

## Becomes 58

Chapter 0058

Bill's POV [Ww.w.n00eL@ó0M.C0m](#)

[www.n0ve/w0r@.c.M](#)

Right as Serena starts to fall, I catch her in time, pulling her close. I give her a little shake, hoping to get her to wake up. "Serena, hey, wake up, please," I say.

I see how pale Serean's face has gotten, her eyes closed and her expression peaceful. I gently push some hair out of her face. After what happened with Doris today, it's clear to me now I've got to protect

Serena no matter what.

And now, seeing her like this, I can't help but feel like I messed up today. I should have done more to keep her safe. The idea of losing her is unbearable. It's clear to me now, more than ever, that I love her. That

much I'm dead sure of.

Officer Gibson steps out of the interrogation room. "Mr. Richardson, just so you and Ms. Nixon both know, you might need to be present if the court summons you," he starts to say. But then, he notices me holding Serena and pauses. "What happened to her?" he asks.

"She must have passed out from exhaustion," I explain.

Officer Gibson nods. "I'll call an ambulance," he says, already reaching for his radio.

I can't seem to stand still, pacing back and forth in this too-bright, too-cold hospital hallway. Every minute drags on like an eternity. My eyes dart to the doors leading to where they took Serena, hoping each time they open, I'll see a doctor coming out to talk to me.

The fluorescent lights above are too harsh, making everything look stark and unwelcoming. I catch myself rubbing my hands together, not

sure if it's from the cold or just the nervous energy buzzing through me. Waiting like this, feeling so out of control, is torture.

Finally, Dr. Henderson comes out with his clipboard. I rush toward him, desperate for any news. He greets me with a nod, a brief moment of recognition crossing his face. "Good to see yo Bill. You've healed well from your injuries," he comments, offering a small smile [w\(w\)W.N00eLw@Rm.C0m](#)

"Thanks, but how's Serena? Is she okay?" I ask Exchanging pleasantries is the last thing on my mind. I just need to know Serena's condition.

Dr. Henderson gives me a reassuring look. "She's stable, so there's no immediate danger," he explains. However, we're keeping her under observation to determine the exact cause of her fainting We're running a few tests to get a clearer picture."

"I see. Please, just make sure she's okay." I say, looking straight at Dr. Henderson,

"Of course, we'll do everything we can Dr. Henderson assures me We're keeping a close eye on her."

"Thank you, doctor I really appreciate it," I reply

Dr. Henderson adds, "I heard from Officer Gibson that you've had quite

long day," using the phrase as a gentle euphemism for the ordeal we've been through. "Maybe you should find someone to stay with Serena for the night, and you take some time to rest. It's been a lot for you too."

"No, I'm staying." I insist, the resolve in his voice leaving no room for argument 1 need to be here when she wakes up"

Dr. Henderson studies me for a moment, then nods in understanding. Alright, I make sure the nurses know you'll be staying We'll get you a chair or something more comfortable he offers

+25 BONUS

try to stay up all night next to Serena, just watching her. The room is pretty quiet, just some beeps from the machines and some sounds from the hallway now and then. I watch every breath she takes, hoping to see any sign that she's getting better. It feels kind of nice to be so close to her like this.

I really want to be awake when she opens her eyes, but I'm just too tired. Everything that happened today is catching up to me. My eyes start to close on their own, no matter how hard I try to keep them open.

Then, there was a soft knock on the door of the hospital room. It startled me awake, pulling me out of the unexpected sleep I had fallen

into.

I slowly stand up and wipe my eyes to clear the sleep away. Opening

the door, I'm a little surprised to see Calvin standing there. He's dressed in a plain T-shirt and jeans, nothing fancy, and it's obvious he didn't spend much time getting ready. His hair is a mess, sticking out here and there, which isn't like him at all. He looks like he ran to the hospital.

as soon as he heard the news.

"How's Serena?" he asks, looking past me to see if he can catch a glimpse of her.

"She's stable, no immediate danger," I tell Calvin. They're still figuring out why she fainted. Running tests and stuff."

"That's a relief," Calvin says. He quickly jumps with an offer. "Please tell Dr. Henderson I'll take care of Serena's hospital bills and whatever she needs," he says.

"Don't be ridiculous, I'll handle it," I snap. "The nerve of him, acting like he has any right. And before I can stop myself, I ask, "Why are your acting like you're Serena's boyfriend?"

Calvin looks me straight in the eye. "Maybe I might as well be," he counters. "Seems like any time she's around you, she ends up in danger.

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My hands tighten into fists. The thought of my uncle, of all people, positioning himself as a rival for Serena's affection is absurd. She's not a prize to be won, and he certainly doesn't deserve her.