

Becomes 72

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Bill's POV

"And what makes you think you're getting out of here, huh?" I ask sharply.

I stare at Doris intently as I ask the question, my eyebrows raised in skepticism. There's no way in hell I'll let her go free to do whatever she wants. If it takes all my money and power to keep Doris away from Serena and our baby, I'll use it.

Doris smiles, a knowing look in her eyes as if she's hiding something." Okay, I'm going to let you in on a little secret," she whispers, gesturing for me to come closer.

I lean in closer, playing along. Her confident smirk suggests she thinks she's in control, but I stay alert, prepared for any tricks she might have up her sleeve.

"Alright, let's hear it," I say.

"Remember the sapphire earring you found in an old warehouse?" she

asks.

Of course, I remember that sapphire earring with Dors's initials on it. I was the one who retrieved it from that old warehouse, a crucial piece of evidence that she orchestrated the motorcycle accident. I remember showing it to Doris, watching her face as she realized she was caught.

"How could I forget? It's the piece of evidence that's going to make you rot in here," I say.

Doris's lips curl into a smug grin, her eyes gleaming with a hint of triumph. "Who says I'm gonna rot here?" she chuckles. "Anyway, my Nawyer said that evidence might not be used against me since the

police didn't find it," she says.

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My eyebrows knit together in frustration, but I keep my voice steady. "Is that so?" I ask. "And you really think a technicality will get you out of all charges?" I press.

"It's not just about technicalities, Bill, it's the law. Ever heard of obstruction of justice?" She gives a confident shrug. "That evidence wasn't obtained legally, so they can't use it against me. I might be out of here sooner than you think."

As Doris speaks, my jaw clenches tightly. The thought that I might have helped her avoid conviction fills me with anger and regret. I try to take a deep breath to calm myself, but I can feel my hands shaking.

Doris notices my silence and taunts, "Cat got your tongue?" Her smirk widens and adds, "Your hero complex just screwed you, Bill. You lose."

I regain my composure and counter, "How about the audio? Don't pretend that can't be used against you."

Doris laughs, almost amused. "Oh, that? Listen to it again. I never admitted anything. I'm not that stupid."

"But you still threatened Serena," I point out. "That's on the recording, clear as day. You can't dance around a direct threat, Doris."

Doris leans back. "Threats, Bill? Those were just words, and you know how easy it is to twist words," she says casually. "It'll be my word against hers, and without solid proof, what I said is just hearsay."

She seems sure she can talk her way out of anything, even this. Fuck.

"Listen, Doris, stay away from Serena and my child," I say. "I don't hurt women, but for the safety of my family, I'll make an exception if I have *www.No(v)ELwo(r)M.C@m*

to." *WWW.nOvElw(o)Rm.cOm*

Doris raises an eyebrow. "And how sure are you that the baby is even yours, Bill?" she asks.

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"None of your business," I snap. "You knew Serena was pregnant and you still targeted her belly. You're despicable."

"Always so dramatic," she purrs, her tone mocking. "You really think I'd go that far? Maybe I was just trying to scare her a bit. After all, fear can be quite... persuasive."

I stand up abruptly, my frustration peaking. If it weren't for the clear barrier between us, I would be right in Doris's face. "You went way beyond scaring her, and you know it," I say.

Just like that, Doris's expression shifts to one of feigned innocence. She quickly turns her head towards the door and calls out in a distressed tone, "Guard! I need help here!"

The guard, alerted by Doris's call, quickly approaches the booth where we are. He looks through the glass, assessing the situation with a critical eye. "Is there a problem here?" he asks sternly.

I hold up my hands, showing that I'm not a threat. "I wasn't doing anything. Doris is just acting," I explain calmly. *w(w)@.nOvEl(w)(o)Rm.(c)om*

Doris clutches the phone tightly, her eyes wide as she looks at the guard with feigned fear. "He's threatening me," she says in a quivering voice, playing up her vulnerability. "I'm just trying to protect myself."

The guard, taking Doris's performance at face value, turns to me with a firm expression. "You need to leave now," he says authoritatively.

"But I didn't do anything; we were just talking," I protest. Despite my objections, the guards don't take any chances. They step closer, one on each side, and firmly escort me out of the visiting area.

I have no choice but to follow the guards as they lead me away. Glancing back at Doris one last time, I see her watching me leave with an evil grin spread across her face. She's clearly pleased with how she manipulated the situation. *(w)ww.nOvElw@Rm.cOm*