

## Becomes 108

Chapter 0108

Serena's POV

+25 BONUS

Eden Jonas's perfectly arched eyebrows lift as he examines a pair of earrings, and a smirk plays on his lips as he turns to one of his friends.

"Eden, these are to die for. What do you think?" the friend asks, holding up the earrings.

He tilts his head, considering. "They're fabulous, darling. Perfect for your next event."

I steel myself and step forward. "Welcome to our shop! Is there anything I can help you with today?"

Eden's eyes meet mine, and for a moment, I think I see a flicker of recognition. His smirk widens. "Ah, the talented Serena Nixon herself. Your pieces are exquisite. We were just admiring your latest collection."

"Thank you," I reply, keeping my voice steady. "I'm glad you like them."

He gestures to his friends. "We're just browsing for now, but we might need your expert opinion later."

"Of course," I say, nodding. "Feel free to look around and let me know if you need anything."

As I step back, Stevie sidles up to me, her eyes wide. "Isn't that Eden Jonas?" she whispers.

"Yeah," I mutter, keeping my voice low. "Let's hope he keeps things civil."

Stevie raises an eyebrow. "With Eden, you never know."

While we assist other customers, the influencers start to get more disruptive. One of the girls knocks over a display of bracelets, laughing as she tries to put them back haphazardly. Another starts loudly

complaining about the lighting, insisting it doesn't do justice to her photos.

"Can someone fix these lights?" the girl with the blue hair demands. "I need the perfect shot."

Stevie steps in, trying to smooth things over. "We'll see what we can do, but please be careful with the displays." [Ww.nov&Lw\(s\)rmm.com](#)

Eden, meanwhile, is making a show of trying on various pieces, commenting loudly to his friends. "This one is cute, but not quite my style. What do you think, darlings?"

One of the other guys, dressed in an oversized hoodie and designer sneakers, scoffs. "Looks like something my grandma would wear."

Before I can respond, a new voice cuts in. "Actually, I think these pieces are incredibly elegant. But then again, recognizing true artistry requires a bit of taste."

We all turn to see a woman who had been browsing quietly in the corner. She's dressed modestly but fashionably in a classic trench coat over a tailored dress, her dark hair swept up in a chic bun. Her poise and understated style make her stand out in stark contrast to the loud, flashy group.

Eden's smirk falters slightly. "Oh, really?" he says, his tone dripping with condescension. "And who might you be?"

Stevie's eyes widen even more, and she grabs my arm, whispering excitedly, "Oh my God! That's Taylor Claire Vanderbilt! She's a socialite and a fashion icon."

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+25 BONUS

Taylor steps forward with a calm confidence, but her smile is razor-sharp. "I'm Taylor Vanderbilt. Stop pretending you don't know who I am, Eden." [Ww.NOVELworm.com](#)

Eden laughs nervously, adjusting the cuff of his velvet blazer. "Oh, Taylor, I didn't recognize you for a moment there. How could I forget?"

He gives a slight sneer. "Still using Daddy's money to fund your little shopping sprees, I see."

Taylor's smile remains fixed, her eyes cold. "And yet, even with all that 'Daddy's money,' I have more class in my little finger than you have in your entire body, Eden."

Eden's smirk falters again, and he quickly looks away, muttering something to his friends. The group exchanges uneasy glances, clearly thrown off by Taylor's presence.

Sensing the tension escalating, I step in, raising my hands slightly in a gesture of peace. "Let's all just take a moment. We don't want any trouble here." [wWw.NoVElwoRm.CoM](#)

Eden shoots me a smirk. "Don't worry. We're on our way out." He turns to his friends. "Let's grab a few pieces and go."

The group shifts, now seemingly eager to make a purchase. Eden selects the pair of earrings he had admired earlier, the girl with blue hair picks up a delicate necklace, and another friend grabs a bracelet. They move to the counter as they make loud clatter.

Stevie rings them up. "That'll be \$2,350 altogether."

Eden hands over a sleek black credit card with a flourish. "Keep it classy, darlings."

The payment goes through, and Stevie carefully places the jewelry in elegant bags, handing them o with a polite smile. "Thank you for your purchase."

Eden winks at her. "Always a pleasure."

The bell chimes as they leave, their presence lingering like an unpleasant aftertaste. Stevie lets out a long sigh, turning to me. "Well, that was something."

I nod, leaning against the counter. "It sure was."

Taylor approaches us, extending her hand. "Thank you for the excellent service. I'm Taylor, by the way."

I shake her hand. "Nice to meet you, Taylor. I'm Serena, and this is Stevie. Thank you for stepping in back

there."

Taylor smiles warmly, her demeanor shifting to a friendlier tone. "It was my pleasure. Your work is beautiful, and I couldn't stand by and let them insult it. saw your pieces at the fashion show. Front row, by the way. I'm a huge fan."

Stevie looks like she's about to burst with excitement. can't believe you're here! I follow you on I\*\*\*\*\* m. Your fashion sense is incredible."

Taylor laughs softly. "That's very kind of you. I'm always on the lookout for unique and beautiful pieces, and I've certainly found some here. If you two aren't doing anything after closing, I'd love to take you out for coffee." [ww.w.nOvelwoO.M.coM](#)

I glance at Stevie, who nods enthusiastically. "We'd love to," I say, smiling.