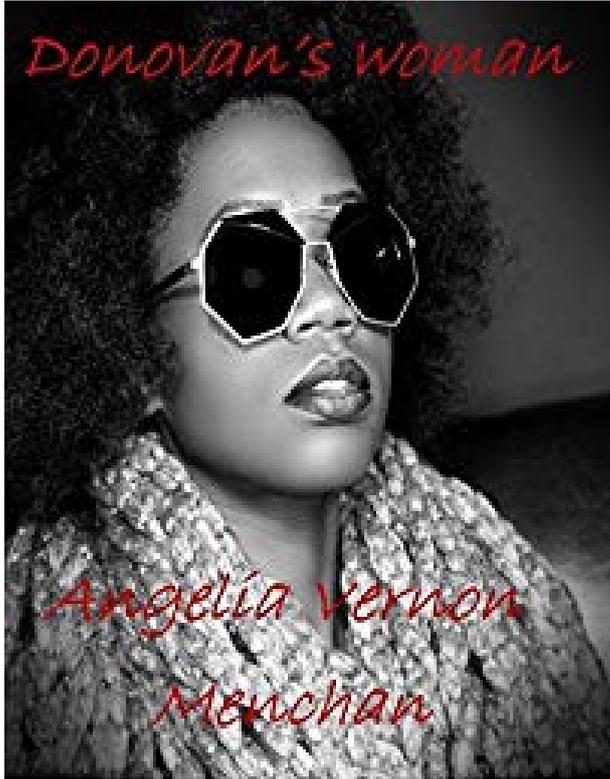


Donovan's Woman



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She heard about him and knew who he was but felt he was out of her league. She worked at the hospital as a nursing assistant and everyone knew he was a scientist. Not a science teacher, but an actual research scientist working for NASA. It was 1970 and that was virtually unheard of. Also, there were other components that made her leery, he was tall, brown skinned and distinguished from a family full of educated folks. She was dark skinned and considered fine and free with no pedigree at all. She wasn't what anyone would consider appropriate for him, not even her. Donovan saw her as soon as he walked in the darkened nightclub. She was standing at the bar, seemingly staring into space, stirring her drink with a swizzle stick. Her beauty beckoned him. Her skin was flaw ebony and her shoulder length tresses so black they appeared blue under the light. She was also bountiful the way he loved women, thick and shapely with big legs. "Man, instead of staring, go talk to her." His friend Charlie Banks said. "I hear she's a good time and she looks really good. She's also checking you out. Make moves." Donovan didn't say anything but squared his shoulders. Many thought him a square but what they didn't know, they didn't need to know. He was going to talk to Anita Rivers and she was going to be his. Glancing up, Anita saw Donovan approaching the bar. Surprise filled her when he stopped in front of her, smelling of bay rum fragrance. "Hello Anita. I'm Donovan, Donovan Vane." "I know who you are, Mr. Vane. The question is, how you know me?" Anita asked her voice low and husky. "I don't know you, I know your name. I'm willing to get to know you, if you allow it." Donovan said, causing Anita to smile, a small gap showing between her large, white front teeth. He suddenly wanted her to bite him. "Really? Buy me another vodka and tonic and I'll give you the down and dirty." Her dark eyes held his light brown ones in thrall. Anita fascinated him and he wanted her. After ordering four drinks, two for each of them, he led her to a small table for two, tucked away. She knew he paid the bartender for the table. He reeked of education and class. "There's not much to tell... I graduated high school in 1962; I'm twenty-seven, never been married and have no children. I change beds and bedpans and make a dollar and ninety cents an hour. Better than minimum

wages but not by much. Thankfully, I live with my sister and my room and board is cheap.” Donovan listened and took in her outfit of dark blue sweater set and skirt and knew it wasn’t cheap. Either all her earnings went for clothes or someone financed her. “A man provides for his woman. If I had a woman, I earn enough for both of us and then some. I also own my home outright.” He said before lifting his glass and taking a hefty swig, his eyes never leaving hers. “And before you ask, I don’t currently have a woman because I haven’t been looking. I’m twenty-seven and was getting educated and working. I’m ready...” He said. “You taking applications?” Anita asked nothing coy in her tone. “Only if you’re applying.” Donovan said and was graced with another smile and a hint of tongue.