

HYDRA



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Dedication

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[Head #1]

Minimum Wage

-The Complexity of Retail-

by

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Dedication

This story is dedicated to the hardest working people...retail people. They work minimum wage and our treated like the bottom rung of society. After all, if you haven't worked retail, then you just don't know. Secondly, I want to dedicate this to the fool.

To Note

The stories portrayed in this book are true stories from my years in retail. Everything is true from the customers, conversations, and events. Although the characters and events are true their names have been changed to ensure their privacy. It should also be noted that my coworkers at "*Clips*" are actual people that I worked with. Again their names have been changed to ensure their privacy. The ONLY part of the story that is not true is the beginning of the story and up until arrival at the store. Joel and I NEVER lived together, but all the stories and conversations are true.

Chapter 1

Early Morning Arrival

(4:30 am – 6:00 am)

Ragged breathing could be heard running down the empty stone hallway. Matuba's bare feet clamored swiftly over it as his many bracelets jostled noisily. His wheezing was panicked as he reached the end of the deserted chamber. Three large jaded columns stood in front of him as he stared at a dead end sealing his impending doom. Running his hand through his long black hair, the very room seemed to grow darker. A large shadow followed him down to the very end. Quickly hiding behind one of the columns he felt the room turn into a wintry storm. His heart continued to beat loudly giving away his location. The loin cloth that he wore did not provide the warmth that a fur around a campfire could. He removed the jade knife from his strap and clenched it tight to his chest. The Black Priest was approaching as the stone floor froze slowly being covered with a light frost. Matuba clenched the knife tighter as he felt his warrior paint dripping down his cheeks. The Black Priest was here to take him to the underworld. “You have nowhere to run Matuba, come out and expect death,” he whispered heavily.

The Black Priest had taken his father's life. Matuba remembered his father bleeding before him as he clutched him in his arms. “You will beg on your knees like your father...cowardice must run through your blood,” emerging from behind the pillar. “AH,” the Black Priest stood seven feet tall draped in the darkest of colors. His black mask reflected the evil contained within his very soul, “come to death Matuba.” “If I am to die, I will die fighting...LONG LIVE THE RESISTANCE,” raising his knife he prepared to charge. “First you Matuba then your pathetic resistance! The Mayans will reign for a thousand years!” The Black Priest pointed at him, “I will take your life and then your soul!” He raised his arms into the air and laughed manically, “I WILL EAT YOUR SOUL!” He pointed again at a now charging Matuba, “EAT...YOUR...SOUL...AH HA HA HA HA!” His laughter fell silent as his face seemed to slacken. He waved his hand in the air almost lazily, “maybe like over an onion bagel, raisin bread, or something?” Matuba stopped in his tracks as he stared at the Black Priest, “I am trying

to watch my weight after all! The soul makes such a nice spread even over some crackers...or those cute little biscuits would be good too. Usually I would try to whip it up if I can, but you know what really makes it taste great?" Matuba was bewildered, but the Black Priest just continued, "Being awake to taste it...so, wake up....wake up....wake up!"

"Wake up...wake up," the very earth began to shake as Kyle's eyes opened. His friend's buzzed blonde hair and lanky body was shaking his bed, "Jesus, wake the hell up!" Kyle shot up and realized that his room was still dark. The sun had not even woken up from its deep slumber, "What time is it?" "Time to wake your ass up we got ourselves an open and close day today." Laying back down, "no open and close Joel," "yes open and close it's already 4:30, we gotta be there by 5:30...now get your ass up!" "I'm just going to call in," Kyle's bed began to shake again, "too bad, we need your help today and you're not leaving us short handed. No not today, now get up!" Shaking the bed several more times, "hurry your ass up Kyle!" Groaning he threw his pillow at the open door, "shut up Joel!" He saw Joel move out the doors just as sleepily as he was. Still uncoordinated. he tripped over an overturned shoe, "god damn Kyle will you clean this shit up," "yes dad!"

