# Another day at work

## By Ulfsark

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Another day at work. Another day of serving customers their cold cuts, who want it sliced *extra* thin, because its the only way their toddlers will eat it. Because they have problems digesting food. Because it just *tastes* better when its thin. Another day of being just one once over, and OH MY GOD, that's TOO EXPENSIVE! Another day of bullshit, or so I thought.

My name is Nick, and I work at the local supermarket chain. The owners are cheap, the equipment is in dire need of repair and service, and I get paid crap. This particular day was a Tuesday, so it was a slow and easy going, with just a handful of coworkers.

I walk in with my usual coffee, and say hello to my coworkers. There's Gina, the older lady who is a raging alcoholic, and has been sent home more than once for “not feeling well.” There was Ramon, a short squat Mexican who was a cool guy, but you could only understand every other word that he said. The deli manager, Micky, was no where to be found, as usual – probably on his cell phone talking to his girlfriend or his ex wife or one of his three teenage daughters. I put on my hat and apron, and I’m ready for the day's bullshit, sneaking into the back room every once in a while to take a drink from my coffee.

The first customer is straight forward, and done easy enough. Second customer is a pain in the ass. Third was alright and the day started to become a blur as I got into the mindless routine of cutting deli meats and cheeses. “Okay, so you want it paper thin, or shredded?” “No 'ma'am, I do not have blood and tongue.” “No, I can't get any thinner than this without it falling apart.” “Yes sir, I heard you the first six times, you want Thumann's bologna.” And so on for an hour, when Dannie started her shift.

Dannie was a full figured woman, little older than me, having just celebrated her 40 th birthday. She had beautiful auburn hair that fell nearly to her waist when let it down, and large plump breasts, and an ass that was meant to be slapped. She was fun to work with, with the playful flirting that would happen between us.

She gets her hat and a coat on, and starts serving customers, falling into the routine. My customer asks to see the roast beef. I show it to her. Its not rare enough. I show her a few other brands. Still not rare enough, and my customer makes a show of being disgusted and disappointed. She then

asks to see the turkey. Although I still got three pounds of turkey left, she claims it's an end, and wants me to open a new one. I tell her I can't, and I show her another brand that was just opened. Okay, she'll take that one. I start to slice it, when Dannie comes up beside me to slice her customer's request. My customer then asks to see the first slice.

While my back is turned to the customer, I roll my eyes and mutter “Jesus fucking Christ.” I show the customer the slice. Its fine.

I turn back to continue doing my job, and Dannie leans into me, saying, “Next she'll ask to see your hard salami.”

I smirk, and reply, “Its only hard for you, baby.”

As the day drags on, more workers come in. Jimmy, the burned out pot smoking metal-head. Jackie, the manager's lesbian assistant, and Tony, the biggest black man I've ever met, but most definitely a gentle giant.

I end up running out of something, and have to go in the walk-in fridge to get another. Dannie happens to be there, looking for something.

“Hey, watcha need?” I ask her.

“Sopresatta. Where the fuck is it?”

“Oh, that's on the top shelf.” The top shelf, of course, being eight feet high. Dannie looks for the step ladder, which as always is no where to be found. So being the strong willed woman that she is, she starts to climb up the shelves.

“WHOA!” I exclaim, as I move over and put my hands on her to make sure she doesn't fall.

At this point, my thoughts were solely on her safety, but she looks down at me and with a wink, says, “Are you having fun down there?” It was then I noticed I was supporting her by her ass. I waggle my eyebrows and give her butt a playful squeeze.

“Woo!” she mockingly cries out, then grabs the sopresatta and starts to climb down. I help her to the ground, only to realize, I forgot what I was looking for myself.

When I tell Dannie this, she chuckles and says, “Uh-oh.”

I go back to the counter and look at what I was slicing. At this point, my customer is now irate because of how long I'm taking, and loudly asks, “What's taking so long god dammit?”

