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**Timeline:** left to each reader's personal beliefs

**Disclaimer:** The Scarecrow and Mrs. King characters still belong to Warner Bros. and Shoot the Moon. Please don't post or redistribute this without the author's consent.

**Notes:** This my first, and quite possibly my last, attempt at 'adult' fiction. My arm was twisted almost right out of my socket (an amazing feat, considering the twisting was done via a chat) to get me to do this. My support team gets all the credit for this one. Thanks, ladies! I hope I've done ya proud! Thanks to dotty for the initial beta, and a special thanks to Pam and Merel for taking up the gauntlet to beta the adult part. I wouldn't have finished this darn thing without you!

**Feedback:** Absolutely, but if anybody feels the need to hurl after reading this, email me privately. ;-)

## **T is for Technique**

"No, no, no," Amanda said as she preceded Lee into his apartment. Standing in the center of Lee's living room, arms crossed and a determined look on her face, she turned to face him. "I don't want to do it, and you can't make me."

"Amanda, you promised." Lee tossed his keys on the entryway table and made his way toward her. "I believe your exact words were," with a smile, he mimicked her earlier pleading tone, "I'll do anything if you take my place in Dr. Smyth's afternoon briefing." Standing in front of her, he ran his hands along her upper arms. "Have you forgotten that already?"

She scowled and took a small step backward. "I didn't think you'd want to do **that**."

"Oh?" Lee thwarted her attempt to move by sliding his arms around her waist and pulling her close. "Why not?"

"Well," Amanda chewed on her lip before answering. "We've only done it once before, and I was, well, I mean, I, well, ah," she ducked her head and whispered apologetically, "I wasn't very good."

Eyes twinkling, he leaned forward and whispered in her ear. "You weren't all that bad, either, but. . ." She felt the chuckle rumble deep in his chest before it escaped into the air. "I guess I should have given you a few pointers, prepared you a little. It's all about technique, you know."

Amanda pulled back and eyed him suspiciously. "And I suppose you know *aaall* the techniques."

Lee grinned. "Maybe not *all* of them, but I can teach you enough so you don't feel, in -- " He trailed off, realizing the word he was about to say was not going to help his cause.

"Inadequate?" Amanda queried. "Were you about to say inadequate?"

'Damn! How does she *do* that?' He closed his eyes and prayed for another word beginning with 'in' he could use. "Of course not. I was going to say. . ."

"Inept? Incapable?"

"No. . . inexpert." 'Thank you, God, for inexpert!' Lee scrambled for an explanation. "You know, less awkward and clumsy."

Amanda smiled sweetly. "Well, when you put it that way, how can I possibly say no to your generous offer to show me your proven techniques?"

"You can't say no. You promised," he reminded her. "First," Lee exerted slight pressure between Amanda's legs with his knee and nudged her foot with his, "you have to spread your legs. Some people would say shoulder-width apart, but I think wider would be better for you." He moved behind her and placed his hands on her hips. "Next, bend a little at the knees, just enough to keep them from locking." Squatting slightly while pushing downward on Amanda's hips forced her to do the same. His thighs tingled at the sensations produced when her hips nestled against his. Lee gently uncrossed Amanda's arms and ran his hands down the length of them, covering her hands with his. While performing the motion, he instructed, "Put your hands together, as if you were holding the shaft."

She leaned forward a fraction, pulling him tight against her. "Like this?"

Swallowing hard, he choked out, "Perfect." Locking his fingers with hers, he continued with the next step. "As a right-hander, always keep your left arm and right elbow close to your body. On the back-swing, rotate your hips and shoulders to the right." Lee extended their arms and demonstrated, suppressing a groan when her buttocks rubbed against his groin.

Amanda slowly and deliberately reversed the motion and repeated it, not once, not twice, but three times. Each twist of her hips caused Lee's breathing to become more labored. "Am I doing it right?"

"Yeah, yeah, you're doing it right. Just great." He tightened his arms around her to keep her from practicing again and took a deep, shaky breath to steady himself before continuing. "Always follow through. Follow-through is very important." He completed the swing with Amanda, ending so her cheek was against his. Slowly, he lowered their arms and turned her to face him.

