

"We need something flirty yet bold, not too slutty anyway but enough to like say I'm down for some..."  
Tamara moved closer to the saleswoman, a passionate look in her eyes that made me pity the now horrified woman who gasped and nodded thrice, scrambling to her feet, and if I wasn't in a dilemma myself I'd have tried to save her.

Mariah smiled at me, that is if you can call the big fat goofy grin which was beginning to seem creepy especially since it was so identical to the one Tamara had as the saleswoman of the cute boutique shop we had entered told us to follow her, that.

I scrunched my nose at the smell of new stuff all enclosed in one place reminding me yet again of how much I hated malls, how much I didn't want to be here and wait. You are confused about how I got

entrapped with Tristan's crazy cousins whose identical twin power was luring unsuspecting teenage girls to places they absolutely abhorred, well you get a rewind unlike me whose life is as messy as the clothes being thrown into my arms with each second that passes.

\*Yesterday, right after lunch break\*

I met his gaze, "Just baby steps."

He nodded in agreement.

I smiled.

"I'll be there then."

"You can bring your friend along mmm Gloria right?"

I nodded enthusiastic about not being alone on this

particular step and as I journeyed back home a part of me well, looked forward to spending time away from watching 'How I met your mother' marathon on weekdays which was an amazing sitcom and won't be at all sad, if not that it was the same episode that was repeated on TV again. Like a pitiable loop. And gain and again, with nothing to do I've sat and seen the movie.

The doorbell rang just after mom had barely left making me roll my eyes as the prospect of getting out of bed again as opening the door wasn't at all on any teenager's to-do list on a Saturday morning. At least, not until 12. My shift starts at 2 and Mom should have known better than forget anything behind especially when I was trying to gain as much energy that waiting tables doesn't really demand. But socialising with perverted customers, especially the college students that have been frequenting my neighbourhood and consequently where I work with stupid sexual jokes

that were slowly and distastefully beginning to become all about me, trying to wad off pick up lines and unnecessary flirting without losing your job and keeping up with jealous coworkers who you would trade whatever is happening to you, especially with the unneeded male attention to in a heartbeat, I needed to sleep for a year.

"I'm coming." I hollered begrudgingly realising that putting my pillow over my head won't make the incessant knocking on the door just go away and decided to just deal with the disturbance once and go back to my sleep.

I stood up from the bed and putting my hair which I know would be a mess into a bun to keep it from being on my face, I rushed towards the door and swing it open.

Now, if Chanel and Gucci decided to go into an

arranged marriage and got pregnant they'll give birth to the Identical twins in front of me on the two designers get up that made them look totally ridiculous from head to toe.

"Wrong turn?" I muttered.

"Six actually."

I didn't want to be rude but the girls in front of me who were gawking at me now in total disbelief, while still texting on their phones simultaneously didn't at all belong on this side of town with their oversized identical designer shades, pink Gucci bags and heels, and cute pink crop-top and black pair of shorts.

"Hey," I frown as one of the strangers took a picture of me and still standing on my porch like that wasn't weird continued texting.

One Of them after a few minutes, looked at their phone in utter disbelief then at each other when I was sure I was at my wit's end, "You are Prudence... Like the Prudence that dated Law Tyler?"

I rolled my eyes not believing that two spoilt brats came all the way here just to confirm what I looked like in person and consequently had disrupted my sleep. Okay, I was wrong some teenagers didn't mind having to interrupt their sleep as long as it had everything to do with a male man that was sculpted to look like a Greek god.

"Yes, I'm that Prudence though I won't call what we had dated but if that'll be all, I was quite busy\_\_"

My eyes were practically bulging as they both pushed me out of the threshold of the door and made their way into my house gaping while at it like it was no biggie that they were technically breaking in and that

was punishable by law. They rested one of their ass cheeks on one of our worn out looking leather couch still looking around my house like if they sat any comfortably they'll be stuck in it forever.

I placed my hand on my waist even as they arched their brow at me like I was the stranger intruding on their Saturday morning lazy ass moment conveniently.

"Do you think it is time yet, for you girls to tell me who you are?"

"Oh forgive our manners," one of them started giggling, "We were just carried away by how much work we had cut out for us. But I'm Tamara."

"Mariah." The other chirped and went back to her phone.

"Oh wow, Tamara and Mariah, two identical twins that I know from no where sitting on my couch, that's perfect!" I gritted my teeth, "I meant what are you both doing in my house and what do you mean by work cut out for us?"

"Oh." Tamara's mouth dropped open as she stifled a giggle, "Did you see that? Hellie just totally threw a fit and left the group chat."

Mariah nodded, "That is a classic."

I was in between doing breathing exercises that our homeroom teacher always advise we do when we were about to do something shitty that may or may not be illegal when Tamara looked up and smiled at me.

"We're Tristan's cousins."



"Okay?..." I whispered though I was in no way in hell able to visualize Tristan related to the sparkle bombs in my sitting room and even if I could, why that had anything to do with being in my house.

Mariah sighed, "Blaney and Leila just broke up. Love is messy!" She turned towards me, "Isn't it obvious? We're here to get you prepared for Tristan's party. Like a real makeover thingy!" Her cheeks flushed with excitement, "You girl need a fashion intervention and we're so glad to be in on this movement."

I was about to say yet another okay? Because my ear might have even found it too hard to communicate all that Mariah's red lipstick-covered mouth was saying so quickly and in between all the oh my gosh! And the pronunciation of girl as gal.

"What!?"

"We said\_\_"

"I heard you the first time, Princess Daisy." I snapped at Mariah, "Now I don't know how you girls got my address or who put you up to this intervention whatever, but I can't even squeeze in time for whatever bullshit this is. I'm so sorry but I do not need help with my looks."

Tamara grinned and pulled her glasses to the bridge of her nose giving me a deliberately long glance, "You sure about that girl? Because I won't be caught dead in that ratty Tee's even while alone in my room because I'll be too scared my shadow would be too ashamed of me and disappear. Besides, this is an intervention for some reason, a druggie doesn't know he or she needs rehab until they become irredeemable the same way a fashion disorderly person too thinks they are cool in mismatched socks and hair that hasn't seen a hairstylist in ages."

"Look girls this is really sweet and all but you don't go into people's houses on a Saturday and telling them their fashion sense is whack and requesting they allow you to fix that, especially in this part of town, that'll get you into lots of trouble and although this talk have been great and all but you guys would need to leave and I promise not to mention this to Tristan okay?"

"Firstly, we're not requesting, we're demanding. That's a huge difference. We don't know what No looks like even though it hits us square in the face as the Bakers twins so just get ready already else we would have to drag you looking like a disgrace to every teenager who runs a brush down their hair quickly before opening the door." Giving me a big smile like she hadn't just threatened me and somehow still look incredibly sweet, Tamara went back to her phone and Mariah gave me the little, "she can get intense like

that sometimes" shrug. Of course, they'll be playing bad cop and good cop with me.

"You know this is my house and I can ring the police anytime I want like right now\_\_\_"

"I think the cops would be too busy chasing the teenagers we saw rolling weeds at the side of the road before they get to your petty emergency and," Tamara made a show of checking her Rolex watch, "I don't have all day so you sure you want to take a bath or not?"

I blinked in disbelief not believing that I was really considering going upstairs and taking my bath, scared that the Bakers twins might just make good on their promise but with the dramatic first impression they had given me which was a helluva impressive and nothing I had expected from two rich missuses, I could tell they weren't playing around.

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