



Marcie's Lesbian Love

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Description: What happens in a Yoga class brings these two girls together in the least expected way...

Marcie is a private chef working for fancy parties and designing menus for the overly wealthy.

Excitement and fun, that's what Chloe is looking for in life...She is a free-spirit that loves to laugh. She is a yoga instructor at the gym where Marcie attends. It doesn't take Chloe long to set her target on the new best friend.

Well, a bit more than a best friend anyway... in her eyes.

What's going to happen?

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Chapter One

Wonton wrappers lined the kitchen counters as I stuffed each one with a teaspoon of the crab Rangoon mixture. The kitchen was huge, much larger than the one in my small culinary class, and I was feeling a little lost.

“Guests will be arriving soon,” Mr. Franko announced.

He was short, kind of chubby, and the toupee on his head wasn’t fooling anyone, but this was my first big job, so I wasn’t going to point out the crooked mop on top of his head.

The guest list was filled with musicians, mostly wanna-be’s, but with Mr. Franko’s reputation, at least a few of them would go on to greatness.

I brushed the wrappers with egg wash and began folding them one by one. The oil was heating up and almost ready for me to start frying them when a tall, blonde haired woman walked into the kitchen.

“Smells delicious,” she said.

I looked up, smiled, and then went back to my work. With 20 guests on the invitation list, I didn’t have time to chit chat with this woman, whoever she was.

“Crab Rangoon, oh man, that’s my favorite thing to eat...well, second favorite,” she said with a wink.

I found her to be obvious, too obvious, and slightly vulgar, but intriguing in some way.

She leaned against the counter, watching me as I dropped six of the appetizers into the hot oil.

“I’m sorry, I’m Carla,” she said.

“I’m Marcie,” I responded, still not wanting to spend much time talking.

“I can’t wait to taste you, I mean taste what you have made,” she said.

Seriously, who was this woman?

In the small town in Indiana where I grew up, lesbians were a myth, something men watched on movies and wished they could experience, not like here in L.A., where women openly admitted their taste for the same sex. I wasn’t sure if I was used to it yet or not, and Carla certainly made me wonder if I ever would be....

Her smile was contagious, and even though I found her offensive on many levels, she was attractive, funny, and somehow sexy.

Carla pushed away from the counter, gripped a glass of wine and swaggered out of the kitchen.

I watched as her tall, lean frame left the room. Her legs were long and toned and looked amazing in the red high-heels she wore so effortlessly.

I finished the remaining appetizers and made a walk through to all the guests, serving them each my tasty creations one by one. When I made my way to Carla, she was talking to a pretty brunette; she was cute, young, at least ten years younger than Carla

and seemed interested in everything she said.

“Thank you, they look almost as good as you...” Carla said as she picked up one of the crab apps from my tray.

The brunette looked irritated at her attentions towards me, and I knew by the heat on my cheeks that I looked embarrassed.

Mr. Franko was announcing an upcoming show for one of the musicians, so I snuck back into the kitchen.

Carla showed up behind me, smiling in her flirtatious way. Why was she so interested in me, I wasn't gay?

“So, you seeing anyone?” she asked.

Wow, she's forward.

“No, I broke up with my boyfriend before I started culinary school.” I said.

I wasn't sure why I felt the need to throw that into the conversation, maybe just to let her know I dated men, not women...

“Boyfriend?” she asked.

Her perfectly manicured eyebrows rose at my confession of being a straight woman as if she was shocked at the revelation.

“So, you came out when you went to school?” she asked.

Her blue eyes stared into my soul, as if they waited for not only the answer to the

question, but the answer to life.

“Came out?” I asked.

I knew what she meant, but I played coy, hoping to throw her away from the topic.

“Came out darling, you know, gave in to your sexual preference for women...” she said.

My stomach tightened and my eyes moved quickly away from hers and back to the next course I was preparing.

The memory of Shawna from culinary school and our one night of exploration shot through my mind like a vivid movie. That didn’t mean anything, did it?

“I’m not gay,” I said, smiling so I wouldn’t offend her.

“Oh, you are...I can sniff others out like a hound dog looking for rabbit,” she said.

I could feel her eyes still on me, but I refused to look at her directly. The fear of her being able to see through me, see the night of sexual deviance I shared with my best friend from college kept my eyes on the chicken breasts in front of me.

“Here, come by the gym,” she said, pushing a business card next to me on the counter.

I looked up, noticed she had a smile, no longer looking at me like I was her prey, but softer, kinder...

“I manage the place, at least until I hit it big...” she said.

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“This is right by my house,” I said.

