

One Hour

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Amanda leapt for the phone, snatching it up before it had the chance to ring twice. "Hello?" she said eagerly, hoping that it was Lee at last.

"Amanda, it's me." As always the sound of his voice brought a smile to her face.

"Are you home?" she asked, crossing her fingers that he hadn't been delayed yet again at the Agency. The amount of planning and conniving she had used to arrange their schedules both at work and with her family to give them an entire weekend together would have done credit to a top military strategist. Now all that was needed was for him to come home from work and it couldn't be soon enough to suit her.

"Yeah, I just got in."

She brushed aside the nagging little doubt that something in his voice was a bit off. "Good, I'll just feed the boys and be right over. Everything's on low in the oven. The Beef Wellington is..."

This time she had no trouble recognizing the disappointment in his voice as he cut her off. "Amanda, stop. I have to fly to New York with Billy tonight for 36 hours of Q and A with the FBI on a gaggle of Soviet shadows." He sighed, "And I love Beef Wellington, too."

Her heart dropped like a stone as the meaning of his words sunk in. She wanted to scream with frustration but knew it wouldn't do any good. Instead she settled for picking up the pencil lying next to the phone and viciously snapping it into little pieces.

"Don't worry, it's good cold too," she pointed out, trying without much success to find a silver lining in their situation.

"I don't want it cold, I want it hot, tonight, with my wife. Damn it, Amanda, we have not had an uninterrupted weekend since we've been married. We are lucky to get a night now and then."

"We knew it would be hard for a while. And we do spend a lot of time together at work," she said in an attempt to convince herself as much as him. After all, only a year earlier, their relationship had been in the most tentative of stages, as they tried to find their way from friendship into love without endangering the special bond they shared. Now they were married, albeit secretly, and she

should be grateful for any bit of time they had together. Somehow though this seemed like hollow consolation at the moment.

Lee wasn't buying her line of argument any more than she did. "Yeah, well, work is torture. Do you know what it's like watching you across the room, when what I really want to do is.." His voice broke off in aggravation she knew only too well. To spend another weekend without him suddenly seemed as if she was being asked the most unreasonable of demands.

"When do you leave?" she asked quickly.

"An hour."

"I'll be over there in ten minutes, the evening won't be a complete loss." She abruptly broke off the connection, offered a hasty explanation to her mother and raced out the door.

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"Lee?" Amanda called out as she walked through the door of his apartment. She had fully expected her husband to be waiting impatiently for her in the living room. If anything the drive from Arlington had taken longer than usual. Or perhaps it had just seemed that way. Every red light she had encountered, every slow driver she had been unable to pass had seemed like part of a bizarre obstacle course designed to find out just how much endurance she really had.

"I'll be there in a second," Lee answered from the bedroom. "For some reason I've been having a difficult time concentrating on packing. I just have to grab a few things from the bathroom and I'll be right out."

Amanda became aware of the scent of rather well done meat and wandered into the kitchen. She hastily turned off the oven and opened the door. Grabbing a pair of oven mitts she rescued the pan of Beef Wellington and set it on top of the stove. "Apparently you didn't have time to eat either," she muttered to herself, lifting the lid and observing the untouched food.

"I wasn't hungry. Well, not for dinner anyway."

Startled, Amanda looked up to see Lee standing in the doorway. He was wearing his robe and looking at her with an expression she knew only too well.

She turned back to the stove and set down the lid. "If you haven't eaten since lunch you must be starving."

Lee walked up behind her and put his arms around her waist. "Ravenous," he said in agreement, nibbling at the base of her neck.

Amanda let the oven mitts fall to the floor as Lee slid his hands under her sweater and pressed his body against hers. She moved away from him just far enough to give herself room to grasp the hem of her sweater and quickly draw it over her head. As she pulled her head through the opening she

felt Lee's hands eagerly roaming over every inch of her newly exposed skin. She yanked her arms free and tossed her sweater off to the side.

"I'm so sorry our plans were ruined," Lee whispered. "I wanted this weekend to be something special. I wanted to spend every possible moment with you."

"It's not your fault," Amanda said, reaching back to stroke his cheek. "Sometimes we just have to seize the moments we can."

"Well I'll take each and every moment I can get with you. I love you so much." He wound one arm around her waist, pulling her back against him.

