

Chapter One

THE BLACK CAR spat Binnie out at 53rd and Third. The lawyer she was riding with had lost his casino bankruptcy trial, big time, and wore a pitiful countenance. She'd almost tried to put him out of his misery with a kiss. Had he noticed it was happening? She replayed in her mind the way she'd leaned slightly forward toward his sorry face and loosened tie. He could probably tell. Well. That was embarrassing.

Mistakes: the price of knowledge. She'd pick up her paycheck and move on with her Friday night. The sun had already set, and she'd made plans while at the Newark stop on the Acela to meet her friend Gary for dinner. Romance had not been part of their history, although lately their relationship hummed with a subtle electric charge. They'd weathered several stupid relationships together, like hers with a boy who now squatted in Detroit hoping to be the next Banksy and his with a girl who aspired to be a diplomat and found Gary's Iraqi-Jewish lineage titillating. Now