

"S" is for . . . Surprise

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RATING: NC-17

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SUMMARY: Amanda has a surprise for Lee.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This story goes a bit past the suggested length for the ABC challenge story. Believe me, I tried to end it with Amanda and Lee on the floor, just kissing. But my beta readers insisted on knowing what happened next!

~*~

"Boys, hurry up!" Amanda called up the stairs. "Our dinner reservations are in half an hour and your grandmother wants to celebrate this birthday at Chez Tayir, not her next one!"

"But, Mom," Phillip protested loudly, "Jamie stole the tie Dad gave me for Christmas and the doofus won't give it back!"

His brother's heated reply was cut off by the sound of the phone ringing.

"I'll get it," Dotty called from the kitchen where she was chatting with Lee. "Amanda, it's for you," she said a moment later. As she handed off the phone to her daughter, she continued, "I'll head upstairs and see if I can sort this out."

Lee listened in amusement as the sounds of the altercation overhead ceased abruptly a few moments later. Apparently Dotty was succeeding in her efforts to persuade her grandsons to finish getting ready. He absently wandered into the den and thumbed through a few magazines on the coffee table, only half listening to Amanda's side of the conversation.

"You'll never believe this," Amanda said as she hung up the receiver.

"What? That wasn't someone from the Agency, was it? We were supposed to be off duty all weekend. I already agreed to handle that drop tomorrow afternoon. If Billy thinks he's going to rope us into doing something else..."

She quickly cut him off mid-tirade. "No, nothing like that. It was just one of Joe's coworkers calling to double check that Joe doesn't have Phillip and Jamie next

weekend. Apparently a bunch of them are throwing him a bachelor party Saturday night."

Lee laughed. "For Joe? You're kidding."

Amanda rolled her eyes. "I think they're all suffering from some type of mid-life crisis. Or maybe you men just never really do grow up." "Hey," he protested. "Don't lump me in with the rest of them. I didn't have a bachelor party, remember."

She put her arms around him and gave him a quick peck on the lips. "Hmm... could that be because no one knows we're married?"

He laughed. "Well if they had known, I'm sure Leatherneck and Beaman would've been happy to oblige." He mocked sighed. "Instead I missed out on a night of drinking, porno movies, not to mention the chance to see a stripper jump out of a cake."

"Yes, you're so deprived." Amanda leaned in and kissed him again. "Wish you could change places with Joe?"

"With Joe?" Lee echoed. "Never. He's the one who was foolish enough to let you go. Of course, his loss was my gain. I don't think I've ever benefited so much from another person's mistake."

They indulged in another lengthy kiss, only to be interrupted by the sound of Dotty clearing her throat. "Sorry to break in, but now that the boys are finally ready, do you think the two of you could join us?" she asked.

"Just make sure you're not late tomorrow night," Amanda whispered as they followed the others out the door. "I'll have dinner ready at your place, seven o'clock, sharp."

"Believe me, nothing's going to keep me away," Lee replied.

"Amanda?" Lee called out as he entered his apartment and casually tossed his keys onto the entry table.

"I'll be out in a minute," she replied from the bedroom. "The food's all ready, just help yourself."

Lee wandered into the dining room, and looked askance at the selection set out.

"Beer, pretzels, pizza?" he mused, before calling out to her, "Amanda, what's going on? You expecting a fraternity to show up?"

The bedroom door opened a crack but she remained out of sight. "No, I'm throwing you the bachelor party you never had," she said. "There's a couple of videos on the coffee table if you want to get started."

Lee opened a beer and walked over to inspect the black cases. "'Debbie Does DC', 'Leather Kittens', 'Casa-boink-a'?! Amanda, this is ridiculous! I am not going to spend the evening watching X rated movies with my wife!"

"Well, you seemed so disappointed when I wouldn't let you watch 'Leather Kittens' last fall. And of course it didn't help when the theatre blew up." Her voice sounded a bit muffled.

"Amanda, what exactly are you doing in there?" he asked suspiciously.

"Just getting the rest of the entertainment ready. You're a bit early, you know," she replied. "Do me a favour and turn the stereo on. I've put a cassette in already."

Lee did as instructed and soon seductive music began wafting from the speakers. He shook his head as he walked back to the couch and picked up one of the videos. Just when he thought he had Amanda all figured out... Hearing her come out of the bedroom, he turned around.

