Computer problems

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A young woman was sitting behind the desk, looking intently at a document, and nervously clicking her pen. As I came in, she looked up at me, giving me one of those formal smiles that I hate so much. I liked that particular smile though, maybe due to the fact that a charming dimple appeared on her left cheek. She was dressed in black business suit with white wide–collared shirt, and looked all business.

“Hello,” I said.

“The computer?” she asked, returning her attention to the document.

“Yes, I was told that the hard disk had failed.”

“So it seems,” the woman muttered, then tucked a lock of her long black hair behind her ear.

“Can I look at it?”

“Oh, sure,” she smiled even more formally, and didn’t even look at me this time.

It took me about a minute to come to the conclusion that the computer has a serious problem.

“I have to take it with me.”

“Pardon?” her green eyes were staring at me with incomprehension.

“I said I have to take the computer back to the shop.”

“That’s what you came for, isn’t it?’ she said with a trace of sarcasm in her voice, then continued reading.

I bent over and started unplugging the cables. In a moment I realized that the case was attached in the most ridiculous way. I sighed, took my screwdriver and sat on the floor.

“Do you want me to move aside?”

“It’s not necessary.”

In spite of all this, it seemed a bit strange to me that she didn’t leave. After all, she could read her stupid document elsewhere. Not that I had anything against her, or the sight of her legs. They looked gorgeous in her black stockings.

I started to work, while at the same time stealing a glance. She had shapely calves and delicate ankles. Her black skirt was drawn up a bit so the inner side of her left thigh and the curve of her knee were on display.

I tried to concentrate and succeeded in unscrewing one of the screws, without stabbing myself.

“Is there some problem?” she asked softly.

“This case is a bit… but I’ll cope with it.”

“Great, “she said and clicked her pen.

She had taken her shoes off – pointed-toe, leather mules, size six. Her feet were dangling limply a few inches off the floor, and looked very small, almost childish. They were not moving at all. I thought that her restlessness was entirely channeled into her hands. I heard the pen click again and smiled. For a moment I peered at the gentle curve of her instep and the pinkish heel, visible through the stocking. Then, I moved on to the next screw.

I heard a slight creak and saw that the chair was turning. Her toes rubbed against my hand, and I pulled back with a start, banging my head against the desk.

“Ooh!” I moaned.

“What’s going on? Do you need some help?” she chirruped.

“No. I know what I’m doing,” I said after a short hesitation.

I reached out for her ankle and caressed it, at first shyly, then more confidently. She didn’t move, nor did she say anything, as if she wanted to encourage me. My hand moved up and started to massage her calf. I didn’t know what exactly I was about to do, but I was highly excited. When I placed my

hand over her knee, she clicked the pen a couple of times, but didn’t stop me. Her thighs felt like silk…

“Debbie, the boss wants to see you,” a woman said loudly, and then went on her way.

I jumped as if stung by a wasp and took the screwdriver.

“I’m coming in a minute,” she answered.

I hastily removed the computer and stood up.

“Are you ready?”

“Yes… I…”

“Any idea when?”

“What?”

Her green eyes fixed on me, and a mischievous smile twitched her lips. The charming dimple appeared again.

“I’m talking about the computer.”

“Oh…It will be fixed by tomorrow.

“Very well!”

I started gathering my things; meantime, she turned and drew herself aside, still sitting in the chair. I was almost done when I looked at her again. She was supporting herself on the desk with one hand, and the other was jammed against the windowsill. Her arms were trembling from the effort. She was attempting to get into a wheelchair. My jaw dropped, and before I could react, she coped without help. I was wondering what to say as I watched her adjusting her lifeless legs on the legrests, one by one, with well-practiced motions. I didn’t say anything. She rolled her wheelchair to the door, then looked back over her shoulder and said:

“It was a pleasure… that you paid attention to me.