

# ~ The Repairwoman ~

by Mavis Applewater

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A special thank you goes out to my beta reader Joanne.

As always this is for Heather.

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## *The Present*

Sandy twisted the napkin on the restaurant table nervously as Meg, her dearest friend in the entire world, stared at her in bewilderment. "Sandy, what's the problem?" Meg persisted. "Not that I mind going out to dinner with you, but you should have your refrigerator fixed. So why don't you just call Jenkins? You said they did a great job when your air conditioner broke down," the curly-haired brunette asked.

"Oh, they did," Sandy chuckled as she blushed.

"What is going on with you?" Meg pressed as Sandy sipped her wine and shrugged. "No, there's something you're not telling me."

Sandy ran her fingers through her short hair as she tried to avoid her best friend's penetrating gaze. She released a deep sigh, knowing that she wouldn't be able to get away with a lie.

"Promise me you won't tell anyone," Sandy demanded firmly.

"I promise," Meg promised warily.

"I'm serious, Meg; you can't tell a soul," Sandy pushed until Meg conceded. "It all started when I was standing in my kitchen waiting for the repairman."

## *A few months earlier*

Sandy stood half naked in front of her refrigerator with the door open, praying that it would provide some much needed relief from the stifling heat. She was clad only in a pair of panties and a blue over-sized oxford shirt, which hung open revealing her firm body to the contents of her refrigerator. "When is that repairman going to get here?" the redhead grumbled as the sweat

ran down her abdomen. It was just her luck that her air conditioning had died in the middle of a heat wave. "I wonder if it would help if I stuck my head in the freezer?" Sandy muttered helplessly.

The heat wave that was encompassing the East Coast was taking its toll on the petite woman. It wasn't bad when she was at work. One of the advantages of working at the small bank was that it was air-conditioned. The down side was that the eight hours a day she spent at her teller window were tedious. The rushes always came at the same time and the remainder of the day she and her fellow tellers were bored senseless. The others all had families and chatted endlessly about their children or grandchildren. Sandy was gay, and based on the number of small-minded comments she'd heard from some of her fellow employees, being out would only further alienate her colleagues. "Great! Now I'm hot, sweaty, and depressed," Sandy groaned as she closed the refrigerator. "This was not the summer I was hoping for."

Sandy pulled her shorts on and buttoned her shirt as she glanced at the clock hanging on the kitchen wall. "Okay, the guy on the telephone said that Max would be here around three and now it's almost five," Sandy grumbled. "These guys are worse than the cable company." Sandy understood that an air conditioner repairman must be overworked during the unexpected heat wave. Still she was miffed since she had to take a half day off from work since she couldn't afford to pay double for a weekend call.

Just as she was about to pick up the telephone to call Jenkins Appliances, the doorbell chimed. "Please be Max," she sighed in relief as she pictured a large sweaty workman whose first question was probably going to be *'Is is hot enough for you?'* She stood on her toes and peered through the peephole; her mouth dropped open at the sight she found waiting for her. In spite of the distorted image, she could see that the tall dark-haired woman was drop dead gorgeous.

The disgruntled repairwoman pushed back her sunglasses and looked at her watch while Sandy kept admiring her through the peephole. The tall woman pressed the doorbell once again, snapping Sandy out of her musings. She quickly threw open the door, startling the tall brunette on the other side. "Ms. Brooks?" the woman inquired as she looked at her work order.

"Yes?" Sandy noticed the name patch on the dark blue work shirt that read, *'Max'*.

"I'm from Jenkins Appliance; I'm here to fix your air-conditioner," the woman explained in a bored tone.

Sandy stood there for a moment, thoroughly mesmerized by the very tall woman. "Can I see your work order?" she inquired once she forced herself to stop staring at the woman. The woman flashed her a brilliant smile as she handed her the paperwork. "What?" Sandy said with slight smile of her own as she examined the form before showing Max into her tiny apartment.

"You'd be surprised how many women don't ask," Max explained as she accepted her clipboard back and followed Sandy into the apartment. "I usually offer it to them anyway," she explained as she removed her sunglasses and stuffed them into the top pocket of her shirt. "I hope that maybe by doing that, the next time they let a stranger in their home, they'll think twice and ask."