It took Kyle at least five more minutes to finally get up from his bed. Rubbing his face he began to search around his dark room for his clothes. He could almost feel the lighthearted music playing in the background. Passing by his computer, he gazed out of the corner of his eye at the screen reading *Allied Global Security Application Sent*. He lazily pulled himself together and headed down the steps to the kitchen. He gave a sigh of exhaustion when his eyes fell upon his friend slash supervisor chin deep in a bowl of cereal. His actual title was C.S.L. or Customer Service Lead. Joel's flat brimmed beanie sat almost covering his eyes. He stared up with milk drooling off the little patch of hair that remained in the center of his chin. Kyle stared at him spoon halfway up to his mouth. "What're you laughing at?" Kyle shook his head as he placed his own beanie on his head, "it's just funny how different people are." Lowering the bowl, "how so," Joel asked to a perplexed Kyle. "I have been at *Clips* a year and a half longer than you. You're supposed to be my supervisor!" He nodded as Kyle continued, "you go out

there and sell people computers and printers and then come talk to me about increasing my sales...with proper techniques.” Joel’s smile begin to grow as the milk poured from his lips, “and your point?” “You look like you belong in a library sipping on a thermos of coffee that you had bought for .87 cents at the mom and pop doughnut diner.” “Well...how long am I in the library for,” “all day Joel...all god damn day!”

He dropped his spoon in the bowl, “and what the hell is that supposed to mean?” “Exactly what it was meant to mean,” he dropped his bowl in the sink as Kyle joked, “You’re a bum!” “You’re one to talk Kyle! Look at you untucked shirt all the time, baggy pants, blonde hair a mess, and dirty ass shoes. I might be your boy, but I'm still your supervisor. I still have authority over you...now let’s go get high!” Nodding as he threw on his coat, “yeah I rolled three joints for us last night. That should tide us over for the day”. “Us...us, no not us today...District Manager and Robert the Regional Manager are coming by.” “We’ve never seen him before, so why do you care?” Kyle looking somewhat perplexed at his friend who smiled. “Well I can’t, but that doesn’t mean I can’t smoke on the way there!” “That’s my boy, now let’s ride and get this day over with!”

The car ride to *Clips* always took approximately fifteen minutes just enough time to let the only comfort they were going to have settle in. Pulling out of the driveway with a little friendly bump from the curb, Kyle was pulling out the little baggie of joints. He rolled a joint between his fingers, “Whatcha staring at...ain’t rolled that good my friend!” Kyle snorted, “No it isn’t that,” “then what?” Shrugging, “I just know that one day this has got to stop. I hate this job Joel! I hate retail especially working in the office and school supplies racket! Customers get stupider every day, and it makes you really see how shitty the American Education System is!” Joel shrugged, “well your book isn’t dropping today, you ain't engaged yet, and I don’t think your gonna quit during an open and close.” Shaking his head, “just the IDEA of an open to close...Ron, the District Manager Gene, and Robert Wulfe, it’s all just too much you know?” He lit the end of the joint letting the orange flame rise slightly and then form into a nice fireball. It faded to a bright orange, and the smoke began to rise into the car.

“God that stuff smells amazing,” Kyle took a hit as the smoke filled his lungs. It was like saying hello to a morning friend. He blew out the smoke as his oncoming problems began to float away. It made all the bullets that he was going to take throughout the day turn into butterflies. He handed the joint to Joel who took it with a smile, “bout time! Thinking you some hard ass...watch a boss!”

He took a hit and their journey to *Clips* had finally begun to sink in. Kyle nearly made Joel jump when he blurted out, “I hate Ron man! If I didn’t need this money for bills, Anna’s ring, my Masters, and to put out my book...I swear Joel! I swear I am going to dedicate the book exclusively to him. Ron ‘The Fool’ it’ll read just like that!” Joel blew out a cloud of smoke exclaiming, “so what’s your deal man? Why you in such a mood today? After all didn’t you work with him last night?” Taking the joint from him, “yeah man I did, and I didn’t even tell you what he did last night, did I?” Waving his large hand at Kyle, “No you’re just being paranoid! I swear Ron has never said anything bad about you when I’m around.” “He knows we live together, so obviously he’s not going to say anything bad about me in front of you!” Shaking his head, “you just don’t know Ron like I do Joel...remember I have worked here for a whole year and a half longer than you.” Pointing to him Joel added, “yeah but who got the promotion,” “as if I wanted it!” “Well you did ask for it...twice!” “Whatever Joel,” silence passed for several seconds until Joel’s “well,” broke the silence.

