

The Couchie Couch



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Virginia, Ginny to her friends and family, sat on the stool and cajoled the bartender into serving just one more drink. When she shut one eye, the woman looked pretty damn cute, and there was only one of the attractive woman, so she figured one more drink wouldn't kill her. She'd already had two above her limit, but who was counting? Besides, wasn't that what a person was supposed to do when your lover of ten years decided to move out and take every last piece of furniture with her? It didn't matter that she'd paid for half. What Cynthia wanted, she got.

Desperate times called for desperate measures, so Ginny begged her best friend, Hillary, to move in with her. At the time, she never expected it would be across the country. The timing couldn't be more perfect for either of them. Hillary's lover had just kicked her to the curb. The reason seemed a bit shallow to Ginny, but she had her own shit to deal with, so she'd simply offered a solution to a problem. Who dumps their girlfriend because she has a terrible fashion sense and questionable home-decorating skills? Hillary needed a place to live, and she had furniture to offer. It was a done deal. Ginny would somehow deal with her secret and find a way to make it work. She'd been hiding that love for fifteen years. Sure, living together would create the kind of acute pain she wasn't looking forward to, but at least her best friend would be close again.

Maybe they'd been a tad bit rash when they decided to play a modified pin the tail on the donkey as a solution to finding their new home. Hillary had flown out to be the shoulder for Ginny to cry on and vice versa. She could do that as a freelance writer. As Ginny recalled that fateful evening, she grimaced at the memory. Hillary had brought the very dangerous bottle of Fireball whiskey with her, and off they went. The only thing of any value Cynthia, her ex, had left behind was the globe made of semi-precious stones. Sitting in the middle of the floor, the globe mocked her. So she and Hillary had used the globe as a crystal ball. Although, even after several shots, they had rules. If they spun the globe, and their index finger landed on a foreign country, that wouldn't count. So they each gave themselves

three spins with their eyes closed. After four shots, they made a sacred vow that if both of them landed on the same state by chance, it was a sign of where they were destined to move. Neither figured they would end up pointing at the great state of Texas, but a sacred vow is not something to mess with. It's venerable. Besides, they both decided a new start was in order.

When the moving van arrived from Chicago, Ginny wanted to be out of the way, so she decided to kill a few hours at the bar close to the house. She'd arrived in Texas several days before her best friend and had taken the time to scope out the area. Hillary had stayed back to supervise. She hated admitting that she was still raw from her break-up, and alcohol would take the edge off and tenderize her in preparation for the inevitable cryfest with her friend. Hillary continued to obsess over the cruel things her ex spewed at Hillary's expense. They would start their wet t-shirt contest with the tears they both still needed to shed.

"Thanks," she slurred when the cute bartender set the drink in front of her.

"Hey, you're not planning on driving anywhere, are you?"

Ginny shook her head until she realized that was a bad idea. "Walking," she managed to answer.

"Okay, but no more batting your beautiful green eyes for another drink. This one's the last you're getting. Can I call someone to walk you home? I'd do it myself, but my shift doesn't end for another two hours."

"Oh, that's nice of you." When she reached for her drink, she sloshed liquid all over the bar. "Shit, I think I'm a wee bit tipsy. Better head home. At least I'll have a bed now."

After throwing a twenty on the bar, Ginny wobbled to her feet and zig-zagged her way to the door. Stumbling the two blocks home, she barely registered the moving truck backing out of her driveway. Carefully navigating the two steps to her front door, Ginny poked her key into the lock and forced it in on the fourth try. Before she could turn the key, the door opened, and Hillary raised her eyebrow. At least, that's what Ginny thought she saw happen.

"Well, thank goodness the movers set everything up. I can see you're about ready to pass out," Hillary said. "I guess drowning our sorrows in a tub of ice cream is out. That's my drug of choice. Clearly, yours is alcohol."

Tucked against the corner of the two longest walls was an overstuffed maroon and mauve L-shaped leather sofa. The sections were separated with a pattern closely resembling a plump pink vagina. It was the most gauche piece of furniture Ginny had ever seen, and she wondered how it was possible for the salesperson or the manufacturer not to notice what was clear as day. Were they laughing their asses off when they sold this to Hillary? And how the hell hadn't she clued in the minute she took one look at this gigantic collection of vay jay jays?

