

The Sisterhood Clique

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This book is not copying 'The Clique' series. I just love the books and decided to make a story like it. Anyways, these girls meet and their lives change forever. Also, there ARE some spoilers from the Clique books. Like some of the insults.

Provided by Fanart Central.

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Nicole walked gracefully out the door of her school and glided across the parking lot toward her limo. She felt great. Yesterday, she was unpopular, boyfriend-less, and poor. Today, she was the most popular girl in school, was girlfriend to the most popular guy, and the richest girl in town. *Probably in the entire state of New York* she thought. Suddenly she felt an impact, tripped, and dropped her new Motorola cell phone. She turned around to see an unpopular girl on the ground quickly picking up her papers. "Watch where you're going, stupid," Nicole snapped. "I-I'm sorry. It was an accident." The girl reached over to Nicole's Motorola cell phone. "Don't you touch my cell phone!" Nicole was furious. How dare a little, worthless, unpopular girl trip her, then try to steal her phone! "I was just trying to give it back. Gosh. It's a stupid phone," the girl said in disgust. Nicole gasped. "Do you have ANY idea who you are talking to?" The girl paused. "A complete and total friggin idiot?" "No! The most popular, rich, and hottest girl in the school. Oh, and those stupid denim overalls HAVE to go." The girl looked down at her overalls. "Ever thought that some of us aren't as rich as you?" Nicole picked up her phone, stood up, and said, "What's your name?" The girl looked up. "My name is Taylor." "Taylor, did I invite you to my barbecue?" "Um...no." "Then why are you all up in my grill?"^{spoiler} Taylor looked up. Nicole noticed she had ears in her eyes. For a moment she almost felt sorry for her. Then she remembered she was popular. She didn't need to feel sorry for. It wasn't her place. Nicole picked up her messenger bag and continued across the parking lot. She got up to the limo, opened the door, and slid across the buttery, leather seat and sighed in satisfaction. It was good to be her.