



Ocean's Mist Press



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*Marcella*

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*Marcella**By Jolie du Pre*

Tiana squeezed Bernard's torso with her thighs as he pushed deep inside her. Moving her hands from his back, then up to his neck she sank her head into the pillow and closed her eyes. Bernard's hot breath hit her skin as he moaned loudly and exploded into her.

Later, as Bernard slept, Tiana lay close, caressing his muscular arm. She couldn't sleep, not as she thought about how lucky she was. Bernard was educated, rich, and a gorgeous hunk of dark chocolate, making her the envy of all her friends.

"Bernard?" Tiana whispered. "Bernard?"

But there was no answer. She was still wet, wanting more, but instead of trying to wake Bernard, Tiana smiled, kissed him on the cheek and got out of bed. She put on her robe and then headed downstairs to the kitchen for a glass of water.

Bernard had bought a seven foot tree, which sat in the living room. The rich aroma of pine assailed Tiana's senses as she descended the stairs. Four inches of snow had fallen two days before and the temperature

outside was cold enough for it to have remained, all sparkly and white, on the ground. Christmas would arrive in just five days.

Bernard had done a great job decorating his place. Garland lined the stair railing; silk poinsettias stood at the base of the fireplace; the tree was ornamented and a big wreath decorated the front door.

The holiday made Tiana smile and she was tempted to pull out one of Bernard's Christmas CD's. But since it was two in the morning, she decided against it.

She walked into the kitchen. Bernard's wool pants had fallen off one of the chairs. Lovingly, she picked them up and placed them back on the chair. A note had fallen out of the pocket. There was a number and a name – Lorraine.

Tiana stared at the note. Lorraine wasn't some strange name sprawled on a piece of paper. Lorraine was Bernard's ex-girlfriend, the woman who told Tiana that she'd get Bernard back in her bed by the end of the year.

It was the end of the year.

Tiana crumbled the note and threw it on the floor. Then she ran into the living room and slunk on the couch. Tears began to roll down her cheeks.

“You bastard,” Tiana said out loud.

“Tiana? What are you doing up, baby? Come back to bed.”

Bernard walked down the stairs and stood at the foot of it. He was indeed the most handsome man that Tiana had ever seen. His muscles were big and well defined, thanks to years of workouts at the gym. Not an ounce of fat damaged his fabulous torso. And what he possessed between his legs never failed to satisfy her. Tiana wiped her eyes and took a deep breath. Why did he have to be so fine? She thought.

“Why have you been lying to me, Bernard?” Tiana asked.

“What? What are you talking about?”

“Lorraine!” Tiana shouted. “Lorraine, is what I’m talking about!”

Bernard paused, not saying a word. Tiana’s insides tightened. She knew that look. It was the look Bernard gave whenever he was guilty.

“What about Lorraine?”

“Her note fell out of your pants pocket. You’ve been seeing her haven’t you?”

“What note? Baby you know me and Lorraine broke up two years ago.”

Tiana ran into the kitchen and picked the crumbled note off the floor.

“This note! She told me she would get you in her bed by the end of the year. Well it’s December, so I guess she was right.” Tiana threw the note back on the floor.

Bernard walked over, picked it up and opened it. “This doesn’t mean anything. I’ve had this note for a long time.”

“Oh, sure you have, Bernard, a long time!” Tiana mocked. “I’m going to gather my things and then I’m getting out of here.”

“You’re being silly, Tiana. You know this doesn’t make any sense.”

Tiana didn’t answer. Bernard was lying and if there was one thing she had taught herself, it was to always trust her instincts.

\* \* \*

Back at her apartment, that Saturday morning, Tiana was still crying. Bernard had left eight million calls on her cell phone, but none of them were answered. He had even tried to come over, but Tiana refused to open the door. She had to force herself to be strong, to not give in. As she thought about it, the tears continue to come. How could she make it without Bernard?

Tired of being in the house, she went outside. It was bright and sunny, despite the fact that it was the dead of winter. A crisp breeze filled the air.

She sat down on a bench and just looked around. It was good to meditate, but it also didn't help to think about Bernard or to convince herself not to call him.

"Gazi, para!"

A little dog went running ahead, dressed in a Christmas doggy suit, but stopped on cue when its beautiful master called out. She was Mexican, with long shiny dark hair and a striking face. She wore a short winter coat, revealing a full, firm bottom under skin tight jeans, and she wore high heeled white boots. Tiana stared at her in spite of herself. The woman was the type who could draw stares.

"Ven!" The woman said to the dog. Then she sat down next to Tiana on the bench. The dog sat by the woman's feet.

"It's a nice day?" The woman said with only a slight accent.

"Yes, especially for a winter day," Tiana responded.