"I promised my Dad when I moved out on my own that I would never let a workman in without checking their credentials first, even if I had requested them," Sandy explained. She was about to continue when she found herself staring into the most incredible blue eyes she'd ever seen.

"Your father sounds like a very wise man," Max added with a smile. "So it says here you have two units and neither one is working."

Sandy shook her head in an effort to clear her thoughts of the lustful route they had descended. "Yes; here's one," she explained as she pointed to the window at the front of her living room, "and the other one's in the bedroom."

"How old are they?" Max inquired as she laid out a towel on the carpet and then placed her toolbox on top of it.

"I don't know. They came with the apartment," Sandy explained as Max knelt before the unit.

"So why didn't your landlord send for us?" Max inquired as she began to look at the large air conditioner.

"They were left behind by the previous tenant," Sandy continued. "I never tested them since I moved in last winter. When I first tried to turn them on, nothing happened. I tried to buy new ones but everyone's sold out."

"Well, let me have a look," Max said as she began her work. "Usually when they've been sitting for a long time they just need a cleaning and a shot of Freon."

"I hope so; my budget is stretched as it is." Sandy sighed as she caught herself gazing down at the muscles flexing in Max's arms.

"I'll see what I can do for you, Ms. Brooks," Max offered as she turned to Sandy with a captivating smile.

"Sandy," the red head squeaked out as her body tingled. "Call me Sandy," she added in a breathy tone as her palms began to sweat.

"Max," the woman added with a polite nod before turning back to her work.

Sandy continued to stand there peering at the woman's body as Max hummed, seemingly oblivious to Sandy's presence. "So what do you do?" Max inquired casually as Sandy snapped out of her lustful musing. *'What is wrong with me? I'm standing here ogling her like a frat boy at a strip club!'* she mentally admonished herself.

"I'm a teller at Sovereign," Sandy confessed as she took a shy step back from Max. "Would you like something to drink? Ice tea or lemonade?" she offered, feeling a need to distance herself from the attractive woman kneeling before her.

"Spring water?" Max inquired hopefully with another brilliant smile.

"Coming right up," Sandy volunteered as she thought that Max's smile could light up an entire city.

Sandy quickly retreated into her kitchen and buried her face in her hands. *'I'm losing it!'* her mind screamed as she took a cleansing breath and steadied herself. "Okay, it's not like you've never seen a beautiful woman before," she muttered as she tried to calm her breathing. She wiped her sweaty palms on her shorts and poured a tall glass of spring water for Max.

When Sandy stepped back into her living room, she found that Max had removed her shirt and was now clad in a revealing tank top. She considered pouring the water down her own body. Max's muscles rippled as she pulled her hair up into a ponytail. Sandy whimpered and the glass of water threatened to spill from her hand. She remained rooted firmly in place as Max stood and stretched out her body. Her breathing caught as Max turned and approached her. "Thanks," Max said softly as she took the glass of cool water from Sandy's trembling grasp. Sandy watched the beads of sweat trickling down Max's neck as she took a long swallow. "I'm finished with this one. I just need to let it run for a minute," Max explained before taking another long swallow of water. "Care to show me your bedroom?"

Sandy's dark brown eyes widened in surprise until her mind caught up with what was really happening. Once she realized that Max needed to get on with her work, she felt a slight pang of disappointment. "Gladly," Sandy responded with a slight blush. Max smirked down at her as she handed her the now empty glass. Their fingers brushed slightly and Sandy felt a jolt of electricity shoot through her body. "Hmm," she sighed softly before heading towards the bedroom to show Max the second broken air conditioner.

They stood in the tiny bedroom as Max quickly examined the unit. "This one looks in better shape than the one in the living room," Max noted absently as she turned her attention to Sandy who was still staring at her. "I think the unit in the living room will probably get you through the summer, but I'd suggest replacing it at the end of the season. You can usually get a good closeout deal around then. If I can get this one up and running, it should last you a couple of years."

