



Merchandise

GothicTempress

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Summary

Call volume at Overstock dot com is rising as the holidays approach. Who knew that assisting a caller could be filled with so many blue comedic opportunities? The land mines of innuendo are about to place Bella in a whole lot of trouble. Or will they?

Chapter 1

This O/S was written for and included in the **Fandoms Fight the Floods** compilation. Many thanks to RandomCran for beta'ing. She is truly one of the most supportive and talented people in this fandom! She just began her first story so be sure to check it out (the link is in my favorites, it's titled *Restless*). Also thank you to my dear friends AnaisMark (also in my favorites, I adore her stories and her dirty mind) and Elliedgasmwsoon (another naughty partner in crime) for pre-reading and helping me with this story!

I blame my Overstock dot com Cyber Monday shopping experience for Christmas gifts in 2010 for this O/S. All products mentioned are real and can be found on their website, as well as the description, link directives and the prices I use here (as of the time I composed this little story at the beginning of December). Why bother changing perfection when it suits the purpose of my perverted mind? Let's see if "Club O" gains any new members ... *winks*

"The best of merchandise will go back to the shelf unless handled by a conscientious, tactful salesman."

J.C. Penney

"It's all about the O."

Taken from Overstock dot com's website

"Thanks for choosing Overstock dot com. This is Isabella. How may I assist you?"

She clicks her mouse as she listens to her new caller.

"Yes sir, our Liquidation prices can't be beat. I'm happy that you like the deals you've seen so far. Was there a product you had a question about?"

Her chair squeaks as she slides it towards her desk.

"I'll be happy to follow along with you as you navigate our website and offer insight into the products as we go ... "

She begins gathering the pencils scattered over her desk, grouping them in a straight row.

"Yes, that's quite a deal for a Dyson DC25 Animal Vacuum for three hundred ninety ninedollars. Oh yes, it really is an Animal, with a suction and a capacity that will make you a believer."

She is reminded of Lincoln Logs as she begins stacking the pencils in a square while while she waits for her caller to finish speaking.

"Absolutely. Smooth motion technology and easy access to hard-to-reach places, it's sure to never loose suction ... yes, the name is perfect."

She silently wonders if the Dyson would loose suction with a Lincoln Log lodged in the sucking mechanism.

"Was that the only product you had a question about? Sure, that's found on the top left, under Hot Toys for the season. The Whack-It game is found clicking our Toys & Hobbies link - There is a sound and mute function to avoid disturbing others with your play ... "

She picks up a pencil from the top of her stack and begins tapping it against the laminate of her desk.

"Well there is always the Hyper Blast Ball chasing game. It says here that it can be played in teams, alone or head-to-head ... "

Her tapping of the pencil eraser ceases when the caller finishes speaking.

"You enjoy extreme water sports? Yes, that's located in our Sports & Toys section ... the Treasure Cove Detector. It's the fortune finder's choice of metal detectors ... I'm sure you'll be pleased with this purchase. Your special price is only two hundred and thirty seven dollars if you purchase it during Cyber week ... "

She peruses the product specifications and employee talking points on her screen while she listens to her caller.

"Well, it says that it operates in and out of wet places, and functions extremely well when submerged. It's sensitive to treasures buried up to 8 inches ... "

Her eraser bounces frantically once again.

"It says here that it works up to 130 feet under water if you use it with your scuba gear, that it's easy to operate with adjustable sensitivity and discrimination ... yes sir, I agree ... sensitivity and depth *would* be very important, especially if you are in a high impact zone ... yes sir, I'm sure this will be *exactly* what you need to find what your looking for. Was there something else ... yes?"

The sound of her eraser reverberates within her gopher hole, the erratic tapping matching her accelerated heartbeat.

"Alright, if you click on that link it will take you right to the Caravan Canopy Black Zero Gravity Chair ... well, it says that it is made with durable PVC mesh fabric suited for indoors and out, and I know first hand that PVC is very strong ... "

The pencil stills mid air as her bottom lip sets firmly between her teeth.

