

*For those who like to sneak a peek at
the last page before chapter One - I've
got you covered*

*And those who shudder at spoilers
beware*

~ Vanni Kaushal

THE
WOMAN
WHO
LIED

a novel



INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLER

CLAIRE DOUGLAS

Somewhere in Central America by the look of it. Her hand trembles. This is basically a confession. She could take it to the police. Or she could destroy it.

She hears Elliot in the kitchen singing along to Oasis, every now and again breaking off from 'Champagne Supernova' to call a word of encouragement to Wilfie in the garden. Brambles barks playfully, and she imagines the puppy lolliping across the grass with his uncoordinated legs, joining in. She knows Jasmine is on the sofa with the cat on her lap, probably watching them with an amused expression while simultaneously texting Nancy, her best friend.

Her best friend.

Ottilie had drugged her and left her to die, that was the commonly held belief. Yet the doctors had told her the amount of the drug in her body was only enough to knock her out, not to kill her.

Some stories deserve to be told. Does this one?

Emilia sighs, tearing Ottilie's story into tiny shreds, then goes to join her family in the kitchen.

New York Times bestselling author of
THE SEARCHER

TANA
FRENCH

The Hunter

A NOVEL



Trey looks up at the mountainside, where Brendan is lying and where she almost joined him. Her chance of finding him, a slim one from the start, is gone now. The fire will have taken any signs she could have spotted; if his ghost was ever there, now it's a slip of flame, twisting upwards amid smoke and gone into the night sky. She finds, to her surprise, that she's OK with this. She misses Brendan as much as ever, but the jagged need has gone out of it. With him, too, her footing has changed.

Something light as a midge hits against her cheek. When she touches it, she feels a speck of damp.

"Rain," she says.

"Yep," Cal says. "That'll make the farmers easier in their minds. You want to go inside?"

"Nah," Trey says. She should be wrecked, but she's not. The cool air feels good. She feels like she could stay right here all night, till the fire is out or till the morning comes.

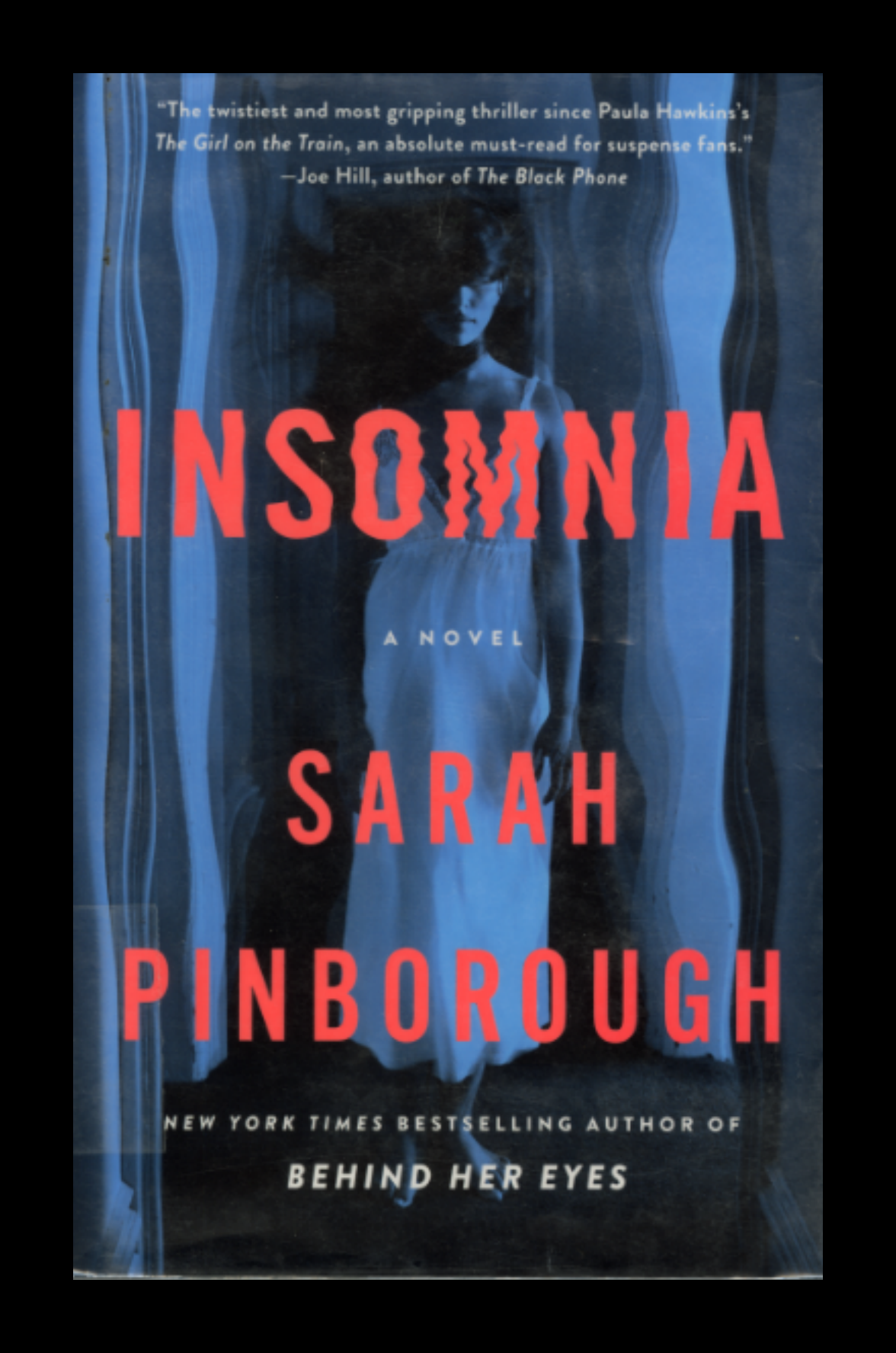
Cal nods and rearranges his arms more comfortably on the wall. He texts Lena about Banjo and the change of clothes, and shows Trey the thumbs-up she sends back. The rooks, alert and edgy in their tree, make hoarse comments on the situation and tell each other to shut up.

