“Leave it to me, Clary. We’ll have you looking sexy and professional in no time.” She looped her arm in mine and was all bouncy.

“Not sexy, only professional,” I said.

“Don’t lay that virgin crap on me. You’re working for the hottest guy in town,” she blurted so loudly people’s heads turned.

“Tell the whole of LA, why don’t you?” I snapped.

“You’ve got a figure to die for and a face like Natalie Wood’s,” Tabitha said, dragging me along by my hand.

“Tabs, need I keep reminding you that I’m employed as a PA?”

“I know, I know. But there’s no harm in making the most of your assets,” she said, sounding more like an ambitious mother by the minute.

We passed “Yesterday’s Child” my favorite vintage shop. Instincts fully aroused, I headed for the doorway. Tabitha pulled me back. “No vintage, Clary, only contemporary, stylish, and sexy.”

“Vintage can be super classy and fashionable,” I argued. Although she was right, I had a pathological addiction to 1960s clothes. Tabitha said it was because I was trying to emulate my late mother. I couldn’t disagree. My mother and I were so alike in build that I still wore her clothes. It was an obsession that had caused much trouble at college, at least until vintage became fashion. Then the bullies suddenly regarded my Mondrian-inspired mini worn over white patent-leather boots with envy.

“Let’s go there.” Tabitha pointed to an enormous department store. I followed along submissively.