

Raspberry Jam and Amanda... Oh My!

Rating: NC-17

DISCLAIMER: Scarecrow and Mrs. King are the intellectual 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. I make no money off of them and I leave them in relatively good shape. . . give or take a few hickeys

Archive: Will be on the Blue Boxers and Beyond website and the SMK17 archive. Anyone else interested in archiving this story, please contact me first.

Summary: The long overdue "R" (That's the letter of the alphabet, not the rating, so stop muttering) story from the SMK17 group Alphabet Story Challenge. Lee's subconscious mind finds an interesting way to deal with his burgeoning feelings for his partner -- and in the process discovers the breakfast of champions. . . and it ain't Wheaties.

Time Frame: Late Summer between 2nd and 3rd Seasons (This story's premise is mentioned in " D is for Décolletage" and takes place the night before.)

Warning: No animals were hurt during the writing of this story. . . however, a bean and cheese burrito, half a bag of stale Tostitos, some left-over Pad Thai, two beers, and, oh yes, a jar of raspberry jam bit the dust – I'd like to say that I never make Lee and/or Amanda do anything I haven't already tried, but if you've read any of my stories you'd know that was a lie. As it is, I at least try to eat the same meals when I'm writing :)

Additional Note: I can't even begin to thank the many people who helped to beta this. At last count it was 45 (could this be the most betaed fan fiction ever posted?) – However I must thank Pam for taking all the commas out and Fling for putting them all back in; Sybil for suggesting the kiss, Bill for seconding that emotion, and Jean for being willing to poll her husband and four sons about it; and eman for being willing to be the last hands on it (the story – get your minds out of the gutter!) before it was posted. . . aw, hell, thanks to everyone at the Arlington Get-together who gave me feedback :)

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The summer rain fell hard and heavy on the oil slicked asphalt. Rivers of water raced, like a miniature flood, down the gutters of Connecticut Avenue, overwhelming the storm drains and pooling in makeshift lakes at each intersection.

Lee Stetson gently guided his low-slung sports car through the infamous late rush hour Georgetown traffic, made considerably worse by Mother Nature's sour attitude. He winced as yet another torrent of murky brown water splashed on the sides and windows of what this morning had been his freshly detailed Corvette.

He circled his block four times, his frustration growing with each pass, before finally finding a parking space. After carefully parking the 'Vette at the curb, Lee leaned over the padded leather steering wheel to observe the storm-darkened sky as unrelenting sheets of rain pounded against the windshield. Without an umbrella, he'd be drenched before making it down the block, around the corner, and to his lobby doors. He grimaced, thinking of the damage that the current downpour would do to his four hundred dollar Italian suit, much less his brand new Gucci loafers. He pounded a fist on the steering wheel, damning the fact, that once again, that inept meteorologist ex-boyfriend of Amanda's had led him astray. *Ninety and sunny, my ass!*

The day had been nothing but frustration after frustration, beginning with Amanda canceling their dinner date . . . No, wait. It was definitely not a date. It was just dinner. Simply dinner. Two friends. Two coworkers. Two friendly coworkers. Eating together. That was it. Then why had it aggravated him so much when she'd had to cancel?

He pushed the unwelcome reminder of the argument he'd picked with her to the back of his mind. The day had ended on an ugly note and now, this weather was simply the icing on the cake. Realizing that waiting this storm out would only be killing time, he pushed open the car door, pulled himself from the 'Vette, and ran for it. Lurching through the lobby doors, Lee shook his rain-plastered hair from his forehead, tossing a none-too-pleasant nod at the doorman as he entered the waiting elevator.

His apartment was dark when he entered, the drapes drawn to keep out the heat of the late August day. Lee flipped the switch near the door and shrugged out of his damp jacket, tossing it carelessly over the back of the sofa. He'd take it to the cleaners tomorrow and see if they could resuscitate it. Toeing out of his soggy loafers, he headed for the bedroom, changing into a pair of black sweatpants and an old t-shirt. After the day he'd had today, all he wanted from this evening was to eat dinner and stretch out on the sofa and watch some television.

After surveying the woeful choices his refrigerator and cupboard had to offer, he settled for a bottle of Molson's, a half-empty bag of stale Tostitos, a frozen bean and cheese burrito, and a container of left-over Pad Thai noodles that had seen their best day much earlier in the week.

