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DANCE TO YOUR LOVE

A LESBIAN ROMANCE SHORT STORY

**Dance to your
Love**

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Two woman. One curvy dance instructor. One clumsy, edgy office worker. Will they find love together?

Marissa joins today's dance course lesson to relax from a long workday. Carolyn, the new instructor, with the lovely curves rises her interests.

Usually Marissa loves her partners thinner. Like herself. Without cuddly curves. With none she ever formed a lasting relationship.

Besides, will this wonderful dance instructor ever look twice at her? Struggling and stumbling over the choreography? With a body missing any curves?

*In daily life, Marissa decides easily. Not so in her love life. Read *Dance to your love* and find out, if Marissa unveils the courage to ask Carolyn out.*

The beat of the music vibrated through Marissa's muscles and body. Making her try harder to meet the rhythm with her side-to-side steps. Sweat was dripping all over her back. Her white linen T-Shirt was wet and stuck to her back. Sliding back and forth with each movement of her arms.

She felt vivid and alive after a long day in front of the computer screen, sitting in the soft office chair. Her only movements had been to the ladies room and the coffee corner. The only reason she came to the sports lesson this evening was the recommendation of a friend.

“The new teacher's great”, Lisa had written after last weeks training.

The melody changed a bit. Carolyn, the instructor in front of her showed a V with her arms, four fingers stretched out, indicating to do four V-steps now.

Thankfully, Lisa, who danced in her green gymnastic pants and the pink shirt next to her, had stopped by and pulled her along this evening. Otherwise she'd be home, munching unhealthy potato chips, watching something on TV.

Marissa went with the rhythm of the music and the sign instructions of Carolyn. She liked the fact, that this instructor wasn't shouting. Maybe she'd come more often again in the future. She thought about the last instructor who had shouted at the top of her voice all the time to be louder than the music. Despite that, her commands often got lost in the beats, which made following the dance