

Becomes 134

Chapter 0134 [W\(w\)W.N@veIwôrM.Com](#)

Serena's POV

"Serena?" Taylor asks, her brows knitting together and her smile fading slightly. She leans in, her eyes searching mine with concern.

My mind is a complete blank, and I just sit there, staring at her.

Taylor reaches over and gently touches my arm. "Hey, it's okay," she says softly, then looks up at the crew. "Alright, everyone, let's take a quick break."

The crew members nod and start to move away, giving us some space. Taylor turns back to me. "Take a few minutes to breathe. We'll start again when you're ready."

I stand up and make my way out of the studio, looking for a quiet spot to calm down. I find a corner in the hallway away from the hustle and bustle.

The walls are lined with framed photos of past interviews. Gosh, I wish I were as confident as Taylor's other guests.

Lelench my fists, feeling the frustration bubbling up inside me. I practiced how to answer, over and over, but I still froze up.

I pace back and forth, my mind racing. What was Taylor's question again? Right, she asked about my inspiration. It's such a simple question, and yet here I am, completely blanking.

I take a deep breath and think about the question again. I remember my childhood friend from the beach, the one who always told me to be brave. It's the same advice I gave Bill the other day.

Why can't I follow my own advice? [w\(w\)w.novêlW\(ô\)rM.\(c\)©M](#)

Then the answer hits me. I realize I've been overthinking everything. I just need to relax and be myself.

Feeling more centered, I hurry back to the studio. The bright lights and cameras no longer seem as intimidating. I approach Taylor, who is chatting with a crew member. She turns to me.

[wW.N@veIwôrM.cO\(m\)](#)

"I'm ready now," I say, my voice steady and determined.

Taylor smiles, relief evident in her eyes. "Great, let's do this."

"So, Serena, what inspires your stunning jewelry designs?"

This time, I didn't freeze. "My inspiration comes from everywhere. Like the 'Rebirth of Venus' piece that was inspired by the Birth of Venus painting and my childhood friend."

Taylor's eyes widen with fascination. "Oh, can you tell me more? What was the story behind that piece? I especially love the seashell details." [wW.nOveIwôrM.cOmm](#)

I smile, feeling more at ease. "Sure. So, when I was a kid, I met this boy at Malibu Beach. He was bullied because of his size, and I couldn't stand seeing that, so I stepped up and defended him," I share.

"He was so grateful he gave me a seashell bracelet. We became friends from then on," I continue. "I never got his name, though. But wherever he is, I hope he's doing well."

+15 BONUS

Taylor's eyes soften, and she smiles. "That's such a sweet story, Serena. It's cool how those little moments can inspire something so beautiful," she says. "Anyway, have you kept the seashell bracelet all these years?"

I nod, feeling a pang of sadness. "I did. But a couple of months ago, I lost it at work," I confess. "It was sort of a lucky charm."

Taylor's expression mirrors my sadness for a moment, her eyes filled with empathy. "Well, I'm sure he'd be glad to know that you kept his gift all these years," she says gently. "And who knows? Maybe you'll reconnect someday."

"I hope so," I say, managing a small smile. "It would be nice to thank him properly."

As the interview continues, I find myself relaxing more. Taylor's friendly, easygoing nature makes it simple to open up.

Her genuine interest and warm encouragement make the conversation flow naturally, and soon it feels more like chatting with a friend than being under the spotlight.

Then Taylor shifts in her seat, her smile fading slightly as she looks at me with a more serious expression. The lighthearted atmosphere starts to change, and I can feel the tension build.

"Serena, I know this is a bit of a tough topic, but I think it's important. What happened between you and Max?" Taylor asks, her tone gentle but firm.

I nod, taking a deep breath. "Of course," I reply as I brace myself for the questions to come.

Time to tell my side of the story.