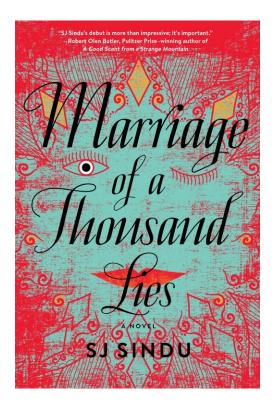


MARRIAGE OF A THOUSAND LIES



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains alternate sexualities; inexplicit sexual activities; profanity; and alcohol use.

Adult

By SJ Sindu ISBN: 9781616957919





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Page	Content
	I drain the last of my beer and walk toward the bar. I smile back. She slides her bar stool closer and touches my arm when she talks, her fingers tingling the skin where I've pushed up the sleeves of my button-down. Kris would say it was worth it. A fuck's a fuck, he would say.
7	I spend my nights drawing commissions for horny suburban fanboys with money to waste-too-thin elves facing off against tentacled monsters, custom Sailor Scouts, coy anime girls frolicking at the beach, well-endowed geishas undressing in dimly-lit rooms.
	"So?" Kris says. He tips his glass back and shakes an ice cube into his mouth. "The one at the bar? I don't think so." "A fuck's a fuck." He holds the ice cube between his teeth and talks around it. "Emily's getting laid. Why shouldn't you?"
	"Shut up." I wish I had bought another beer so that I'd have something to hold onto, so that the cold of it could take my mind off the ache in my stomach. My hands grasp at the air.
	The man in the Red Sox hat stares hard at Kris through the darkness of the bar. "Emily was no Nisha," Kris says. He raises his empty glass. "To Nisha, your oldest and truest."
	I feel the outline of my phone through my pocket and think about calling Nisha. "Red Sox Hat seems interested," I say.
	"He's drinking a Bud Light." "A fuck's a fuck."

Profanity	Count
Fuck	6

