

**Disclaimer:** Standard. Don't own them. Don't abuse them... well, not too much. Certainly don't make money off them. I'd also like to acknowledge ABC Television's General Hospital's 1991 Valentine's Day Show, which I borrowed from shamelessly.

**Author's Notes:** WARNING! The following story is completely implausible. Totally irrational. It would never, ever have happened. She'd never, ever have done it. But what if it had and what if she did? A complete and total AU that takes place mid to late 3<sup>rd</sup> Season and somewhere in the dark, deluded mind of the author.

You might also notice that I've taken some architectural license with Lee's apartment. Sorry, had to be done to make this story work.

### Too Sexy For His Shirt

Amanda was just rounding the corner on her way out of the Bullpen when two voices and her name being spoken caught her attention.

"Okay, I was just wondering, that's all. It just seems that you and Amanda have been spending an awful lot of time together." Francine's voice carried around the hallway corner to where Amanda had flattened herself against the wall. Eavesdropping was rude. She knew this. She was just about to step out and make her presence known when she heard a very familiar masculine voice chime in.

"Oh, please, Francine," Lee huffed. "Amanda... and me?" He laughed. "She's not exactly my type, you know."

Francine refused to back down from her badgering. "Come on Lee, I've seen the way she looks at you... and I've even seen you-- "

"Francine, can it. No way. She's a wholesome mom with a mortgage."

Francine laughed, "Yeah, I don't know what I was thinking. She's far too tame for you. Even if you were thinking about slumming. The Scarecrow would definitely be after wilder game than a suburban den mother."

Amanda strained to hear Lee's response to Francine's barb, but the two had started moving towards the elevator and his words were lost to her.

Anger bubbled up inside of Amanda. He had some nerve... not his type, heh? Too tame for his taste, huh? Just a wholesome mom with a mortgage, hmmm? Well, she'd had it. Just when she thought they were making some headway... one step forward and two steps back. It was the hallmark of her relationship with Lee Stetson. Well, she was sick and tired of it. She knew that his response to Francine was more than likely aimed specifically to throw her off the scent of his budding feelings for his partner. She knew, when he was cornered, Lee's self-defenses would surface to protect him. She'd been on the wrong end of those defenses more than once herself. While he'd been opening up to her more and more lately, she also knew that he was still far from reconciling his feelings for her and would do and say whatever was necessary to make sure he could continue to live in the land of Denial for as long as it pleased him. Well, she wasn't going to be playing that game any more. She had played the patient friend, not pushing for too much, too soon, for long enough.

*Not anymore, buster.*

She'd show him exactly what a wholesome, tame, mom with a mortgage was capable of. Before she was through with the great Scarecrow, he wasn't going to know which end was up.

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The ballet was perfection. Lee's invitation had been a surprise and a prime opportunity for Amanda to put her plan into motion. She'd never seen this particular ballet before and regretted that her own little production would most likely interfere with her enjoyment of the event. Oh, well... it was all for a good cause.

Settling back into the velvet seat, she cast a surreptitious glance towards Scarecrow. He seemed content and focused on the dancers. If her plan worked that would soon end. A devilish grin teased the corners of her mouth.

The theater was especially dark, the ominous stage-setting for this dance piece unknowingly lending itself to this evening's sub-plot. The music reached a crescendo and Amanda took advantage of a particularly loud clash of the cymbals to make her first move. She bolted forward in her chair, grabbing Scarecrow's right thigh with her left hand, pressing her other hand to her chest in feigned fright over the sudden sound. Slowly she relaxed, but she stayed seated forward in

her chair. She pretended utter fascination in the intricate dance steps of the prima ballerina, while allowing her hand to linger lightly on Lee's leg.

Lee glanced nervously from his companion to his leg. The manicured fingers that had just about sent him out of his seat a moment ago were now relaxed and settled familiarly on his lower thigh. Once again he looked over at Amanda, but she seemed totally engrossed in the production. She probably didn't even realize she was touching him, he concluded. He reached down and took her hand, patting it gently and placing it back in her lap.

