

Chronicles of World City: The Kuudere, Episode II (*Excerpt*)

Leviathan “Levi” Hogcock belched loudly, the hot breath tasting of the BBQ he’d just finished eating. He then let loose a hearty belly laugh, “That was a good one, bwahaha!!” he said. He then took a large gulp of the dark beer he had sitting in front of him. The flavor was disgustingly bitter to most, but he liked the taste. So much so he could drink it all day, and he practically did too.

He was sitting in his favorite sports bar and grill, a little hole in the wall kind of place nestled between World’s Edge and the more reputable parts of World City. He liked to call this part of town The Bridge, because this was the area that bridged the two areas. You could find just about anything you wanted here, be it high end merchandise, or a cheap piece of ass. Or in the case of “Al’s”, the place he currently sat in, the best goddamned BBQ in the entire city!

The place was owned by Altair Tavros, a hulking beast of a demi-human. He was a minotaur demi-human, or was in part at least. Levi had never met a full on minotaur before, with the whole body of a man, head of a bull motif. Al, as he liked to be called, was just under seven feet tall, with a body like a Greek god, cloven hooves for feet, and a pair of longhorns jutting from either side of his head. He had a pair of medium sized gold rings pierced through his horns instead of his ears as well. His face was pretty much human, although he had a slightly larger than average nose. His skin was a deep golden bronze color, the kind of tan a lot of bitches would pay top dollar for.

Chugging down the last of his beer, Levi held up the empty mug, “Hey Al, another round!” he called out.

“Coming up! You want another rack to go with it?” the bull man asked.

“Do you gotta ask!?” Levi shouted back.

Al vanished to the space behind the main bar. He was gone for barely even a minute before coming back out with a pint of beer so dark it seemed to draw the light into itself. Unlike the regular stuff, Al kept the dark beers in the back and never put them on one of the taps. Levi had seen the bottles once, they were made of opaque black glass, like obsidian, but entirely black. The fat man knew why, light was bad for beer and made it spoil faster. Even with this brand, you had to drink it within a decent amount of time. If you tried nursing it, the flavor bled away, and after about 45 minutes, the stuff tasted like a cheap beer that someone had used ice to cool down, then let that ice melt.

In other words, it tasted like shit!

He set the beer down on Levi’s table and retrieved the spent mug. “Ribbs will be out in a bit,” he reported, “Got a fresh batch of sauce warming up.”

“Nice, just what all do you put in that stuff?” Levi asked.

Al shrugged, “It’s a mishmash of raw ingredients and stuff like premade ketchup and mustard. I buy it in bulk and mix it here.” he told him. “I got a ton of different herbs and spices mixed in varied amounts to get the flavor I want.”

“So, you’re not gonna tell me?” Levi asked.

“Nope.” Al said with a grin, “Enjoy your beer.” he said before heading back behind the bar. About five minutes went by before a young waitress came out from the kitchen with a rack of BBQ ribs that smelled like Heaven itself. She looked roughly eighteen or so, just the right side of legal at least, one of Al’s nieces or something. At least that was what Levi figured since she called Al “Uncle” all the time. Not a bad piece of ass, but not great either. Levi had no taste for the “Girl Next Door” type. Still, he always tipped her well so he could have a reserve pussy for emergencies!

The name “Sophia” was stamped into the nametag just above her left breast. She had jet black hair like charcoal and had almost no shine to it. Her skin was a healthy bronze color, and her eyes were a deep hazel color. Her figure was completely in the average zone, with tits a little smaller than his fists, barely curved hips, and average legs. All in all, the kind of girl he wouldn’t look twice at on the street.