Waiting for the microwave to work its wonders on the burrito, Lee wondered idly what his partner would think of his evening repast. No doubt, Amanda would hand him his head on a platter if she knew about the dinner he was preparing. While she'd long ago given up on making him into a "normal" person, she still held out hope of influencing his nutrition. They didn't often work a case together where she wasn't shaking her head and pondering aloud how a man of his age could subsist on chili-cheese dogs, wrinkled fruit, moldy cheese, and nothing, but coffee and a stale roll for breakfast. While what he considered her interference in his life still annoyed him at times, lately, more often than not, he found it endearing, and even comforting, to know that someone actually cared enough to worry about him. He could picture her narrowing those gorgeous brown eyes at him and his burrito. . . *gorgeous brown eyes? Where'd that come from?*

The shrill beep of the microwave derailed that dangerous train of thought, and he scooped the now soggy burrito onto a napkin and stuck the bag of chips under his left arm. Hooking a finger under the wire handle of the Pad Thai carton, he used his free hand to grab the ale and a fork, and then headed off to the living room.

Depositing his dinner onto the coffee table, Lee dropped wearily onto the sofa. He twisted the cap off his ale, and took a long, deep swig. He scanned the coffee and end tables, frowning in annoyance. Balancing the bottle on the arm of the sofa, he gave it the command to "stay," then dug his hand into the recesses of the cushions, searching for and retrieving the remote.

Scanning channels at a furious rate, it didn't take him long to figure out there was little on television that interested him. Deciding finally on an Orioles/Yankee game, he settled back. Balancing the Pad Thai container on his stomach and wedging the Tostitos between his thigh and the side of the sofa, he proceeded to inhale the burrito in two bites.

By the end of the third inning, the Orioles were down by two, the Pad Thai and chips were history, and Lee was working on his second beer – this one a Rolling Rock he'd found in the vegetable crisper, behind a petrified tomato. The Orioles shortstop, Cal Ripken, swung and missed on a perfect strike as Lee's hazel eyes drooped closed, the empty beer bottle slipping silently from his fingers to land with a quiet thud on the carpet beside the sofa.

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The early morning sunlight streaked through the narrow opening in the drapes and hit Lee squarely in his face. He blinked, his hand coming up to block the brightness from his eyes. He sat up slowly, rolling his shoulders gingerly, and stretching the kinks from his back. Another night on the sofa and he was going to end up in traction.

Surveying the assortment of food containers, wrappers, and beer bottles that littered his makeshift bed, Lee grimaced. He licked his dry lips and tried to figure out exactly when he'd arranged to have his tongue and the roof of his mouth carpeted.

Staggering into the kitchen, he filled a glass with water from the tap and rinsed his mouth. It didn't totally relieve the feeling that a herd of camels had traipsed past his tonsils last night, but it helped.

He put on a pot of coffee and began rummaging through the meager remains of his pantry for breakfast. Oddly enough, he was hungry and his stomach growled in anticipation upon finding a jar of peanut butter on the top shelf, behind a jar of extra virgin olive oil. A further inspection of his icebox produced a half a loaf of stale bread and a jar of raspberry jam. Pulling a knife from a cabinet drawer, he went about making himself a sandwich.

"That's not a very healthy breakfast."

The knife clattered to the floor and Lee spun about.

His eyes widened, his heart beating double time, he found Amanda standing in the doorway of his kitchen. Wearing an enigmatic smile, her hands on her hips, she seemed to be appraising him as well as his choice of breakfast.

"Amanda, you scared the hell out of me," he spat out, still unnerved that she'd managed to sneak up on him.

"Sorry, guess your stealth is rubbing off," she smiled gently, still standing in the doorway.

Lee stooped to retrieve the knife, turning to rinse it under the tap, before resuming the construction of his sandwich. "You're early, aren't you?" He glanced at the clock on the microwave. "You weren't supposed to pick me up until nine . . . the guy at your body shop said they don't open until 9:30, and Billy isn't meeting with me on that new assignment until ten."

When there was no answer, he looked over his shoulder at her. Still, she didn't speak, only stared at him intently as she ran the tip of her tongue along her lower lip. Wondering what the problem was, he turned back to his task. She was definitely acting strangely . . . even for Amanda. She was never this quiet. Usually, mornings found her annoyingly chipper.

