“So how drunk are you trying to get tonight?” queries George, this intruder upon my personal time, a victim of my weakness, an embodiment of (for lack of a less colloquial term) my “softness.”

“Uhh…not, not too drunk bro, I was trying to go ham tomorrow for Rav’s bday crawl in the city,” and I wish I’d never picked up your calls so I could have finally consigned myself to doing some productive work on a weekend night, I finish.

This is where he tells me he broke up with Ila and sequesters for grabbing a drink at a bar. Against my better judgment, I am intrigued and let him drag me to Tap Haus while he serenades me with some insufferable close mindedness about Ila being too Type A for his super chill only smokes very rarely Type B piece of shit personality. (As an aside, he also informs me that Jenny’s boyfriend is a complete nincompoop and boring as freshly milled grass, which is both quite rich and quite damning coming from him. That chick might have way less game than we gave her credit for, we [and by we I mean very possibly just I] probably just erroneously extrapolated [look, I’m not going to go out of my way to *avoid* alliteration] credit for our own personal willingness to her own allure).

To sum up his self-indulgent gripes, Ila was way too “angry” for him and they slowly devolved into an on/off fuck buddy thingamajig until George became an even bigger puss and told her (upon her return from a week long wi-fi less sojourn in my homeland) that he couldn’t keep doing even that because he cared about her too much. This happened last weekend and since then he has already fallen for some tart that goes by the moniker of Maddie he met on the feminist driven-version of Tinder that Bumble advertises itself as, logging in two “adult dates” that have seen him not even make a run towards first base. He tells me this is normal. I tell him he’s a scrub.

Tap Haus is quite empty and I am itching to end this fruitless night. After the first split boot I manage to rain check more drinking for tomorrow night.

“Dog, I’ll be in SF all day,” I plead with him. “I’ll hit you up after the bar crawl, we’ll go ham then.”

By the grace of Loki, he relents.

It’s as I’m leaning across the bar, watching Rebuke’s tight ass shift around the German beer taps, that my night is extended by the allure of pussy.

“You drink all that?” leers a slightly overweight, plain faced, square jawed older woman to my left. She is seated to a slightly more attractive younger (and skinnier) lassie. I grin back and it’s gametime.

“Yeah you guys want to see me chug another one? Hey, excuse me can I get another boot please?” Fuck it, it’s George’s tab open and if he isn’t pumped enough that I’ve listened to him blather on for this long, color me teal and venmo charge me.

“You chugged it?”

“Yep four and a half seconds.” I mime chugging the empty boot. “You guys see that technique?”

“All I saw was this,” says the older woman, gesturing lasciviously at my half flexed bicep.

Lesssssss go.

I learn they’re aunt and niece. I indicate to a far away George that he’s my brother but he’s zoning out into the dark corners of the bar, no doubt contemplating how he could have handled Ila’s tantrums better. Nevertheless, his good looks are enough to lock them in, and I lead the way over. George doesn’t look too happy about this McValue meal.

I drink the majority of the boot I bought with the intention of splitting. The cuter one is vibing me but she isn’t *that* cute quite yet. She procures a pair of cancer sticks out of her purse and I see the opportunity for the easy split, suggesting we go in pairs so as to always have someone stay behind and avoid the litany of roofies the half dozen single fools in the bar are raring to plop in our drinks. George and the older bittie go first.

When it’s our turn I waste no time pushing her against a wall outside and roping a quick single down the middle. We break and she queries after my age.

“How old do you think I am?”

I smile after each one of her guesses.

“24.”

“Really?”

“No, 23. 22. 23. 24. 23. 24. 23. 22. 23. 22. 23.”

I break her off before my urge to close my hands around her throat takes over. I tell her the truth and despite her having guessed it correctly about a half dozen times, she still expresses enough disbelief that I show her my passport, which I am carrying on my person because Mikey forgot to bring my cards (high key, can you grab my cards from Mikey if you come up before him).

Back inside, I am coasting while George is running around like a befuddled duck. “She told me if I buy her a drink, she’ll fuck me,” he pants in my ear bug-eyed. “I don’t want to fuck her though, I really like Maddie.” I try my best to ignore him.

Meanwhile, my girl (whose name I’ve since forgotten but who we will from now on refer to as Dropout because that *is* a fact I remember of her) slides up next to me and takes her turn to whisper to me about how she *will* fuck me but I *can’t* fall in love with her. I feel like I’m surrounded by scripted actors in a play.

The night ebbs and flows and this tale does not have quite too exotic of an ending but serves more as a humorous exercise in experimenting with a different writing style and a depiction of how much of a cockblock George can serve to be. Alarmed by the propensity of casual sex, he does not hesitate when Dobi comes over to pick him up and maintains that he is not interested when the older bittie inquires as to whether she should skip the uber and come back to our place. At this point, I have been tantalized with the idea of a double date with George, Maddie, and Dobi and thus I am content to settle for a number and an awkward public neck kiss from Dropout as they make their exit.

I also need the alone time to contemplate your sagacious Ila advice. Need to figure out an innocent way to arrange a rendezvous.