The line of flame has stretched wider across the horizon, following the dips and rises of the mountains' crest. The sound of it reaches them very faintly and gentled, like the shell-echo of a faraway ocean. It's late, but far into the distance on every side, the fields are dotted with the tiny yellow lights of houses. Everyone is awake and keeping vigil.

"S beautiful," Trey says.

"Yeah," Cal says. "I guess it is."

They lean on the wall, watching, as the rain flecks their skin more thickly and the bright outline of the mountains hangs in the night sky.



"The twistiest and most gripping thriller since Paula Hawkins's *The Girl on the Train*, an absolute must-read for suspense fans."

—Joe Hill, author of *The Black Phone*

INSOMNIA

A NOVEL

SARAH

PINBOROUGH

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF

BEHIND HER EYES

"And this is?" I look at the little boy beside him, maybe seven or eight years old.

"Adam. My stepson," Dr. David Martin says. "We're in a difficult situation. I want to divorce my wife, Adam's mother, but Adam wants to stay with me." The little boy hasn't yet let go of his hand.

"Okay, that is unusual," I say. "But not impossible."

Adam glances at David, hopeful. There's a story here, I think, curious. They appeal to me, these two, and I want to help them.

"His dad died in an accident a year ago. Adam was lucky to survive. It's been difficult and my wife, she, well, she can be unstable. I want to know that if I divorce Louise, he won't be left with her."

"You don't want to stay with your mum?"

"No." The little boy shakes his head, adamant. "She's changed."

"Do you want to go and see Alma in reception? She's got some toys and comics out there, and, if you tell her I sent you, there may even be some sweets. Okay?"

That seems to cheer him up and we wait until the door is closed before continuing.

"Do you think you can help us?" David says.

"Why don't you tell me some more? Then I can see."

HALF AN HOUR LATER, I'M looking out the window, watching them leave. David glances up and smiles and I feel a flutter in my stomach. He is handsome. And interesting. And from what he's just told me we've both been through the emotional wringer. Everyone else is moving on. Maybe I should too. Unlike with Parker Stockwell, if Dr. David Martin asks me out for dinner, I think I'll go.

After all, what could go wrong?

"Bewitching." —JOSH MALERMAN

THE
RESIDENCE

A NOVEL

ANDREW PYPHER



After flushing the toilet, Jeff washed his hands in the sink and tried to shake the bad scene from his mind. But it was hard to move. As if it were made of hoof. As if it were real, and all this, breakfast and the paper, the bathroom and the bathroom sink, would be much easier to shake off if Jeff had half a mind to try it.