"I like to walk my dog in this park. It's peaceful, I think."

"Yes, quite peaceful."

"My name is Marcella. And yours?"

"Tiana."

"Tiana? What a pretty name."

"Thanks. Marcella is very nice, too."

Tiana looked out into the distance, trying to block her thoughts from returning to Bernard.

"You look so sad," Marcella said. "Are you all right? It's almost Christmas! Why so blue?"

Normally, Tiana would lie to strangers. Why go into personal details with someone you don't know? But Tiana felt different about Marcella. Those beautiful eyes seemed to indicate a caring soul.

"Well...it's my boyfriend. He's cheating on me."

"Ah, yes. A man." She reached down and pet her dog. "Gazi is the only man in my life."

Tiana smiled. "Maybe I should get a dog."

"Yes, maybe you should!" Marcella reached down and pet her dog again. "I feel like having coffee. Would you like to have some coffee with me?"

Tiana fell silent for a moment. She wasn't used to having a drink with a stranger, but today it felt right.

"Well...yes, actually I would."

"Wonderful! I know just the place."

Marcella led Tiana and her dog to a corner coffee shop. It was small and cozy with Christmas lights in the window and other decorations



within. Soft Christmas music, sung in Spanish, could be heard. Marcella brought her dog inside and he walked to a room in the back as if he had been there many times before.

“Hola, Angi!” Marcella called to the girl behind the counter. “Dos cafés, por favor.”

The girl smiled and prepared the coffees. The place was filled with other Mexicans. Tiana was the only African American, but she felt right at home.

After the ladies received their coffees, they settled into one of the booths. “Now, tell me all about it,” Marcella said.

\* \* \*

Tiana and Marcella sat at the restaurant for at least two hours. Tiana relayed all of the information about her and Bernard to Marcella as if she had known her for a very long time. Tiana felt like she was talking to an old friend.

After a while there was a pause, as the women took in the moment.

“We can stay here or we can go to my place.” Marcella said. Her hand softly caressed Tiana's. Tiana did not pull her hand away.

"Okay," Tiana said. The thoughts in her head were unlike any thoughts she had had before. It felt as if Marcella was coming on to her. She wasn't sure, yet she didn't protest it. It was good.

As they left the restaurant and walked down the street, the dog followed behind. Marcella often looked at Tiana and smiled, but there was no conversation.

Marcella's apartment was located in a corner building on the third floor. The dog ran up the stairs and Marcella and Tiana followed behind him. The building was quiet. When Marcella opened her door, the dog ran inside.

"This is better, yes?" said Marcella.

"Yes," Tiana said.

Marcella's hand rose to Tiana's face as she looked into Tiana's eyes.

"Eres muy bella," Marcella whispered.

"What does that mean?" Tiana asked.

"It means you're beautiful," Marcella responded.

Tiana smiled. "Thank you."

"Now why don't you give me your coat?"

Tiana removed her coat and gave it to Marcella. After Marcella put their coats away she walked over to her couch and sat down.

"Come. Come sit next to me." Marcella said.

"Okay," Tiana said as she headed for the couch. Marcella was not interested in men. Although she never said it, it had to be true. But as Tiana looked at the nativity scene under the Christmas tree, she wondered if her instinct was indeed correct.

"What can I get you?" Marcella asked. "I want you to feel at ease. I don't want you to worry anymore. I want you to feel good."

"I do feel good."

"You do?"

"Yes, I do."

Marcella put her hand on Tiana's knee. There was little doubt in Tiana's mind that Marcella wanted her.

"Marcella, may I ask you a question?"

"Of course."

"Um....I don't know how to ask this."

"If you want to know if I'm a lesbian. The answer is yes."

"I see."

"That doesn't bother you, Tiana. Right?"

Tiana looked at Marcella. Indeed she was right. It didn't bother her. She felt good sitting in her apartment. And she was curious, curious as to what would happen next.

The women stared at each other for a bit more and then Marcella leaned over and put her lips on Tiana's. They were tender and soft. Before Tiana knew it her hands were in Marcella's hair, caressing her head.

They kissed for a long time. When Tiana opened her eyes, she was staring into Marcella's brown ones.

"Come to bed with me," Marcella said.

"But...I've never."

"Yes, I know."

Marcella pulled Tiana to her feet. She put her hands on Tiana's bottom, gently squeezing it and then she pulled her closer so that their bodies touched.

They kissed again, and then Marcella took Tiana's hand and brought her into the bedroom.

Tiana breathed heavily, her heart beating fast. Marcella's bedroom was decorated in red and pink. A large bed lay in the middle of the room. Marcella let go of Tiana's hand, walked over to the bed and sat on the edge of it. "Come to me," she said.

