Chapter 0007

Serena's POV

Three days after talking to Attorney Marquez, my phone beeps with an email while I'm making coffee. I see his name and slowly open it.

"Divorce Proceedings: Initial Documents," I read to myself. "Seems Bill is finally going to realize that I'm serious about ending our marriage."

I grab the freshly printed divorce papers. Without a second thought, I call a cab, my hands slightly trembling as I lock the door behind me. I sit stiffly in the backseat, clutching the papers, my gaze fixed on the passing cityscape, silently rehearsing what I'll say to Bill.

As I enter Bill's office building, the lobby's luxury hits me immediately. The floor is polished marble, and there's soft lighting from modern fixtures overhead. There's a grand reception desk made of dark wood and glass, with well-dressed staff behind it.

It's been ages since I last set foot here. Then again, Bill never liked me coming over.

chatting animatedly. I can't help but overhear their conversation.

"Bill's presentation was quite impressive," the woman says, her eyes sparkling. "He showed

My attention is drawn to an elderly couple heading toward the exit. They're smiling while

some great numbers and promising plans."

"Yes, and the lady with him was really knowledgeable about their proposal. She was

"I think she's Bill's wife. They're a great team. Kind of like how we used to be, George," the woman says with a smile.

Wife? I'm confused. How is Bill with his wife at that meeting when I'm right here? Wait, are they talking about another woman? Something's not right. I need to find Bill and figure this out.

I walk towards the receptionist, whom I don't recognize from my previous visits. She looks disinterested and somewhat rude as I approach.

"Excuse me. Is Bill Richardson around?" I ask.

impressive and really pretty," the man remarks.

The receptionist's eyes narrow as I approach. Her eyebrows go up, making me feel uneasy. "Do you have an appointment with him?" she asks, her voice sharp.

"No, but I'm his wife," I reply. I can feel my eyebrows knit together in annoyance, and there's a tightness in my jaw as I speak. The receptionist's attitude is getting to me more than I'd like to admit.

I cut off the receptionist before she could make a snide comment, turning swiftly towards Bill's office.

my hand, causing them to crumple slightly.

embarrass me in front of everyone."

and the coffee spills all over me.

Seriously, I'm so fed up with her bullshit.

"Wait!" she yells, taken aback by my sudden move.

Ignoring her, I speed up, my sprained knee holding up well today. The sound of her calling security echoes behind me, but I'm focused on getting to Bill's office as fast as I can, not letting anyone stop me.

As I rush away from the security guards, Sarah, Bill's assistant, sees me. She's always been nice. "Mrs. Richardson, what's wrong?" she asks. Her eyes are full of concern as she tries to figure out why I'm in such a hurry.

"Where's Bill? I need to talk to him." I catch my breath as I reply.

Before I can say anything to Sarah, she notices the two security guards chasing after me. Her

eyes go wide with shock. "Just what the hell do you think you're doing?!" she exclaims, placing her hand on her hip in a mix of anger and disbelief. "This is our boss' wife. Do you want to get fired?"

They look embarrassed and one quickly apologizes, "Sorry, Mrs. Richardson, we didn't

know." The other just nods.

Sarah's stern gaze doesn't waver as she addresses the guards. "Get out of here before I tell

Mr. Richardson what you did," she warns them. The security guards, now looking even more embarrassed, quickly turn and walk away.

After the guards leave, Sarah turns to me, her expression softening. "Sorry about that," she

says, sounding genuinely apologetic. "Anyway, your husband's in the conference room."

"Thanks, Sarah," I say quickly, then head towards the conference room. I take a deep breath

and hear Doris speaking.

Recalling the conversation of the old couple earlier, it hits me - they mistook Doris for Bill's wife. A mix of emotions wells up inside me, and without realizing it, I clench the papers in

Without knocking, I stride into the conference room. I see Doris halting her presentation mid-sentence, her eyes landing on me with surprise. "Serena? What are you doing here?" she asks.

wondering who the hell I am.

Bill swivels in his seat, his expression turning pale as he notices me. I keep my gaze fixed on

I quickly realize that the meeting is still in progress. Everyone's eyes turn towards me,

Doris looks around the room and then back at me. "We're kinda in the middle of something important here," she says.

him, the room's attention shifting. "I, uh, need to talk to Bill," I say. "It's about something

I take a deep breath to steady myself and announce, "Hello everyone, I'm Serena, Bill's wife." There was a commotion after I said that. I heard someone whisper, "That's Bill's wife? I thought Doris was."

"You heard it correctly. I'm Bill's wife, not Doris," I announce, trying to clear up the confusion. I turn towards Bill, expecting him to say something, but he just sits there, looking like he's seething with anger.

Bill suddenly stands up and grabs my arm, leaning in to whisper, "Not here, Serena. Don't

"Bill, why are you silent? It almost seems like you'd prefer Doris to be your wife, not me," I

He tries to pull me outside, but I quickly yank my arm away from his grip. At that moment, I

don't notice Sarah coming in with coffee. My sudden movement causes me to bump into her,

I feel the warmth of the spilled coffee seeping through my shirt, but it's the shock that's more overwhelming.

She hurries over to me and pulls out a tissue from her purse, trying to dab at the coffee stains, but they don't come off easily.

Realizing it's not helping, Doris suggests, "You know what, let's go to the break room so you

can clean up properly." Then she addresses the others, "Let's take a quick break, everyone."

Doris exclaims with concern, "Oh my gosh! Are you alright?"

I follow Doris into the break room, and as I do, memories from a previous dinner event flood back. It strikes me that whenever I end up embarrassed, Doris seems to be at the center of it.