Max gave her a curious glance. Sandy blushed, understanding the message in Max's crystal blue eyes. It was one of those 'are you listening to me or are you just going to stare at my chest' questions? Sandy diverted her gaze in sudden embarrassment. "I'll just get my tools," Max said with a wry chuckle. Sandy stepped aside to allow her to pass as she prayed for the floor to just swallow her up. The lack of space in the small bedroom forced Max to brush against her.

Sandy's stomach clenched as she felt the heat emanating off the taller woman. Max's body remained touching her quivering form and Sandy looked up to find herself lost in an intense gaze. Max flashed her a crooked grin before finally moving away. The taller woman left a stunned and trembling Sandy standing in her bedroom trying to figure out what was happening. She looked down to see the empty glass still clutched in her hand. She decided to take it to the kitchen in an effort to keep from further embarrassing herself in front of the gorgeous

repairwoman.

Sandy turned to make a quick exit from her bedroom before Max could return. Her timing was off and she plowed right into Max. She stumbled backward and Max quickly wrapped one arm around her waist to hold her upright, while she kept a tight grip on her toolbox with her free hand. "We really need to stop meeting like this," Max offered in a voice closely resembling a purr, as her arm remained firmly wrapped around Sandy's waist. Sandy's knees buckled slightly and she braced herself by pressing her hands against Max's broad shoulders.

"You are incorrigible," Sandy quipped.

"Absolutely," Max responded with a playful wink.

Sandy blinked in surprise as they continued to stand in the doorway of her bedroom. "I guess I should get back to work," Max sighed with regret as she finally released her grasp on Sandy's body.

"I'll get out of your way," Sandy offered as she fought to regain her composure.

"Pity," Max sighed as she brushed past Sandy, their bodies touching lightly once again.

Sandy was trembling as she stumbled into her kitchen. Her mind was whirling as she placed the glass in the sink. *'Okay, I have a goddess in my bedroom who's flirting with me. So why am I hiding in the kitchen? She was flirting, wasn't she?'* Sandy emitted a deep groan as she realized how ridiculous she was behaving. She looked over at her refrigerator and seriously contemplated trying to fit her overheated body in the tiny freezer.

"I've finally snapped," she reasoned as she stepped out of the kitchen. She could hear Max humming in the bedroom. Sandy paused for a moment, briefly toying with the idea of going back to the bedroom so she could spend more time with Max. Once again she smacked herself on the forehead for being an idiot. "Ouch," she squeaked as she rubbed her throbbing temple. Sandy changed direction and headed into the living room.

The first thing Sandy noticed was that the temperature seemed much more tolerable. She wandered over to the window and felt the cool blast from the repaired air conditioner. The cool air felt good against the palm of her hand. Sheepishly she looked through the window to see if anyone could see in. Then she looked around the living room to ensure that she was still alone. She licked her lips as she began to unbutton her oversized shirt. It was then that she realized she'd been parading around in front of Max without a bra on. Once again she mentally cursed herself before taking another shy look around to ensure her privacy.

She just needed a little relief. Between the stifling weather and Max, her body temperature was ready to boil over. Once her shirt was open she leaned over into the cool blast of air, allowing it to caress her skin. Her nipples became erect as the icy breeze teased them. Her aching clit throbbed in response as her eyes drifted shut. "Feels good, doesn't it?" s sultry voice whispered in her ear as a hand came to rest on her hip. Sandy's eyes snapped open and she jumped in surprise,

quickly closing her shirt. Sandy's heart raced as Max leaned slightly into her body. Sandy was unable to respond as her breathing became erratic. "So is there a Mr. Brooks?" Max inquired in the same sultry tone, her breath tickling Sandy's ear.

"What do you think?" Sandy quipped with a smile as she leaned into the woman standing behind her.

"I think that you're a very beautiful woman," came the husky response as Max's soft lips brushed her ear. "That has made it very difficult for me to concentrate on my work."

Sandy inhaled sharply as Max's hands circled her waist and reopened her shirt. She released a needy whimper as Max guided her body back towards the cool air. Max reached up and drew the window shade down a little further to ensure their privacy. Sandy melted into the woman's touch as Max's thigh nudged her legs slightly apart, her hands drifting up Sandy's torso.

