

Becomes 80

Chapter 0080 @wW.Nové1w0(r)m.c0m

Serena's POV

It's the day of the fashion show, and I'm carefully inspecting the jewelry designed for Josephine's collection. As I examine each piece, I notice some slight discoloration that wasn't there when we set them up yesterday. Something isn't right. WW@.0v(e)l(w)0rM.c0m

Suddenly, Josephine approaches me, her expression tense. "Serena, have you noticed anything off with the jewelry today?" she asks.

I nod, holding up a piece for her to see. "Yes, look at this discoloration. It wasn't like this last night. Everything was fine then," I explain. (w)W@.0v(e)l(w)0rM.č(0)M

With only three hours until the runway starts, my hands tremble slightly as I examine the discolored jewelry. My heartbeat quickens with each piece I inspect. How did this happen overnight? What can we do to fix it wvw.N0vEŁw0Ř(m).c0@

in time?

My focus on the jewelry is suddenly broken by Max's loud voice from across the room. "Merde!" he exclaims in French, clearly frustrated.

Josephine and I exchange a nervous glance. Then, we quickly head over to see what has upset Max so much.

As we approach, Max's frustration is evident. His brows are furrowed, and he's biting his lip as he hurriedly adjusts the outfit of one of the

models.

"What's going on, Max?" Josephine inquires.

Max sighs heavily and gives me a piercing look. "I don't know. Why don't you ask that woman?" he says.

He hands over a piece of the jewelry I crafted.

Taking the jewelry from him, I immediately noticed the extent of the

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damage it was much worse than what Josephine had shown me earlier. The clamps meant to secure the beads are so loosened that several beads have already fallen off, and the delicate wiring meant to hold everything in place is visibly fraying. Seeing the condition of the piece, it's obvious that it has been tampered with. My heart sinks as I realize the seriousness of the situation.

I look back at Max, trying to keep my composure. "Max, this looks like it's been tampered with. Do you know how this happened?"

Max's face reddens with anger. "Are you accusing me of doing this myself?" he snaps back sharply. "Seeing this, it's clear the jewelry was made by an amateur."

It's deeply hurtful to hear my work called amateurish, especially after all the effort and creativity I've invested in it. Each piece was crafted with attention and care, so having them dismissed so casually really shakes my confidence.

Taking a deep breath to steady myself, I face Max squarely. "I'll fix the broken jewelry and have it ready before the show starts," I assert.

Max scoffs. "Really? You think you can just patch up these pieces last minute? This isn't some craft project," he snaps. "Just remember, if you mess this up, no designer will ever trust you again, no matter how close you think you are to them."

His comment that I'm only here because of Marjorie stings, but I shake it off. I need to focus on fixing the jewelry and proving my skills.

Max and Josephine return to their frantic work with the models, the backstage area buzzing with intense energy.

Feeling overwhelmed, I decide I need a moment away from the chaos. I head out to find Stevie, who's around the venue taking photos. I need her steady hands and clear thinking to help me fix the jewelry.

On my way to find her, I unexpectedly run into Bill. He's the last person I

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expect to see here, especially since he's never shown much interest in the fashion scene.

He greets me with a smile, but I'm really not in the mood.

"Serena, how's everything going for the show?" he asks.

I furrow my brows and ask, "What are you doing here, Bill?"

Bill studies my face for a moment. "Timothy invited me. I thought it could be fun," he explains.

"Fun? This is my career on the line here." Is Bill here just to watch me fail? If he is, then he has a twisted kind of enjoyment. I push the thought aside and shrug. "Anyway, I don't have time for this," I say.

Bill's brow furrows and he leans in slightly, his eyes searching mine for clues. "Is there something wrong?"

"The pieces of jewelry I made have been tampered with, and I need to fix them," I start to explain, but the words catch in my throat as the stress overwhelms me. Suddenly, tears start to spill over, and I break down, unable to finish my sentence.

Seeing me in tears, Bill steps closer. He puts a comforting hand on my shoulder. "Hey, it's going to be okay," he reassures me softly. "Let me help you fix them."

I shake my head, tears streaming down my face.

Bill gently insists, "Serena, listen to me. You can fix this. I believe in you. Just focus and do what you need to do. You've got this." He then pulls out his handkerchief and hands it to me.

Grasping the handkerchief, I manage a small, grateful smile. "Thanks, Bill," I say. I wipe the tears from my eyes.

Bill's encouragement lifts some of the weight off my shoulders. "Now, go on and do your magic," he says with a smile.

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