He looked over at her again and was about to ask what was on her mind, when she took a step forward.

"Amanda." Lee raised an eyebrow as his partner moved toward him. He realized she was wearing stone-washed jeans and a white cotton shirt with the cuffs rolled up to her forearms. It was an outfit that he'd always found particularly appealing on her, the soft denim molding itself to her slim hips and gently rounded bottom. She was also wearing that perfume. That one that made him think of moonlit nights, of soft ocean breezes, of slinky black dresses with spaghetti straps . . . of her. He watched, mesmerized, as she toyed with the diamond solitaire that dangled in the deep V of her shirt. "What are you doing here?" he asked, suddenly suspicious.

"Lee," Amanda's voice was husky as she leaned her hip casually against the edge of the square butcher-block table that stood in the middle of his kitchen. "I think you know why I'm here . . . what I want."

Lee raised a brow. "You want something?"

"Yes, Lee, I want something. No . . . correction. I NEED something," she said softly. The final word floated to him on a breathy sigh, "You."

A shiver ran down his spine at the tone of her voice and the look in her eyes. He'd always known her to be a beautiful woman, but now, standing before him, she appeared to be a

goddess. Her hair was down, curling about her shoulders, and her brown eyes were sparkling and seductive. The heady scent of her perfume beckoned him from across the room.

Surely this wasn't his partner. His friend. His Amanda. And yet, it was. "Amanda?" his voice cracked with astonishment.

"Don't," she whispered. "Don't say another word. We've both been denying this for too long. You know it. I know it. It's time we both stopped pretending."

He shook his head, trying to clear it, then refocused on the seductive creature that stood only a few feet from him.

Without uttering another word, Amanda jerked her shirt free of her jeans, the tails flying up and exposing her flat, tanned belly for one brief moment. Slowly, she started unbuttoning the crisp, white cotton shirt. Lee watched in fascination as fingertips worked. Button by button, inch by inch, she revealed her slender body to his eager eyes. As she stepped in front of him, the shirt hung loose and open, exposing a narrow line of torso and the front clasp of her bra.

Somewhere in the back of his mind he reasoned that this had to be a dream. This couldn't really be happening. His libido, however, dashed reason to the four winds and he reached out a fingertip, tracing a line from the junction of Amanda's neck and shoulder, down her chest to the clasp of her satin bra.

It didn't matter that none of this made any sense. He didn't care if it was a dream, or a fantasy, or some KGB drug-induced hallucination. Nothing mattered but that it felt right and true and . . . perfect. Perfect like her. Perfect like the tender skin of her chest that his finger was caressing . . . like the sweet scent of her breath on his face as she drew closer.

He only knew this was something he'd wanted for a long time. Something he'd been hoping for and dreaming of, if only in his subconscious mind, and it was here, now, and he wasn't going to waste any time analyzing it.

Deftly, with a flick of his thumb and forefinger, he popped open the clasp of her bra. Using both hands now, he pushed the bra and her shirt back, revealing the pale skin of her breasts. His fingers trailed lightly over her curves, at last cupping her breasts in his hands. The feel of her nipples tightening and hardening against his palms encouraged his own body to spring to life, and he pulled her to him, pressing the length of his body against hers. She acknowledged his arousal with a soft, sweet sigh.

Lee could see the flutter of the pulse in her throat and he pressed his mouth to her skin, now feeling the faint beat against his lips. Amanda's arms came up, gripping his biceps, pulling him even closer to her. He felt her breasts pressed to his chest, their warmth radiating through the thin fabric of his t-shirt.

His lips moved up the long column of her throat, pressing hot and moist against her skin, until he reached the curve of her smile. Cupping her face tenderly between his hands, his lips at last settled on hers in a long, lingering kiss. He'd felt her lips on his before, but never like this. Never with such fervent passion, such intense longing. His body shook as his hands ran down her shoulders, pulling her even closer to him as his mouth explored hers, seeking out all her secrets, and more than willing to share his own as well.

