# Donna and the Fish and Donna's Insecurity

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*Two more revelations of the delicious Donna*

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Donna and the Fish ‘It’s all a matter of juxtaposition.’ Donna looked exquisite. It was another exhibition at her gallery and she was wearing a beautiful pair of black, high cut trousers supported by red braces over a white shirt beneath which was a white, silk camisole. When earlier I had commented how beautiful she looked, she said, ‘I have to conceal my nipples, College. If exposed they would cause a public nuisance, people might fall off bicycles. These are proper nipples, not like yours. My hamster's clit was bigger than your nipples.’ ‘What has juxtaposition got to do with it?’ ‘Ah, it is a wile of the art exhibition producer to position the works carefully so that each is seen in the context of its peers and not as an individual. Clever, no?’ We were standing to one side at the exhibition and enjoying a moment together while Donna took the opportunity to sip half a glass of champagne with me before returning to her duties as ‘Guest Relations Officer’ for the event organised by her boss, Miss Denton-Smale. She pulled her braces forward from her chest. ‘The yanks call these suspenders, did you know that?’ I nodded. ‘And these,’ she said, stroking my suspender through the long black dress I was wearing and with a mischievous grin in her mis-matched eyes,’ are known as garters. Funny how we speak the same language but use different words. Are you wearing any knickers?’ Why does she sometimes speak louder than necessary? ‘Now then, my little knowledge fount with tits, I want you to explain something about this artist’s work.’ The artist in question was a German lady called Friede Merks and in each of her paintings there was an image of a fish. Hence, Donna had dubbed her Freda Mare. It was the fish about which Donna wanted my opinion. ‘Could it be some religious reference?’ ‘Explain, College, bring light into my intellectual darkness.’ ‘Have you ever noticed that the worst drivers always have a stylised image of a fish on the back of their car?’ She had. ‘This indicates that they are Christian and warns drivers infuriated by their appalling motoring to avoid using blasphemous invective when berating them.’ ‘Why does the fish indicate that they are religious?’ ‘I believe that during periods when Christians were persecuted they used the fish sign to indicate secretly to others that they were of the faith. The fish because, of course, Peter was a fisherman. It is why they sometimes say that the Pope wears the shoes of the fisherman.’ ‘All the fishermen I have ever seen wear boots or,’ she said with a wicked grin, ‘waders.’ ‘I think the reference to shoes is a sort of shorthand and I am not sure that waders existed in biblical times.’ ‘They don’t know what they missed. Dead sexy, waders are. Talking of sexy, lets nip into the kitchen for a quick

snog.’ There is no denying Donna when she is set on something and she led me, giggling, to the kitchen where she kissed me passionately and her hand lifted my dress and cupped my pussy. It was a brief but delicious moment and we returned down the passageway past the toilets to the exhibition room where, at the end of the passage, Miss Denton-Smale stood sipping at a glass of wine. ‘If you have to ravage Donna in my kitchen at least make sure your lippy isn’t smeared all over her cheek when she comes back.’ I apologised. ‘Oh, don’t worry. I wouldn’t mind someone taking me back there and rogering me senseless, especially that hunk in the blue suit. Sadly he is as bent as a longbow and the art correspondent of the Chronicle, totally impervious to my womanly charms.’ Without a word Donna walked quickly across the room, picked up a glass of champagne and headed straight for the art correspondent. Within seconds she was chatting to him like they were old friends and I could see him laughing and thoroughly enjoying her. She caught my eye and did a thing with her right eyebrow that usually means she wants me to join her so I did. ‘College, meet Dave. He’s the art correspondent for the local paper.’ I shook his hand. ‘Dave questions your explanation for the inclusion of a fish in her pictures. He maintains it is like a signature just as others include, for example a mouse or a budgie.’ David was clearly taken with Donna and despite his ‘hunkiness’ that Denton-Smale had remarked on, he had a very effeminate manner. ‘Many artists incorporate such images irrespective of the painting’s subject matter. I must, I fear, contradict your religious image theory despite seeing what you mean. Ms Merks is, I believe, Jewish.’ He delivered this with a camp fluttering of his hand and a rather patronising air which Donna obviously ignored but congratulated him on outsmarting me. ‘She’s bright, Dave, and good in the sack but she lacks training in the world of art.’ He guffawed and it was clear Donna had found his ego and was stroking it mercilessly. She smirked at me over his shoulder, knowing I would never mind. ‘Come on, College, time to continue your education.’ With that she led me away and her hand stroked my arse surreptitiously. Dave’s review of the exhibition was in the paper the following morning and enthused about it calling it a triumph of presentation, the pictures so juxtaposed as to make each appear in the context of its peers and not as an individual. I recognised Donna’s words and smiled as I read it over my coffee at work. But that was the following day and I get ahead of myself. After the exhibition had closed that evening I had helped Donna to do a bit of clearing up before she came home to my place. She was a little urgent when we got there and it was not long before my dress was lying across the sofa and Donna’s trousers were spread across it rather as one of Donna’s legs was across mine. Her other leg was curled beneath me so that our naughty bits were deliciously kissing each other as our mouths did too. Donna pulled back and smiled lasciviously. ‘It’s all a matter of juxtaposition.’ Donna’s Insecurity It had never occurred to me that Donna harboured feelings of insecurity. She had always seemed so self-confident. I invited her to come to a dinner-dance organised by my office. We were, at the time, sitting in our favourite seat in the pub, sipping white wine when I popped the question. ‘Dancing and dinners aren’t altogether my thing,’ she said and it seemed to me she said it rather hastily. I tried gently to ask why that was. She was unusually evasive and I pondered on this as we discussed other things. When we got home, my home that is, for Donna had still not moved in. We never went to her place and I never asked why, mainly because I liked her being in my space. I went to the kitchen, ground some beans and made