She tilted her head toward him and murmured, "Follow-through, hmm?"

"Mmm-hmm," he breathed as he lowered his head to capture her lips.

BOOM!

The sudden clap of thunder caused them both to jump. A split-second later, rain began pelting the building.

"Oh, no!" Lee moaned. "Not today!" He started to move toward the living room window, but Amanda held him firmly in place. "Amanda, I want to see how bad it is out there. Maybe it's just a mild shower."

Amanda grinned when a flash of lightning, a long roll of thunder, and what sounded like a deluge of water, caused Lee's face to fall. "Lee. We couldn't go now, anyway. You haven't learned **my** techniques yet."

"**\*Your\*** techniques? After your disastrous round of golf with that crazy survivalist, what makes you think you can give me any tips?"

"As a world-champion Goofy Golf player, I think I could teach you a thing or two," Amanda stated seriously.

"Goofy Golf," Lee snorted. "Putting on a carpet to avoid windmills and whale's mouths, ooh, that takes a whooole lotta skill."

Tapping her finger against Lee's chest, Amanda asked, "Weren't you the one who told me I made a chip shot with a putter? Not an easy shot, but I did it, so don't you think there could be a few lessons I could give?" Off his skeptical look, she cajoled, "C'mon, Lee. What've you got to lose?"

"All right, professor. Go ahead. What's Goofy Golf Lesson #1, huh?"

She gave him a Cheshire cat smile. "Goofy Golf Lesson #1 is," slowly she moved her hands to his belt buckle, "never wear restrictive clothing. A belt is restrictive, don'tcha think?" Without waiting for a response, her fingers nimbly undid the buckle and slithered the belt through the loops, dropping the accessory to the floor. "Kinda reminds me of the first time I took off your belt, except that the fire is hotter this time." Amanda grinned when Lee could only nod his agreement.

"No matter how well jeans fit," Amanda continued, stepping back a fraction to admire Lee's lower half, "and yours fit quite nicely, they're a little tight for playing golf." She quickly unfastened the button of his dungarees. Slipping one hand inside the waistband, she grasped the zipper pull with the other. With what seemed like agonizing slowness to Lee, she inched the zipper down, smiling in satisfaction as she felt his reaction to her hand rubbing against him. Once the zipper was fully undone, she grasped the waistband with both hands and tugged the jeans down over Lee's hips.

Unwilling to wait any longer, Lee toed out of his sneakers. Hurriedly, he shoved his dungarees down his body where they tangled with his socks at his ankles. With a frustrated motion, he peeled both jeans and socks from his body and tossed them to the side. Breathing heavily, he straightened and asked huskily, "Next?"

"Oh, you're not ready for what comes next just yet." Amanda placed her palms on Lee's chest and rubbed his taut muscles. "This T-shirt," her hands and eyes roamed lower, "and these boxers look mighty restrictive to me."

Within seconds, Lee divested himself of his last remaining garments. When Amanda started to speak, he silenced her with a smoky look and almost imperceptible shake of his head. "Now you," he mouthed. The two words sent a delightful shiver of anticipation through Amanda. Lee smoothly undid the first two buttons of her

blouse, pausing at the third when his knuckles brushed against Amanda's breasts and she shivered again. Finally managing to find his voice, he queried, "Cold?"

"Not exactly." The words were barely audible.

Lee smiled slyly and quickly unfastened the remaining buttons. Lifting one of Amanda's wrists to his mouth, he placed a kiss on her pounding pulse while he unbuttoned the cuff. After repeating the action with her other wrist, Lee tugged the blouse from her jeans, pushing it off her shoulders and down her arms. It dropped without a sound onto the floor behind her. With practiced ease, he skimmed his hands up her back and unhooked her bra. Running his fingers under the straps, he slipped them off her shoulders, letting them hang loosely on her upper arms. Amanda's breath caught in her throat when Lee placed his hands over her breasts and slowly bunched the bra into his palms, the motion drawing the straps further down her arms.

