

Author: Ann

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Synopsis: Lee and Amanda investigate a security leak at the Agency.

YOU MUST REMEMBER THIS

"It seems to me we've played this scene before." Billy Melrose sighed wearily as he looked out of his office window into the bullpen. He twisted the rods to close the shades, as if by doing so he could also shut out his problems. "Somehow, someone is leaking sensitive information from this Agency. And we haven't got a clue how."

"Billy, it's not like we haven't been trying," Francine Desmond objected sharply from where she sat in one of the chairs in front of Billy's desk. "We've been looking for a lead for over a month now. There just isn't any pattern."

Lee Stetson had been leaning against one of the walls watching the other two argue for the last fifteen minutes. "She's right, Billy. Information is coming from every department."

"Well, as of now this assignment becomes eyes only. Only the three of us will have access," Billy snapped, then added absently, "oh, and Mrs. King, of course."

"Of course," Francine groaned unhappily.

"Francine, she is my partner," Lee pointed out. "She's been in formal operative training for over two months now."

"Don't remind me," Francine sighed, rolling her eyes.

Billy interrupted, "Can we get back to the problem at hand please - our leak. All reports are to be verbal only, and made only in this office. I'll have it swept for bugs twice a day."

"Billy, don't you think this is overkill?" Lee complained.

"Stetson, this comes from Dr. Smyth himself," he explained, although silently agreeing with Lee. "Solving this leak is priority one. We haven't had a security breach this serious since the Mrs. Welch incident three years ago."

"Maybe that's the answer," Lee stated wryly, looking over in Francine's direction. "Have you started taking cooking lessons again?"

Francine shot Lee a look that would melt glass. "Just make sure you stay away from the train station if you happen to be passed a package of information," she snapped. "Who knows what will follow you home this time."

Lee and Francine's sniping was cut short by a knock on the door. Amanda King walked in. "Good morning sir, Francine, Lee," she greeted them in turn, catching and holding Lee's eyes for a moment. He smiled back.

"I'm sorry I'm late," Amanda apologized. "My codes and ciphers class ran a bit late."

"That's all right, Amanda," Billy said. "Lee can brief you upstairs. I think that's all for now."

As they walked out of Billy's office a secretary handed Francine a stack of pink message slips. She quickly scanned through them. "I don't believe this," she complained. "I've got two tickets for the symphony tonight and my date cancels now."

"He actually lasted this long?" Lee quipped. "Isn't that a new record?"

Francine glared at him in annoyance. "Cute. What are you doing tonight, Lee?"

"Me?" Lee asked in surprise. "Sorry, I've got plans. An old friend of mine is in town and I'm meeting him for dinner."

"Amanda?" Francine asked. "Do you want a pair of tickets? You can go with your mother."

"Thanks, Francine, but I'm taking the boys out tonight for pizza and bowling."

"Pizza and bowling." Francine grimaced. "Why do I even ask?" She walked off in a huff.

Lee and Amanda headed into the corridor and pressed the button for the elevator. When the doors opened they pushed the coats aside and stepped in. As soon as the doors were closed Lee said curiously, "Pizza and bowling?"

"It was all I could think of," Amanda explained. "She caught me by surprise. I didn't expect her to do something nice like offer me the tickets." She smiled up at Lee. "What should I have said? That I'm having dinner tonight with you? And what did you mean about meeting an old friend? I'm not exactly over the hill, you know."

Lee cleared his throat and slightly inclined his head towards the concealed surveillance camera. Then he reached behind his back and held her hand out of view of the camera lens.

Amanda sighed. As if leading a double life hadn't been confusing enough she had added another level of deception. No one at the Agency knew that she and Lee were dating, much less engaged.

Finally they reached the Q-Bureau. It was a small but comfortably furnished room, much more appealing than the sterile setup of desks and cubicles downstairs in the bullpen. It afforded them at least a semblance of privacy - something in short supply at the Agency.

Amanda loved their office, thinking of it as their own private sanctuary. It had been in this room that she and Lee had crossed the boundary from friendship to love. She always smiled when she thought of the resolute look on Lee's face that day as he locked the door and turned towards her. They had just missed connecting time and time again in the preceding few weeks, but by then Lee was determined nothing was going to stop him from saying what he had to say.

A few days afterwards Amanda had walked into the Q-Bureau to find a second desk had been added. It had been adorned with a large red ribbon and a note reading: "For my partner" That day the office had become theirs, not just Lee's.

It had also been in the Q-Bureau that Lee had given Amanda her engagement ring. When he had slipped it on her finger, Amanda felt as if she was coming home to a place she had never known but had been looking for all of her life.

Now as they walked in the door Lee whispered, "Let's say good morning properly." He put his arms around Amanda and pulled her towards him. For a moment they just stood there gazing into each other's eyes intently. Then Amanda reached up and put her arms around Lee's neck pulling his face towards hers. They kissed, relishing this all too infrequent time when they could just be two people in love. After a few minutes they broke apart and Lee reluctantly suggested that they get back to work so he could fill her in on the details of his meeting with Billy and Francine.

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Later in the evening Lee looked around his apartment with satisfaction. The table was impeccably set with shining china and sparkling crystal. A bottle of wine was chilling in the ice bucket. The scent of steaks perfectly done hung in the air. Amanda was due to arrive any minute.

Lee sat on the couch sipping a glass of wine, lost in thought. Amanda. At times he could hardly believe it was true - that she loved him and was going to become his wife. He opened the small velvet case which sat on the coffee table in front of him and looked at Amanda's engagement ring. The sparkle of its diamond was brighter than anything, except the light in her eyes when she looked at him. Her eyes were always filled with such trust and confidence in him. He only hoped he'd be a good husband and stepfather.

The doorbell rang, breaking into his reverie. Lee opened the door to find Amanda there looking even lovelier than he had remembered.

After dinner Lee suggested, "Why don't we go for a walk?"

Amanda thought for a moment and then said, "Sure, but not in your neighbourhood. I'm always afraid someone from the Agency will see us. Francine only lives a few minutes away, you know."

Lee grinned. "I've got an idea - somewhere we shouldn't run into anyone we know."

Twenty minutes later Lee was parking the Corvette a block away from the Lincoln Memorial. "Perfect place for a clandestine late night stroll," he explained, smiling. "Only tourists will be on the Mall this late at night."

They reached the two mile long series of pathways that stretched from the Lincoln Memorial to the Capitol building. It was a beautiful moonlit night. The monuments bathed in their spotlights glowed whitely, their images glimmering on the water of the Reflecting Pools.

"Do you want to walk here or go around the Tidal Basin?" Lee gestured off in the distance to where the Jefferson Memorial stood on the far side of an inlet of the Potomac River.

"No, let's stay here. If we end up at the Jefferson Memorial you might try to get rid of me again." Amanda laughed.

"That was three years ago," Lee protested.

She smiled at the memory. "When you said goodbye to me that afternoon I really thought it was all over. You were so eager to be rid of me."

"You mean I was an idiot," he grimaced. "I'm just glad you never listen to what I say."

"Hmm. Can I have this in writing for our next case? And I do believe some of the things you say." Amanda looked up at Lee, all her love shining in her eyes.

Lee quickly kissed her. "Never a Mrs Spy, no little spies?" he teased, remembering the incident too well himself.

"What?" she asked blankly.

"That's what you asked me that day at the Jefferson Memorial. And I told you I liked my life the way it was - that I liked being alone. I never pictured myself about to be married and becoming a stepfather. And I had no idea how lonely and empty my life was." He held her tightly in his arms, relishing her closeness. "Amanda, I'm not the same person I was back then. I've changed so much and it's all because of you. How did you know just what I was missing from my life?"

"You've changed!" she protested. "I'm not exactly the same person you picked out in the train station three years ago either."

By this time they had reached the Washington Monument. Amanda looked up at the full moon and then around at the still, clear night. "Sometimes I forget what a beautiful city we live in."

"I know." Lee smiled at her. "Sometimes when you see something this lovely everyday you take it for granted. You forget to tell them how very special they are and how you can't imagine your life without them."

"I didn't know you were that fond of D.C." Amanda teased.

Lee just smiled again and pulled her closer.

