

Becomes 56

Chapter 0056

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The cops quickly step in, forcefully separating Bill from Doris. One officer, his hand hovering near his taser, eyes Bill with caution. "Sir, step back now," he commands, his voice firm and authoritative, making it clear that he's ready to intervene further if necessary.

Bill raises his hands up in a gesture of compliance and says calmly, "Alright, alright, I'm stepping back."

I can almost hear the electric hum from the officer's taser. Just before

the taser can touch Bill's skin, I muster all the courage I have and step forward. "She's lying!" I manage to say, my voice firm despite the chaos. "Doris is the one who attacked me."

Doris shoots me a venomous glare, playing her part to the hilt. "No, don't listen to her. She's his accomplice. Please, you have to help me," she pleads, managing to summon tears that make her look like a genuine victim of an assault.

The cops exchange confused glances, clearly torn on who to believe in this twisted situation. Seizing the moment, I remember the one piece of evidence that could tilt the scales in our favor. "Wait, I have something that proves she's the one who attacked me," I announce.

Quickly, I pull out my phone, finding the voice recording app. I had hit record the moment Bill began confronting Doris about orchestrating the motorcycle accident, hoping to catch any confession or slip. I navigate to the recording and hand my phone over to the nearest officer, my fingers trembling slightly with anticipation and nerves. The audio begins to play, broadcasting Doris's incriminating words for the police to hear.

As the recording plays out, the cops listen intently, their faces growing more serious by the second. They hear the clear sound of an

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altercation, the escalation in voices, and then, unmistakably, Doris's voice initiating the confrontation.

It becomes even more damning for Doris as the recording continues. The cops can clearly hear me and Bill pleading with her to stop, our voices firm yet filled with the urgency of trying to de-escalate the situation. Despite our efforts, Doris's aggression only intensifies, her attacks relentless.

Then, there's a moment that catches everyone's attention—a part where Doris taunts Bill, provoking him, urging him to choke her, her voice twisted with malice and manipulation.

With a sudden burst of energy, she lunges towards me, her eyes locked on my phone. "Give me that," she demands.

But before she can even get close, one of the cops swiftly steps between us. With practiced ease, he blocks her path, extending an arm to keep her at bay.

"That's enough," the cop says sternly, his posture and tone leaving no room for negotiation. "You're not touching anything. Step back," he adds, his eyes sternly locking onto hers, making it clear that any further attempts would be futile. Doris has no choice but to retreat.

The cops heard enough and made their decision. One of them steps forward, grabbing Doris's arm firmly. "You're under arrest," he

announces.

He begins to recite the Miranda rights to her, ensuring each word is clear, "You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided for you."

Doris's reaction is immediate and visceral; she screams in agony, a sound filled with rage and despair, as the police clamp handcuffs around her wrists.

Chapter bath w(w)w.NoV(e)lWORM.cOm

Bill and I exchange a look of relief mixed with disbelief. His face softens slightly, a subtle sigh escaping him as if he's finally allowing himself to release the tension he's been carrying.

Feeling a weight lift off my shoulders, I let out a breath I didn't even know I was holding, quiet and shaky. Watching the police handcuff Doris, the realization that justice is finally being served makes my hands tremble, not from fear, but from a deep sense of relief.

There's a part of me that pities Doris for the path she chose, but that's overshadowed by the peace of mind that comes from knowing she can't harm us anymore.

The nightmare seems to be over. Doris's reign of terror ends here, on this rooftop. All her sins are catching up to her at last. *w.w.NoV(e)lWORM.cOm*