"And I love you." Her voice dissolved into a sigh of pleasure as his other hand found the soft flesh of her breasts.

Lee pushed aside the fabric covering her right breast, quickly replacing it with his hand. His fingers gently cupped themselves around the underside as he passed his thumb back and forth over her nipple, increasing the pressure until it responded in kind. As it hardened further his fingers fastened around it, tugging with gentle yet relentless energy.

Amanda closed her eyes and leaned back against him. To be held in the protective embrace of Lee's arms was a pleasure she knew she would never take for granted. Her body was attuned to his every movement, touch, caress, only fully feeling alive when she was in his arms. Reaching up with one hand, she drew him over to her left breast, holding his hand firmly in place as her other nipple hardened beneath his palm.

Then her hand drifted back down to where his other arm loosely clasped her waist. She trailed her fingers along his, then guided him lower. She quickly undid the button on the waistband of her jeans, allowing him further access. The metal teeth of her zipper slowly parted, giving way to the unrelenting pressure of his hand as he moved it beneath her clothing. Hampered by the restricting fabric, he was able to slip his fingers beneath her panties but could do little more than brush his fingertips against her soft hair.

Groaning with frustration, Amanda swiftly turned in his arms. Her mouth sought his and their lips met in an intense kiss. Without breaking their contact she released the tie holding his robe closed. She slipped her hands under his garment, insistently pushing it off his body. As she expected, he had been naked beneath and was now fully revealed to her. Her eyes locked on his as she reached behind her back to undo her bra's clasp, the motion pressing her forward against his chest. She drew back a fraction of an inch and her bra fell to the floor. Then she pushed against him again, her nipples rubbing against the smoothness of his flesh as her lips met his once more.

Lee's hands moved to stroke her back, then continued lower. He pushed her jeans and panties over her hips then further down her legs. His hands returned to the smoothness of her hips, his fingers slowly tracing deliberate circles against her flesh.

Amanda gasped as the pressure between her legs grew more urgent. For a moment she almost felt as if she must be dreaming, that any moment she would awake to find herself back in the first year after they had met, back when an intimate relationship with Lee was a fantasy far from the realm of possibility. Except that the reality she was now experiencing was so much better than anything she had imagined in her earlier daydreams. The desire evident in Lee's body as he pressed against her, the sensations every contact point between their naked bodies created, the words of love and passion he breathed into her ear, all of it was far beyond anything she had ever envisaged.

She threw back her head, arching her back and calling his name in a low voice. Lee trailed his lips down her exposed throat, nipping and tasting the sweetness of her skin. Amanda twisted her fingers in his hair as his mouth travelled over the curve of one breast and closed around the nipple. Then he continued kissing and licking his way over the flatness of her belly, pausing for a moment as his tongue flitted into her navel.

Amanda leaned back against the counter as he lowered his entire body and knelt in front of her. His hands brushed along her legs as he worked her jeans and underwear down to her ankles. She raised first one foot and then the other as he released her from the remainder of her clothing. At last she stood before him, naked in her want and desire.

Lee leaned in and trailed burning kisses up her calves, knees and thighs until finally his seeking lips arrived at their goal. She shivered in delight as his tongue pressed into her flesh - exploring and opening her to him. His hands continued to caress her legs and buttocks, holding her close as her trembling body responded to his touch.

Amanda felt an intense heat build up within her, moving rapidly towards the breaking point. She tried to resist her body's instinctive response to his ministrations, wanting to prolong the experience until he was fully one with her.

She could feel beads of perspiration trickling down her back and her palms growing moist. Her hand slipped along the counter and found the ice bucket she had placed there earlier in the afternoon. Almost without conscious thought, she retrieved a small piece of ice and ran it over the back of Lee's neck and shoulders.

Startled, he raised his head abruptly and looked up at her. Amanda smiled at him playfully and held the ice at arm's length. "Just wanted to get your attention," she said.

"And now that you have it?" he asked as he stood up. He swiftly reached to take the ice from her grasp, but she closed her fingers around it. He pried them apart just as the last of the ice melted away. Bringing her hand to his lips, he sucked the water from her palm, his tongue darting into the crevices between her fingers.