It was late by the time they got back so Lee walked Amanda to her car and they kissed goodnight. As Lee entered his apartment he saw the jewellers case sitting empty on the coffee table and realized that Amanda had forgotten to leave her ring. "Oops," he thought. "Hopefully she won't walk into her house wearing it." He had only met Amanda's mother once and it didn't seem like the most appropriate time for her to learn of their engagement.

There was a knock on his door. "Amanda," he exclaimed in relief as he opened the door, "how far did you get before..."

His voice trailed off in surprise. "Matt Conners," he said, "what are you doing here?"

"Scarecrow, I've got a lead on our leak at the Agency."

"I didn't realize you were even working on it." Lee stepped back to let Conners enter the apartment.

Suddenly a hand came from behind and covered Lee's face, shoving a handkerchief under his nose. A wave of noxious gas hit him in the face. Lee held his breath and struggled to get free for as long as he could but it was a losing battle. He blacked out, crumpling to the floor. Two men followed Conners into the apartment and closed the door.

An hour later one of the men looked up at Conners in consternation. "I don't know if this is going to work. He has a lot more resistance than the others."

"Then give him another injection," Conners snarled. "I need to know how far Melrose's investigation is. Do they have any suspicions about me at all? I've

got to find out if I can keep selling information or if it's time to cut our losses and close up shop."

"These drugs aren't meant to be administered in such high doses," the second man remarked nervously. A dead agent was the last thing anyone needed. "And it will mean that I'll have to inject him with that much more of the memory inhibitor too. We can't take the chance that he'll remember any of this."

"None of the others have," Connors pointed out icily. "Just do whatever you have to do."

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The next morning Amanda arrived at Lee's apartment early. Jamie and Philip had a soccer game later in the day but she wanted to drop off her engagement ring. She knew she was being a bit paranoid but she was afraid that no matter where she hid it in her own house, her mother would find it. And besides, it gave her an excuse to see Lee on a Saturday morning.

When there was no answer to her knock at the door, Amanda used the key Lee had given her. "Lee," she called hesitantly as she entered the apartment.

Still no answer. She spied the empty ring box on the table. She absently picked it up, placed her ring inside and went into the bedroom to put it away. She stopped in the doorway. Lee lay unmoving on his bed, still wearing the clothes from the previous evening. "Lee," she said uncertainly.

No response.

She walked over to the bed, beginning to be alarmed. She touched his arm and then shook him. Nothing. Quickly she picked up the phone and called first 911 and then Billy Melrose.

After three minutes, which seemed like three hours, the ambulance arrived. The paramedics loaded Lee into the ambulance and headed off to the nearest hospital. Amanda quickly grabbed her purse, locked up Lee's apartment and followed them.

PART TWO

A few hours later Amanda was still sitting in the hospital waiting room anxiously waiting to hear from anyone about Lee's condition. She jumped up as Billy and Francine entered the room. "Sir," she asked quickly, "how is Lee?"

"He's still unconscious," Billy explained slowly, putting his arm across her shoulders and helping her sit back down. "His blood test showed massive injections of drugs - hallucinogens, psychotropics, truth serums - you name it, they gave it to him. Somebody wanted something very badly." He was damned if he knew what it was Lee had stumbled onto.

"Who could have done this?" Amanda pleaded.

Francine spoke up. "Yesterday afternoon he said he was going out to dinner with an old friend. Did he mention to you who it was?"

"Um, no," Amanda replied awkwardly, unsure of how much she should tell them.

"Well we've got to trace his whereabouts since he left the Agency last night," Billy stated decisively. At least they'd be doing something to find out what had happened. "Francine why don't you check Lee's credit card records for the past 24 hours. Maybe Lee paid for the dinner."

Francine nodded and left the room.

"Sir," Amanda began and then fell silent.

"Yes, Amanda?" Billy asked curiously.

She squirmed in her seat, unable to look him in the eyes. He'd find out anyway. It was best if he'd heard it from her. "Um, Lee didn't go out for dinner last night."

"He didn't." Billy looked at her closely.

Amanda blushed. "No. He..uh, I... that is we... we had dinner at his place last night."

Billy nodded slowly. "I see. So there was no old friend in town."

"No."

"Did you stay the night?" Billy asked matter-of-factly.

"What? Sir, no!" Amanda glanced up at him, her face burning furiously with embarrassment.

"Well, you called me from his apartment this morning," he reminded her pointedly.

"I had to drop something off," she explained honestly.

"So when did you leave last night?"

"Around 11:30. Lee walked me to my car."

"Did you see anything suspicious?"

"No."

The arrival of Lee's doctor interrupted them. "Excuse me, Mr. Melrose, but Mr. Stetson seems to be waking up. He's quite groggy but he's also very concerned about his partner. I think you should speak to him."

"I'll go." Amanda left the room almost at a run, desperate both to see Lee and to get away from Billy's questions.

"Who was that?" Dr. Markby queried.

"His partner, Amanda King," Billy explained, smiling faintly.

The doctor looked confused. "He's been asking about someone named Eric Jarvis."

Billy looked startled. "Eric Jarvis? He was Lee's partner before Amanda. But he was killed four years ago. I'd better check into this." He followed Amanda down the corridor to Lee's room.

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Lee rested back on his pillows and closed his eyes. His mind was a confused jumble but one thing he knew for certain - he hated hospitals. "In fact," he mused, "why not get up right now and walk out?"

However when he tried to do so the room tilted alarmingly. He lay down again and took a few deep breaths. Closing his eyes again, he thought, "Well, maybe after resting a bit longer."

He heard a light knock on the door of his room followed by the sound of the door opening. Lee opened his eyes and looked up, expecting to see his doctor or Billy. Instead a woman walked in. She was in her mid-thirties and quite beautiful - softly curling, brown hair, a trim, slender figure, an expressive face and the most beautiful brown eyes Lee had ever seen.

She looked even lovelier when she smiled, seeing that he was awake. "Lee," she greeted him warmly, walking over and taking one of his hands in hers. "I'm so glad you're okay."

Obviously she knew him. Frantically Lee searched through his memory. Nothing, not even a glimmer of recognition. She had to be Agency since she was here in his hospital room without any kind of escort. Someone from a past case? The New York office? Surely if she was from here in D.C. he would remember her.

Lee was distracted as she reached up to brush some hair back from his face. Her hand felt wonderfully cool and soft against his forehead, but he still couldn't place her at all.

"Uh, where's Billy?" he asked hesitantly.

"Billy?" she repeated in confusion. Obviously this wasn't the reaction she'd been expecting. "He'll be along in a few minutes. I wanted to see for myself that you were alright."

"I'm just anxious about Eric," Lee explained. "Do you know where he is?"

Her face paled and she took a step away from his bed. "Eric?" she asked.

"Eric Jarvis. My partner. The doctor couldn't tell me anything. I remember we were trying to bust a listening post and the Russians caught me. They were interrogating me and pushing pretty hard." Lee frowned in concentration. "They were going to shoot me," he said slowly, "but Eric burst in and..." He stopped. "I don't remember what happened after that. Do you know if he's okay?"

"But that was ..." The woman seemed upset. "Lee, what's today's date?"

"Look, I'm trying to figure out what's going on here and you want to know the date?" he snapped in frustration. His head was hurting and no one would answer any of his questions.

"Lee, I'm serious. This is important. What day is it?"

"It's September 15, 1982. Give or take a day or two, I guess. How long was I out, anyway?"

All the colour drained out of her face. "Lee, do you know who I am?" she asked shakily.

"No," he admitted reluctantly, not wanting to hurt her feelings. "And I should, shouldn't I? I'm sorry, but I just can't think clearly right now."

"I'll find Billy for you." She turned and fled the room.

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Amanda stood in the hallway outside of Lee's room, leaning against the wall wearily, her mind reeling. She had recognized the name of Lee's previous partner from an old case file. Eric Jarvis had been killed in that raid four years earlier - he was shot during his attempt to rescue Lee. And now Lee thought all of this had just occurred. He had no idea who she was; it was as if their life together the past three years had never happened. She just stood there in shock, not knowing what to do.

Billy came down the hallway towards her, followed by Dr. Markby. "Amanda," he asked apprehensively, seeing what condition she was in, "are you alright?"

