

Mattress Shopping Oh My!

by JLNicky

DISCLAIMERS: This is for the sandbox 101-story topic challenge ...

This story is what you would consider a PWP. So just enjoy it...

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“What about this one, Gigantor?” Sandy asked looking over at the king size mattress set on display. She carelessly turned away from it and crouching slightly she sprung upward jumping backward launching her 25-year-old athletic frame butt first into the sky only to flop back onto the special featured “comfort quilt” of the bouncing surface. She wiggled to strategically center her 5’5 frame on the monster surface and spread-eagled her arms and legs to show the difference in height and width to the nearby extremely tall woman. Her laughing green eyes sparkled toward the still brooding features of her companion.

Towan sighed dramatically at her friend’s playful antics. She rolled her dark brown eyes upward in a plea to the nearest Goddess listening. *Don’t make me suffer too much today!* She mentally spoke to any being listening.

“Stop it before you get us thrown out.” Towan whispered loudly at the still wiggling creature lying on the display model of the bed. Sandy lifted her blonde locks, swiveled her head exaggeratingly to the left then back to the right, looking around the huge deserted warehouse only full of stacks and stacks of mattresses. She brought her gaze back to her friend and looked at her as if she had bumped her head. They were the only to humans in the whole gigantic store. Even the sales guy had taken off after hearing Towan’s brisk clarification of ‘just looking’. The boondocks location of the warehouse and Towan’s insistent attitude on driving the 30 miles outside of town to hunt the obscure place down, ensured Sandy other customers were having the same issue. She just shook her butt a little more as they looked at each other and knew she was just asking for it.

“Come on Towan. It’s not like you don’t have room for this big ole bed in your new ‘studio’.” Sandy used her fingers to make the quote marks of sarcasm for the small sounding word being used by her companion to describe the 3-story loft she had just taken over the lease on. “My God woman, the front door, alone, is a passenger train railcar door. It slides sideways for Goddess sake. It’s gigantic and heavy just like everything else in that loft.” Sandy immediately noticed Towan’s small smile of satisfied pleasure. Sandy knew she was on the right track and decided to take advantage of the not

often given opportunity to enjoy Towan's obviously self-congratulating feeling of success. The darker woman had earned every right and rarely celebrated the fact.

Sandy was amazed at the latest major acquirement Towan had researched and eventually purchased. Ever since they had roomed together in college she had been informed about Towan's morbid attitude for shopping. The tall moody girl had avoided shopping like the plague. She complained about the rude people, the high costs, and the rude people, the time wasted and, of course, the rude people. She thought the Internet was a godsend. Online shopping became a must do to avoid the crowds, the problems, and the loss of time. Looking around them at the huge selection of mattresses available to be tested and tried, Sandy smiled at her own cleverness.

She had insisted, to her friends dismay, buying a bed had to be done up close and personal. She had even commented on the fact that almost all major purchases held that restriction. Just look at the time and energy she reflected, casually, that Towan had put into the loft purchase. Sandy had been thrilled when Towan had not only buckled but had immediately asked her to come along. She had never had such a prime opportunity to kill two birds with one stone. She wanted to show how fun shopping could be for her a-enter b-hunt c-find and d-destroy James Bond lethal shopping friend. Also, she needed a perfect place and time to somehow show Towan there could be so much more to shop for in her world.

She had, with frustration, realized her growing attraction for the up and coming artist years ago. She could never have seen them going past friendship into a romantic relationship early on. Although they had spent some time confessing their mutual attraction to women they were completely involved in attaining their degrees. The stress of learning and classes and energy burning all night study groups had been a wringer for them both. They had really needed a solid friendship at the time, someone they knew they could count on. She also admitted to herself now she had been too scared to try back then. But, times had changed.

Towan was becoming a successful artist, popular and demanded and Sandy was reaching and achieving her own goals in the architectural design career she had chosen. Sandy had turned 25 the past month and had thought about making a wish for half a second before making the same one she had made the previous year. She desired the same thing for the last 3 birthdays she discovered. The temptress looking back at her over the candles and the same temptress giving her a once over while she lay stretched out on the king size 'I-wanna-sex-you-up' mattress. Sandy let the candy in her sweeten the flavor as she subtly posed for the watcher.

She ran a hand under her shoulders to catch all of her mid-length blonde hair and pull it out from being caught in the pinch between shoulder and mattress. Sliding her hand upward she released the locks to spill outward across the mattress above her head. Imagining she was being looked down upon by a camera she wondered how her hair was actually splaying around her face. Her brilliantly green eyes, pert nose and generous smile were captured on a freckled canvass of smooth creamy white skin. She looked over

at her companion shifting from one foot to the other watching her and admired the gorgeous dark looks her friend had cultivated.