Amanda closed her eyes, enjoying the sensations of silk and lace against skin, combined with the slight pressure of Lee's touch. When the straps of her bra caught at her elbows, she freed herself from the narrow bands of silk and looped her arms around Lee's neck. Electric charges shot through her when he discarded her bra and trailed his fingers along her ribcage and moved downward. Through heavy-lidded eyes, she watched Lee watch her tongue as she slowly ran it along her upper lip, then her lower.

Lee's eyes flickered to meet Amanda's before his gaze returned to her lips. He slid his fingers into the waistband of her jeans, and pulled her against him. Bending his head, he ran his tongue along the path Amanda's had just taken, eliciting a soft moan of pleasure from her. While nibbling her lower lip, he pushed the brass fastener of her jeans through its buttonhole. With his right hand firmly clutching her waistband, Lee grasped the zipper pull between his left thumb and index finger. As he eased the zipper down, he exerted slight pressure against her body with the back of his hand. He smiled satisfactorily at her sharp intake of breath.

Amanda impatiently pushed Lee's hands away, yanked off her sneakers, and shimmied out of her remaining clothing. With a gleam in her eye, she announced, "Next lesson."

She took his hands and placed them on her waist. Flattening her palms against his chest, Amanda smoothed imaginary wrinkles from his skin, intently watching his

face as her hands roved downward to stop just below his waist. His eyes darkened to green-black, his fingers bit into her skin and a moan escaped his lips when she clasped her left hand around him. "Grip the shaft firmly, but not so tightly that there isn't any room to move." She demonstrated by sliding her hand back and forth along the length of him, gently massaging with her thumb. Closing her right hand over her left, she continued, "Cover the 'power' hand with the 'guiding' hand, just tight enough to keep the shaft in your grip."

Lee shifted his hands to squeeze Amanda's bottom, drawing her closer to him, silently urging her to hurry. Clucking her tongue, she admonished, "Lee, don't you know the first rule in golf is to never rush?"

"Amanda," he groaned, "patience was never my strong suit."

Smiling indulgently, she took a step toward Lee, then another, and another, forcing him to move backward. When they reached the couch, Amanda pushed him onto the cushions. She straddled him and rose on her knees slightly to position herself directly above him. "Take careful aim at your target, and go for it." Amanda sank onto Lee, his moan of pleasure mingling with hers as she leaned forward to kiss him. Tearing her mouth from his, she trailed kisses along his jaw to his ear. "The most important technique," she whispered, her voice thick with restrained passion as she began to move against him, "is to move slowly and steadily."

Lee's hands and mouth roved over her body, encouraging every movement, perfectly willing to let Amanda set the pace. As the storm built in intensity outside the apartment, she gradually increased her rhythm. A crescendo of thunder accompanied her motions, Mother Nature and Amanda reaching their climax at the same time. Lee soon followed, Amanda's release putting him over the edge.

Amanda collapsed against Lee's chest and he caressed her back. Bending his head slightly, he gently kissed her forehead as they clung to each other. Their ragged breathing slowly returned to normal as they listened to the storm change from downpour to gentle rain.

The interlude was broken by a shrill ring. Lee grumbled in protest when Amanda released her hold on him to answer the phone. "Let it ring," he suggested, burrowing his head against her neck.

Smiling, Amanda placed a quick kiss on his lips. "You know I can't let a phone ring." She lifted the receiver and said, "Stetson residence." After a brief pause, she responded to the caller with, "Just a second, please," and handed the phone to Lee. With her hand over the mouthpiece, she whispered, "It's Sam, from the golf course."

He sighed and muttered something about timing as he took the phone from her and identified himself with a curt, "Stetson."

Amanda snuggled against Lee, lazily drawing circles on his chest while he murmured "Mmm-hmm" and "uh-huh" in response to whatever Sam was saying.

When Lee stilled her hand by covering it with his, Amanda tilted her head to look at him. "No, Sam, that's not necessary. We won't be rescheduling. Thanks." He dropped the receiver back into its cradle. In response to her questioning look, Lee grinned at Amanda and winked. "I think I'll be sticking with Goofy Golf for a while. I recently learned that my technique needs some refining."

**The End**