

Becomes 67

Chapter 0067

Serena's POV

As Marjorie leaves, Stevie and I turn to each other, both breaking into big grins. "This is insane, right?" I burst out, the thrill of the moment making my heart race.

Stevie bounces on her heels. "I know! I still can't believe it," she says. " We're going to rock that fashion show!"

I let out a laugh, still half in disbelief. Think about it our jewelry, up there with all those fancy clothes..." w@w.n@v@lwor.m.com

Stevie leans against the counter, her mind clearly racing ahead. "We need to start planning. Designs, materials, deadlines... But first, we

celebrate!"

"Yeah, celebration first, panic later," I joke.

Stevie raises her coffee cup. "Here's to more opportunities!"

I lift my cup to meet hers. "And to making the most of them!"

After our toast, we put our cups aside and get down to business. We grab a notepad and start jotting down ideas, talking quickly about what designs we think will work, how much time we have, and what we need to do to get ready for the fashion show. [W@w.n@v@lwor.m.com](mailto:w@w.n@v@lwor.m.com)

Our planning session is suddenly interrupted by the sound of Stevie's phone ringing. She glances at it and then looks up, alarmed. "Oh, crap. We need to open the shop in 10 minutes."

"Right," I agree, snapping back to reality. We got so wrapped up in planning for the fashion show that we completely forgot we have a shop to open and run today.

We open the shop, and luckily, it's not too busy today. My mind keeps

+25 BONUS

Chapt w@w.n@v@lwor.m.com

drifting away, already caught up in thoughts about preparing for the fashion show. I'm thinking about selecting the perfect pieces to showcase.

There's also the logistics of getting everything ready on time, coordinating with Marjorie, and maybe even designing some new pieces specifically for the event.

I notice Stevie is also a bit distracted when she's helping a customer. Usually, she's all smiles, engaging with customers with ease, but today, she keeps glancing at the clock and is a bit slower in finding the pieces the customer asks about.

At one point, she even starts to explain the features of a necklace but then pauses, her mind clearly wandering, before she shakes her head, slightly and continues.

The day goes by really fast, almost like we're on autopilot. Customers come in and out, and we help them like we always do. But our minds are preoccupied with something else.

We talk about the fashion show without even realizing it, and in the quiet moments, we're back to jotting down more plans and ideas on our notepad, getting more excited with each one.

Even simple jobs like putting things back on shelves or cleaning up, seem to happen in no time because we're so caught up thinking about the show.

When we finally close up for the day, it's hard to believe how quickly it all went. Usually, we'd feel good about a day's work, but today, all we can think about is what we're going to do for the fashion show.

Stevie looks over at me. "You still up for celebrating?" she asks, probably remembering our earlier excitement.

I shake my head, suddenly feeling the weight of everything. "Not really. I'm just feeling overwhelmed right now," I admit.

Stevie nods in understanding, a tired smile on her face. "I get it. I feel

the same," she says, "But at least the day's over now. We can take some

time to sort things out."

"Maybe we should start by taking photos of the pieces we already have," I suggest. "Looking at the details might give us ideas on how to make them even better for the fashion show."

w@w.n@v@lwor.m.com

"Great idea. I'll go get my camera," Stevie agrees.

Stevie heads over to the locker and pulls out her camera, ready to get to work. She starts moving around the shop, carefully taking photos of the items on display. She reviews the photos she's taken, a smile spreading across her face.

"We really have something good going on here," Stevie observes. "You know what I'm thinking? Maybe we should start a company and maybe know what I'm thinking? M find some investors."

I quickly dismiss Stevie's idea. "I haven't really proven myself yet," I point out. "Plus, I'm pregnant right now. Starting a company at this moment? It doesn't seem feasible, right?"

Stevie shrugs. "Well, it's just a thought," she says.

Suddenly, Stevie's face tightens, her brows knitting together in a way that I know all too well. Uh—oh, I think she's mad at me for shutting down her idea.

Then, I understand her anger isn't directed at me – it's about something else entirely. "Sorry, we're closed," Stevie says, her voice firm, to someone who's just walked into our shop.

Curious, I turn to see who's ignored our closed sign. It's Bill, standing there with a bouquet of flowers in his hands.

Chapter Mon