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Rating: PG

DISCLAIMER: Scarecrow and Mrs. King are the property of Warner Brothers and Shoot the Moon Productions. My use of these characters is intended purely for entertainment, a few laughs, and maybe a sigh or two.

Time Frame: Late Summer between 2nd and 3rd Seasons

Warning: No animals were hurt during the writing of this story... however a pint of chocolate-chip ice cream and two burritos bit the dust.

D is for Décolletage

He couldn't stop watching. He'd tried. He really had. Time and again he'd forced his eyes back to the case file that lay open on the table in front of him. Time and again those same eyes, ruled by a force beyond his control, roamed back to the smooth, tanned skin above the low cut neckline of Amanda's blouse. Immersed in her own tasks, she seemed blissfully unaware of Lee's perusal of her.

He shook his head, again trying to concentrate on the report. The bullpen had been humming this morning and both he and Amanda had found an empty conference room in hopes of being able to concentrate on the background material for their new assignment. The typed print, however, soon blurred and again Lee's eyes shifted to the top button of his partner's pale pink blouse. He watched, covertly, as she leaned forward, highlighting a line in the report she was reading. The action afforded him a slight glimpse of even more skin and a hint of silk and lace.

He scrunched his eyes closed. He could feel his face grow warm with the thoughts that flitted through his mind. Thoughts he had no right having. Bizarre, unnatural thoughts. Thoughts about Amanda's hair... her eyes... her skin.... her... Slowly unclenching one eye he took in the faint swell of her breasts against the silk shirt. *No, no, no*, his better judgment screamed as he tore his eyes from the vista of her figure. She was his partner. His friend. If forced, he'd admit that she was a good friend. She was not one of the women that populated his address books and boudoir. Yet here she was, lately, invading his fantasies. Awake and asleep.

He pondered momentarily the erotic dream he'd had the night before. It had involved himself, Amanda, and jar of raspberry jam. Shaking his head, he wondered when it had all gone so hideously wrong. It hadn't been that long ago that life was normal. Amanda had been merely an apprentice... a helper. More often than not, a nuisance he'd been forced to put up with. However, those happy days were now spiraling out of control. While Billy might have initially forced her on him as a partner, it hadn't taken her long to prove her worth. He'd fought it mightily, but she'd grown on him, and slowly but surely they'd forged a rather nice partnership. Her people skills and intuition nicely balanced his, for want of a better description, lack of people-skills and vast field experience. They worked well together... a team... a damn good team, he'd heard Billy called them recently. Now why, when everything was at it should be, did he have to go and ruin it by having these thoughts? These damn annoying and completely confusing thoughts.

He watched as the object of his meditations chewed thoughtfully on the end of her pen. Casually she flipped a lock of hair off her shoulder and shifted in her chair. Watching her hair swing softly against her skin Lee longed, not for the first time, to run his fingers through the thick chestnut curls. His hastily expelled breath caught his partner's attention and their eyes met. He smiled weakly and coughed, clearing his throat. Pointedly, he resumed reading the material in front of him.

He needed a woman. That was it. That was the answer. He hadn't been dating much lately. Things had just been so busy, so hectic, so... well, he just hadn't seemed to have the energy or interest in dating. Surely it was this lack of extra curricular activities that was causing this attraction he was beginning to feel for Amanda. Had he said attraction? He didn't mean attraction. Certainly not. No, it was definitely not attraction. It was the lack of sex. That had to be it. What else could it be? His mind refused to embrace any other explanation.

Amanda was merely a curiosity to him. She was so different from any woman he'd ever met. A single mom turned spy. A suburban homemaker with a part-time career in espionage. She spent half her time clipping coupons and carpooling her kids and the other half disarming nuclear devices and defending her nation's security. She was a bundle of energy that, oddly enough, seemed to have a calming effect on him. She drove him to distraction with her off-topic ramblings and yet never failed to charm him with her unique, unorthodox approach to their cases. She was, in many ways, an enigma to him. No doubt that was also part of the reason for these

irrational thoughts he was having. Lack of sex and curiosity. That was it. That was definitely the answer.

He glanced over at her again, taking in the soft curve of her cheek and the long, graceful column of her throat. Had she always been this attractive? He tried to remember when he'd first seen her at the train station. Had he noticed then how her eyes sparkled? How flawless her complexion was? How good she smelled? No. She'd been a means to an end. Only it hadn't been an end. It had been a beginning. Now he had this vague, uneasy feeling that their relationship was taking a turn. The plot was thickening around him and he didn't like it. Things were changing. He didn't like change. He didn't like it at all.

Randy. He'd call Randy. Sure, she was pissed at him over finding Amanda at his apartment. Twice. But that was weeks ago, surely she'd gotten over it by now. And how about Crystal? He'd been meaning to call her. She'd left her robe at his place a few months back and he'd been planning on returning it. That's what he'd do. He'd fill up his weekend with feminine distractions and certainly that would take care of the situation. He'd just been working far too hard. No sex, curiosity and working too hard. That was it. Absolutely.

The solution to his problem in hand, Lee closed the report and leaned back in his chair. He pushed off the slight feeling of restlessness that stirred in his stomach. Amanda glanced over and caught his eye.

"This case is going to be a handful," she breathed, closing the report cover.

"Yeah, it is." It was more a question than a statement. He hadn't read one word of the background material.

"Looks like we'll be busy this weekend," Amanda shrugged. "I'll have to see if Mother can take the boys to the zoo. Gee, I hope her square dancing classes are over."

"Oh, yeah," Lee couldn't help the broad smile that formed on his face. "We'll have to work this weekend." A tingle ran up his spine.

"Did you have plans?" Amanda asked, glancing over at him while pulling together the file folders and the legal pad she'd used to take notes.

"Nope." Lee grinned, giving in to the contentment he felt in knowing he'd spend his weekend working this case with his partner. "Nothing important. Wanna grab some lunch?"

"Sure," she smiled.

He watched as Amanda organized her materials, his eyes once again traveling to the neckline of her blouse and the small diamond solitaire that dangled above. Okay, so maybe a little change was a good thing.

The End