

Chapter 0140

Serena's POV

For the next thirty minutes, my phone won't stop buzzing. Journalists are reaching out, eager to schedule interviews. My follower count on social media is also rising quickly.

That's the kind of influence Taylor Vanderbilt has.

"Look at this one," Stevie says, holding up her phone. "This magazine wants to do a feature on you!"

I glance over, my eyes wide. "No way! That's huge."

She grins, typing a quick reply. "You're going to be a superstar by the end of the day."

Amidst the chaos, I realize we still haven't watched the interview video. "Hey, we should actually watch the video Taylor posted," I say, pulling up YouTube on my phone.

Stevie nods enthusiastically. "Yeah. I've been waiting all week to watch this."

We find a quiet corner of the shop and huddle around my phone.

The video begins with a beautiful montage of our interview, interspersed with shots of my jewelry pieces. Taylor's voice narrates, highlighting the inspiration and craftsmanship behind each item.

As we watch, I can't help but marvel at Taylor's production quality. She has a way of making everything look magical.

Stevie glances at me, her eyes sparkling. "Girl, this is amazing," Stevie says. "Taylor really outdid herself. That interview not only ended all the

Max drama but also built hype around our new collection.”

“I know, right? Taylor really came through for us.”

Stevie's eyes light up with pride as she looks at me. “I bet lots of people will be excited about the release of our summer collection now.”

I frown, suddenly realizing something. Despite the success of the interview, there was still a lot of work ahead. We needed to ensure the collection lived up to the hype Taylor had created, and that meant late nights and countless hours perfecting every detail.

“What’s wrong?” Stevie asks, noticing the change in my expression.

“It's just... how are we going to keep up with the demands of this collection? We're just a two-woman team, and I'm almost due,” I confess, worry creeping into my voice.

“Oh, right...” Stevie says, her excitement dimming. “Maybe we can ask Calvin for help. One of his companies is in the jewelry industry after all.”

The idea of asking Calvin for help makes me uneasy. There's already something going on between Bill and me, and I don't want it to look like I'm taking advantage of Calvin's feelings.

I shake my head. “I don't think that's a good idea.”

“Why not? He'd gladly help since you two are already a thing,” Stevie says.

“And that's exactly why I don't want to ask for his help,” I say. “Look, I don't want to use other people for my own benefit. If I'm going to run my business, I'd rather do it the right way.”

Stevie nods, smiling. “Okay, I respect that. Should we just hire and create a team then?”

I sigh. "Yes, but we don't have the money for that right now."

Stevie thinks for a moment, then brightens up. "What if we take on a few interns? They can get experience, and we get the extra hands we need without breaking the bank."

I perk up at the idea. "That's great! We can reach out to some local colleges and see if any students want internships. It could work out well for everyone."

Stevie's eyes light up, and she starts bouncing on her toes. "I'll get right on it! I'll contact the colleges and post about the internships."

"I'll help you with that," I offer.

Stevie shakes her head firmly. "No, you focus on creating the summer collection. I've got this."

I smile and turn back to my own work, sending the interview video to Bill. As I hit send, I realize it's Friday and today's the shareholders' meeting Bill talked about. I hope everything went well for him.

One of the things I admire about Bill is how he runs his company. He's always so organized and meticulous, ensuring every detail is perfect.

His ability to stay calm under pressure and make strategic decisions has always impressed me. He's not just a boss; he's a leader who genuinely cares about his team.

I wonder what it would be like to run my own company, just like Bill. The idea floats in my head, but I look down and see my growing belly. "Not now," I think to myself, "but someday."