

## Chapter 122 Lola

I can't get over just how busy it is in here tonight. I am sure the previous times we have been it has never been this busy. The queue at the bar is crazy as ever, could be waiting forever just waiting to get served. And if one more person knocks into me I swear I will karate chop someone in the head! Why do so many people lose their manners when they are out drinking ? Or perhaps they never have manners to begin with? Either way they were truly infuriating me with the amount of people knocking into me, or trying to jump the queue. I needed a strong drink already and the night had barely begun!

I had already been elbowed in the ribs by some muscly guy pushing his way to the bar, and some other dude stood on my foot, though I should be grateful I haven't got dainty shoes on tonight or it would have likely hurt a lot more. Esme told me to make a note of what he looked like and if saw him again to accidentally on purpose stomp on his toe, I don't think I would dare, but she made me laugh all the same. Though she had always been good at that.

She probably would do that, she has that fieriness in her. And I bet if she did it with the heel of her stiletto that would hurt like a bastard too! She was so funny, and I can imagine she probably would do that to someone without a second thought if they had irritated her or done to her what they had to me. But she was so much more stronger than I was, so much more independant and fierce. I should maybe learn a little from her. Always have been told that, we are so different yet so close and the best of friends.

“Lola, Chica, I just got to take this call, it's about shifts next week, you stay in line, we got to be served soon. I be back soon as I can” Esme says to be, an apologetic smile on her face.

Great so now I was going to be abandoned in the bar on my own. I am no good at standing up for myself, so if people try pushing in I am not likely to be good at defending myself. I need to try think like Esme. Think fiery...

Think fiery... I remind myself, knowing that is what I need to do or else I would be pushed way to the back of this never ending queue to the bar.. Mmmmm.... I notice a tall, dark haired guy walk toward the bar, he has the most gorgeous eyes I think I ever have seen, chocolatey brown.... He is decorated with lots of tattoos and while that doesn't normally appeal to me on him it makes him look sexy... he walks straight up to the edge of the bar, with an air of authority to him, people seem to move for him. Wow.... He must be important, or the staff must know him... I don't think I would mind knowing him, suddenly pops into my mind... haha don't know where that thought came from!

As I am slowly edging closer to the bar, I can suddenly hear some guys arguing nearby, they sound pissed off. I can't help but look over, they are two big muscly guys, covered in tattoos, one with a beard. I am not even sure what they are arguing over, but whatever it is it is sounded more and more heated, and I am sure they do not need to be swearing as much as they are do they? Wow! the language coming from them is pretty bad! I am trying to avoid looking in their direction, but where I am I can see the argument is getting heated, why aren't the staff getting security? The men have progressed from yelling abuse at each other, and are shoving one another now, now face to face. Shit they look real angry. Suddenly one of them reaches for something off the bar... I wonder if he is going to glass him?..... no, he has grabbed a pitcher of cocktail and launched it at him....

I feel a spray of liquid come all over me, I was clearly stood too close. The pitcher of cocktail he had poured toward his adversary, missed and is now mainly dripping down my front. The dress I am wearing now dripping wet with the cocktail. Fucking marvellous! Where is Esme when I need her? She would have helped...

I am stood in shock for a moment. I can't believe my luck. I am soaked! Not to mention uncomfortable. And so many people are now looking at me! I must look a true state, and something for the whole of the queue to be watching while they wait... wonderful!

“Oh sorry love” The guy says, looking me up and down, before shrugging and then walking away.

Sorry?! I am now dripping what smells like a strawberry based cocktail from parts of my body I should not be! What a dick! He think saying sorry is going to make it all ok?! Oh yeah of course it will!

I look around hoping Esme is nearby, coming back in from her phone call, but I see no sign of her. For a moment, my eyes make contact with the handsome dark haired guy from earlier, he looks in shock, yeah I can imagine I do look a bit of a state right now, a she-wolf drenched in cocktail from some drunken dickhead with a bad aim. What a great start to our night out! Just about my luck. I need to sort this out. I need to find the toilets...