



COMING  
INTO POWER

TAMARA SMITH

A Mikayla Tale:

Coming Into Power (Book 1)

By

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## Chapter 1: Introductions

Ten years later...

Mikayla's POV

I searched my closet for the perfect outfit. I wanted to be able to move freely on the dance floor, without attracting attention. This evening was a long-awaited girl's night at the Firestarter Club. It opened a few months ago and its reputation had grown to make it the most popular spot in town. The lineup was rumored to be so long, many patrons never made it inside. Jacqui, my best friend, managed to get VIP entrance passes for us. We were ready to party. It is going to be a time to let loose, have a few drinks, and dance the night away with my girls: Jacqui, Kate, and Tricia. I could hardly contain my excitement while working at the diner today with anticipation.

Since I got engaged to Elliott two months ago, I hadn't been out with my girls and was starting to feel a bit isolated. I needed to make a better effort to hang with my crew. Elliott and I were completely smitten with each other and only spent work hours apart. He had a lucrative job as a businessman being heir to a family business. I was a waitress working at the Pop Pop Diner, a quaint mom-and-pop establishment with some of the tastiest food. The owner was a sweet, old man who was like a father to me. I referred to him as Pop, even though his real name was Larry. While attending post-secondary nearby, I needed a place to stay and a job. He provided me with both.

One day I was walking by the diner and was famished. The smell emanating from the restaurant had my stomach growling and my mouth salivating. There was no way I could keep going on my way. I went inside to have a bite to eat and within 30 minutes the entire place was ridiculously busy. The staff was having trouble keeping up one waitress had called in sick. I needed some money so asked if he wanted me to help where I could. He graciously accepted my offer. I filled drinks, carried food to the tables, pitched in clearing tables, and helped to reset them for the next guests. I had no experience but did my best. When things finally calmed down, he paid me in cash and asked if I wanted to permanently work at the diner. I was ecstatic since I felt I was clumsy the entire day, but he said I didn't complain and was always smiling which made his customers happy. He told me, even though the customers had to wait, they still complimented the atmosphere and my attentiveness once it was their turn. I immediately accepted the position.

Shortly after, the renter living in the apartment above the diner moved out. I grabbed it right away to be close to work and school. It was now summer, so I was working full-time and had no classes to attend. One afternoon, two years ago, Elliott had come into

the diner with a few of his friends. Yours truly was their waitress. It took him no time at all to ask me out on a date. He was handsome and polite, so I took a chance, and the rest is history. This little hole-in-the-wall diner brought me my job, a place to live, and the man of my dreams.

My phone rang while I was reminiscing about my life and how content it made me. I glanced at the caller ID, smiling happily said, "hello handsome". Elliott replied "hi beautiful. I know you are headed out soon, wanted to tell you I will miss you tonight and to enjoy your time out with the girls. You are mine again tomorrow." He was so sweet to be thinking of me and call. I asked him "are you going out tonight?". He told me he was too tired and going to watch a movie, stuff his face with some delivery and go to bed early. He would call tomorrow. Then, he told me not to have too much fun without him and wished me goodnight. I hung up the phone and felt flutters at how much love I felt from this man.

I glanced at the clock and realized I needed to hurry. I quickly grabbed a black pair of slacks, a black sports bra, and a white see-through blouse. As I put a modest amount of makeup on my face, I decided to wear my hair up with some strands dangling all around. I added a silver bangle bracelet, my platinum engagement ring, and hoop earrings. I put my driver's license, bank card, cash, and phone into a small black purse with a long strap that I could easily hold close while on the dance floor. Jacqui volunteered to be the designated driver (DD). However, I preferred to dance than to drink, and typically when she was the DD, I ended up driving us all home anyways. She always had men buying her drinks throughout the night. She was gorgeous, to say the least, and men flocked to her side wherever she went. She had long blond wavy hair, these almost transparent blue eyes, and a permanent light tan skin color. She did spend a fair amount of time in spas and gyms getting pampered and exercising to ensure she maintained her physique and appearance. With her beauty on the outside, she was equally beautiful on the inside. People often took advantage of her graciousness. She had very few female friends until we met in post-secondary, and we were instantly best friends. We met through a school assignment in which we had to do a business management report and presentation. Without that assignment pushing us together, we probably never would have met, but as fate had it, we were destined to be best friends. I am so grateful for that class, even though I have yet to use anything I learned in it to date. Jacqui was more than I could have ever asked for in a best friend.