He closed his eyes and saw, clearly, himself and Aaron kneeling in the barn. He saw pieces of a pink suit on the gravel path and tire tracks where the police had come and gone, and he heard himself and his brother teaching the pig about Murdock Road, where it led, how many more like you, farmer, and the rest of the whole wide world.

And the pig listened. The pig learned.

On this, the Day of the Pig.

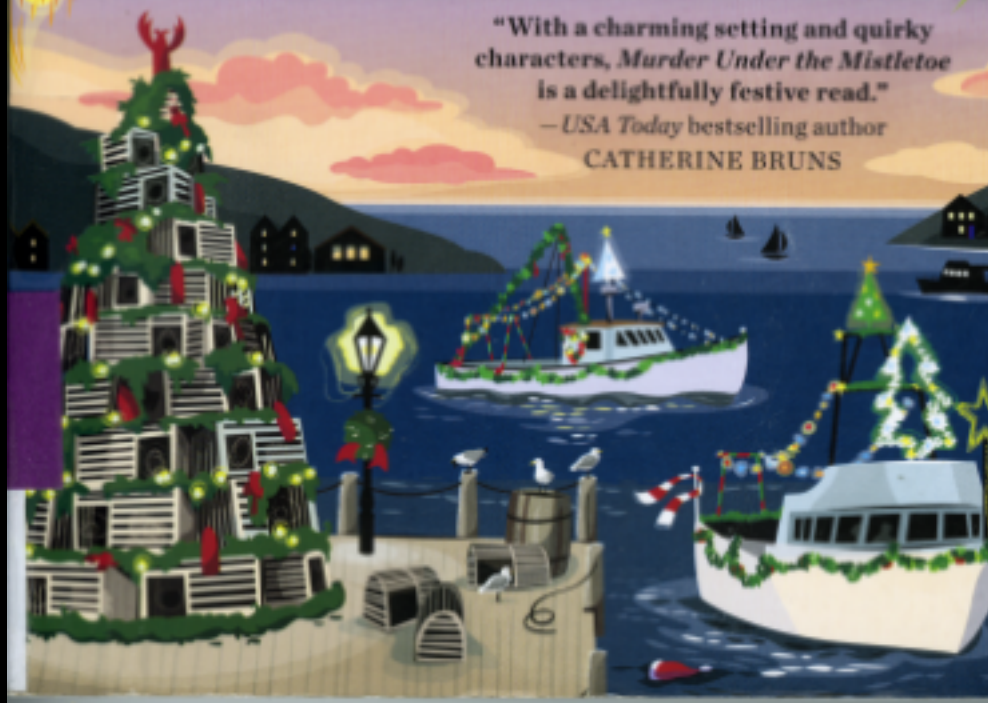
A MAINELY MURDER MYSTERY

MURDER UNDER THE MISTLETOE

Sherry Lynn

"With a charming setting and quirky characters, *Murder Under the Mistletoe* is a delightfully festive read."

—USA Today bestselling author
CATHERINE BRUNS



said eagerly. "I'm going to greet them at the door. I'll be right back."

Suddenly Kinsley was standing alone at the party. She gazed around the room to witness her friends having a wonderful time. The room was filled with smiles and laughter. Toby and Jenna were dressed as Mr. and Mrs. Claus—and pulling the act off quite nicely. Jenna was singing carols alongside the piano while Toby handed Adam a handful of taffy. Adam took the candy willingly and was showing off his gleaming white teeth in a grin that was no longer filled with tinsel. And she heard a hearty "Ho! Ho! Ho!" come from Toby's lips, which made her smile.

As Kinsley looked around and noted all the people she loved so dearly, her heart was full. She silently gave a prayer of gratitude.

There was only one last Christmas wish that Kinsley longed to fulfill. Before thinking twice and talking herself out of it, she moved across the room and encouraged Pete to set down the tray of drinks. Kinsley boldly led him by the hand and didn't stop until they reached the doorway, beneath the kissing ball.

"Where are you taking me?" Pete asked.

"I couldn't let this holiday pass and let this Christmas be remembered as the one where only murder happened under the mistletoe, now, could I? I just need to fulfill one more Christmas wish," Kinsley said sweetly.

"Oh yeah? What's that?"

"*Merry Christmas, Pete O'Rourke,*" Kinsley whispered.

And then planted a heartfelt kiss upon the bar owner's stunned lips.