Tiana did as she was told, and then Marcella began to remove Tiana's clothes. When her blouse was off, Marcella held Tiana's breasts and began to kiss the nipple and the silky smooth skin. She pulled Tiana even closer and Tiana let out a soft moan as Marcella's tongue nipped her erect nipples.

Then Marcella laid Tiana on the bed and removed her shoes, pants and panties. Marcella took her hand and softly stroked the hair on Tiana's mound.

"Very nice," Marcella said.

Marcella removed her own clothes and Tiana stared at a creamy body with smooth skin, ample breasts and a carefully manicured pussy.

Marcella climbed on top of Tiana and began to kiss her lips again. Their tongues twined as Tiana kissed her back, only this time with more passion than she had before. The feel of a woman's naked body on top of her own gave her a thrill that she had never imagined. She put her hands on Marcella's back and rubbed her soft skin.

Then her curiosity got the better of her and she wondered what it would be like to put her hand between the legs of another woman. She placed her fingers on Marcella's pussy and felt its smooth, damp hair.

"Oh, that feels nice," Marcella purred.

It felt very good for Tiana and she gently took her finger and pushed it inside of Marcella's pussy. It was so slick and wet that her finger slipped in effortlessly. Then in full passion, she pushed her finger in and out rapidly as Marcella let out groans of ecstasy and pleasure.

Marcella put her lips on Tiana's again and kissed her madly. Soon her own hand was between Tiana's legs.

The amount of passion within Tiana was at an all time high and the feel of Marcella's fingers inside her pussy sent a gush of wetness like none other that she had ever had.

The women pushed their fingers into each other, moaning loudly, caught in the rapture of the experience. Tiana felt the pressure in her cunt building and she knew that Marcella was just as close.

"I want to taste you," Marcella said abruptly. Tiana didn't protest as Marcella turned around and moved her head down to the spot between Tiana's legs. She pulled Tiana's legs apart and dropped her face on the wet mound. Tiana let out a louder moan intensified by the sight of Marcella's pussy only inches away from her face.

What she wanted to do she never thought she would. She stretched her neck up and placed her face on Marcella's smooth mound, licking at her clitoris. Then Marcella rested her body on top of Tiana's and the

women eagerly ate each other, simultaneously, moaning and groaning and lapping at each other's pussies.

Marcella was the first to orgasm. "Carajo!"

Tiana soon followed.

Marcella came back up to Tiana and the women lay their heads next to each other, breathing, not saying a word.

Tiana looked around the room. What had brought her here and what was she now? She had just slept with a woman. Only hours before she had been with a man.

"You're very nice, Tiana," Marcella said in the same soft voice she always used.

Tiana got out of bed and put on her clothes.

"Tiana, you're not saying anything," Marcella said.

"I guess I'm a little confused. That's all. I've never..."

"I know. You've never been with a woman. It's okay. Think about it. Don't rush it. I'm sure I will hear from you again, so call me when you're ready to."

Marcella got up, took some paper off of a desk, wrote down her number and gave it to Tiana.

Tiana looked at it, but this time she smiled.

"Thank you, Marcella. I will call you."

When Tiana got home she sat on her couch and thought about the last 24 hours. She was upset over Bernard's lies, but now, if she admitted it, she was very happy to have had the experience with Marcella. She didn't know what she was, but whatever she was it didn't matter.

The phone rang.

"Hey baby, you finally picked up." It was Bernard. "I'm sorry. Let's not throw everything out the door over Lorraine. I won't see her anymore, baby. I promise. You know I love you."

Tiana shook her head and rolled her eyes. She knew she wasn't wrong about Lorraine and now Bernard had confirmed it. "I'm not throwing everything out the door; I'm just throwing you out the door. Goodbye Bernard. It was nice. But it's over now."

Tiana hung up the phone and let a big smile spread across her face. She turned on the lights of her tree and made herself a cup of hot chocolate. Then she picked up her cell phone and punched in Marcella's number.

"My goodness, that was quick." Marcella said.

"Yes, I guess it is. I broke up with Bernard."

"Are you okay?"



"I'm fine. I really enjoyed being with you yesterday. Once the holiday is over, we'll have to meet again."

"What are you doing for Christmas?"

"Well... I was going to spend it with Bernard and his family. But not now, obviously. My mother lives in another state. She'll be spending it with her sister. So I guess I'll try to catch a flight and spend it with them. You?"

"Oh, my family is in Mexico. Last year I was there, but this year I'm not able to come until later."

"So you'll be alone for Christmas?"

"I was going to spend it with some friends."

"I'm a friend."

"Yes, you certainly are."

"Why don't we spend Christmas together? You and I."

"Tiana, I think that would be a wonderful idea."

**THE END**