Ginny stepped into the living room and blurted, "Holy shit, why are there seven vaginas looking at me? Damn, I am drunk. I understand double vision, but there's a whole lot more than two. Is that like a practice couch? I don't know whether to lick them or fuck them."

Hillary cocked her head to the side. "Wow, I never really noticed that before. No wonder she said it was butt ugly. Although, as a lesbian, don't you think it has a certain Feng Shui? You know, like those red doors that are supposed to bring good luck. Do you think it'll help us get laid?"

Ginny sort of shuffled over and touched one of the vagina patterns, poking her finger in the center. She was rapidly sobering up. "Damn, I was hoping there was a built-in crack or maybe a hole or something in the cushion. Do you think the designers knew what this would look like?"

"God, Ginny, no wonder your girlfriend left. Quit poking at it. You're using your finger like a guy uses his dick, no finesse at all."

"Are you fucking serious? You brought this pussy couch cross country, and you want me to stroke it? I can't believe you never noticed the design."

"I didn't have my glasses on. The couch was the last straw for Darcy. When they delivered it, she gave me my walking papers."

"So, this is new?"

Hillary nodded. "Uh-huh. Hey, let's call it the Coochie Couch."

Ginny stepped back and squinted as she revised her initial assessment and thought the two patterns on each end of the couch looked more like half a vagina or maybe someone's crooked ass cheek. "One, two, three, four, five. Yup, definitely orgy territory with the five vaginas in the middle. Oh, and the ends kinda look like a pair of nice asses." Ginny tilted her head again. "Well, sorta, if I close one eye and imagine them in a Picasso painting. But you know, I like the idea that each end resembles someone's butt. It makes sense in a weird way."

"So, we can keep Coochie Couch?"

"Sure, why not? It's probably the only pussy I'll get for a while. Can we get matching recliners to look like a pair of boobs?"

"I'm on it." Hillary grabbed her iPad off a table shaped like a tongue.

Ginny looked down at the wooden coffee table. "Oh my god, that looks like an enormous tongue. Surely you noticed that!"

"Oh yeah, I actually had that custom-made. I must have some subliminal thing happening, and that's why I picked the couch. Sex on the brain or something."

Ginny leaned down and stuck her nose in one of the vaginas. "I don't know if it's a good or bad thing that it doesn't smell like pussy. If either of us gets lucky, maybe we can change that." She grinned.

"Damn, bad news. There aren't any boob chairs; will titty throw pillows work?" Hillary asked.

Ginny laughed. "Absolutely; they will be the perfect accessory for the couch. I like your style, Hillary, don't let anyone change a single thing about your fashion sense or your ability to pick perfectly good living room furniture."

"That's about the nicest thing anyone has said to me in a long time." Hillary fell back on the couch, and the waterworks began leaving two long black streaks down her cheeks.

Ginny rushed to her side and kicked herself for not being a better friend and recognizing the early signs of a woman beaten down by the onslaught of criticism from the very person who should have cherished her. "You deserve so much better than that bitch. I'm going out to buy a voodoo doll tomorrow and stick a thousand pins in it. I'll write Darcy on its forehead in big black letters."

Hillary half hiccupped and half laughed. "Just because Austin has a Voodoo Doughnut place doesn't mean you can buy dolls there."

"Why couldn't you have fallen in love with me, your besty, instead of moving thousands of miles away with that evil cretin Darcy?" Ginny couldn't believe she had blurted that out. Well, the barn door was open now, but apparently, once again, she didn't think Hillary noticed.

Hillary looked up at Ginny, and the strangest look passed over her face before she wiped her cheeks and stared at the black marks on her thumbs.

"Sometimes, Ginny, oh, never mind. Bugger, so much for waterproof mascara. I must look frightful."

Yup, the clue police streaked past Hillary, and Ginny was safe again with her secret.

Ginny kissed her best friend's forehead. "Nothing could make you look frightful. On the contrary, your beauty glows brightly even with mascara tracks running down your face."

"Stop being so nice; you'll just make me sob harder. I thought tonight you were going to be the designated cryer, especially after your trip to the local bar, which I'm quite glad is so close."

"That couch sobered me up. Go for it. Get it all out of your system because tomorrow night is my turn."

