

MY LITTLE PHONY

A CLIQUE NOVEL BY  
LISI HARRISON



**poppy**

LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY  
New York Boston

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THE BLOCK ESTATE  
THE BARN-TURNED-SPA  
Friday, December 5th  
2:37 P.M.

“I love getting stoned,” Massie Block sighed happily from one of the three massage tables set up in her family’s barn-spa. Heated stones lay on her back, radiating warmth through her entire body like she’d just downed three soy caramel lattes.

“If we were in school right now, we’d be in third-period French,” Kristen Gregory mumbled through the face hole in her massage table. The stones lined her spine like stegosaurus plates.

“*J’adore* snow days,” trilled Alicia Rivera, lying on her back at the end of the row, her long, dark brown hair fanned out behind her head. Her masseuse, Amber, spritzed her with Evian mineral water.

“*Oui, oui*,” Kristen agreed.

“*Woof!*” Bean chimed in from her own mini massage bed.

“Tatiana, how do you say ‘snow day’ in Russian?” Massie asked innocently.

“Shhhhh,” hissed Tatiana. “Talking ees naht relaaack-sing. Jash theenk abut a bee-yoo-ti-ful snoh-flok.”

Tatiana claimed to be “frahmm RAH-shah,” but Massie had a feeling her accent was about as real as Heidi Pratt’s new body. Not that it mattered. Her hands were pure gold. And with all those rocks lined up on her back, Massie felt

like the black diamond stretch bracelet on her Christmas list: relaxed, beautiful, and almost a million bucks.

Massie turned her head to look out the barn's sophisticated yet rustic plate-glass windows. It had snowed more than two feet the night before. The patios were dusted with shimmery powder, and the trees sparkled in the early December sun. It looked as though the MAC fairy had sprinkled pearly White Frost eye shadow over the entire Block estate and then blown it a kiss with her Sugarrimmed Dazzleglass-coated lips.

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAIRE!" Layne Abeley's gravelly voice boomed from outside.

"AHHHHH! I've been hit!"

*CRASH!*

Outside, a body slammed against the barn wall, and the spa shook. A high-pitched giggle followed.

"Eh-ma-annoying!" Massie flipped over, her heated stones tumbling to the floor. Her ex-BFF, Claire Lyons, had been squealing and giggling with her new friends all afternoon. Leave it to Claire to find the only ninth-grade girls who thought snowball fights were more fun than high school gossip. It was a total waste of an upgrade.

"Eeen-hayel the soo-theeng ah-rom-ah," Tatiana instructed, guiding Massie back down to the table and replacing the rocks. Spicy steam startled Massie's pores as the masseuse kneaded the tension from her shoulders. But it was a lost cause. No amount of eucalyptus-infused steam could ease the pain of Claire ditching the Pretty Committee for *Layme* Abeley and two fourteen-year-old theater geeks.

Suddenly, the barn's wooden door flew open. Dylan Marvil rushed in, along with an arctic blast of air. Snowflakes speckled the back of her black cashmere coat like dandruff. Her white-mittened hands grasped the handles of a dozen brightly colored shopping bags, and her cheeks were as red as her hair.

"Where've you been?" Alicia sat up, pressing a fluffy green towel against her C-cups.

"Shooooooooooooooooopping!" Dylan burped. She set down a cardboard tray full of venti Starbucks hot chocolates and wiped her brown-stache with the back of her mitten. A cocoa-colored skid mark cut across the cashmere. "Ooops!" she shrugged. "Good thing I got a new pair. I cleaned out Neiman's, Juicy, and Michael Kors. Snow-day shopping is the best."

"Point-t-t-t," Alicia agreed through chattering teeth.

Massie pressed a button on a sleek silver remote. A second later, the electric fire in the stone fireplace ignited.

Dylan tossed her stained mittens into the hungry flames and then shook her crimson locks.

"Nice lice, Dyl!" Kristen cackled. Alicia snickered, her freshly manicured toes dangling just above the heated tile floor.

As Dylan whirled back toward them, her Brazilian blowout whipped around her face. "Don't even joke! When Megan Lambert got lice, her friends scattered like roaches in a Raid storm." She stuck her butt out to warm it in the fire's glow.

“Let’s see what you got.” Massie stood, and once again the pile of rocks cascaded off her warm back and crashed to the ground. Bean bolted under the glass coffee table.

“Nyyyettttt!” Tatiana let out a yelp as one of the rocks bounced against her toe. “Off! Off!” she insisted, waving Kristen and Alicia to their feet. With a grimace, she nodded at the other masseuses, who quickly folded up their tables, packed up their oils, picked up their rocks, and followed her out into the cold afternoon.

“*Danke* very much,” Massie called after them sweetly, putting on a fluffy white robe.

The three women responded by slamming the barn door shut.

“Isn’t *danke* German?” Kristen giggled.

“Oh, whatevs,” Massie shrugged. “They dan-kare.” She padded over to Dylan’s pile of bags and pulled out a baby blue cashmere hat with earflaps and tassels. It looked like something Kuh-laire would wear. With a wince, she dropped it back in the bag. “You really did buy *everything*.”

“I maxed out my card,” Dylan admitted. “But it was totally worth it. I got open-toed booties in faux leopard *and* faux cheetah.”

“Ohhh,” Alicia whine-pouted. “I’m faux jealous.” Her shoulders were covered with spiderweb-like indentations from lying down on the massage table. “I can’t buy anything right now. My parents told me they would send me to the Spanish Riviera for a week if I didn’t shop from Thanksgiving to Christmas.” She buried her nose inside Dylan’s Saks bag

and inhaled a Ralph Lauren sweater-coat. “Ahhhh! It’s better than new puppy smell.”

Bean lifted her little black head and growled.

“She was only kidding, B,” Massie assured her pup, applying a coat of Pineapple Spice Glossip Girl to the pug’s mouth. The pug licked it off and then sneezed. “My parents would *never* shop-block me.”

“Must be nice,” Kristen said with a frown.

“It is,” Massie beamed.

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