

Chapter 9

"Peleor Beber restaurant? Wow, these food are very expensive."

The nurse smelling of cigarette smoke said, while Day looked aimlessly at the goldfish in the fish tank. His goldfish Geensay gets along really well with his new friend Nozomi and seems to be more active with his new friend.

"This is French cuisine, a high-end restaurant. But I think it's troublesome for me to just eat ordinary noodles, let alone pasta." Day complained.

"It's okay, Day, you two are good friends, it's not a problem." Mhok tried to comfort the young man, but Day had no other response than silence and sighs. Day tapped on the glass to call Geensay over, but Nozomi, the new goldfish, swam over.

"Would you like to take a look at the menu first? There should be some things that are easier to eat. Day, you can choose for yourself."

After hearing this, Day thought it was feasible. He asked Mhok to read the names of the dishes on the menu to him one by one, imagining that he was enjoying these dishes slowly. He thinks the easiest thing and what he eats most often is steak. Mhok helped him plan and organize the upcoming Saturday, down to every detail, even what to wear. Since the PeleorBeber restaurant requires decent attire for dining, Mhok and Day chose their clothes carefully. Young people want to dress appropriately, but not look too formal.

The young man spent a long time choosing and finally made a decision, choosing a shirt, trousers and casual shoes. All that's left is to wait for the appointed time to arrive. During the four days from Wednesday to Saturday, Day both wants to go by quickly and slowly. On the one hand, he hopes that the appointed time will come soon. On the other hand, he felt worried. Having not seen August's face clearly for almost a year, he had almost forgotten the broad face. Deep down in his heart, he wanted to see that smiling face again, even though he knew it was almost impossible.

"Will you come with me?" Day asked when Saturday arrived.

"Yes, this is within the scope of my responsibilities." Mhok replied calmly, unable to feel his emotions.

"Then will you always wait for me there, or will you pick me up after I leave?" Day hesitated.

"Then will you always wait for me there, or will you pick me up after I leave?" Day hesitated.

"I'll be waiting for you in the car, just near the restaurant. If anything happens to Day, you can call me. You can tell me whenever you want to come back. Or if you have any questions and need help, you can call me anytime. , I'm always on call."

Hearing these words, the young man's face showed a smile for the first time in these days. Day asked Mhok to help him check whether he was dressed properly before getting into the car.

Day's heart was pounding, especially when he arrived at the restaurant and the waiter took him to his seat. Everything in the restaurant was eye-catching. The aroma of fresh butter filled the shop, and soft classical music played continuously. The people inside talked to each other in French-accented English, and the sounds floated softly into his ears. The scene in the restaurant blurred before his eyes, and Day slowly began to focus on every little detail around him.

"I'll wait for you in the parking lot. If you need anything, tell me," Mhok said after Day settled down. He borrowed a car from Night as usual. August's agreed time was ten o'clock in the evening, but they arrived at nine-thirty, so Mhok spent a lot more time waiting in the car.

"Don't smoke too much and watch your lungs," Day said, only half joking.

"Are you concerned about your lungs? How do you know if I smoke more or less?" The other party was not to be outdone.

"No matter whose lungs it is, it's the same. In the past two or three days, the smell of smoke on your body is stronger than at any other time."

The young man said with a chuckle, thinking that the person in front of him would reply with some harsh words. But no. Mhok was unusually silent, so silent that Day felt like he was interfering too much in other people's lives. His breathing became heavy and he felt uncomfortable. The blurred vision prevented him from accurately capturing the other person's emotions. Day wanted to say sorry several times, but on the other hand, he also felt that what he said was not so extreme as to make Mhok angry.

"I'll wait for you in the car." A calm voice sounded, and then the familiar figure slowly left. The young man was at a loss and could only pick up a napkin and wipe it. A headset is plugged into one ear to hear the hourly time. He focused back on the matter at hand. Mhok had told the waiter that he needed help from the chef to cut his steak into the right size for easy consumption, and that there should be no problem.

The waiter brought a glass of soda water, and the young man took it and took a sip, as if he wanted to relieve the heat in his heart. As for the source of this heat, he himself wasn't sure where it came from.

It's already two o'clock...

August hadn't arrived yet, and Day was a little hesitant to contact him, but he decided to sit quietly and wait. The other party may have heard the slight sound of rain because of the traffic jam. The young man called the waiter to ask, and then he realized that it was really raining outside.

It's already half past two...

August still hasn't arrived. Day decided to call his former partner, but when no one answered, he began to feel something strange. I called several times, but no one answered. He felt that he had misremembered the agreed date, so Day called Mhok to confirm because he was also present, but he confirmed that August did make an appointment today.

It's already three o'clock...

August hasn't arrived yet, and the previously pounding heartbeat has calmed down. Day couldn't think of anything else except that he thought the other party wanted to tease him and deliberately asked him out and then disappeared.

August may not have truly forgiven him yet. Day laughed bitterly and leaned back in his chair.

