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Synopsis: A scene that takes place at the end of the episode "Do You Take This Spy?"

Scarecrow and Mrs. Stetson

Amanda had never been a big fan of conspiracy theories. The thought of a carefully orchestrated movement against a person always seemed to her to be a bit far-fetched. Yet now, watching the chambermaid move about her tasks as if in slow motion, she wondered if there wasn't in fact a plot against her and Lee. After all, most couples didn't take three years to progress to a simple kiss, nor have to resort to a clandestine marriage to be together. Even getting to the marriage ceremony itself had been a major accomplishment, involving overcoming more than one obstacle.

Now the only thing that stood between them and their first night together as husband and wife was this woman, undoubtably the world's slowest chambermaid. Amanda was positive she could have cleaned her entire house from top to bottom in the time it took her to make up one room.

Finally, the maid smiled at the two of them, picked up her basket of cleaning supplies and left the room. It was impossible to tell which one of them moved faster as they turned towards each other. Their lips met in a fervent kiss, expressing the desire they had been forced to hold in check for so long.

"Wow," Amanda breathed, as Lee moved his lips away from hers, trailing a series of kisses down her neck. She slipped her hands beneath his lapels, caressing his shirt front and insistently pushing off his jacket, letting it fall to the floor.

Unexpectedly Lee stopped and pulled back from her. "Oh," a soft whimper of disappointment escaped her lips, not wanting to let him out of her arms even for a moment.

"Hold that thought," Lee said with a smile. He stepped away from her and over to the door, snapping the deadbolt in place. "I know no one is supposed to know we're here, but I can just see the manager send up some damn fruit basket to apologize for the room not being ready on time. Believe me, no one is getting through this door tonight."

Amanda smiled back and it occurred to her that this was the most alone she and Lee had ever been. Always before there had been the chance that someone would phone, drop by or interrupt in some other manner. It certainly had happened often enough in the past. But tonight...

She stepped forward, eager to close the distance between them. Lee slipped his arms around her waist and resumed nuzzling her neck. "There is one problem," she breathed.

"What?" Lee lifted his head, but didn't relax his grip on her in the slightest.

"I spent three weekends shopping before I found the perfect little something to wear for tonight. But now I don't want to leave you long enough to change out of these clothes and into it."

His smile grew even wider, the desire in his eyes deepening. "Maybe I could help," he whispered.

"I'd like that."

His actions echoed hers of a few minutes earlier as he helped her off with her suit jacket. Her eyes locked on his as she stood there in her simple white sheath dress. "I'll need help with the zipper."

He pulled her close, his fingers cupping her face as they shared another deep kiss. Then his hands slid around her, losing themselves in her tangle of soft brown curls. His fingers trembling slightly as he moved them lower, seeking the zipper at the back of her dress.

With tantalizing deliberation, he slowly pulled the tiny metal tab down the length of her back. Finally reaching the bottom, he ran his hands back up, this time barely grazing her newly exposed skin. She felt her breath catch in her throat as his fingertips evoked small shivers up and down her spine. His caresses continued along her shoulders as he pushed her dress off and his hands trailed along the smooth skin of her arms.

Amanda paused for a moment, dressed only in a white satin bra and panties and stockings, luxuriating in the unabashed desire evident in his appreciative glances. "Now you," she whispered.

She reached up and loosened his tie, slowly pulling it from around his neck. Lee groaned in anticipation, he wanted so much to feel her body against his. Nimbly she worked her way down his shirt, undoing each small button then caressing or kissing the skin beneath.

Lee pulled his shirt off, then undid his belt. Amanda looked up into his eyes, smiling playfully. "I think you're going to need to take your shoes off first."

She stepped back and Lee quickly bent down to untie his shoe laces. He stepped out of his shoes and pant legs, then impatiently yanked at his socks. He looked up to find Amanda sitting on the bed, taking off her stockings.

He reached out a hand and stopped her. "Let me," he whispered. He knelt next to her, and slid his hands up the length of her legs. Carefully he peeled her stockings over her calves and feet. Tossing her stockings aside, he moved upwards again, slowly tracing his fingers along her calves. Looking up, he was surprised to see that her eyes were filled with tears. "What's wrong?" he asked, quickly drawing back.

"I'm sorry," she said, clearly embarrassed. "It just suddenly hit me. You... me..." She got up and took a few steps away from him. "I've wanted this for so long, and so many times I thought this night would never come. It just seemed a bit overwhelming all of a sudden. I'm sorry."

Lee stood and walked up behind her, placing soothing hands on her shoulders. "Shh..." he murmured gently. "It's okay. I'm just sorry it took me so long to realize what we have together. I know I wasn't there for you at first, but I'm not going to leave you, ever. Amanda, do you have any idea what it means to me that you are my wife?"

"Maybe half as much as it means to me that you're my husband." She turned her head slightly and kissed the hand lying on her right shoulder. Their eyes met and she was shaken by the depth of love and tenderness she saw in his. Trying to recapture their earlier mood, she said, "Wasn't there something you were supposed to be doing?"

He smiled. "I believe you wanted some help changing into something I'd want to get you out of."

Amanda turned in his arms so they again stood face to face, her mouth meeting his in another intense kiss. Then he moved his lips to her eyelids, softly kissing away the remainder of her tears. He marveled that anything could taste so salty and yet so sweet at the same time. Continuing down her face, he traced the outline of her cheeks, jaw and neck.

Amanda reached up and buried her fingers in his soft brown hair, pulling him even closer. Lee moved towards the bed, his hands tightening around her waist as he lifted her off the floor. She wrapped her legs around his and clung to him, their mouths meeting again and again. Gently he lowered her to the bed, then settled himself beside her.

"I love you," she whispered into his ear, her voice as tender as any touch could ever be, "more than anyone else, ever."

"I love you too," he replied. "Amanda, there's never been anyone else like you. My whole life I've been waiting for this moment."

Slowly he ran his left hand down her side, his fingers encountering the white satin of her panties and bra. He lingered over the even smoother satin of her skin, then deftly helped her out of her undergarments. Amanda responded in kind, pulling at the waistband of his boxer shorts. Instinctively their hands traveled the length of their bodies, touching, stroking, seeking to possess the other, while offering up themselves. They surrendered completely to their passion, finally able to express the emotions they had held back for so long.

Afterwards, Amanda lay in the protective circle of Lee's arms, listening to the low beating of their hearts. Finally he broke the spell. "Amanda."

"Mmm."

"That was..."

"I know," she replied. She reached up and gently kissed him, then snuggled beside him. "I don't think I've ever been happier in my life."

"I think we forgot something though," he said. "You never did get to wear your new nightgown."

She laughed, "As I once told Princess Penny, it can be better without the sexy nightgown."

THE END

