

Becomes 112

Chapter 0112

Serena's POV

Today, the shop is quieter than usual. There are fewer customers, and the usual morning buzz is gone. Only a couple of regulars are browsing. But they look unusually gloomy.

The air feels heavy, with just the hum of the air conditioning and the occasional clink of jewelry. I force a smile as I greet the few customers. I wonder if Eden's video is already having an effect.

It feels so quiet today that it makes me uneasy. I fidget with a necklace on the counter to distract myself. "Stupid Eden," Stevie mutters. "Why does he have to ruin everything?"

"Yeah, it will pass," I reassure her. Somehow, I'm also trying to convince myself.

Stevie sighs, her shoulders slumping. "Just expect the worst. I don't think Eden and Max will stop coming for us." *wWV.NOve(w)wvrm.com*

Stevie's shoulders slump. "Just expect the worst. I don't think Eden and Max will stop coming for us."

I sigh. "I know. But we can't let them win."

With the shop so quiet, I finally have a chance to check my phone. As I unlock it, I see a text from Calvin: Serena. Are you still mad?"

I roll my eyes as I type back, "What do you think?" and hit send.

"Look, I'm sorry if I had to tell Bill I'm the father of your child. But it had to be done," Calvin texts.

My hands start shaking with anger as I type back, "Excuse me? Who gave you the right to decide that?"

"I only did that so Bill leaves you alone. I thought that's what you wanted. Unless you still have feelings for him," he replies.

My grip tightens on the phone. I take a deep breath before typing back, "That's not the point. You had no right to interfere."

Calvin's response comes quickly, "I'm just trying to understand. Do you still care about Bill?" *ww@.neVwV(r)m.com*

I pause, thinking about it for a moment. Then I type back, "No, I don't," telling him what he wants to hear just to get him to stop pushing it.

Calvin replies, "Okay then. Just let me know if you're ready to talk. I'll give you the space you need." *www.noVwV(r)M.com*

I stare at Calvin's message for a moment, then lock my phone without replying. I don't have the energy to deal with him right now.

Later that evening, Stevie and I find ourselves at our favorite restaurant after work. We sit at a corner table, both of us looking dejected.

push my salad around with my fork, while Stevie stares blankly at her menu.

"This sucks," Stevie says to break the silence. "I can't believe how much damage Eden's video has

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caused."

Inod, sighing. "I know. The shop was so empty today." *wWV.NOve(w)wvrm.com*

+25 BONUS

Stevie takes a sip of her drink and then looks up at me. "So, when is Taylor's interview? If any influencer is going to help us save our reputation, it would be her."

"The interview is scheduled for next Sunday," I reply. "Taylor said she's too busy with other commitments

until then."

"Oh, right." Stevie turns sad. "I guess we'll just have to deal with a few more days without any customers."

We sit in silence for a few moments, both lost in thought.

Stevie straightens up. "We can't just sit here and do nothing."

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"I agree. We need to find a way to make a statement," I say, feeling a spark of determination.

Suddenly, Stevie's face lights up. "Oh! What if we launch a summer collection since the Rebirth of Venus piece was a hit?"

I blink, considering the idea. "That might actually work. A new collection could draw people back in and show them what we can do."

"And didn't Taylor say she'd love to model our jewelry? Well, here's the perfect opportunity for us to collaborate with her!"

I feel a surge of excitement. "You're right! This could be huge for us."

Stevie stares at me, fiercer than ever. "Girl, we're going to make an epic comeback!"

I nod enthusiastically and reach into my purse, pulling out my small notebook. We lean in together as we exchange ideas for our summer collection.

Eden Jonas has no idea what's coming. We won't let some clout-chasing influencer tear us down so easily. We're going to fight back.