

A BRADFORD NOVEL

Fashionista



MICOL OSTOW

SIMON PULSE

NEW YORK LONDON TORONTO SYDNEY

Thanks as ever to Liz, Andra, and Anica,
for endless patience and encouragement with this manuscript;
to Noah, for loving me even when I am deadline-crazed and hopped up on coffee
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This book is a work of fiction. Any references to historical events,
real people, or real locales are used fictitiously. Other names, characters,
places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination,
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SIMON PULSE

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To all of those folks out there in the
blogosphere—writers, readers, and other
assorted friendlies—who keep me
company while I work.
Who says writing is a solitary profession?



Madison_Ave: is all kinds of *haute* and bothered.

A Prêt-à-Party

12/7, 3:11 a.m.

privacy setting: private collection

LOOSE LIPS

I have to say: I am certainly no stranger to drama. But usually, it's of the variety that belongs to someone else. For instance, Paige. Getting dragged away in handcuffs.

Okay, I'll admit I didn't see this key event with my own eyes. Limos are *definitely* fun, but the tinted windows make it tough to keep up with the latest scandal. Especially when you're busy creating a private scandal of your own. I honestly can't believe what went down with Tyler and me tonight.

Bottom line: If someone's getting busted, I'm seriously glad it's not me. I totally couldn't handle this decimating my friendship with Spence. Girls like Paige come and go, but Spencers are forever.

Thank God for FrontPaige making headlines again. Looks like my secret is under wraps . . . for now, anyway.

location: the Closet

status: afterglowing—I can't help it! Squee! Sorry, Spencer!

dirty secrets: just the one. But it's a biggie. This could all end
very badly. . . .



GoldenGirl: is second-guessing.

to: Madison_Ave@bradfordprep.com
from: GoldenGirl@bradfordprep.com
date: 12/7, 2:20 p.m.
re: Blogorrhea

Hi, friendly:

So . . . about last night.

Crazy, *n'est-ce pas*? Every time I blink, I see them carting Paige off in handcuffs. And that major-league stink-eye she was flashing my way. I had no idea that false eyelashes could be used so adroitly for the power of evil.

Anyhoo, I know Paige's comeuppance was a long time, er, comeupping, but it still felt sort of sudden. Rehab, thy name is Paige. Again.

I know I did the right thing. Jeremy says so too. And according to Reegs, Paige wasn't this far into the hard stuff the last time she was shipped off to Zephyr. So I guess she really needed the reality check. And yet.

I wouldn't mind if you agreed with me. In so many words. Sooner rather than later. Before I decide I was channeling my inner Paige a bit too much last night.

Meanwhile, ever see Toni's old blog post about the weekend at the Oceana? Kaylen just IM'd me about it. I mean, I'm sure it's nothing and I can't even believe I'm bringing it up—that weekend was ages ago, and so weird anyway—but her blog had a little thing about you . . . and Tyler . . . getting a little too friendly?

Stupid, right?

If Toni is so desperately needy for attention and dirt, couldn't she have come up with something better than that? This *is* Bradford, after all.

Anyway, it's so dumb. I thought I'd mention it and then we could laugh about how dumb it is. Because it is. Dumber than dumb.

Right?

Looking forward to hearing how right I am,

Spence

to: GoldenGirl@bradfordprep.com
from: Madison_Ave@bradfordprep.com
date: 12/7, 3:17 p.m.
re: Blogorrhea

Dah-ling:

I guess it's true what they say: A leopard never changes its spots. And a tigress always keeps her claws sharpened and at the ready.

I can't *believe* Toni posted that on her blog! Talk about making a mountain out of a moleskin clutch! She obvs doesn't understand that Tyler and I are just friends, and not in any Hollywood publicist, "they're just friends, but really they're secretly dating" sort of way. I mean, our whole crew is all jokey and flirty and friendly. *All* of us, *all* of the time. Gawd.

It's such a shame that Toni's never had a flirty conversation with a studly boy. She might be more understanding of the sitch if she had any experience with the opposite sex. Someone really ought to let that girl know that jealousy is *out* this season. And it doesn't do much for her complexion either. (Envy is extremely sallow-making.) Concocting rumors just to get under our collective skin is, as you say, complete and utter dumbness.

Speaking of who was getting down with whom, let's talk about last night: Dalton and Camden Barrett—get a room, peeps! This is the Hollywood Ball, not Hollywood Boulevard! Did he even wait until Paige had been escorted from the premises before hunting down another hookup?

I know, I know: pot, kettle. I have become what I hate. I'll shut up now.

And no worries, you did the right thing re: Paige. I've been telling you for weeks that she was over the edge.

Meet you in the lounge tomorrow before first period?

Mwah!

Mads

to: Madison_Ave@bradfordprep.com

from: GoldenGirl@bradfordprep.com

date: 12/7, 5:03 p.m.

re: Friendliness

Miss Maddie:

I was obviously having a case of temporary insanity that I even bothered to ask the question. I should learn not to be so gullible. Thanks for not making a thing of it. You're the bestest (of course).

xx,

Spence

ps: Screw pots and kettles. I might need the gory deets on Cam and Dalton. For serious.

Madison_Ave: hearts gory deets. When they're not about her.

12/7, 7:52 p.m.

privacy setting: private collection

LIES OF THE WHITE VARIETY

Or, um, if not quite as white as the illegal substance that was found on Paige Andrews's person last night, then perhaps more of an ivory or an ecru. An eggshell, if you will. Much like those eggshells that I'll be walking on when I get near Spencer, if I don't watch myself.

So maybe I fibbed a little. But it's not as though I told Spencer a complete untruth. It was really more like a fiblette. I mean, yeah, so, Tyler and I have been *haute*-and-heavy with the flirting for a while now. I tried to ignore it, tried to pretend it didn't mean anything. I mean, he's my BFF's BF. Despite the flirtaliciousness, we didn't actually get seriously horizontal until the Hollywood Ball. And even then, it's not like we meant to do it or anything. It was mostly just drunken misbehavior. *In vino retarditas*. So to tell Spencer that nothing was going on back at Bar Fetish is to be strictly truthful.

I guess.

I hooked up with my best friend's boyfriend.

And also? I liked it.

Now my stomach is twisted into thorny knots. It feels like the time I ate three servings of original Smooch mojito gelato and then let C.J. drive me around Rittenhouse in his Audi R8. Kind of in a good way, kind of in a less good way.

I love Spencer. But *mmm*, whatever that was with Tyler . . . It's like the hummy sort of skin tingles that you get after a good, long sweat session in the sauna. And it's going to be pretty hard to go back to the way things used to be. To be honest, I don't know if I can. Flirtaliciousness may not be enough anymore.

No.

I won't put Spence-and-Mads in jeopardy. Not if I can help it. What was it I said before? *Spencers are forever*. I'm not going to risk our relationship for a little kissy-face with Tyler. Sauna-hummy skin tingles or no.

No way.

Not a chance.

Nope.

Not me.

Never.

location: the kitchen

status: whitewashed

resolved: to do the right thing. And bury my big-time mistake.