Towan's tall 6-foot figure was sculpted in a willow thin form and topped by small pert breasts. Body of a goddess, a models physique, Towan still seemed surprised whenever Sandy's obvious eye caressing appreciation of her older college roommates body was commented about in jealous tones. The most intriguing ingredient of the perfect specimen in Sandy's opinion had become the sultry bedroom eyes of indigo blue. The dark tint reflected back from that tanned bronze face, seeming to envelop you into its captivating hue. Needless to say Sandy had spent many a moment arrested from their power. Fringed by long dark lashes, covered by two perfectly pencil thin arch able eyebrows her eyes were complemented by her classical patriarchal nose and soft full dusky hued lips. Sandy felt a twinge of excitement race through her at their current predicament. She had been looking for a perfect moment to chance deepening their friendship into something more. She watched those long tanned fingers of her friend reach up and run through that thick sweep of hair and repressed a shiver as she twisted her knees to one side and lay her broad shoulders flat to the mattress her rounded hips raised, a single arm outstretched the other resting across her flat abs.

Towan's eyes slowly moved from Sandy's hair over her face, down her neckline, glancing at the twin mounds of her full c-cup breasts pushing outward on her chest. Those dark blue orbs moved downward to the flat stomach round hips and took a quick sweep over the smooth muscularity of the completely bare legs only partially protected from her hungry eyes by short shorts, Sandy insisted were still in style. She moved her eyes quickly to capture the whole picture in her memory then turned to look at another stack of mattress further away. Her breathing slightly rapid, features flushed under her tan, she reached up and ran a hand through her hair. She trembled at the sudden rush of heat spearing through her body. She hoped Sandy didn't notice.

Towan frowned. Lately anything the smaller woman did seemed to cause a heated response to flow inside. She glanced back over at the reclining figure and drew in a sharp breath at the gesture being made.

"Come try it out, Towan?" Sandy ran a flowing open hand back and forth on the space beside her. Towan mumbled a curse word under her breath and shook her head. She felt the need to move and run. Then she heard it. The softly spoken ultimate 'don't you dare say this to Towan Brennon or else' challenge. With squinted eyes of sea green and a quick flip to her stomach, Sandy uttered the word.

"Chicken!" She buried her face into the crook of her arm as she awaited the outcome. Three times before she had challenged her friend this way.

Once, uttering the ultimate word, had Towan sprint across the football field in a stolen football jersey stealing the ball to run it for a touchdown. This would have been fine during practice but during the season, at a televised game? Towan had not stopped running when she had reached the end zone. She had barely managed to escape the

rapidly following football players. She had, however, successfully out run the rent-a-cops hired for stadium protection. Five hours later Towan had showed up at the dormitories, ball in hand, to casually plop down across from Sandy and roll the ball over.

The second time had been during a Frat party. The Omega fraternity had made beer bombs and Jello shots of tequila. A twinge of sexual arousal at watching Towan continually lick and suck on the end of a beer bottle had Sandy challenging to beat her roomie in downing hideous Jello shots. Towan had at first refused. Sandy had twisted her neck left then right and had laced her fingers bending them inward to pop. The small group of friends they had hung with back then groaned in disgust. Sandy had only smiled. Leaning upward she said the ultimatum into Towan's ear only to watch the tall woman stiffen and look down at her with a steely glint in those ice blue eyes. Sandy had ended up puking her 9 shots up that night. Towan had managed to hold her 10 shots in and wiped off the sweat slick brow of her roomie as she puked over the porcelain goddess.

That awful decision should have been the clincher that Towan was a natural born winner if it ever came to challenges but Sandy couldn't let it rest. One more time she tried the ultimate. One more time she lost. Sandy would have been hell bent for embarrassment if not for the winning aspect of her loss. She had finally seen her friends true nature. Sandy and Towan had met up with some old college girlfriends one Saturday to reminice and rehash important college memories. They had all decided to hit the local club later that night. The laugh filled group had paid the cover charge and were eventually admitted to go to a ladies night gay strip club. The strippers were volunteer dancers from other clubs around town and the club was full. Sandy and Towan had frequented the club before and found the group a great seat up in front of the stage. During the evening, dancer after dancer had eyed the tall, dark and stoic woman with special glances of lust and want. Sandy, who had recently admitted she had feelings for her friend, had felt the irritation rising as the last dancer had Towan's sitting up to pay attention. The only face saving element of the entire thrust driven pelvic dance directed at Towan was the fact the lithe blonde sorta looked like Sandy herself. She rolled her eyes at the obvious tension Towan was trying to disperse by fidgeting and crossing or uncrossing her legs.

Seeing that she had become aroused herself, Sandy did the one thing she could think of to take her mind off her dilemma. She leaned over and bet "the last dancer had fake titties" a huge whopping single dollar bill was slammed down on the table. Sandy eyed the 5 women and challenged with her sinister smile graced lips. Towan shook her head, rolled her eyes, and sipped her beer.

