

## Becomes 133

Chapter 0133

Serena's POV *w@W.n0vèl@orm.Com*

The makeup artist dabs a bit of highlighter on my cheekbones, making them pop under the bright lights. I sit still, trying to take it all in. Taylor's studio is something straight out of Hollywood. There are big, professional cameras on tracks, huge lights hanging from the ceiling, and a backdrop that changes colors with a click of a button. Everywhere look, there's something high-tech and glamorous.

The walls are lined with sleek black and gold accents, and there's a vanity area with huge mirrors surrounded by light bulbs, just like in the movies. Monitors display different camera angles, and there's a crew bustling around, setting up equipment and adjusting things. It feels surreal to be here.

"Almost done," the makeup artist says, smiling as she steps back to admire her work.

I turn to look at my reflection in the mirror, and I'm taken aback. The makeup is flawless—my skin has a radiant, dewy glow that catches the light just right. My eyes are subtly enhanced with a soft, smoky shadow and perfectly winged eyeliner that makes them look bigger and brighter. My lips are painted in a natural, rosy shade that gives them a polished sheen. I barely recognize myself.

"Wow," I say, genuinely impressed. "You did an amazing job. Thank you so much."

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There's a knock on the door. I turn just as it opens a crack, and Taylor peeks in. "Hey, Serena. Mind if I come in?" she asks with a bright smile.

"Of course, come in," I reply.

Taylor steps inside, and I can't help but admire how effortlessly put-together she looks. Today, she's dressed a bit more casually compared to her glamorous I\*\*\*\*\*m photos.

She's wearing a chic but simple white blouse tucked into high-waisted jeans and a pair of stylish ankle boots. Her hair is pulled back in a loose ponytail, and she has on minimal makeup, just enough to highlight her natural beauty. She looks fantastic, and it's clear she doesn't want to overshadow me

as the interviewer.

"Serena, you look amazing!" she says, her eyes lighting up as she takes in my appearance.

I stand up and hug her. "Thanks, Taylor. You always manage to look so stylish," I say, pulling back and smiling at her.

"Thanks, Serena," she replies warmly. "I didn't want to overdo it today. You're the star, after all."

I can't help but admire Taylor's thoughtfulness. She's a true friend, always so supportive and considerate. It's rare to find someone like her, and I'm grateful to have her in my life.

"Anyway, thanks for doing this again," Taylor says, her smile warm and genuine. "I know you've got a lot going on, so I really appreciate you taking the time for this interview. I think it's going to be great."

smile back, feeling a bit more at ease. "Of course, Taylor. I'm excited for it."

Taylor glances around the studio, then back at me. "Alright, let's get you to the set. We'll do a quick sound check and then we can get started."

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+15 BONUS

I nod, following her out of the makeup room and into the main studio area. The crew is busy adjusting cameras and lights, making final preparations. The set looks even more impressive up close, with its sleek design and professional setup. *wWw.ñø(ν)elworm.čm*

As I take my seat, a crew member fits me with a microphone. Taylor takes her place across from me, and we share a quick, reassuring smile. The buzz of activity around us fades as the cameras focus in. *WwW.noVÈlW@Rm.COm*

"Ready?" Taylor asks, her voice calm and steady.

"Ready," I reply, taking a deep breath.

The director counts down, and then the interview begins.

The set is buzzing with activity, crew members adjusting cameras and lights, and the backdrop is sleek and modern with Taylor's logo subtly integrated. Bright studio lights shine down, making everything feel more intense. The cameras are pointed at me, their lenses like unblinking eyes, capturing my every move.

I sit in the interview chair, trying to ignore the nervous flutter in my stomach. The lights are almost blinding, and I feel a bead of sweat forming on my brow. I take a deep breath, hoping to calm my racing heart.

Taylor sits across from me, calm and composed, her warm smile a stark contrast to the intimidating/ setup. She looks at the camera and begins the introduction.

"Welcome, everyone! Today, we have a special guest with us—Serena, the incredibly talented jewelry designer who's been making waves in the fashion world. Serena, thanks so much for joining us."

"Thanks for having me, Taylor," I reply, my voice sounding steadier than I feel.

Taylor nods, her eyes twinkling with enthusiasm. "Alright, let's just chat like we always do. Serena, what is your inspiration behind your stunning jewelry designs?"

"My inspiration?" I repeat, my mind suddenly blank. The words hang in the air as I freeze, the intensity of the lights and cameras overwhelming me. My throat tightens, and I can feel my pulse pounding in

my ears.

Taylor notices my hesitation and leans in slightly, her expression encouraging. "Yeah, you know, like what we talked about the other day. What gets your creative juices flowing?"

But nothing comes out. My mind is a complete blank, and I just sit there, staring at her, unable to find the words.

Comments

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