



Branche Olive

book two

Baby's Breath

Donna

by Tracy Leung

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Donna

Each time she came to a crossroads in her life Donna's subconscious stripped her of all her adult confidence. Her indecisions were weighed heavily by past experiences. She tried to bury the feelings that came with regret.

If someone asked her she would recall a happy childhood. If she considered it further her reply would be different. Donna's father traveled often on business. When he came home life was more structured, rigid. He was far stricter than her mother. Donna's mother was a gentle, loving woman who doted on her only child. Her father disagreed with this parenting approach and over compensated with a disciplinary pattern that would impact on Donna's relationships with men.

When she started dating, her father didn't approve of any of the boys. When her father voiced his opinion about one of them it made Donna want the boy more. Her mother tried to diffuse the situation and set up matches to appease both of them. If her father had any preference for any of her dates Donna would specifically sever the connection. Eventually Donna just dated boys and then men she knew her father would hate.

Donna rebelled against her father once again and started seeing a tall handsome blonde. He was a waiter at her father's club, just there for the summer. Donna was poised to leave home and start at university in a few months and firmly believed that she was adult enough to run her own life at the age of 18.

Her father's voice echoed in her head. It was a painful memory from a very long time ago. 'He will never amount to anything, that boy.' 'He'll get you in trouble and leave you.' 'Think of your honor.' 'Think of your Indian family.'

She waited in her car for the tall waiter's shift to end. He always met her in the parking lot at the employee's entrance. After a few very steamy sessions in her front seat he suggested that they park somewhere else. Donna had already been with a few boyfriends and was proudly not a virgin. This was different. The waiter was older, more experienced. He didn't fumble around. He knew just where to touch her - where to put his mouth.

He was patient with her. He moaned loudly when her hand reached in to his pants. He put his hand on her shoulder as she slowly stroked him. "Donna," he purred her name. "Please," he moved his hand to the back of her head and was gently pushing her face towards his pants.

Donna felt so special. It was an exciting secret. None of her friends knew about him. She would go with her father to the club and tease the waiter with her cleavage and short skirts. They would meet in the far end of the parking lot later, where he told her how much he wanted her.

Donna gagged and sat up quickly. She coughed in reflex. The waiter apologized. "I'm sorry, I just want you so much. I need more of you,"

He kissed Donna deeply, using one of his hands in her panties. Her skirt was already pulled up to her hips. Donna gasped as the tall waiter expertly plucked Donna to a shrieking shudder.

As she caught her breath he moved her by the waist to lie on the car seat. Donna felt her panties being pushed aside and hot contact being made against her wet skin. "Oh," Donna flinched. "Do you have protection?"

"Don't worry," he grunted. "I'll pull out in time,"

With one firm thrust he pushed deep inside her. Donna moaned in surprise. He made slow, deliberate movements. Donna was used to a quicker, clumsy pace. There was a feeling building inside her. She began to squirm. "Oh," she whispered. "That's good,"

“Yes, yes,” he grunted and sped up suddenly, pounding in to Donna roughly.

“Oh god,” Donna clutched him. Her hands gripped his shoulders. “I think I’m..”

The tall waiter grunted again and moved away from Donna. He let out a long low moan as he convulsed across her leg.

Donna sat up, panting, confused. He grinned at her and reached over to give her a deep kiss. They dressed. Donna drove him to the flat he was renting with a couple of guys for the summer. He sat for a few minutes and then got out of the car.

Several days later Donna saw him at her father’s club again. He whispered into her ear that he’d missed her. Donna saw her father scowl at her from across the room. She smiled brightly at the waiter and purred that she would meet him later.

They had several more encounters in the back of her car. Each time Donna could feel a sensation about to wash over her when he abruptly pulled out. In frustration she grabbed his hand and used it to get to a shuddering gasp. It was good enough, but she wanted more.

It was almost the end of the summer. The evenings were still quite warm, still bright in to the late hours. The family was getting ready for a formal banquet at the club. Her father looked dashing in his tuxedo; her mum was in a lovely flowing gown. Donna’s gown had a modest covered neckline with a daring open back.

“You look very pretty, Donna,” her mother beamed proudly.

