

## Fated out Chapter 33

33 Night shift (1)

33 Night shift (1)

Lyla

After my 'heroic' act in the cafeteria, I tried to remain as invisible as I could.

Someone had recorded me in action and the video was making rounds in our social chat network. I was so ashamed of myself. I wanted to stop them from bullying me and not become like them.

So, when the final bell rang, I hurried out of the school building, ignoring pleas from some of my classmates 'who were trying to offer me a ride.

It was a weird feeling, to be popular.

As I made my way out of the building, my mind was still reeling from the day's events – my confrontations. with Marissa, the new transfer student, Xander who had a weird aura around him and the unsettling presence of Mr Dupree his father. But there was no

time to dwell on those thoughts. I had a shift at 'Coffee Nook' to get to.

The quaint coffee shop stood on the corner of a sleepy

1/5

(

33 Night shift (1)

village (I liked to call it that because most of the residents around the coffee shop were mostly seniors and were our main customers). As I pushed open the door, the familiar scent of freshly ground coffee beans and pastries greeted me, bringing a sense of comfort I

hadn't realized I missed.

"Lyla! You're back!" the enthusiastic greeting came from Sarah, one of the baristas working in the cafe. She was done with high school and was applying for college, so the café was just her trying to save up enough money before her admission.

She was one of the many human friends I liked who genuinely liked me back. In the past, we would greet with a hug but today I felt out of sync, so I managed a

small smile. *w@W.©ðve①@OrM.cøM*

"Hey, Sarah... yeah, I'm back."

I made my way to the back room to change into my uniform when I caught sight of my Nanny, Miriam or Mrs Grayson, as she was known here – peering at her laptop with glasses perched on the bridge of her nose.

Mrs Grayson was a name we had come up with and the story was; that she was a single mom, with a

10-24

33 Night shift (1)

runaway husband. Humans always loved the sob

stories, so ours always sold.

"You're late!" she called out with a teasing smile.

"I'm sorry," I said ducking into the back room. "I had a weird day at school. I'll give you the details later. How are you?" I called over my shoulder as I pulled on the dark green apron with the café's logo. The uniform was simple – black pants and a white shirt – but it felt like a shield, a way to blend into the normalcy of human life.

Here, I wasn't a freak or a girl on the run from my complicated past. I was just Lyla, the friendly barista.

"It will be fine as soon as I figure out these Excel *wWw.n(ø)vεLwo(r)M.cOmm*

Nanny replied in our

sheets. Humans are so we

native tongue drawing a laugh from me.

"Just say you need my help," I chuckled and went over

to her.

I spent the next ten minutes, showing her how to enter data on the Excel sheet and to perform simple

calculations.

Finally done with her, I took my place behind the

counter noticing immediately that the café was

19:24

<33 Night shift

bustling with regulars. *WwW.n(ø)vεWorm.com*

"Hey, look who's back!" said Mr Howard, an elderly man who always ordered the same thing – a black coffee with two sugars and a slice of lemon pound cake. He sat at the window table every afternoon, reading the newspaper. "Thought you'd gone and disappeared on us, Kiddo."

I smiled warmly. "Just took some time off, Mr H. Went to see my grandparents," I lied. "But I'm back now. Usual?"

"You bet," he gave me a wink before going back to his

paper.

Next, I made my way to Mrs Nguyen, a middle-aged woman who always came i

a cup of chamomile tea after her yoga class. "Lyla!" her over-penciled

eyebrows arched dramatically "Where have you been?"

I was asking your mom the other day and she said you were taking a break?"

I laughed softly, preparing her tea. "You know me – I never stay away for long."

After that, a gruff but friendly voice belonging to Mr Thompson, one of our regulars, reached my ears.

33 Night shift (1)

"Well, look who's back!". The retired teacher came in every day at 4 pm for his afternoon cappuccino. "I missed you around here, kid. Everything alright?"

I felt a warmth spread through my chest at his genuine concern. "Everything's fine, Mr Thompson. I just needed some time off to deal with ...family stuff." The lie always comes easily and smoothly for me, practised over months of evading questions about my past.

"Well, glad you're back. Now, how about that cappuccino?"

As I prepared Mr Thompson's drink, I fell into the familiar rhythm of the job. Steam hissed, coffee dripped and milk frothed. I lost myself in the process, finding comfort.

I worked my way through my shift, stopping to greet customers. There was Mrs Rodriguez, the local librarian who always ordered a chai latte. *WwW.©@VεLWorM.cøM*

Then came the group of college students who practically lived at the corner table during midterms refueling their study sessions with endless refills of

black coffee.

In this world, I felt in control, grounded, needed...

33 Night shift (1)

But not all customers were always welcomed. I narrowed my eyes as I spotted a group of young men enter. They were new, not regulars and had an air of trouble about them. The kind that came with too much confidence and not enough experience to back it up.

It was rare to see people like them around this side but I've dealt with their type before.

"I've got this," I murmured to Sarah who looked apprehensive. I approached the group, my face a mask of professional politeness. "Welcome to Coffee Nook. What can get I for you?"

The leader of the group, a lanky guy with a nose ring, leaned on the counter. "Well ello there, sweetheart.

How about your number to

art with?"

Comment

Post your first comment!

Vote

Fandom

1

Swip