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EXCERPT OF**



Anna's phone buzzed. Another text from Jake. Sarah took a sip of her beer, looking at Anna expectantly. Anna rolled her eyes and gave a wry laugh. "He's pissed," she said. "He thinks the piece made him look bad and that soon he'll be locked down from doing press because of the IPO."

"The worst punishment imaginable!" Sarah retorted.

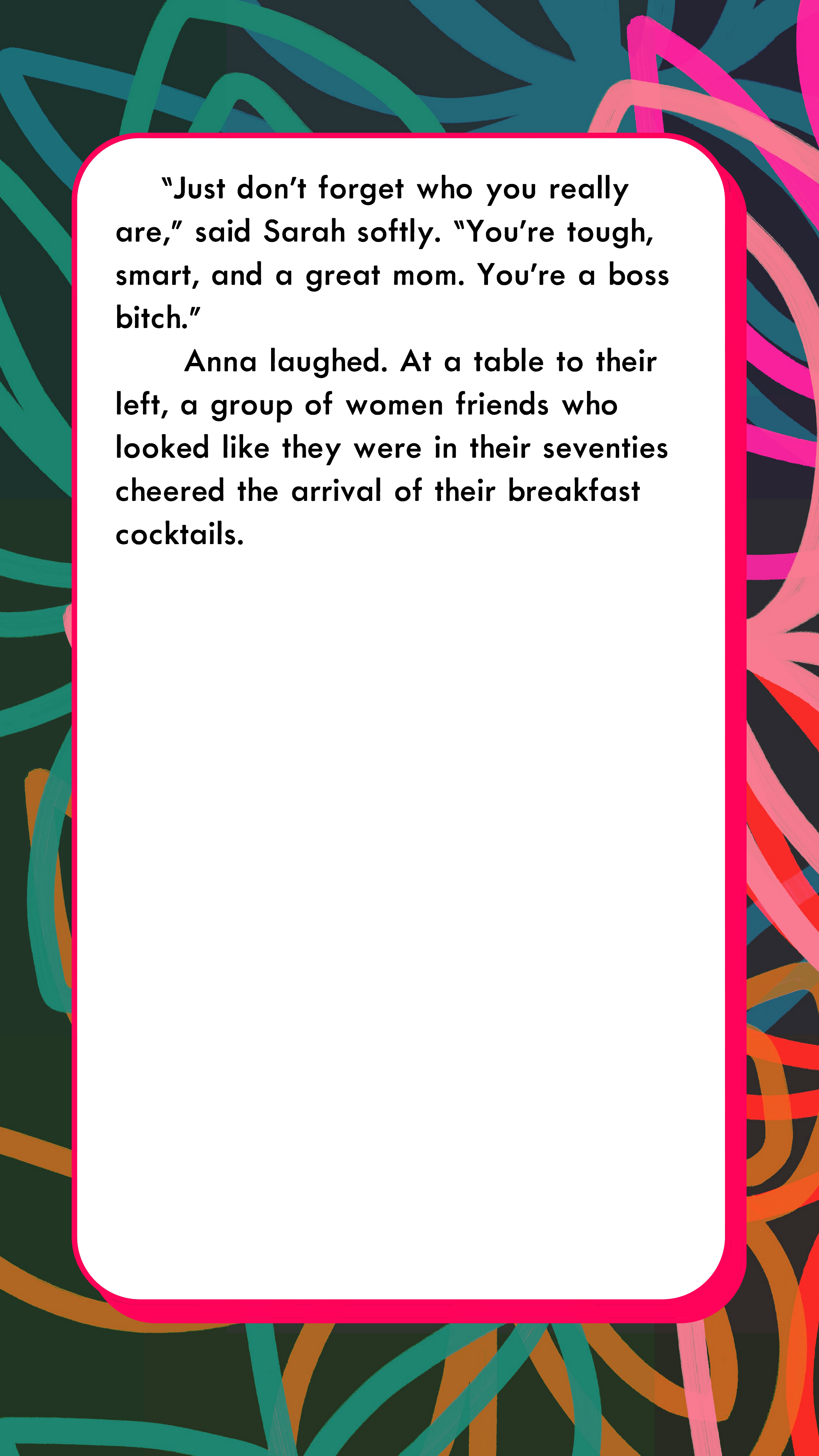
"I feel like this story-his story-is going to follow me everywhere," Anna said.

"Did you ever think of changing your name back?" Sarah asked.

"To Clapkey? I've been Sarnoff my whole adult life. My boys are Sarnoffs."

"Just a question. And it's definitely not because you're thinking about getting back together with him?"

Anna grimaced. Sarah knew her too well. "He's having a baby with someone else. As *Times* readers across America have just discovered. He's turned the page. I need to as well."



“Just don’t forget who you really are,” said Sarah softly. “You’re tough, smart, and a great mom. You’re a boss bitch.”

Anna laughed. At a table to their left, a group of women friends who looked like they were in their seventies cheered the arrival of their breakfast cocktails.