

Chapter 0010

Serena's POV

"Serena, this is Sarah. Bill asked me to call you," Sarah says as I answer her call.

"Oh yeah? What does he want?" I reply, my tone nonchalant.

Sarah, on the other end of the line, hesitates for a moment before responding, "I'm not sure, Serena. Maybe it's best if you and Bill talk directly. He seems quite concerned."

I think about it for a moment. Do I want to talk to Bill after Doris probably brainwashed him again? But I really need these divorce papers signed, so I sigh and say, "Fine, please put him on the line."

I wait a few minutes before I hear Sarah's voice again. "Okay, I'm gonna be off the line so you two can talk."

A faint beep indicates that Sarah has hung up. "Where the hell are you, Serena?" Bill's voice booms through the phone, his tone a blend of frustration, anger, and concern.

I scoff, convinced that he's losing his mind in a fit of rage. "And why would I tell you that? I've already made it clear that I want to leave you," I retort.

There's a long pause on Bill's end. I follow up impatiently, "Well? I'm gonna hang up now if you're not talking."

"Look, just come home!" Bill urges, frustration evident in his voice. "Stop playing these stupid mind games." 1

"Your house isn't my home, Bill. Besides, I never felt welcome there," I respond calmly. "I accepted the call because I want us to meet tomorrow so you can sign the divorce papers."

I hear Bill take a long, deep breath from the other line. "Is that what you really want?"

"Yes, nothing else," I firmly respond. There's silence on the line, but I know Bill is still there.

"Okay, I think I know what you really want, Serena. It's not just divorce," he says, his voice barely a whisper. Then, he hangs up.

Bill's cryptic comment leaves me puzzled. Funny, he never paid attention to me but now he claims to know what I truly want.

I arrive at Bill's office, clutching the re-printed divorce papers enclosed in an envelope. As I step into his office, I notice that he looks like he hasn't slept in days. His face is marked by dark circles under his eyes, and his normally sharp and well-groomed appearance appears disheveled and weary.

"Looking good," I say sarcastically as I take in his tired

appearance. Bill glares at me, but his gaze quickly shifts to the envelope I'm holding.

Bill motions to the envelope, saying, "Let's get this over with. " I hand it to him. 1

I watch Bill as he reads the divorce papers, his brows furrowing in concentration.

"Why isn't the breakdown of the assets included?" Bill queries.

"Because I don't want your money, Bill," I reply proudly.

Bill bursts into laughter. "You serious? Maybe you're just tricking me again."

I shake my head. "See, this is why I'm leaving you. You think I'm out to get you all the time."

There's a brief pause. "Look, why not just tell me what you want? You want money? Fine, I can give you \$150 million right now. A job? You can have an executive position at my company. Just stop with this divorce nonsense." Bill's voice holds a hint of desperation.

I chuckle softly. "You're not getting it, Bill. I'm not after your money or a job. I want none of that," I clarify. "You can give all your money to Doris, for all I care."

"Doris? What does she have to do with this? She's only my friend," Bill responds, his confusion evident. "And if you're so eager to get divorced, then why haven't you signed these

papers yet?" he questions, pointing at the empty signature space.

I reach into my bag and retrieve a pen. Snatching the papers from Bill's hand with frustration, I angrily sign the document. I slam the pen down on the table near him and then extend the paper back toward him. "Your turn," I say curtly.

"But I'm not finished reading the divorce terms," Bill protests, and he starts reading through the document once more. Twenty minutes pass, and he's still not done reading. It becomes evident that he's deliberately delaying the inevitable.


"What's taking so long, Bill?" I ask, raising my eyebrows.

Bill sets down the document and locks his gaze on my eyes. "If you want more time together, fine. I'll take a vacation. We can go anywhere you want, for as long as you want," he offers earnestly.

"Ooh, tempting," I reply casually, "But we both know it won't last. You'll go back to your old ways."

"I CAN change, Serena," Bill insists. "I can give you more love and attention. I'll also put more thought into giving you gifts. Anything you want. Just please don't do this." His plea is heartfelt. 1

"Too late, Bill," I say apologetically. "I've already made up my mind."

 +15 BONUS

I leave Bill's office with the signed divorce papers, feeling free and relieved.

As I step into the lobby, Bill runs after me. "Serena, wait! We're not done talking."

He grabs my arm, but I manage to break free from his hold. "Let go, Bill. It's over. We're divorced now."

The staff are watching us, so I pick up my pace. Thank God, Bill doesn't push the matter any further. I hold the signed documents close, ready to start fresh.

It all feels so surreal, so I take a moment to reread our signatures, making sure I'm not dreaming. As I continue walking down the road, I hear Bill shouting my name. I resist the urge to look back. That chapter of my life is finally over.

But then, out of the corner of my eye, I see a speeding motorcycle approaching me. It's barely inches away before I realize it! Then, I feel the impact as my body falls to the ground.

Suddenly, everything goes black.

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