“Good, then you have no excuse...” she responded.

“I’ll check it out,” I promised, and with that, she left me to finish the meal preparation.

Chapter Two

I walked up the steps to my apartment building and another flight to my door. I was already breathing heavy, man I did need a gym!

Inside, I locked the door and fell onto the couch. It was late, and my feet ached, so unloading the car could wait until morning.

I pulled the business card from my pocket and stared at it.

Porter’s Gym and Fitness Lounge

What was a fitness lounge I wondered....

Carla Stein

Manager

She was different, but in a refreshing kind of way. I wasn’t sure why, but she was interesting to me...very interesting.

Ok, so maybe her gaydar was out, but it was wrong...I was straight, perfectly straight.

My mind drifted to Shawna and that night we spent together. It was innocent really, nothing spectacular, and she's engaged now to a successful chef in New York, a male chef...so she obviously wasn't a lesbian, so why was Carla so sure I was?

I did prefer lesbian porn, but that was only because the men in those movies were so grotesque. My boyfriend back home was a jock, a real man's man, and he turned me on...well, not really.

I loved it when he kissed me, but when his hands traveled along my body, it tended to make me tense, not like when Shawna touched me.

My head fell onto the couch pillow, and my body sunk down into the fluffy seat as my hand slid to my belly, resting just above my pant line, as if I were trying to sneak up on my pussy that tingled in anticipation of the touch.

I let my back arch, pushing my hand closer to my pant line until the tips of my fingers were slid underneath the soft black fabric. My lace panties tickled my fingers as they brushed over them. My pussy throbbed as I

pushed my fingers underneath the lace and towards my soft, pink flesh.

The image of Shawna was still vividly clear in my mind, her soft brown curls that hung to her shoulders as she sat on the edge of my bed. Her breasts were large and full, not like my small perky ones that barely made cause for a bra.

I loved that look in her eye, the one right before she leaned in to kiss me for the first time. She was the most beautiful creature I had ever seen, and that kiss, oh how that kiss sent me over the edge of my grey world into a rainbow of pleasure.

Her lips were pouty and pink as they pulled away from me, and even though we were both a little tipsy, there was nothing about that moment I had forgotten, or would ever forget.

My fingers felt the slippery juices created between my legs and slid back and forth in them as I let out a soft sigh.

Shawna and I had decided to experiment with our sexuality after a party where truth or dare played between classmates turned a little steamy. Our talk led to “you curious?” and “we could try,” and “It doesn’t mean anything,” but, it did mean something to me, I just wasn’t sure exactly what.

My pussy wrapped around my fingers, the muscles pulling them inside, squeezing them as they plunged deeper into my tight hole.

Shawna’s pussy was so tight when I first slid a finger inside. It felt warm, soft, and strangely comforting as I watched her moan from my touch. My tongue barely grazed her clit, and only once dipped inside her pussy before she started giggling. I laughed with her, not really knowing what she found so funny at the time.

“Ok, we tried...” she said, tossing her hair behind her shoulder and leaning up on the bed.

My fingers worked deep inside my pussy as I remembered how she tasted, how she smelled, and how she looked spread wide open in front of me. I knew if she hadn’t started laughing, I would have continued with our sexual game until we were both satisfied, but she did laugh, and I didn’t finish...so did it even count?

My back arched hard, my breasts heaving towards the ceiling, my body let loose of the tension and juices flowed onto my fingers as I remembered how Carla had looked at me, as if she knew something I hadn’t told her, something maybe I even didn’t

know...

My body twitched with the aftershock of my orgasm, holding onto my fingers with a strong and powerful force as I lay there confused about the thoughts that have managed their way into my head.

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I sat up from the couch, alert and determined to wash away the dirty thoughts that had just brought me to such a powerful pleasure.

I turned on the shower, undressed and stood in front of the mirror challenging myself to find anything sexy about my ordinary body. Small breasts and wide hips mocked me in the mirror. The woman at the party Carla had been talking to was extremely petite with large, full breasts, so why was she flirting with me?

I was fit, well-toned, but I looked more like a soccer player than a ballerina, I had come to terms with that...

I stepped inside the shower and let the water roll over my body as I lathered my loofah. It had been a long night, and my feet still hurt, even more so now that I removed my ugly black shoes. Everyone at that party was so fancy, so classy, even Carla with her foul mouth was dressed to kill. Maybe I should do more to take care of myself, then maybe I would meet someone...the gym, yes, I will start the gym in the morning.

Chapter Three

My calves were aching as I made the third trip up my stairs with my catering equipment. Why did I always bring so much stuff?