Sandy's hips swayed into Max's firm body as the brunette's hands cupped her breasts. She moaned as she felt Max's lips tease the nape of her neck while her hands gently massaged her breasts. Sandy shamelessly ground her backside into Max's body, grunting in discomfort when the tool belt pressed into her. She whimpered as Max's touch left her body. She heard the tool belt crash to the floor. Max's hands returned to her hips as she molded her body into Sandy's. "Better?" Max whispered in her ear before sucking her earlobe into her mouth.

"Yes," Sandy groaned in agreement as her arms reached behind her and grasped Max's hips.

Max teased her sensitive ears before her mouth drifted back down to Sandy's neck. The red head was once again grinding her body into the taller woman. She tilted her head slightly and offered more of her neck up to Max's mouth. She felt the repairwoman's hands drifting along her abdomen. Her skin burned from the brunette's touch. Sandy refused to question the quickness of their intimacy as Max's hands drifted lower. She reached up and cupped Max's face, drawing her into a lingering kiss as the brunette began to lower the zipper of Sandy's shorts.

Sandy wrapped her fingers in Max's silky hair as their tongues explored the warmth of each other's mouth. As the kiss continued to grow in intensity, Sandy felt her shorts sliding down her legs and pooling around her ankles. She moaned into Max's mouth as one of the repairwoman's hands slid back up her body and cupped one of her breasts. Max teased her nipple with long fingers as her other hand drifted down to the waistband of her panties.

Sandy's hips thrust backward, needing even more contact with this woman. She was gasping for air as the kiss ended and Max's hips began to thrust in rhythm with her own. She whimpered as Max's hand left her waist and traveled up her body. She released a needy cry as Max's talented fingers captured her other nipple. The cool air caressed her body as they rocked wildly against one another and Max teased her breasts.

Sandy was quickly drowning in this woman's touch as she reached out and braced herself against the window frame. Max's hands left her body and her knee parted her quivering thighs. Sandy stepped out of her shorts and kicked them aside as she leaned her upper body slightly forward.

Her lips began to quiver as she heard Max's lower the zipper of her worn blue jeans. Her anticipation grew as she heard the sounds of Max lowering her own pants and then firmly clasping Sandy's hips.

Sandy leaned her backside into Max's touch as her panties were lowered down to her thighs. She was breathing heavily as the brunette's hands caressed her. Sandy could feel her desire growing as Max slowly ran her hands along her firm cheeks. Sandy's thighs were trembling and her mind and body were screaming for more. Afraid to speak, Sandy swayed her hips, responding to Max's touch. Thankfully she finally felt Max's strong hands coming to rest upon her swaying hips. "Yes," she hissed as she felt Max's wetness press into her body.

Their bodies fell into a slow sensual rhythm and the brunette's wet curls pressed against Sandy's trembling skin. She could hear Max moaning in pleasure as their rhythm steadily increased. Sandy gripped the window frame tighter as she felt one of Max's hands slip between her legs. "So wet," Max sighed deeply.

"Max, please," Sandy pleaded.

"What do you want?" Max asked, teasing her as she pressed her body into Sandy's and dipping her fingers into her wetness.

"Please," Sandy repeated as the brunette's fingers teased her clit.

"Tell me," Max requested in a quiet voice.

"Fuck me," Sandy demanded as she pushed her body into Max's touch.

She felt Max lowering her underwear further down her legs. She opened herself up further to Max's touch as two fingers pressed against her center. Sandy released a gasp as Max entered her. The brunette's long fingers filled her completely. "You feel so good," Max whispered as she began to slowly glide in and out of Sandy. The red head's body matched the rhythm of the brunette's hand. Sandy gripped the wall tighter as Max's fingers increased their pace.

"More," Sandy pleaded as she thrust into the brunette's touch.

Sandy's body arched as Max responded to her request by adding another finger inside of her passion. Sandy gave herself up as Max took her harder. Sweat poured down her body as her body bucked wildly. Max held her steady as she gave herself over to the feel of this woman's touch. "Sandy?" Max panted in her ear. "I need more of you."

"Yes," Sandy gasped in response. "I'm yours."

