

Becomes 13

Chapter 0013

Serena's POV

I watch as the doctor steps out of the operating room, the harsh hospital lights making his face seem almost ghostly. From my spot, a little further down the hallway, I see Elena, dart towards him. She's been pacing back and forth for a while now. Her voice breaks the tense silence. "How is he? How's my Bill?"

I lean against the wall, holding my breath. "He's out of danger for now," Dr. Henderson says. "Bill's strong, he's made it through the worst of it. But he hasn't regained consciousness yet."

Bill's mother looks relieved for a moment, but then she gets worried again. She clasps her hands together tightly, full of hope. "Can you tell me more? When will he wake up? Is there anything else we should be worried about?"

The doctor smiles and says. "Let's take this one step at a time. For now, he needs rest and we'll be monitoring him closely. We've done all we can, and he's showing good signs of recovery. I'll keep you updated."

Elena moves closer to Claire, looking for comfort. "Oh, thank God. Bill's going to be okay."

Hearing that Bill is safe, I quietly try to leave. I need to check on our baby.

Calvin's forehead frowns in confusion, his eyes searching mine for an answer. He asks, "Where are you going?"

I glance at Elena and Claire. I can't tell Calvin about the baby with them here. "I have some things to take care of. I'll be back later," I say, hoping he doesn't ask more.

Calvin gives a nod. Thankfully, he doesn't stop me. I quickly leave.

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the hospital, my mind racing.

Once outside, I pull out my phone and dial Dr. Sanchez. I need to make sure the baby is okay. "Hi, Dr. Sanchez, it's me. Can I come over for a check-up? It's urgent."

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After seeing my OB-GYN, I go back to the hospital. Knowing my baby is fine makes me feel much better. But Dr. Sanchez also told me to stay away from stress for the baby's health.

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I walk back into the hallway and see Calvin sitting there, deep in thought.

"Any news? How's Bill?" I ask, approaching him.

Calvin looks up, meeting my eyes. "We're still waiting for him to wake up," he replies.

Elena spots me and her expression hardens, her eyebrows drawing together and her mouth set in a tight line. She strides over, clearly upset. "Where have you been?" she demands sharply. "You just left, not even caring about Bill's condition."

I take a deep breath, trying to keep my composure for the sake of the baby. "It's not like that, Elena," I reply calmly. "I had an important personal matter to attend to."

"More important than Bill?" Elena snaps. "No wonder Bill divorced you."

"Actually, Elena, for the record, I was the one who filed for divorce," I correct her, keeping my voice steady.

Claire jumps into the conversation with a sharp tone. "That's rich. Then why sign the consent form for the operation if you don't want to be Bill's wife anymore?" she challenges.

stay quiet, aware that arguing with Bill's family is pointless. Claire huffa, "See, you have nothing to say. Admit it, Serena, you divorced Bill for an copy life. You thought you'd never have to work again with his money.

My cheeks heat up and my hands clench into fists. But I know better than to make a acono in the hospital. I close my eyes briefly, trying to compose myself. Right as I'm about to speak, Calvin steps in.

"Enough, Clairo," Calvin says. "Serena did the right thing. Without her signing those papers, Bill would have been dead by now."

Elena and Claire gasp, "Why would you say it like that, Calvin?" Elena's volco trembles, tears filling her eyes.

"You're missing the point," Calvin calmly says. "I'm just saying we should thank Serena because she helped save Bill's life."

Calvin's words appear to influence his half-sisters, causing them to cease arguing with me and instead, simply tune me out. Their attention returns to eagerly awaiting any updates from the doctor. The minutes drag on, and it's almost an hour before Dr. Henderson finally returns.

We all get up from our seats and go towards him. Calvin asks, "Doc how's Bill?"

The doctor responds, "Bill is doing better. However, someone needs to stay here to look after him."

Elena quickly volunteers, saying, "I'll do it, I should be the one taking care of my son."

The doctor shakes his head and says, "Bill's wife should stay because she can make decisions on his behalf in case of

emergency."

Elena, Claire, and Calvin appear confused, realizing Doctor

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Henderson thinks I'm still Bill's wife. "Well, I should go and let you decide who will look after Bill tonight," he says.

As Doctor Henderson leaves, I watch Calvin persuade Elena to listen to the doctor's advice. "Elena, It's what the doctor recommends. Serena should stay with Bill."

"Are you really out of your mind, Calvin?" Claire interjects. "We can't trust her after what happened. She might do something bad to him."

"Look, do you all want what's best for Bill or not?" Calvin responds with frustration. "Elena, please, just let Serena be here for Bill

tonight. You should head home and rest. It's important for you to look after your health."

I can tell Calvin is worried about Elena's health. She's recently been diagnosed with diabetes, and staying up late isn't good for her.

Honestly, I'm torn about what to do. Logically, I should leave my ex- husband and let someone else look after him. But a big part of me wants to stay. I need to see him open his eyes, to confirm for myself that he's really alright.

Elena takes a moment to think and then sighs. "Fine," she says exasperatedly. She shifts her gaze toward me and warns, "But if something happens to him on your watch, I won't let you get away with it."

I watch Elena and Claire closely after that, sensing the tension in the

air.

"Glad that's finally over. I'm so tired," I say.

Calvin studies my face for a moment. He places a comforting hand on my shoulder, "Hey, let's go see Bill."

Nodding, I follow Calvin into the room where Bill lies unconscious. Bill's eyes are closed, looking surprisingly calm compared to his usual cold, arrogant self. I watch him, feeling a rush of sadness.

+16 BONUS

Even though I want to move on without him in my life, I still love him. It eats me up to see him like this.

Tears fill my eyes, spilling down my cheeks without warning. Calvin, sensing my sadness, doesn't say a word. He simply wraps his arms around me, offering comfort through his silent hug.

Calvin's hug envelopes me. He pats my back gently, reminding me I'm not alone. Eventually, we start to pull away from each other.

"Thanks for all your help today, Calvin," I express my gratitude. "I don't think I would've survived this day without you."

Calvin responds with a weak smile. "Anytime," he assures me. "You should rest too. I'll come back tomorrow, promise."

I try to stay awake all night, holding Bill's hand and talking to him,

encouraging him to keep fighting. But exhaustion eventually overcomes me, and I fall asleep.

At some point during the night, I feel someone gently brushing my hair. Half-asleep and utterly drained, I don't have enough energy to see if it's real or just in my imagination.

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