Donna

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A simple tale of love

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I first posted a series of tales about Donna on a blog called the Girls' Coffee Shop. I have made them a little more suited to a site of this type. I hope you will see the jokes although I know most are peculiarly British in style. If you need any explanations, do please ask.

I first met Donna one evening in my local pub. A colleague of mine, Nellie, serves behind the bar and you will learn a lot more about her as time passes and you can be bothered. It was a Friday evening and the pub was busy. I was sitting reading a book when a somewhat manly girl asked if I'd mind if she sat at my table. There was something about her that disturbed me but I could not put my finger on it. She was wearing a pair of rather tight jeans and a white man's style shirt with a button down collar. She was clearly tall and very slender, small breasted and with very short but glossy dark hair. Gorgeous.

'Reading something interesting?'

I told her it was a biography of Lord Nelson.

'Bloody hell! I'm Donna.'

I introduced myself and, looking more closely at her realised that she had mismatched eyes; one was a beautiful blue, the other green.

'Ah, I sense you have detected my genetic flaw,' she said, smiling. 'It's not contacts, it's natural. People often stare but I've got used to it.' Obviously I was staring and lowered my eyes. 'Not to worry, I don't mind someone like you staring.' I closed my book.

We talked for what seemed a short time but was in fact a few hours. Somehow time in her company passed quickly. She made me laugh and she had a rather curious way of talking which may become apparent to you as this story develops.

'I couldn't help overhearing you mention to the barmaid,' this was Nelly, 'who, by the way should not wear a top like that, there is a genuine risk her top set might break out.' I laughed, Nelly is incredibly

well endowed.

‘I couldn’t help overhearing you say to her that you were not doing anything tomorrow evening and I wondered if you might care to take wine with me?’ I suspect she’d overheard more than that because I’d also been telling Nellie that I was gagging for a shag but sadly single, as I had been for some time.

‘I’d like that.’

‘I like intelligent women.’ I said I made no claim to being intelligent. ‘Au contraire,’ she said, ‘I know a brain when I see one. Would 7.30 be appropriate?’ I said it would be fine.

And so it was that the following evening, having got myself a bit dolled up in preparation for meeting her, I went to the pub to find her sitting at a quiet corner table, nursing a glass of white wine. Her odd eyes smiled as I joined her and she immediately went to get wine for me. I followed her lovely figure as she walked across the pub and as she wandered back.

‘Like what you see?’

Who would not? She was wearing a pair of black trousers and a t shirt that said ‘Front’ across her breasts. She looked down and the back at me.

‘Just in case you weren’t sure.’ I was sure. I became even more sure later when, in my sitting room, Donna’s shirt came off amid a rather frenzied sexual encounter and there were her beautiful, small tits with their lovely dark tips open to my gaze.

‘Hungry little thing, aren’t you?’ Nothing wrong with that, I thought.

Donna and Swans

Donna, she of the mismatched eyes and I had first met on a Friday evening. It was on the evening of the following Friday that she rang my doorbell having invited herself by ‘phone earlier that day. I opened the door and, as girls do, I immediately took in her black oxford shoes, a well cut pair of dark blue trousers with turn-ups, a crisp white cotton shirt with double cuffs and links and a dark blue tie, loosened at the neck and with her collar button undone. This, together with a sparing but judicious application of makeup made me think, ‘Phwoor’ or something similarly erudite.

I noticed that her gaze similarly took in my long, yellow summer dress and my long hair tied loosely back but, in her case, the examination went from north to south and lingered perhaps a fraction around the northern tropics where my diminutive hills were not quite completely concealed.

‘Can I come in, College?’ this was the soubriquet with which she had ultimately endowed me, ‘I have brought a nice little Sauvignon fresh from the ‘fridge which might appeal.’ I followed her into my hastily tidied and surprisingly large sitting room and took a seat as she poured a glass of almost clear wine into a glass which clouded as the cool liquid filled it. ‘There is another matter that I’d appreciate

you to elucidate for me. It concerns swans.’

‘Swans?’

