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Rent-a-Hubbie

by Janie Reynolds

As a woman living on her own, Kay had a love-hate relationship with DIY. Basically, she hated it. But if, as was very occasional, she did succeed at something, she literally grinned for weeks and told everyone about it. Shelves, though, were way out of her league. Spirit level, drill, sawing the wood to exactly the right width, buying the right wood in the first place...

No. So that's why she'd called Rent-a-Hubbie. What a great name for a handyman, she'd thought. And he was due any minute.

She checked herself in the mirror for the fourth time. A negligee was far too cliché and heavy makeup far too obvious. A figure hugging dress was OTT so she'd gone for the 'no makeup makeup', just got out of the bath, look.

The white van screeched to a halt outside and she watched through her white linen voiles as the epitome of masculinity whisked a heavy tool kit out of his boot with one hand and then slammed it shut with the flick of a little finger. As he strode up to her door she could smell testosterone.

Pushing up her mascara'd eyelashes, she opened the door.

"Need some shelves putting up?" came a deep, husky voice, as Michelangelo's David cocked his head to one side.

"Come in," she smiled, seductively raising her eyebrows and relishing the scent of his cologne.

She let him walk first into the house so she could have a good look at his butt. Two bricks in worn Levi's, just like in her dreams.

She pointed to the area that needed shelves and he immediately got to work.

“Cup of tea?” she chuckled. “Or maybe something stronger?”

“S’alright thanks babe,” he said, eyes fixed only on the measurements he was marking on the wall. “I gotta thermos in the van.”

“Wife make you that, did she?”

He stopped, stood up and faced her. She melted at the sight of his lean hips. He folded his arms and cocked his head again. Coyly she bit her bottom lip.

“Don’t have a wife,” he said dryly.

“Girlfriend?” she pouted, folding her arms to mirror his, then moving her hands inwards to fondle her own breasts.

He looked her up and down. “What’ve you got under that towel, then?”

“I’ll show you,” she grinned, and led him to the bedroom.

After they were finished she realised she had almost missed the supermarket.

“Got to nip out to the shops,” she said. “Do you need anything?”

“You cooking tonight?” he semi-joked. “Some Stella would be totes amaze. Thanks honey.”

“See you later,” she smiled and left him in her bed.

When she got back, he was watching football on TV, his feet up and one hand down his boxer shorts.

“You get the Stella?” he called after her, as she lugged the bags into the kitchen. She pulled out a Stella and took it to him.

“Thanks, darlin’,” he nodded, not taking his eyes off the ball.

“Who’s playing,” she asked, but he didn’t hear her.

“How are the shelves going?” she said.

“Oh, I’ll do them tomorrow,” he muttered, mouth full of lager.