

## Becomes 57

Chapter 0057

Serena's POV *w w w . n o v e l . c o m*

"Let me go! I was framed," Doris claims, managing to wriggle free from the police's grip momentarily.

"Stay back, or we'll have to restrain you further," one of the officers warns her.

As we leave the rooftop, I see a crowd below. People are talking loudly, and some are even taking photos and videos of us. The camera flashes are everywhere, and I feel dizzy. I'm not sure if it's because I'm pregnant. or if the flashing lights are just too much for me.

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It's weird and a bit scary to see our serious situation turn into *w w w . n o v e l . c o m*

something people are watching like entertainment.

Doris doesn't miss the opportunity to hurl accusations my way, loud enough for everyone around us to hear. "She's the real liar here! Manipulating everyone around her," Doris shouts.

"She's just after the money, seducing her billionaire ex-husband and even his uncle," she adds with a sneer.

After Doris's comment, the buzz in the crowd grows louder, sparking even more interest. People start edging closer, pointing their cameras. directly at me, seeking to capture my reaction. The intrusion feels like a violation, their lenses zoom in on my face. I can feel my cheeks burning from anger and humiliation.

Caught in a whirlwind of thoughts, I'm torn about whether to speak up. Speaking could make me look defensive like I'm in denial. But staying. silent might let people believe Doris's lies. Just as I'm on the brink of saying something, I suddenly feel something soft drape over my head. It takes me a moment to realize it's Bill's suit jacket, gently placed over me in an attempt to shield my face from the invasive cameras and

+25 BONUS

prying eyes.

Bill holds me close he leans in and whispers, "Don't mind them. They don't know anything."

It's been so long since he's held me this gently, with such care, as if I were made of fragile glass. Despite the chaos around us, in this moment, his touch brings a fleeting sense of calm and protection. A part of me doesn't want to admit it, but I've missed this the feeling of being cared for by him in this way.

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One man, bolder and more intrusive than the rest, breaks through the crowd and gets uncomfortably close, his face just inches from mine." So, are the accusations true? Are you really a gold-digger?" he demands, clearly overstepping personal boundaries.

Before I can even think of a reply, Bill steps in front of me, creating a barrier between me and the man. "Back off," Bill warns.

The man, undeterred, pushes the issue further, his aggression. mounting. It's clear he's looking for a reaction, and for a tense moment, it looks like Bill might lose his cool and punch the man. "I said back off!" Bill raises his voice, more forcefully this time. *w w w . n o v e l . c o m*

"Chill, man, I'm just filming for TikTok," he says, attempting to wave off his intrusive behavior as if it's all just for social media content.

Bill, however, is not having any of it. "Knock it off, or I'll break that phone," he says.

"Alright, alright," the guy backs down. But what Bill doesn't notice is that the whole scene has caught the attention of others. Now, more people have their phones out, recording him standing up to the guy.

After the commotion dies down a bit, the police officer who arrested Doris comes over to us.

"Hi, I'm Officer Gibson," he introduces himself. "I'm going to need both.

of you to come down to the station with me. We must get your statements about everything that happened here today."

Bill looks at me briefly before turning back to Officer Gibson. "Of course, Officer," he says. "We'll do whatever is necessary to help with the investigation."

The ride to the police station is quiet, just Bill and me sitting side by side, lost in thought. Every inch of me aches from when Doris tried to shove me over the railing. It's like I can still feel the pressure against my arms and back, reminders of how close things came to ending badly.

After Bill's done with his statement, it's my turn. Talking about everything that happened tonight in front of the police is harder than I thought. It's like going through all of it again but in slow motion. I remember everything so clearly, it's almost like watching a movie of the night play back in my head.

When I'm finally done, I just feel extremely exhausted. Walking out to ely exhausted. Walking out to where Bill's waiting, I can barely lift my feet.

Bill looks up and right away asks, "You alright?"

I manage a small, tired smile, appreciating his concern. "I'm just... really tired," I admit as I sit next to him..

"Yeah, I know what you mean," he says, shaking his head slightly." Everything just feels so crazy right now."

"I really don't want to talk about it anymore," I find myself saying. "Going through it once for the statement was excruciating enough."

Bill's voice drops a bit, and he looks away. "I blame myself for all of this, he admits. "If I hadn't signed those divorce papers, maybe I could've protected you better."

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I raise an eyebrow. "What does our divorce have to do with Doris going batshit crazy?" I ask. "Getting a divorce was the best thing for us, Bill. We barely saw eye to eye on anything."

Bill looks at me, his gaze filled with concern. "You can stay with me. It'll be easier for me to look after you, make sure you're okay," he suggests.

"I'm not a child, Bill. You don't need to look after me," I reply. Sensing the conversation taking a turn I'm not comfortable with, I stand up quickly, wanting to distance myself from the topic.

"You know what? This isn't the right time or place for this conversation. Let's just drop it," I assert, hoping to end the discussion right there.

As I move away, suddenly everything starts to spin. My vision blurs alarmingly, and my legs feel like they're giving out beneath me. I'm on the brink of collapsing when I feel strong arms catching me, preventing my fall. My name echoes in my ears, sounding distant as if coming from far away through a tunnel. *w w w . n o v e l . c o m*