**Heat Wave**

For once this was not my husband's tricks that got me in trouble. It was all fate with the help of a stranger.

Our area was suffering from a severe heat wave with daily temperatures in the high 90's (high 30's for you folks using the Celsius scale). Saturday morning we woke to ourselves melting next to each other on our bed. The air conditioning wasn't working. My hubby threw on some jeans and checked the circuit breakers. We had electricity for everything else. The A/C was kaput.

A few calls and the repairman was scheduled for Monday. We'd have to sweat out the weekend. I was ready to spend most of the weekend under a shade tree in the backyard. With a nice privacy fence I saw no reason to bother wearing much of anything. I planned for my hubby's sweaty body to be next to me but fate had other ideas.

There are times I wished the phone hadn’t been invented. The phone rang and soon my hubby was dressed and heading out on a service call. I was trying to concentrate on my novel when I heard a truck pull into our driveway. I wrapped my towel around my body and was entering the back door when the door bell rang. I was headed to the bedroom closet when I heard a voice say “Air conditioner repair”.

I folded my left arm across my chest to keep the towel in place and hurried to the front door.

He had blue eyes and a firm body revealed by a short-sleeved uniform shirt and a matching khaki knee length shorts. His voice was deep as he spoke. “I finished the last job done quicker than I planned. I thought I'd see what your problem was. If it needs parts I can get them ordered today. Where's the unit?”

As I led him through the house and out the back yard I became acutely of my towel brushing against the back of my thighs...very high on my thighs. Was I giving the repairman a show? Could he tell I was naked under the towel? Did I want him to notice?

I turned and faced the repairman as I pointed to the dead air conditioning unit in the back yard. A breeze picked that moment to blow under the back of the towel. The front of the towel billowed away from my body. The hairs of my bikini trim tickled me. I grabbed fluttering tails of my towel and pulled them shut.

I know my face was blushing bright red as I looked up at the repairman. I sighed in relief as I saw he had squatted with his back towards me. He was at the side of the A/C unit and was examining an open panel. I took a few moments to calm myself and make sure the towel was staying in place. I moment later the A/C unit started.

“I just had to reset the circuit breaker. The coolant pressure is a bit low but the seals appear okay. I'll be right back.” He stood, turned and walked passed me and into the house.

I found I was enjoying the thrill of what might have been seen. The tingle in my loins felt delicious. I watched the back door as I waited for him to return. With a giggle I adjusted the towel. I bunched it up an inch so that it was shorter as it hung down my body. I had just finished the adjustment when the back door opened and the repairman returned to the A/C unit. He held a canister in his hand and attached it through the open panel. His back was toward me AGAIN as another breeze fluttered up about my waist. The breeze continued to blow the towel and kiss my intimate parts as he worked. A few minutes later he stood and told me, “I'll try to come back on Monday and make sure it's still holding pressure. Will you be here then?”

“Some one will be here.”

“I'll make it a priority if it's you in your towel.” A mischievous smile grew on his face. “And it's okay if you aren't alone just as long as you stay dressed like you are now.”

I had to ask. “How much did you see?”

He smiled and tapped the window near the A/C unit. “This window makes a good mirror/”

GULP.

“I'll be here.”

“See you Monday.”

But that's another story.