"Sir," she replied shakily, "he doesn't know me. He doesn't..." She took a deep breath and tried to calm down so she could give her report in a professional and detached manner. "He thinks it's four years ago."

"That's what I was afraid of," Billy sighed. "Dr. Markby's going to run some more tests. Why don't you go home? I'll call you if there are any developments. Once those drugs get out of his system, I'm sure he'll remember you."

"What if he doesn't?" Amanda asked anxiously, fear in her eyes.

"Just give it some time," he said reassuringly. "I'm sure it will all work out."

"I hope you're right, sir," she sighed. "I'll talk to you later." She had to get out of there and think.

Billy frowned as he watched her walk slowly down the corridor. Despite his encouraging words he felt anything but confident.

PART THREE

Amanda met Billy at the hospital early the next morning. "How is he?" she asked anxiously as soon as she saw him.

"I'm sorry, Amanda, but there's been no change," Billy answered sympathetically, wishing he had better news to tell her. "He still doesn't remember."

Her face fell. She had been hoping everything would be back to normal.

Billy continued, "I'm getting an update from Lee's doctor in a few minutes. Why don't you come too? Dr. McJohn's going to be there as well."

The meeting took place in a small conference room on the first floor of the hospital. Amanda looked out the window at blue skies and beautifully manicured flower beds. People were coming and going through the front doors of the hospital. It seemed almost indecent that the rest of the world just kept on going while her life was falling apart all around her.

"Physically Mr. Stetson's fine," Dr. Markby began. "There don't seem to be any lasting side effects from the drugs, except the amnesia, of course."

"What's his mental state? Is he salvageable?" Billy hated to ask but knew it was necessary.

Dr. McJohn spoke up. "I've worked with several amnesia cases over the years but this one is unusual. There's quite an abrupt break in his memory. He seems to have perfect recall up to the incident in '82. Obviously someone drugged him Friday night in the hopes of extracting some information. And they also used memory inhibitors to keep him from recalling the incident."

"So there's a good chance it's someone Lee actually knows," Billy pointed out logically. "This could be our first break in plugging our security leak. Assuming this is how they've been getting information out of the Agency."

"But why would Lee forget the last four years?" Amanda asked in confusion.

"Lee was likely more resilient than they had anticipated and they went beyond safe limits," Dr. McJohn surmised. "The incident was somewhat similar to the one four years ago when Lee was captured and his partner killed. His mind has probably confused the two events."

Dr. Markby added, "It could also be that his subconscious is trying to avoid dealing with something in his present. Has he been under a great deal of pressure lately?"

"Well, we've been concentrating pretty hard on solving this security leak at the Agency," Billy answered thoughtfully. "He hasn't mentioned any problems in his personal life." He glanced over at Amanda. "Do you know of anything?"

"No. Why would I know about his personal life?" she hedged, fidgeting uncomfortably.

Billy gave her an odd look. "You are his partner," he pointed out.

"How much has he been told?" she asked, quickly changing the subject.

"Last night we explained to Lee what had happened to his partner and told him that it was four years later than he thought," Markby replied. "He asked for some time to absorb it all. We didn't push any further."

"How much should he be told?" Billy queried.

Dr. McJohn fielded that question. "We don't want to overload him with information. We can brief him on the basics about the Agency and the world at large, but he'll make more progress if he tries to fill in the gaps himself."

"Will he eventually regain all of his memory?" Amanda couldn't stop herself from asking.

"There's no way to know," McJohn answered honestly. "Every amnesia case is different - you've experienced that yourself."

Amanda nodded slowly.

"Just don't overwhelm him - stick to the essentials," Dr. McJohn continued. "And no big shocks either. Slow and easy, let Lee set the pace. If he's interested in something answer his questions honestly, but don't drop any bombshells on him."

Dr. Markby concurred. "He'll accept things better if he's left to recall them on his own and not forced to deal with everything at once."

Amanda realized with a sinking feeling that if Lee didn't remember her, she could hardly just sit him down and explain their relationship. And besides, what good would it do if she did? She could tell Lee that they were in love, but it wouldn't make him feel that way again. All she could do was wait and hope he remembered on his own.

After the meeting Amanda said to Billy, "I want to see him again."

"Of course," Billy replied. He escorted her upstairs. When they got to Lee's room Billy suggested, "Why don't I go in first? I'll explain who you are and we'll take it from there."

Amanda nodded and waited out in the hallway, glad for the temporary respite.

Billy entered Lee's room to find him already awake and sitting up in bed. "Morning, Lee," Billy greeted him. "How do you feel?"

"Still confused. I can't believe that it's really 1986. I don't remember anything since Eric and I busted that listening post. So what's been going on?" Lee was impatient to find out more.

Billy smiled wryly. "Where should I start?"

"How about with my other visitor yesterday - that woman. Who was she?"

"Amanda King. She's your partner now," Billy answered, hoping that Lee would recall something, anything about Amanda. He knew how difficult this must be for her.

"Amanda," Lee repeated aloud, hoping it would sound familiar. It didn't. "How long have we been working together?"

"You recruited her three years ago, but she's only been officially training as an operative for two months."

"Two months?" Lee was surprised. "She's a rookie? Billy, this doesn't make any sense. And I recruited her? How?"

Billy laughed. "You handed her a package at a train station and asked her to deliver it for you."

"That's it?" Lee stared at him in disbelief, eyebrows raised.

"That's it," Billy nodded. "Amanda turned out to have great instincts for the job. And I made you... I mean I suggested, that we use her from time to time. She became more and more involved with the Agency as time went on and eventually we offered her a full-time job."

"What's her background?" Lee asked suspiciously, knowing that Billy was holding something back.

Billy knew Lee would love the answer to this question. "She's a divorced housewife from Arlington with two kids."

"You're joking." And this woman was his partner? Lee wondered just what had been going on.

"Nope." Billy grinned. "The two of you are a hell of a team. You run the Q-Bureau together."

"The Q-Bureau?" Lee blinked, taken aback. "Isn't that Larry Crawford's department?"

"Not since last year," Billy answered evasively. "He started playing around with the Russians and we terminated him. Listen, Amanda's waiting outside. Is it alright with you if she comes in?"

"Okay, I guess," Lee said reluctantly. He wasn't really ready to meet someone he should already know.

Billy went over and opened the door. "Amanda?" he called.

Amanda walked in hesitantly. "Good morning," she said to Lee.

"Good morning," he replied awkwardly. "Look, I'm sorry about yesterday. Billy's been telling me all about us."

"Us?" She glanced sharply at Billy, wondering how much he actually knew and just what he had told Lee.

"About how the two of you work together," Billy spoke up.

"Oh," she said, relieved and disappointed at the same time.

Suddenly the door opened and Francine breezed in.

"Francine," Lee greeted her, relieved that he recognized someone else.

"I was just talking to Dr. McJohn downstairs," Francine said. "Is it true? You've got amnesia?"

"Yes," Lee replied, "apparently I'm about four years out of the loop. How have you been?"

"Well I'm glad to see my reputation as unforgettable remains intact," Francine preened.

Lee rolled his eyes. "And I see some things never change, even in four years. Listen, Billy, when can I get out of here?"

"The doctor says any time. Except for the amnesia you're fine. I knew you'd want to leave as soon as possible so I had them do up your discharge papers this morning."

"Great, how about right now?" Lee asked eagerly, anxious to be on his way before someone changed their minds. He'd always hated hospitals.

"Okay," Billy agreed readily. "One of us will drive you home."

"I'll be ready in a few minutes." Lee jumped out of bed and headed for the closet. After taking one step, he grabbed the open back of his hospital gown. "Uh, do you mind?"

As the three of them walked out of the room Billy asked Amanda, "Do you want to give Lee a ride home?"

"You know, Lee doesn't even know where he lives," Francine commented. "It's a different apartment than four years ago."

The apartment! Oh my gosh! Amanda thought to herself in panic. Aloud she said, "Sir, could you drive Lee home? I just remembered something important I need to take care of." Without even waiting for an answer she hurried off down the corridor.

Francine looked at Billy in amazement and shrugged. "I will never understand how that woman's mind works. What could be more important than her partner right now?"