"Amanda," Lee gasped, his legs suddenly giving out from under him. He just managed to find the edge of the couch as he dropped. "What are you doing?" "I should think it's rather obvious," she said with a teasing smile. "I'm sorry, but jumping out of a cake was a bit more than I could manage. So you'll have to settle for the standard bump and grind."

Lee sank back against the cushions, his eyes hardly believing the sight in front of him. Amanda was wearing a nurse's uniform - or rather a somewhat modified version. No real nurse would be allowed near a patient wearing anything that short or that tight. The material was stretched taut across her breasts, its zipper straining to stay fastened. Her hair was piled on her head, drawn up under a traditional nurse's cap. White silk stockings encased her shapely legs, disappearing beneath her hem at mid-thigh. The stiletto heels she wore further showcased her well-toned calves. Amanda leisurely walked towards him, her hips swaying. "So, do you want to play doctor?" she asked, licking her lips slowly, suggestively.

"Amanda," Lee said in shock.

"I'm not Amanda. The name's Nurse Jill," she breathed, leaning towards him. "Now, why don't you tell me where it hurts?"

He watched as she reached over and undid two of his shirt buttons. Grasping the end of the stethoscope she wore around her neck, she languidly slid it over his chest. "Hmm..." she murmured, "Nice strong heartbeat. I bet you've got a lot of stamina."

"Uh..." Lee wondered when exactly he had lost the ability to speak. "Want to check my heart?" she continued, pulling down slightly on the zipper at the front of her uniform. She tossed the stethoscope off to the side, saying, "I don't think we need this anymore." She took one of his hands in hers and slid it through the opening. "How's that?" she asked. Lee responded by closing his fingers around her breast. Suddenly a bachelor party seemed like a good idea after all.

Abruptly Amanda got up and moved a few steps away. "In fact, why don't we make this a complete physical." Her eyes locked on his as she ran her hands down her sides and over her hips.

She reached again for her zipper. The music failed to drown out the metallic click of the teeth being released one by one, gradually widening the opening at the front of her outfit. She moved her hands to her shoulders, slowly drawing the fabric down over her smooth skin. Gravity asserted itself at last and the garment fell to the floor in a crumpled heap.

Lee felt his body's innate reaction almost before he consciously realized what she was wearing. Hungrily he ran his eyes over her, feasting on the sight of her flesh encased in a red satin corset, breasts pushed up and forward, her nipples almost appearing over the edge of the low cut top. Around her waist she wore a matching G-string, its tiny triangle of fabric doing a wonderfully inadequate job of concealing her from him. Lacy red garters held her white stockings in place, leaving the rest of the smooth skin of her thighs exposed to his eyes.

He watched in heightened appreciation as she reached up to unfasten the pins holding her cap in place. The movement caused her breasts to press even further against the corset, its material straining to keep her rounded flesh from spilling over.

To his surprise, his reflexes were functioning well enough that he managed to catch the cap when she tossed it to him. She shook out her hair, letting her curls tumble down to her shoulders.

He drank in her every movement as she approached him once more, again swaying in time to the sultry rhythm of the music. He felt as if he was hypnotized by the sight, unable to move. Well, he corrected himself wryly, maybe not all of him. His body responded instinctively to her, revelling in the knowledge that this sexy, provocative seductress was in fact his wife. With two quick twists, Amanda kicked off her heels, discarding the shoes to each side. She lifted up her left foot, setting it down on the couch next to him. Deliberately she ran her toes down the outside of his leg. Even more slowly she moved her foot between his legs, and repeated the journey back up again. She settled her foot between his thighs, pushing them apart. Her fingers drifted down to her garter, lazily sliding it down her leg, peeling off the silk stocking at the same time. She put her left foot back on the floor, only to replace it a moment later with her right. "Why don't you help me with this one?" she asked, reaching for his hand again.

"My pleasure," he said thickly, his fingers caressing her inner thigh. He ran his hand down her leg, pulling off her other stocking. Discarding it, he ran his hand back up to her thigh, lingering over her soft flesh. Amanda responded by moving her foot, her toes rubbing against him, increasing his arousal.

She reached out and touched his face, running her fingers over his chin, up his cheeks, and then back again. He moaned as she pressed a finger into his mouth, gently tugging on his lower lip.

