

## Becomes 104

Chapter 0104

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Serena's POV

As soon as I plug in my phone, I feel relieved. The familiar chime as it powers on is comforting. The screen lights up, and notifications start pouring in.

Text messages, missed calls, emails, and app alerts all come at once. It's overwhelming. My phone keeps buzzing, reminding me how much I've missed.

My finger hovers over the notifications, but I hesitate. My heart pounds a little faster. I can't bring myself to tap on them yet.

Instead, I take a deep breath, staring at the screen, the words "fashion show" standing out among the flood of messages. I decide to deal with the urgent ones first. The rest can wait.

Finally, I gather the courage and open Stevie's email with the subject "Fashion Show Photos." Her message reads, "Girl!!! I can't believe how good these photos turned out."

I tap on the attachments and gasp a little. The photos are stunning. Models stride confidently down the runway, their movements captured perfectly. The designer's clothes – sleek lines with vibrant patterns flow beautifully.

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My jewelry gleams under the runway lights. Delicate silver necklaces catch the light at the necks of models in flowing evening gowns, while bold, chunky bracelets and necklaces make a statement against simpler dresses.

The earrings, with their glittering stones and intricate designs, catch the light and highlight the models' features, matching the clothes perfectly.

"Wow, they really look amazing," I whisper to myself.

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Feeling more confident, I decide to see what people think and open TikTok. My eyes widen as I see the

comments.

Every other comment is filled with praise such as: "OMG!!! The clothes look even better than in Met Gala."

"I'd die to wear one of these outfits."

There are a few negative comments, but they get lost in the sea of praise. One stands out, though, aimed at Max's outfit: "Ugh, this avant-garde pretentious BS again. Do better, Max!"

I smirk and mutter, "Well, you deserve it for trying to sabotage me."

I stumble across the video. It's the final piece of Marjorie with the caption "Venus is reborn."

The video captures Marjorie's finale piece, a gown that flows like a Renaissance painting brought to life. The dress has a soft, flowing silhouette with a structured bodice. The fabric is luxurious and textured, painted in gentle pastels that echo classic art. The skirt sweeps dramatically across the floor, moving with an almost ethereal grace.

The model wears a seashell jewelry set I designed. The necklace wraps around her collarbone, with shiny seashells and glossy pearls cascading in a flowing pattern that mirrors the gown's curves. The earrings are large seashells framed by tiny, sparkling pearls, catching the light beautifully with every movement. @www.NoVElWORM.CoM

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+25 BONUS

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Watching the video, I feel my chest tighten. My breath catches, and a warm sensation spreads through me. I blink rapidly, trying to clear the blur from my eyes, but tears gather anyway.

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Marjorie and I did this, I think, watching the model glide down the runway. The gown and my jewelry look perfect together. I wipe the tears from my eyes, feeling a deep sense of pride and accomplishment.

I check out the comments. Some of them read:

"I GAGGED! Queen Marjorie has done it again."

"1000000/10. Perfectly captured the goddess of beauty."

"Where can I get that stunning jewelry?"

People love it! They really love it. All the hard work, all the late nights, it's all worth it. I can't believe this is real. Seeing my jewelry praised like this feels incredible.

A smile spreads across my face. I scroll through the comments again, unable to stop grinning.

I accidentally scroll up, and the next video starts playing. It's from a TikToker known for peddling gossip. He's in a car, shaking his head with a frown.

"just can't believe what I saw," he says, his voice filled with exasperation.

"I was at the afterparty of Marjorie Munger's fashion show. So, everyone's having a good time dancing, right? And we saw this billionaire executive punch one of the designers, who happened to be my friend," he says, with a sad expression that looks as fake as a three-dollar bill.

"I couldn't tell you his name because he might sue me. But I heard his ex-wife is at the fashion show as well. They just got divorced recently."

"Anyway, that's it. I'll keep you posted. Just wanted to check if my friend is okay after that. Luckily, the guy who threw the punch got kicked out of the party."

I sigh and shake my head. The TikToker is clearly milking this for all it's worth. He didn't name Bill, but I think everyone will eventually figure out it's him.

Great, just what we need. More drama.