

Author: Ann

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Synopsis: Extra scenes that go at the end of the Nightcrawler episode.

NOW AND THEN

Amanda King flinched as Addi Birol stepped towards her. "I demand to know who your source is," he shouted angrily. "Who is Night Crawler?"

Amanda shrank back, afraid that he would strike her again. She woke with a gasp that quickly changed into a sigh of relief. She was home, safe, in her own bed. It had only been a nightmare. Glancing at the clock on her night stand, she saw it was well into Friday afternoon. At least she thought it was Friday. Her total lack of sleep the previous few days while being held captive by Addi Birol had left her feeling disoriented.

Amanda got out of bed and took a quick shower, scrubbing as if to remove the last vestiges of Birol's touch from her skin. She had never been so terrified in all of her life. And yet through it all she had known Lee would rescue her. Every one of the hallucinations she had experienced had centred around Lee.

She had even imagined that he had... that he had... Amanda stood motionless for a moment, shampoo running into her eyes as memories came flooding back. It had just been an hallucination, right? Or had Lee actually proposed to her?

Half an hour later she walked into her kitchen still slightly confused. But by that time Amanda had almost convinced herself that it had all been her imagination.

"Amanda, darling, you're awake," her mother Dotty greeted her with a smile and a hug. "I was starting to think you were never going to get up today."

"Good morning, Mother. I mean good afternoon."

"Do you want me to make you some lunch ? Or would you prefer breakfast?"

"No thanks, I'll just have some coffee." Amanda picked up the canister of coffee and started to spoon some into the coffee maker.

Dotty said, "Oh, before I forget, Lee Stetson called about an hour ago. It was nice to finally get to meet him the other day. I don't know why you've kept him hidden for so long."

There was a sudden crash as Amanda dropped the canister and coffee spilled across the counter. "What did you say, Mother?" she stammered breathlessly.

"Lee Stetson stopped in a few days ago," Dotty repeated. "He's really quite charming."

"Lee came here?" Amanda blurted in surprise.

"Yes. Didn't he mention it to you?"

"Yes but I... I thought that I just dreamed that," Amanda said dazedly.

Her mind raced. If that particular memory wasn't an hallucination then maybe neither was the rest of that conversation. Maybe Lee really had... "Oh my gosh," Amanda said aloud.

"Anyway, as I was saying," Dotty continued, not noticing her daughter's reaction, "Mr. Stetson phoned about an hour ago. He asked if you could stop in at the office later. He promised it wouldn't take long but he said it was important."

Amanda nodded, her mind in turmoil. She hurriedly got dressed, got into her car and drove off to the Agency, wondering what she was going to say when she saw Lee. What could she say? "Excuse me, Lee, but did you propose to me? No? Well it must have been my imagination. Now if you don't mind I think I'll just die of embarrassment."

She stopped at a corner store to pick up some cream, marvelling that while she couldn't quite figure out if she was engaged or not, she could remember with absolute certainty that they were out of cream in their office.

Arriving at the Agency Amanda greeted Mrs. Marsten, walked up the stairs to the Q Bureau, took a deep breath to steel her nerves and opened the door to find... the office empty. She sighed, unsure if she was happy or disappointed and went over to the mini-fridge to put the cream away. Turning towards her desk she froze in place. A small white box tied with a blue ribbon sat in the middle of her desk. She went over, sat down, picked up the box and slowly untied the ribbon.

Inside was a small velvet jeweller's case. Amanda thought her heart would burst with happiness as she opened it to find a beautiful diamond solitaire ring. It hadn't been a dream after all. She held the ring out in front of herself, almost ready to cry with happiness. She heard a noise at the door and turned to see Lee standing there.

They went to Emelio's for dinner to celebrate their engagement. While they ate, Lee filled Amanda in on the details of what he had been doing the last few days in his frantic search to find her. When he finished she looked into his eyes and stated confidently, "I knew you would find me in time."

"Always," he vowed.

"You know what I'd like to do?" Amanda asked.

"No, but whatever it is, count me in." Lee took her hand in his.

"Stop it," she said, smiling. "I'm serious. I want to thank Magda and her sister for what they did. They risked everything for me."

"For both of us." Lee brought her hand up to his lips. "Sure," he said as he glanced at his watch. "Come on, Magda's dress shop should still be open."

They drove to the dress shop, parked the car and went inside.

Amanda greeted Magda with a big hug. "Thank you so much," she said.