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Amanda raced across town to Lee's apartment and quickly let herself in. Hurrying into the bedroom, she yanked open one of the nightstand's drawers and grabbed the box containing her engagement ring. What else? she thought as she glanced around frantically. A few toiletries and make-up articles in the bathroom. An apron in the kitchen. A couple of changes of clothes in the closet. She grabbed everything up in her arms and hurried to the door, knowing she'd never be able to explain if she were caught there red-handed.

She paused for a brief moment and scanned the apartment again, trying to make sure she hadn't left anything behind. Suddenly it hit her what she was doing - there was no longer any trace of her in Lee's apartment. No one would know she had ever been there. Since they had been so careful about not telling anyone else about their relationship, she was the only person who

even knew they were involved. Feeling very alone she closed the door behind her, slowly went downstairs, put her belongings in her car and drove away.

Billy was pulling up in front of Lee's apartment building when he saw Amanda's Wagoneer just leaving. He glanced over at Lee, but of course Amanda's vehicle meant nothing to him.

"Now, remember," Billy admonished as they walked in the door of Lee's apartment, "your doctor told you to relax for at least half a week."

"Billy, I'm fine." Lee wasn't about to lie around, even for a day. "Besides I'm sure I'll get my memory back much more quickly if I keep busy and I'm surrounded by people I know."

"Fine. I'll pick you up in the morning." Billy turned to leave.

"I'm quite capable of driving myself to work," Lee protested. "Unless, of course, you've moved the Agency."

"No. But now that you mention driving, there is the matter of your car."

Lee wasn't sure he liked where this was going. "My Porsche?"

"You mean your Corvette," Billy corrected him.

"I bought a 'Vette?" Lee asked incredulously. "I've always hated Stingrays."

"Don't worry, they updated it," Billy reassured him.

"What happened to my Porsche? I loved that car."

"It went over a cliff two years ago," Billy explained. At the look of distress on Lee's face he continued, "Lee, there's going to be a lot of things that have changed. People too. Give yourself some time. Hopefully it will all start coming back to you soon."

"But I can come in to work tomorrow morning?" Lee persisted.

"Sure." Billy knew it was pointless to try to keep Lee away from the office.

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On Monday morning Lee, Amanda and Francine met with Billy in his office. Billy quickly briefed Lee on the rough details of their security problem. "The one good thing about all of this," he concluded, "is that at least we may finally have a lead in solving this leak."

"There may be other agents who have been recently drugged and questioned," Francine added. "It's not a bad setup, actually. Break in late at night, drug the agent and get them to tell you sensitive information. The agent wakes up in the morning with no memory of what happened."

"But how would this person get into their homes?" Amanda pointed out. "Most agents are pretty cautious about their security."

"Good point," Billy remarked. "You're absolutely right. I think it's an inside job. Someone is involved who's worried about being recognized."

"They must have access to various departments." Lee made his first contribution to the discussion. "You said information was being leaked from a variety of areas."

"Either they're picking people at random or they know about key operations across the Agency. That would mean a department like Internal Affairs."

"We could have Dr. McJohn run some blood tests," Francine suggested. "See if anyone else shows even trace amounts of the drugs that were used on Lee. It's a long shot but it's all we've got right now."

"Let's start with the other field agents then," Lee agreed. "No sense raising suspicion by testing everyone in the building. It would be better still if we could narrow it down a bit further."

"Single people," Amanda observed suddenly.

"What?" Francine asked in confusion.

"Lee was attacked and drugged late at night at his own home," she explained thoughtfully. "You couldn't do that to someone with a family."

"Assuming they follow the same M.O. every time, that's not a bad point," Billy agreed.

Francine volunteered, "I'll draw up a list of likely targets and coordinate with Dr. McJohn."

"Amanda, why don't you take Lee up to the Q-Bureau and familiarize him with daily operations? I still want the two of you involved in plugging this leak, but Lee, don't push yourself too hard."

"Billy, I told you I'm fine," Lee protested in annoyance. Seeing that Billy looked unconvinced, he acquiesced. "Okay, okay, let's go."

Amanda and Lee went upstairs. She sighed morosely as she opened the door of their office and they walked in. No passionate good morning kisses today. It seemed impossible that only three days earlier she and Lee hadn't been able to keep their hands off each other. She sighed again, wondering just what she was going to do if Lee never got his memory back.

"Amanda," Lee was looking at her curiously, "are you okay?"

She realized that she had just been standing there staring into space. "Oh, sure!" she lied, embarrassed at having been caught. She hurried over to her desk. "Okay, your day planner is in the top drawer of your desk," she said

briskly. "Billy sends us a weekly report every Monday morning with our assignments. Of course it's tentative since we deal with all odd cases as they come up."

"What's our current assignment?" Lee asked, nodding.

"Besides the security leak we've been working with White House security for an upcoming visit of the Prime Minister from Liechtenstein. It ties in with a case from a couple years back." She glanced quickly at the calendar on her desk. "We have a meeting with the Secret Service this afternoon at two. If you feel up to it that is."

"Of course I feel up to it," he grouched in annoyance. "I keep telling everyone I'm fine. Don't treat me any differently than usual."

Amanda hoped her face didn't reveal her thoughts. Things were anything but normal.

"Here's the case file so far," she said, reverting to professional mode. "I've got a class in surveillance techniques at eleven but I can cancel."

"Billy mentioned you were in training. He also said that you were a housewife with two children."

"Two boys." Amanda smiled. "Jamie and Philip. They're eleven and thirteen."

"Isn't this line of work a bit unusual for a suburban mom?" Lee asked curiously, voicing the thought that had run through his mind when he first heard that she had children.

"You're telling me," she laughed good-naturedly. "You know you were the one who got me into this in the first place."

That was the problem. He didn't remember at all. "Listen, don't be late for your class," he said changing the subject. "While you're gone I'd like to go

over the case files covering the time I can't remember - you know, see what I've been up to."

"Sure," Amanda replied, "it's all on the computer." She sat down at his desk and began typing a series of passwords. In a few minutes, she was in the case file database. "It's a pretty simple program. You can search by case number, date, agent or perpetrator," she explained, demonstrating. She looked at him again. "You're sure you'll be all right here by yourself?"

He smiled, eager for her to be on her way. "I'll be fine. Go on, get to your class before you're late."

"All right," she remarked reluctantly, "if you're sure."

"I am."

"Okay, I'll see you later." She grabbed her purse and left.

Once she had gone Lee sat down at his desk and looked at the monitor. He selected the prior files directory. When the search prompt came up he entered "Stetson, Lee". By the time Amanda returned he hoped to have a much clearer picture of what had been going on for the past few years.

PART FOUR

Billy called Amanda into his office Wednesday morning. "How are you doing?" he asked sympathetically.

"Well, we don't have the medical reports back yet," she answered mechanically. "They should be ready in a day or two. Hopefully we'll be able to identify at least some of the other agents who have been drugged. Then we can..."

"Amanda, I'm not talking about the case," he interrupted, cutting her short. "How are you?" he asked pointedly.

"I'm all right," she lied, not looking him in the eye.

"You'll feel better if you talk to someone about all of this," he stated. "I know you and Lee have kept your personal life separate from work. I can respect that, but on a need to know basis I think that right now I need to know. You shouldn't try to shoulder this all alone."

"I'm used to leaning on Lee," she sighed.

"Why don't you try talking to me?" he offered. "Don't worry, I had the office swept for bugs an hour ago. This is strictly off the record."

"I don't know where to start," she whispered.

"At the beginning, of course. You and Lee have a much closer relationship than you've led any of us to believe." It wasn't a question.

She looked up at that. "You've known?" she asked, startled.

"Amanda, I've known Lee for more than ten years. I've seen him go through dozens of relationships. I always thought it was because he was a born bachelor. Girl in every port type - never settle down. Until the day he walked in with you. He wasn't meant to be a bachelor. He was meant to be with you."

"Thank you, sir." Amanda tried to smile. "I really needed to hear that."

"I assume you got whatever you needed to from Lee's apartment the other day," Billy remarked.

"How did you know about that?" she asked in surprise.