Hillary laid her head on Ginny's shoulder and said, "Deal. I'll take all the generosity and kindness I can get tonight. I do love you."

If only Hillary meant she loved Ginny in an entirely different way, more like a lover and not as her best friend. But Ginny knew all too well that people didn't always get what they wanted in life. She certainly hadn't. Hillary was the first person who ever stood up for her. If she hadn't methodically led the campaign for a new nickname, Ginny thought everyone would still be calling her Virgin.

She sighed. "Right back atcha, Hillary. You are definitely one of a kind, just like this couch."



Hillary thought the big boat that made up the frame of her large king-sized bed was novel. Darcy hadn't agreed. She'd gotten the idea from a child's bedroom set and thought it was unique. Her friend back in Chicago was a master carpenter and could do just about anything with wood. Maybe she should have had Salem create a big vulva instead of a sailboat now that she saw the patterns on the couch. Ginny would appreciate that instead of the boring old early American that Darcy insisted they buy after she had refused to sleep with her in the master bed. Now that would be something, her and Ginny luxuriously lounging inside a ginormous vulva after a night of passion.

Hillary had been so excited when she'd revealed what she considered a masterful use of exotic materials. Unfortunately, the beauty of those finely sanded and polished woods was lost on Darcy when she saw the design, especially the sail that she claimed was a disaster waiting to happen. Darcy was sure she would either bang her head in the middle of the night or the damn thing would somehow disconnect and crash into her leg.

She lay wide awake, staring at the large sail that hung strategically over the bed in a modified canopy to fit the theme. She'd often dreamt about sailing into the sunset with her best friend. However, she couldn't push out of her head what Ginny had said earlier in the evening. Was Ginny serious when she'd offhandedly commented about wishing Hillary had fallen in love with her? She laughed bitterly at the irony. Hillary had been in love with her best friend ever since Ginny strutted across the basketball court and leaned down to tie her shoes. Not only was her ass the finest she'd ever seen, but when Ginny looked up and smiled at Hillary sitting against the wall writing in her journal, Hillary was a goner.

Hillary cruised through English class, and Ginny barely had to spend any time at all on her math and science homework. It was an easy partnership when they agreed to help one another in the areas they both had struggled with. Ginny wasn't some dumb jock. She had a brain, and that was very compelling to Hillary. Still, Ginny always had another basketball player hanging around waiting in the wings, so Hillary slid into the best friend slot easily, and that had been enough for her. Although she couldn't understand why Ginny even hung out with the mean team. They were the ones who'd nicknamed Ginny Virgin until Hillary had managed to systematically get everyone else to call her Ginny until the dumb jocks followed suit.

All these thoughts about her best friend kept Hillary wide awake, and eventually, she succumbed to her desire to peek into the other bedroom, where she assumed Ginny was fast asleep in the boring bed. She'd set up the contemporary bedroom in the larger room, giving it an almost lonely appearance. The empty space seemed to take over the ambiance of the room, making it cold and sterile in Hillary's humble opinion, but she wanted Ginny to have the bigger space with the better view.

Tiptoeing down the hallway, she turned the corner and pushed open the door. Unfortunately, she hadn't accounted for the loud squeak that

underscored the stillness of the house. "Shit," she exclaimed, not wishing to wake her new roommate.

"Hillary?"

Hillary jumped in the air when she felt the warm air and knew without turning around that Ginny was behind her.

"Crap, you scared me."

"What are you doing up?" Ginny asked.

Hillary thought it was better to answer a question with her own question. "How come you're not in bed?"

"Do you think we made a big mistake moving to Texas? I don't think they like lesbians here. If I ever get a partner, I might be unable to cover her on my insurance now. Not that I plan on jumping into a relationship any time soon, much less marry someone. Ice cream?"

"Huh?" Her best friend's ability to rapidly shift mid-topic often amazed Hillary. Although confusion often ensued when Ginny made that sharp turn.

"I'm going to take a gigantic leap and surmise that you're having as much trouble getting to sleep as I am. It's a good thing I don't have to start working at the hospital for another week. Ice cream is a milk derivative and your drug of choice, so I thought it might help."

Hillary chuckled. "You're the science geek. I'm pretty sure that warm milk is not the same as ice cream. The heat activates the tryptophan. Ice cream will just keep us awake with all the sugar."