Before he knew what was happening, Amanda pulled free of his embrace, taking a step back. Grabbing the hem of his t-shirt, she whisked it up and off, baring his chest to her eager, inquisitive fingertips. Lee stood perfectly still as her hands inspected the firm, hard planes of his body. Stomach muscles strengthened by years of kick-boxing and karate trembled as delicate fingers began untying the string that gathered the waistband of his sweat pants.

Lee watched as she eased the black fabric from his hips. He gasped as her hand snaked inside the garment to help free his erect penis. The warmth of her hand encased him, and he leaned back against the kitchen counter as his knees suddenly seemed unable to support him.

After a long moment of close inspection, and just as Lee felt he would certainly die from anticipation, Amanda released him and rose, leaning into him as she pressed her lips to his once more. The hot moist heat of her mouth against his seemed to melt the muscles of his thighs, and he felt his body go limp. Well, parts of his body, anyway. Never taking her lips from his, her tongue moving seductively along the contours of his mouth, Amanda reached for the jar of raspberry jam on the counter behind him.

Once again, she pulled away from him. He groaned and leaned in, his lips unwilling to part with hers for even a moment. Evading his grasp, she dropped to her knees before him and quickly pushed his sweatpants down to his ankles. Seductively, she looked up at him, her mouth hovering scant centimeters from his swollen penis. He thought that in his entire life, he'd never seen anything so erotic, that he'd never been so hot for a woman as he was at this moment, and then . . . she proved him wrong.

Shrugging her shoulders, she divested herself of her shirt and bra. Daintily she dipped two fingers into the jar of jam, and then began to seductively spread the sweetness over her breasts, lingering on her nipples. With a calm that belied the mood of the moment, she pressed her hot, sticky body to his, her breasts leaving paths of jam along his thighs and hips. Languorously she moved her body up his, covering his abdomen and chest in the sugary goo.

Unable to deny himself any longer, Lee pulled Amanda up, his arms snaking around her slender waist. He bent her back, his mouth ravaging the soft flesh of her breasts, his lips and tongue greedily removing all traces of jam from her nipples, suckling until she moaned and writhed in his arms.

Again, their mouths met in a frenzy of passion, the sweetness that had adorned her body now shared freely between their lips. He slipped his tongue into her mouth, and she sucked

on it, swirling her own around it until he thought he would just dissolve in desire for this woman.

She kissed her way along his jaw and down his neck. Taking advantage of her turn to feast on his body, her hands prepared the way as her mouth moved meticulously down his torso. Her tongue circled his nipples and then moved, dipping into his navel as her hands dropped from his ribs to his hips, trailing them into his pubic hair. Her fingers ran lightly up and down the length of him, eliciting a sharp intake of breath from Lee. Crouching before him, she reached for the jar of jam at his feet, this time placing a large glob of it on the tip of his erection. Her thumb smeared and massaged the thick, gooey substance around and around the head of his penis until Lee thought he would dissolve onto the floor.

Maintaining a firm grip on him with her right hand, her left hand trailed along his thigh and then to his hip, pulling him closer to her. Tentatively, she flicked her tongue along the crease of his thigh, licking his sticky flesh clean and moving incrementally closer to her intended treasure.

Lee looked down, watching as her mouth worked along his flesh, cleansing it and heating it at the same time. It was like a line of fire — a lit fuse — and when she placed her lips upon him, encasing his hardness in the softness of her mouth, it was like an eruption of sensations rocking his body. How he didn't immediately explode, he didn't know. But something was holding him back. As his hands pressed into her dark hair, he realized, suddenly, that he wanted more.

He wanted her. He wanted to be with her, inside of her, making love with her.

He needed her. He needed her to be under him, moving against his skin, calling his name as he claimed her as his own and gave himself up to her in return.

He tugged gently on her hair until, at last, she pulled free of him. He drew her up to him, looking into her eyes. He felt like a man awakening from a long, deep sleep. Realization was dawning like a window opening in his soul, eating away at the denial that had held his feelings hostage for so long. He stared, hypnotized by the brown depths of her eyes. Realizing, in that moment, that hers were the eyes he could be happy gazing into every day of his life.

The clarity of that thought hit him like a lightning bolt, but before he could focus on it or its implications, the world suddenly seemed to go topsy-turvy. The room swirled and flew out of focus and through the deepening haze, he could barely make out the movement of Amanda's lips as she spoke his name.

"Lee?"

