

I have read the other alphabet stories posted so far. Apparently there is a wide range of thought as to what Amanda and Lee's sex life is like. This story is just another view of what things might be like between Mr and Mrs Stetson. It is set immediately after the tag of "Do You Take This Spy?"

Disclaimer: The characters in this story are supposed to reflect the ones on "Scarecrow and Mrs King" As the author all I can do is present them as I see them. Hopefully you will agree that I have an uncanny ability to write them just as they were on the show. My beta readers were quick to assure me that I do and they are never wrong.

### **Y is for "You want to do WHAT?"**

"Wow," Amanda sighed in disbelief.

"I know," Lee replied, "I can't believe we're alone at last." He bent down and tried to kiss her.

"No, it's not that." She pushed away from him and gestured around the room. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "Can you believe what a great job that chambermaid did? I mean, this place is immaculate." She wandered around the room, running her fingers over the furniture, marvelling at the complete absence of dust.

"Uh, Amanda," he said awkwardly. "This wasn't exactly what I had in mind for our honeymoon night." Not that he had expected her to be all that enthused either. After all, he was the one with a colourful sexual past. It would only be natural that Amanda would feel timid and reticent. He had no doubts though that he would soon be able to coax her into participating in some of his more interesting scenarios. At long last, perhaps he could get Penthouse to print one of his stories. He had come close with that tale of what he, Elisa Danton and a French ballerina had managed to accomplish in the back of a limo, but this time he was sure of success. Amanda would soon be his willing servant, eager to do anything he demanded of her. If only she would stop inspecting the room!

Lee looked up to find that his wife had in fact disappeared. "Where are you?" he called out.

"In the bathroom."

"Changing into something a little more revealing?" he called out hopefully. Maybe she would wear costumes for him. They could have all sorts of fun role-playing. He could be the warden, she could be the prisoner. He could be the stern principal, she could be the naughty school girl. He could be the newspaper delivery boy, she could be the Sunday supplement. He could be the guy on the wharf who guts fish...

"Don't be silly," she replied, disrupting his fantasies. "You won't believe how clean she got the grout! This entire place just sparkles."

"Amanda, would you mind coming out here?" Lee asked.

She hesitantly appeared in the doorway. "Did you want something?" she asked shyly, looking down at her feet. "Hey, I think she vacuumed the carpet too!"

"Would you forget about the cleaning?" he snapped. "Amanda, this is not the way our first night together as husband and wife is supposed to go!"

"No." She said this barely above a whisper.

He walked over to her and took her in his arms. "Amanda, we're married now. I want to do the kinds of things married people do."

"Oh, Lee, so do I." To his relief she smiled up at him. "I brought a few things along to help."

He watched in anticipation as she walked over to her suitcase. What would she take out? Whips? Chains? Raspberry jam? A pop up version of the Kamasutra?

To his astonishment she pulled out a plain manila folder. "Okay, I'll start going through our tax receipts, you balance the checkbook." She held out some papers for him.

"Amanda! That's not what I meant."

"No?"

"No. Didn't you and Joe ever... you know."

"You mean sex, don't you?" She blushed painfully, hardly able to look at him.

"Yes, that's exactly what I mean. Sex. Intercourse. Making love. Copulation. Doing the nasty. Bumping uglies. Getting it on. Knocking boots. Doing the horizontal tango. Humping like bunnies. Screwing..."

"Lee, please." She held up her hand to stop his flow of words. "Yes, Joe wanted to do that too."

"And?"

"I just couldn't. Lee, I'm afraid I'm just not that kind of girl."

"But Phillip and Jamie," he croaked out. "Amanda, you have two children."

"We found them on the doorstep," she explained. "Joe and I, we, well, we never did have sex. That's the real reason he left me and went to Africa."

"Amanda, I hope you're kidding."

"Lee! It wasn't like it was my fault! You wouldn't believe what he wanted to do! I mean, I couldn't let him put...that...there. Who knows where it might have been before!"

"Amanda, I'm afraid I'm going to have to put my foot down here. Not to mention a few other things."

"Okay," she sighed. "If this means that much to you, I guess we can have sex."

"Didn't your mother ever talk to you about sex?"

"Yes, in fact she likes it." Amanda grimaced. "A lot. I think this kind of thing skips a generation in our family. But when I told her how I really felt about all this, she did give me some advice." She lay down on the bed, stretched out and looked at the ceiling.

"And what was that?"

"Lie still and think of DC."

**The End.**