Indeed, the feathered aquatic birds.’ Ignoring my quizzical glance she sat beside me and continued, ‘I have read recently that they mate for life.’

‘I recall hearing the same thing but I have to tell you that my degree in English Literature did not, so far as I remember, include any detail regarding the mating habits of the swan, nor any other bird.’

‘I am not surprised but I know that one of your learning might have some knowledge acquired perhaps through the naturally enquiring nature of your mind. The thing is, I can see practical difficulties with the notion of 24/7, 365 day a year mating.’

‘Surely it is not that uncommon?’

‘I would suggest it is very unusual,’ she said archly, ‘indeed the only animal I can think of who comes close is my younger sister and even she stops to watch Eastenders.’

I thought perhaps I had divined the source of her confusion. ‘I think, perhaps, you may have misinterpreted the word “mate” in this context. Aside from the notion that it means engaging in the reproductive process it also conveys the suggestion of bonding and in this context it might be a more appropriate connotation.’

‘See, I knew you’d have it. It’s just that as I wandered past the canal this morning I saw a few of them floating about and I thought to myself, they are not mating. I further considered the complications of a life where two individuals are constantly coupling. For example I have seen them landing on ice, have you.’

‘I have and most amusing it is too.’

‘It is, but imagine if, at the point of landing, they were also having it off. Bones could be broken. Similarly, making breakfast or boarding a bus although I am aware how rare it is for swans to board buses but you get my drift. I am grateful for your clarification.’

I would have said something but during her last sentence her hand had slid inside the top of my dress and she had engaged in the process of playing with what she liked to call the ‘pointy bits on my knockers.’ I assumed our foray into ornithology had ended. My view was confirmed.

I awoke the following morning to find myself alone in my bed. I was not alarmed but, perhaps, a little disappointed. My chagrin was short-lived for a few moments later she entered the room carrying two cups and wearing a long, red robe embroidered with a stylised zebra on the back. God knows where she had had it when she arrived.

She smiled as I looked at it. ‘It was a gift from a former friend, an African girl, nice.’ I asked if they had been close. She slipped back into bed beside me and said, ‘Here, cop your tea. I assumed you don’t use sugar?’ I nodded. ‘We were close but her English was not up to the sorts of intellectual discourses we have shared. She tended to prefer and, I admit, excel at non-verbal communication.’ Her use of words constantly charmed me. ‘Not, I hasten to suggest, a subject in which you are in any way deficient.’ My smile expressed my gratitude at the compliment.

‘You mentioned last night that you have a sister.’

‘I do indeed. She is not of the same persuasion as I, Her proclivities lie on the masculine side of the species, as do my mother’s.’

‘How have your parents been on the subject of your being …’ I could not complete the sentence because she interjected.

‘Queer? Indifferent is the term I’d suggest. At least I can only consider my mother in this regard since I have never met my father. Our fathers’ opinions are, therefore, unknown to me and, had I written that sentence, you would have noticed the apostrophe followed rather than preceded the s at the end of the word “fathers.” Unlike the swan our mum does not favour long-term commitment. Her relationships tend to last approximately thirty quid. Incidentally and changing the subject I don’t remember our trying this during our attempt to replicate my misunderstanding of the life of the swan last night.’

I was beginning to learn that she had a way of concluding conversations. This one ended as her groin slipped between my thighs and conjoined deliciously with mine. She said with a grin, ‘We should allow our bodies to con- trib-ute to this discussion, no?’ Who was I to disagree?

Some time later she looked down as I lay with my head resting upon her small but delightful bosom. She stroked my hair and said, ‘I perceive that you have not been engaged in a relationship for a while.’

‘On what do you base that?’

‘Well, on Saturday when I first had the opportunity to become closely acquainted with your, how shall I put it, beaver, I noted that it was somewhat untended. This did in no way offend but I have observed that it is now neatly and rather closely trimmed. From this, Watson, I deduce that the current state is your preferred condition when you anticipate the intimate attentions we have enjoyed.’

‘Brilliant, Holmes.’

‘Elementary.’ The conversation ended once again as she shifted our bodies so that she might kiss me and allow her hand to re-examine the subject in mind.