker of panic crossing her features before she rolls her eyes dismissively. "I just figured they're not my style anymore. Why? Do you want to borrow

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