

The Forsaken of the Night

No One Asks, Everyone Forgets

A faded neon sign above the entrance to the Paradise Bar flickered as if even the light had grown tired of this place. Behind the weathered wooden door sat people who had long since stopped expecting anything from life. The smell of beer, cheap liquor, and cigarette smoke did little to conceal the scent of shattered dreams.

After midnight, the alcohol began to take its toll on some of them.

The man had long since passed the point where drunkenness merely pretends to be courage. His grip was rough, his laughter loud. He grabbed the hostess by her dress. The thin fabric tore. For a split second, the room froze. She was left standing in nothing but panties and stockings, instinctively covering her bare breasts with her hands. There was no shame in her eyes, only anger. It was not the first time.

Nobody screamed.

The music kept playing. A few customers turned around, took a sip from their glasses, and watched the scene with the kind of indifference that only develops in people who witness the same stories every night.

Then the bouncer moved.

Broad shoulders, a heavy head, fists like bricks. He had once fought in the ring. These days, a single grip was enough. He grabbed the drunk by the collar, effortlessly threw him off balance, and dragged him toward the exit. The man cursed and flailed his arms, but resistance was pointless. The old, heavy door opened. A dull thud could be heard outside. Then it slammed shut again.

Inside, the night continued as if nothing had happened.

The woman searched for the torn remnants of her dress. A colleague silently draped a jacket over her shoulders. The bartender continued polishing his glasses as though nothing had happened. A customer dropped a coin into the jukebox. A melancholy song about life and lies began to play.

At the Paradise Bar, outrage was not part of the business model. Here, nights were sold, illusions were rented, and dignity was squandered in small installments. Among crooks, petty thieves, prostitutes, shift workers, and stranded souls, the line between perpetrator and victim often blurred faster than the foam on a freshly poured beer.

Outside, the neon light reflected in the puddles on the street. Inside, the night followed its usual course.

As if nothing had happened.

The accompanying image can be found directly next to this text in the NEO NOIR section of the web album at www.BioMechMaidens.com.

For inquiries or feedback, contact me at Horst.Waschinski@gmx.de.

You can also follow my work on Facebook: www.facebook.com/Horst.Waschinski.

© 2026 – Original content of the BioMech Maidens project. Unauthorized reproduction, modification, or commercial use is prohibited.

