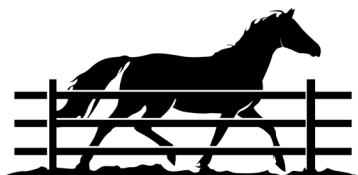


Chapter Three



The Angel of Justice

Miraculously, I beat Katherine Mull to the bank. She must have stopped somewhere along the way. Maybe she stopped at her attorney's office to report the incident and was sent here to make an official complaint. I would have loved to have been a fly on the wall for that conversation, but her whirlwind entrance was just as enjoyable.

I stood in the teller line, patiently waiting to make a small withdrawal from my account. Mr. Barnaby ushered her to his office, tucked in behind the tellers. Thankfully, my height allowed me to watch them through the glass walls.

My vantage point gave me a view of her facial expressions and body language. She wasn't just angry—she was livid. Exactly how I wanted her to be. It was hard to hide my delight at vexing her so deeply.

Pride welled within me at causing her so much angst and

anger. Any former feelings of inadequacy and doubt melted away.

During the planning stage, I'd hoped she would take her accounts elsewhere so Mr. Barnaby and his people wouldn't have to deal with her attitude again. But she never switched banks, forcing me to act on Community One Bank.

Those who witnessed Katherine's actions in the bank stared and whispered. I joined them, acting as shocked as the others. The crowd felt sympathy for Mr. Barnaby and fury at Katherine. They were seeing the real Katherine, and she wasn't pretty.

Was I worried about the maneuvering I did to wreak havoc with her finances? Not a bit. When they try to figure out what type of fraud caused this conundrum, all fingers would point to Katherine.

This attack was only the first step in my mission. I stifled my chuckle, imagining the look on her face when she realized everything but one single dollar had been removed from her accounts.

I wish I could have seen her discovery that something had happened to the golden idol she cherished—her precious money. I hadn't expected her to notice within hours of the transfers, but she did. She must watch her money like Midas.

Had she asked Mr. Barnaby where the money had gone?

The answer was at her own fingertips. I made it look as if she moved the money herself.

And her money went to a very worthy cause.

This revenge took months of planning, but I knew I must mess with her money. It was hard to gain access to the information I needed to transfer money from her account and into the account of a well-intentioned charity. Now her fortune would help people instead of hurting them, as she did.

She helped no one in need unless someone was watching,

like at a fundraiser. She gave the impression she was generous, but her actions were only a false gesture.

Sadly, the bank officials couldn't leave her money with the charity, but it was a nice statement to make. She should have already donated thousands of dollars to help those in need, but her assets are solely for her own comfort and enjoyment. Never for others.

The Butterfly House, a shelter for women and children to escape domestic violence, could have done so much with her generous contribution. Since their accounts were at the same bank, the transfer was easy.

Too bad Mr. Barnaby had to take the brunt of Katherine's wrath. I couldn't figure out a way around that. In chess, sometimes the Queen must be sacrificed to capture to the King.

This was just the first step.

By midnight tonight, Katherine Mull would know her fate.