

Faith could be a cruel bitch sometimes. And Polly wanted just five minutes alone with her.

And yes, it was Faith—the person—not Fate—the...hell, whatever it was. Anyhow, if her former best friend ever showed up at the gallery again... Well, let's just say there might be more than just art decorating the walls.

Faith...

Faith, with her long blond hair and perfect body. Faith, with her super tits able to turn the head of every man with a single bounce. Faith, who had gone out of her way to seduce her boyfriend away from her was now persona non grata as far as she was concerned.

Oh, she didn't lay all the blame at the relationship wrecker's feet. No, Stuart was just as guilty and deserved a good portion of her ire too. It was only fair, after all.

But do you know what really pissed her off?

She was about to break up with him anyhow!

So, instead of being the dumper, she was now the dumpee. And this was not what any single, thirty-something-year-old woman living in a small town wanted. In fact, for her kind it was their greatest fear.

Now don't misunderstand. She wouldn't say women like her were really afraid of being dumped, but just the fallout from said dumping.

As it stood now, she was the latest topic of conversation of the town gossip set—as well as for some of the fringe groups who had nothing else better to talk about.

Yes, it seemed everywhere she went, everyone stopped talking when she entered a room, their whispered words back and forth accompanied by shaking heads and pitying glances. And wasn't that just damned irritating! It wasn't supposed to be that way—all those pitying glances and whispers were supposed to go to Stuart!

And no matter how hard she tried to convince anyone who would listen she didn't want the lout anyhow, the more they petted and consoled her.

Deep breath...

Anyhow, Faith could have Stuart and his big car that made up for his rather noticeable "short" coming. They had just better start looking over their shoulders. Because, sure, Faith could be a bitch, and Stuart was mostly a dud, but Polly was a woman on a mission—a mission to get even.

And getting even was something Polly was *very* good at.