Amanda's eyes continued to stay focused on the dancers, but they narrowed and her right brow arched. This was going to be tougher than she'd imagined.

She leaned back in her seat, never taking her eyes off the dancers. Slipping off her right shoe and crossing her right leg over her left, she slowly inched her foot over to where Lee's outstretched legs were. Straightening her shoulders and strengthening her resolve, she caught the hem of his tuxedo trousers with her toe and trailed it tenderly along his calf. The minute her stocking-clad toes touched his sock-covered ankle she could feel his body tense next to her. Watching in the dark, from the corner of her eye, she saw his grip on the armrest between them tighten.

Moving her eyes back to the stage she focused on appearing mesmerized by the performance taking place on stage. Deliberately she wiggled her toes up towards his knee, bunching the fabric of his trousers in the process. She ran her toes slowly up and down the length of his calf several times, then slowly returned her foot to her shoe, making quite a show of crossing her legs in the other direction.

At that moment you could have knocked Scarecrow over with a feather. He knew what had just happened, he just couldn't believe it. Amanda had been playing footsie with him! He could feel where she had pushed his sock down around his ankle and his flesh still tingled where her tiny toes had crept up his calf. There had to be some logical explanation for this. There had to be. Perhaps he'd been imagining it? Perhaps she'd slipped off her shoe and had lost it under her seat and had just been trying to find it? Perhaps pigs could fly?

He crossed his right leg away from her and tried to focus on the ballet. He failed miserably.

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He'd seemed eager to place some distance between them, offering to get her a glass of wine at the lobby bar during intermission. While he hadn't mentioned the little game of footsie, he had been somewhat ill at ease. Charming? As always. Suave? Oh, yes. But definitely thrown a bit off balance.

Amanda had smiled thoughtfully when he'd suggested a nightcap back at his apartment. Step Two was ready to put into action.

Lee hadn't been sure of what motivated him to extend the invitation. Well, beyond the urging of the piece of anatomical property located somewhat south of his belt buckle. Amanda's rather bizarre behavior in the theater intrigued him. He couldn't help it. Perhaps it was the spy in him... perhaps it was just the testosterone. Then again... curiosity had killed the cat, he reasoned, thinking at the last minute of perhaps begging off. But then he'd watched Amanda quietly waiting for him to retrieve her wrap from the coat-check. She looked so lovely in her demure black dress, so sweet...so innocent and beautiful. He was not a cat, he concluded at last, giving in and deciding to play out the rest of the evening. After all, this was Amanda...what could possibly happen?

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Lee had unwittingly stepped into Amanda's tender trap when he'd gone to reach for a bottle of wine from the wet-bar and flinched a bit, reaching up to massage a muscle in his right shoulder. He'd hurt it, he admitted, in a session with Dr. Pain earlier that day. Before he could stop her, Amanda had offered and was, in fact, assisting him with the problem.

Amanda eased the tuxedo jacket off Lee's shoulders, sliding it oh so slowly down his arms until it dropped onto the floor. Both sets of eyes watched the jacket fall and then turned to meet one another. Her brown eyes teased his hazel eyes mischievously as she walked around to stand behind him. When he started to turn to face her, she halted him, running her hands along his shoulders, feeling the crispness of his tuxedo shirt under her warm fingers.

"Now, where does it hurt?" she whispered, her voice soft in his ear, her breath tingling along his neck.

"Ah, my right shoulder," he offered, still not quite believing the turn this evening had taken. He felt her hands investigate the muscles of his right shoulder. He knew those hands belonged to Amanda. Knew that it was indeed his Amanda who stood behind him now, exploring his body in a way that was making his knees go weak. He knew it was her... and yet he couldn't quite make himself believe it.

"Mmmmmmm," she murmured softly, easing his stiff shoulder with her supple fingers. "I feel it... you've got a knot right here," she pressed a bit too firmly and he winced. "Sorry," she whispered into his ear. "Look, I can't really help you like this." She walked back around to face Lee. "Let me get you out of that shirt and maybe I can get those muscles to relax a bit."