I heard a honk and looked out the window above the diner to see Jacqui waving her hand out of the car motioning me to come on. I grabbed some open shoes that had a slight heel and straps that went up my legs just past my ankles under the black pants I was wearing. I grabbed my purse and a jacket to leave in the car for later, locked the door, and rushed down the stairs. I hopped in the front seat and eyeballed Jacqui from head to toe. She

wore a tight-fitting red dress that stopped just above her knees. It had a V-shape in the back and front, exposing her back, cleavage, and red stiletto pumps. "Can you even drive with those shoes on?" I asked worriedly. She laughed at me saying "I've made it this far, haven't I?" I gave her a smirk and she stepped on the gas to our next destination.

Conveniently, Kate and Tricia were roommates in an apartment complex not far from the diner. Kate was the waitress at the diner who had called in sick the day I jumped in to help. Once she returned for her next shift, things were awkward for a bit seeing as I took some of her shifts, but eventually, we grew to be good friends. One day, she wanted to go out with her friends, but Pop refused to give her the time off. I heard her begging him to let her go and since I had nothing to do, I volunteered to work her shift making mine a double and told Pop it didn't have to cost him any extra overtime. I would do it at straight time. I made plenty in tips anyways and the evening shift always had more than the day shift since typically dinner meals cost more than breakfast. He agreed. The next day Kate brought me a key chain with an olive branch on it and said she was extending an olive branch as she could tell I was a good person and someone she should be friends with. After that, we hung out regularly and covered shifts for each other when needed. Kate's other friends eventually moved on and she was the third musketeer we didn't know we were missing until she came along. She was outgoing and knew so many places to have fun in the city.

Tricia was the newest to join the group about six months ago. She had come into the diner one night crying uncontrollably and asking for a table in the back. It took a while, but she eventually disclosed to me, she had just broken up with her boyfriend whom she dated since high school. She thought they were sweethearts for life, and she caught him texting another girl. When she confronted him, he said he loved her as a close friend but not as a lover anymore. He had hoped they could remain close friends since he enjoyed her company and talking with her, and no one knew him as she did, but he desired someone else to be his girlfriend. We had several girls' nights after that conversation doing all sorts of things like going to nightclubs dining out, hanging out watching chick flicks and of course, we had to have a few spa days to wash all those troubles away. Tricia took about a month to realize she was better off and now had several close friends to ease any troubles she may encounter in life. We all felt that way. We had each other's backs, and nothing was going to interfere with that. Tricia moved into Kate's apartment after her previous roommate ditched her for the rent money. Tricia needed a place and Kate needed help paying the rent. It all worked out in the end. Fate was bringing everything and everyone together.

My dream of a simple life has come to fruition. I can be myself, enjoy time with friends, embrace the adoration and love of a partner, and live happily with the basics of life. I have seen my fair share of high-maintenance women and it is shocking to me how many

of them have partners scurrying behind them to do everything their hearts desire. I am missing something and by no means am attracted to those types of men. Of course, chivalry isn't dead to me, but I can hold a door now and then too. I wasn't rich, but I had enough to get by and was able to save so I could eventually move into a home I owned instead of the apartment above the diner. It's a quaint little apartment. It isn't large so I typically won't invite more than one person over at a time. Most of the walls are a mild yellow/beige color making every day feel like sunshine to me. The living room and kitchen meld together with a small built-in nook in the corner for a dining room. The bedroom is large with a walk-in closet; what girl couldn't use that? There is one bathroom which I won't lie; it could be bigger, but everything can't be perfect. It did have a soaker tub which at the end of a long shift was so easy to melt into with a candle, some bubbles, and light music.

As we pulled up to the front of the apartment building, I texted Kate. About five minutes later, the two of them came trotting out looking like models about to go to a photo shoot. I started to feel a bit underdressed given they all had on short-tight dresses, but I guess I missed the memo to dress provocatively. Granted I was more conservative than the rest of them and the only one who wasn't single at the time, but maybe I should have let loose a little more. Too late now, I thought to myself. I didn't want attention anyways. Looking at these three, I am thinking my plan succeeded. They all were on a level greater than me. I truly hoped they could find someone to make them feel how Elliott made me feel. They were all great women. They entered the car and immediately we pumped up the volume and listened to what we called our Girls Ramped Up CD. The first song burned on it was Girls Just Want to Have Fun, followed by several more female empowerment songs to get us in the mood to have a great time.