He blinked once, then twice, trying to focus on the lips that were speaking his name.

"Lee? Wake up," the voice summoned him through the fog and he reached up to rub at his eyes.

Amanda's face slowly came back into focus. She was leaning over him and shaking him. His eyes darted to her chest. He wasn't sure what he expected to find, but the sight of her neatly buttoned pastel pink blouse caused him to frown. A fleeting vision of a crisp white shirt and Amanda's bare breasts caused a hot flush to creep up his face.

"I knocked and knocked. When you didn't answer, I got worried," Amanda explained, stepping away from the sofa as he scrambled to sit up and get away from the disturbing image of Amanda, topless. "The doorman let me in."

She looked at him with a raised brow and moved away to scan the living room. He took the moment to glance down at himself and realized he must have looked like he'd run a marathon. The legs of his sweatpants were pushed up along his calves, and the t-shirt he wore was soaked with sweat and clinging to him. He was also sporting an impressive erection that his attire did little to disguise. Standing quickly, he grabbed his suit jacket off the back of the sofa in an effort to hide his state of arousal from Amanda.

Amanda, who seemed oblivious to his discomfort, looked around at the disarray of food containers and then back at Lee's sweat-slicked face. "That must have been some dream," she stated, an eyebrow arching with curiosity.

"Ah, yeah, you could say that, " Lee mumbled, ducking his head to keep from looking her in the eye. Continuing to hold his jacket as a shield, he ran a hand through his damp hair, then sat back on the sofa.

"What was the dream?" Amanda asked, once again glancing about the room, shaking her head in amazement at the remnants of Lee's evening repast.

Lee's eyes darted to her face, catching her gaze briefly, only to drop to his lap, where he focused on trying to smooth out the wrinkles from the jacket that hid his slowly subsiding hard-on. "Ah, it was . . ." He hesitated and tried to go on, but couldn't.

Amanda watched him, her curiosity growing, as he folded and unfolded the wrinkled jacket across his lap. "It was . . . ?" she prodded.

Except for the brief, embarrassing remnants that he'd just remembered, his mind was blank. Well, except for something about a jar of raspberry jam. His brows furrowed as he tried to drag up the faint recollection that seemed to skirt the edges of his memory, but it refused to move closer.

"That exciting, huh?" Amanda chuckled, reaching down to pick up the empty chip bag and beer bottle.

Lee shot her a nervous look and, again, ran an agitated hand through his hair. "Yeah, well, it was different, that's for sure . . ." He eyed her again, watching as she crouched to retrieve the other beer bottle from under the coffee table. "I just can't remember . . ."

He closed his eyes for a moment and some indistinct images floated through his mind. "It was hot . . . there were some noises—"

"Oh, no," Amanda threw up her hands to stop him. "This doesn't have anything to do with a blue door and a sinking feeling, does it?"

Lee gave her a rueful smile and shook his head. "No, no . . . Look, I'm gonna run and take a quick shower. " He stood and moved toward his bedroom door. "I won't be long."

"No problem," Amanda shrugged, sitting down on the edge of the sofa. "Listen," she called after he'd disappeared into his bedroom. "I didn't get anything to eat this morning, mind if we stop on the way to work?"

Lee's head popped out of the doorway. "Yeah," he smiled, "I could definitely go for something. I'm starved."

At her smile Lee turned and headed back for the bathroom, shedding his t-shirt as he went. As he tossed the shirt over his shoulder onto the bed, Amanda's voice floated in from the living room.

"Maybe we can go to that little bakery on the corner? They have the best raspberry danish."

He stopped dead in his tracks, nearly tripping over his own feet. A deep shiver ran down his spine and he instinctively hunched his shoulders against it. Raspberry jam . . . and Amanda? While the details evaded him, he was absolutely sure that his dream had included a jar of jam . . . Amanda . . . and her very naked, breasts.

He glanced apprehensively back at the doorway to his bedroom. Raising an eyebrow, he pondered the thought for a moment, then vigorously shook his head. Surely he couldn't be fantasizing about Amanda. Not that way. There had to be another reason. A perfectly logical reason. With a shrug and a furrow of his brow, he decided that until he came up with a better excuse, he'd blame it on the food.

That Pad Thai must have been a lot older than he thought.

The End