"Ah, Amanda, that's not really..." His voice weakened, his words falling off as her fingers began to manipulate the studs on his shirt. One by one they opened, his chest falling bare under her hands. Opening the shirt wide, she smiled slightly and looked up into his eyes. He tried to read her, to tell what the hell she was thinking at that moment, but for some reason he was having trouble focusing. Then, before he even realized it, she'd reached behind him and unfastened his cummerbund. She pulled the tail of his shirt free from his pants, and the shirt, in short measure, joined his tuxedo jacket on the floor.

"There," she continued, smiling as she worked her way back behind him again. "That should help." She began massaging his shoulder, her fingers digging into the strained muscles. After a moment she said, "Lee, it really would be much better if you would lie down."

"Lie down?" he asked, his voice sounding very far away and strangely not his own.

"Yes," she purred warmly, circling again to stand in front of him. "Lie down on the floor."

He hesitated for a moment, then dropped to his knees before her, his heart pounding so loudly he felt she could surely hear it. Perhaps that was the reason for the strange, yet beautiful smile on her face.

He stretched his long form out on the carpet, propped up on his elbows and craning his neck to look up the long column of Amanda's body. From this angle she appeared like some sort of character from a fairytale. A willowy goddess, surely sent from heaven above, just for him. While a part of his mind told him that he should be

questioning what was happening... his eyes simply wanted to appreciate the view of slender, shapely legs that seemed to go on forever.

Amanda walked to Lee's side and tried to kneel down on the floor beside him. Her dress, however, was a bit too tight and she realized quickly that there was no way she was going to be able to accomplish what she wanted with it on.

Lee watched her with fascination. She bent in several directions attempting to reach the floor beside him, but her dress foiled her every attempt. He smiled and began to relax a bit. It didn't last long.

As Lee lay there, unsure of exactly what to do next, Amanda began to slip off the dress she was wearing. The chiffon fabric inched slowly down her body as Lee slowly lost what little mind he had left. The fabric peeled down her body, leaving her standing before him in a black camisole and tap pants, garters, sheer black stockings, and high heeled pumps. He swallowed the large lump in his throat and shook his head slightly. It had to be a dream. Either that or he really had lost his mind and was now living in a world of his own making. Either way, he decided he was going to sit back and enjoy it. He focused his eyes again on her smooth, warm, creamy skin... skin that was set off to perfect by the cool starkness of the black satin lingerie.

Amanda took a deep breath, forcing down the nervousness she felt. She was in hip deep, no use turning back now. She kicked her dress aside with a toe of her high heel clad foot. "There's no way I could do what needs to be done, wearing that," she motioned to the puddle of fabric that had just recently hugged her body. "Now put your head down and relax."

"Oh," Lee strangled out, weakly, as if this were the answer to the million questions forming in his head. However, following her command, he rested his head in the crook of his folded arms, closing his eyes.

Amanda's eyes narrowed as she watched him follow her instructions. She walked towards him, stopping near his shoulder and kneeling beside him. She watched as he slowly opened his right eye and traced past her high heeled shoe, up her slender calf and onward to where her stocking met the garter that held it to her thigh. Quickly, he squeezed his eye shut and she thought she heard a small whimper.

She moved to straddle his body, first resting on her knees and then sitting gently on the small of Lee's back. He moaned then... quite audibly... an unearthly sound emanating from somewhere deep in his chest. She smiled.

Gently she pressed her elbow into the knotted muscles of his shoulder. Gradually increasing the pressure, she pushed her elbow into the tight sinew and flesh, until she heard him groan again. Leaning forward, pressing her breasts against his back, she whispered in his ear, "You're still tight."

His head shot up and he nearly bucked her off his back as every muscle in his body responded to the feel of her body pressed to his.

Slowly she rose, walking to stand in front him. He craned his neck to look up at her, his eyes once again traveling the long, beautiful trail of her legs. They lingered on the stitched edging of her tap pants and then a bit longer on the small sliver of flesh that peeked between them and bottom of her camisole. Finally his eyes met hers and she once again smiled that enigmatic smile that made his heart twist and his stomach churn.

