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She isn't naturally pretty, but like lots of girls in New York City, she does everything right. "This needs to come down immediately." "Are you serious?" "I am so serious, Lucy." Melissa folds her pale, flabby arms and focuses her socially anxious gaze somewhere past my left shoulder. Penn Station is like the crack den of New York transportation hubs. My cousin is a lesbian. I would probably never have a curfew again. I fingered the backs of my new earrings, twisting them around and around as I waited for my turn to take a pull of the lukewarm Absolut. Just keep in mind that all the characters are trash, and if you ever dated an emotionally manipulative dude who drew the short end of the ethical stick, you might find yourself meditating on past relationships best left out on the proverbial curb where they belong.Thanks to Netgalley/the publisher for the review copy! 4 stars ...more Tell Me Lies 1 LUCY AUGUST 2017 I wake two minutes before my 5:45 a.m. alarm goes off, on instinct, like the neurotic, sleep-deprived New Yorker I've become. A. "You're really not." Jackie stripped the sheets. Outside it's muggy and Madison Avenue is clogged, but I manage to flag down a cab. I'm running late. I'd eaten a cheeseburger and a bowl of ice cream at the orientation barbecue earlier that day. "I'm Pippa McAllister. In a navy T-shirt and track shorts, she looked like a gorgeous tomboy—the kind guys are obsessed with. She is chatting with Evan's parents, who I met at the engagement party at the Pierre. If you take this as a cautionary story, or as a train wreck drama, I think you might enjoy this book. I grab my work stuff, shower stuff, change of clothes, and my weekend bag for Bree's wedding—thank God I had the foresight to pack before getting drunk with Dane. But I met Pippa last week. How do you spell Tooksberry, Luce? Courtney is really working us this morning, and my head feels like it's going to explode. "Lucy." Melissa turns back to me. Fuck, Ben. Melissa is on even more of a power trip than Alanna, which, coalesced with her social dysfunction, is a frightening combination. I'm the one who landed it." I resist the overwhelming urge to roll my eyes. I wanted to ask more questions, but our door swung open and a tall girl with long, glistening black hair walked in, followed by a skinny girl with white-blond hair, the color of saline crackers. One of my best friends is getting married tomorrow, and I'm dating Dane: a surf-obsessed skater bro who thinks my name is Babe, consistently "forgets" his wallet, and has a tattoo that reads DON'T TALK ABOUT IT, BE ABOUT IT in block lettering on one of his beautiful, muscular shoulders. A more convenient location—just outside the city—it's easier for everyone, Bree had explained. Whenever we went out, Georgia and I knew to tame our speech, but CJ didn't, and her swearing could be embarrassing. I don't see what the problem is." "The problem is, Lucy, that you wrote an article about Cabo San Lucas and did not mention our Cabo San Lucas client, Las Ventanas al Paraíso. I kind of liked seeing CJ's efforts unexpectedly negate each other. I shower in the locker room and pull myself together for work—some makeup, not too much. Lydia and I used to play Rumours from start to finish and smoke cigarettes out her bedroom window. I'd already unpacked; she'd already made up my bed with her lid-tight hospital corners. "Run me through the agenda." "Shouldn't we wait for Harry?" Harry is VP of marketing, Melissa's boss, who used to be my boss before he and Melissa both got promoted. My phone vibrates on my lap. It's a windowless, drab rat maze with low ceilings, and it's always so crowded you can barely lift an arm. She untwisted and retwisted her blond hair into a messy bun and stood. My watch reads 5:56. The expression on Jackie's face revealed a mutual feeling. You're fine." "Easy for you to say, you can eat whatever you want and not gain weight." I eyed Pippa, who wore a black cotton dress. Even if I don't want to give a fuck, even if I convince myself I don't, I always do. "Finally, Bree," she said. When he tried to call the house, I had my dad answer. Bree doesn't come from much money, and she's open about it. Corona, babe? "Are you roommates?" Jackie asked. And despite Harry's encouragement and a promotion that essentially just replaced the word coordinator with executive, I'm no closer to the editorial door than I was three years ago, especially not with Melissa as my boss. L. Alanna is on a complete power trip because she's an account manager and I'm an account executive, and she pretends to be my boss even though we both have the same boss, Melissa, director of sales. When my parents finally left, Jackie and I looked at each other. And a fruit platter if they have it." "Sure." Alanna hates being the one to get sent on errands, and I can feel her seething. What if Sonja sees this? Wasted time is a luxury I'm worried I can no longer afford. My dad basically called him a garbage human being, because my dad is awesome, and I guess also since my dad is a man "she doesn't want to see you" meant more coming from him than it did from me. They would never be anything else. 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I ignored those vibes because the guy in question seemed nice enough and I liked his parents and we had a lot of the same interests. I know Harry would agree, had he read the article, which clearly he has not." Melissa's lips are curled into a snarl, and I can see just how much she cherishes the opportunity to make me feel like an idiot. I still can't think about him without thinking about sex. I walk seven quick blocks northeast to my office on Forty-Seventh and Madison. If you went to college on the East Coast, you'd still be away at school, but you could see your friends and sister whenever you wanted. Jackie opened her laptop and turned on "Rhiannon." I felt even surer about her. Part of my panic is missing Bree, I know. For a while I thought I was a lesbian. It would've been biased and unprofessional." "This is unprofessional." She stabs her finger at my name on the computer screen. With all of her baggage, Stephen makes her feel good about herself - until he doesn't, but by then, she's already grown too dependent.I saw a lot of people rating this low because they hated the people