The truth was that Kyle had applied for the C.S.L. position THREE times already. It was a mere step up in rank, but the definition of a lackey for the management to take advantage of. Needless to say Kyle was rejected. He shrugged it off as he thought about his book and his future. The truth was that Kyle loved having that over Ron. Ron was a smug man that worked with an attitude of invincibility. He worked for over five years with the company and became “untouchable”. Kyle needed this job and in truth enjoyed the people he worked with. He really considered his fellow workers like a family and knew that most everybody felt the same. The job worked with his schedule, and it helped to provide him with mindless tasks. Tasks where his mind could wander onto his book and help create a truthfully entertaining piece of literature. In spite of all that, Kyle was finishing his Masters in Secondary

Education and still ringing out people on a cash register. Kyle felt ashamed most of the time, and the thought of his book is what kept him driven. He didn't particularly care for the degree he was getting. Loosing interest with it about a year and a half into the program. However being nearly completed with it, he was determined to just finish the damn thing.

“You know how Ron is Joel? Oh damn, I forgot too! Today is the start of Penny day’s AND back to school! Man it should be a sin to be working today!” Joel nodded as Kyle took a hit and then handed the joint to his buddy. “So what is it about you that has always put a stick up his ass?” Kyle laughed, “I was hoping one day you could tell me! After all you’re back there in those conversations and all!” “Hell if I know, I have noticed that he does give you a lot of shit though!” “Yeah well the stuff he did or will do to me today would surely make anybody go crazy. I should have quit years ago.” Taking the joint from his friend, “did I tell you what he did to me yesterday?” Joel shook his head, “Naw but I love hearing you tell your stories man! You know you should write your book on that and not that stupid one you’re working on now!” Shaking his head, “I’m not a comedy writer. Now you wanna hear this story or not?”

“So yesterday I had to you know straighten up the warehouse. And management told me to wear whatever I wanted to. You know grubby clothes because we weren’t supposed to be out on the floor. So I am walking up front for something, whatever... it doesn’t matter when a customer approaches me. Now bear in mind I don’t know how they pick out employees even when their in jeans and a sweatshirt.” Kyle pointed to his head, “beanie and all too! So the guy needed help with a printer, and I'm lugging this thing up talking with the guy. I am at the register ringing him out, and Ron walks by giving me this look. It’s a look of strange curiosity, and I realized I had my beanie on still. So now I’m thinking man this guy is going to say something as soon as I'm done. Sure enough when the customer leaves I go into the office to grab the shipping totes out of lock up for Bethany. Sure enough in he strolls pulling up his pants like he's King Shit. You know it’s going to be a joke, but you just can’t prepare for it you know? He comes in literally staring me up and down then says ‘Kyle I’d like to ask

you something? Why were selling a printer to that customer?” The smile began to appear across Joel’s face as Kyle continued, “So I told him. He came up to me, needed help and everybody was busy. What do you want me to say...oh, I can’t help you but let me find a busy person who can?”

Joel puffed on the joint, “I bet if you did walk away he would have said the exact opposite!” Laughing a little Kyle continued, “So anyway he’s like, ‘well...look at what you’re wearing!’ And all the while he is staring me up and down. Then he says, ‘how can you sell product looking like that?’ So by then I had lost it, I said what’s the big deal you told me that I could wear scrubby stuff, basically whatever I want. But then Ron continues with a ‘but look at you?’ So now I am shaking my head as Bethany comes out from the cash office. She says ‘Ron you did say he could wear whatever he wanted, remember?’ The look on his face was priceless. I had never seen him so mad at Bethany. It was like another guy stomping a sandcastle that you were almost finished with.” Joel laughed, “so she took the fun out of it,” “fun, ha, she took the enjoyment away from putting me down...now pass that joint before you take the whole thing again!”

Kyle turned to the window and watched the dark streets pass by as the oncoming work day did not seem to settle his nerves. The smoke filled him with a warm sensation and brought hope to a dismal day. “What’re you thinking about...thinking about your lady?” Kyle leaned back in the seat and passed the joint with a, “you can have the rest man.” Joel took it with a smile, “so are guys gonna get engaged or what?” Kyle nodded, “yeah I’m gonna ask her soon. Once I finish my Masters and all. So our days are numbered my friend.” Joel smiled again, “yeah but it’s been a great ride.” “You still thinking about going to Texas,” Joel nodded, “that’s the plan probably going to leave when you leave.” “I’m going to miss you Joel,” “I’m gonna miss you too man.”

