

Becomes 88

Chapter 0088

Serena's POV

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"I don't owe you any explanations," I reply flatly. My tone is cold, my gaze steady as I meet Elena's eyes. "This baby is mine and mine only."

Elena's nostrils flare, her voice rising in pitch as her frustration bursts forth. "Don't be ridiculous! I have every right to know if my family is about to be embarrassed or not," she snaps, her fingers clenching into fists at her sides.

I cross my arms, meeting her anger with unwavering calm. "It's not my job to manage your family's reputation," I say. "So, please, keep your opinions to yourself and leave me out of your drama."

I turn to leave, having no interest in dragging out this pointless argument. But then, just as I'm about to walk away, Elena's next words stop me cold.

"And where do you think the money for your precious fashion show is coming from? Bill's pocket, of course," Elena claims.

In an instant, Elena's words cut through the noise, leaving a ringing silence that throbbed in my ears. "What?" I gasp. "That's not true."

Just a few days ago, I ran into Bill at the De Luca Couture headquarters. I didn't think much of it. Why would I? They're both billionaire and they could just be talking about business.

But now, thinking about Bill possibly sponsoring the fashion show, I'm confused. Why didn't he tell me? He usually makes sure I know when he's helping me out, kind of like he's keeping score to make me feel small.

Elena's tone sharpens with accusation. "Oh please, stop lying!" she exclaims. "I don't know what my son sees in you. But Doris is right- you really know how to seduce. rich men."

Hearing Doris' name makes my blood boil. "So, you're taking the word of someone who's in prison?" I ask. "For heaven's sake, Elena. Doris has tricked you. Wake up!"

"Don't you dare talk down to me," she snaps back.

"Fine, believe her all you want. I don't care," I say. I'm tired of this endless arguing with Elena. Needing a break from the tension, I turn and start walking away.

"Where do you think you're going? We're not finished here!" she barks.

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I quicken my pace, each step brisk and deliberate. I don't even bother replying to Elena; I just need to get away from her, to find some quiet. ww@.nov@IworM.c0m

Despite my quickened pace, Elena catches up to me. "How dare you ruin my family. you snake?"

Elena raises her arm, and it's almost too late when I see it coming. I brace for the impact, squeezing my eyes shut, but the slap never lands.

When I open my eyes, Bill is there, holding Elena's wrist, stopping her mid-swing.

"Just what do you think you're doing, mom?" Bill asks. His face is tight with disapproval, his eyes narrowed slightly as he fixes his gaze on Elena.

I feel a knot of fear in my stomach as Bill confronts his mother. The thought of him siding with her in front of everyone makes my heart race. I'm suddenly very aware of all the eyes on us.

Elena quickly tries to downplay the situation. "We're just talking, Bill," she says, attempting a dismissive tone. "It's nothing serious." ww@.nov@IworM.c0m

Bill's tone is skeptical, and he doesn't loosen his grip on Elena's wrist. "Really? It looks like you were about to hurt Serena," he says.

Elena wrenches her arm free from Bill's grip with a sharp tug. "Can you blame me?" she snaps. "Calvin even got her pregnant."

Bill lets out a heavy sigh. "The baby is mine," he states firmly. "This is between me and Serena. You should stay out of this, mom."

Elena's face reddens and her eyes narrow in frustration. "Why are you so sure the baby is yours?" She pauses, glaring. "She's nothing but a deceitful slut." ww@.nov@IworM.c0m

Bill snickers. "Deceitful? If anyone's deceitful, that's you."

Their voices hushed to whispers, Bill and his mother exchange words, careful not to attract attention. But I catch every word Bill just said, loud and clear. Is he truly defending me to his mom?

Elena furrows her brow, feigning innocence. "I don't know what you're talking about, Bill. You're being unreasonable."

Bill shakes his head. "Okay... Then, tell me. Why did you pay Max Laurent to sabotage