and I get that. Ugh. That's how people get roofied. "Lucy," Melissa spits. I hadn't heard this side of CJ in ages—she was usually a warden when it came to my drinking—but deciphering her unpredictable personality was like trying to order dinner from a menu written in foreign characters. I wish I were in Kaplan, though. Evan's house is at the end of a long, curved driveway, nestled into a green hillside. "Shit! I'm an idiot. I felt a stir in the base of my stomach at the knowledge that I could finally do whatever I wanted. It's my group text with Jackie and Pippa. I don't miss college—I basically took my diploma and beelined for my packed U-Haul. I refuse to gain the freshman fifteen." "Pippa, you had a gluten-free muffin this morning and like, one bite of my sandwich." "I'm just going to miss her too much. I grew up listening to Fleetwood Mac like it was a religion, especially that really bad year, the year that followed the Unforgivable Thing. Her white-blond hair is swept back in a low bun and she's wearing dark, stylish sunglasses that must be a recent purchase. Fleshier than Jackie's, and definitely fleshier than Bree's." "I didn't realize you were trying to be some kind of global health journalist." Her face is practically twitching with rage or discomfort; I can't tell which. I splash some water on my face in the bathroom and brush my teeth for thirty seconds. Mountains were still so new to me then, and I shivered at their potential, at whatever it was they would promise. The Risks We Take for Travel's Sake" by Lucy Albright. When it was Bree's turn, she hesitated before taking a swig, then her expression morphed into one of disgust. Now that I'm on the train, actually going there, I'm too preoccupied to think about Melissa and the Departures article and what I'm going to do. Well, I smoked. "You include Casa Dorada, one of Las Ventanas's main competitors. Then she hugged me so hard I could barely breathe. She's really saying: You're early but not earlier than me. I let the driver swipe my Visa and then haul all my crap out of the cab like a crazy bag lady. "Stevie's the queen." The Absolut was making my limbs pleasantly heavy, and I felt as though I could stay there talking to Jackie forever. She would be just fine without Evan, financially. But I didn't hold it against Jackie, because if I didn't know CJ, I'd probably say she was awesome, too. "Now? As usual, I hated hearing this. Easy with a side of simple. Outside, the August air is hot but less humid than Manhattan, thank God. I always feel strange when she confronts me in person. Let's do something then. Sorry, Lucy." I shrugged, barely caring. I pulled them off discreetly, quietly dropping them into the trash bin as we left the room. The article ran two weeks ago. "I went to Choate and spent most of the time studying my ass off so I could get a good financial aid package for college. Do you have any idea how this makes us look? Jackie mixed the drinks in a couple of mugs she'd brought and accidentally tipped one over, spilling the spiked Diet Coke all over my bed. We're empty nesters now." CJ swore a lot, which was kind of nice because, growing up, my older sister, Georgia, and I could swear as much as we wanted. "Thanks, CJ. "You crazy?" he slurs, half asleep. My head kills from the wine—Dane and I split two bottles with the dinner that I paid for—but I force myself out of bed anyway. He'd smiled dumbly, one front tooth longer than the other. But I hung up on him.As it turned out, not only had he lied about breaking up with his first "ex" girlfriend, he had yet another girlfriend on the side - a girl who was in our circle of friends, and who had, towards the end of my relationship with this guy, suddenly started acting very weirdly towards me. #TeamGarbageHumansYou're probably wondering why I bring this up. The hospital corners would never be as perfect again—I don't even tuck in my top sheet when I make the bed, which CJ hates. Isn't that worth considering?" CJ always asked questions like this, illogical ones with no answers. This is a good place to start, and your foot's in the door, baby. Jackie insisted on washing my bedding (blue-blood manners—I could tell), and I mixed us new drinks while she ran down to the laundry room. There's Lucy, a naive but inherently vain and selfish girl who is just going off to college. Watching Bree pack up her half of our apartment after two years together, having Julie move in with her frilly couch pillows and loud food processor. Melissa sneaks up on us without a greeting, her social awkwardness waning as she switches into boss mode. Wanna go? . I went in with pretty low expectations but actually ended up enjoying it just as much as I did BIG LITTLE LIES. "Your mom is awesome," Jackie said, gesturing toward the half-empty bottle of vodka. I hate camping. I wanted to at least put on some mascara and change my shirt, but I didn't say anything. My metabolism is failing me with age." I looked down at the tops of my thighs, tanned from the summer but suddenly fleshy-looking. The kitchen is a mess, mostly from Dane and me, but I know Dane won't bother doing the dishes. "I thought I heard 'Rhiannon.' Have you guys noticed that everyone in our hall is either international or a dreadlocked lesbian?" "Pippa, you can't talk like that." the blond girl said. "You're early." Alanna sneers when I walk in. I could tell he was getting antsy. Even after a lot of the emotional residue has cleared, the physical stuff continues to sneak up on me. She gives me a look like this is brand-new information, even though I told her a month ago and have reminded her every day this week. "Don't ever drink from a cup that's been sitting out at a party. CJ always spent way too much on stuff like bedding. "Tap it back! Tap it back! TAP IT BACK!" Courtney is screaming through the microphone, a Wiz Khalifa remix blaring through the speakers. My dad was calmer, smiling his usual I'm comfortable anywhere grin. He doesn't want to change or be the redeemed rake. Harry lets me hide in his office when Melissa is at her bitchiest. She sat down in my desk chair and crossed one of her chopstick legs over the other. Ugh! Not fair. If Bree still lived here it wouldn't matter, but she doesn't. >>>> CLICK HERE TO DOWNLOAD EBOOK > CLICK HERE TO DOWNLOAD EBOOK







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