some coffee and when I got back to her you may imagine my astonishment when I found her in tears. I sat beside her and held her gently to me but didn't ask what was the matter. I knew somehow that she was going to tell me. She wiped her eyes, using the front of my blouse, and looked at me. 'I don't want to embarrass you.' I said nothing. 'All your mates at work would think I wasn't good enough for you. I don't know stuff like you do, I don't talk properly and I don't dress like you do.' This last was true. I have mentioned before that the only time I saw her in a dress was when she had her interview for the job at the gallery. 'They'd all laugh at you and that's what I couldn't stand.' I kissed her mouth. This was not easy. I'd never seen this vulnerable side to her and I had no idea how to handle it. It was, of course, nonsense. My work-mates were a good bunch, knew I am lesbian and would never have been even remotely unkind to either of us but she didn't know that and whatever I said was unlikely to seem anything other than an attempt to push her into it. Then a light came on in my head. 'Who is the nicest person we know?' This was easy, because we both knew it was Nellie, the barmaid at the pub. She said that and I smiled. I straddled her legs, put my hands on her shoulders and kissed her again, a long, tonguey kiss. I leant into her and felt her hands sliding up my legs under my skirt. I didn't stop kissing her as I undid her shirt and palmed her hardening nipples. I leant back and looked into her eyes. 'Nellie works in my office.' Despite everything, Donna was still uneasy about the dinner. She stayed with me the night before and had arrived with a suitcase. She insisted that she should get dressed alone, so I had a shower and got into my underwear while she dressed in the spare room. She came into my bedroom, wearing a long, black dress. It had tiny straps and a fitted her svelte frame like a sheath. She had a silver necklace, her only jewellery. She wore strappy sandals and I could see she had stockings or tights on. Her short hair was shining. I had to sit down. Very slowly she lifted her dress, teasing me and her eyes locked on mine. 'You'll catch your death', I told her. We were late. We arrived at the hotel by taxi and there was a last-minute hesitation on Donna's part which I had to deal with. I took her in my arms and kissed her. If onlookers were shocked or surprised I neither know nor care. It worked and that is all that mattered to me at that moment. Holding hands we entered the room in which the dinner-dance was to be held and I could almost feel Donna holding her breath. Immediately and un-primed by me, Nellie came to us and kissed us both. She led us to the bar and we grabbed some wine and Nellie, an enthusiastic communicator (for which read non-stop talker) explained who everyone was for Donna's benefit. We were joined by my boss, Annabelle. She is tall and willowy with short, blonde hair and high cheek bones. She kissed me and before I could introduce her, she said, 'You must be Donna. I'm Annabelle and this wretch,' indicating me, 'works for me.' They shook hands. 'College has been helping me to understand things which my education failed to cover.' Annabelle enquired in what ways. 'Oh well, she has been explaining things like the mating habits of swans and genetics. She is also something of an art critic which is germane to my employment.' I pointed out that referring to an alleged work of art as 'bollocks' hardly counted as criticism but she patted my hand dismissively and explained to the others her misunderstanding of the word 'mating' in the context of the swan's on the canal. Within minutes our small group was in hysterics. She has, you see, a natural ability with people. She doesn't know it but she has. We sat with Annabelle and her husband, Steve, at dinner and at Annabelle's insistence. The whole meal

passed in gales of laughter and I could see that Donna knew it was warm and friendly and genuine. She relaxed and was really enjoying herself, her misgivings forgotten. She danced with Steve and others. Between two bouts of dancing she came to me, slipped her arm around my shoulders and nuzzled her nose to the hair above my ear. She kissed that ear and said, ‘Thanks, College, I love you.’ My eyes filled with tears. She was gone, this time to dance with our MD. It was pretty late in the evening when I finally got to dance with her. I am a reluctant dancer but she grasped my hand and said, ‘Get your arse on that dance floor and shake it!’ I did, ineptly and immensely happily. The slow number that followed enabled us to get a little closer and we danced, my chin on her shoulder for the few minutes that for me where the best of the evening. To dance in public with the stunning creature who held me, to smile into her eyes, to touch without being furtive was a new and magical moment for me and I suspect, for her too. I don’t want to give the impression that we made a spectacle of ourselves but we behaved like any couple might. We got back to my place around one in the morning. She slowly undressed me in the bedroom and caressed or kissed each part of me as she revealed it. She gently pressed me onto the bed and lifting her dress straddled my legs. She leant down and kissed my mouth. ‘Do you?’ ‘I said so, didn’t I? ‘I love you too.’ The desire that had smouldered between us all evening took flame. ‘No work tomorrow, College, so I do not expect any resistance on your part.’ Her eyes shone with happiness, reflecting, I know, my own. There was no resistance.