

Becomes 86

Chapter 0086

Serena's POV

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The after-party is in full swing, and the air is thick with the mingled scents of expensive perfumes. Glittering lights cast a soft glow over everyone, turning the room into a shimmering sea of influential figures from the fashion industry.

As I weave through the crowd, I get nods and smiles from familiar faces and some new ones. Everyone seems excited about how well the show went. To be honest, it's thrilling to be in the middle of it all.

In the crowd, I notice Max approaching with a scowl on his face. He stops in front of me and says, "What you did out there was pretty bold. But remember, not everyone has a billionaire boyfriend to fix their messes."

I raise an eyebrow at him. "That's rich, Max. Not everyone got sabotaged tonight, did -they?" I fire back.

Max laughs, the sound dripping with derision. "So you're blaming someone else? Can't even own up to making trash jewelry?"

I narrow my eyes, my voice steady but icy. "Maybe focus on your own designs instead of worrying about mine."

"Whatever, I'm done here," Max mutters, rolling his eyes as he disappears into the

crowd.

makes me

As Max storms off, a nagging suspicion flickers in my mind. Something about his demeanor tonight—the bitterness, the barely concealed hostility wonder if he had something to do with the sabotage.

But I shake off the suspicion quickly. The show was a success, and that's what really

matters now.

I spot Stevie in the crowd, dancing with the kind of abandon you'd expect in a club, not a high-end fashion show after-party. I can't help but laugh as I make my way over to her.

"You know this isn't the dance floor at Midnight, right?" I tease, joining in with her

moves.

Stevie just laughs and pulls me into a playful, spinning hug. "We did it, Serena! Did you see their faces? Everyone loved our designs." *www.N@vélWóO.m.óm*

I nod, my heart swelling with pride. "We really did it. All those late nights, all the stress -it paid off. Our jewelry looked fantastic out there."

Laughing together, we dance, caught up in the moment. Catching my breath, I laugh and place a hand on Stevie's shoulder. "I'm going to take a break and rest for a bit," I tell her, smiling. "I'm not quite the party animal you are."

Stevie nods with a knowing smile. "You should rest, Serena. Can't have you getting too tired you've got a little one on the way to think about."

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I nod and make my way to a quieter part of the venue to sit down. I sink into a plush chair, letting out a sigh of relief. The soft murmur of the party continues in the background, but here, I have a moment to myself.

"Serena, there you are!" calls out Marjorie, her voice cutting through the hum of conversations around us. "We've been looking everywhere for you."

I stand and turn, a smile spreading across my face as I see Marjorie approaching. reach out and we share a warm hug.

Beside her stands a woman in her 30s, strikingly beautiful in her style. She wears a sleek, modern black dress that falls perfectly to mid-calf, paired with bold red heels that add just the right pop of color. Her hair is styled in a chic, effortless updo, and her makeup is flawlessly applied, highlighting her sharp features.

Marjorie steps forward with the stylish woman by her side. "Serena, this is Fabiana Castiglione, a famous stylist and my colleague. I think you two will hit it off." *wW(w).@ov(e)LwoO.M.cOm*

She turns to Fabiana. "And Fabiana, this is Serena Nixon, the brilliant mind behind tonight's jewelry."

Fabiana smiles and reaches out to shake my hand. "Serena, your work tonight was incredible. Those pieces weren't just jewelry, they were the highlight of the show for me. I'm a fan already."

I beam at Fabiana's compliment. "Thank you! And I have to say, I absolutely loved how you styled Emma Clarke for the Oscars last year. That red dress paired with the vintage silver necklace was stunning. It's really amazing to finally meet the person behind that look!"

Fabiana's smile widens, her eyes lighting up with recognition of her work. "Wow, thank you, Serena! That was one of my favorite projects actually."

Marjorie gives us both a nod and a knowing smile. "I'll leave you two to chat," she

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says, and then drifts off into the crowd.

Talk? What will we even talk about? I wonder to myself, feeling suddenly on the spot.

But before I can dwell on it any longer, Fabiana's demeanor changes. She stands taller, her confidence palpable as she fixes me with a direct, serious look. "Okay, I'll get right to it," she starts, her voice clear and earnest. "I really like your jewelry designs, Serena. They're unique and they stand out. I'd love for you to create some pieces for my clients. What do you think? Are you interested?"

I'm totally caught off guard. For a second, I can't even find the words. My heart races with excitement as the reality of Fabiana's offer sinks in. Hollywood—my designs featured under those dazzling lights had always seemed like a distant dream.

Now, it feels within reach.

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