

Jason Lammersen

The light was dim, hopefully enough to hide my awkwardness. The ornate bell tolled as they entered, a plethora of the female disposition, flocking to the tables scattered around the dull lit room.

Their outfits were glamorous to the extreme, colours and sequins tickling my very eyes, reflecting what little light there was in the room like disco balls of human structure.

My nerves pushed me past the point of anxiety where I began to feel as if something was off. She sat before me, broad and tall, and in a low voice spoke.

'Well, hello there, big boy!'