"I've got an idea," she breathed, tapping a finger against her lips. "Get up." She issued the command and then turned to walk over to the couch, Lee's eyes never leaving her. She removed her shoes and then placed her left foot on the sofa. Unhooking the garters from the top of the stocking she slowly peeled the sheer fabric off her leg. Repeating the procedure, she took off her right stocking. She smiled at him and took both stockings by the toes and tied them together. Throwing the now joined stocking over her shoulder, she walked slowly towards him.

Lee lurched up, standing on none too steady legs. Vaguely he heard a voice in the far corners of his mind, telling him to run. But he simply stood there, unable to make his limbs move.

"Here, this will work," she muttered softly, approaching Lee.

"Amanda, you know," his voice broke and he coughed. "I think the shoulder is actually... ah... better... "

"No, no... it's still way too tight. We need to take care of it, Scarecrow, or you're going to suffer all night with it. We wouldn't want that, now would we?" She pursed her lips, waiting for his answer.

"Ah, no, no... we wouldn't," he responded hoarsely.

"Now, I think the best thing would be to stretch it a bit. Why don't you stand up next to the pillar... I can use these," she pulled the stockings from her shoulder, "to get some leverage on your arms and stretch out your shoulders a bit." She walked over to the decorative pillar that separated the living room from the dining area.

"Ah, Amanda, I don't think that's really necessary." Lee shook his head hesitantly.

"Oh, but it is, Scarecrow, it is." She smiled patiently at him.

Lee walked over to the column, giving it a look up and down. Looking back at Amanda, she nodded her encouragement and he pressed his back to it. Amanda drew closer, stopping mere inches from him. She lifted the stockings and placed them around Scarecrow's shoulders, the knotted ends behind his neck. She motioned for him to bring his hands up and he laced his fingers together behind his neck. Looping the long ends of the stocking up and over his wrists, she pulled the ends back to dangle down his bare chest. Walking behind the pillar, she reached under his raised arms and pulled the ends of the stockings back, under his armpits, and tugged them until his hands and arms were immobile and then tied a knot.

"Ah, Amanda," Lee laughed lightly, pulling against the stockings, unable to free his hands or lower his arms. "I don't see how you're going to stretch... "

"What?" Amanda came around, face to face with the now hog-tied agent, her lips scant centimeters from his. "Did you say something, Scarecrow?"

Her breath held a hint of wine and wintergreen from a mint she'd had in the car. His eyes were mesmerized by the contours of her lips. They looked so soft, so smooth, so... kissable. His eyelids dropped to half-mast as his eyes followed the gentle curve of her cheek, down the slender column of her neck, and then on to the tender skin of her chest.

"Oh, I guess not." Amanda shrugged, pulling away just as Lee leaned forward, his eyes now closed, his lips obviously intent on meeting hers in a kiss. When he met nothing but thin air, his eyes opened and watched, disappointed, as she walked back over to the couch. Picking up his discarded bow tie, she swung it leisurely back and forth as she once again approached him.



"Aman—" he started, but never finished as she deftly took the bow tie in both hands and pushed it into his mouth, once again moving behind the pillar to secure a knot in the fabric. She observed her handiwork with a nod of satisfaction and moved away from the pillar.

"Ammppppppnnnda," Lee's muffled voice rose behind her as she walked over to the wet bar.

"What's that?" she asked, glancing over her shoulder at the trussed and now obviously annoyed agent.

"Wppps gnnnn on....Ammmppppnnnda," he struggled against his bonds, but found, to his dismay, that they were impressively crafted.

"Thirsty?" Amanda smiled brightly over at her partner. "I'll get you something." She reached into the tiny fridge under the bar counter and pulled out an ice tray. Dumping the contents into the silver ice bucket, she reached to the shelf above the tiny sink and pulled down a highball glass. She dropped several cubes into it and then filled it with water from the faucet.

