

# Blind Date

*by Cosette*

A man goes on a blind date set up by his mother...

(Rating so the public can't read it.)

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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He was starting to have second thoughts about the blind date. He still wasn't sure why he'd told his mother, of all people, that she could try to fix him up with a friend's daughter. Had his desperation really sunk to such a level? It had been a long time since he'd been with anyone; frankly, it had been a long time since he had said anything other than "Hello" to a girl. It wasn't that he was shy, really; it was more that he never felt he had anything interesting or original to say. He'd see a moderately attractive girl; he'd start thinking of things to say to her, ways to start a conversation, but everything he thought of seemed dull, overdone.

His mother, though... Of all of the people he'd allow to set him up on a blind date, why on earth had he chosen her? She'd always had high standards for her son. She wanted him to have a good job, get a nice house, find a nice girl, settle down, get married, and have several kids. The pressure got to him sometimes; in fact, he often wondered if he was so hesitant to try to succeed with a girl just because his mom would view it as a "success". He didn't want his relationships to exist only for his mother's pride's sake. He didn't want any girl to feel like she didn't measure up... and the truth of it was that no girl was good enough for him in his mother's eyes.

It wasn't just that, either. He had never been close to her. She barely even knew her son, though she deluded herself regularly into thinking she was his best friend and confidant. He was certain she'd try to set him up with someone completely out of his league: someone who was not only gorgeous ("Beautiful people make beautiful kids, son," she'd always told him), but someone wealthy as well. To make matters even worse, his mother had set up the blind date so he would meet his "date" at a local coffee-shop. His mother hadn't even told him what she looked like. Apparently, she had told the girl enough about him that she would recognize him. He wondered how she had described him to her and hoped beyond hope that this poor girl wasn't expecting a Casanova.

But he'd known all of these reasons when he agreed to go along with this, and none of them were causing him to have the second thoughts he was having now. He'd walked into the coffee shop, and the most beautiful woman in the world had introduced herself to him. She wasn't stereotypically beautiful; in fact, most people wouldn't have given her a second look. There was something about her, though, that radiated kindness and understanding. He knew, suddenly, that she would be the woman he'd marry if he ever chose to marry.

The thought terrified him. It was this thought—this feeling of possibility—that was making him break out in a cold sweat. The worst of it was that he felt that no matter what he did that night, she would understand. He felt as though there was no escaping his fate: that, no matter what he tried, he'd end up married to this woman and they'd end up living out a normal, boring, happy life together.

"Hi, my name's Patricia. Care to join me for coffee?"

It was at that moment, that very instant, that the pinup girl from Playboy who he hadn't even noticed approaching him called out his name. She spent the entire date prattling off her achievements, her financial status, how she was still a virgin... Not only was she incredibly dull, but she was obviously a liar as well. He ordered a cup of black coffee, swallowed it as quickly as possible, and then excused himself, making up some excuse about "having to let his dog out".

He stood up, scanning the room quickly for Patricia. She was gone. He never saw her again. Months later, he found himself married to Pinup Girl (it was his mother's doing, of course), living out the normal, boring life of yet another unhappily-married man.