“You think Ron’s gonna brag about how good we can do this year Joel,” Joel turned a corner, “Ron is the biggest bragging boss I have ever known.” Shaking his head, “Not me man.” “Oh, you had another boss that bragged as bad as he did?” Kyle nodded, “yeah I had a boss his name was Chris big linebacker guy when I worked at *Big Lots*. He bragged all day and night about how hot his wife was.”

“And,” Kyle smiled and shook his head at Joel. “I swear dude that’s all you think about.” “Well that doesn’t answer the question.” Kyle huffed and gazed out the window watching the world whip by as *Clips* came closer and closer into view. The giant buzzing neon sign of a paperclip becoming more clear in the distance. “One day I got pissed at him and was like either back it up or shut up about it.” Joel choked a little, “you...actually...said...that?” Nodding, “yeah but I didn’t need the job like this one. Anyway he said that his wife was picking him up that night. So we're locking up and we walk out. I get to my bike and...” “Wait, wait, wait, you rode a bike?” Kyle couldn’t help but smile, “yeah I didn’t have a car yet, and my town house was like only a mile or two away...anyway!” Joel died the joint in the ashtray, “I see him walk over to this tiny little Asian girl right.” “And,” said Joel turning into the *Clips* parking lot “oh, she was fine Joel...she was bad!”

“What are you two laughing so hard about,” Joel and Kyle arrived in the group as they all stood surrounding their General Manager, Ron Bednar. Ron was about Kyle’s size but definitely shorter than Joel. Joel towered over everybody at 6’4”. Ron’s hair was white and rested on his head looking as tired as he did. His face was wrinkled, and he always had an exhausted expression on it. He appeared worn out after years of loyal service to *Clips*. Kyle had the distinct feeling he led an unfulfilled life. After all there had to be a reason that he picked on Kyle all the time. Ron stared at them with a large *Starbucks* coffee glued to his hand. Kyle shook his head, “nothing Ron, nothing.” Ron looked at his watch and then at both Joel and him again. He gave a loud huff and turned to the rest of the group. “What is he upset about we're right on time,” Kyle muttered to himself.

His fellow employees stood in a circle all looking tired and groggy in their *Clips* uniforms. Cashiers and people in OS short for office supplies wore red and black shirts. People who worked with printers, tablets, telephones, and computers worked in green and black. Copy and Print worked in light blue uniforms. This left the managers to wear the gray button down shirts. “Does anybody know where Brandon is?” The rest of the group looked at each other when an egg shaped older woman replied, “Bethany would know Ron.” He waved his coffee at her, “she’s inside with Carol already

Katie.” The group all stared at each other again as Kyle noticed what an odd group they really were. Ron stood at the tip with Rebecca next to him, a beautiful strawberry blonde bombshell with a personality made for deception and deceit. She had a face that fit the definition of cute in every way. Kyle had not spent any time outside of work with her. However always found her laughing and flirting around him when he was working. She almost seemed jealous that Kyle had a girlfriend. Kyle had thought that she had a little thing for him even calling him her “work boyfriend”. Although, she ended up hooking up with Joel, who exclaimed about her night time pleasures, “like an animal dude!” She had blue eyes that seemed to sparkle and a face that could almost melt butter. She smiled when her eyes rested on him, and then gave a similar smile to Joel. Glasses now resting on his face he gave her a hello with two fingers in the air. Next to her stood Akeya, a 19 year old single woman with a baby boy already. She had long black hair, milk chocolate skin, and a voluptuous body to match her gorgeous face. She was in the Army Reserves and trying to do right for her kid. Joel had been flirting with her for awhile now.

Trying to hide his drool as Kyle waved to both the smiling girls as calmly as he could. Ron continued, “Penny Days and Back-to-School are always a crazy time for us. I think everybody remembers last year? Today is also the LAST day for the HP Ink sale buy any two get one free. We also have Gene already in there and Robert Wulfe coming by later. Today is also the day when we start selling the Back- to-School Passes. I need everybody to act in the professional manner that I know you all can be. There’s a list of items that are excluded from the 15% discount up front. I think we all know what they are...graphing calculators and such.” A hand raised and Kyle was surprised to see that it belonged to the final member of Copy and Print, Greg Barracle. He was the silent guy of the group nicknamed “The Doc”. Although a nice guy underneath more of the stereotypical “egg” who had to be cracked. Over the year and a half of his employment Kyle had envied him. Working alongside Rebecca and Akeya all the time must have been heaven. Greg was quiet and simple never speaking much only around the closest of workers. However he wasn’t the quiet guy that ruined the fun. He

enhanced it, which made him a great fit within the working environment. Many former customers have taken his “soft spoken” tone as a show of disrespect even sometimes calling it a sarcastic mockery. This mockery was often confused with an “I really don’t care” attitude. He’s appearance matched his attitude. He had wavy brown hair and brown eyes with an uneven shave.