"We drove up just as you were leaving," he explained kindly. "Don't worry, Lee didn't see you. Although I'm not sure it would have been so terrible if he had. Maybe you should be honest with him."

"Sir, I can't just tell him about us," she protested. "It's not going to make things go back to the way they were. Besides, the doctor said not to blurt things out."

"I know," Billy agreed reluctantly. "Well, for now let's just play it by ear. I'm still hoping he will remember on his own."

"That makes two of us," Amanda agreed fervently. "Thank you, sir."

"Anytime. If you need someone to talk to, I'm right here," Billy reminded her.

She smiled wanly, nodded, and headed back up to the Q-Bureau.

Watching her cross the bullpen, Billy felt helpless. Damn! Lee was throwing away the best thing that ever happened to him, and there was nothing he could do.

....

Amanda was emotionally exhausted by Friday afternoon. It had been the longest week of her life. She was looking forward to having the weekend at home where she wouldn't be constantly watching Lee, waiting, desperately hoping for a sign that he was starting to remember.

Now she sighed as she looked up from her desk to where Lee sat going over some old case files. He looked the same as he always did. She could almost let herself believe that everything would be okay in the end.

"Lee," she said and he looked up. Her heart wrenched at the impersonal look he gave her. This was even worse than the first years she had known him. Back then she had only imagined how it would be if he would fall in love with her. Now she knew exactly what she was missing.

"Amanda? Did you want something?" Lee asked curiously, looking puzzled. He couldn't figure her out. She seemed nice enough, but she was very quiet, almost subdued. He was more than two years through the case files covering the gap in his memory. About a year in Amanda's name started to appear. She had been involved in quite a few cases and seemed to have more aptitude for the job than he would have expected from someone with her background. Maybe she was still adjusting to her recent promotion to full agent-in-training status, he reasoned. It wasn't very often that a rookie agent was paired with someone who had as much seniority as he did.

"What is it?" he prodded again.

"Oh, yes," she finally answered, brought rudely back to the present. "The Secret Service wants us to contact the people hosting receptions for the Prime Minister from Liechtenstein next month. The Washington Horticultural Society is having a garden party for him - apparently he's a big orchid connoisseur. We need to contact," she consulted her notes, "Melanie VanKleff or Elisa Danton."

"Elisa Danton?" Lee repeated, smiling.

"The society arranged to have their party on her estate," Amanda said thoughtfully. "I seem to recall seeing her name quite frequently in the society pages."

"I know her," Lee commented happily, "or I mean I knew her." He grinned. "Amnesia is hell on tenses. In fact I dated Elisa right up to ..." He broke off as he suddenly realized he didn't know if he had ever stopped seeing her.

"You wouldn't happen to know if I still ..." He trailed off expectantly. After all, they were partners. Surely she'd know whether or not he was still dating Elisa.

"No, you've never mentioned her," she managed to choke out past the lump in her throat. This couldn't be happening.

"Well, I'll call Elisa and arrange a meeting," he stated philosophically.

She gave Lee the number and sat in shock while he placed the call.

"Elisa Danton, please. Yes, I'll hold," Lee said into the receiver and then turned to Amanda and smiled happily. "This is great - I was beginning to think I had forgotten everyone."

Amanda tried to busy herself with paperwork but couldn't help overhear Lee's end of the conversation.

"Elisa, hello ... yes, it's Lee ... it has been a while. You have no idea how long," he grinned, propping himself up on his elbow. "Listen, we need to get together about security for that garden party you're hosting next month. Why, don't my partner and I come out to the house Monday morning? ... I know that's three whole days from now ... Yes, I'd love to see you before then. What about dinner tomorrow night? ... Great, I'll pick you up at eight. See you then."

He hung up the phone with a pleased look on his face. "That should make Billy happy," he said to Amanda.

"Billy?" she asked blankly.

"He's been worried about me all week," he confided. "Now at least I can tell him I'm getting back into circulation."

"I need to take these files downstairs," Amanda said in a dazedly. She had to get out of there before she broke down completely. She grabbed a pile of folders and hurriedly left their office.

She took the elevator to the bullpen and went into Billy's office.

"Sir, here are those files you wanted," she said dully.

Billy took one look at her face, got up and closed the door and blinds.
"Amanda," he asked in concern, "what's wrong?"

"It's over," she said listlessly.

"What are you talking about?" Billy asked in confusion.

"Lee and me," she answered morosely. "It's all over. He's never going to remember me."

"Amanda, you can't give up," Billy protested.

"I can't give up?" she exploded in disbelief. "Billy, it's not like there's any hope. I've got to face reality."

"But things may change," Billy pressed. He didn't know what else to say to convince her. "In time Lee may remember."

"It's been a week," she countered sharply. "If his memory was going to return, don't you think he would have remembered something by now? I've got to move on with my life. Lee certainly is. In fact he's starting to ... date." She almost choked over the last word, her eyes welling up with tears as she verbalized what she'd just witnessed.

"What?" He hadn't been expecting this development.

"He's going out with Elisa Danton tomorrow night," she explained shakily, her heart breaking. "He was dating her before he and I even met. Apparently she never got over him and he feels the way he used to."

He could see how upset she was by all of this. "Amanda, give it some time. He fell in love with you once before. It could happen again."

"Billy, the last time it took three years," she told him honestly. "And even then there were times when I was sure it was never going to happen. I don't think I have the strength to go through that again. Besides..." she bit her lip and her voice trailed off.

"Besides what?" he pressed gently, trying to understand what was going on.

"Maybe the reason Lee hasn't gotten his memory back is that he doesn't want to remember," she admitted softly, stating the fear that had haunted her the past few days. "Maybe subconsciously he wanted to be rid of me. Maybe he really wants someone like Elisa Danton - glamorous and sophisticated."

"Just stop right there," Billy stated firmly. At least now that he knew what was on her mind he could help her. "If there were ever two people made for each other it's you and Lee. No one else ever got to him the way you did - no one. I'm sure it will all work out somehow. You just have to be patient and have faith enough for the two of you."

"I don't know if I can. It hurts so much," she said shakily, unable to hold back the tears any longer. She leaned against Billy and sobbed as though her heart would break.

He put his arm around her and patted her shoulder gently as she cried away her fear and pain.

After she seemed to be in a little more control he handed her his handkerchief. As she dried her eyes he asked her, "Feel any better?"

"A little." She tried to smile. "Sir, I have a favour to ask you."

"Of course. What is it?"

"I can't go on working with Lee. Seeing him every day, feeling the way I do and having him look at me like I was a stranger. I can't handle it. It's tearing me up inside."

"Amanda, you're not going to resign on me are you?" he asked disappointedly.

"Resign?" she repeated in surprise, that thought never having occurred to her. "No, I've worked too hard here at the Agency to quit. But if you could just transfer me out of the Q-Bureau..."

"All right," he conceded reluctantly, "but only until Lee gets his memory back."

...

Billy tried to think of somewhere to place Amanda on temporary assignment. He had no intention of making the change permanent. At least he hoped he wouldn't have to. He was making phone calls to various departments when Francine walked into his office.

She waited until he hung up the phone and then said, "Billy, I finally got the results of the field agents' blood tests. The lab took so long because we were searching for such minute traces of drugs."

"What were their conclusions?" Billy asked sharply.

"We hit the jackpot. At least five other operatives have been drugged in the last month. They couldn't get any meaningful readings further back than that. So who knows how many others there may have been."

"Well, at least now we know how information is getting out," Billy sighed, glad that they were on the right track at last. "All we need to do now is to find out who's responsible for this."

"Why don't Lee and Amanda..." Francine began.

"Amanda's not going to be working on this one for a while," Billy interrupted. "I want you to give Lee a hand in the Q-Bureau."

"What's going on, Billy?" Francine asked curiously, eyebrow raised. "Trouble in paradise?"

"I think Amanda needs a bit of a break. I'm going to assign her to the accounting department. One of the office assistants is off on medical leave and she has good office skills."

"If this is all it took to get rid of Amanda, I would have injected Lee myself with memory inhibitors a long time ago," Francine quipped.

Billy shot her a disapproving look. "Can it, Francine."

•••

Lee frowned as he glanced around his apartment. It had been an unsettling experience, coming 'home' to an apartment he had no recollection of. Now a week later he was finally beginning to feel comfortable in his surroundings.