Sandy had no idea what Max wanted but she was willing to do whatever the woman requested. "I need to slow this down just a little," Max explained with a hard swallow. Sandy could only nod in response as she felt Max's touch slip from her body. Sandy's body ached with desire as she tried to control her breathing. She could hear Max moving around behind her, removing her

clothing. She didn't need to see the brunette to know that's what she was doing.

Max's arm wrapped around her body and guided her up. She turned into Max's embrace and drank in the taller woman's naked body. She smiled as her eyes caressed each curve. "This is much better," Max said with a smile as she brushed Sandy's locks from her sweaty brow. "I needed to see you. To look into your eyes while I touch you."

"And will I touch you?" Sandy inquired as she ran the tips of her fingers along Max's broad shoulders.

"I hope so," Max said with another bright smile before she reclaimed Sandy's lips.

Once again Sandy found that she was lost in the taste of Max's mouth as their hands began a sweet gentle exploration. Sandy's body melted into the taller woman as she felt herself being lowered down to the floor. They never broke the kiss as Sandy lay beneath her lover, allowing her hands to caress the other woman's smooth skin. She cupped Max's breasts and slowly began to tease her nipples. She felt her desire growing stronger as they hardened from her touch.

Sandy continued to caress Max as the kiss came to an end. The brunette's eyes were dark with desire as she removed Sandy's shirt. Sandy shifted in an effort to help Max remove the garment. Max's breast was so close to her lips that she couldn't resist the temptation. She sucked the brunette's nipple into the warmth of her mouth as she felt her shirt leave her body.

Max's body melted into her own as she continued to feast upon her breast. Max's thigh pressed against her center as they wrapped themselves around one another. She whimpered as Max pulled away. Her whimpers of protest quickly faded as Max kissed her once again. Sandy ran her hands down the taller woman's back. Her fingertips burned as she felt the brunette's skin respond to her touch.

Max's kisses grew more insistent as her hands wandered up and down Sandy's quivering body. Max began to kiss her way down Sandy's body as she lifted her larger frame slightly away from the trembling red head. Sandy gasped once again as Max suckled the pulse point on her neck. Max's silky hair tickled Sandy's body as the brunette slowly tasted her way down to the swell of her breasts.

The sight of this beautiful woman suckling her breasts mesmerized Sandy. Max suckled and teased each nipple slowly. Sandy could barely breathe from the delightful torture. Her body arched as Max began to taste her way down her ribs. Max continued working even further down Sandy's body, dipping her tongue playfully into Sandy's navel. Then she leaned back and ran her fingers along the inside of Sandy's thighs. Max's fingers dipped and glided along her wetness as Sandy leaned up to watch.

Then Max slowly removed Sandy's panties and tossed them aside. They shared a knowing smile before Max began to kiss her way up Sandy's legs. Sandy draped her legs over Max's shoulders as the taller woman nestled herself between Sandy's thighs. Sandy moaned as Max tasted her for the first time. The brunette's tongue slowly slid through Sandy's wetness as the red head's head

fell back. Sandy's body arched when Max's tongue flickered across her clit.

The brunette held her steady as she suckled her clit. Sandy was clutching at the carpeting as Max's fingers entered her warm wet center. The brunette's mouth and fingers moved in unison as Sandy's body arched. Max continued to feast upon her as Sandy's body lifted up off the floor. The feel of Max's fingers plunging in and out of her while she suckled her clit quickly drove the small red head over the edge. Sandy screamed as the waves of ecstasy rushed through her.

She collapsed on the floor and before she had a chance to recover, Max's fingers once again drove her to a frenzy while the brunette sat beside her and watched. Sandy reached up and pulled Max into a fiery kiss while she wrapped her legs around Max's waist. The brunette's fingers continued to plunge in and out of her as they rolled across the floor. Max was now lying beneath her as Sandy straddled her body. Sandy's hips thrust urgently against the brunette's touch.

Sandy's body arched and trembled as she exploded against her lover. Max held her steady as the climax ripped through her body. Sandy fought against the urge to simply collapse into Max's embrace. She needed to pleasure the brunette until neither of them was capable of speaking coherently. She captured Max in a lingering kiss, savoring the taste of her own passion on the other woman's lips.

