

## Scarecrow and Mrs. Stetson

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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, undoubtedly 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, her body crying out for his, 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 hair. His fingers trembled 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.

As Lee pulled his shirt off, she stepped up closer, fingers closing on his belt buckle. He felt the muscles of his abdomen contract at her touch. She slowly undid his belt, followed by the button on the front of his pants. With an agonizing lack of haste, she undid his zipper, and slipped her hand inside. He closed his eyes and shuddered with the unbelievable pleasure of her touch. "Oh Amanda."

"Yes?" Her breath was hot and damp against his chest.

"I want... I want.." he moaned, burying his face in her hair, his mouth brushing against the tangle of her soft brown curls.

"I know," she said, moving her hands so she could slip off his pants, her fingers lingering slightly over his buttocks. "But I think you'll have to take your shoes off first."

He opened his eyes to find her smiling at him playfully. 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, moving leisurely over the soft skin of her thighs. 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. Glancing 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 mean 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?"

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

His hands slid down to the fastener on the back of her bra, which quickly yielded to his touch. He moved closer again, his hands returning to her shoulders to push her bra straps off. Amanda quickly disentangled her arms and discarded her bra to one side. She raised her hands behind her head, reaching back to caress the contours of his face.

Lee meanwhile put his arms around her waist, pulling her even closer. He brought his hands up, cupping her breasts. As his fingers moved over her nipples, he felt her back arch towards him and her trembling fingers caress his jaw line. Slowly his hands stroked her soft flesh, wanting to memorize every inch of her body.

Amanda turned in his arms, so they again stood face to face. Her mouth met his in a hard demanding kiss. He opened his mouth, welcoming the feeling of her tongue against his. 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 buried her hands in his soft brown hair, leisurely but insistently directing him towards her breasts. She felt her nipples harden again under the gentle yet demanding pressure of his lips. She moaned softly and threw her head back, scarcely able to stand the sensations he was awakening in her.

Her hands tightened convulsively in his hair, stroking him fiercely as his hands worked their way over her torso and hips. She moved lower, her hands proving to be as skilled as his, relentlessly tugging at the waistband of his boxers then pushing them down.

Lee lifted his head and straightened up. Stepping out of his shorts, he was about to move towards the bed, when he caught Amanda looking at him, with a smile. He took the opportunity to let his gaze linger over her, delighting in the curves and slenderness of her body. She tended to dress rather conservatively in blouses, sweaters and long skirts. It made this moment all the more intimate, as if she kept her body only for him, her husband. "See anything you like?" he teased as he put his arms around her again.

Amanda flushed, but only slightly. "Actually, I like everything I see." She slid her arms around his neck and pulled him closer.

Lee tightened his hands around her waist and lifted her off the ground. She wrapped her legs around his and clung to him, their mouths meeting again and again. He stepped over to the bed, gently lowered her down, 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."

He ran his left hand down her side, his fingers encountering the white satin of her panties, the last barrier separating their bodies. Deftly he slipped his hand between them and the even smoother satin of her skin. He pushed her panties down her legs, and she quickly moved to discard them entirely.

His hand lingered for a moment stroking the soft hair at the base of her legs. She pressed herself against him, wanting, demanding more. Slowly he slid two fingers into her, feeling her wetness and need. Amanda pushed her mouth against his, her tongue echoing the movements of his fingers, both probing, arousing, seeking to possess the other while offering up themselves.

As waves of passion threatened to overwhelm her, Amanda drew back slightly. Her breath was ragged against his cheek. "No, Lee, please," she pleaded. "I want you... inside me."

He looked at her with a teasing smile, his voice blurred with desire. "Then this time, you've got to help me."

This time it was she who moved downward with seeking fingers, running her hands over the muscles of his lower back. She felt his sudden intake of breath as she reached around to take hold of him, her insistent fingers heightening the level of his arousal. This time it was he who called her name in a breathless rush. "Oh, Amanda, don't stop."

Unable to hold back any longer, he pressed against her, her fingers guiding him as he entered her. She slid her hands around his buttocks, pulling him to her, wanting to possess him completely.

They both passed over the edge of coherent thought, their bodies moving together in perfect rhythm. He felt her hands pulling him back towards her each time he moved away, as if unable to let him go for even an instant. Instinctively his hands moved up and down her body, touching, stroking, seeking. Finally she felt him flood deep within her and her own shuddering response.

Afterwards Amanda lay there in the circle of his arms, listening to the low beating of their hearts. For a time neither said anything.

Finally Lee 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**