The Three Times Todd Packer Harassed Pam Beesly + The One Time She Stopped Him
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Summary

Pam has put up with Todd's bullshit for too long.

Notes

My first Office fic! Pam became more and more of a BAMF as the series progressed, and Todd was always a sexist asshole, so I liked the idea of Pam putting him into place.

i. As soon as Todd Packer walked through the door of Dunder Mifflin, Pam Beasly rolled her eyes so far into the back of her head, she swore she could see her brain. Everything about him annoyed her. From the way he walked, which was a slow saunter that Pam found incredibly condescending. To the way he stood, slouching, with his chin out, making him look like a ridiculous, ugly, disgusting chicken. She turned away, facing her computer, avoiding eye contact. But, of course, his harsh voice broke through the silence of the office.

"Hey, Jugs! Hello?" Todd asked, leaning against the receptionist desk, his thin eyebrows raised in a questionable look. As the words sunk in, Pam looked up at him with anger on her face.

"Excuse me?" She asked, irritation already on the frayed edges of her voice. So much so, that Jim
looked up from his computer, his eyebrows furrowed.

"I'm here. Where's Michael?" Todd asked, blowing over the part of his original statement that aggravated her. Pam fought another roll of the eyes, and nodded her head slowly, picking up the phone. As she dialed Michael's extension, Todd commented on her nail polish. "Red, huh?" Pam hesitated for a moment, looking down at her nails. She had painted them the night before, after Jim had texted her, saying that it was his favorite color.

Pam looked up slowly, and nodded her head. Todd laughed, "What are you trying to say? Red's a slut's color, aren't you engaged?"

"Wow, okay," Jim started, turning towards the two. Pam took a long, slow breath, and then looked back down at the phone.

Jim started to say something to Todd, and Pam just said into the phone, "Michael, Todd Packer is here." Instead of responding to her, the phone went dead and Michael started shouting from inside his office, his blinds opening and his wild, excited eyes looking through them. In an instant, his shouting was outside his office, and Pam closed her eyes for a long moment. When she opened them, the camera crew had moved on, and Jim had turned back to his computer.

She sighed, running her red fingernails through her hair, and continued to type at the computer. Jim looked at her and asked, "You okay?"

She didn't look up, and replied, "Yeah."

ii. Pam was scrolling down her Facebook, and Todd Packer was in Michael's office. Michael had been accidentally turning the PA system on and off again, and everyone in the office silently hoped he wouldn't notice he was, and in turn realize there was a PA system in general.

Pam's phone buzzed, another text from Roy. "Why is it such a big deal?" She rolled her eyes, and typed back, "We are not going to wear jerseys to our wedding. End of discussion."

The PA buzzed on. "-at receptionist out there, Jugs?" "Pam-" "I mean, I would never get any work done with her there. Three minutes in to working with her, I'd have her bent over a desk, raw dogging it from the behi-" The PA buzzed off.

Every pair of eyes was on Pam, except for hers. Hers were burning a hole in her hands, staring down at the chipped, red nail polish. She bit her lip, slowly pushed her chair back, and walked out the door. She went down the elevator, through the front door, sat in her car, and screamed.

She screamed until her voice felt raw, and then got out of her car, went back up he elevator, and returned to her seat. When she did, all eyes were still on her, but she simply sighed and returned to work.

When Todd Packer had left the building, Jim leaned over her desk, grabbing a candy from the bowl, and whispered to her, "You okay?"

"Yeah." She replied, her voice hoarse.

iii. Pam sipped her coffee, her eyes closed. The break room was empty, save for her, and she was relishing in it. Todd Packer was back, and there hadn't been a moment since his unpolished shoes stepped into the office that she hadn't heard his dopey, hoarse voice saying some kind of offensive
joke. Now that she was alone, she planned to stall as long as she could.

Her coffee cup was almost empty now, and she debated whether she wanted to fill it up and take a longer break, or go back to her desk. But, of course, Packer walked into the break room, and Pam immediately decided that working was the correct decision.

"Hello, Jugs." He laughed, and she bit the inside of her lip, and nodded. She downed the last part of her coffee, and set her drink in the sink. He sat at the break table, and stopped her before she left, "Jugs, can you pour me a cup of coffee."

Pam stared at the window, out into the office, at Jim. She sighed in exasperation, a common occurrence when she was around Packer, and silently poured a cup of coffee for him. She placed it on the table in front of him and turned to leave, and Packer laughed and said, "Thanks, Jugs." and his hand smacked her ass.

Pam's steps stuttered, shocked at his actions, and she had half a mind to turn around and throw his coffee in his face. But instead, she swallowed her screams, and walked out of the break room as fast as she could.