He just wished he could remember where everything in his apartment was. Whenever he needed something it was like a game of 'Hide and Seek'. He had just spent a fruitless half-hour looking for his little black books. He finally managed to find one slim volume containing the names and numbers of his uncle and few old friends, but he was positive he remembered a much more active social life.

He turned his attention from his desk and went into the bedroom. A quick look through the nightstand revealed nothing. But with a flash of memory he thought of another hiding spot. He opened the doors of his armoire and pulled out one of the drawers. He reached in and removed a bundle of socks. Startled, he looked at them more closely - they all matched. "I guess it's

easier to do laundry that way," he thought after a few seconds, "but I don't remember buying them."

He looked in the drawer again. There was something hidden at the bottom - a small box. Lee took it out and opened it. A pair of diamond earrings twinkled up at him. He sat down on the bed heavily in bewilderment. Obviously they were intended as a present for someone. Christmas was a month away but he had no idea for whom he could have purchased them.

A dozen or more questions raced through his mind. Was that why he couldn't find his black books? Was he involved in a relationship? But if so, who was she? And where was she? Why hadn't she come to see him in the hospital? Did she know about the Agency and his job? Why hadn't Billy or Francine said anything? None of it made any sense. His head started to pound.

It couldn't be Elisa. When he had phoned her she mentioned that it had been a long time since she had last heard from him.

...

"We're a bit early for our reservation," Lee noticed as he drove the Corvette into the parking lot of Emelio's restaurant Saturday evening. He missed his Porsche, but he had to admit his new car was also very sharp.

As they walked in the door Elisa said, "I'll just go powder my nose. Why don't you get us some drinks?"

"White wine, right?" Lee asked with a flash of sudden insight.

"Very good, Mr. Stetson," Elisa smiled seductively. "Despite what you say about having partial amnesia, I think you're doing quite well."

"I'll be waiting in the bar." He watched her walk away. The four years certainly hadn't done Elisa any harm. She looked as sleek and put-together as always. Tonight she wore a black cocktail dress with spaghetti straps -

just like the one... Lee frowned as the memory slipped just out of reach. Why couldn't he remember? There was something in the back of his mind he just couldn't quite get hold of. It was frustrating to say the least.

He sighed and walked over to the bar. To his surprise the bartender greeted him by name. "Lee, I haven't seen you in a while. I was beginning to think the two of you had found a new favourite restaurant."

"Uh no," Lee said awkwardly. "The TWO of us?" he thought. Obviously that meant that he DID have someone he was seeing steadily. He couldn't for the life of him figure out who it could be and why no one was mentioning her. It was disconcerting to keep tripping over his past this way. He absently placed their drink order, his mind focussing on the puzzle of who he could be dating.

"I see she's late as usual. It's nice to know some things never change," the bartender remarked cheerfully as he poured Lee his scotch.

A few minutes later Elisa returned, draping an arm around Lee's shoulders and giving him a pecking on the cheek. "Lee, darling, you get bonus marks if you remembered I prefer Italian, not French wine."

For a moment the bartender looked startled but then recovered. "One Italian white wine coming up."

The incident with the bartender kept plaguing Lee all through dinner. At least he told himself that was the reason he was finding Elisa less than enthralling. Elisa was beautiful and glamorous and fun. So why did he find her so ... boring?

She was telling him about her latest trip to Europe and this amusing incident which had occurred at a party the American ambassador had given for the Prime Minister. Yet he found his mind wandering time and again. Whom had he bought those earrings for?

Francine? He immediately dismissed that thought as absurd. She was her usual acerbic self around him. She certainly wasn't the type to take abandonment lying down. If he had been dating her he knew he would have heard about it by now.

Amanda? Lee briefly considered his partner, but then rejected the idea. Their backgrounds were too diverse. It would never have worked. Besides, he had read many of their old case files, diligently searching for a clue as to what their working relationship might be. Nothing even hinted of a romantic attachment.

Also, a few days ago Amanda had mentioned that her ex-husband was having dinner with her and the boys. Maybe they were reconciling. A sudden stab of jealousy at the thought of her with someone else took Lee by surprise. Maybe it wasn't such an outlandish idea. Maybe...

Elisa broke into his reverie, "Lee, are you okay? I don't think you've heard a word I've been saying for the last ten minutes."

"I'm sorry, Elisa," Lee apologized, smiling and trying to divert her attention. "I'm just preoccupied with this case at work."

"Well, darling, why don't we go back to my place? I'm sure we can find something to do to take your mind off work. Not to mention resurrect a few more memories." Now that Lee was back in her life, she had no intention of letting him get away again.

"No thanks," Lee demurred hastily, surprised at his total lack of interest. "I'm sorry, I'm just not feeling all that well. I'll take a rain check."

She pouted petulantly. "Only if you promise not to let another two years go by between dates."

Lee thought about what Elisa had said as he drove away from her estate later in the evening. Two years between dates? He was tired of having

questions and no answers. It had been a long week and he wished he had someone he could just talk to. Not like Elisa, though, with her glamorous but empty lifestyle and her name dropping stories.

He wanted ... he wanted ... Lee wasn't sure what he wanted. Someone comfortable and familiar who felt like they belonged in his life. Someone like... for some reason Amanda suddenly came to mind again. He had no memories of her prior to this week, but still the thought of her seemed natural.

He resolved to have this all out on Monday at the office. If there was someone in his life, he had the right to know.

PART FIVE

Lee arrived at the Agency Monday morning ready to confront Amanda about their relationship. Walking into the Q-Bureau he was surprised to find Francine instead. "Where's Amanda?" he blurted out in confusion.

"Good morning to you too, Lee," Francine retorted. "Billy transferred her to accounting."

"What?" Lee was stunned. "When did this happen? Why wasn't I told? I'm going to talk to him."

He was about to storm out of the office but Francine's next words stopped him in his tracks. "He's not in. He has a meeting this morning with Dr. Smyth about the security breach. Did you know the blood tests showed that five other agents were also drugged?"

"But none of them lost their memories," Lee said bitterly.

Francine's expression softened. "It's hard, I know."

"No, you don't know," Lee countered. "I keep fumbling around in the dark tripping over pieces of my past and I don't even know what they are. Saturday night I went to Emelio's restaurant. The bartender knew me but I don't remember him. He was surprised to see me with Elisa, too."

He paused for a minute thoughtfully, then decided to take the plunge. After all, they were friends. That is, if his memory weren't faulty in THAT regard. "Francine, tell me the truth. I'm involved with someone, right? Is it someone here at the Agency?"

"You're not involved with anyone as far as I know," Francine stated truthfully. Then a thought crossed her mind. Was that why Amanda ... no! It couldn't be. She knew Amanda had always had somewhat of a crush on Lee but never thought there was even a remote chance that Lee would return her feelings.

Watching her expression change, Lee persisted, "There is someone, isn't there?"

"No, Lee, I swear I'd tell you if I knew anything. Now let's go. Amanda's calendar says we have a meeting with Elisa Danton about security for a reception."

"I still want to talk to Billy." Lee wasn't to be thrown off track. If Francine wouldn't tell him anything, maybe Billy would.

"Well, you'll have to wait," she countered sharply. "He's going to be out of the Agency most of the day. He won't be back until later in the afternoon. Now, let's go."

....

Meanwhile Amanda was familiarizing herself with the workings of the accounting department. It was much like the financial department of any

business. Only the code names indicated that these funds were being used for anything but normal expenses.

She told herself that this was what she needed - a set routine and a break from Lee. So why did she miss him so much? Maybe Billy was right. Maybe she shouldn't just walk away.

A thought kept nagging at her. Lee hadn't given up on her when Birol had captured her. Through the whole ordeal she had felt a connection to Lee that was so strong it was like they were physically attached. She had known without a doubt that he'd find her. So was she now just going to abandon Lee? Wasn't he worth fighting for? In the past Lee had chosen her over all his previous girlfriends, Elisa Danton included. Maybe it was as Billy had said, they were meant to be together.

Her musings were cut short by the approach of one of the accountants. "Matt Conners," he introduced himself.

"Amanda King," she replied, smiling politely and shaking his hand.

