

Checkerboard of Love

(A white customer and a black cashier...sooo not liking each other...or)

IMPORTANT!

This story is an interracial Love Story. NO SEX!
Just Provocative White Man / Black Woman stuff
Offensive and violent.

Endless conversations ONLY!

DO NOT! For real DO NOT READ further if those things offend you, or you find the categories disliking!

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You seriously must be kidding me; can I once visit the grocery store and be greeted in native English? Plain ordinary, out of the box English. Do I need a dictionary to understand what the foreigners from every f-ing country in the world is saying, trying to impress me with what they think is immaculate English.

No matter if they look like Broke Shields, Claudia Schiffer or Britney Spears. Wow by the way, and to have one of those perfect angels giving my change back for once....for once...

But never such luck. Nope, I get helloed by different colored versions instead. And no matter if this black one kind of look likes Sanaa Lathan, who has some attractive magnetic features, I still want the former.

So, celebrating in the back of my head while ignoring the over-the-top cheerful and almost catching have a nice evening smile from the black girl in her early 30's....I went on my way...hoping for a better tomorrow.

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The weeks passed and no whiter employees, still the black chick. And guess she is going to say something funny about my limping as well when she's rounding up my items for the day.

"Hello, having a nice day? Anything else you need today?"

Except a white version of you? No, nothing else thanks.

"Sorry sir, something you needed?"

"No, I'm fine."

"Have a nice evening, hope to see you again soon."

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...and there again. I really should start planning my shopping, instead of buying milk, meat or chips every other day.

“You here again. Forgot something yesterday?”

“Just these items.”

“Maybe plan your shopping more is a good idea or are you as clumsy with that as you are with watching your step...since you’re limping around the store...”

“What?! What did you just say and accuse me of?”

“Sorry sir, I was only trying to be funny and lighten things up. Apologies if I offended you. I was out of line...sorry.”

“Since you brought it up so sincere, then yes, I am quite offended...you are provocative and I would like to be serviced by a white version of you for once. A cute white girl who knows what white men like me wants.”

“What do white men like you want?”

“You would know if you were white.”

“I cannot help you with my skin color, but if you tell me, then maybe I can do something to make you less angry and also wanting to come back to our store, without demanding to see my boss about my misbehavior and me getting fired.”

“That I like. Well, you can get down on your knees and blow me. Take me deep and swallow everything your customer has to give you...like a very good cashier.”

“.....I see. Well, I don’t think that is something your white dream-chicks would do for you, and to be honest...I think you are below the dirt under your shoes, and please go see my supervisor. I have no intention of giving you any more service, ever. I really need this job, but if getting fired is what it takes not to see you again...so be it.”

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Was it the right thing to just walk out of there? Of course! I didn’t do anything wrong. If she wasn’t this annoying and just let me pay for my groceries, then there would be no problem. So obviously everything is her fault...obviously....

.....clearly her fault...and still...here I lay in the bed, not able to sleep.

“Oh, it’s the blowjob-guy. Weren’t you man enough to go to my boss and complain like the spineless poor excuse for a man you are? Take your bread and butter and insert them deep in your backside, sir.”

"I so would like to choose another line, a super-white line, with a nice cashier just doing her job. Not any talk-backs...just blipping and paying. But unfortunately I'm stuck with you. I do not plan my shopping, I do day-to-day. And I sure want a blow job, and if you were white I think you could be kind of attractive and cleared for the task. Those things I can set aside, but the shopping I will not. I will come here almost every day, no matter how much you and I fight, and no matter what you think of it....and me."

"...deep sigh, if not a higher power forced us to work every day. It's a curse. If I only could say a professional goodbye to my supervisor and then show you the middle finger while leaving this store enthusiastically throwing everything I could get my hands on at you. What a dream!"

"We think alike. But I have the upper hand and I am holding all the aces here."

"...just to be able to flip you off...you are such a..."

"I will be here tomorrow, same time. If you call in sick I will not shed a tear."

"Have the evening you deserve, sir."

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"Didn't see you up front, thought you called in sick like I suggested...or hoped is a better word."

"Sorry to disappoint you. And guess it's below your understanding, but there are other things to do in a store than taking insults from middle-aged white airheads. Did you hurt your leg walking? Hard to put one foot in front of the other? Clumsy idiot trip on own two feet..."

"First, I think you know we are about the same age. Maybe my manly extremely good looks cloud your judgment. And second, I did fall on my own two feet. The lights went out at the office, and I was walking down the stairs...and fell. Still hurts after almost a month. Ah, that amuses you, I see."

"If you were a normal customer, I would say sorry for laughing...but in your case, serves you right. Payback for some of the insulting slurs you just spew out here...and at other places too, I guess."