“Doc, my man, what’s on your mind?” “So why did we come in early Ron?” Waving his coffee, “I am glad you asked Greg, I am glad you asked! We’re here early because we need to get everything set up, shippers, new sets for planograms, stocking, finishing the Back-to-School Playbook, and we have truck today. Bethany's inside already getting everything prepared...now, who are my people that are here all day?” Joel raised his hand in the air, which was followed by Greg, Rebecca, and lastly Kyle. Ron’s face seemed to melt as if a firework had died in front of him. Kyle knew that look. He had worked enough retail jobs to know it. It was the look of disappointment. The look that meant your day had officially been ruined. Kyle suspected that Ron hoped he would be one of the employees to leave early. Necessarily, so he could have the rest of the day with the “brown noising” employees.

There came a loud bumping in the distance as a silver Dodge Charger came speeding around the corner. It tore up the little hill and peeled into the first parking spot it could find. “Oh Brandon is here,” Ron’s reaction had changed when the door opened and the final member of their team had arrived. Although Brandon had worked *Clips* a whole year longer than Kyle, he thought they were both on the same level of performance. Although considering everything Kyle did for *Clips* on a daily basis his performance far succeeded Brandon’s work. However that could be his own ego taking over. The car door slammed shut as an adolescent male walked towards the circle. His blonde hair looked messy as if he had tossed and turned the entire night. His long gym shorts were baggy as he wore a tight white muscle shirt despite the fact that his body was lanky underneath. His lip was pierced as was his eyebrow. His youthful look made him irresistible to the women or so he always claimed. He raised his arm to wipe his sweating face, the words reading *Live Fast* tattooed on his forearm. He had a sweaty complexion to him which meant that Brandon had gone out to party last night.

“Sorry I’m late Ron, I just couldn’t get up this morning for some reason,” leaning into Joel, Kyle whispered, “I’ll give you two guesses!” “That’s ok Brandon, we were just about to head into the store now...Kyle?” Turning to Ron Kyle tried to give a pleasant, “yeah?” “Make sure you check in with Carol, I heard she has got a list of stuff for you to do.” Kyle gave a sarcastic, “sounds great...” elbowing Joel in the arm, “I feel tired already! Somebody has to tell that bitch that I only make 8.37 an hour. I don’t make Union money for Christ...” His whispering must have grown louder because Ron was asking, “did you say something Kyle?” Shaking his head, “no, I was just saying that Carol isn’t staying the whole time, so what do I do when I finish it all?” Ron gave a simple, “if the truck isn’t here by that time you can come find me.” “Great,” whispered Kyle who would rather have had a conversation with the devil than Ron. Ron gave an arrogant smile, a smile that seemed to paint the whole picture to Kyle. A picture that said somewhere within the length of the day Ron was going to have his fun. He gave a final look around, “alright everybody we are opening the store in exactly 90 minutes, so you all know what we need to do. Joel, I need to see you inside for a minute.” And with those final words Ron turned and began to walk towards the store. The day had certainly begun for Kyle. He gave a deep breath before he followed the group towards the store.

Shaking up with Brandon his fellow Office Supplies worker, “What’s good Brandon? You ready for a long day?” Rubbing his eyes a little Brandon gave a “no man I don’t know if I can do it today.” “Well you look like shit,” “thanks Kyle maybe because I went to bed two hours ago. I had to fly all the way here doing ninety down the highway.” Joel came up next to Brandon, “you partying again last night?” Brandon nodded, “like you wouldn’t believe! I met this fine ass bitch and now we’re going out.” Joel gave a confused, “you? I don’t believe it no girl could lock you down!” Brandon nodded his head, “yeah man, smoking hot, check this out!” He pulled out his phone and began to show Joel and Kyle pictures. Trying to hide from the Copy and Print girls, Kyle saw Rebecca beginning to move towards him. He returned to Brandon’s phone where he saw Brandon with a gorgeous brown haired girl. They were both in bed together. “Dude you’re not doing what I think you’re doing?” Brandon

nodded his head at Joel, “motor boatin’ the hell outta her!” Joel pointed at her, “oh look she likes it too!” Kyle watched them both as he turned back to the photo and saw the girl laughing hysterically with Brandon buried between her breasts.

