

# Part One

Serena's POV

"Renie."

"Renie!"

I jumped out of my sleep to see my little sister, Farrah yelling my name.

As she caught my attention, she hugged me, squeezing my torso in her little arms.

"YAY! You're awake." She smiled as she spoke with an adorable accent, "You never wake up when I try to wake you." She then pouted.

"Lo siento, mi amor." I responded as I returned her hug and gave a forehead kiss.

[Im sorry, my love]

I looked at the clock on my nightstand to see it was 10 a.m.

"Oh crap!"

I was supposed to be helping my mom out at her salon by now, she's gonna be so mad at me. Ever since my dad left, I wanted to help out my mom as much as I could. So since it was the summer, I promised her I would be around the salon a lot more. She even pays me, as much as I tell her she doesn't have to.

I quickly did my morning routine and threw on my outfit for the day. I looked in the mirror and thought it was pretty decent. I liked my 5'3 figure, I had wide hips and a small waist, with semi-thick thighs. I had stretch marks on my bum, too, I am still a bit insecure about those, but I'm learning to love them.

As that, I put my hair in a bun and let some tight curls down to frame my face. I looked at Farrah to see she tried to dress herself, in a mixed-match outfit.

"Farrah, you look so pretty."

She giggled in response.

"But we don't want to ruin such a pretty outfit at mama's salon, right?"

She nodded.

"So we're gonna save that pretty outfit for another day, ok? Come on, mi amor."

[my love]

I dressed her in a denim dress with a white short sleeve underneath, refreshed her curly hair and we were out the door.

=====

We walked in the door and my mom immediately glared at me. I sheepishly smiled and walked to one of the back rooms to set down my belongings. I winced as I felt her glare at the back of my head.

"¿Por qué llegaste tan tarde? ¡Sabes que el sábado es uno de nuestros días ocupados, mi amor!"

[why did you come so late? You know Saturday is one of our busy days!]

"I know, I'm sorry mama. I overslept." I didn't mention the part where I stayed up until 3 a.m. writing down scenarios in a secret journal of mine between my nonexistent boyfriend and I.

She made a face and walked away, clearly not surprised.

"It won't happen again, I- I promise!"

I saw her shake her head as she walked back to the front.

I gave Farrah her coloring book and set up her chair and crayons at the customer service desk, and I got on with my shift.

=====

It was now 4:45 p.m. and my mom said I could leave the shop early since there wasn't much to clean up as she closed at 7.

All three of my best friends Aisha, Karina, and Jade walked through the doors. Karina and I have been friends since elementary school and all four of us a friend group since seventh grade. Karina was Russian with blonde hair and blue eyes. Jade was South Korean with black hair, dark brown eyes, and pale skin. Aisha was Indian with brown, wavy hair, dark brown eyes, and light, brown skin.

I squealed and jumped out of my seat to greet them.

"Rena guess what?" Aisha asked with a smile.

"What?"

"Sleepover at Karina's!"

"Omg, really?" I asked.

It had been so long since we've had a sleepover because we've all been trying to finish high school and get into college. Now that we've all decided on where we're going and fresh high school graduates, we can finally hang out with no worries again.

I'm so excited. I love my friends very much.

"Ok, well I have like 2 minutes left, but I'll drive to my house and pack. Just let me finish here first?" I said

"Yeah, girl, of course. We'll wait for you so we can all go together."

Karina replied.

I finally got my mom's permission and we were on the way to my house.

=====

I was going through my closet trying to figure out what else to pack and the girls were chatting behind me. As I was packing, I overheard Karina talking about her older brother, Roman. She was saying how he hasn't been home that much lately and she was worried. I grew angry at the thought of Roman and my eyes slightly teared up.

He was so mean to me during high school. He always ruined any chance of me getting into a relationship, even as he graduated, and he always glared at me every time I took a glance at him.

I know, I'm really sensitive. But, I don't know why he hates me so much. I've never treated him wrong or anything like that. Not knowing why he treats me so badly makes me even more frustrated.

I threw some random shorts and a tank top in my bag, distracted by the angry memories of Roman.

-----

**I hope you all enjoyed the first chapter. It was just a quick introduction to Serena and her life. Let me know what you all think:)**

[Continue reading next part](#)