Chapter 0006

Serena's POV

Why does Elena always see me as the villain, no matter what I do?

Angry, I slam the phone on the bed after hanging up on Bill. It lands with a muffled thud, bouncing twice on the soft duvet. Thankfully, it doesn't hit the floor and break.

Bill's mom bad-mouthing me just makes me hate our marriage even more. She thinks I'm indecent because I'm not rich like Doris? What about her precious son? He's no saint – he's the furthest thing from it.

For the past three years of being married to Bill, I've taken so much crap from his family. I don't think he's oblivious to it all. He just watches me, like the cuck he is, as I get insulted again and again.

Don't even get me started on Doris. She parades around with this façade of being welleducated and classy, but it's all just a mask. When that mask comes off, what's revealed is her true nature: cunning and malicious. But she only acts this way with me, not with Bill or his family.

Perhaps Doris knows she doesn't need to impress me. In her eyes, I'm just a rival for Bill's love and attention. I can tell you about a bunch of times when she showed her true colors. Like this one time, I decided to surprise Bill with a homemade lunch at his office.

When I got there, Doris was hovering near his desk. As soon as she saw me, her eyes narrowed. "Oh, what's this? Playing the doting wife now?" she sneered, barely glancing at the carefully packed meal in my hands. "Bill usually prefers eating out. You know, at places with actual chefs."

Trying to keep my cool, I replied, "Well, I thought a homemade meal would be nice for a change."

Doris laughed mockingly. She said, "Sure, if you think he'd appreciate that. But between us, I doubt he'd want to trade his gourmet salads and wagyu steak for... whatever that is."

I clenched the lunch bag tightly, really wanting to slap Doris for her nasty words. But I remembered I was at Bill's office. Making a scene here would look bad for him, and I didn't want that.

So, I just put the lunch bag on Bill's desk, trying to ignore Doris. It felt like losing a little, showing her she got to me. But I chose to stay calm and not stoop to her level.

The saddest thing is if I shared this story with anyone, they'd probably just think I'm jealous of Doris. It seems like no one would believe me over her. In their eyes, I'm just Bill's disgruntled wife.

I'm done playing everyone else's games. If Bill prefers his work and Doris's company over our marriage, then so be it. I'm out of here.

I hastily grab a suitcase and begin to pack all my belongings. My eyes scan the closet, filled mostly with designer dresses and high-end accessories I had acquired for those countless fancy occasions with Bill. Yet, as I look at them now, they feel more like costumes than treasures, symbols of a life that never really fit me.

I decide to leave them behind, untouched. Packing only the essentials, I realize how little there is that truly belongs to me in this opulent but empty space. As I fold my clothes, a thought crosses my mind: Bill rarely gave me anything personal, anything that showed he knew me. He just handed me a platinum credit card once, with a nonchalant instruction to 'knock myself out.'

After packing, I picked up my phone with a clear purpose. I called Grace, my old landlady. I dialed, my fingers trembling slightly with each number.

"Hello, Grace, it's Serena. I was wondering... is my old apartment still available?" I asked, hopeful yet uncertain.

Grace's voice was warm and surprised. "Serena! Well, yes, it's available, but... I have much nicer places now, especially for someone like you."

I knew she was referring to my status as a billionaire's wife, but that life was what I was trying to leave behind. "No, Grace, I want my old place. It's what I need right now."

There was a pause, and then Grace's voice softened. "Alright, dear. If you're sure, it's yours."

I felt a weight lift off my chest. "Thank you, Grace."

As I sit in the taxi, leaving the upscale neighborhood behind, I start to see the changes through the window. The polished, grand houses give way to simpler, smaller homes. The streets get busier and more lively. I notice more small shops and fewer fancy boutiques. The people seem different too, more relaxed, just going about their day.

It's like moving from one world to another, from luxury to the everyday, and it feels more real, more like the life I used to know.

At the door of my old apartment, Grace looks at me, waiting for my reaction. "So, this is it... What do you think?" she asks.

I look around at the familiar place. It's smaller than I remember, but it feels welcoming. The walls remind me of a simpler, happier time.

"It feels like coming home," I say, feeling a mix of happy and calm. The place isn't fancy, but it feels right. I step inside, ready to start fresh.

I look around. There's a crack in the ceiling I don't remember and my old sofa, now a bit more worn. I noticed things that weren't mine: different curtains and new books on the shelf. It's clear others have lived here after me.

Once I had settled into my old apartment, I knew it was time for the next big step. I picked up my phone, my heart heavy with the decision I was about to make. Dialing a number I found online, I waited for the other end to connect.

"Hello, is this Marquez and Garcia Associates?" I asked, trying to keep my voice steady.

A receptionist answered, her voice professional and courteous. "Yes, Ma'am. How may we assist you?"

Taking a deep breath, I found the courage to say the words that would change my life forever. "I need your help drawing up divorce papers."