Most of my clients had fully-equipped kitchens, ones that were more designed for commercial cooking than personal, so there was not really a need for so many pans and trays. I'll check with the client next time, or possibly get some help...but, never am I doing this alone again.

Wow, I really am out of shape. I fell onto the couch and let my lungs catch up with my heavy breathing for a moment. The gym card was still on the side table, mocking me, as well as the promise I made myself in the shower. Just do it Marcie...

My neighbors, the young couple below me were already going at this morning. I could hear moans and grunts coming from the floor beneath my feet. I want that so bad, just to have someone to hold, laugh with, and enjoy waking up with....

L.A. proved to be a cold and lonely city, especially for one that had an average temperature of 70 degrees F, even in the winter months.

It was summer now, 85 degrees outside and sunny. People were holding hands walking along the beach, spending their Saturday in the park with a picnic, or doing what the neighbors were doing, snuggled in bed together making love. I on the other hand, I sat here...alone.

I decided to quit feeling sorry for myself and get up off my ass. Today was the start of a new life, one filled with ambition and hope. I threw on my yoga pants and tank top, laced up my Nike tennis shoes and pulled my hair into a tight pony tail.

With the business card in my hand, I walked out of my apartment and towards Porter's Gym and Fitness lounge, whatever the hell that was.

As suspected, couples were already out on the sidewalks, flaunting their love and their commitments to anyone who took notice. It was sweet, romantic, and a little bit nauseating.

The gym was only a couple blocks from my apartment, I had passed it on several occasions since I moved in, but never thought to stop.

Dark windows lined the sidewalk, a large blue door with a sign "Porter's Gym and

Fitness Lounge” hung above it, but no other signs or peeks through the glass to display what the place was really all about.

Was it a lesbian gym? My heart started pounding as I realized that may be why Carla offered me the card.

I took a deep breath and turned the door knob, pushing the door open as I took my first step inside.

The bright teal walls were energetic and the woman at the counter competing with them as she cheerfully greeted me into the gym.

To the right, a lounge area filled with bean bag chairs, colorful furniture and a juice bar and to the left, a gym, just like one you would expect anywhere, just more colorful, and filled only with women.

So, is this a lesbian gym? Shouldn’t they advertise that...?

“Welcome to Porter’s, have you been here before?” the woman asked behind the counter.

“No,” I said, muttering really, and then handed her the business card as if it were an invite, or form of I.D.

“A friend of Carla’s, great,” she said, her voice even perkier than before.

“She just gave me the card, I live nearby...” I started to ramble.

I always ramble when I am nervous. Why did this woman care how I got the card or where I lived...she didn’t!

“I think you’ll love it here,” she said.

She punched in a few keys on her computer and then looked up at me with a smile.

“If you’ll have a seat, Carla will be right with you,” she said.

Oh God, so Carla is here? I was hoping to slip in, check out the place and not have to see her face to face, at least not right away.

I looked around at the women in the gym; they were all shapes and sizes. At least it wasn’t a body builder’s gym, or the type of gym where only cheerleader types hung out.

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I sat down on the cushioned bench, smiled at the woman behind the counter and thumbed through a magazine, pretending to be interested in the articles, but only looked at the pictures.

“Marcie,” Carla said, reaching towards me with an open hand.

I stood.

“Hey Carla, I thought I would stop by and check this place out,” I said.

I sounded cool, calm...thank God, because I was a nervous wreck.

She wore tight yoga pants that created very little imagination to what was happening between her legs. The tank top pushed against her flesh so tightly, her breasts looked flat and painful. Her smile was kind, not vulgar like the night before, and she seemed professional.

I wanted to ask if this was a lesbian gym, but I knew that was offensive. “Is this a women’s only gym?” I asked instead,

hoping she may shed some light on the topic if left open.

“Yes, women only,” she said with a smile.

Still no answer to my real question...

The tour was thorough, but swift. She showed me the juice bar and lounge area,

noting that they also serve veggie burgers, trail mix creations and various other health conscious foods.

The gym wasn't large, but it was impressive, and several rooms down the end of the hall housed instructors where classes formed daily for members.

The locker room visit was slightly embarrassing as we entered while two ladies undressed. They didn't seem to mind the attention, even smiling as they let their breasts dangle in clear view.

Back at her office, she sat behind a wooden desk, her legs crossed and leaned back in her chair.

"So, you wanna join us?" she asked.

Join who, the gym or the lesbian community, to that question, I was still unsure of the meaning.

Chapter Four

"Yes," I said.