"You're welcome," Magda replied a bit awkwardly. She seemed embarrassed by the display of emotion. "I was glad to help. I never thanked you properly for all your assistance when I defected."

"Oh, that's okay," Amanda said.

"You said many things to me that day. You were right about much of them. I didn't trust people. But it seems I was also right about some things." She glanced from Amanda to Lee and back again, eyes twinkling.

Amanda blushed. "Yes, well..."

As Lee and Amanda drove away a few minutes later Lee looked at Amanda. "So..." he said.

"So?" she replied.

"What was Magda talking about back there? What was she right about before?" he asked curiously.

"Oh nothing," she hedged uncomfortably.

"Amanda, we're engaged now. You shouldn't be keeping secrets from your fiancé," he pointed out sternly.

"You really want to know?"

"Yes."

"Well the afternoon when I took care of Magda she kind of figured out that I had an interest in you that was more than professional," she admitted reluctantly.

"How?"

"She tricked me," Amanda blushed. "She got me to admit I thought you were attractive."

"I am attractive." Lee grinned as he glanced over at Amanda. Then his expression sobered.

They drove on in silence for a few minutes.

"Lee?"

"Hmm."

"What's wrong?" Amanda asked, surprised at his sudden change of mood.

"I was just thinking. Magda defected two and a half years ago."

"I know."

"We've only been dating for a few months. I know that I was an idiot when we first met and didn't realize how special you were."

"Lee, where are you going with this?" she asked in confusion.

"How long have you been in love with me?" he finally blurted out.

"What?"

"How long have you been in love with me?" he repeated.

"You really want to go into all this?" she asked in surprise.

"Yes."

She sighed. "Well, then let's go somewhere where we can talk."

"How about my place?"

"Sure."

They drove in relative silence the rest of the way to his apartment, each thinking of what they would say to the other. They finally arrived. Lee parked the car and they both went upstairs.

When they were sitting on the couch in Lee's apartment, wine glasses in hand Lee asked again, "Okay, so when did you realize you were in love with me?"

"Lee, why does it matter so much?" Amanda asked uncomfortably.

"Amanda, I know you had feelings for me before I did. I just want to know how big a jerk I was."

"Lee, you were never a jerk," she smiled tenderly and took his hand in hers. "If you had been I wouldn't have fallen in love with you at all. You were just... a bit of a challenge."

"To put it mildly. You must have hated me those first few years."

"Lee, it's not like it was love at first sight for me either," she admitted. "At first I thought you were an arrogant, self-centred womanizer. It really took me by surprise when I realized I was falling in love with you. I tried to deny it at first - after all I was still dating Dean back then."

"I never liked him," Lee admitted. "Even when I couldn't admit that I had feelings for you it drove me crazy to see you with another guy."

"Talk about the pot calling the kettle black!" Amanda protested indignantly. "Back then you were dating a different woman every week. I couldn't keep track of them all!"

"So, why did you break up with Dean anyway?" he asked, ignoring her comment for the moment. He knew she was right. He just couldn't explain himself right now. "I always wondered about that."

"Do you remember when I had amnesia?" Amanda smiled. "That sounds funny - remembering amnesia."

"Yeah, I remember." Lee frowned. "You blocked out your whole association with the Agency. And with me."

"I also blocked out Dean," she added.

His eyebrows rose in surprise. "I never knew that."

"The doctor told me to expect the memory gaps to centre around things that were causing emotional distress. After I regained my memory I had to admit to myself that I didn't want Dean. I wanted you. But you didn't want me."

"Amanda, I'm really sorry," he said guiltily, lowering his eyes.

"Lee, it's okay. It was a long time ago. And besides, most of the time I really enjoyed working with you. I just had to be careful not to cross over the line and reveal too much of how I felt. I always knew I was in trouble when you gave me The Speech."

"The Speech?" Lee queried.

She nodded. "Every month or so you would tell me... let me see if I can get it right." Amanda lowered her voice. "Amanda, we're not emotionally involved, you know. Or anything like it. Whatever happened during this case was just part of the job."

"Looking back I don't know who I was trying to convince more, you or me," he admitted honestly.

"Luckily neither of us bought it. I just kind of hung in there hoping that maybe someday you would start to care for me."

"Considering how long it took I'm surprised you stayed. Was that why you quit the Agency that time?"

"Partly. I was going through a pretty rough time. I was trying to deal with the fact that you obviously were never going to fall for me. And it was apparent that you didn't have much respect for me professionally at times either. I was frustrated... so I quit."