Ginny smiled. "Oooh, look at you spouting all those impressive science-based facts." She shrugged. "It's been a long time since we stayed up all night and talked. I'm down with it if you are."

"Hey, I paid attention when you tutored me and learned to appreciate science. Two pints of vanilla with those little toffee chips coming right up. You go ahead and settle on the couch, and I'll bring them out."

As Hillary walked to the freezer to grab the ice cream, she tried to control the flutters as she envisioned an all-night gab session. When they'd first played spin the globe, Hillary wasn't sure if Ginny was serious. It was a dream come true for Hillary but far more complicated for Ginny. She had to upend her life by getting a new job in Texas. Fortunately for Ginny, they needed Advanced Registered Nurse Practitioners everywhere. That was an occupation in high demand. She'd only had to make a few calls, and the offers came flying in her direction.

Ginny was the kind of friend who would prompt Hillary to jump on a plane at a moment's notice. That is exactly what she'd done, and now they were living together. Hillary had felt the acute loss of her best friend when she moved to Chicago with her ex, despite their frequent Skype calls.

Yeah, she loved Ginny. She'd always loved Ginny, but it was pure self-preservation when she followed Darcy to Chicago after Ginny started dating Cynthia and confessed she was in love. Hillary wondered if she should cross the Rubicon, confess her high school crush, and see where it landed.

The sight of Ginny, her head resting on a vagina, and her legs stretched out in front of her with her ankles crossed, brought a smile to Hillary's face. She set one of the pints on the big wooden tongue, along with a spoon. She was happy that Ginny appreciated the coffee table for its immense novelty. Along with the new couch, it would definitely be a discussion prompt if either of them brought someone home. However, her smile turned upside down when she considered Ginny might start dating again and bring that person into what she considered her sacred space. She hadn't thought of that before moving in with her. At least she hadn't occupied a front-row seat to her relationship with Cynthia. Skype was bad enough when Cynthia flitted into the small box and sat beside Ginny.

"Dig in. So...is this a silly topic all night long chat or digging into our psyche until it hurts convo?"

"You've been my best friend for fifteen years now. Be honest with me. Did you see this coming?" Ginny asked.

"Rightio, we're jumping into the poke til it hurts discussion." Hillary paused while she opened the other ice cream container and looked at her best friend's pain-filled expression. "Okay, you wanted honesty. Yes, I saw it coming nine years ago."

"Why didn't you say anything?"

"You said the magic L-word. I wasn't going to stomp on your rainbow if there was even the slightest chance you could make it." Hillary stuck her spoon into the creamy treat and dug out a sizeable chunk.

"Why did you move? God, I missed being able to drive over in the middle of the night. I felt abandoned," Ginny confessed.

Hillary raised her eyebrow. "You had Cynthia. I was a third wheel, and it was jarring me to bump along the road with you two and painful to watch

how in love you two were. I had to venture out on my own."

"Do you know how close I came to begging you to stay? I know it was selfish of me. I was so frickin jealous of Darcy, and then I felt guilty about it. Before the two of you became an item, I saw her crushing on you. I only started dating Cynthia because I was pissed at you for attracting Darcy's attention. And because I figured you were the type of friend who would never start dating unless I was involved, too. I wanted you to be happy, and if it wasn't with me, I could pull up my big girl panties and let you fall in love with someone..." As Ginny's words trailed, she picked up the pint of ice cream from the table. Her spoon easily pushed into the now softened ice cream, and she lifted the melting treat to her mouth.

Huh? Is it even possible that Ginny feels the same? Hillary watched the spoon disappear into the beautiful mouth before blurting out, "Oh, good grief, I was never in love with Darcy; she could never hold a candle to you." She'd gone and done it now. Her true feelings were out there, hanging precariously like a single strand of a spider web swaying in the breeze. Hillary decided to move the conversation in a different direction before Ginny's sleepy or addled, alcohol-soaked brain registered the comment. At least, she hoped that a fair amount of alcohol was sloshing around inside. "Do you know what her parting comment was? 'I can't believe you sell any books at all if your furniture sense is any indication of your writing style,'" Hillary added quickly.

"I shoulda known what a titknob Darcy was. She always had that pretentious air about her," Ginny declared.