“Just gotta open a new one sir, just be a second.” I roll my eyes on my way back to the fridge, grab the fucking turkey my customer can't live without, and go to the sink to open it. By the time I get back to the counter, the customer is complaining about me to the manager to suddenly decides to show up.

By the time I finish the guy's order, he's done complaining and Micky summons me in all his deli management majesty.

“I just received a customer complain about you. He said you were taking too long and talking instead of taking care of him.”

“I went in the back to grab a turkey, Dannie was looking for something, so I helped her out. I forgot what I was looking for, so I had to come out and double check.”

“Okay well, the delivery just arrived, so go put it away.” Fine, whatever, it got me off the counter.

I go to receiving and bring the pallet of boxes up to the back door, which opens directly into the fridge. I start sorting the stuff out; there's the pack out, there's the stuff that doesn't belong to the deli, and the actual stuff that's gonna go in the walk-in fridge. I have two U-boats set up for the shit that's not going in the deli, and the stuff that's for slicing, I'm simply putting the boxes in front of where it goes on the shelves until I have the time to open them. It's boring physical labor, but its still better than dealing with old people in diapers and oxygen masks complaining how I better make sure no one sliced muenster cheese before slicing their low-sodium low-fat swiss, because they hate the yellow stains.

Workers come and go, and as my job progresses, it becomes increasingly harder for people to navigate in the fridge, with all the boxes laying around. So, I begin to ask what people need, and I get it for them. Dannie comes in, and I ask what she needs. She says, “For my customer to have a heart attack. Fucking bitch makes me cut a pound of the real turkey, then complains its too expensive, and wants the Marvel for three ninety-nine.”

I chuckle, and lay on the sarcasm, “Oh, that's the good shit right there, Marvel, that's the best, with its pure white plastic like texture and its just so *moist!* And we all know the secret ingredient is seaweed.”

Of course, the Marvel is on the top shelf. Dannie climbs over the boxes, and starts going up the

shelves, and once again I find myself supporting her from her butt. Just for shits and giggles, I slip my hand between her legs and give her a pinch, which makes her jump and I say, “Be careful now.”

She smiles and says to me, “The way this day is going, I could probably use more of that.”

“Oh?” So I put my hand between her legs again, and rub her vulva through her jeans. She doesn't tell me to stop, so I don't. After a moment, I can feel the heat between her legs, and with one hand still on her butt holding her up, I unzip her jeans, sliding my hand in, rubbing her through her panties now.

She starts to get wet and lets out a moan. I move my fingers under her panties, and find her clit. I give it a playful rub, before dipping my fingers into her pussy to get them moist, then I continue to rub on her clit. She moans again, then says, “Oh my god, Nick, what if someone comes in?”

“Do you want me to stop?”

A moment of hesitation, then, “No.”

“Then shut up.” I slide my fingers into her, massaging her from within, softly pumping my fingers in and out of her, then sliding out to rub on her clit, slowly, up and down, only to slide my fingers back in her again. She starts to breathe heavy, and I continue going back and forth, between fingering her and rubbing her clit. Dannie starts to lean into my hand, gripping the shelves hard, and breathing heavier and heavier. I can tell she's getting close to cumming, when I suddenly notice movement from my side.

I look over, and see Ramon, staring at us. He smirks at me, and puts his finger over his pursed lips in a *shhh* gesture.. I look over at Dannie, but her eyes are closed and far too gone into what I'm doing. I slide my fingers into her one last time, pushing deep into her, and she begins to cum, rocking back and forth, her muscles clenching tightly, then she suddenly relaxes and I gotta make sure she doesn't fall again. I zip her back up, and that's when she notices Ramon there, and she's staring wide eyed.

Ramon then loudly announces, “Cusmerisabitchin you takinsolongasking weresdamanager, I sayou openingitup and youbackheregettingfinger. Whatefuckisrong wityoupeeple.” He then shakes his head and walks out.

Dannie and I stare at each other after he leaves, and ask each other, “What the fuck did he say?”