A story by Cardlamp

A man walks inside of a bar.

He sat down near the bartender, asking for a drink: “Uh hello, can I get that…. Uh, what is it?.... Whiskey sour, mate? I’m new to this place and I wanna try some of those lovely drinks you have here.”

The bartender looks up over towards the man before saying: “Yeah sure. One whiskey sour…. Although, like the title said.. It’s a bit sour… and a bit bitter more than just sweetness. Can you handle it?”

“Well, you gotta try new things right?”

“Fair enough, one whiskey for you.”

The bartender did his usual thing. A shot of whiskey, lemon juice, a simple syrup before mixing all of it nicely as they put their cool couple glass that had been cold with the ice sitting inside, pouring the shot onto it neatly before garnishing it with a lemon.

The guy took the sip before saying: “Woah, that is spectacular. Man, that is one adequate drink that I have ever tasted.” as he blinked.

The bartender noticed it quietly… before quickly looking around the bar. Around them were normal people drinking. Seems…. Like nothing was wrong… but the way that guy in front of him said how the drink was adequate and blinking… is that morse code for help?..... But it’d be weird to help in a seemingly normal bar, no?

But either way, the bartender had to be sure. No matter what gender, they wouldn’t ignore danger.

“.... you alright?” The bartender whispered to the man.

“Oh yeah, I’m fine- what’s up?”

“.....”

Based on what the bartender sees- yeah, this man is definitely in some kind of danger. He seems open- and the way the man sat with his leg opened out showcases openness… So why is he speaking like a tortured soul back in the War days?

The bartender thought for a second…..

[Something must have been happening when he wasn’t noticing]

[Considering that this man right here isn't keen on telling me…. Someone must be observing him nearby. Which means. Either a person or people here are sitting here, waiting to pounce on this man.]

[The man's outfit was your typical. A green outer shell with black waves around the t-shirt and long sweatpants with sneakers on. Looks young and fresh here. Considering he said he's new here, must be a foreigner….. The way he pronounced things with 'a' with that ever he said earlier…. Must be Australian…. And even then, the 'mate' gave it away- Why am I overcomplicating this?]

The bartender wasn't sure. They weren't great detective per se. They are a bartender, of course. He tends stuff, he makes drinks. He doesn't make great reasonings, that'd be for lieutenants or detectives.

But seeing how secretly anxious this man was, they couldn't help themselves..

"Hey uh… it's fine you know. I saw that you've been… very weird when you tasted my drink… is there something wrong?"

"Uh yeah- it's fine really, mate. I was just checking by the serene place- and of course, the place. I'm not used to being in a bar despite being a fucking adult at this point." The man said to the bartender

"Hm… I see…"

'Looking around'
That could be a hint.
Left and right.

[Huh, looking around…… on the right, there are around two groups of 4-5 people hanging out, 7 groups of one person being there and feeling pain…. And 2 people just quietly conversing…..]

[On the left, there are 3 groups of people celebrating, 5 groups of 2 people drinking together and 1 person just sitting there….]

Something has to be wrong.

But the bartender couldn't dissect their mind further into achieving his goal. They are not smart enough to create complex reasoning like the average Chinese cultivation character or detective fiction he secretly reads…

So, doing the only thing they could think of.

“Hey, maybe I’ll let you stay close….. I’ll call the police… just give me a second-”

“No wait-”

Bad idea….

The two people conversing and the lone person from right to left stood up, somehow understanding and hearing the conversation and pulled out their guns.

Everyone in the bar froze….

“You’ll come with us.” The first man on the right side said coldly.
“EVERYONE! DON’T MAKE ANY SUDDEN NOISE, MOVEMENT OR I’ll BLOW EVERYONE UP!” The second person, a woman, a crazier person, shouted loudly.
The third guy just held hostage towards the people on the left with intense quietness.

Then- the first guy pointed the gun at the bartender

“You are an idiot” The first guy said “Speaking right in front of the recorder we hide in this man….”

The guy was going to shoot the bartender.

But then…. The gun suddenly jammed at the right time…

Using this- the bartender dodged the gunfire from the third person on the left that had quickdrawed on them before kicking away the first man as the woman tried to shoot at a random innocent person to distract the bartender- only to be hit by 2 of the friends of the person she was trying to shoot. Even the third person was being overwhelmed by the people on the left side….
Well, this has turned more embarrassing than it should be.

In the end, the police had come and arrested the 3 people, who were identified as assassins…..
Huh, interesting twist.

As the victim/the Australian man was let into the police car out of safety…. He was wondering something….

Why were people so adamant on helping in that bar? Shouldn’t they be in shock? Or at least in some sort of Bystander effect due to the sudden actions? And why was the bartender…. Weirdly calm about it.

As the police car drove away, the Australian man saw the bartender for the last time….. A small wave to him. A sign of ‘you’re ok at least’....

What the man didn’t know was that…. He was lucky. Lucky to stay at that bar… The ‘Mindblowingly good’ bar (yes, that is the fucking name. Sorry for no originality)... the bartender was…. Not human… They were a mind controller.