

## Becomes 81

Chapter 0081

Serena's POV

I spot Stevie among the pre-show chaos, camera in hand. She's capturing the flurry of activity around her, focusing on the models getting their last-minute touch-ups and the designers making final adjustments to their garments.

I make my way through the bustling crowd and reach Stevie. Tapping her on the shoulder, I quickly get her attention. "We have a problem. I need your help," I say, urgency in my voice.

Stevie puts down her camera, her smile fading into a frown. She furrows her brows and asks, "Why? What happened?"

"Someone tampered with the jewelry pieces for Max's and Josephine's collections," I explain quickly. "I need some extra hands to fix them, and probably to replace some parts too."

www.novelworm.com

Stevie's eyes widen in shock. "Who would do such a thing?" She pauses, thinking hard, then refocuses on me. "Any idea who did it?"

I have my suspicions, but I keep them to myself. "Now's not the time to worry about who did it. We need to focus on creating 12 pieces of jewelry from scratch," I say.

"Twelve?! You've got to be kidding me!" she exclaims. "I can barely use a plier."

I give her a reassuring smile. "Don't worry, I'll handle the tricky parts," I say.

Stevie has never actually made jewelry with me before, always saying she's not a crafty person and fearing she might mess up the pieces. But right now, with the show on the line, I need all the help I can get

"Hurry, we're running out of time," I say, urging Stevie to quicken her pace as we head toward the backstage to start the repairs.

Stevie and I quickly set up a small work area with the spare jewelry pieces I had brought just in case. "Let's focus on these," say, spreading them out on the table. I hand Stevie some pliers and demonstrate how to replace beads. "Just like this- keep it steady."

She nods, her hands careful as she follows my lead, swapping out damaged beads with fresh ones. I work next to her, fixing clasps and adjusting necklace lengths to

+25 BONUS

Chapter 0081

match the models' outfits.

We are both engrossed in our tasks, surrounded by beads, clasps, and tools. Stevie is carefully replacing beads on a necklace. Meanwhile, I'm busy fixing a clasp on a bracelet, making sure it's secure and ready for the runway. Every so often, I check on Stevie's progress, impressed by how quickly she's mastering the skills.

But after 30 minutes of intense focus and rapid work, we've only managed to finish three pieces. The clock is ticking, and the pressure mounts as we realize the pace needs to pick up if we're going to get everything ready on time. www.novelworm.com

Stevie sighs heavily, looking at the few completed pieces with a mix of frustration and exhaustion. "This is impossible. We're not going to finish on time," she says.

"You don't know that. Let's just keep focusing," I say, trying to stay positive. But inside, I know Stevie might be right. The fear that my career in jewelry design could be over before it really takes off is starting to set in.

Stevie's face lights up with a new idea. "Girl, give me your phone. There's still hope," she says excitedly.

I hand her my phone, and she immediately dials a number from my contacts.

"Hello? Listen, we're in a bind here," Stevie begins urgently as soon as the call connects. "Someone tampered with the jewelry for tonight's show, and we're struggling to fix everything on time. Can you come and help us out?"

Stevie's eyes widen and a smile quickly spreads across her face as she listens to the response on the phone. Her tone brightens as she says, "Really? That would be great. We're backstage. Please hurry!"

Stevie ends the call, and I look at her suspiciously. "Who the heck did you call?"  
www.novelworm.com

"Just your knight in shining armor," Stevie reveals with a cheeky smile. "He's going to save the day."

Before I can ask who it is, I hear hurried footsteps approaching. I turn around and see Calvin, dressed as if he's stepped right off a Hollywood red carpet. He's in a sleek, perfectly tailored tuxedo that makes him look like an actor at a premiere. And he's not alone; seven other people are with him.

"What are you doing here, Calvin?" I ask, surprised to see him in such grand attire. "Aren't you busy?"

"I am, but I came here to support you," he replies, his eyes warm as they meet mine.

+25 BONUS *www.novelworm.com*

Chapter 0091

Then, he gestures toward the group accompanying him. "Anyway, these are the master jewelers and craftsmen from my jewelry company, Éclat de Perle, in LA. Thank God, I brought them with me."

I quickly step forward, extending my hand to each of the craftsmen and jewelers Calvin brought along. "Hi, I'm Serena," I introduce myself with a grateful smile. "Thank you so much for coming to help. We really appreciate it."

Calvin's voice carries a teasing undertone as he rallies his team. "Now, tell us what to do, Ms. Nixon?" he says, a playful smirk on his face.

I return Calvin's smile. "Let's get to work then," I say.

Chapter 0082