"Weren't you working with Stetson in the Q-Bureau?" he asked, looking puzzled.

"Yes, but Mr. Melrose moved me here to fill in for Jane Peters."

"Right," Conners nodded knowingly. "You know I used to be out in the field myself. Better get used to the view from the desk."

"No, it's nothing like that. I'm only here temporarily," she explained hastily.

"Sure. That's what they told me - over four years ago."

Conners walked away, his mind in turmoil. What was she doing here? Just how close was Melrose? Obviously he must have some pretty strong

suspicious to pull a stunt like this. Maybe Stetson's whole amnesia diagnosis was merely a ploy to flush him out in the open.

At lunch he went to a local fast food restaurant to use the pay phone.

"Listen, I need the two of you tonight for a job. I know it's short notice but I think they may be onto us. We'll have to be careful with this one - she has a family. So we'll wait until late, grab her and move her for the interrogation. Pick me up at ten, okay?"

As he drove back to the Agency, Conners wondered how much longer he could keep this up. At first it had seemed so easy. A disgruntled pair of lab technicians had approached him about selling Agency information to various buyers. He still had some contacts left from his days as a field agent and, more importantly, he had access to accounting records. While he couldn't tell what any operations were about specifically he knew where big bucks were being spent. That helped them choose the most promising targets. His partners had provided access to various drugs.

Up to now things had been going smoothly. Melrose knew information was leaking out, but no investigation had even come close to them. Until now. Well, tonight he would find out the truth about Amanda King.

....

Late in the afternoon, Lee walked into Billy's office. "Okay, Billy, I want the truth."

"About what?" Billy asked innocently.

"About my life, damn it!" Lee exploded furiously, in no mood to be put off. "There's something big I'm missing, isn't there? No one wants to tell me anything but it's my life and I have the right to know."

"Lee, we gave you access to all your case files," Billy said soothingly. "It's all in there."

"No, it's not," he countered. "Dry statistics, official versions of events - that's not my life." Lee refused to be pacified.

"What exactly do you want to know about?" Billy asked cautiously.

"For starters, who is she?"

"Who is who?" Billy hedged evasively, schooling his face to remain expressionless.

"Don't play games with me, Billy!" Lee had reached the end of his patience. "There's someone in my life, isn't there? And for some reason no one will tell me about her. Is it Amanda? And why the hell did you transfer her, anyway?"

"Lee, I'm not sure Dr. McJohn would approve of this," Billy advised in concern.

"I really don't care what Dr. McJohn would or would not approve of." Lee raised his voice. "I deserve to know the truth. Now, what do you know?"

"Officially nothing. The last six months you've kept a tight lid on your personal life."

"But unofficially..." Lee pressed. Billy was one of the most observant people he had ever known. He'd have to have some sort of answer for him.

Billy felt torn. He wasn't sure of the medical wisdom of revealing too much to Lee. As well it was a personal matter between him and Amanda. On the other hand, Lee was right, he did deserve to know the truth about his own life. He was also concerned that if he didn't step in and do something soon it would be too late.

"Okay," he sighed resignedly, opening a desk drawer and taking out a microcassette. He slowly handed it to Lee.

"What's this?" Lee asked, confused.

"The answer to all your questions. How far are you in reading over your old case files?"

"I'm up to early 1985 - when the Russians tried to steal the plans to Falcon Wing." Lee answered.

"Why don't you skip ahead to the Addi Birol case?" Billy suggested. "That was just last month."

"Addi Birol? The terrorist? We finally nailed that bastard?"

"You mean you did," Billy corrected proudly. "He captured one of our agents. We were having no luck finding Birol but nothing was going to stop you. You set him up to think that one of his contacts was selling him out. You thought if you pushed him hard enough he'd go running for his hideout. And it worked."

"So I followed him there?" Lee tried to figure out where Billy was going with this.

"Not quite. You were there already - a day earlier you had attempted an idiotic one man rescue of the agent and just ended up getting caught yourself. Fortunately we were able to carry out the rest of your plan and rescue both of you."

"Billy, this is all really fascinating but how does it answer my questions?" Lee snapped impatiently, not in the mood for any games. He wanted answers and he wanted them now. "What's on this tape?" He was getting annoyed again. Why wouldn't anyone give him a straight answer?

"I removed it from the evidence we took from Birol's hideout."

Lee looked surprised. Billy was usually much more by the book.

"Don't worry, it had no effect on his trial one way or another," Billy reassured him, noting the startled expression on Lee's face. "We had him dead to rights."

"So what's on it?" Lee persisted.

"It's a surveillance tape Birol made. He put you and the other agent in a room together. I guess he hoped you'd be foolish enough to say something he could use. I've only listened to the first few minutes myself. We have so little privacy in this job. I figured this was just between you and..." he trailed off.

"Me and who?" Lee pressed anxiously. "Billy, you keep referring to this other agent. Who is it?"

"Just go listen to the tape."

....

Lee went upstairs hoping to listen to the cassette right away, but Francine was still in the Q-Bureau. Making an excuse about having a headache he went home early. He didn't think he could wait any longer to find out what was going on.

Walking into his apartment Lee tossed his jacket onto a chair, popped the tape into a hand-held cassette player, sat down on the couch and pressed the play button. He closed his eyes and tried to prepare himself for whatever was about to be revealed.

The tape started with the sound of a door opening. "Amanda," he heard his own voice say in a tone of infinite relief.

Lee pressed pause on the tape player and sat back digesting this news. So his suspicions were correct - it was Amanda. But why hadn't she said anything? She could have told him they were dating. And why all the secrecy? Francine hadn't known anything about them at all and Billy said he only knew unofficially.

Lee braced himself and restarted the tape. He felt odd, spying on his own life. He listened as he heard himself convincing Amanda that he had really come to save her and the two of them kissed. Addi Birol interrupted them at that point, demanding that Lee provide him with a list of his contacts. Then he left them alone again, pretending to shoot at them on the way out.

So Amanda had been held captive by Birol for several days. Lee frowned. He knew of Birol's tactics from earlier cases. For Amanda to come through this as well as she had was quite a mark in her favour.

Lee smiled as he listened to his remark on the tape about the two of them shaking in fear together. It certainly sounded as if they had a comfortable working relationship. It was a marked contrast to the reports he had read of their first cases. He had gotten the distinct impression from some of them that he had been trying to get rid of her. Obviously things had changed. But when? How? If they were so close, why had Amanda let Billy transfer her out of the Q-Bureau? His mind was spinning with unanswered questions.

He turned his attention back to the tape. He heard himself offering to write the list for Birol and Amanda arguing with him. She sounded so determined, although he knew she must have gone through some horrendous experiences in the previous few days. Lee heard himself tell Amanda that she was the best, the bravest, most beautiful woman he had ever known. Then Amanda's voice telling him that she loved him.

He paused the tape again. She was in love with him? Did he love her? After Eva had rejected him so completely, he thought he would never say those words to anyone again. Just what stage was their relationship at?

He got his answer when he restarted the tape and heard himself propose to Amanda and her acceptance. He sat back in shock. No wonder Amanda was avoiding him. He was engaged to her and he left her all alone. Even though it wasn't his fault she must have felt abandoned. Added to that, she knew he had gone out with Elisa on Saturday. In fact, he realized with a start, she had been sitting right there when he asked Elisa out. He was an imbecile. He needed to see Amanda, to apologize if nothing else.

Lee got up, took one step towards the door and then sat down again. What if she asked him how he felt now? He still had no memories of her. But somehow, something inside seemed to be reaching out to her. He had to see her, regardless of the consequences.

Realizing that he didn't even know where she lived, Lee quickly phoned the Agency, catching Billy just before he left for home. "I need Amanda's address," Lee demanded. "I've got to see her."

"It's about time." Billy gave him the information. "Keep in mind she's got a family who doesn't know anything about the Agency. You'll have to keep a low profile. Why don't you wait a few hours until her boys are in bed."

PART SIX

Lee waited impatiently until 10:30 and then drove across the Key Bridge into Arlington. He found Amanda's neighbourhood and parked a few houses down from hers. Quite the cosy, suburban neighbourhood, he thought to himself as he opened his car door.

