

MARIEL

My first husband was unimpressive. I found him in bed with his big breasted secretary when I came home early from the Maldives. So unoriginal, it made me feel sorry for him. My second husband was a pinch more creative. Cheated on me with my sister - but made me believe that I was insane for being suspicious. At last - some intrigue, some mind games - though my sister's two year old eventually gave them up. But my last husband -- he was a gem. A veritable master at covering his tracks. I poured over his phone records, intercepted his credit card bills, had him followed on countless occasions - and never found a single shred of evidence. It wasn't until he died that I found out about the property he owned with his Austrian mistress. But the real master, I have to say -- is me. Three husbands -- countless boyfriends, and I haven't been caught yet.