"Ummmmm, I don't know the answer to that, actually. They don't include that kind of information in our database. It says that it's constructed with a sturdy steele frame, so I suppose it could handle that kind of activity if ... yes sir, I think that's a good idea ... It says that the capacity is 300 pounds. Would you both fall within those requirements if you tried what you are suggesting? I don't think that Zero Gravity refers to your idea, but they are on sale for forty nine dollars and I'm certain your wife will appreciate your ingenuity. It's a small price to pay for research, right?"

She chuckles along with the caller, wondering if this conversation is being monitored by management.

"Sure! The Dual Head Drill will be found in our Home & Garden section, under Tools. We have one on sale for forty seven dollars ... The manufacturer's notes say that this variable speed drill with flipping heads allows you switch between drill bits. It has a three to five hour battery life on one charge ... Yes, that does sound *promising*, sir."

The bouncing resumes.

"The stud finder? Let me look ... it's in the same section as the drill and is on sale for super low price of fourteen dollars and ninety five cents. It says that it operates in stud scan mode and is listed as a high quality stud detector with precision accuracy ... Oh yes, precision *is* absolutely paramount."

She is comforted by the fact that the Employee Guideline sheet tacked to the board above her desk states in boldface that the customer is the number one priority. She hopes that her attempt at keeping her customer happy will fall within

those guidelines.

"That's a great idea to relieve her stress, sir. The Cyber Gel Stress Relief Ball is found under Office Supplies. It says that these fifty five millimeter balls will help ease muscle tension and improve how you feel ... "

The tapping of her pencil eraser resumes.

"Yes, I'm sure every woman needs one of these ... I'm sure your wife will appreciate one of ... no sir, I think that it's for external use only ... I'm not following you ... "

The pencil snaps in half. Her chair slides against the cement floor beneath her seat as she crosses her legs.

"How would ... she get it out if ... huh, well, you could conceivably use your new drill to create the hole and attach a string to it ... that's a very interesting ... OK, how many of these balls would you like to order? These will be quite the stocking stuffer ... "

She expects to be escorted off the premises at any moment. Sweat is beading on her forehead.

"Yes, sir, I think these gifts will make her Christmas an exciting and memorable one. Did you need me to help you with the check out process ... oh, it was my pleasure to help you. Merry Christmas and thank you for shopping with Overstock dot com."

The sound of heavy footsteps running towards her section can be heard through the call center area of the warehouse.

"Ms. Swan!"

She removes her headset and begins slamming her head against her desk in frustration. By the time the manager reaches her cubicle, the gopher colony is at attention, heads bobbing above their partitions to try to get a better look.

"Now, Ms. Swan. Come with me."

He walks quickly through the warehouse between the towering rows of products and boxes organized vertically 30 feet into the air. She tries to keep his pace but his long stride makes it impossible unless she breaks into a jog.

She shrieks when his abrupt stop and turn forces her to slam into his chest.

His face is red with fury and his eyes are slitted in anger.

"You do realize, Ms. Swan, that every phone call placed into this call center is monitored and recorded?"

She nods her head in understanding.

He grabs her arm and pushes her up against the boxes stacked along the end of the aisle, attacking her lips with his own. The intensity of their kiss rattles the contents inside the boxes, reminding them of where they are.

"Sensitivity and depth are important, Isabella? First hand knowledge of PVC? Small price to pay for research? Quite the stocking stuffer!"

"It was *your* idea that I fulfill the obligations of our bet by my working here for the busiest shopping week of the year! I can't figure out why you chose *this* as payment from your *fiancée* when I think you could have been far more creative!"

His whisper is soft, tickling her ear.

"I happen to get off on the sound of your voice ... "

He grabs her wrist and pulls her away from the boxes, leading her into another area of the darkened warehouse.

"Where are you taking me, Edward?"

"To find and test that Anti-gravity chair!"

Would you like to see this continue? I'm *considering* it, dear reader. I would love to hear your thoughts about expanding it. I also plan on expanding "Voyeur" as well so if you've not read that o/s yet, please do and then let me know what you would like for the naughty Royals to "watch." I'm open to any and all suggestions. Don't hold back! *wicked grin* As always, thank you for reading and allowing me to share my creativity here!

Becca