Whew, the confession had completely sailed over Ginny's head. Although, Hillary was a tiny bit disappointed. If she were honest with herself, she wanted Ginny to finally know how she felt. After all these years, her secret longing begged to be set free. Maybe that's why she unconsciously, gently steered Ginny back. "What? That is the most convoluted thing I think I've ever heard you say. Who starts dating someone out of jealousy? Oh, and titknob?" Hillary jabbed the spoon into the container and set it on the enormous tongue. Come on, Ginny, take the bait. This dancing around is killing me. Deep down inside, Hillary knew what was really happening; she'd probably known it all along. They were destined to come together tonight, finally, after all those wasted years.

"Yeah, the female version of a dickknob. Maybe convoluted, but true. You know, I used to watch you when you were scribbling in that journal. I'd wait patiently until you looked up, hoping you would make eye contact. Good thing I suck at English, or you never would have given me the time of day." Ginny set her pint on the table and looked directly at Hillary.

Thank you, Jesus. I'm not letting that last offhanded comment go unchallenged. I guess it's now or never. "What a load of bullcrap. There was probably drool slipping out the sides of my mouth the first time you looked up at me after tying your shoe on the basketball court. You were the big basketball star with minions hanging onto your every word, even though they were total asswipes. I had the biggest crush on you."

Ginny turned her head and mimicked a vegetable shoot, moving closer to the sunshine as she inched toward Hillary. A slow, sure smile blossomed on her face, and she stopped her ascent a mere foot from Hillary. "I'm going to kiss you now because fifteen years is a long damn time to wonder, and it will be worth the slap in the face I might receive."

For the briefest moment, Hillary wondered if this was all just another of her dreams. She had multiple versions of when their lips would first meet. Sometimes Hillary would be the aggressor, and at other times Ginny would take the lead. If this was another one of her nighttime fantasies, she'd select the former and be the one to take charge. Before Hillary chickened out, she grabbed the sides of Ginny's face and pressed her lips to Ginny's. It was barely a peck, but it was a start. "Bout damn time. Sheesh, sometimes you talk too much."

"Pfft, aren't you the pot?" Ginny pushed Hillary against the plump vagina at the corner of the L, laying on top of her as she instigated a proper kiss, complete with tongue exploration. Her hands roamed Hillary's body, and Hillary's response was a long, low moan.

She ended the kiss and hovered above Hillary. The look Hillary saw on Ginny's face clarified that both of them were complete muttonheads. "Why didn't you ever say anything?"

Ginny shifted slightly but still maintained her physical connection with Hillary. "I tried to a million times. Geez, what the hell do you think I've been doing for the last half hour? Every time I told you I loved you, I didn't mean as a friend, but that's how you took it, so I went with it."

"Well, I haven't exactly been coy with you either. Short of banging you on the head with a frying pan and saying snap out of it and listen to what I'm trying to tell you; I don't think my statements have been very coy at all. Frickin' unrequited love. Chinese water torture. That's what it was like for me. Hey, what would you think about getting my friend Salem to make us a vulva bed frame, and then we can put the sailboat in the spare bedroom? I hate that boring bedroom set you have. I wish Darcy would have taken that, but her new girlfriend already had furniture more her style, and she didn't want it."

"Only if Salem is really a friend, and there isn't a chance in hell that she could be something more. I can't imagine anything more perfect than making love inside a gigantic vulva." Ginny chuckled. "But, you know, I've always wanted to go sailing."

"I love a woman with good taste in furniture. Salem is and will always be just a friend. Besides, she has a wife. Ginny, I love you, always have, always will, and not in that friend way, more like in that I want to jump your bones way."

"I love you too, and for the record, every single time I've said I love you in the past, I mean it in that I want to lick you like a lollipop until you come harder than you've ever come before, way."

"Rightio, it's time to go sailing." Hillary grabbed Ginny by the hand and pulled her toward her makeshift sailboat. She couldn't wait for Salem to make that vulva bed.

Note from the Author

Although this is a standalone short story, not based on characters in previously published novels, if you enjoyed reading this short and/or the writing style, I hope you will check out my other books from Amazon. Here is a link to my Amazon page: <https://www.amazon.com/stores/Annette-Mori/author/>