

At the dining room table, next to the kitchen, plates and dishes from lunch have already been removed. Darcy and Gordon sit across the table from the other, a glass of lemonade before each. Gordon comments, "Yeah, I remember being a little confused when I tried to reach you at work using the name the company had for you and being told by the receptionist that it was something else."

Glancing away with a frown and attempting to hide a lingering bitterness, Darcy responds, "After I kicked his ass out, I had to take my maiden name back. I didn't want to have anything to do with him."

"Oh, I can understand that for sure," Gordon agrees, his head bobbing, "but going after another woman in his situation is just stupid. I mean, you're a very attractive woman, if I may--"

"You may," Darcy interrupts, smiling coyly.

Gordon smiles back. "Anyway, you *are* an attractive woman, so I'm wondering, what the hell he was thinking going after *another* woman? Were you two having any...problems?"

Darcy peers into his face as she replies, "I know what you mean by problems, so, no, there wasn't any of that, every other night, at least. But, you see, he wasn't thinking at all. He was letting his *cock* do his thinking for him."

Gordon turns away, partially to hide the uncomfortable identification with her assessment. "Was the divorce messy?" he asks, curious but still avoiding her gaze.

"He tried to make it so," Darcy smiles with great satisfaction, "but I hired a very aggressive attorney and I got what I wanted from the bastard. Since then, though, he occasionally threatens me with this and that."

"Do you get the police involved?" he asks, turning to look at her with concern.

"Don't have to," Darcy assures him and stands suddenly. She walks to a desk to her right, opens a drawer and removes a large pistol, swinging it around to Gordon.

"Shit!" Gordon exclaims, pushing his chair back. "Is that thing loaded?"

Darcy points it to the ceiling and smiles wickedly. "Sure is, and I know how to use it, too. I go to the range every week."

"Well, let me assure you, madam," Gordon says, playfully, "that I am a *very* nice man who wouldn't harm a fly, well, almost never, and that I have a wife and three children and represent absolutely *no* threat to you whatsoever, so you can put that *cannon* away, thank you."

Darcy laughs as she returns the pistol to its resting place. "Oh, it's not for you, but if that f***ing coward ever shows his face on my porch *again*, I'll be ready."

"Somehow, I don't think it would be wise to mess with you."

"It doesn't *pay* to, as my ex-husband discovered," Darcy advises.