

Becomes 55

Chapter 0055

Serena's POV

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In that instant, when Doris's face twists with fury and she lunges at me, every part of me tenses. My first instinct is to protect my stomach, my hands automatically wrapping around it. I start stepping back, trying to put some distance between us, but then I feel it—the cold, hard railing of the rooftop against my back. I've run out of room to move.

Doris is like a storm, her eyes wild, filled with blame and rage directed solely et me. 'If I'm going down, you're going down with me!' she bellows, her words slicing through the air, filled with venom and desperation.

'No, Doris,," I find myself saying. "I won't let you drag me into your madness. Not anymore."

I'm trapped, with nowhere to go, the drop behind me and a furious Doris in front. Fear grips me, not just for myself but for my baby. I've never seen her this unhinged, this determined to hurt me. It's like she's lost all sense of reason, driven only by her obsession and anger.

Bill shouts something, his voice barely piercing the chaos of the moment, but it's like I'm in a bubble where time slows down. Doris's every step toward me feels measured, and deliberate, as if she's enjoying the power she holds in this moment.

But then, something in me snaps—a surge of strength fueled by the need to protect my unborn child. I'm not just going to stand here and let her harm us. My mind races, trying to think of a way out, any way to defend myself against the impending threat Doris poses.

In a burst of adrenaline, I push back against Doris with all the strength I can muster. Doris stumbles backward, her arms flailing as she nearly topples over the railing, her feet skidding dangerously close to the edge. For a moment, she teeters there, the realis

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position mirrored in her wide, shocked eyes.

Before she can regain her balance or make another move, Bill is there. He wraps his arms around her, pulling her back from the brink. His grip. is iron—tight, restraining her movements as he holds her down,

preventing her from causing any more harm.

"Let go of me, Bill!" Doris demands, struggling against his hold.

"This ends here!" Bill declares firmly. "You're going to pay for everything you've done."

In the midst of her struggle, Doris manages to land a sharp hit to Bill's groin with her hand. Bill cries out, "Fuck!" The sudden, intense pain. forces him to release his hold on Doris as he doubles over in agony.

Doris comes at me again with full force. And in an instant, we're locked. in a fierce struggle, palm against palm. She's pushing against me, her strength surprising, but I'm not giving in. I push back with everything I've got.

Doris snarls, "You won't win this time, Serena. I'll make sure of it."

Gritting my teeth, I push back harder. "You've already lost. So, just give it up!"

Her eyes blaze with hatred. "Never. I'll take everything from you."

In that moment, I see it clearly—Doris's obsession with Bill is what's driving her. This fight is about her refusing to let go of him even though Bill doesn't have to do with her anymore. She'll always be a threat, always looking for another way to get back at me, to reclaim what she sees as hers.

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As we struggle, I can feel Doris somehow finding more strength, pushing against me with increasing force. Just when I think she might overpower me, Bill, still limping from the pain, comes to my rescue. He grabs Doris by the waist, using momentum to spin her around before

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tackling her down to the ground.

"Enough already! You've done too much," Bill says as he pins Doris to the ground.

Doris taunts Bill, a defiant gleam in her eye. "So, what are you gonna do, Bill? kill me?" She tilts her head back, baring her neck. "Go on then! Choke me to death," she dares him.

"No, Bill" I shout, panic edging my voice. "Don't listen to her." The last thing I want is for Bill to end up in jail for trying to protect me.

"How stupid do you think I am, Doris? Bill asks. He tightens his grip.on her. "I'm holding you here until the cops arrive."

The sound of sirens gets louder and closer, cutting through the chaos. I peek over the rooftop's edge and see police cars pulling up below, lights flashing. There's a crowd forming, too. I can't believe we've drawn this much attention. Pushing those thoughts aside, I call out as loudly as I can, "We're up here! Police, help us!" hoping they hear me and come up fast.

A couple of policemen spot us and immediately start rushing toward the rooftop. I can hear the sound of their footsteps, quick and determined, as they make their way up to us.

Bill is still on top of Doris, holding her down, when she suddenly smirks and shifts into an innocent expression just seconds before the cops burst through the door. My heart sinks. She's going to play the victim again. But this time, she's aiming to frame Bill.

"Help! He's trying to rape me!" Doris screams, her voice echoing with fake terror. Bill's face registers shock at her accusation, clearly caught. off guard by her deceit.