With her other hand Amanda extracted a second chip of ice from the container. She looked Lee in the eye as she raised it to her mouth, her lips closing around it for an instant. Then slowly, deliberately, she took it back in her fingers and held it against his chest. The heat from his body immediately caused the cube to begin to liquefy, a bead of water quickly forming and swelling to the

saturation point. Amanda leaned in and caught the trickle of water just above his waist. Then she followed the damp trail back up his body, nibbling and sucking her way as he had done earlier.

At the same time she reached out with her free hand, following the lines of his body, stroking and caressing her way lower. Lee murmured, "Okay, now you have my attention." He groaned as her fingers moved slowly over him, rubbing, touching, arousing him to the same level of excitement as she felt. She responded to his reactions, finding so much pleasure in Lee's obvious enjoyment of her touch. The fact that he wanted and desired her as much as she did him, was as stimulating as any of his caresses.

She could hear his breath coming in shorter and shorter gasps as she continued her attentions. He closed his eyes as if to block out awareness of everything but the physical affect she was having on him. Immediately Amanda picked up another sliver of ice and in one smooth motion pressed it firmly against a strategic point on his lower body.

Jolted by the icy contact, Lee's eyes shot open and his lower body jerked forward. Amanda was ready for him - thrusting herself against him, her hot flesh parting and welcoming him into her. She covered his lips with hers, stifling his gasp of astonishment.

Recovering himself quickly, Lee cupped his hands around her buttocks and pulled her body into even closer contact. Amanda supported herself on one foot, slowly sliding the other up the back of his leg, finally curling her leg around his waist. Lee reached down and put his hand beneath her other thigh, bringing that leg up as well. She locked her ankles in the small of his back and clung to him, entwining her arms around his neck and pressing against him. Her tongue dove into his mouth, their lips meeting again in an impassioned kiss.

Lee turned slightly so that Amanda was now supported between his body and the wall of the kitchen. He slipped one hand behind her head, cradling her from any discomfort as he began to thrust into her. Amanda felt herself carried along by the motion of his body crushing into her, the smooth surface of the wall enabling her to press back against him with equal force.

This time she didn't hold back as she began to lose control. She was with Lee, the two of them one. Even as she surrendered herself completely to her body's demands, she knew he was there with her, their bodies combining to share a moment of pure emotional and physical completeness.

Just as she felt herself about to climax she opened her eyes. Her fingers trailed along his face and Lee looked back at her, seeming to be able to see into the very depths of her soul. In his eyes she could see mirrored everything that she felt but so often found words inadequate to express.

Then she was caught up in a firestorm of emotion that would have been overwhelming had she not known that Lee was with her there, sharing the experience, his own passion and pleasure becoming indistinguishable from hers in that moment of consummation.

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The next clear thought Amanda had was when she found herself sitting on the floor of the kitchen beside Lee, both of them leaning with their backs against the wall, both of them out of breath. After a few minutes, she leaned over and touched his cheek. "It's probably a good thing you're going out of town for the weekend. I'm not sure we could top that."

"But it could be fun trying," he said with a smile, turning to kiss her fingertips. He slipped his arm around her shoulders, pulling her near. They sat there for a short time, her head resting against his chest, both of them content in the other's closeness.

Looking up at the wall clock, Lee reluctantly tore himself away from her touch and stood up. "I should hop into the shower." He held out his hand and assisted her to her feet.

"Maybe I could help," Amanda offered with a smile. "You know, wash all those hard to reach places."

"Don't even tempt me," he said. "Billy's going to be here soon enough. I don't want to have to explain to him why you're here, much less why neither of us has any clothes on." He walked out of the kitchen and headed for the bedroom.

Amanda gathered up her clothes from where it lay scattered about the room. Retrieving Lee's robe from the floor, she followed him into the bedroom. Just as she walked in the door, the phone rang. Lee quickly picked up the receiver.

"It's Billy," he mouthed at Amanda, then turned his attention back to the phone. Amanda sat on the bed, only half listening to the conversation, admiring her husband's physique as he stood there. She watched the muscles move underneath his skin as he propped the receiver between his chin and shoulder and sat down beside her.

"That's fine, Billy, I'll see you then," he said after a few minutes. He hung up the phone and turned to Amanda with a huge grin on his face. "Our flight's been delayed - some kind of mechanical glitch with the plane."

"You mean..." she said.

"Billy won't be here for another two hours. Now about that shower." He pulled her to her feet and into the bathroom, shutting the door behind them.

**The End**