It's already half past three...

In half an hour, the restaurant will be closed. The waiter came over and asked if the steak he had ordered should be served now or taken away. The young man didn't want to be talked about behind his back, so he decided to let the waiter serve the food directly. But he didn't really want to eat it. If he forced himself to eat it, he would only feel heartache.

"If you keep it for a long time, it will become too hard and not tasty."

"Is it Brother Mhok?"

A voice came from not far away. He turned to look at the speaker's friend and saw a vague figure standing there. Although this was not the voice he was expecting, Day still felt a little relieved. Mhok pulled up a chair and sat where August should have been, then took a sip of the water he had been served.

"Then what should I do with this plate? It's such a waste. If the person I made the appointment doesn't come, I'm going to eat it. This level of meat is not cheap. It can fill up the gas of my motorcycle and run for a month." Mhok complained, Pick up the knife and fork as if to eat.

"Is there a lot of seasoning mixed in, brother? I haven't tasted it yet."

"Huan will tell you. If you want to know Wen Shao's answer, Tai Zhengzi, I can't see clearly what Day's alliance has."

Mhok said, raising his hand to ask the waiter to come over and ask for salt and pepper. Day took the opportunity to order another glass of red wine, and Mhok laughed.

"I thought you wanted orange juice with steak again, what's wrong? Do you want to get drunk or enjoy the delicious food?"

"I won't tell you, but if you want to know, let's eat together, so you know whether I want to get drunk or enjoy the delicious food."

Day responded to Mhok's words teasingly, and Mhok laughed again. They both took the first bite of steak with their forks and almost said "delicious" at the same time.

Even though it took a long time to cook, the taste is still very good. It's fat and thin, which is the benefit of Hishi's cooking skills. Although it's a little dry on the outside, it's still juicy on the inside.

"This must be a prank show," Day said, raising a second glass of wine and drinking it.

"Day, drink less, drink slower. Mhok tried to stop it, but Day didn't care. The uneasiness inside made him feel like he wanted to drink more, like alcohol was something special that could heal the wounds in his heart. It hurt. The waiter came in and told them that it was four o'clock sharp. If they wanted to eat anything more, this was the last time to order. The meal could continue, but please don't take it too long. Mhok replied that there was nothing more, But Day suddenly changed his mind.

"Three more glasses of the same wine." He said and laughed.

"Day!" Mhok was a little annoyed.

"What's the matter, brother? I'll have two drinks, and you have one... Or this way, brother, don't you think it's enough? Then I'll have one drink, and you have two." He clearly knew what Mhok was thinking, but he deliberately To irritate the other person.

"I think Day is already drunk. That's enough. There is no need to drink anymore." Someone tried to reach out and grab the wine glass in his hand, but the young man resisted with all his strength and was unwilling to let the other party take his glass away by force. The two of them pulled at each other like this for several minutes, until the person taking care of him finally gave up and withdrew his hand. Day raised his third glass of wine and drank it in one go.

"Everything may really be over, bro."

Mhok didn't respond, but he knew the other person was listening.

"When I couldn't see anything at first, I chose to run away because I was afraid of knowing the truth. To this day, I feel ready, I feel like I can accept everything. But when it comes, I still bear it No."

The young man spoke for a long time while trying not to make his voice tremble, but he couldn't. He felt like a complete failure today. Day tried not to cry, even though he knew the other person could easily detect it.

"I've been deceiving myself, saying I'm just blind, brother. I'm just blind, I just can't see. No matter it's the people around me or whoever, all the problems originate from me. I'm just

deceiving myself, brother. Who he Would Mom want to date a blind man? No matter where I go, I can feel the strange eyes of others." He laughed at himself.

"I don't think you're weird," Mhok retorted.

"That's because brother, you are just starting to understand me now. If you had known me earlier, maybe you would have left me long ago." Day continued.

"That's not the case, Day. Think about Gee, she's nice to you too."

"But Gee and August are different, brother Mhok, do you understand?"

He had tried his best not to show his vulnerability in front of others. But it's completely useless. The young man felt tears flowing from his eyes, sliding down the bridge of his nose and falling down his cheeks. Day will deny everything in the world, but he will never deny the true feelings in his heart. He picked up the fourth glass of wine and poured it into his mouth.

"I have always liked August, and I have never regarded him as just a friend." Day vented all the depression and uneasiness in his heart, and all the things he worked hard to build and maintain were like a carefully built sandcastle in the desert. The waves destroy mercilessly. From now on, he may not even be able to retain friendship. The blurrier his vision became at the moment, the more restless the young man felt. He wanted to stand up and violently overturn the table in front of him, leaving it as messy as his heart.

"Day..." Mhok was about to say something, but at this moment, the mobile phone placed at the door of the store rang. Heavy footsteps approached, and even though there was only a trace of reason left in his heart, Day still heard a movement clearly, and a heavy voice clearly called out his name.

"Day.." The owner of this voice is August.