His other hand crept around her waist, then moved lower. His eyes widened in surprise as he encountered only smooth skin. She smiled at him and stepped back again, glancing over her shoulder as she turned away. Lee could feel his breath coming in shallower and shallower gasps as he watched the play of her posterior muscles as she moved. The G-string had a slender cord running around her waist, connected to another one that divided her buttocks into two tantalizing mounds. She smiled again as she noticed his reaction and slowly took another step.

Still with her back to him, she sat down on the coffee table. She leaned back, supporting herself on her elbows. Then, lowering herself even further, she stretched her body across the table, smiling upside-down into his face. As she ran her hands through her hair, her breasts once again threatened to push out of the top of her corset. Lee reached out with trembling fingers to cup her face in his hands.

Amanda slowly rolled over, so they were again face to face. She sat up and moved closer to him. Resting her hands on his shoulders, she shifted her legs around so she was now seated in front of him. He pulled her onto his lap, and brought his mouth to hers. Just as their lips were about to meet, the music came to an end. Amanda calmly stood up and walked over to where her coat lay on a chair.

"Well, that's all the time you booked. I'll have my boss send you a bill." She shoved one arm into the sleeve of her coat.

"Amanda, what are you talking about?" Lee asked in confusion. "I told you, my name's Jill. I was only booked for the first part of the evening." She finished putting on her coat and headed for the door, stopping only to slip on a pair of loafers. "You're not the only party I'm working tonight, you know."

Lee hurriedly stood up. "Joke's over, Amanda; you're not really going to leave, are you?" His voice took on a slightly desperate note.

"Sorry, it's not my decision. It's against company policy for us to fraternize with clients." She reached out for the doorknob.

"Amanda, wait!" In his haste, Lee tripped over one of her discarded shoes and went crashing to the floor. "Damn! I think I twisted my ankle." "Lee, are you okay?" Amanda hurried back to him, the teasing note gone from her voice.

As she leaned over, Lee grabbed her by the arms and pulled her down beside him. He swiftly moved to pin her body beneath his. "I can't believe you actually fell for that," he grinned down at her.

"You cheated!" she protested, but not very strenuously. "No fair."

"So sue me," he replied. "You really want to leave?"

"No." She smiled up at him. "I mean, I haven't been paid yet. Or even gotten a tip for all my hard work."

He bent down to whisper huskily, "Oh, I've got more than just a tip for you. You're getting everything." Straightening up again, he quickly undid the rest of the buttons on his shirt. She watched as he tossed it off to the side.

"Anything I can help you with?" she asked, reaching out to lightly finger his belt buckle.

"Oh, you've done enough for now. I'm surprised I haven't strained any muscles."

"Well, the night is young." She propped herself up and slid her coat off her shoulders, again exposing her scantily clad body to his eyes. She smothered a smile as she watched his fingers fumble over his belt buckle and zipper. "Having a bit of problem concentrating?" she asked with a gleam in her eyes.

He stood up and tugged recklessly at his zipper. "No, no problem at all," he replied tersely. He yanked at his pant legs, pulling his boxers down along with them. Trying in vain to pull his feet out, he fell to the floor once more. "Damn!"

Amanda couldn't hold back her laughter. "It might help if you took off your shoes," she observed. Crawling over to him, she deftly helped him out of his gabardine leg irons.

Lee was quick to catch her up in his arms again, laying her back down on her coat. He eagerly covered her body with his once more. His hands moved down to her waist, immediately pulling off her G-string. "Amanda, I need you," he groaned as he ran his hands over her legs, pulling her even closer.

"I know, Lee," she murmured, running her hands through his hair. "I want you, too."

He entered her, pressing into her softness with all the force of his heightened state of arousal. For a time there was nothing else but her soft flesh crushed up against his, her arms pulling him back every time he moved away. He tried in vain to hold back, but found that after the stimulations of the past little while, his self-control was in shreds, his body demanding immediate release.

"Amanda," Lee said sheepishly not all that much later. "I'm .. uh.. sorry about that."

She looked at him with a smile. "Well, after what I put you through, I wasn't exactly expecting a marathon this time." She ran her fingers lightly over his face. "Besides, the Neanderthal approach has its merits too."

"Well, I still think you deserve something more than this for all your efforts." He stood up and offered her a hand. As soon as she was on her feet, he scooped her into his arms. "So now that I've gotten my frustrations out my system, why don't we take this into the bedroom?"

He carried her the short distance into the next room and set her gently down on the bed. Amanda sat up and slipped her arms around him, meshing her mouth to his in a breathless kiss.

