## Chapter 0003

## Serena's POV

I thought Bill actually cared about my leg for a second there, but nope, he's back to being a total dickhead.

"I tripped outside the hotel and —," I begin.

"You know what, it doesn't matter. Just go say you're sorry to Mom and Doris," he says, not even letting me finish.

And he's doing it again, cutting me off like I'm just background noise. This is so ridiculous. Why do I even put up with him treating me like crap?

Just as I'm on the verge of telling Bill that he's going to be a dad, I stop myself. I can't let our child see us fighting like this all the time. It's just not how healthy relationships are supposed to be. Honestly, I'm starting to think it might be better for me to raise our baby on my own.

I lower my head and whisper, "I want a divorce."

It's out in the open now — there's no turning back. But, weirdly, I feel lighter, like I've been holding my breath for so long and then finally been able to let it out.

Then, it's just dead silent. Bill doesn't say anything for a bit like he's trying to process what I just said. Finally, he blurts out, 'What? You can't be serious,' with this tone of total disbelief.

I look straight at Bill. He's got this look – eyebrows all scrunched up. "Yep, you heard me," I say, extra clear this time. "I want a divorce," I make sure to hit every word hard, so there's no mistaking what I'm saying.

I've given it my all in this relationship. Heck, I even lowered my pride to put up with Bill's family. But let's face it, it's beyond repair now. Plus, Bill's got his sights set on someone else. He made that pretty clear at the dinner tonight.

Bill lets out a heavy sigh. He looks like he's gonna blow up, but he's holding it back. "Stop saying stupid shit right now."

"There's no debate here, Bill. I'm done," I respond, and now we're locked in a staring contest. I refuse to be intimidated.

"You're acting like a child, Serena," Bill says, losing his patience. Classic Bill, always thinking I'm the immature one in our fights. You see, he always plays the "Mr. CEO" card, like he's the one who's always right. Trying to reason with him is like talking to a brick wall. It's just beyond frustrating.

But unlike before, I can't just let him win this time. "I think three years are enough, Bill..."

Alright, here it goes — all the crap I've had to put up with from Bill and his family. It's about time I tell him how belittled I feel when his family acts like I'm just his assistant who's after his money. And Bill, not giving me the time of day, even flirting with Doris right in front of me...

As I prepare my speech in my head, Bill's phone rings. Oh God, what is it this time?

Bill picks up, but he's still looking at me. "Mom?" he answers.

Of course, he's putting other people ahead of me again. While Bill's on the call, I've already forgotten the rant I was planning just a few minutes ago.

"Alright, Mom. Bye," Bill says, and he hangs up. I glare at him, seething with anger. I know his tactic all too well. He's not going to let me finish what I was about to say.

"I need to take care of the proposal for Johnson and Haines Inc. tomorrow," Bill explains. "Mom had a look at it and said it wasn't good enough."

As much as I want to speak my mind, I overheard at dinner that this deal with Johnson and Haines Inc. is worth millions. I can't afford to mess with Bill's head right now. I'm still mad at him but I don't want him to look bad in front of his investors. "Well then, fix the damn proposal," I say. "I'll wait here."

Bill crosses his arms, looking like he's mulling over my next move. It's like every conversation with him is a chess match, and he's always the one who needs to win.

"I don't think we need to have this conversation again," he says, holding a stern gaze. "Look, just apologize, and we can all move on. And let's forget about you mentioning... divorce."

The way he says the word 'divorce', it's like he's scoffing at the idea. He's not taking me seriously at all.

"You're a jerk, you know that?" I mutter, my voice trembling with rage. Tears well up in my eyes.

"Yeah, I've heard that one before," Bill says, brushing me off. "Let's just call it a night. We're both just tired."

Bill studies my face as I stay quiet. I'm avoiding letting my tears fall in front of him; that would only feed his ego. He finally leaves and makes his way to our room.

I asked Anne for the key to one of our guest rooms. I'm not sharing a bed with him tonight. Sex isn't going to fix this marriage.

I lay my head on the pillow and think of how much I sacrificed to make things work with Bill. I'd be lying if I said I don't love him anymore. But there's just so much I can take.

We'd always encourage each other to do our best. I loved how passionate he was about his job, and he was all about mine too. But things changed after we got married. I let him take control of my life. Maybe that was partly my fault.

He says, "You don't need to work anymore. I'll take care of you." And he did — he made sure I had all the fancy stuff his money could buy. But when it came to showing love and giving attention, he was pretty stingy.

Bill's right... I'm tired. I can't keep letting him off the hook for just doing the bare minimum. Actually, I've thought about divorcing him for a while now. But to him, it all seems like one big joke.

## **Comments (5)**