Rebecca had made her way over to all of them, “what’cha all looking at...oh Brandon!” Her voice had gotten low as she shook her head, “is that all you boys ever think about?” She paused as if waiting for the three of them to respond then without provocation she snapped at the phone, “Give that to me!” Snatching it up she examined the picture in more detail until she finally handed it back, “they’re alright, defiantly not better than mine!” Brandon snorted and they all marched through the first set of sliding doors. “Hey Greg what’s going on,” Greg’s eyes rose as he shook Kyle’s hand giving an inexpressive, “hi Kyle.” They entered the second set of sliding glass doors as Kyle gave a weak, “well I guess I’ll see you both around.” Joel gave him a two finger salute and followed Ron into the office. Greg gave a small smile and headed towards Copy and Print,

Deciding to walk back to the warehouse to see if there was anything needing to be cleaned up, he was stopped when a voice said, “nu uh Kyle get your ass back over here!” Kyle turned to see the rough mannish voice belonged to Bethany. Bethany had brown hair that always seemed knotted together. She was heavy to say the least and her figure was much rounder than Katie’s. She was pale white but acted as if her skin color was darker than a midnight in a backwoods rural town. She wore glasses and her teeth stood out a little, but Kyle gave her credit. He always admired girls that looked atrocious but thought they were worth a million dollars. Self-confidence was a rare quality in this world. She thought she was worth a lot more snapping her fingers as if trying to get him back to reality, “hey, Kyle...hello...Earth to Kyle, wake up!” Kyle couldn’t look at her early in the morning. It wasn’t the fact that she wasn’t very attractive. She was a great girl once you cracked her shell. It had taken Kyle two whole years to finally get Bethany to be herself with him. The reason Kyle was unable to look was her white jogging suit. At first glance the suit wouldn’t make you bat an eye, but upon closer inspection the peach tank top she was wearing was falling dangerously low. Spread wide for the whole

world to see as the opening was the size of a tea tray. One false move and Kyle would get a glimpse of something that would otherwise make him lock on too.

Lowering his head his eyes bulged slightly as they fell upon her skin tight white pants. “Kyle I need you to drop all the stuff down from aisle two. Those sticker dots and labels all need to be refilled. Ron’s already on my ass about it.” Kyle heard her words, but his eyes were still focused on her outfit. Every curve was visible her leg fat expanded against the suit like the sausage you see hanging in a supermarket. “Yeah, I just have to...” Kyle gazed up at her horse like face, “well you know?” He needed to get away, however in truth her outfit was not out of the ordinary. He remembered being in the back with her for a whole day moving furniture around. Her sweating body stuck in a tight blue tank top made for an overweight Grizzly bear. Kyle shook his head trying to forget it like a bad one night stand. Her large breasts were always nearly toppling out as she never wore a bra in all the years he had known her.

Realizing that he had trailed off he gazed back up at her. She stared at him like he was about to feed her a carrot. “Well just hurry up alright just like my stupid husband always needs a damn cigarette break!” Backing up slowly, “oh...you...you still with him?” She huffed, “yeah that stupid shit! I got him locked up with his prior crack conviction. He got two months in county!” “So after all the cheating you got him locked up huh?” She nodded, “and I also bumped into my ex-boyfriend at a party a couple days ago. The true love of my life...he’ll be in later if you wanna meet him?” Kyle nodded giving a smile, “yeah actually I would.”

He turned away, “well at least I have something to look forward too.” Walking down the aisles he passed up everything trying to ignore the gloom that seemed to be setting in. The lights weren’t even on all the way as if the store was still trying to wake up itself. He pushed through the warehouse, a large room that was shaped like a giant L. It contained everything except extra product for the store. Gazing down the way he saw the break room lights on, they were motion activated. This meant that Carol was back there. She was the current Assistant Manager of the store. Groaning slightly he made

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