The Martiani

"You know what this place needs Joe?", she asked cocking an eyebrow. "What detective? Damage done not enough?", he winced at the sound of clinking glass as he swept the shards away from the counter. "A signature drink.", she replied and took a swig of her unfinished martini.

Wiping away the blood from her bruised lip which stung from the alcohol, she led her cuffed captive out leaving behind a blood-stained glass whose contents took on a reddish tinge. "A signature drink in a bar on Mars you say?", smiled Joe at the now bloody martini.

