

Becomes 34

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Chapter 0034

Serena's POV

Finally, Stevie has some free time today, so I suggest that we go shopping for supplies for my jewelry business.

We drive up to the Rose Bowl Flea Market and I can already feel the excitement building. Stevie parks the car, and we hop out, greeted by the lively scene around us.

"Wow, it's huge!" I exclaim, taking in the bustling market.

"Yeah, it's massive," Stevie nods. "Ready to explore?"

"Definitely!" I grin.

We stroll through rows of stalls, each one offering something new to

see. It's like a treasure hunt, and I can't wait to see what we'll find.

We wander through the fashion flea market, surrounded by racks of vintage clothing and tables adorned with sparkling accessories. Stevie picks up a flowy bohemian dress, holding it up to admire the intricate embroidery.

"This would look amazing on you," she suggests, a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

I chuckle and shake my head. "Maybe for a music festival, but not for everyday wear."

We move on, browsing through racks of denim jackets, stacks of band t-shirts, and shelves filled with funky sunglasses. Everywhere we look, there's something unique and eye-catching.

"Check out these earrings!" I exclaim, holding up a pair of oversized hoops adorned with colorful beads.

Stevie nods in approval. "Those are perfect for summer vibes."

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As we weave through the bustling flea market, a small jewelry supplies store catches our eye. Its shelves display an assortment of materials: spools of chains, trays of sparkling crystals, and bins of colorful

gemstones.

Stevie's eyes light up as she scans the gemstones. "These are perfect, and they're affordable too!"

I nod in agreement, feeling the excitement build as we begin to fill our basket with an assortment of materials. w(w)w.N(o)Vélwo(r)m.coM

Leaving the store with our arms full of bags, we're eager to return and start crafting.

"Geez, Stevie," I say. "I didn't know you could haggle so aggressively. I should bring you along more often when I'm shopping."

"What can I say?" Stevie says smugly, putting on a pair of sunglasses she just bought. "I've got great street smarts." wwww.n@vélwoRm.c(om)

Back home, Stevie and I eagerly unpack our haul from the flea market. I lay out the treasures we acquired on the kitchen table, admiring each item with excitement. There's a colorful array of beads, chains, and gemstones, along with some intricate charms and findings.

"Wow, look at these gemstones!" I exclaim, holding up a handful of shimmering stones. "They're even more beautiful up close."

Stevie nods in agreement. "I can't wait to get started."

"You know what? Why don't I try and make one now?" I say, my excitement bubbling over. I rush to my room and retrieve the bead boards, 1-step looper tools, and other jewelry-making tools I bought from A****n.

"Oh, wow, you really come prepared," Stevie says, impressed. "Let me go grab some snacks and watch you work."

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With a focused expression, I pick up the rose quartz beads and carefully thread them onto the delicate chain, creating a pattern that WWWW.©(v)el(w)óRM.c@

complements their natural beauty. The 1-step looper tool comes in handy as I effortlessly create loops at the ends of each bead, ensuring they stay securely in place.

Using a pair of jewelry pliers, I deftly attach the charms to the necklace. With each movement, I can feel the piece coming together, each element harmonizing with the next to create something truly unique.

Stevie sits quietly nearby, munching on leftover nachos from the fridge as she watches me work.

"And here it is," I say with a satisfied smile. I put the finishing touches on the necklace, stepping back to admire my handiwork. The rose quartz beads gleam softly in the light, their natural hues complemented by the delicate chain and playful charms.

"It's beautiful," Stevie says softly, breaking the silence. "You really have a talent for this."

I beam with pride, grateful for her support. "Thanks, Stevie. And thank you for being here to witness the creation of our first masterpiece."