

Becomes 41

Chapter 0041

Serena's POV

"Anything yet?" I call out to Stevie, who's waiting outside the door, keeping an eye out for customers approaching our shop.

Stevie turns to me, frustration clear in her voice. "Nothing yet," she says, her disappointment palpable. "No one's coming."

"Don't worry, Stevie," I reassure her. "It's still early, and these things take time. People will start coming in soon."

The truth is, I'm feeling anxious too, but I can't let Stevie see me like this. I have to stay optimistic for both of us.

Four people wander into the shop, their eyes scanning the displays of jewelry we've poured our hearts into. They murmur among themselves, occasionally picking up a piece, examining it, and then setting it back down.

My heart sinks a little with each piece they return to its place. They leave as quietly as they came, hands empty.

I start to doubt myself, wondering if maybe the jewelry I've made isn't good enough.

Stevie lets out a sigh. "I'm starving. I'm going to grab us some food. You want anything?"

"I'll have whatever you're getting," I say, even though my appetite is practically nonexistent at the moment.

Just when I'm on the verge of giving up, a lady dressed in elegant attire walks in. She's wearing a sleek, tailored dress that speaks of *www.novellaw.com*

sophistication, complemented by a tasteful scarf draped around her

neck.

Chapter 0041

+25 BONUS

As the lady looks around, I notice she's in her 50s, exuding a quiet elegance. Curious but hesitant, she examines each display with interest.

"Can I help you find something?" I ask, approaching her gently.

"I'm not quite sure what I'm looking for," she admits, her eyes scanning the unique array of jewelry. "Everything here looks so unique, in a good way."

H

I smile, encouraged by her words. "Thank you. Everything is handcrafted, and each piece has its own story." *www.novellaw.com*

"Really?" Her interest piques, and she picks up a necklace, its centerpiece a striking, deep blue gemstone. "Tell me about this one then."

"Oh, this piece," I start. "It's actually inspired by Cleopatra. You know, she was a big fan of lapis lazuli. She believed it was more than just beautiful; it was powerful. Cleopatra used it for her eyeshadow, thinking it could give her wisdom and protection."

— *www.novellaw.com*

"I designed this piece with that story in mind," I continue, lightly touching the lapis in the necklace. "I hope whoever wears this feels a bit of what Cleopatra might have felt confidence, wisdom, and a sense of protection. It's more than just jewelry; it's a way to carry with you a piece of that strength and elegance."

The lady looks at the necklace, then back at me, her interest clearly piqued. "That's really interesting." Her gaze returns to the necklace, now with a newfound appreciation. "Did you make this yourself?"

"Yes, I did," I reply with a hint of pride in my voice.

"That explains it," the lady says, a smile touching her lips. "I could feel the passion in your voice when you told the story." She looks at me more intently now, a genuine interest in her eyes. "What's your name?"

2/4

Ban

"I'm Serena," I respond, returning her warmth with a smile. "Serena Rose Nixon." I extend my hand to her in greeting.

"Marjorie Munger," she replies, shaking my hand firmly. "I'd like to buy that necklace."

My eyes widen in surprise, a rush of gratitude and excitement filling me. "Oh wow, you're our first-ever customer," I manage to say, my voice tinged with disbelief. "Thank you so much! I'll get that wrapped up for you right away." *www.novellaw.com*

"How much is it?" Marjorie inquires, her eyes still on the necklace.

"It's \$250," I respond, watching her reaction closely.

"Only \$250?" She looks back at the piece, surprise evident in her tone. This is a really elegant necklace, and if I didn't know better, I would've thought it came from a luxury store. You should charge more for it."

I shake my head. "I appreciate that, but I want my creations to be accessible. It's important to me that they find their way to people who truly love them, not just those who can afford luxury price tags."

Marjorie smiles. "You're one-of-a-kind, Serena Rose Nixon. I have a feeling this won't be the last time we'll be seeing each other."

"It's a pleasure meeting you, Marjorie," I say, handing her the gift bag

with the necklace inside.

As Marjorie leaves the shop, Stevie walks in. She stares at Marjorie with the gift bag in her hands.

"What just happened?" Stevie asks, her eyes wide with curiosity.

"We just made our first sale," I answer, a grin spreading across my face. We both let out squeals of excitement, the sound filling the shop.

+25 BONUS

About two hours later, a familiar face walks into the shop.

"Marjorie? Nice to see you again," I greet, surprised to see our first

customer return so soon.

"Told you we'll see each other again, Ms. Nixon," she says with a smile. Do you mind? I brought some friends over."

I notice three ladies behind Marjorie, each wearing elegant outfits. "Of course, welcome!" I say, feeling happy she brought her friends along.

Stevie and I assist Marjorie and her friends as they browse through the jewelry in our shop. I catch glimpses of admiration in their eyes as we share the stories behind each piece. As the day progresses, more and more people begin to trickle into the store as well.

By the end of the day, we've managed to make enough to cover this month's rent. Stevie and I can't contain our excitement; we have to

celebrate.

"Cheers to a successful opening day," Stevie exclaims, lifting her glass of champagne high.

"Cheers," I echo with my glass of sparkling cider in hand. We clink our glasses together, the sound marking the beginning of what we hope will be a thriving future.

"You shouldn't be drinking, Serena," comes a familiar male voice from behind me.

"Well, you can't tell me what to do. You're late for the opening," I say, managing a grin, hoping it covers up how flustered I feel.

Out of the corner of my eye, I catch Stevie trying to bite her lip to keep from teasing. I'm glad she holds back, knowing better than to ruin the

moment.