

## PROLOGUE

"**GUYS, THERE IS** a comic book shop opening tonight. Can you believe it?"

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Jess Day wore an enthusiastic smile on her pink lips as she walked through the front door happily, the mood caused by the good day at work and the wonderful news she had received through one of the kids in her class. There was, indeed, a comic book shop opening near her home, which she shared with three guys, none of which seemed to feel the same joy she evidently did. Loud groans could be heard from the men who were all seated on the couch with beers in hand, concentration drawn from the horror movie playing on TV to Jess, who smiled widely, despite the negative reaction.

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Nick sighed, sitting up straight as he li ed his hand and shook it in the air in disagreement. "No one reads comic books anymore, Jess. They're like Justin Bieber — the guy was really big at one point, now he's just someone people pay a lot of money to see because he was relevant once", Nick complained, earning approving nods from Schmidt, who took the turn to speak right away once Nick quieted down, but Jess wasn't too surprised, as the man always had an opinion on everything and he never neglected to voice it to the public in a rather strong manner.

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"Exactly. Besides, do you know who runs comic book shops, Jess? Creepy guys, who have no motivation to live anymore and damn it, it's contagious. If I go there, I'll be infected and then who will keep this place up, huh?", Schmidt extended out his arms, bringing drama to his explanation as he ranted to Jess, who rolled her eyes and found a seat on the couch a er dropping her bag on the floor. She wasn't going to accept complaints, though she was willing to listen to their opinions, but nonetheless they would all go to the opening party at the new shop, together.

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"There's a party! Alcohol, ooh, cool right? We'll have fun, dance and... read comic books", Jess grinned, trying her best to convince the men into going with her, which she would succeed at one way or another. "And I'm willing to bet it's not some creepy guy. What if it's some really cute girl?", she added, and concluding from the sudden thoughtful expression spreading on Schmidt's features, he hadn't thought about it, but now considered strongly. He did like cute girls. Still, he didn't say anything, so she turned over to Winston with a begging look, needing his support on the plans she had already made with excitement, and the man o ered a simple shrug.

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"I dunno, I kinda like comic books. You know, Donald Duck, Tintin, superheroes... I say we go to the party", Winston defended Jess, making the girl cheer and jump up from the couch to erupt into a victory dance, earning judging looks from the three men who glanced at each other. Schmidt and Nick stared at Winston, rolling all of the blame onto his shoulders, as Jess continued to dance around the apartment happily, although all this time she had known she'd get the guys to come somehow.

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And although they were hesitant to do so, a erwards, they wouldn't regret it one bit.

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Elise Stevens set a box of old comic books on the desk before sighing heavily and rubbing her palms against her jean-clad thighs, drained because of unpacking all day long. Still, she was proud, because only a few weeks ago she had arrived in L.A, found a lovely little apartment and landed a deal on an empty space where she built the comic book shop she had been dreaming of ever since she started school. Elise had been saving for this for so many years she had almost lost count, but what truly mattered, was that now she was standing in her very own comic book store, Comic Planet, and the opening was tonight. She was excited for sure, excited to see what owning the place would bring her and how she could wake up each day only to realize she had the coolest job in the world.

Elise loved comic books, and spending her days reading and selling them sounded ideal to her. Which was why she couldn't stop smiling as she looked around the relatively small, but cozy place with shelves full of comics and merchandise hung on the walls, from Thor's hammer to the Millennium Falcon. She felt at home, beyond happy and she could not wait to share what she had accomplished with all of Los Angeles that night, starting from 7 pm. She was prepared to work hard to make a living out of it, but it felt nothing like work to her, if anything it was her dream come true and that alone made it perfect. She had reached her goals — or at least one of them, considering she still didn't have a dog nor a husband to share all this with, but all in good time.

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She didn't know it yet, but that comic book store, was the beginning to true happiness, and finding so much more than she knew to expect.

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**YES i am so excited to share this book with you guys, i have a lot planned and i can't wait to write everything!! hope you'll like it as well (:**

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Continue reading next part