"Aren't you still a bit overdressed?" Lee asked. He drew back just far enough to be able to run his fingertips across the top of her corset. Slipping a finger into the hollow between her breasts, he slowly drew it out again, tantalizing her with his touch.

"It fastens in the back," Amanda whispered. She turned around and moved to the middle of the bed. Lee was quick to follow, kneeling behind her and straddling her with his thighs. He brushed her hair off her shoulders before bending to place a series of soft kisses on her neck. "Amanda, I love you so much," he breathed into her ear.

"Hmm..." Amanda sighed. "I love you, too." She reached back to run her hands along his legs.

"Now, let's get you out of this." His fingers moved to the series of hooks holding the edges of the corset together. One at a time, he carefully unfastened them, peeling back the fabric from her flesh. Halfway done, he stopped to place a kiss on her newly exposed skin. Amanda shivered with the sensation of his tongue tracing a path along her spine.

As soon as he had the final hook undone, Lee tossed the garment off to the side. "How about a massage?" he suggested, sliding his hands back to her shoulders. He firmly caressed her, carefully working out the knots and kinks of her muscles.

Amanda stretched her neck, letting his hands guide her movements. She closed her eyes and murmured, "Lee, mmm... so good..." Arching her neck once more, she let her head loll back, leaning against him. He ran his hands through her hair, then along her cheeks and down to her chin. As he pressed his thumb against her lower lip, she opened her mouth. She slowly slid just the tip of her tongue along his finger, drawing him into her mouth. Lee's other hand slipped around her waist, pulling her body against his as her tongue continued to caress and suck at his flesh.

Pulling his fingers back from her face, Lee brought both hands to her breasts. Leisurely he began to stroke her, cupping the fullness of her breasts with his palms, teasing her hardened nipples with his thumbs. Amanda reached back, running her hands over his

hips, straining to reach lower. Her fingertips just grazed his buttocks, fingers extended as she tried to pull him even closer.

Lee moved his hands back up to her shoulders. He turned her to face him, then gently lowered her onto her back. For a moment, he just sat there, looking at her, marvelling at the beauty of her naked form. Then he bent down and kissed her, his tongue exploring her mouth as he stretched the length of his body next to hers.

Propping himself up on his left hand, he used his right hand to trace the length of her torso. His fingers lingered over the smooth curves of her waist and hips before cupping her buttocks for a moment. He slipped his hand between her thighs, gently but insistently pushing them apart. Pausing when he reached the base of her legs, he let just his fingertips brush against her soft hair.

Amanda strained against him. "Mmmmm..." she murmured, lost in her own world of tactile sensations.

"Look at me," he said in an intense whisper.

As soon as her eyes opened, he slipped two fingers inside her. He watched in fascination at the play of emotions across her face as he gently and expertly explored her. He was amazed at the amount of satisfaction he derived simply from knowing he was able to bring her such pleasure. Her eyes darkened as he continued his ministrations, pushing further into her, increasing the intensity of his touches. She called his name again and again, her body moving against his, encouraging his every movement. Her hands were outstretched as they ran over his chest, then clenched as she gripped his arms, as if they were her only anchor in the storm of emotion and sensations he was creating. He whispered her name back, telling her again how much he loved her.

Her legs shifted against his, her feet caressing his legs as they moved up and down. He could feel his own arousal build and pressed back against her. Her hands slipped around his buttocks, curving themselves around him, insistently pulling him towards her.

"Nowww," she moaned breathlessly, drawing the word out in a way that narrowed Lee's world to only a physical response.

Somewhere in the dim recesses of his mind he heard himself breathe her name again, as he instinctively reacted to her request. Swiftly he removed his hand, and entered her. They moved together, Amanda eagerly meeting every one of his downward thrusts. He sank into her again and again, giving himself up to her and finding his own fulfilment in the process. He held himself back, until her sighs and moans told him that she had found her own release. Then he came, holding her tightly against him as the intense series of sensations ran through his body.

"Okay, Amanda," he said breathlessly a short time later. "I admit it. A bachelor party was a great idea."

"You think so?" she teased. "I'm hoping next weekend will be even better."

"What's next weekend?" he asked.

"You mean, I don't get a bachelorette party?"

Her laughter was drowned out as his lips closed once more over hers.

The End

Okay, so S was actually for Stripper, but I didn't want to give it away at the start of the story. :)