Drabble: Ring Out Your Dead by Python

Summary: Troy's never been so happy to be dumped before -- answer to yowl challenge at Aphrodite's Blessings
Rating: FRT - young teen
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Characters: Detective Chief Inspector Tom Barnaby, Detective Sergeant Gavin Troy
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Chapter 1: Chapter 1
Rosalind Parr laughed carelessly over the phone. “Oh my dear Gavin, we had some great fun but I think out little fling’s run its course, don’t you?”

To his surprise, Gavin Troy found himself grinning. “Actually, I think you’re right.”

“I have to say that I haven’t found a young man who’s caused me such great joy in a long time.”

He arched both eyebrows. “How about a one off for old time’s sake?”

She laughed again. “No. I have my sights set on new prey.”

“Replacing me already?” he huffed.

She clicked her tongue between her teeth. “Now, don’t pout. I’m so relived you’re not one of those men who yowl and beat their chests like a Neanderthal throwing a tantrum. That behavior leaves a lasting bad impression on what are otherwise satisfying erotic interludes.”

He laughed. “Take care of yourself.”

“You too, Gavin, and give my regards to your boss.”

He felt the heat in his cheeks. “Rosalind,” he stuttered.

Her laugh was that of an evil temptress. “I enjoyed some of the things he taught you and I’m sure he’ll appreciate some of the tricks I passed on to you.”

“I…” his voice trailed off at a loss.

“Goodbye, Gavin, and go have some fun on your night off.”

He flipped his cell phone closed. He felt the goofy smile on his face and wondered why he wasn’t peeved about being dumped. He shrugged. “Because she’s a cougar.”

He was in too good a mood to just sit at home on a Friday night and if he didn’t follow her orders, Rosalind would somehow find out about it and mock him mercilessly. He grabbed his keys and ran out to the car with no idea where he was going. He grinned at himself in the rearview mirror. “I’ll just let the rover take me where she will.”

He grinned even wider when he parked. He jumped out and ran to the front door. He knocked rather enthusiastically.

Tom Barnaby smiled in amusement on seeing Troy on his doorstep. “You’re in a good mood.”

“Yes, I am, Sir,” Troy agreed. “Can I come in?”

Barnaby nodded and stepped to the side. “Sure.”

“Are Mrs. B and Cully in?”
“Both visiting Joyce’s mum.” Barnaby closed the door. “I thought you’d be seeing Mrs. Parr this evening.”

“What makes you say that?” Troy asked curiously.

“You were primping more than usual before you left the office,” Barnaby answered dryly.

Troy’s jaw dropped before he laughed. “I suppose I was, but it’s over. She’s lost interest.”

“Sorry.”

Troy shook his head. “I’m not. It was great while it lasted and it was nice to feel wanted, but I think she would’ve killed me if she decided to keep me.”

Barnaby smiled wryly. “Probably. That’s a great load off my mind. I wouldn’t care to break in a new sergeant.”

Troy bounced on the balls of his feet. “I love you too, Sir.”

Barnaby grunted. “I don’t have anything exciting planned for tonight: beer and football.”

Troy’s eyes sparked. “Sounds great.”