

THE CLIQUE

SUMMER COLLECTION



DYLAN

A CLIQUE NOVEL BY
LISI HARRISON



poppy

LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY
New York Boston

THE *DAILY GRIND* PRIVATE JET

35,000 FEET

Monday, June 29

9:55 A.M.

Dylan Marvil sat across from her famous TV-host mother on *The Daily Grind*'s private jet en route to a spa in Hawaii, wondering why anyone would *choose* to fly commercial. The luxe cabin was papered with interlocking D's and G's, the seats were made of butter-soft tan leather, and the in-flight movie was anything she wanted it to be. The only thing missing was a silver spoon for her fat-free triple-chocolate banana split—and the petite brunet flight attendant in the cute navy mini-dress was rushing one right over.

Once it had arrived, Dylan swallowed a mouthful of creamy deliciousness. “Ahhh! Brain freeze!” she shouted as the cold shot straight up to her scarlet roots.

Without lifting her emerald green eyes, Merri-Lee Marvil tossed a snowy white cashmere throw on her daughter's lap and returned to her thick file on Svetlana Slootskyia, the teen tennis phenom and current *Maxim* cover girl. Merri-Lee reclined in her seat, tucked her burgundy blowout behind her ears, and began flipping through the research material her assistant, Cassidy Wolfe, had prepared for the upcoming interview.

Until Svetlana, the only thing tennis-related Dylan had ever noticed was the sparkling diamond bracelet glinting on

her mother's bony wrist. But these days, Svetlana "Tennis the Menace" Slootskyia was impossible to ignore.

At first she made headlines for her blond hotness. But then she TMZ'ed her way onto Dylan's radar when she whipped her racket at a ball girl's teeth after losing a majorly important match. And this was only four days after she'd smashed her now-ex-boyfriend in the mouth with a Dunlop because he smile-thanked the soda girl for his Pepsi. After twelve weeks of anger-management therapy, Svetlana had emerged to scores of paparazzi, all of them hoping to snap *her* the instant she snapped again.

Now, every entertainment journalist from Maria Menounos to Nancy O'Dell was tripping over their Manolos to get a post-rehab interview with Svetlana. But she was more impossible to land than Chanel's Black Tulip nail polish, thanks to Merri-Lee, who'd bought the rights to the Slootskyia story the second Svetlana's Wilson KFactor collided with Ali Chipley's incisors.

"Ha! I'll show *her*," Merri-Lee blurted, scribbling something on her yellow legal pad.

"*Who?*" Dylan licked the silver dessert spoon and dropped it in the fat-free chocolate soup that was starting to congeal at the bottom of her crystal bowl.

"Barbara Walters. She's not the only one willing to go *there*."

It was the interview of the season, and Merri-Lee was determined to deliver high drama. But to Dylan, Svetlana represented a first-class ticket to a five-star fat camp, an opportunity to drop the four pounds she'd gained trying to show Kemp Hurley

and Chris Plover she wasn't some prissy girly girl who fussed over calories.

Even though she was.

After a short snooze and a steaming, lavender-scented face towel, Dylan threw the blanket off her palm-frond-green puff-sleeved Juicy hoodie and, out of pure boredom, reached for a stack of Merri-Lee's research materials. She scanned the headlines next to various photographs of Svetlana petting her thick side-braid: BLOND BOMBSHELL EXPLODES . . . BALL GIRL'S TEETH SOLD ON EBAY . . . NIKE SWOOSHES TO SVETLANA'S RESCUE WITH AN ENDORSEMENT DEAL . . .

Dylan flipped through dozens of pictures, then sighed hopelessly. Every one showed Svetlana in some bland white dress and athletic sneakers. Suhhh-nooooozer!

"Mom, do you think there will be anyone my age at the spa who's *not* into tennis?"

"Cass!" Merri-Lee called back to her assistant, ignoring her daughter. "Are we confirmed on Svetlana's must-haves?"

Cassidy unbuckled her gold DG-stamped seat belt and appeared between Merri-Lee and Dylan on the brocade-carpeted aisle, her auburn curls pinch-clamped to the back of her head by a clear Scünci jaw clip.

"Spirulina detox smoothies, all the current tabloids with photos of Paris Hilton removed, thirty packs of chocolate mint Altoids, Tocca candles in lemon verbena, unscented baby wipes instead of toilet paper, and a gray kitty cat with haunting blue eyes." She tapped her pad with the tip of her pencil. "We're all set."

“Fan-tastic.”

Cassidy turned on her ivory espadrille and wobbled back to her seat.

Suddenly, the plane dipped. It quickly recovered, but the sinking feeling in Dylan’s stomach remained. Was she doomed to spend her spa vacation watching her mother kiss some blond Russian’s ultra-toned butt? Gawd! Just because *she* wasn’t famous or blond or toned or violent didn’t mean she deserved to be ignored—did it?

“Aloha. We will now begin our initial descent into Honolulu,” the pilot announced. “They had quite a thunderstorm last night, so everything will be beautiful and fresh for your arrival.” His smooth voice sent an anxious ripple through Dylan’s undefined abs.

Fresh!

It was time to make a fresh start.

No more comparing herself to Svetlana, or *anyone*. The next three weeks would be all about *Dylan* learning to love Dylan. No more super-skinny Westchester girls to compete with. No more alphas to obey. No more pretending to be someone she wasn’t. No more crushing on boys who didn’t crush back.

Her days of feeling inadequate were over!

And if anyone wanted to witness a real temper tantrum, all she had to do was stand in her way.

Copyright © 2008 by Alloy Entertainment

All rights reserved. Except as permitted under the U.S. Copyright Act of 1976, no part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, or stored in a database or retrieval system, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

Poppy

Little, Brown and Company

Hachette Book Group USA

237 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10017

For more of your favorite series, go to www.pickapoppy.com

First Edition: May 2008

The Poppy name and logo are trademarks of Hachette Book Group USA.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

CLIQUE® is a registered trademark of Alloy Media, LLC.

Cover design by Andrea C. Uva

Cover and author photos by Roger Moenks



alloy**entertainment**

Produced by Alloy Entertainment

151 West 26th Street, New York, NY 10001

ISBN: 978-0-316-03565-1

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

CWO

Printed in the United States of America