Chapter 0008

Serena's POV

anyway."

I'm surprised by how nice Doris is being to me all of a sudden. But then I realize, she's probably just pretending to be kind because everyone else is watching.

In the break room, I watch Doris rummage through her stuff. She pulls out a clean, designer shirt with a fancy design and hands it to me. I accept the shirt and say, "Thanks. But you can stop pretending now. I can still see your horns from where I'm sitting."

As I put on the shirt, I notice Doris' expression shifting from fake concern to a mean smirk.

Just as I'm adjusting the fabric, she throws a barbed comment my way, "Even expensive clothes look cheap on you."

Firing back at Doris, I say, "Doris, you can wear all the fancy stuff in the world and play the victim as much as you like. But at the end of the day, Bill is still married to me." Then, pretending to sniff the air, I add with a sneer, "Oh, your perfume smells interesting... is it called 'Desperation'?"

She hits back harder. "You know, Serena, if you actually dressed up and did your makeup, maybe Bill wouldn't be so ashamed to introduce you as his wife to the investors," Doris says. "You'd think a billionaire's wife would show some class."

feeling a bit small and out of place, just like I often do in Bill's fancy world.

Doris sees my silence as an opportunity and presses on, "Face it, Serena. You're just not good enough to be Bill's wife."

Her comment hits me hard. I try to hide it, but there's a lump in my throat. I look away,

I take a deep breath and respond, "Fine, you can have him, Doris. I'm divorcing him

Doris's eyes widen in surprise, and she quickly glances at the papers in my hand. "Is that what those are for?" she asks, a hint of disbelief in her voice. "Well, it sure took you long enough," she adds.

Doris doesn't stop there. She makes another rude comment, "So, what's your angle in divorcing Bill? Looking for a big payday, Serena?"

"Money? That's the last thing on my mind. You know, I never planned to marry Bill in the first place. It was a spur-of-the-moment thing in Vegas. But unlike some, I don't measure relationships in dollars and cents. I'm walking away because it's the right thing to do for both of us," I reply sharply.

Doris snaps back, "Oh please! Cut the innocent act. You only got close to Bill because of his money, right? If I hadn't messed up with the drugs in Vegas... It should've been me marrying Bill," she confesses.

anger. "You caused all this mess?" I blurt out, my voice shaking. I'm so angry, I can barely think straight. "How dare you, bitch?"

Hearing Doris's confession, my jaw drops in disbelief. I can feel my face getting hot with

I remember all those times Bill thought I was the one behind that night in Vegas. I tried to explain, but he never believed me. And now, here I am, realizing it was Doris all along.

"You and Bill are getting too close. I can't let him fall for you completely," Doris admits.

"You're cheap and horrible, Serena. Even if it wasn't Bill, you'd have found some other rich guy to latch onto."

I glare at Doris and snap, "Go to hell, Doris!" Before she can respond, I slap her, the sound

ringing sharply in the room. Still seething, I quickly turn and dash out, bumping into Bill in my haste but not stopping to look at him. I just keep moving.

I can already picture it – Doris playing the victim once more, twisting the story to make me

look like the villain in Bill's eyes. Her ability to manipulate situations to her advantage is something I'm all too familiar with.

Bill's POV

With Doris not returning anytime soon, I decide to move forward with the meeting. To cover for her unexpected absence, I explained to everyone that she had to step out due to an emergency.

watch, wondering if Serena is okay.

After wrapping up the meeting, I head to the break room to see how Doris and Serena are

Even though I'm a bit anxious, I make sure the meeting stays on track. I keep glancing at my

doing. Serena storms out, tears streaming down her face. Concerned, I call out to her, "Serena—" but she's already too far gone, her distress evident in her hurried steps.

From inside the break room, I hear Doris' voice. "Bill, are you there?" she calls out, her tone

sounding a bit strained.

I pause at the door, responding, "Yes, can I come in?"

There's a brief moment of silence before Doris answers, her voice sounding weaker than usual, "Yeah."

welling up in her eyes. Her left cheek looks a bit flushed as if she had been slapped recently.

I quickly step closer to Doris, leaning in to get a better look at the mark on her face.

Concerned, I ask, "Did Serena do this?"

Doris nods, her eyes still teary. "I don't understand. I was just helping her clean up. I even let

As I step into the break room, my gaze falls on Doris. She appears quite shaken, tears

I usually keep personal matters out of work, but this situation is different. "I don't know why Serena is acting like this," I admit, my voice sounds frustrated. "I'm sorry for her behavior."

her wear my shirt," she says, her voice shaky. "Then, out of nowhere, she slaps me."

Doris's concern shows in her words as she says, "Look, I don't want to pry, but Serena has

been acting so irrational lately. Have you ever considered divorce?"

I shoot Doris a look, taken aback by her audacity. It's clear she's crossing a line here. The

"What are you talking about? Serena is mine. I'm not going to divorce her," I tell her firmly.

problems Serena and I have are ours alone, not something for others to meddle in.

eyes that I can't discern and it flashes away quickly. But her words stab me in the heart.

Comments (7)

"You sure? Well, what if she's the one who wants to quit you?" There is a look in Doris's