“Ack,” her father produced a derisive sound in his throat. “There is nothing on her back. What kind of dress is this?”

“Oh honey,” her mother tried to placate him. “It’s in fashion,”

“To hell with fashion. It’s disrespectful,” He scowled. “Dhanashri,” her father always said her full name when he was annoyed with her. “Why don’t you wear a *sari* or a shawl. Something to cover up your immodesty,”

Donna watched her mother’s resolve carefully. Her father was likely to win this exchange, leaving Donna to fight her own battle.

“No,” Donna’s mother turned away from her husband. “Donna, it’s a lovely dress, just as it is,”

Donna couldn’t help but smile as her mother grabbed her hand and marched her out of the room.

The club was buzzing with activity. It was the annual member’s dinner. It was a great networking opportunity for all the professionals mixed with family mingling. When Donna was younger her father used to show her off to all his contemporaries. As she grew older he did it less often. Today he was furious with her and refused to even acknowledge her.

Donna defiantly danced with the sons of her father’s friends. She didn’t care that her father was mad. She wanted to make the waiter jealous.

They met in her car again. His hands were all over Donna. She lay back on the seat, gasping at his touches. He opened his pants quickly and moved her legs apart.

“No.” Donna put her hand on his chest. “Wait.” She reached for her handbag on the floor. “I have a condom,” Donna could feel the heat of his passion on her thigh. He made a slight movement and pressed

himself against her wet skin.

“Uh,” he grunted. “I hate those,” He was now rubbing himself in round circles in to Donna’s open legs.

“But,” she gasped. “when you pull out I ...” she moaned. “I get so close,” her voice was a raspy whisper. “If you put on the condom...”

Donna let out a low moan. The waiter pushed his hips forward. “I’ll go slower,” he said in a breathy grunt. “I’ll make it last,”

He made several long slow undulations. Donna closed her eyes and focused on the sensations. After a few minutes he began to thrust harder. “Oh yes,” Donna’s breathing matched each movement. Each movement bringing her closer. She began moving her hips against him. Grinding in to him.

“Oh god,” Donna’s legs tensed as he started pounding in to her. She knew his pattern. “Slow down,” she gasped. “Please, don’t stop,”

Donna shrieked as a wave started at her core and shook her body in an exquisite shudder.

“Fuck,” the waiter hissed and then groaned. He moved off Donna just as his spasms racked him. Donna was breathing heavy and still moaning slightly. He looked down at the mess on the seat between Donna’s legs. She was soaking wet. The sticky trail he usually deposited on her thigh was all over the place.

Donna put her arms up over her head in a satisfied stretch. They met nearly every night that week. He was patient with Donna, listening to her moans, trying to pace himself. Sometimes he managed to pull out in time, sometimes he didn’t. Donna was blissfully ignorant.

“This was fun.” Donna said breathlessly. It was their last night together. They were actually in his bed, in his rented flat. They had spent a few hours locked together, instead of rushed stolen moments in the back of her car. Donna propped herself up on one elbow to look at him. She was glad that the summer was over. She was looking forward to leaving London and moving to her university dorm.

The waiter gently cupped her breast, playing with her nipple. Donna smiled to herself. Despite rebelling against her father and seeing this tall waiter, she agreed with him. She knew they had no future together. She was just happy for the physical contact and the earth shattering orgasms.

Donna tiptoed to kiss him goodbye. He promised to txt her. She knew he wouldn’t.

The first few weeks of university were stressful. Donna had to change her dorm room because of a flood in the room above. She also caught a stomach virus and missed a few classes. When she was sick for almost a week she went to the university medical center. She peed in a cup and had a seat on the paper covered examination table.

The conversation sounded like a dull roar in Donna’s head. Late period. Positive pregnancy test. Donna blinked as she was handed forms to fill out. Without hesitation she made plans for a termination.

The following week she took a bus in to the nearby city hospital. She was given more forms to fill out. The whole thing took less than an hour. Donna lay back on the bed, staring at the ceiling. She winced a few times. Relax, they told her. When it was over she was given some tablets for any additional pain. The recovery room was cold. Donna put her arms across her chest. She hugged herself for warmth and cried.