"I was really rough on you then. I think I pushed you away so hard because I just wouldn't let myself believe that you were the person I'd been looking for all of my life."

"Okay, now it's your turn." Amanda smiled.

"What?" he asked, feigning ignorance.

"Well, when did you realize you were in love with me?" Turnabout was fair play, after all.

Lee thought back. "I don't know if I quite realized it was love, but I certainly got a wake-up call one day in Nedlinger's. It was when I was pretending to be burnt out. I was arguing with you and patting your cheek for emphasis. And I..." Lee couldn't go on.

"You hit me," Amanda finished for him sympathetically. "Lee, it's okay. You didn't mean it."

Lee looked down, unable to meet her eyes. "I still can't forgive myself for that. And the look on your face. I was so used to seeing an expression of trust and devotion in your eyes that I took it for granted. Until in one split second I wiped it out. You looked so lost and betrayed. And then you turned and were going to walk out on me."

"But you stopped me." Amanda reached out and turned his face towards her, giving him a quick peck on the lips.

"I couldn't just let you walk out that door. I knew in that moment I would do anything to make things right again."

"You explained it all to me later - you were undercover," she reminded him.

"I had to make you understand how sorry I was. Undercover or not, there was no excuse for what I did. But you were so wonderful - you forgave me right away." Lee smiled thinking back. "And even after all that it still took me another year to tell you I was in love with you. At least I was the first one of us to say it." he teased.

"Over the phone," Amanda protested. "I'm not sure that counts. And I did try to tell you once, long before that. I just chickened out."

"When?" Lee demanded.

"Think back," Amanda reminded him tauntingly. "We thought we might get killed and I didn't want to die without telling you how I really felt. And I almost worked up the courage to do it."

"That night in the swamp," Lee stated, suddenly remembering. "We were hiding out from Peter Sacker. We were handcuffed together and trying to stay warm."

"That was one of the most frightening experiences I've ever had - being hunted down like animals. But that night huddled in your arms, it was also one of the best experiences I've ever had. I felt so safe and warm. And I tried to tell you how I felt about you. I got as far as 'I just want you to know that I' and I chickened out. But I just couldn't say the words. I was so afraid you would reject me."

"I did almost kiss you that night," Lee pointed out.

"But you didn't. And the next day at the Agency you trotted out The Speech again. So I didn't know what to think. But gradually in the months that followed it seemed to be changing from if you would fall in love to when."

"And then one day, Joe showed up," Lee said.

"Joe? What does he have to do with this?" Amanda questioned in surprise.

"Amanda, when he came back into your life I really thought that you and he would get back together. I'd been acting as if it was just a matter of me making up my mind. At any point I could just snap my fingers and expect you to be there waiting. Suddenly it occurred to me that maybe I had missed my chance. Maybe someday I would realize I wanted you but you wouldn't be there."

"But I didn't want Joe," she said in confusion.

"I know. I couldn't believe it when it seemed that you still wanted me - after the way I had treated you in the past. Amanda, I don't deserve you."

"I know. You're just lucky I'm so stubborn. Most women would have given up on you a long time ago." She smiled. "I can't believe you were so worried about Joe."

"Oh, and you were never jealous of any of the women I dated?" he pointed out. "What about Leslie? You certainly got worked up about her."

"Lee, you were dating an attractive, dark haired woman who just happened to be friendly and nice and normal. And you bought her a copy of a dress I had. It would have been a shade more subtle to put up a billboard out on the Beltway saying: I don't want Amanda King. And if I did want her, I wouldn't want her; I'd want someone just like her, but not her."

Lee stared at her. "You figured that out."

"You were pretty transparent."

"And you were pretty angry. You know you had nothing to worry about. The night you met Leslie was just about the end of it."

"What happened?"

"Oh, nothing much. I just made a small Freudian slip at dinner. I called her Amanda."

"You didn't." Amanda laughed.

He nodded, smiling now, although it certainly hadn't been funny then. "I did. She thought I was just talking about you and never really noticed. But it made me realize what I was doing. I didn't want to be with Leslie. I wanted to be with you. I'm just sorry it took me so long to realize it. Amanda, I've wasted so much time that we could have spent together. Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you?" Amanda repeated. "Lee, you just weren't ready before. And you know what? At the beginning neither was I. If we had started to date earlier, maybe it wouldn't have lasted. But now we both know what we really want."

"Well, I don't want too much," Lee said with a grin. "Just forever, with you."

"I think that can be arranged," Amanda replied as she leaned in for a kiss.

THE END