

Becomes 87

Chapter 0087

Serena's POV

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"Wow, Fabiana, that's... that's incredible," I say. "I honestly never imagined celebrities wearing my jewelry. This is beyond anything I could have hoped for."

In my mind, I picture a Hollywood gala, maybe the Oscars, with stars walking the red carpet under bright camera flashes. I see an actress in a stunning emerald gown, wearing one of my necklaces. It's a delicate piece that sparkles as she moves, catching the light and drawing admiring looks.

As reporters ask her about her outfit, she mentions my name with a smile, pointing to the necklace.

Fabiana notices me lost in thought and gently nudges my arm, bringing me back to the present. "Hey, Serena, you with me?" she says with a light laugh.

I snap back to reality, smiling at Fabiana's comment. "Yes, sorry, I got a little carried away there," I admit, chuckling softly. "I'd absolutely love to work with you in the future, Fabiana. It's an incredible opportunity..."

My thoughts then drift to the comments on my TikTok page, where people thank me for making beautiful jewelry that's not too expensive. I picture the typical customers in my shop—like the young woman adding some sparkle to her work outfit, or the mom picking out something special for a family gathering. Their smiles when they find just the right piece, affordable and elegant, remind me of why I started this business. *Www.novelworm.(c)(o)(m)*

"But right now, I really want to focus on making my jewelry affordable. I think it's important that everyone can enjoy something beautiful without it being too expensive," I continue.

Fabiana looks surprised for a moment, her eyebrows shooting up and her mouth opening slightly. But she quickly recovers, nodding her head in understanding. "Alright, I respect that," she says.

She then reaches into her purse and pulls out a business card. "But should you change your mind, here's my card," she adds. *www.novelworm.ltd*

I take the card. "Thank you, Fabiana. I'll definitely keep it in mind," I say. *Www.novelworm.com*

Fabiana gives me one last encouraging smile and then turns to blend back into the lively crowd.

Calvin appears beside me with a playful grin. "Looks like you're the popular one tonight," he jokes, glancing in the direction where Fabiana disappeared into the crowd. "Were you always this popular back in school?" he asks.

I laugh, shaking my head. "Not at all. You should have seen me in high school—big glasses, braces. I was a total dork," I admit.

"I bet you still looked cute," he says, teasing gently.

I raise an eyebrow, the corners of my mouth turning up in a playful smirk. "So, are you here to ask me to dance, or what?" I ask, nodding toward the dance floor where the fast-paced beats of an EDM track pulse through the air.

Calvin snorts. "I'm not much of a dancer," he admits. "Well, maybe if the music were slower, I'd consider it."

I smile and nod toward an empty table nearby. "Looks like it's sitting down for us, then," I say.

Calvin and I find our way to the empty table and sit down, settling into the slightly quieter space away from the dance floor. He leans in, curiosity bright in his eyes.

"So, what did you and Ms. Castiglione talk about?" he asks, his tone teasing yet genuinely interested. "Will I start seeing your designs on the red carpet?"

I chuckle, shaking my head slightly as I recall the conversation. "Maybe one day," I reply, the thought still a thrill. "She likes my work and offered to introduce it to her Hollywood clients. But for now, I'm focusing on keeping things accessible. Maybe the red carpet will have to wait a bit longer.

Calvin looks genuinely surprised, his eyebrows lifting. "What?" he exclaims. "Serena, that was huge. Are you sure about this?"

I was sure I made the right call, sticking to my values about keeping my jewelry accessible. But Calvin knows business, and his concern makes me wonder if I might have missed a big opportunity.

I sigh, looking across the table at Calvin, the doubt clear in my eyes. "You think I made a mistake, don't you?" I ask.

Calvin pauses. Instead of responding directly, he offers a brief, "Hold that thought," and stands up. "I'll grab us some drinks," he says, heading toward the bar.

I watch Calvin disappear into the crowd, his words lingering in my mind. Did I make a

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mistake? Fabiana's offer was tempting, a chance to see my creations on celebrities. But then again, I've always been passionate about making jewelry for everyone, not just the elite.

Suddenly, a familiar voice cuts through the chatter. "First you go after my son. Now it's my half-brother. You really got some nerve."

I turn to see Elena, glaring at me. Her eyes flick to my stomach. "And Calvin knocked you up... You really are a bloodsucking bitch, Elena snaps.