

# Blind Date

Deatri King-Bey

*How complicated was it to accept a simple donation?* Anna thought from the backseat of the limo. Her best friend had organized the fundraising event thus couldn't participate in the bachelor auction so had begged Anna to. Purchasing some strange man for a date didn't sound the least bit appealing to Anna, so she'd given Britney a \$2000 donation for the charity.

*Try to do a good thing and bam!* Britney had entered Anna into the auction and won "time" with some guy who couldn't get a date the traditional means. She chuckled. Okay, so the charity had screened the men and each was to be an effluent, upstanding citizen who was doing his part to help a worthy cause. Either way, she still didn't want to be bothered, but agreed to attend the photo shoot. At least she was getting a good meal out of the deal.

The limousine stopped in front of a luxury condo. "Is there a restaurant inside?" Anna asked the driver.

"No, ma'am." He glanced at the clock. "We're running a little late. The photographer should already be there."

If it weren't for knowing Britney was on the up and up, there was no way Anna would have walked into the building. *Gumbo, crab cakes, cabbage...Nose don't fail me now!* Anna thought as she stood outside the condominium door. Cajun food was her favorite.

Inside the palatial, south western designed abode, the photographer stood ready and waiting. She clicked a few pictures of Anna in the living area.

"Dinner's ready when you are," said the most handsome man Anna had ever seen in her life. Before she could respond, he disappeared in the kitchen.

"When is..." Anna trailed off. She'd wanted to ask the photographer when her date would arrive, but had forgotten to open the stupid envelope with his profile in it that Britney had given her, so she didn't even know the guy's name.

"You can go ahead and eat. Your date was tied up and can't make it."

“Oh no he didn’t.” She laughed. “I guess it serves me right.” She pushed up from the sofa. “Come on. No sense in letting good food go to waste.”

“Nah, you go ahead. I want to snap a few shots of the view from the balcony.”

“Suit yourself.” In the kitchen Anna drew in a deep breath. “This is the most delicious meal I’ve ever had the pleasure of smelling. I think I’ve died and gone to heaven. Do you need any help?”

“I’m good. Take a seat.” He held a chair out for her.

Cute, considerate and could cook, who could ask for anything more?

“I’m David Bell.” He returned to the pot of rice, which she’d bet was sticky just the way she liked it. Brittany had done a bang up job of telling her “date” her taste in food.

“I’m Anna Swanson. You aren’t going to make me eat by myself are you?”

“Are you sure you don’t mind?”

“I wouldn’t have it any other way.” She motioned to the seat across from her. “There’s plenty of room.”

“In that case, I’d love to have dinner with you.” He plated their food and joined her at the table. “You really didn’t want to hold up your end of the auction, did you?” He set her food before her.

“This was Brittany’s way of setting me up on a date. She seems to think that just because she is happily married, all women should be.” The aroma wafting up from the gumbo warmed her heart. “Yeah, I’ve died and gone to heaven.”

He chuckled. “You are an excellent ego booster. I’ll need to cook for you more often.”

Flirting, he was actually flirting with her and she liked it. He had this charm about him that just drew her to him.

“Don’t you ever want to marry?”

“I’m definitely open to the possibility, if the right guy comes along.” The two finished their meal over easy conversation and continued on well into the night. Even the photographer popped in to say goodbye.

As they cleaned the kitchen together, Anna didn’t want their time to end and David seemed to be in the same predicament.

“Well...I guess the next meal is on me.”

“Sounds delicious.”

She broke out pen and paper to write a thank you to her missing host.

Embarrassed, she asked, “This will sound horrible, but could you please tell me the name of my auction date?”

He took out his business card and handed it over.

After reading the card, she burst out in laughter: *David Bell, Attorney at Law.*

“Sorry for the deception.”

Still laughing, all she could do was shake her head. “Now this was my kind of blind date.”