#1 NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

**KATHY
REICHS**

THE
BONE
COLLECTION

BONES IN HER POCKET • SWAMP BONES • BONES ON ICE • FIRST BONES

fied by the possibility that quicker intervention might have saved Larabee's life.

"Where's Hearst now?"

"In the can."

V. Shule was again pumping Larabee's chest. My mind had done the math. Two minutes of CPR, then a vitals check, followed by defib. I glanced at my watch. Thirty minutes had passed since Larabee flat-lined. I wondered how long the lifesaving efforts would continue.

"Have you interviewed the kid?" Ryan.

"The little prick's too fried to know his own name."

As suddenly as it began, the desperate dance stopped. In the room at our backs, everyone froze.

Larabee lay unmoving. Like the mourned and unmourned dead he'd tended to so gently for so many years.

The man in white looked at the clock. Spoke aloud. Entered time of death in his file.

The priest rose.

V. Shule circled the bed and drew the sheet up over Larabee's face.

Goodbye, old friend.

And then the tears had their way.

Seeing my distress, Slidell stepped forward and wrapped me in a crushing bear hug. Our cheeks touched. To my shock, his were salty-wet like mine.

Standing awkwardly, off-balance, I realized something for the first time. Through all the years—the triumphs and failures, the sorrows and joys, the harrowing rescues and the heartbreaking deaths—Skinny and I had never once embraced.

I leaned against him and wept on the apricot shirt.

**THE
FAMILY
BONES**

ELLE

MARR

"Marr is a writer to watch." —Publishers Weekly

exchange—my accidental confession that I know the location of Sasha's burial. As if she has some kind of superhuman ability to eavesdrop.

A cold breeze twists my hair across my neck. Does Birdie know the truth now too—that I'm responsible for Sasha's death?

I am a psychopath. I see that finally. But I'm nonviolent at least, like Zane, like my father. That should count for something.

No longer exercising the intense self-control that I have for years, my arsenal of socially acceptable reactions, I feel free—maybe for the first time ever.

And then I can't help myself.

While holding Birdie's eye contact, I allow my mouth to twist up into a smile.

#1 INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLER

LARS KEPLER

A JOONA LINNA NOVEL

LAZARUS

"A master of disturbing psychological crime novels."

—LIBRARY JOURNAL

"Please keep your shoes on," the younger man says.

"I'm sorry," the Beaver says. "I suffer from water retention, and my feet are swollen."

"Well, if that's the case . . ." The man grins.

The Beaver nods and carefully raises the third glass to his lips. He downs the burning liquid in one gulp, then puts the glass down.

You have to solve the whole puzzle for the police and hand them the last piece, he thinks. It's like asking a beetle to solve a quadratic equation.

"Nice earrings," the younger man says.

"Thanks," he replies. "I wear them as a tribute to my sister."

"I'm kidding."

"I know," the Beaver says. "Don't worry, it's fine."

The Beaver had walked out of the hospital, and thrown away his ID card, keys, and nurse's uniform when he emerged onto Katrinebergs Street.

Jurek Walter had saved his life, so he had accepted his harsh punishments when he made mistakes. He would take his shirt off himself, and hand Jurek the belt.

But now that Jurek is dead, the Beaver has erased every connection to him. He's destroyed his computers and phones, thrown away the research material and pictures, cleaned and dismantled the guns.

That part of his life is very nearly at an end, he thinks as he downs the last glass of vodka.

"Nearly," he whispers, as he crushes the glass in his hand.

There is just one thing left. A small color photograph that he keeps in his wallet. The crease across the middle looks like a streak of snow, right across Joonna Linna's throat.

The Beaver is crumpled against

**THE
KILLER IN
ME**

A NOVEL

OLIVIA KIERNAN

Author of **TOO CLOSE TO BREATHE**

my eyes still lingering on the thick hedgerow, seventeen years of growth blocking out the Hennessy home. Time consuming everything but grief.

"We didn't create Seán Hennessy," I say. More to myself than to Clancy. "He was made in the home. He was made right here."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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"Evokes the dread and intensity of Gillian Flynn's *Sharp Objects*."

—*The New York Times Book Review*

**WHAT
LIES** *a novel*
**IN
THE
WOODS**

KATE ALICE MARSHALL

eyes, giving me an excuse to look at the ground. "We only knew each other for a few days. And that whole time you were lying about who you were."

"You're right. You don't actually know me, and I don't know you. I'm not asking to be your boyfriend, Naomi. I'm not even asking to be your friend."

