

Denked Logic

A short story

By Sam Cheever

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He turned to look at Cinnamon's formerly pristine, red CRV in the driveway. It now sported an ugly dent in the driver's side door. "No problem,. It's what I do, that one won't take me more than forty five minutes to fix." She still looked hesitant so he said, "I'd do it at no cost, you know, just to be neighborly. I wouldn't charge you."

She shook her head. "I couldn't let you do that, I'd have to pay you for the work, it's just...I'm a little short right now." He cocked his dark blond head, dislodging a couple of the golden curls that molded the tops of his ears. Cinnamon gulped again. He was just too cute.

"If you insist I'll let you cook me dinner tonight to pay me back."

Cinnamon didn't think about the offer for long. It was too good to pass up. In so many ways. "Deal!" She held out her hand, "My name's Cinnamon."

He shook her hand, "Nice to meet you Cinnamon, I'm Parker Cooke, with an "e" on the end. Her mind raced. Well, there went marriage, her name would be Cinnamon Cook-e. But she decided she could still use him for hot monkey sex. With that happy thought she left him to her dent and headed into the kitchen to scrounge up a meal.

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Cinnamon moved the platter of parmesan toast closer to him and then went back to jiggling her fork around the plate. Her stomach was too jittery to allow much in the way of eating so she had pretty much just settled on staring at him as he ate. "So when did you move into the Chambers house?"

He shrugged and swallowed a mouth full of spaghetti, grabbing up another piece of toast. "Been there a week. I moved from Florida."

Cinnamon watched the way his muscular neck moved when he chewed and swallowed and thought hard about nibbling on his yummy bottom lip. She was so engrossed in staring at him that she almost forgot to respond. Then she gave a little jolt and said the first thing that came to mind. "It must be hot in Florida."

He stopped chewing and smiled at her, wiping his lips with a napkin. "It is that. Too hot for me. I like the occasional cool or even cold day. Good for snugglin'."

Cinnamon gulped audibly and jerked her gaze from his. She grabbed her wine and took a huge, desperate swig, nearly choking as the rich Cabernet stumbled down her clenched throat. When she set it down she looked up and he was staring at her.

"So what happened to your car?"

She scowled as the memory returned. "Some stupid ass pulled out of a parking spot at work without checking to see if anyone was behind him. He hit my car hard and then got out and started yelling at me like it was all my fault.

Parker shook his head and went back to eating. "Good man."

Cinnamon had been staring at the bottom of her wine glass wondering why she was seeing clear glass rather than the pretty red liquid that had been there mere seconds earlier but his words jerked her attention back to him.

"What the hell do you mean by that?"

He dropped his fork onto his empty plate and pushed it away, sitting back as he wiped his mouth and looking very pleased with himself. "That was an excellent meal. It's been way too long since I ate real food."

Cinnamon just glared at him.

Finally he favored her with the crooked smile and stood up, coming around the table and grabbing her hand. He pulled her to her feet. She tried to resist but found that, although her anger level was hovering in the red zone, her body still thought the gigolo idea had been a really good one. He pulled her close and wrapped one strong arm around her waist, bending down so that his lips were mere inches from hers. He smelled of sun, wind, and a deep, rich Cabernet.

He made her knees go weak.

She found she couldn't stop staring at his bottom lip, which was just a tiny bit fatter than the top lip and just screamed to be nibbled on. Before she knew what she was doing she was leaning toward him and opening her mouth to nibble. Then he spoke, jolting her back to reality. "He's a good man because he gave you a dent that you needed me to fix. And then you had to cook me a truly stupendous meal to pay me back. And now you have to kiss me goodnight, so I can go home and think about how incredibly sexy you are. In fact," He smiled at her, "I'm thinking this man may be my new best friend."

Then he leaned in and met her lips with his, and Cinnamon was immediately consumed in the resulting sensual assault. Her body warmed to his and she melted into him until she could feel every hard line in his body with every soft curve of hers. He wrapped his arms around her and held her tightly, gently rubbing the small of her back as his lips took her to a magic place far away. Cinnamon couldn't remember the last time she'd had such a strong reaction to a man. It scared her a little.

But not enough to make her pull away.

When the heat between them reached the danger zone, Parker reached up and wrapped a hand around each of her upper arms, pulling her away gently. Then he leaned his forehead against hers for a long moment, both of them panting from the intensity of their embrace. Finally he dropped a soft kiss on the tip of her nose and stepped away. His golden eyes were hooded with the remnants of passion and his lips looked even more swollen and kissable than before. It was all Cinnamon could do to keep from grabbing him again and forcing him to the floor.

He chucked her under the chin. "Thanks again for dinner. It was wonderful." Then he turned toward the door and started to leave.

Cinnamon couldn't believe it. "Wait!" He turned back, his hand on the door knob. "When..." she felt ridiculous but had to ask, "when will I see you again?"

He shrugged, "Unfortunately this afternoon was the last open slot I had in my schedule for a while. Which is why I came over as soon as I saw your car. I need to work every minute I can to build my business up. I don't really have time for a relationship right now." Before he turned away and left she saw the regret in his golden gaze. He really did look sorry.

"Damn!" She said as she peered through the long window at the side of the door and watched him walk across the street to his house. Her mind was racing almost as fast as her libido. He was the first man in years who had surprised and excited her. "Shit!" She screamed into the empty house, banging her head against the closed front door.

Then suddenly an idea popped into her head. It was an outrageous idea. But it was a good one. The question was, did she have the courage to see it through? She thought for a minute about that kiss and then said, "Oh hell yes!"

