

TROPICAL ESPIONAGE PART 7

Title: Tropical Espionage

Author: Carrie

Disclaimer: I don't own the characters. As it's a cooperative effort, I don't own this story. Heck, I don't even own my car -- yet.

Setting: Season 3

Rating: G for Groans

Notes: To all those who went before me -- Blue Leader, Uncle Charlie, Debbie Ann Macabie, Aunt Lillian, Uncle Iggy . . . thanks. Double-scoop of thanks to Aunt Edna for giving me such a delicious set-up. Aunt Minnie, for the parasail story, you are also appreciated. And Uncle Charlie again, for reading this over -- < Telly Savalas voice > Who loves ya, Baby? < /Telly Savalas voice >

Part Seven

Unlike most stateside flesh dens, Bahama Mama's Exotic Dance Club was not in a seedy part of town. Rather, it was tucked inconspicuously between a jewelry store and a Frank & Stein franchise. As the quartet approached the entrance, Loki caught sight of the neon sign in the shape of a very voluptuous, and very naked, dancing woman and blanched. "No way are you gonna get me inside that . . . that . . . that place!"

He began backpedaling in the direction of the limo, and Lee caught the dog breeder by his bony bicep. "Look, Loki! You're the only one who can recognize your wife. You don't have a choice. We are going into the nudie bar whether you like it or not!"

Amanda, recognizing Lee's growing ire, cautiously approached him. Laying a hand on his forearm, she asked, "Are you hungry? I saw a hot dog place next door. Mrs. Scheinkman and I could get lunch while you and Loki look for Yuwanna."

She felt him relax under her touch. "Sure, that sounds good. I'll have one with chili and onions."

"Make mine sauerkraut and horseradish," Loki announced.

As he watched her walk away, Lee called, "Hey, Amanda! On second thought, make that a plain hot dog."

"You're so lucky," Phyllis whispered as they took their place in line. "My Ralph used to eat whatever he wanted and still think he could kiss me. One day I finally told him, 'If you ain't gonna brush your teeth, I ain't gonna shave my legs.' Lemme tell ya, he had the freshest mouth in the tri-state area after that. You ain't got nothin' to worry about though -- man if my Ralph'd had a tush like the one on your husband, I'd . . ."

"Next!" Amanda sighed in relief as Phyllis' musings were cut short by the call of the hot dog vendor.

"Hi, I'm Frank. Welcome to Frank & Stein. How may I serve you?"



"One plain foot-long, one foot-long with horseradish and sauerkraut, one tofu dog with ketchup, and you?" Amanda turned to Phyllis, who seemed to be preoccupied by the image of two bare-chested teenager boys walking by outside.

"Oh! I'll have a cheddarwurst," she absently added before returning her attention to the passersby.

"Good choice, and to drink?"

"Four medium colas." She answered, then added. "Frank, you're not Bahamian, are you?"



"Oh, no! I'm from Detroit. I came down here to get away from the fast pace of life." He slid two paper cups under the spout of the soda machine.

"It's worked so far," he continued. "Most interesting thing's happened so far is this woman comes in this morning with this dog. Not a single strand of hair on it. Weirdest lookin' thing I ever saw. Told her we didn't allow no dogs in here and she got mad and accused me of being prejudiced against Mexicans." He shook his head in rueful amusement.

He finished fixing the frankfurters and handed them to Amanda. "Enjoy your stay on Grand Bahama Island."



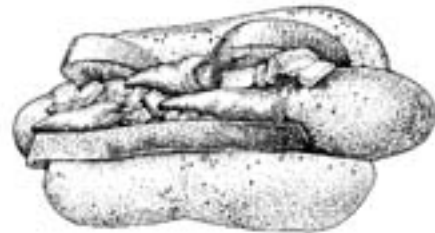
"Well, did you find anything?" Amanda asked as she distributed the lunches within the back of the limo.

"Nothing of any value," Lee grouched. "No one remembered a woman or a hairless dog. I'm beginning to think this whole thing is just a wild goose chase." He took a large bite from his hot dog.

"Phyllis and I had an interesting conversation with the man at . . ." Amanda began but was interrupted from the sound of whimpering in Loki's corner.

"What now?" Lee asked.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Stimpson. It's just this dog . . ." He gestured to the frankfurter in his hand. "So warm, so hairless . . . it reminds me of my Howard!!" he began wailing in earnest.



"Oh, look! We're at the hotel!" Amanda all but hopped out of her seat. "Mrs. Scheinkman, do you think you could take care of Loki? My husband and I need to get cleaned up for the party tonight." She took Lee's hand began to pull him from the limo. As she expected, he did not resist.

"Of course, hon'. You two go do what ever it is you need to do." She winked at Amanda, causing her thick, blue eye shadow to shimmer. "I'll take care of Mr. Lipschlitt."



As the suite's door closed behind them, Amanda leaned against it, exhaling roughly. Shaking her head, she exclaimed. "Oh, my Lord! Lee, I don't think I've met so many strange people in my life as I have today!"

She walked over to the balcony and drew back the curtains, allowing the rich afternoon sunlight to spill into the room. He came up behind her, wrapping an arm around her shoulder as they took in the view of the ocean.

"You know, Amanda . . ." he began. "You were really good with them -- Loki and Phyllis. I would never would've been so . . . patient . . ." She turned in his arms and tilted her head to look at him, and his voice trailed off.

"Thanks . . ." It was barely a whisper before he lifted his hand to gently run his thumb over the swell of her lower lip. She sighed, and he drew her closer. Then, very slowly, testing the waters every step of the way, he lowered his lips toward hers.

"Mrs. Stimpson! Mr. Stimpson! Helloooooo!!!" The sound, directly outside their window, interrupted them just as his lips passed within a hair's breadth of hers.

"What the hell!?" Lee exclaimed as they jumped apart.

Amanda, still breathless, gasped, "It's Loki."

"On a parasail . . ."



TBC by Edna Gilstrap! Why? B/c she comes last alphabetically and that was the fairest, most arbitrary way I could decide. . .

She must include:

Person: Virginia Vargas, a Ventriloquist from Valparaiso, IN

Place: The back seat of a Chevy

Thing: An electric toothbrush

Phrase: "Wow! I've never seen one that big. May I touch it?"