"Then what do you want?" I asked.

"A trade," he said. "A question for a question. Just the way we started. But this time, we'll both tell the truth."

I looked off down the road. The way it curved, you couldn't see far before the trees swallowed everything up. Anything could be around that corner, and I could never decide if that felt like a threat or a promise.

Trust was a choice, he said. A matter of belief.

I looked back at him.

"Naomi?" he prompted.

"Ask me a question."

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

JOANNE FLUKE



CHRISTMAS CARAMEL MURDER

A Hannah Swensen Holiday Mystery with Recipes!

"What's that?"

"You've got to promise that you won't find another body right before Christmas this year."

"But how can I promise something like that? Mike says I have slaydar. I don't go looking for murder victims, but I seem to find them more often than other people do."

"That's true." Ross gave a little sigh. "I know it's silly, Hannah. And I know it could happen whether you promise, or not. But . . . will you promise anyway?"

Hannah smiled at him. "If it'll make you feel better, I promise," she said.

"A razor-sharp novel."

Meg Elison

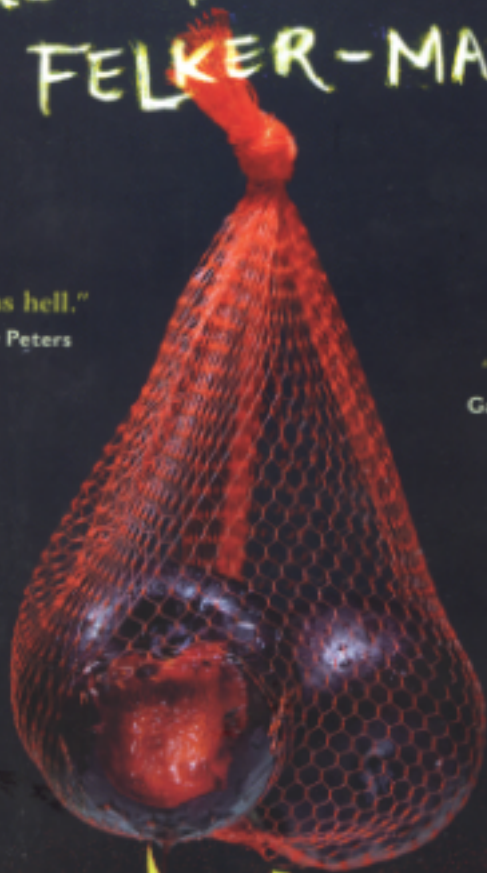
GRETCHEN
FELKER-MARTIN

"Fun as hell."

Torrey Peters

"Brilliant."

Gabino Iglesias



MANHUNT

"A modern horror masterpiece."

Carmen Maria Machado

THE END OF THE WORLD IS NUTS.

Beth lay against Fran's cold body as the sun began to set, her head resting on the dead girl's shoulder. She hadn't been able to bring herself to fill in the grave, or to go get Indi and the others. To put dirt on Fran's still face, on her white dress and freckled shoulders. "I don't know what's going to happen next," she whispered. Fingers of shadow moved over their skin. Jags of light and dark. "I'm scared. I wish you were here."

She kissed Fran's pallid lips and pulled the body closer, pressing her face into the hollow of the other woman's neck. "I love you," she breathed in a voice that trembled at the weight of all the different ways those words were true. "I love you so much, Fran, you stupid bitch." She closed her eyes, squeezing them shut tight against the acrid tears that burned at their corners, wrapping her legs around Fran's to be closer, to touch her one last time. Every breath was a hitching, desperate sob. Fran in her sundress in the door of her room at Indi's house. Fran screaming at her in back of the high school. Sucking her dick in a mossy clearing they'd found one day while they were supposed to be hunting. Fran laughing. Fran crying. Fran in her arms.

Fran, beautiful before she was ever a woman, posing with a hand over her cock in front of the dirty mirror in Beth's bedroom, a tentative smile on that slender oval face, framed by falls of sandy hair. The most perfect thing that Beth had ever seen.

What if I was a girl?

