

Becomes 84

Chapter 0084

Serena's POV

The designers and models exit the stage while Marjorie remains. She steps forward, microphone in hand, and addresses the crowd.

"Thank you all for being here tonight," Marjorie begins, her voice clear and warm. "The designers worked incredibly hard to put this show together, and I believe their efforts truly shone through." She pauses to acknowledge her colleagues. "A special thanks to Max and Josephine for their fantastic contributions."

"Last but not least, I want to introduce someone very special – Serena Nixon. Serena designed the stunning jewelry that adorned all the clothes you saw today. It would be a complete injustice not to recognize her amazing work." She pauses, scanning the crowd, then continues, "Serena, could you please come out from backstage?"

Hearing my name ring out through the auditorium catches me completely off guard. For a moment, I think I'm just imagining things that can't really be my name being called, can it? I stand frozen backstage. *W(w)W̄.η.eVlW_eO.m.C(o)m*

But then the stage director nudges me gently, her voice breaking through my daze. "Serena, you're up," she says with an encouraging smile. "They're waiting for you."

Her words snap me back to reality. This is really happening. I take a deep breath, trying to steady my nerves and step toward the stage. My heart's pounding with a mix of excitement and anxiety.

As I step out from backstage, applause and cheers immediately greet me. It's overwhelming at first, and I feel a bit shy walking onto the runway. But hearing the crowd's enthusiastic response, I quickly realize how much they appreciate my work.

With every step, my heart feels fuller, and I can't help but smile.

As I walk further along the runway, I spot Stevie off to the side. She has her camera strap around her neck and is clapping enthusiastically, even letting out a cheerful "

Whoo!"

I can't help but wave at her, and seeing my reaction, Stevie quickly lifts her camera and snaps a picture of me.

I catch Calvin in the crowd, standing and clapping with the jewelry experts. He's beaming, eyes bright, and a wide smile that shows just how proud he is. He's leaning in slightly as if he can't get close enough to the excitement.

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In the middle of the celebrating crowd, I notice Bill making his way toward the exit.

He pauses for a moment and turns to give me one last look. His smile is there, but it's tinged with sadness.

Just then, Marjorie's voice breaks through the applause. "Well, that's it! See you all at the afterparty," she announces.

Watching Bill leave makes me realize something. His forced smile brings back memories of our past together. So much has changed since our divorce. Tonight's success on the runway, with my work being celebrated, confirms that I've made the right choices for my future. *WWw.ⓈδV_eℓwδxm.COⓈ*

But one question still nags at me: Does it really pain Bill to see me stepping out on my own and being recognized by others?

I shouldn't have let him 'take care of everything' and just settled into being his housewife. Maybe if we had done things differently, we could still be together.

"Serena, that was amazing!" Calvin exclaims as I step back into the backstage area. Everything came together so perfectly."

I laugh a bit, still catching my breath. "Thanks, Calvin. Let's just hope we don't have to scramble at the last minute again."

Calvin laughs too. "Yeah, ditto!"

I find myself thinking about how different Calvin is from Bill. He's right here, laughing with me, genuinely happy about my success. Bill was never really like that..

I move closer to Calvin. "But seriously, thanks for all your help, Calvin," I say. "I couldn't have done it without you."

"I'm just glad I could be here to support you. You did a great job," he replies.

Without saying another word, I step in and wrap my arms around Calvin, pulling him into a close embrace. He responds by wrapping his arms around my waist, pulling me in tightly. As I rest my head against his chest, I catch the subtle scent of his cologne – a mix of cedarwood and a hint of citrus.

As our bodies press together, it feels like a moment that's been long overdue.

I finally let out a breath I don't know I'm holding and whisper, "This is exactly what I need right now."

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Calvin's voice is gentle and warm as he responds, "Well, I'm glad to be of service."

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