Walking slowly over to Lee, she made a show of plucking out a single cube from the glass and running the ice across her lips and down her neck to the valley between her breasts. The befuddled agent quieted as he watched the cube follow a path that only minutes earlier his eyes, mind and libido had wandered. He swallowed and bit down on the gag, his chest heaving as his breath once again became labored.

Amanda pulled the ice cube away from her chest and pressed it softly to the corner of his lips. "Are you... hot... Lee?" she crooned, snuggling her body up next to his. She ran the ice down his chest and rested her fingers lightly above the fastening of his pants. She could feel his abdominal muscles tensing and his legs shaking a bit.

Running the ice slowly across his lips and down his chin, she followed the cube with her warm breath, blowing along the line of moisture. Lee's eyes were closed now. His lips were barely open, but she could see his teeth clenching the material of the bow tie, his jaw muscle working as she always knew it did when the Scarecrow was stressed to the limit of his endurance.

She ran the ice cube down his neck, drawing slow, sensuous circles on his naked chest. His eyes opened and they stared at one another for a long moment. A tingle

of energy ran up Amanda's spine. She couldn't tell if he was turned on or simply angrier than she'd ever seen him before. It was a close call, but the bulge in his trousers gave her a hint it was a bit more the former than the latter.

Once again a shiver coursed through her. The game was almost over... her goal was within reach. She felt victory creeping closer and a tiny smile lit her face as one brow rose in anticipation of the coup de grace she was about to deliver. "So very hot, hmmm, Scarecrow?" she murmured, mere centimeters from his now moist lips.

"Hmmmmm uhhhhh," he mumbled through the gag, his green eyes now blazing into hers. His need was apparent. His thoughts were clearly written on his face, and his fly.

Just as her lips were about to meet his, Amanda pulled back, raised her arm and dumped the glass of ice and water atop Lee's head.

"Argghhhhhhhh. Ammmmmmduhhhh," he shouted through the material in his mouth. He shook his head, water droplets flying to splatter against Amanda's bare face, shoulders and chest. "Whhhurt ur you dunennnn?" He glared at her as the ice-cold liquid trickled down his chest and into the waistband of his pants.

"So, Scarecrow, you think THIS is sexy?" She stood back from the agent, hands on her hips, her voice shaking with emotion. "Is this what it takes to turn you on?" She flung her arms wide and pirouetted before him. "Is it? Because to tell you the truth, I think we both look pretty ridiculous right now."

"Arghhhhhh," Lee growled, his eyes narrowing in anger. "Lmppp meee luzzz."

"You," she leveled a finger at him, "don't know what sexy is. It isn't black lace underwear and stiletto heels and wild nights with women who want nothing more than a roll in the sack and a box of chocolates the next day." She strode over to the sofa and roughly pulled his tuxedo shirt on over her camisole. Tossing her dress over her arm she picked up her shoes and purse and then tromped back over to stand in front of Lee.

"Sexy is being with someone you love. It's knowing the person you're with loves you. It's waking up in each other's arms and falling asleep next to each other. It's fighting and making up and making love and making babies. It's arguing over how to refold the newspaper and who drank the last bit of milk and put the empty carton

back in the icebox. It's spending every single day with someone for the simple reason that you can't imagine a day without them. That's sexy, Scarecrow."

She reached up to wipe away a tear that trickled down her cheek during her tirade. Fighting to keep her chin from trembling, she straightened her shoulders. "You know, maybe I'm not your type. Maybe I am just a suburban mom with two kids, a mortgage and a station wagon that needs a tune up. But then again, maybe I'm also just the little piece of normal that you need, Scarecrow. Maybe, someday, you'll see that. I just hope you see it before it's too late."

She turned to leave the apartment, then stopped suddenly. Turning and digging in her purse she pulled out a lipstick. She walked over to Lee, pulled the top off the tube, and swiveled it up. Carefully she drew a large heart in the middle of his chest. Capping the tube, she tossed it back into her purse.

"When you figure out what's in here," she tapped her finger in the middle of the scarlet heart, "let me know."

Turning, she left the apartment, pulling the door closed behind her.

**The End**