

“Excuse me sir, can you help me out, I have a few questions regarding this product...”

Alex sighed in exasperation. In retrospect, it he was asking for it, at least a little. After all, who wears a red shirt when shopping at Target? Going shopping hadn't been in his plans when getting dressed that morning, but he had inadvertently eaten the last eggs in the fridge for breakfast, the same eggs that his wife needed to bake a cake for her friend's birthday tonight. So, he went out, going to the nearest store, without thinking about how he was dressed, and ended up at Target. He immediately regretted his decision as a woman in her forties, with short blond hair and sunglasses, came up to him and asked for help.



“I'm sorry Ma'am, but I don't work here...”

He kept going, heading deeper into the store towards the groceries and the fridges, where the eggs would be kept, but she sidestepped and blocked his path, insistent.

“Nonsense. If you don't work here, why are you wearing a red shirt? And this nametag? Alex, right? I'm going to need to talk to your manager if you keep refusing to help me!”

Alex stood there, dumbfounded. The audacity of this woman, blocking his way in like that! He was about to tell her to move out of his way when he realized that she had called him by his name. How did she know that? Looking down in confusion, he saw a name tag on his chest, just as the lady had said! Where did that come from? He certainly didn't work here! He had a job in... in... why was it so hard to remember? Before he had time to process what was happening the lady once again questioned him with an authoritative tone.

“So! Do you have any gluten free flour? And I need some dairy free butter as well... You might as well follow me; I am going to need a lot of help with this.”

Still stunned, Alex found himself to be dutifully following the woman around to the grocery aisles, telling himself that he was heading in that direction anyway. He could help this one lady out and then proceed with his own shopping. But it was easier said than done, as the woman dragged him along, aisle after aisle, asking question after question to him. Interestingly, it just so happened that every question that she asked he knew the answer for, and so he was able to help with each of her inquiries. After 30 minutes helping this demanding lady, she finally let him go, and he let out a sigh of relief. Not that he didn't want to help the lady out, but the food section of the store just wasn't his department, and he wasn't as comfortable helping someone there as he was in his own department, electronics. He quickly got back to his assigned station, hoping his absence hadn't been noticed by his supervisor.



He helped client after client with different products, lamenting the fact that he was stuck in this dead-end job at the age of 35. Working retail had never been his dream. No one ever dreams of a career selling things for a big box store chain. He couldn't quite recall where it had all gone wrong, but here he was, nearing his forties and making barely above minimum wage. He scraped for money and had just enough to live and pay rent at the small apartment he shared with his girlfriend. As he was musing to himself, stocking shelves quietly, he noticed the same woman from earlier coming his way. He tried to make himself small, as he didn't want to get dragged along for another excruciatingly long session of her asking him questions and ordering him around. But it was too late, she had clearly spotted him already and was heading straight for him.

“Hey you! Boy! I need your help some more!”

Alex cringed at the tone and sound of her voice. Who the hell was she calling boy? She couldn't have been more than a few years older than him, and he was much taller than her, with a large,

garnished beard, yet she was addressing him as if she was superior to him in all ways, with a haughty, self-important tone.

“Right now, young man! Don’t make me wait.”

He gritted his teeth and decided that fighting wasn’t worth it. She was a client like any other, soon she would be out of the store, and he would get on with his day.

“Yes, how may I help you today?”

“I need your help with cleaning products... I know this is a rough question, and that you probably don’t have much experience here but bear with me... do you know the difference between the Pine-Sol and the Lysol floor cleaners?”

Alex gulped at this. He felt like he should have known this, even if it wasn’t his department, but somehow, he blanked, trying to find the answer but coming with nothing.

“I’m sorry ma’am... I am afraid that is not in my department... If you want, I can call someone over to assist you...”

She cut him off with an annoyed look.

“No. That’s okay. I’ll figure it out myself, apparently. You know young man, I know that you probably just started and that this is most likely your first real job, but you should really know these kinds of things if you want to keep your job.”

