

Chapter 6

"Brother Mhok..."

Young people shouted in the chaotic crowd. The appearance of the people around him became blurry. He asked people for help, but everyone shunned him, as if he were some weird being that shouldn't be approached. Day called the man's name again, and again. He dragged his uncontrollable legs and walked blankly among the unfamiliar crowd, his mind went blank and he couldn't find the direction at all. Fear fell in his heart, and his eyes became dark. Thinking about what if you can't go home? What should he do.

"Day..."

He seemed to hear someone calling his name softly. Although the voice was familiar, he could not determine the direction. The noise around him disrupted his sense of direction. The young man tried to walk back, trying to find the direction he had come from. He ran in what he thought was the right direction, but was wrong. After the sound disappeared, he stopped and tried to walk back, but he only saw expressionless people walking around, and no one cared about him. He felt like he was blindfolded and running blindly in a maze. Only a deceptive voice tempted him, which made him feel relieved for a moment, but nothing could help him.

"Day!"

The sound came again, but Day still couldn't find his way. He looked around desperately, aware of his vision. Something was different this time, though. He saw bright greens and oranges swaying along one of the aisles. He ran over in a hurry, and the voice gradually became clearer until it seemed to be close to his ears. The man in green clothes waved two other bright orange clothes, and then hugged him tightly with his arms, as if he was stronger than ever.

"I'm sorry, Day.. I'm really sorry."

The deep hug brought Day to tears. He pressed his face tightly against the man's thick chest, trying to hide the vulnerability deep inside him. He was very scared. How could people like him survive without help from others? Day didn't complain about the other person letting go of his hand. That apology took away all the insecurity and frustration, Mhok was probably in the same conflict and confusion, they were no different.

"go home."

"Well, let's go home."

Mhok said and Day simply responded. The two stood up, straightened their hair and clothes, and then walked together through a narrow path. The young man took a deep breath and thought that at least today was not in vain. He had got the book he wanted. When he got home

later, he wanted Mhok to read it to him so that he could completely forget about today's unpleasantness.

The two waited for a while and soon got into the car that Mhok called through the mobile app. The carriage was quiet enough to hear the voice on the other end of the phone.

(I have broken up with him.)

Day remembered that it was Porjal's voice.

"Is this the end? You think about it carefully. I didn't force you to break up, I just called to know the situation. You can do whatever you want, I won't interfere."

Mhok tried to speak as softly as possible, and Day pretended to be asleep, which would make the people next to him feel more at ease.

[Actually, I have tolerated him for a long time. He had hit me before when he was drunk. I forgave him once, but this time I just couldn't bear it. If I continue to put up with him, he won't stop his bad behavior in the future.]

"Did he really hit you?"

It was clear in Mhok's voice that he was trying to control his emotions. There was no response from the other end of the phone, as if he had acquiesced. He took a long breath and continued.

"What about your children? You are already two months pregnant."

Day was confused and confused and disturbed.

[I may go to a hotel near my company to spend the night tonight. I have moved everything out of his dormitory. I am afraid that he will go crazy and do something unscrupulous when he comes back.]

"If you need, you can stay at my house first. My sister's room is empty and the key is still in the original place." Mhok said calmly.

[but...]

"Stay at my house, he doesn't dare to come to you. At least I can protect you there until things calm down. Let's talk about the rest." Mhok ended the conversation like this, and the person on the other end of the phone accepted his suggestion and said that he would be at his house tonight. See you, then hung up the phone.

Day was still pretending to sleep, adjusting his breathing to make it look like he was sleeping, when he heard Mhok chuckle slightly, but didn't say anything.

But after a while Day actually fell asleep. When Mhok woke him up and told him that he had arrived home, the gray sky and the dim lights around told him that it was night. Mhok opened the door and led him inside. Day was thinking about whether to let Mhok read the newly bought book to him, and he thought that Mhok must be very tired too.

"Who gave you permission to take Day out of the house?"

The serious voice sounded from the moment they stepped into the house. How could his mother come back? Shouldn't she be in Milan now, planning kitchens for a hotel there, where she would be staying for at least a month; but here she was. Day tried to see clearly, but there was no doubt that it was indeed his mother.

"I asked Mhok to take me out," he replied firmly, not giving Mhok a chance to answer. "If you want to blame anyone, it's me, don't blame him."

Day took a step forward, as if to say he was willing to take responsibility.

"But even if Day's life is saved, you have no right to take him away from home. I have already said that you are not allowed to take Day out of the house without me or Night's company. If something happens, how will you be responsible?" Day's mother scolded Mhok severely.