Suddenly a van came hurtling down the street and stopped in front of Amanda's house. Two men came hurrying down the driveway from behind the house, supporting a semi-conscious Amanda between them. Before Lee could react they had loaded her into the van, climbed in themselves and driven off. Lee quickly jumped back into his car, turned the key in the ignition and followed at a discreet distance.

Fifteen minutes later the van stopped beside a warehouse in a deserted part of town. Lee pulled up a short distance away and watched as the three men took Amanda inside.

He used his car phone to place a quick call to the Agency and had them patch him through to Billy. "It's Lee," he explained hastily. "I need some backup right now. I went to Amanda's to talk to her and saw three goons abduct her. I've followed them to a warehouse."

"Okay, Lee, tell me exactly where you are." After Lee gave him directions, Billy continued, "Just stay put. We'll be there in just a few minutes."

"Stay put!" Lee exploded in disbelief. "Billy, they've got Amanda! I'm not just going to sit here and wait!" He hung up.

Billy sighed. Apparently Lee hadn't forgotten how to disobey orders.

Lee carefully checked if an outside guard had been posted. When he didn't see anyone he picked the lock on the warehouse door and quietly slipped inside.

Ahead he could hear voices. He crept forward stealthily, hiding behind some boxes and cautiously peering out.

Amanda was seated in a chair surrounded by the men.

Lee was surprised to recognize one of them - Matt Connors, who had recently been demoted to a desk position from active field duty. No, Lee frowned, if he remembered it happening, it must have been four years ago. So what the hell was going on?

"All right, Mrs. King, we have a few questions for you," he heard Connors say. "You might as well save us all some time and tell us the truth right away. You've had two injections of truth serum already."

Lee concentrated - this all seemed so familiar. Hadn't Connors interrogated him once too, demanding instant answers? The memory almost seemed within his grasp but faded as soon as he reached for it. He desperately tried to recall the incident.

Abruptly an older, more painful memory intruded upon his consciousness - a memory he had tried to repress for so long that he had almost succeeded in obliterating it.

A Russian was menacing him, demanding information and saying that he would tell them what they wanted to know. Suddenly another man appeared, holding Eric at gunpoint. Eric: his partner, his friend. Eric, who had suggested they wait until backup arrived before they assaulted the listening post. But no, Lee wouldn't wait, afraid they might miss this chance to nail the Russians. Now they were both captured.

The first man sneered at Lee, "You think someone else will rescue you? You think you have only to keep defying me and wait for aid? Shall I show you what happens because of your defiance?"

Calmly he took out his gun, walked over to Eric and shot him once through the temple. Horrified, Lee saw his best friend die right in front of his eyes.

Now that this traumatic experience was out in the open, the rest of the four missing years began to crowd back, fast and furious. Lee had never told anyone the exact circumstances of Eric's death, but had refused to be assigned another partner. From then on he had worked alone - it was better that way. He didn't need anyone and everyone else was better off without him. He was determined never to put anyone else at risk again. After it was all his fault that Eric had been killed.

A year later though, Amanda came into his life. He had tried to shut her out as he had done with everyone else, but she wouldn't take no for an answer. Whether he wanted her or not, she was determined to become part of his

life. Gradually he had come to realize that he wanted her in his life as well. Soon he had done what he had sworn he never would again - get close to someone. Just two months ago when Amanda had officially become his partner, Lee was forced to deal with his vulnerability again, a fact brought painfully home during the Birol case.

Meanwhile, Matt Conners was saying to Amanda, "What is Melrose's plan? He sent you to spy on me, didn't he?"

"No, no," she answered weakly, trying not to reveal too much despite the truth serum which was starting to kick in. "I just needed to get out of the Q-Bureau."

"Right," he said scornfully, rolling his eyes. "You just happen to get transferred to the accounting department in the middle of a major investigation. Tell me the truth."

When Amanda remained silent, Conners signalled to one of his henchmen. "Give her another injection."

Lee clenched his fists as he watched the man inject Amanda again with a hypodermic needle. Damn it, where was Billy with the backup? What if Amanda... what if she... The last remaining memories fell into place. She wasn't just his partner. He loved her, as he had never loved anyone else. He had to save her.

"Now, why were you transferred to my department?" Conners asked sharply.

"I needed to get away from Lee," Amanda whispered, trying to fight the effects of the drugs but not succeeding. "He doesn't remember me. He..." She didn't want to tell this cruel man about her personal life but after all those injections the truth just came spilling out.

Conners took out a gun. "I've had enough of this nonsense," he said icily. "For the last time, I want the truth." He held the gun up to Amanda's head.

Lee quietly unholstered his own gun and carefully aimed it at Conners. History was not about to repeat itself, he vowed. He was not going to watch another partner die.

Lee stepped out into view. "Hold it, Conners."

Startled, Conners glanced up. "Stetson. I might have known."

"Lee," Amanda exclaimed in dismay. "Oh no, what are you doing here?"

"Rescuing you." Keeping the gun pointed at Conners, Lee started to walk towards them.

"Don't count on that." He grabbed Amanda and pulled her out of the chair. "One more move, Stetson, and your partner's dead."

Lee froze.

One of the other two men stepped forward and took his gun.

"Check outside," Conners snapped. "See if anyone else is hanging around."

After one of the others had left, he mused, "Now this should be interesting. Between the two of you I should be able to find out everything I need."

From the exterior of the building there was the sound of vehicles pulling up followed a minute later by several gunshots.

"It's over," Lee stated confidently. "I called for backup earlier."

Conners' other associate paled, then turned tail and ran off. Conners tightened his grip on Amanda. "I can still make it out of here with her as a hostage."

Lee saw an agent enter from the back of the warehouse. "You really think you'll just walk out of here?" he asked, trying to distract Conners from noticing the agent slowly creeping up behind him.

Hearing a faint noise, Conners whirled around. For an instant his gun pointed away from Amanda. Lee leaped forward, knocking both Amanda and her captor to the ground. The other agent ran up, grabbed Conners' gun and yanked him upright.

"Get him out of here," Lee snarled, turning to help Amanda up.

When they were alone he asked soliticiously, "Amanda, are you all right?" He put an arm around her shoulder to steady her.

"Lee, just leave me alone. I don't want to see you anymore." Amanda pushed him away, the truth serum forcing her to be honest with him at last. "I still love you but you don't even remember me. Please just get out of here."

"Shh, Amanda, it's okay." Lee reached for her, trying to calm her down.

"NO!" She wrenched away, mistaking his reaction for sympathy. "It's not okay! You don't want me. You're dating Elisa Danton." The stress of the past week was too much and tears started streaming down her face. "You think you want her. But I'll tell you something, she'll never love you the way I do."

Lee put his arms around her again, anxious to stop her pain. "Now why would I want Elisa Danton when I'm engaged to you?" he whispered.

Amanda stopped struggling and looked him full in the face. "You remember?" she asked breathlessly, scarcely daring to believe it.

"I remember," Lee assured her. "Everything. Amanda, I love you so much." He bent down and kissed her, trying to erase all the hurt she must have endured the past few days.

They were interrupted by Billy coming into the room. "I take it everything is back to normal?" he asked wryly, raising an eyebrow.

Lee and Amanda broke apart. "Lee's got his memory back," a radiantly happy Amanda told Billy. "Mr. Melrose, I just want to thank you for all your support and help the past few days. You're such a good friend. I would never have made it through without your help. And you know, you were right. Everything did work out in the end. I should have listened to you."

"She's doped up on truth serum," Lee explained, smiling faintly. "I'd better get her out of here before she tells us her entire life story."

Francine walked in. "We've got the others in custody outside."

"Francine," Amanda perked up. "I've got a few things I've been meaning to tell you, too."

"Scarecrow," Billy warned. "I don't think we're ready for this much honesty."

"Come on, Amanda. I'll drive you back to the Agency and Dr. McJohn can have a look at you." Lee took Amanda by the arm and hastily steered her out of the room before too much was said that couldn't be undone. Besides, they had a lot of catching up to do.

Billy called after them, "So I'll see the two of you in the morning?"

Lee turned and smiled. "Count on it. We'll both be in the Q-Bureau, right where we belong."

THE END