Alex shrank in front of the imposing woman, head bowed down not to meet her demanding and intimidating stare. She shuffled away with a scoff, and Alex could only blush in shame. Sure, he had just started this job a few days back, after his mom insisted he find some work, but he still felt ashamed that he hadn’t been able to help. He rushed back to the cash registers, steering clear of clients to make sure he wasn’t asked any more questions. He wondered how he had even ended up in the aisles like this, considering he was nothing more than a simple bagger who had yet to learn anything about the store or its products.



As he was packing the items of one man, he heard a familiar, demanding voice speaking to the cashier next to him. Alex swallowed hard, sweating nervously. He knew he had disappointed the woman just a few minutes ago, and the last thing he wanted was to suffer her judging stare once more. He made himself small as the cashier started scanning her items and handing them over to him. She immediately zeroed in on him observing how he was placing her things and making sure he was careful with them.

“Allie! I can call you Allie, right? You can’t put that at the bottom, dear child, the bag will rip wide open! You need to put it on the side, like this!”

Alex blushed when she called her Allie. He was known for his androgynous looks, and Alex was a gender-neutral name, so he couldn’t really blame her for the mistake. Not wanting to insult her further he kept quiet and didn’t correct her, a favor she did not return as she kept managing him, indicating where every little thing should go, making Alex wonder why she wasn’t doing the packing instead, if she was so much better than him at it.

“No this goes on top, not under... watch out for that, it’s fragile! God, you are not the quickest girl that’s for sure... One wonders how you even got this job... You are probably the kind of girl that if she could make a living off her phone, she would... Gosh!”

Allie was finding it more and more difficult to place the items in a quick and efficient manner. What was some basic logic, and a pretty easy concept overall was becoming harder to grasp, and she actually had to stop and think about what she was placing where, which made her take a long time, and in return caused a bit of a line up at the register. Eventually she did finish packing, and the woman grabbed her last bag with a “Hmph!” And stormed off with her cart. Before she had a chance to start packing the next customer’s item, her manager came by and asked to speak with her in private.



“Hi Allie. I know this is your first day and everything, and I really hoped we could give you a better chance at this, but you really aren’t suited for this type of work. I am going to have to ask you to turn in your employee badge.”

The poor girl stood there, staring at him for a few moments, before realizing that she had just been fired. She knew that she should have felt sad or angry about this, but in all honesty she could only feel relieved. All this stuff was way too complicated! And didn’t particularly enjoy being ordered around, by her boss, the clients, and even her coworkers! As she strutted out of the place, she swore to herself that she would never work such at such a lame job again, and that she would find something more fun, and that would pay more, to pay for college. Not that she would be studying much, that wasn’t her forte, but she sure would enjoy herself at sorority parties!

Making her way home, she kept thinking about a way to make money to pay for school, and other various expenses. After all she had expensive tastes in clothing, make up and other things, which was the reason she had even tried to get that lousy job in the first place. She thought back to what the old lady had said, something about making a living off her phone? She did spend most of her time on it, posting pictures of herself on Instagram, browsing Facebook, texting friends. It would indeed be amazing if she could somehow make money off all that as well... Then she recalled how Kayla had talked to her about some site that was paying her money for pictures of herself... JustGroupies or something? That would be worth checking out! After all, Allie had a killer body, it would be a shame not to share it with the world...

The teen bimbo got back home and started posing without clothes, admiring her generous curves, gorgeous face, and smooth, tanned skin. Yes, boys would pay a great deal to admire her naked body online. As she did a few more poses, snapping a couple of pictures just to see how they came out, she suddenly had a feeling that this wasn’t what she was supposed to see in the mirror. This wasn’t her body, her mind, her life. But as quick as the feeling came, as quick as it was gone, and she went back to blissful ignorance, unaware that she had been gaslit into a whole new life by a complete stranger while shopping at Target.