She felt Max's fingers slip from her center as she deepened the kiss. Sandy's hand drifted between their sweat-covered bodies and cupped the brunette's mound. Max opened herself up to Sandy's touch as the red head dipped her fingers into her wetness. They continued to exchange kisses as Sandy entered her lover's center. While her small fingers plunged in and out of Max's desire she teased her clit with her thumb. She watched in amazement as the brunette's body began to tremble from her touch.

Sandy's body thrust in rhythm as she ground her clit against Max's firm abdomen. Max clasped Sandy's hips, guiding her to ride against her body. She trembled as the walls of her center gripped Sandy's fingers. The brunette screamed out in ecstasy and Sandy drove her own body quickly over the edge, joining her lover in bliss. They collapsed against one another and wrapped each other up in a tight embrace. "Max?" Sandy whispered against the brunette's skin as her body trembled from the aftershocks of pleasure and the cool air of the room. "Can we see how the air conditioner is working the bedroom?" she suggested playfully.

They quickly scrambled up and on shaky legs made their way into Sandy's bedroom. She smiled as the cool air embraced her naked body. "You do good work," Sandy praised her.

"You haven't seen anything yet," Max teased her with a leering glance.

"Not so fast," Sandy cautioned her as she pushed the taller woman onto the bed and knelt before her.

Sandy began to kiss her way up Max's endless legs and began to lick the inside of her thighs. The brunette draped her long legs over Sandy's shoulders as the red head began to taste her passion. Sandy moaned in pleasure as she drank in the brunette's wetness. She ran her tongue across her

clit while Max muttered words of encouragement. Sandy parted her lover and pressed her tongue against her center. She held Max steady while she plunged her tongue in and out of her.

Max's body thrust urgently against her as she continued to pleasure her. Sandy's tongue slipped from the warmth and quickly resumed teasing her clit. She buried herself deeper in Max's passion as she suckled her clit in her mouth. Max's body arched and trembled as her cries of ecstasy filled the room. Sandy was still savoring the taste of the brunette's passion when Max collapsed onto the bed.

Max unwrapped her legs from Sandy's body. Sandy climbed up onto the bed and kissed the brunette gently. The strange sound of music came from the other room as Max bolted up. "That's my cell," she explained as she looked at her watch. "Oh no, I'm in trouble."

"Go answer it," Sandy instructed her.

Max bolted off the bed; Sandy giggled at the sight of the naked beauty stumbling out of the room. She shook her head in amusement as she got up and grabbed her robe from the closet. She put on the robe and strolled out to the living room, finding Max hurriedly getting dressed while she chatted on the telephone. "No, I'm just finishing up here," Max explained as she hopped around.

Sandy returned to the bedroom and gathered up the brunette's tools and brought them out to the living room. "No, Dad; I'm on my way to Mr. Farmers place now," Max frantically explained as Sandy placed the toolbox on the floor. Max ended the call and released a heavy sigh.

"Dad?" Sandy asked in confusion.

Max began to gather up the rest of her belongings and clothing. "Ron Jenkins," Max explained as she put the last of her things together. "He's my Dad."

"So you . . . I'm assuming that it's Maxine." The brunette rolled her eyes at the comment. "Nice to meet you, Miss Jenkins," Sandy teased with a smile.

"The pleasure was all mine," Max reassured her before brushing her lips with a gentle kiss. "I'm sorry I have to go," Max added regretfully.

"I understand," Sandy responded with a heavy sigh of her own. "I need to pay you," she added as Max began to pick up her tools. Max flashed her a surprised look. "For the AC," Sandy explained.

"Right," Max responded with a light chuckle. "That would be hard to explain. It's going to be hard enough to explain the discrepancy in the hours." Sandy looked at her in confusion as Max quickly wrote up the invoice. "I'm certainly not going to charge you for . . . you know."

Sandy nodded in understanding as she accepted the invoice. She scanned it to find it to be much less than she expected.

"Can I use your restroom?" Max inquired. "I think I should get cleaned up before Old Man Farmer gets the wrong idea."

"Down the hall on the right," Sandy directed with a smile as she went to retrieve her checkbook.