*For by my side you put on
many wreaths of roses
and garlands of flowers
around your soft neck.*

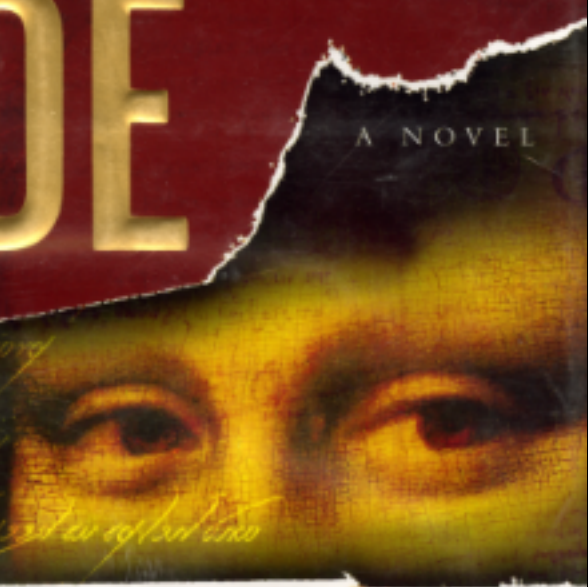
—SAPPHO, FRAGMENT 19

Anne Carson, *If Not, Winter: Fragments of Sappho*

THE
**DA VINCI
CODE**

A NOVEL

*What should all these things
be? I am not a man of letters
and I am not a man of letters*



DAN BROWN

AUTHOR OF ANGELS & DEMONS

At the end of the tunnel, he emerged into a large chamber. Directly before him, hanging down from above, gleamed the inverted pyramid—a breathtaking V-shaped contour of glass.

The Chalice.

Langdon's eyes traced its narrowing form downward to its tip, suspended only six feet above the floor. There, directly beneath it, stood the tiny structure.

A miniature pyramid. Only three feet tall. The only structure in this colossal complex that had been built on a small scale.

Langdon's manuscript, while discussing the Louvre's elaborate collection of goddess art, had made passing note of this modest pyramid. *"The miniature structure itself protrudes up through the floor as though it were the tip of an iceberg—the apex of an enormous, pyramidal vault, submerged below like a hidden chamber."*

Illuminated in the soft lights of the deserted entresol, the two pyramids pointed at one another, their bodies perfectly aligned, their tips almost touching.

The Chalice above. The Blade below.

The blade and chalice guarding o'er Her gates.

Langdon heard Marie Chauvel's words. *One day it will dawn on you.*

He was standing beneath the ancient Rose Line, surrounded by the work of masters. *What better place for Saunière to keep watch?* Now at last, he sensed he understood the true meaning of the Grand Master's verse. Raising his eyes to heaven, he gazed upward through the glass to a glorious, star-filled night.

She rests at last beneath the starry skies.

Like the murmurs of spirits in the darkness, forgotten words echoed. *The quest for the Holy Grail is the quest to kneel before the bones of Mary Magdalene. A journey to pray at the feet of the outcast one.*

With a sudden upwelling of reverence, Robert Langdon fell to his knees.

For a moment, he thought he heard a woman's voice . . . the wisdom of the ages . . . whispering up from the chasms of the earth.

THE
RULE
OF
THREE



a novel

SAM RIPLEY

"What made you believe her?" he asks. "In that moment you mentioned."

"She was desperate, scared, pleading," I answer, remembering that phone call when I was working late. "She had no family of her own, and I thought of what would happen to my own daughter if I wasn't around to help her."

He scribbles notes as I talk. "Family is important to you, I take it?"

"Family is everything to me. Been married thirty years and still going strong. Two kids. Boy and a girl. Still young enough to be at home but old enough to no longer want to."

He shows a tight smile. "Tell me more."

"Neither was planned," I admit. "Which I think was best, as I might never have pulled that trigger willingly. What about you? Assuming you're allowed to tell me about yourself."

"I'm not going to tell you my deepest, darkest secrets," he says with another tight smile. "But it's perfectly fine for you to ask me questions if it helps you open up. I have two sons, Nathaniel and Christian. Do you like being a father?"

"Best thing in the world was watching James grow up. At least until Sia came along. Then I had the same experience all over again. I don't know how I got so lucky, I really don't."

"Sia," he repeats, then again, "Sia," and again, "Sia," as if trying the word out for size. "What a lovely name." Llewellyn smiles. "Tell me about her."

New York Times bestselling author of *BIRD BOX*

JOSH
MALERMAN



PEARL

Previously published as *On This, the Day of the Pig*

After flushing the toilet, Jeff washed his hands in the sink and tried to shake the bad scene from his mind. But it was hard to move. As if it were made of hoof. As if it were real, and all this, breakfast and the paper, the bathroom and the bathroom sink, would be much easier to shake off if Jeff had half a mind to try it.

