

Barflies
By
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Loving the attention, Lydia killed bottle after bottle of stout, shouting after each one, “Fucking shit yeah mother fuckers!” Then she'd let loose with a massive belch, sometimes splattering the person next to her with spittle and ale.

Due to Lydia's amazingly good looks, the adjacent barstool was never empty. Suitors lined up, waiting to sit next to the hard drinking hot chick. None lasted long, but she'd get a free beer or two.

When the bartender rang for last call, only Lydia and the Minotaur were left.

Lydia sidled up to the great bull-man-thing, “I'm horny, how about you?”