Envy was a dangerous thing and being envied by a Shepard was almost a death sentence. The family had no softness to them, not in public, and the three children who carried the name were known to take what they wanted by force. To be envied by a Shepard was to be cursed.

Cherry Valance thought that was a ridiculous notion.

When she had begun dating Tim, she noticed the way his sister glared at her the few times they ran into each other around town. The well-bred ginger chalked Angela’s fuming up to being made the second most important woman in Tim’s life, having been usurped by a young woman who already had everything. Angela was a creature of pride, after all. Being second place must not have sat well with her.

When Angela kept getting closer to Cherry than needed at family gatherings, Cherry assumed it was a show of aggression. The scowls that came across Angela’s beautiful face were just displays of the disdain she felt for the Soc. Cherry was situated in the house Angela had grown up in. Sharing things was not Angela’s strong suit. Cherry thought she understood.

The arguments Angela started came on suddenly, like a downpour marring a sunny day. Cherry always fought back coolly, using logic where Angela’s emotions overtook her. One day, there was finally a breaking point.

Cherry wasn’t sure what prompted it, she always tried to stay civil with Angela. Low blows were simply not Cherry’s style. She had a long day, that was the only explanation she could think of in
hindsight, and that’s why she threw Angela’s unhappy marriage in her pretty face.

"Envy doesn’t suit you, Angel."

The implication was there. A good relationship, one built on love, one Tim and Cherry kept going out of mutual attraction rather than expectations, must be what Angela wanted. Something flashed in Angela’s cobalt eyes, and she slammed her hands onto the wall behind Cherry, arms on either side of her so the redhead could not escape.

"It’s not you I’m jealous of." she snarled, pulling away and storming out of the house.

It was only later, lying in bed with Tim, that Cherry was able to piece together what Angela meant.

She was jealous, oh yes, Angela had become a green-eyed monster over the last few months, but not because Cherry had taken Tim from her. The opposite, actually. Tim muttered into her hair, tilting her face up to look at him. Cherry looks into his eyes, such a dark blue, and realizes they are the same as his sisters. He even has those dark Shepard curls, far shorter than Angela’s, of course, but the resemblance was there. If it weren’t for the disfiguring scar, Tim could pass for a male version of his beautiful sister.

His mouth meet hers, and briefly Cherry wonders what Angela’s lips would taste like.

End Notes

It Came From My Tumblr II: Bisexual Booglaoo
Another request from the Femslash spam.

I warned the public I ship Angela with everyone sans Pony, didn't I?

Critique is always appreciated, and thanks for reading!

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