

Darcy turns back to Gordon and in a low tone says something to him that causes his expression to immediately change to serious concern. His gaze focuses solely on her eyes as he leans forward and softly states, "I couldn't do that."

"Yes, you could," Darcy argues, her eyelids narrowing. "You could do it easily and your wife would never know."

"I would know," Gordon argues, his expression now severe.

Darcy leans forward so their faces are inches apart, replying, "You don't like me?"

Gordon shakes his head and replies, "I like you, but—"

"Then, it can't be that you don't find me attractive," Darcy interrupts. "You've said so yourself. You *don't* want me?"

"That's not the point," Gordon argues as Darcy leans back. "I love my wife and I'll always be true to her."

"What she doesn't know won't hurt her, and she'll never know."

Gordon leans forward and says, "I wonder if this was the same argument the other woman used on your *ex*-husband."

Darcy's face flashes anger as she stares at Gordon but she doesn't respond immediately. After a few moments, she states, "Maybe you just don't like white women. Maybe you prefer Mexicans. After all, they're ready to roll in the hay at the merest suggestion, and they're easier to control, probably because this isn't their country and they're just naturally afraid of being discovered being here illegally and being sent back."

Gordon leans back and sits up straight. Disgusted, he shakes his head and says calmly, "That's asinine."

As she leans way back from Gordon, Darcy shakes her head with an aggravated frown. "It would be asinine if it wasn't true so damn often. You men are all alike."

Gordon shakes his head and looks around the bar, preferring to ignore her last remark and wondering how their friendly, casual, flirting conversation turned to this.

"Where were you today?" she asks.

Gordon turns back to look at her, frowning. He says, "I had a meeting with my supervisor this morning to determine if the setup we've been testing with your company was going to be formally adopted or rejected."

Darcy looks back with as big a frown, saying, "I'm not going to want to hear this, am I?"

Gordon glances away as he says, "I think he knew I recommended and installed software to connect remotely from your house, though he didn't say anything."

With complete disdain, Darcy shakes her head and comments, "Yep. I don't want to hear this."

Gordon continues, "He refused to accept my documentation to begin the formal development process and told me I had to roll back my setup, so I quit right there."

Darcy still shakes her head and says, "Well, that explains why everyone was in a panic today and all the higher-ups were in meetings." Seething, she leans forward and adds, "Now, because you couldn't keep it together, billing is going to go back to a disaster." She shakes her head. "You're not a partial f\*\*\*-up, you're the complete, real deal."

Gordon starts to get up from the booth seat, saying, "I didn't have any choice."

Darcy watches him get up and states, in a louder voice that all can hear, "I want to thank you for making my life more miserable than it already was. Now, I'll have to call your office and convince them that you were incompetent to begin with and that your little trip to my house was all *your* idea, that you assured me that it was *no problem*."

Gordon stops abruptly and turns around. "They won't believe you."

Darcy smiles wickedly. "Oh, they'll believe me, because you don't have any credibility with them or us. I'll make sure you *never* get a good reference from us." Gordon starts to walk away again but stops when Darcy adds, "And, for good measure, I should call your wife and let her know about your trip to my house, but, of course, you've already told her because you tell her everything, don't you?" Gordon stands still but makes no acknowledgment. After a few moments, he takes one more step, but stops when he hears Darcy shout, "Oh, so you *didn't* tell her, did you? Well, what she doesn't know won't hurt her, *right, Gordon?*"