Carla's lips curled into a smile and she leaned forward in her chair. She pushed a packet towards me, a yellow folder that was filled with all the information I needed to know about the gym.

"Are you interested in any classes?" she asked.

I was fumbling through the packet, trying to find the list of classes that were offered. She leaned in, touching my hand softly as she turned to the page. Her eyes lifted onto mine; heavily they lingered and then quickly moved towards her own sheet.

“There’s a yoga class starting now, if you’re interested,” she said.

I nodded, still a little shaken from her touch and her glance.

“Great,” she said, standing from her chair.

I followed her out of the office and down the hall. We passed the locker rooms where the naked women had been, causing me to blush a little before we entered the last room on the right.

There were mats leaned up against the wall and a cute blonde standing in the front of the room. She wore bright pink yoga pants and a yellow tank top, her hair as blonde as her top, pulled up into a tight pony tail.

Her smile was infectious as she greeted us into the room.

“Hey Carla, how’s it going?” she asked.

“This is Marcie, she’s a new member and she is taking your class today,” she said.

I stood there, listening to them talk as if I wasn’t there. A stupid smile was plastered onto my face, most likely the result of a mini nervous breakdown.

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“I’m Chloe, have you done yoga before?” she asked.

“No,” I admitted, still wearing that ridiculous smile.

“Well, I’ll try to take it easy on you,” she said.

Carla patted me on the back and then disappeared back into the hallway where we had come from.

“Grab a mat, and get a spot right up front,” she said.

There were a few other women in the room already. They spread their mats on the floor and began stretching.

I followed instructions, grabbed my mat and placed it on the floor in the front row.

“You can do some stretches just to warm up if you want, but we’ll do some before we start too,” she said.

Her body was perfectly toned, and even with those large breasts, she looked as though she could run a mile in under 5 minutes. I wasn’t sure if I would be able to keep up with her.

More women trickled in, and Chloe greeted each one with the same enthusiasm as she had given me.

Once everyone arrived, she started the class, with warmups as promised. The

stretching was easy, but I knew my flexibility was limited as I tried to touch my toes.

I felt a hand on my back as I bent over, pressing just above my tailbone. “Take a deep breath,” Chloe whispered in my ear.

I did.

“Now, let your body fall as the breath exits your lungs,” she said.

I exhaled, let my body relax and was shocked to see my hands flat on the ground in front of me.

I wish I could say the rest of the class was that easy, but it wasn’t. Chloe spent most of her time with me, trying to help me achieve the proper form of the poses she displayed.

Her hands on my hips felt strong and safe, surprisingly since they were so small and petite.

I couldn’t help but laugh as she tried to hold me in place as I stood like a tree, my balance was horrible and it was obvious I was new to this.

It was a relief when class was over, and I was thinking I would sneak out and never return, but she stopped me.

“Marcie,” she called out, motioning for me to come over to her as I turned.

“Don’t get discouraged, you really did great for your first time,” she said.

I knew that was her job, to pump people up and make them feel good. She wanted to keep her class filled, so of course she was going to encourage me to stick with it.

“Really?” I asked.

“I just don’t think yoga is for me,” I said.

“Well, how about lunch?” she asked.

I was starving, and I wondered if she heard my stomach growl as she positioned me like a downward facing dog.

“Sure,” I said.

“Great,” she said.

She grabbed her towel, wiped down her face and then threw a bright blue backpack over her shoulder. She was so colorful, energetic and sweet, nothing like me who stood there in black yoga pants, black tank top and black Nike shoes.

“I know a great place,” she said.

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I followed her out of the room and down the long hall. She stopped at the locker room and smiled, “you need to get anything from here?” she asked.

“No,” I said.

I was relieved she didn’t go inside. I didn’t want to stand in the hall, loitering like a stalker while she changed, and I certainly didn’t want to go back inside.

Carla smiled as she seen me walk into the main lobby, but then her face turned a little sour as she noticed Chloe behind me.

“We’re headed to lunch,” she said to her, not missing a beat as she stepped towards the door.

“Enjoy,” she said, giving me a wink as I opened the door.

Chloe grabbed my hand as I stepped onto the sidewalk in front of the gym. With a yank, she was pulling me into the street, through traffic that was stopped at a red light and across to the café on the corner.

“Sorry, I wanted to get across before the light changed,” she said.

I was pale, a little freaked out, but turning redder by the moment as she still held onto my hand.

She laughed, smiled, and let go, opening the door to the café, holding it open for me to enter.

She was different, exciting...I liked her.

Chapter Five

“Carla gets so pissed when I don’t eat at the fitness lounge,” she said.