"Those were real, Sandy. Give it up." Towan stated calmly. Sandy had always hated that 'matter of fact voice' Towan used to make a point. The woman sounded like she already knew the girl. Squinting her flint filled green eyes she leaned over to Towan and said 'Betcha?' Towan nodded her head in agreement then tilted it to the side in curiosity.

“How are you going to find out? It’s not really polite to just go up to a girl and ask her are they real?” The group of women at the table chuckled and wondered just what was gonna happen to the smaller blonde dynamo they knew.

Sandy took a moment to scratch her chin and reflect. She tapped one finger over her lips and began to smile. Towan narrowed her cerulean eyes at the face of pure devilment rising from within the short blonde ‘freak of nature’ she called friend.

“What are you up to?” Towan asked watching the golden sparkles begin to dance within their green sea.

“Someone will just have to go ask her. Maybe I’ll just pop back there and inquire if there are any positions available?” Sandy murmured loudly enough for the whole group to groan.

“Don’t do it!”

“Forget it Sandy!”

“Are you insane?”

“Alright!” The last comment coming from the redheaded Trudy who was nothing if not eloquent when it came to nakedness. She had been the one yelling “Whoohoooo hooters!” during the previous few dancers. Towan tossed a suddenly crumpled wet paper napkin at Trudy while remaining quiet at the suggestion. Sandy’s eyes widened in surprise at her good friends blank features.

“Not gonna talk me out of it?” She wondered at the amazingly non-combatative attitude her big talk usually achieved. Towan just slowly shook her head from side to side.

Sandy shrugged and once again gave her patented finger lacing, joint popping, knuckle cracker. The women all grimaced and groaned. Sandy smiled and stood up heading for the side entrance where the dancers had departed.

“Are you crazy Towan?” One of the women had quizzed the silent artist. “What if she gets hired? What if....” Towan had turned her suddenly flaring midnight blues over to look at her friends questioning attitude. She smiled a dazzling smile that cut off the next protest being made.

Pulling out her cell phone she punched in a few numbers and called the club owner that she had supplied some portraits too six months ago. Pure evil in her grin she spoke with the proprietor and immediately had Sandy hired to dance that night. She vaguely heard some protests being made by the little mouth in the background but she stressed her friend’s talents, exaggerating her skills. She ran through a list of accolades her friend had accomplished while dancing. The other women at the table were clutching their sides and stifling their laughter as they listened on in glee.

The MC came back out on stage and was welcomed by applause. She cracked a couple of nasty jokes and looked over her shoulder to see if the next dancer was prepared. Feeling the moment was right she started her spiel looking at an index card to read notes.

“We have a real treat for y’all tonight. Straight from the back of her motorcycle we have a vibrating piston pumping, engine roaring love making biker chick named BAMBI to dance for you. The five women sitting up front roared with laughter and clapped until their hands hurt. Sandy nearly naked form was suddenly shoved from behind and sent tumbling out onto the stage. Her now ripped short shorts blue jeans and a black leather one-piece halter-top had the room whistling and women holding up dollar bills. A reflective pair of sunglasses covered the blondes green eyes but her body’s stiff stance and heavily drawn breaths were perfectly noticeable as she moved out to the center of the stage. A song began to play and the nervously biting teeth over the wide mouth and full lips of the blonde started to shine as she smiled. The small group all gave each other questioning looks but the blonde had already begun to sway.

“Oh my God! She’s actually dancing. That little shit!” Brenna yelled over the now screaming crowd as the oldies rock hit began to make the crowd sing.

“Saw him dancing there by the record machine.!”

“Knew he must have been bout 17.”

“Waiting for his frown.”

“They were playing my favorite song.”

“I could tell it wouldn’t be long, that he was with me. Yeah Me!”

“I could tell it wouldn’t be long Yeah Me!”

“Sing’n

“I love rock and roll.”

“So put another dime in the jukebox, baby!”

“I love rock and roll.”

“So come and take some time and dance with me.”

By the end of the chorus Sandy was gyrating as well as the professional women. Towan’s evil plan seemed to be backfiring. The wicked little bullshitter was accepting dollarbills being stuffed into her shorts. Sandy moved back slightly and danced over to the small group she had originally arrived with. As the crowd roared she slowly began to

imitate a pelvic thrusting move and at the same time untie the simple string of her halter top behind her back. The sudden sweat popping out on Towan's forehead gave Sandy the first clue to the power she held. She demurely turned her now naked back, holding the remnants of the top to shield her bra free breasts as she moved toward the pole situated in the center of the stage. With her back facing the crowd she tossed the top over her shoulder and amazingly enough knew it had landed where she wanted. Towan's sat slack jawed at the black piece of cloth she now held and without awareness she shoved it into her jeans pocket. She was riveted at the stage as the now topless woman hugged and shimmed up and down the length of the pole. She watched fascinated as Sandy spun around to face them and still managed to cover her breasts with crossed arms hugging the pole.

