At this point, Michael had established that anyone searching for a gift on either December 23, or 24, were assholes who held no regards to the so-called people they ‘cared for’. Unsurprisingly enough, Target was insanely crowded, and had been all day.

He had about an hour left in his shift, and he had been watching— a bit entertained, if he was being honest— as people filled the store, searching for the perfect gift for their family or friends. At least nine people had been thrown out— all involving altercations with other shoppers. That’s what they deserved for waiting until the twenty-fourth to get presents.

Notes

prompt; Character A is desperate to find a particular item (book/toy/etc.) as a present for someone, but it’s been sold out everywhere. Character B helps.

this is a big fuck u to the ppl who wait until last minute to christmas shop for the ppl they care about and they DON’T have a valid reason uwu

See the end of the work for more notes

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“Excuse me?” Michael startled at the presence in front of him, jumping slightly at the unexpected man. “Do you have... any... uh- sorry- they’re called Apple AirPods Pro?”

“No,” Michael didn’t have to bother checking; they had sold out of those only hours prior, and the next shipment wouldn’t be arriving until after Christmas. Actually, he had bought the last two pairs for himself and Gabriel, only hours before. He would not admit that, though. “We sold out. Sorry. Is there anything else I can help you with?”

“Ah- shit.” The man hissed, biting down on his lip. “You have to have them. I- I need them.”

“No.” Michael repeated once again, frowning slightly. He had had enough people scream at him that day— because Target wasn’t an unlimited store and they didn’t have unlimited supplies of whatever they were looking for— but the man in front of him seemed less angry, and more upset. Which also wasn’t unusual. “We don’t have them. We sold out a few hours ago. I’m sorry.”

“Aw. Fuck- oh my God. Sorry- language.” The man let out a nervous laugh, running a hand through his hair while he took a deep breath in. “Uh- do you know anywhere that might still have them?”

Michael frowned, as if he were thinking, although he knew nowhere else would be open— and if they were, they wouldn’t be in stock. “Once again, I’m so sorry. I’m pretty certain everywhere is sold out, as well.”

“I should’ve had Sam get them-“ The man said as he raised his hand to the bridge of his nose, massaging it. “Thanks- uh- I guess-“

The man went to walk away, but Michael called after him. “Wait- fuck it.” And the rest of the customers in line for customer-service would probably be pissed at him for holding up the line, but Michael didn’t care. The Christmas spirit was getting to him, and as much as he hated himself for it, he would hate himself more if he was going to be selfish. “I bought two pairs, earlier. One for my brother and one for myself- I’d be willing to sell the second pair to you.”
“Really?” The man asked, his face practically lighting up in joy. “Holy shit, thank you so much-“ He paused, glancing down to read Michael’s name tag. “Michael. I’m Adam.”

“Pleasure to meet you,” Michael smiled, Adam’s ecstasy spreading like a disease—a good one, at that. “Uh- I get off pretty soon. If you wanna hang out until then, then we can talk...?”

Adam nodded. “Yes! Of course- thank you. So much.”

“You’re welcome.” He glanced to an old lady who was waiting next in line, and raised an eyebrow at Adam. Adam seemed to get the message, scurrying away and sat down on a red bench. Michael’s smile fell as the old lady slammed a box down in front of him, clearly pissed off. He sighed; but not before remembering to make a mental note to himself to be sure to get Adam’s number. It was the least the other man could do.

End Notes

yeah sorry i cut this Ten Days Short but i had a Personal thing come up and i haven’t been able to really write this series without stressing myself out so?? yeah i Apologize

anyways!! go read my series called ‘underneath it all’ it’s witch!adam

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