She felt as if her legs were frozen, so much so that when the door closed behind her, she walked very stiffly to her desk. She could feel his handprint burning a hole through her left leg, her skin crawling with his touch. She wanted to scrub herself until she was red and raw, if it meant getting the feeling of Todd Packer's disgusting fingerprints off of her.

Jim gave her a quizzical look as she sat down, and asked, "Um, are you okay?"

She gripped her mouse with such ferocity that it seemed it was going to break, and choked out a pained, "Yeah."

Pam's hand gravitated to her stomach, to the life inside of her. She couldn't help but smile whenever she thought about it, about the teeny tiny baby that was growing in her belly. Plus, whenever she thought about her baby, she also thought about Jim, laid down next to her, his head next to her stomach, mindlessly talking about his day to their child. The thought made her look at her fiancé, who was staring down at his computer screen. She drummed her red-painted fingernails on her stomach, and grinned.

Just then, the door opened, and Todd Packer strutted in, laughing hysterically about something. Michael followed closely behind, looking uncomfortable but still laughing. Todd leaned in to Michael, "And that's what you should say to her, you dirty queer!"

Pam's eyes flitted to Oscar, who hadn't looked up from his work, rolling his eyes and shaking his head. She looked back at Michael and Todd, and Michael caught her eye.

"Oh, Pack-Man, you haven't heard. Pam here moved over to sales, and we have a new receptionist, Erin!" He announced, and Pam mentally sent her pencil through his eye for bringing her up. Instead, Pam smiled and turned around in her chair.

Packer's eyes widened, and he laughed, "Whoa, Jugs, you got knocked up!" Suddenly, Jim was a part of the conversation, turning his chair and listening intently. Pam just nodded, not saying anything.

Packer laughed and elbowed Michael, "Heh, what did I tell you, red is a slutty color!" Michael shared a pained look with Pam, and then chuckled a few times, slowly and awkwardly.
Pam's hand gripped at the fabric of her shirt, trying not to rip holes in it with her nails, and she shut her eyes and breathed deeply, and slowly. Next to her, Jim defended Pam, "Okay, Packer, why don't you-

Packer ignored him, and continued joking, "Hey, did you know you were pregnant when you serviced me last time I was here, Jugs?" Jim fell silent, his head snapping to Pam, along with everyone else in the office.

Something inside Pam burst, and enough was enough. "Alright, asshole," She began, silencing Packer and Michael.

"Excuse m-" Packer began, but Pam rose to her feet and cut him off.

"First off, my name is Pam. Pam! Pamela, P-A-M! Not Jugs. And if you ever call me that again, I will kick your balls so hard it will puncture them, and you can say goodbye to any future children you planned on having." Packer's eyes were like cue balls now, but Pam wasn't finished.

"Secondly, if you ever, ever, refer to me as a 'slut' ever again, I will scratch your eyes out with my red painted fingernails. Which, by the way, I painted red because they are my fiancé's favorite color!

"Thirdly, I did not service you the last time you were here. I got you coffee, which I should have thrown onto your big, ugly face! I would have done you a favor! Anything, even a second degree burn, would make you more attractive!

"And lastly, if you ever say anything like that to me, or any of the women in this office ever again, I swear to whoever is listening that I will shove Dwight's tape measure so far down your throat it will come out your ass, and I'll leave it there!"

Packer stared down at Pam, who was much smaller than him, and trembled. He backed away, muttering apologies, and then ran out the door.

Everyone in the office was still staring at Pam, watching as she panted, her hand still on her stomach, from her rant. In the minute or so she had shouted at Packer, her face hadn't even turned a shade redder than it was when she was thinking of her family with Jim. But in the moments after her screaming, as she realized what she had done, her cheeks began to burn.

She slowly turned around, facing the rest of the office, and sighed. Not in exasperation, but in exhaustion. She looked at her white Keds, and bit her lip.

Then, an applause from the back of the room. She looked up to see Angela clapping, a look of agreement and approval on her face. Slowly, the other women in the office joined, and then the men. And Pam just stood there, watching in amazement, as she got a standing ovation.

Finally, she grinned and curtsied, and then sat back down. Angela, Phyllis, Kelly, and Erin all came up and thanked her, and she smiled and accepted them.

When the ruckus had calmed down, Michael had retreated to his office, and everyone was back to working, Jim's hand slithered from his desk to hers, and enclosed itself over Pam's. She looked up, and he smiled at her, pride leaking through the gaps at the corner of his mouth. He whispered, "You okay."

Pam smiled back, and rubbed her thumb over Jim's knuckles, and truthfully answered, "Yeah."
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