

Becomes 71

Chapter 0071

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Bill's POV

The morning is overcast and bleak as I drive to the prison. Its massive walls topped with barbed wire create a stark and forbidding atmosphere. I pass through the heavy metal doors, their loud clang echoing behind me.

I walk down a long corridor flanked by guards, their faces

expressionless, their steps methodical. We reach the visitor's area, a room stark and spare, divided by a thick clear glass barrier that runs the length of the room. Small booths with phones on either side of the glass are set up for visitors to communicate with the inmates.

An officer motions me to one of the booths. "You've got thirty minutes," he states flatly, checking his watch with a disinterested gaze. He doesn't wait for a response, simply turns, and walks away, his keys jangling with each step.

I take a seat, my heart pounding as I pick up the black receiver. Across the glass, Doris is led in by another guard. She's clad in the standard prison uniform. I can't read her blank expression. Her eyes don't light up; it's as if there's nothing there. w(w)w.0ov(ε)0W(o)rм.сoм

She sits down slowly and picks up the phone on her side. As she looks at me through the glass, she's waiting for me to speak up. wWw.n(o)velWorm.com

"So, how's jail treating you, Doris?" I ask, my tone more sarcastic than genuine. But Doris thinks I'm concerned about her.

Doris leans closer. "Bill..." she starts, her voice softer, "It's really hard. I never imagined I'd end up here. I miss my old life so much."

I put my palm up, signaling her to pause. "Whoa there! Let me be absolutely clear," I say firmly. "I didn't come here as your friend."

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Doris's expression turns cold instantly. "Then, what are you doing here?" she asks, a smirk playing on her lips.

"Why would you miss a very important meeting with the shareholders just to see me?" She leans slightly forward, her smirk widening. "Just admit it, Bill. You just miss me." wwW.noϽElwoRм.co(m)

I can't help but clench my teeth in frustration. "For fuck's sake!" I exclaim, my patience wearing thin. I slam my fist down on the table, the sound echoing through the visiting room. "I thought you had problems, but it's worse than I thought... Doris – you're delusional!"

Doris's eyes glint with a disturbing calm. "Oh, Bill," she says slowly, almost tauntingly, "anger doesn't suit you. I'm just stating the obvious. Deep down, you know there's still something between us. Why else would you be here, if not for me?"

Realizing Doris is just trying to play mind games, I decide to counter her move. I smirk slightly and lean in. "It's not about you, Doris. You don't matter to me," I say, making my words clear and direct. "I've always loved Serena, and I still do. That's the truth."

Doris's face contorts with rage, her composure shattering like glass. "How dare you!" she shouts, her voice rising to a near scream. She slams her hands against the glass, her eyes wild with fury. "You come here, just to throw that in my face? To tell me you love her?!"

"That's not the only reason I'm here," I say. I take a moment, collecting my thoughts before continuing. "I want to understand something, Doris. You were my childhood friend, the one who saved me from bullies, the one I gave a seashell necklace to. How could that same person do something so cruel to Serena?"

My eyes search hers, looking for any sign of the friend I once knew. "Help me understand, Doris. Help me figure this out."

Doris's anger gives way to a sardonic smile. "Okay, I'm going to make

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this as simple as I can," she begins. "People change, Bill. And sometimes, to get what you want, you have to push a few obstacles out of your way."

"That's all you think of Serena? Your fucking obstacle!" I snap. I can feel the heat rising in my cheeks and my fists clenching tight at my sides.

Doris laughs maniacally in response, her eyes gleaming with malice. "Of course, Serena is a big obstacle, and I intend to get rid of her," she declares, her voice chillingly determined.

"And trust me, Bill, I won't stop until I get the job done." Her laughter continues – a sinister sound that sends shivers down my spine.