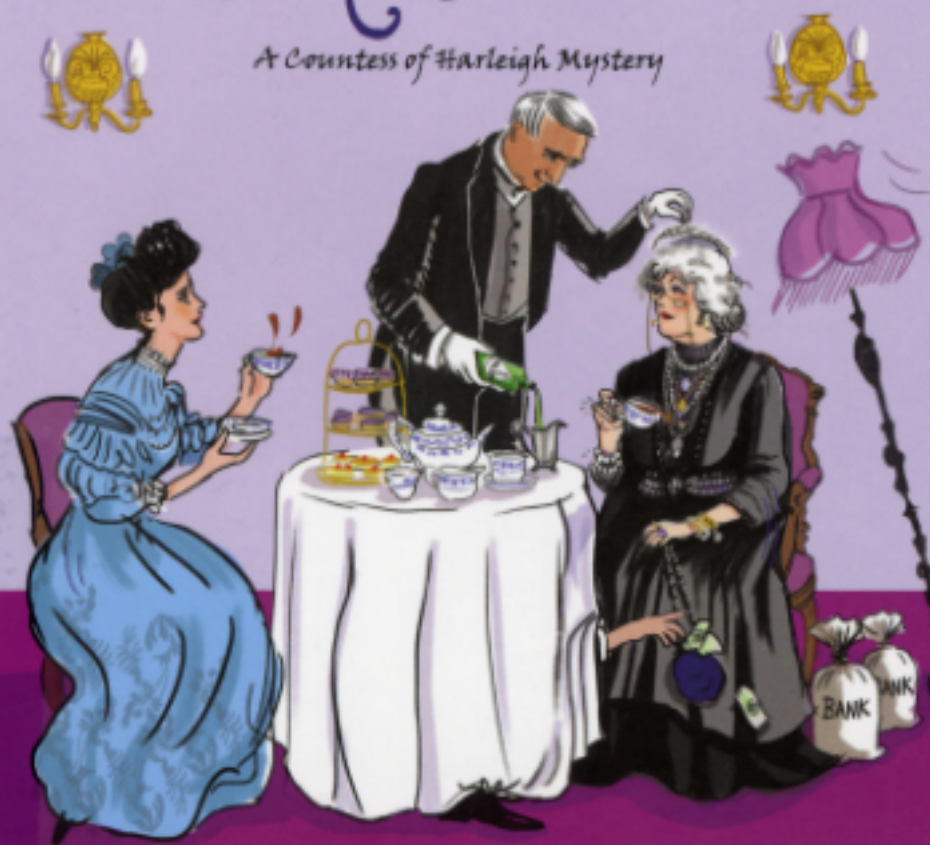
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And the pig listened. The pig learned.

On this, the Day of the Pig.

A Newlywed's Guide to Fortune and Murder

A Countess of Harleigh Mystery



DIANNE FREEMAN

His gaze softened. "Oh, that was good. I believe you, too. But I will need the occasional reminder."

"Goodness, I didn't realize your pride and self-confidence would require so much attention. I'll have to work on my compliments."

He grinned. "Don't worry. We have a whole lifetime to work on them."

I felt an answering smile tug at the corners of my lips. "Indeed, we do."

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Lastly, thanks to my husband, Dan, for always being there. Love and

A HALF-BAKED MURDER

EMILY
& GEORGE



A CANNABIS CAFÉ MYSTERY



"Did you know, Mom?" Aunt Dawn asked.

"Yes, dear. A mother knows their child," she replied. "I echo what Chloe said, I love you no matter what."

I don't know how long we stood there, embracing. It was big news and yet it wasn't. My aunt was still the same person, but I hoped now she would know whoever she chose to bring into her heart, it would be with our full support.

After a while we broke apart. Wiping a tear from my eye, I went to grab my bag and noticed the envelopes sticking out of the top. Bills, probably. I leafed through the stack, until a very official-looking envelope caught my attention. Holding my breath, I tore it open. For a moment the words swam in front of my eyes, almost as if I was trying to read alphabet soup rather than a letter.

Focus, girl.

I blinked and righted my vision. An excited squeal leaped from my throat and a bubbling energy raced through me, making my hands quiver. "We've got the license!"