When Max returned Sandy handed her the invoice and the check. The sudden awkwardness of the situation filled the room. "Well . . . ," Sandy began uncertainly.

"Yeah, I . . . Uhm . . . ," Max stammered in response as she handed Sandy her copy of the invoice.

They both stood there for a moment until Max finally picked up her belongings. "Here's my card," Max said as she handed Sandy her business card. "If you need anything," Max stammered as she diverted her gaze. Sandy simply nodded before showing the repairwoman out.

### *Back to the present*

"Now you know the whole sordid story," Sandy concluded as Meg stared at her with her mouth hanging open. "I did call another repair place about the refrigerator. They said they fixed it but it's not fixed. And Jenkins is the best place in town. But I can't call them; what if they send Max back out? And will you stop staring at me like that?"

"Sorry," Meg apologized before downing the contents of her cocktail. "I can't believe it."

"It's true," Sandy reassured her.

"Did you call her?" Meg pushed.

"No," Sandy admitted with a hint of regret.

"Why ever not?" Meg squeaked. "She gave you her number."

"What would I say?" Sandy tried to explain. "I had sex with a complete stranger. That's not something I do, although it was really good."

"Then call Jenkins and ask them not to send her out there," Meg suggested. "But if it was me I'd be more than willing to let Wonder Woman come over and . . ."

"I know," Sandy said harshly. "I'm a little embarrassed about the whole thing. And I don't want to suggest another repair person because that will make it look like Max didn't do a good job."

"Apparently she did," Meg teased.

"As a repairwoman," Sandy growled. "What can I do? Besides go to Sears and buy a new

refrigerator?"

"You have two choices," Meg explained. "Take another chance on a different repairman or call Jenkins and hope they don't send Max."

A few days later Sandy was answering her front door cursing Meg. "Good afternoon, Miss Brooks," Max greeted her shyly as she stepped into Sandy's apartment. "I understand you're having problems with your refrigerator." Sandy nodded as she started to show Max the way to the kitchen. "Its okay; I remember," Max said awkwardly.

"Of course," Sandy grumbled in a similarly awkward tone.

Max made her way into the kitchen while Sandy curled up on the sofa, wondering if she should at least try and have a conversation with the other woman. "I don't freaking believe it!" Max shouted from the kitchen. Sandy jumped to her feet and ran into the kitchen. She found a very irate looking repairwoman glaring at her. "You called someone else?" she accused the frightened teller. "Not calling me after what happened is one thing, but to call another shop really hurts."

"My God, you're serious," Sandy responded in amazement. "Look, I'm sorry. I felt a little awkward calling your Dad's shop after we slept together."

"Fine," Max responded with a heavy sigh. "Can I ask you something else?"

"I wanted to call you," Sandy blurted out in frustration. "But I was embarrassed. I don't normally sleep with people I've just met."

"Neither do I," Max confessed. "That's why I was hoping that you would call so we could get to know one another outside the bedroom. But that isn't what I was going to ask."

"Oh?" Sandy responded with a mixture of surprise and hopefulness.

"I was going to ask if you believe in new appliances?" Max teased.

"Believe? Yes. Afford? No," Sandy quipped in response. "Can you fix it?"

"I honestly don't know," Max answered sincerely. "It might be toast. Not to mention the hatchet job whoever you hired did on the poor old thing. I'll see what I can do. If not, my Dad has a couple of display models that are about to be replaced. I can work out a deal that won't break you. We can talk about it over dinner tonight."

"Dinner?" Sandy asked as she approached Max.

"Well, you don't have anything to cook," Max teased her with a cocky grin.

"Okay," Sandy agreed.

"Okay?" Max inquired shyly.

"Yes. I'll have dinner with you tonight," Sandy agreed as her heart skipped a beat.

"Good. Now get out of here; I have a lot of work to do," Max chastised her as she shooed Sandy out of the kitchen.

"Are you taking me somewhere nice?" Sandy teased.

"We'll see," Max grumbled playfully.

"Yes, we will," Sandy said to herself as she smiled.

The End

Do you want to know what happened at dinner? Find out in the sequel [Cold Fire...](#)

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