We sat in a booth towards the back of the restaurant and the waitress brought over water and menus.

“You don’t like the food?” I asked.

She rolled her eyes and stuck out her tongue. “Hell no!” she exclaimed.

I couldn’t help but laugh at her expression. Mine was similar, but more inverted as Carla told me about the veggie burgers and fish tacos.

I stared at the menu, trying to find something healthy to order, but everything else looked so good.

“I’m getting the bacon cheeseburger and chili fries,” she announced.

My eyes sat on her, staring as if I had just noticed her beside me. “Really?” I asked.

“Yeah, you can’t eat lettuce all the time...sometimes a girl just needs some greasy ass food.” She replied.

“Agreed.” I said.

We both ordered greasy burgers and fries, and then she ordered a pitcher of beer and two glasses. Wow, she wasn’t what I was expecting at all...

“So, what made you come into the gym?” she asked.

I told her about my party, and how Carla was there. “She gave me a card,” I said.

“Yeah, she’s notorious for recruiting cute young girls...” she said with a chuckle.

My cheeks turned pink at her words, unsure if I was blushing because of Carla’s ploy, or the fact she called me cute.

“So, you don’t know Carla then?” she asked.

“No,” I said.

“Well, trust me, she’s gonna try to get to know you...” she laughed.

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“Know me?” I asked.

“Yeah, hook up with you,” she said.

She bit into her burger, letting the grease dribble down her chin after her comment.

“I’m not gay,” I said.

Chloe looked at me, with the same confused look as Carla had given me at the party when I talked about a boyfriend.

“She usually only recruits young, cute lesbian women...” Chloe said.

“Well, she kept telling me I was,” I admitted.

Chloe laughed as she leaned back in the booth. “Wow, she’s a piece of work,” she said.

I felt relieved that Chloe was so cool about Carla’s mistaken perception. She never questioned me about my experience with other women, and never once made me feel as though she didn’t believe me when I said I liked men.

She lived just a couple blocks away, in the opposite direction of my apartment, but still close enough to walk.

We met up that evening and shared a pizza and more beer at the bar just past her place, and that Sunday, we took a long walk in the park, stretching and stopping to do

yoga by the water.

Her personality was addictive, and I was enjoying spending all of my time with her. No longer did I feel cold and alone in the busy city, but more as if I fit in, belonged with someone.

It may not have been the traditional pairing, but having a friend was amazing. I never wanted it to end...I hoped it wouldn't.

Three weeks passed, and we had spent almost every day together. Chloe sat on my couch, kicked back against the pillow and her feet on the coffee table. "So, why don't you have a man in your life?" she asked.

I didn't know the answer to that. I stopped; stood in front of her holding the outfit I was getting ready to change into for our night out on the town.

"I don't know," I said.

"I guess, I don't need one..." I added.

"Don't you want one?" she asked.

"No," I replied.

It was the truth. All I wanted was what we had, it was enough for me. The thought of finding a man and losing Chloe wasn't something I could deal with. She was my best friend, she was all I needed.

I enjoyed our weekends in the park and our late nights on the couch watching horror movies. I couldn't imagine giving that up, for what, a man?

The fear of reality kicked in quickly. Maybe she had met a man, maybe that's why she was asking...

"Why don't you?" I asked.

She let out a loud laugh "What would I do with a man?" she asked.

My heart slowed its pounding inside of my chest. Good, she hadn't met anyone.

"You don't want one?" I asked.

Chloe stopped laughing and leaned up from the couch. Her eyes were heavy on me as she followed me with them. I moved slowly, waiting for her to respond before I made it to the hall and out of her sight.

"Marcie, seriously?" she asked.

I stopped, turned to look at her. She looked serious.

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“I’m gay,” she said.

My heart immediately started pounding again. I never realized she was gay, we were best friends, we spent all of our time together, and she never once made any type of move on me? She never once mentioned her preference for women.

“I thought you knew,” she said.

I should have known. Of course I should have known.

“Oh,” I said.

“Are you ok with that?” she asked.

“Yes, of course, it’s just, uh...” I stumbled over my words.

“It’s just what?” she asked.

“I mean, I didn’t know...you never made a move on me,” I said.

I realized my word sounded disappointed as they came out, but that wasn’t how I meant them to sound...

She laughed, her eyes lingered on me.

“Did you want me to?” she asked.

My lips curled into a smile to match hers as I stood there in shock. I wasn't sure what I wanted at this point. Why did it bother me that she hadn't hit on me?

"No," I said, not sure that was a true answer.