

TROPICAL ESPIONAGE PART II

Title: Tropical Espionage

Author: Crystal :)

Disclaimer: Warner Bros. and Shoot the Moon hold the copyright on Scarecrow and Mrs. King characters. However, this part of this twisted tale comes directly from my deviant mind.

Setting: Season 3

Rating: PG

Notes: Special thanks to my computer hard drive for crashing when this was getting started. If it weren't for you, old friend, I might have had a chance at getting this while it was still young and fresh. Have I mentioned before how much I hate battling clean up?

More Notes: Thanks to Little Bobby Kenwood (bah-bee), Kitty Holcomb (old college friend) and Aunt Lillian (tee-hee) for the quick read through and extra special thanks to Kitty for so delicately prodding me in to writing this, finally. And -- for those who may be concerned, yes, the shoes do fit in the evening bag. I'm thinking more along the lines of a very classy shoulder bag, big enough for my purposes. :)

Part XI

Lee flinched reflexively as Amanda chewed her weapon of choice. "Look, stop munching and get that rope from Phyllis, okay?"

Amanda frowned at Lee and made her way through the belfry to where Phyllis was still curled up in a fetal position, her hands and arms covering her hair. "You'd think he'd be a little more grateful," she grumbled as she picked up the rope. "Phyllis, the bats are gone, get up."

Phyllis shakily stood and walked toward Lee and Yuwanna, with Amanda right behind. Amanda handed Lee the rope, and he made quick work of tying the two women together. When he was confident that the knots would hold, he took Amanda's hand and led her to the narrow stairwell.

"Wait!" Amanda stopped in her tracks. "I have to get my purse."

Lee paused, exasperated, while Amanda looked around for her bag. After a few seconds, she called out, "Got it!" and walked back to Lee while riffling through the contents.

"What are you looking for, another snack?" Lee joked.

Amanda smiled and pulled out a miniature pair of wooden clogs with 'Bahamas' painted across them. "I was afraid they were broken," she said and tucked them back inside. "I got them for Mother. I told her I'd bring her back something."

"Your mother is one lucky woman," Lee said, trying not to laugh. "Come on, let's get out of here."

"You can't leave me up here!" Phyllis protested.

"Philliz, shut up," Yuwanna hissed.

Amanda waved and smiled at the two women and followed Lee down the stairs. When they reached the kitchen, Howard was obediently sitting at the door, waiting for his mistress.

"Poor doggy," Amanda murmured and reached for the hairless pooch. Howard growled at first, then warmed up to her, allowing her to pick him up. Lee frowned while Amanda cooed at her new friend.

"Come on, Amanda, we don't have a lot of time." Lee started toward the entrance to the dining room. "I have to get to that meeting." A hand on his arm stopped him in his tracks.

"Now, there's something you don't see everyday." Amanda was staring, open mouthed, out the window at a yacht moored at Drake's private dock. "He's huge!"

"It's just a yacht, Amanda, and they're 'she's,'" Lee pointed out. "I've seen bigger."

"Not the yacht, Lee. Did you see the size of that man?" She pointed to an umbrella table to the left of where the yacht was moored. A man was standing -- rather, towering -- over a petite blonde who was seemingly talking him into oblivion.

Lee squinted and whooped in delight. "Perfect!" he exclaimed. "That's Rufus DiMartinez, Drake's Mexican tailor."

Amanda nodded in recognition, then shook her head and asked, "Who?"

"Drake's tailor and old college roommate. The file I read on him says he's actually seven feet tall. Rufus' brother also works for Drake at Labyrinth." Lee rolled his eyes and took Amanda's hand.

She was still trying to place this new player into the game when Howard began to squirm. They stepped out of the kitchen and into the back courtyard; Howard went ballistic. Before Amanda could stop him, the little dog took off like a ball of lightning, yipping and barking, straight toward Rufus and the blonde.

"So much for the sneak attack," Lee quipped. "Let's get moving." They ran the short distance to the yacht, crouching behind a conveniently placed row of bushes. They could hear Rufus and the blonde hollering at Howard. Amanda peeked through the bushes just long enough to catch sight of Howard chasing his tail in front of the blonde.

Lee tugged on her elbow and pointed to a rope ladder dangling from the side of the yacht. While Amanda had been entranced by the dancing dog, Lee had watched as Drake and Loki climbed on board the yacht.

"We have to get on that boat. You first," Lee helped Amanda to her feet and they quickly reached the ladder, just as the boat's engines started.

Amanda looked down at the shoes and gorgeous white dress she was wearing and sighed in regret. She took the shoes off and tucked them in her purse, which she slung over her shoulder. Without a backward glance, she started up the rope ladder, with Lee right behind her.

Lee followed Amanda closely, trying to keep his mind off of the view her ascending form afforded him. 'Now's not the time, Stetson,' he told himself. Amanda reached the top and hoisted herself over the railing as the yacht began to move away from the dock.

Lee reached the railing and hoisted himself over, only to come face to face with Amanda. She was standing as still as the lurching boat would allow with her hands raised above her head and a sheepish smile on her face. Lee slowly turned and raised his hands above his head as well.

TBC . . .

UP NEXT: Aunt Minnie!

Aunt Minnie must use the following:

Person: Dwayne, a twenty-year-old chemistry major with freckles and braces.

Place: A fish locker.

Thing: One of those little drink umbrellas.

Phrase: "If I only had a camera . . . no one's gonna believe this."