Aunt Dawn and Grandma Rose were at my side in an instant, peering over my shoulders to read the paper trembling in my hands. I was almost frozen with shock as they kissed my cheeks and squeezed my shoulders, Antonio pawing at my legs because he didn't want to be left out of the action.

Baked by Chloe officially had the green light.

"Call Sabrina and tell her to come around after work," Aunt Dawn said, scooping Antonio up and dancing around as if they were partners on a ballroom floor. His tail wagged happily. "We're going to celebrate. I'll pop out and get some champagne."

"And I'll bake," I said, joy filling me up. My life might have taken a turn I didn't see coming, but I was back on both feet with my eyes fixed on the horizon.

The future was different and new, and I couldn't be more ready for it.

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

LUANNE
RICE

THE
SHADOW
BOX

“Dazzling.”

—Harlan Coben, #1 *New York Times* Bestselling Author

Conor opened the back door of his Ford police car, letting Gwen and Charlie climb inside, then buckling the seat belts around the kids. I watched them drive away from Catamount Bluff.

I looked at Nate. "We're stuck here," I said.

"No, we're not," he said.

"It's a long walk out of Catamount Bluff."

"I thought we'd go by boat," he said. "It's a beautiful day."

I loved that idea. We held hands, my ex-husband and I, and walked through afternoon shadows past the house and barn and studio, across the lawn. Halfway to the weather-beaten beach stairs, I stopped still, listening.

"Did you hear that?" I asked. I swore I heard the big cat cry, way off in the distance.

Nate looked at me with an expression in his eyes that might have been skepticism. But his smile grew wide, letting me know it was wonder.

"I did," he said.

"I didn't imagine it?" I asked.

"Nope," he said. "You've got a mountain lion in those woods."

"I always knew it," I said. And I whispered, "Thank you, I love you forever."

Whether to the cat or my father or the ghost of Ellen Fielding, I wasn't sure, but I knew that the kids and I were safe, that Griffin and the others had been arrested, and I could hear the music of the sea, of the beach, of the woods that had saved my life.

And when Nate squeezed my hand and said to me, "I heard that," I realized he might have thought that I'd been whispering to him. And that was fine with me. Because in the deepest way possible and every way that counted, it was true.

'Cunning and claustrophobic.'

ROBERT SCRAGG

BURIED

You're
trapped
underground
with a serial
killer.

Would you
save his
life to
protect
your own?

ELLE CROFT

Author of *The Guilty Wife*

now that my white room has been breached, now that my home is destroyed. It doesn't matter. Things will be different now, anyway. They have to be. I want them to be.

All I know is that when I do this - when I kill her - I'll finally allow myself to savour every moment of my victim's pain.

I'll be free.

"Thrilling, beautiful, and blisteringly smart,
We Were Liars is utterly unforgettable."

—#1 *New York Times* bestselling author JOHN GREEN

We were Liars

e. lockhart

A NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

we
were
liars

died, along with the two other people I loved best in this world. That has been the main thing to know about me, the only thing about me for a very long time, although I did not know it myself. But there must be more to know. There will be more.

MY FULL NAME is Cadence Sinclair Eastman.

I suffer migraines. I do not suffer fools.

I like a twist of meaning.

I endure.

KAREN M. McMANUS

Bestselling Author of *ONE OF US IS LYING*

TWO CAN
KEEP A
SECRET

...IF ONE IS DEAD

A *New York Times* Bestseller

bedroom a little homier; I bought some framed prints at an art fair last weekend, and put up pictures of Ezra and me with Mia and Malcolm. Plus I have the SATs to take, colleges to visit, half siblings to get to know, and, maybe, more dates with Malcolm.

I almost told him, just now. I wanted to.

But once I say it, I can't take it back. And even though I spent almost six weeks trying to unravel the lies in Echo Ridge, all I've been able to think about since that day in the Nilssons' basement is that some secrets shouldn't be told.

It nearly killed Sadie to believe she'd abandoned her twin on the night Sarah disappeared. There's no way she'd be able to handle this. It's hard enough for me, with no regrets or guilt weighing me down, to watch my brother smile and joke at a party and to know the truth.

We're not supposed to be here.

I grip Malcolm's hand tighter to ward off the chill that runs down my spine every time I remember Peter's voice hissing in my ear, so faint I almost missed it. I wish I had, because I'll spend the rest of my life hoping he never repeats the words he thought I'd take to my grave.

I thought she was your mother.