"Mom!" Day tried to argue.

"Look at what you are like now. Why are you in such a mess? Did you have a conflict with someone? Don't think that I don't know your past. I know what you have done before." Mom said breathlessly, "About your past I also know about the imprisonment."

After my mother's fierce accusation, the whole room fell into silence, so quiet that everyone's breathing could be heard. The breeze blew into the living room, and the smell of Night's perfume told Day that he was also there, but he didn't say anything.

Hearing about Mhok's new past from his mother gave Day very mixed emotions. He had never considered the word "prison" before. Porjai once mentioned the word "criminal record", but Day just thought that it might be some trivial matter at most, such as a fight or being detained, where you can go home after paying a fine.

"I didn't hide it deliberately, but you didn't mention this issue during the interview. But if you feel that my past imprisonment is an unforgivable mistake... I am willing to resign."

Mhok lowered his head, his disappointed tone completely audible. Day had never known Mhok like this before and had no idea how much social hurt and condemnation he had experienced.

"No, you are not allowed to leave... I will not allow you to leave."

"Day!"

Mhok gestured to Day to stop talking, while his mother almost shouted his name in anger and disappointment. Day heard his brother trying to comfort his mother and calm her down. At this moment, the four people in Hongjian are equally nervous, and everyone has their own troubles and burdens.

"I don't think that being in prison will affect his ability to take care of me. Brother Mhok takes care of me and understands me better than the so-called professional caregivers my mother has seen. Everyone deserves to be forgiven. Chance, right, mom? If he really did something wrong, I will be the first one to ask him to leave." The young man said decisively, and then specifically instructed Mhok to let him go upstairs for a sleepover party.

"It's okay, Mom, I'll keep an eye on him. There shouldn't be any serious problems. And Mhok is in jail just because no one vouched for him, not because he robbed someone's home."

Night spoke for the first time tonight. It seemed like he was asking everyone to take a step back. Mhok quietly led Day into the bedroom. Day sat on the bed, trying to sort out the chaotic thoughts in his head. Mhok walked over and opened the curtains. The sky had darkened, and the scene outside was almost the same whether the window was open or not.

"If you look carefully, can you see it?" Mhok asked, then walked over, holding a plastic bag filled with unknown things in his hands, and let him try to touch it. Day picked up the thing in his hand and looked at it up close, almost to his nose. That's a fat goldfish. Mhok said he bought it at Chatuchak market.

"I bought it to keep you company Jinsey. I saw it sitting there alone and might feel lonely." There was a little sadness in his voice.

"What's its name?" Day asked.

"It's called Nozomi," Mhok replied, "which means hope."

After Jinsey's owner agreed, Mhok took Nozomi to meet new friends. Fortunately, there is not much difference between the water temperature in the bag and the water temperature in the fish tank, so the moving process is not troublesome. Day stood and watched quietly as the man and the goldfish got to know each other. Even though everything he saw was as blurry as a pale watercolor painting, he still stared intently.

"I'm going back first." The man in bright green clothes said, while making a show of leaving the room.

"If you don't come to work tomorrow, I will follow you and beat you until you come back. I already know where your home is, don't think I dare not go." Day expressed his thoughts without hesitation.

"Day!"

"Today is my first time leaving home. I am very excited and nervous. I am afraid of other people's eyes, afraid of being laughed at, and becoming the laughing stock of others. But you know what? In fact, no one cares about me. Only me, always Overshared fear keeps me stuck." Mhok stood quietly for a while after listening to Day's words. Day felt like he didn't have a good handle on his emotions; he didn't know how to express that feeling well.

"If you don't want others to judge you, stop judging yourself too."

Day continued to finish his sentence. Mhok had an expression of relief on his face, and Day also smiled. He began to change the topic. He picked up the book he bought before and read it.

"Do you need to rush back to Porjai?" he asked.

"Oh, it turns out you were pretending to sleep just now. I thought you were asleep."

Mhok smiled as he spoke, but also looked slightly nervous. Before Day realizes she accidentally let something slip, it's too late.

"You don't need to laugh if you know it, so are you in a hurry to go back?"

"No need to worry, nothing will happen if you go back. Day, what can you do?"

"Read to me."

Then, a story about a little boy's journey begins. The little boy found that he slowly began to become blurry, but he could be seen in the sunlight. Therefore, the little boy must use every possible means to find a way to allow his body to continue to exist. Even if there is despair and confusion in front of him, there is still hope.

"Do you think I will disappear one day?" Day asked Mhok, but there was no response.