

Endless 131

Chapter 131: 5 Gold Knights

The girl wiped the glasses and hung them one by one on the rack overhead, her eyes carrying a hint of sadness, and her face bore the exhaustion unbefitting of her age.

It's her fourth day working overtime; anyone as busy as Afeiya would hardly be cheerful.

During the day, Afeiya usually works at her family's flower shop, but business hasn't been good lately, compounded by the frightfully expensive rent in the Agreement District, so she's been working at this bar after the flower shop closes to help with household expenses.

The bar manager is a kind person; he usually assigns Afeiya shifts from afternoon to evening, when there aren't many guests and not much trouble, for which Afeiya is grateful.

The manager nodded to this, saying he has a daughter about the same age as Afeiya, and remarked that people who work hard in life deserve to be treated kindly.

With such a good boss and decent pay, Afeiya worked even harder.

After wiping the glasses, Afeiya glanced around the bar; it's not yet late night, and there were barely any guests in the bar.

Everything was pretty much the same as usual, but... there was something slightly different.

Afeiya cast her gaze toward the bar counter, where sat a peculiar customer; using the word "peculiar" might seem impolite, but in her short career, she had never met such a customer before.

He was a young man appearing to be in his twenties, with black hair tied at the back, some strands falling down covering his cyan eyes, skin unhealthily pale, dressed in a neat black outfit, and a briefcase was placed next to the seat.

Because the bar is near the docks, most people who come here to drink and have fun are dock workers, their clothes soaked with sweat after a tiring day, emitting a slight smell of fish.

With faces full of flesh and stubble, cracking lousy jokes, the manager arranged for her to work during times when there are fewer people also to protect Afeiya.

Such a well-dressed person, Afeiya hadn't seen many in the bar, and judging by his demeanor, he didn't seem to be here for drinking and fun, more like he was waiting for someone.

Afeiya continued observing the man from the corner of her eyes; what truly piqued her curiosity about him wasn't just his out-of-place demeanor but also that mysterious aura.

The last person who gave her such a feeling was named Church, a regular customer at the flower shop. Church was very chatty, often sharing amusing stories, but the more they chatted, the less Afeiya felt she understood him, like Church was a cloud afar — visible but beyond grasp.

The man before her gave her a similar feeling to Church; most of the time, Church also wore black, as if to merge into the shadows.

For a brief moment, Afeiya even suspected whether the two worked at the same company.

Bologue noticed the girl's gaze; that day, he was outside talking with Kedening, never ventured into the flower shop, so naturally, he didn't know Afeiya.

His cyan gaze was confused for a few moments before Bologue realized something and said to Afeiya.

"Could I get a glass of orange juice, please?"

He assumed she was displeased because he had been sitting without purchasing anything.

"Oh, sure."

Checking the time, Afeiya was about to end her shift; she was preparing to untie her apron.

"I thought you would order something alcoholic."

After the bustling, Afeiya pushed a glass of orange juice toward Bologue.

From her perception, she felt the man was more suited to sullenly drinking alcohol; Bologue drinking orange juice was akin to a burly man selecting a child's meal at a restaurant.

"I dislike drinking during work hours," Bologue said.

"Work hours? Are you working now?"

Afeiya was a bit surprised; at this time, people should have already been off work.

"To be accurate, I'll start working shortly," Bologue glanced at the clock, "Work's like this; whenever there's trouble, you must show up."

"Sounds pretty awful; people usually use alcohol to relax," Afeiya said.

"But alcohol can dull reactions, even just a bit, or none at all... Yet, professionals can't allow any risk to exist." Bologue said solemnly.

"Sounds really dedicated," Afeiya said, clueless yet impressed.

"When you choose a job, love the job," Bologue raised his glass to Afeiya.

The bar door swung open, several people came in, yelling loudly, sweating after a long day, and Afeiya sighed inwardly; it's unusual for this group to clock off so early.

"Hey! Afeiya!"

The leading man spotted Afeiya behind the bar and shouted excitedly.

"Is it your shift today?"

"No, I'm about to get off," Afeiya said, feeling very unskilled in dealing with these people.

"No, don't leave so hastily every time, why not spend more time with us?"

The man sat before the counter, resting his chin on his hands, staring at Afeiya with infatuation.

Afeiya's appearance wasn't particularly striking, but she often carried a fresh floral fragrance, and just being around her brought a gentle warmth that was intoxicating.

Young beautiful girls like Afeiya are rarely seen, and people enjoy making lousy jokes, watching Afeiya leave with a look of disdain and cheeks flushed.