"Perhaps. I don't know if you're lonely like me, miss company and get more hostile and negative due to that. And it's much easier and essential to say hateful harmful things as to loving positive. Push down instead of helping up."

"Wow, for a short period there I could almost glimpse a man bearable to be around. If he only was black...and had a brain installed."

"That was funny. I feel the same with you. Well, actually not...there's always been something about you. Don't know what, and maybe you and that scares me...on top of my lonely feelings. Maybe you should buy me dinner, to make up for all the sarcastic things you said..."

"...if there's nothing more you need today, items-wise...
...then I think you should leave now, please."

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"I thought we almost had something not so negative going...at the end, yesterday. You are tediously hard to get out of my head...but I don't want that...to get you out from there. I'm not sorry for what I said here, that is me. For bad bad bad, worse and maybe a good in there too. I have more than one good in there, and that good wants to eat with you. Please...one chance to prove that I'm not all horrible. It's your fault I'm feeling this way for you...so you owe me that."

"Of all the stores...
...I'm still resenting you and need to process this. But I live alone and one word of a million you said, I can agree on...it can pile up negative things and.....well, that aside...you buying me dinner isn't the end of the world. And we're civilians then, I can flip you off all night."

"I cannot believe I'm saying this....but I'm looking forward to you doing that. But more to having your face across me at a restaurant you're paying excessively at."

"Tomorrow is Thursday, let's see if we can look at each other here in the store first, with maybe just tolerable comments...and end the short sessions we have with planning a face-to-face on Friday evening?"

"I would like that. Mmm, your face and eyes when you said that....I...
...should I bring flowers?"

"I'll point to the ones I like, let you know tomorrow...you're almost looking at them. Have a nice evening, sir."

"Thank you and you have the best evening, madam!"

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Not only did I have a hard time sleeping that night, the day passed in slow motion. The stupid clocks seemed to move backwards. But finally it was planning-for-Friday-time, and I had bought flowers from a competing store. Had such strong feelings walking there, and no way I was coming empty handed. We never had a single date, just the numerous shopping-encounters...and still I felt like we been together a really long time. Oddly together, but still.

A lot of times our hate-love-conversations been rudely interrupted by other customers in the store, and of course people were there now too, two guys and a girl.

The guys talked to the girl and my hope-to-be date. As I went in the store, the girl hurried out, and I thought the two guys also were on their way, because one was standing in the doorway.

"I bought flowers anyway...wanted to have something with me...but I'll wait for him to finish. Sorry."

"Are you bringing flowers in the store, how stupid are you? Do you need anything in here? Then buy it and get the hell out..."

"No, I am not here to buy something specific today. Just want to talk to her."

“Damn, this isn’t your day man, we’re robbing this store and this bitch isn’t just stalling with the money, she’s smart-mouthing dangerously.”

“I think she is practicing for me coming here, don’t think twice about that. Just take the money and go.”

“You like danger too?! You think stalling-bitch or interrupting flower-boy can make demands?”

“I don’t want to hinder you in any way. Please, I just want her to be safe...
...I can hurry you on your way; I have some money on me.”

“Gee, you hear that? This guy got money on him.
He wants to save his girlfriend’s life here.....”

“Mmm, she is not my “

“Loverboy, save this

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In real life, this story probably would have ended for me there.
Shot and robbed...lying fatally wounded on the floor...still holding the flowers from the rival store in my cold, numb hand.

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...but let’s D-y up the ending...

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“You can stop sniveling now; I think they can hear your crying out in the hall and all the other rooms.”

“First, I wasn’t crying that much. Remember you and I don’t like each other yet. And second, I was mostly tearing up because of the stupidity of standing in front of exiting lethal bullets. Bullets exiting a gun fired by a person far more idiotic than the guy I was thinking of dating. Can you imagine, someone being that braindead?”

“I am trying, but it is hard.

How long was I out? Have you been here the whole time?”

“Keep dreaming! I have been here a couple of times...two, three four...or so. And you’ve been unconscious for almost a week.”

“Ooh, soo nice of you, felt very warm inside. And I had to awake...I kept dreaming about your face, eyes, cheeks, mouth...and the way you said I was a first class asshole. And you hated the white me so much you just had to take him on a date at an expensive restaurant.”

“Hey, just because you’re white ass is lying here severely wounded by bullets initially intended for me, doesn’t mean you get infinite free passes.....but you will get many. I had a really hard time being away from here...really hard.....I....I feel...

....well, Friday is coming up. And you weaseled your way out of our first date...with some pathetic excuse. Always something with you, isn’t there? Boo-hoo, my foot hurts, and more boo-hoo...I’ve been shot...

Again, Friday is coming up...and someone has a weekend to correct the sentence about me not being his girlfriend.”