

hands so she could look at Clint bitterly. "At the very least, I should have warned you before letting you marry me, but I didn't understand how much trouble I was bringing you. I'm an idiot, and when the judge gets here, we can ask him to give you a divorce."

Clint had taken off his own hat and coat, and now he sat down on the edge of the bed to rub at his eyes the way Elizabeth had done.

"I'm having trouble figuring out where to start, not to mention keeping my word," Clint muttered. "You obviously don't remember, but you did tell me about Arnold, only not by name. You didn't mention just how far Arnold would go to get what he wanted, but that was probably because you didn't know it yourself. Or am I wrong and you did know?"

Elizabeth hesitated a long minute before admitting, "All right, maybe I didn't know just how far Arnold would go. But that doesn't—"

"If you're about to say it doesn't matter, save your breath," Clint interrupted. "If you didn't know just how bad something could get, you can't be blamed for not "warning" me. Not that any kind of warning would have kept me from marrying you. And as far as getting a divorce goes, as soon as I stop being mad as hell, I will show you how I feel about it. Is there anything else we need to talk about?"

Clint's dark-eyed stare was very direct now, a promise of what kind of spanking Elizabeth had to look forward to. At another time, she would have felt a delicious thrill trickle through her, but right now, all Clint's promise did was start the tears falling from her eyes. She loved him so much, and his saying he didn't blame her did nothing to make the hurt go away. As the tears grew heavier, Elizabeth didn't really know what would make the hurt go away.