The crowd loved every moment of it. She eventually showed the fact that she had dangling pasties on and with great guffaws of laughter she began to spin them in opposite directions. She collected many crumpled bills and calmly walked off the stage as the song faded and the MC returned.

Towan barely heard the group of wild women behind her exclaiming how crazy Sandy was. All Towan had realized was how much she had wanted to put some money into the tight little shorts Sandy had wiggled in her direction. She wiped the crumpled napkin in her hand over her forehead and quickly made a mumbled statement of 'bathroom'. Her friends never saw the high sheen of sweat or the trembling hands. They simply ordered another round of drinks and waited for both women to return.

Sandy came out grumbling to herself. She had lost the bet. The small blonde dancer had real breasts. The true issue she was mumbling about was two fold now. One, she was so fired up it would take nothing to make her explode and two, Towan had seemed to like it. Grumbling about how she might use this information she glanced at the table and felt her frown deepen.

"Where is Towan?" Sandy looked around not seeing her friend. The girls mentioned bathroom and Sandy realized she needed the same. Lot's of beer and drenched panties were not doing her any good.

She hit the first open stall and spun to sit. The sound of her water flow was suddenly drowned out by a strong grunt from the stall next to her. Looking over she noted the black tipped boots of her friend. Feeling an overwhelming desire she silently rose up over the stall and quickly peeked in. Her first revelation was Towan was masturbating and her second was the fact those bronze hands held the black halter top Sandy had tossed to her earlier. Sandy sat back down shakily and with no thought of any consequence she lowered her shorts again and slid her fingers into her wetness to almost immediately hiss with the pleasure. Three maybe four strokes and a violent thrust upward had her plunging over the edge. She managed to remain quiet and sat listening through the thin stall wall as her friend continued on to grunt into another climax. Sandy exited the bathroom wondering what she should do now.

“Chicken!” She said knowing her fate was down hill from that moment on. Her buried features were hot and flushed as she felt the dip of the mattress moving down and the tall lanky frame of her friend settle into the spot of Sandy’s choice.

She turned her forest dark eyes toward Towan and glanced at the stiffly lying woman who was attempting to test the bed.

“Comfy?” Sandy whispered as she lifted up her upper half and watched the fidgeting occur next to her. The fidgets stopped. Towan, who lay on her back, turned her indigo eyes onto the smaller woman.

Towan tried to smile but her nervousness at the blonde’s nearness overwhelmed her. She tried to reply but it came out in a returned whisper.

“What’s so special about this bed?” Towan managed to ask. Sandy smiled a sultry smile of her own to the tall dark woman beside her. Giving her words as the only warning Sandy moved in for the shopping special.

“It has you in it!” She stated warmly as moved, rising over the prone woman. Their mutual moans of excitement as Sandy’s breasts pressed into the smaller ones below her were more than telling.

Towan’s eyes grew large then blank then seemed to flare with an inner light. Her hands reached up slowly from their almost trapped position and slid from high rounded hips to the small of that creamy back up to slowly weave their fingers into the blonde hair. Sandy looked into those blue eyes and tried to show her every desire. She practically purred as the touching hands separated from the mirrored path they had taken only to have one return down and pull her hips tightly into the hips below her. The handful of flesh Towan grabbed at her ass made them both moan again.

They stared at each other then smiled.

“I’ll take it. Lets go home.” Towan murmured as she pressed the blonde head downward and met those full lips with her own supple mouth. Their warmth and softness begged to be invaded. Towan growled out a request as she slid her tongue over the now parted entrance. Sandy tilted her head and melted onto the figure.

Their tongue’s entwined. The sweetest of flavors mixed and swirled together to form a perfect blend of sexual arousal. Both women were panting hard as they parted. Their locked eyes showed mutual desire and fascination. Towan licked the pointed chin above her and nibbled it quickly.

“Please Sandy. Let’s go home. We can shop anytime you want to. Let’s go home.” Towan’s begging insistence had Sandy smiling. Her own powerful heat had her rising and practically pulling the taller woman to her feet with one vicious jerk.

“You drive. I’ll be undressing in the back seat.” Sandy commented as she turned sharply and left the stunned artist behind. Towan hurriedly got her feet to move after Sandy as the small blonde simply turned the corner nearby and disappeared.

The End

Feed back would be great. So if you read this far why don’t you spend another two minutes writing me and telling me what you think so far. Please send feedback to jlnickymaster@aol.com

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