

Chapter 8

"Teacher, don't think too much. You have already done a good job. At that time, your mental state may not be very good. Your friend is just a little dissatisfied. Wait for him to go back to sleep and think about it for a day or two. , he will understand. Oh, teacher, my eyes are almost blind, and I am not suffering from a small cold. Who can be as strong as steel and diamonds."

Aon said this while teaching Day Braille. Day has learned the basics of Braille and is now practicing writing Braille on paper notebooks. The sound of tools hitting paper and relaxing music play in the living room.

"Teacher Aon, what's one or two days? You've been missing for more than a week. Have you stopped doing things?" Day complained.

"It's okay if you don't practice. You, don't think too much. We can't take care of everyone in our lives. No matter how much we love each other, there will always be people who slowly leave our lives. I think I can accept this. Teacher ,have you heard of it?"

Aon responded, continuing to hum. Day and Mhok sat aside and couldn't help but laugh softly. Actually, Teacher Aon is right. Day had done his best to just understand and accept his old partner's decision.

"Teacher Aon seems a little strange recently. Is he fascinated by someone? It doesn't seem very believable!" Mhok joked.

"It's okay, but have you ever heard that people in love often look younger?" Aon continued humming.

"Wow, Teacher Aon, do you have a girlfriend?" Day asked excitedly.

"Oh, as for my girlfriend, I already have one, Teacher. She is here to guide me in running competitions. We have been dating for a long time. At this stage, there is no problem." Aon said calmly.

"If we have been together for so long, why is this happening all of a sudden?" Mhok said with a smile.

"I mentioned the proposal a little bit recently, and I feel like she agrees with it. I want to propose right after the next game. She definitely didn't expect that she might think that I would be traveling or eating at a luxury restaurant. It's time to propose. You know so little about me, little ones." Aon's tone was filled with the happiness of love.

"Really, Teacher Aon? Can a sighted person and a blind person really spend their lives together?" Day whispered, as if he was asking himself, rather than really wanting an answer from someone else.

"What's going on? Who told me that I shouldn't criticize myself? Day, aren't you criticizing yourself now?" Mhok retorted jokingly.

"Day, we shouldn't think that blind people are inferior to people with normal vision. Love is not only based on vision, character and heart are more important. Besides, when the lights are turned off, everyone is invisible, right? ?" Aon's words left Day speechless. Regarding love, he also has his own thoughts. Although he had had such thoughts, when he knew that he was about to become blind, he closed the door for himself. Who would be willing to accept the other half in this state? Real love seems to only exist in romance novels.

Mhok was about to say something, but before he could say anything, the doorbell rang. The only person visible in the room is responsible for opening the door. Day sat back and continued recording in Braille. They'd been chatting for so long that they had to reread it and write it down, and he was jotting down a summary of the book "Last Twilight."

"Day."

At first, Day thought it was Mhok calling him, but judging by his gait and the sound of the door closing, he guessed otherwise. Also, the man about an arm's length away didn't smell faintly of tobacco, but instead smelled like the painkiller patches commonly used by athletes.

"Is it August?" he asked with a hint of recognition in his voice.

"I'm very sorry."

The other party responded, which made him more certain that the person in front of him was his old partner.

"I was too impulsive before. Looking back, you should have suffered more than me."

"I'm also sorry for my sudden disappearance, I'm really sorry," Day responded.

"It doesn't matter, I was so angry that I don't remember anything."

August smiled, then pulled Day into a familiar hug, which they used to do when they needed to cheer each other up. Especially when they lost that important game, that defeat hit harder than any other. Day and August are both experiencing darkness in their lives. One has lost a great opportunity as an athlete, while the other is suffering from illness. They are both equally matched by each other.

"You guys, have you been exercising? Where have all the muscles in your arms gone? You can't catch the ball anymore, right?"

August joked, pulling Day to sit on the sofa and chat. Day introduced Mhok and Aon to August and then continued.

"If your eyes are going to go blind, do you still have the heart to continue exercising? You should be more worried about whether I can catch the ball, rather than whether I can catch it well, August?" As time went by, he began to gradually get used to questions about your eyes.

"Is there really no way to treat it?" August asked seriously.

"In fact, corneas can be transplanted through surgery, because you need to wait for someone to donate, but there are so many people waiting in line to buy it. Moreover, they will give priority to treating people who are completely blind. My vision is only weakened, and I have to wait until they treat those who are completely blind. , it will be my turn, do you think I should pray that I will become completely blind as soon as possible?"

The young man joked humorously, but the person he was talking to knew it was not funny at all. August hugged Day again, caressing Day's back with his hand, telling him over and over again that there was someone there for him. Day couldn't suppress his tears. The torture of the illness made him forget his family and friends during this difficult journey, and that there were still people who were willing to accompany him and support him.

Day wiped away tears and tried to calm down, while August tried to bring the mood back to where it was before with small talk.

"Do you remember the Peleor Beber restaurant? That very luxurious restaurant. We once promised to eat there together if we won the international competition." August asked.

"Remember, it's not cheap and it's hard to get a reservation." He smiled.

"I have reserved two places. Let's go eat together this Saturday."

Day was a bit overwhelmed by August's direct invitation. Today is already Wednesday, and there are only a few days left before the day he mentioned. The problem is that Day has never eaten out at a restaurant with anyone before.

"Oh, are you too anxious? I have never seen an international competition." Day said jokingly.

"But in the recent game I won, I won the men's badminton singles. Now I only participate in men's singles and mixed doubles, and will give up the men's doubles temporarily."

As much as Day wanted not to be happy about something so selfish, he couldn't. He admits he's glad August didn't find someone else to take his place.

"Okay, let's just think of it as celebrating you: let's be AA."

It is with this paradox that Day accepts August's invitation. After sitting for a while, Aon's lunch order was served. Day jokingly invites August to eat with him, even though he knows that August doesn't usually eat food outside of his meal plan unless it's a special occasion. So after

a while, the other party resigned and went back. In fact, deep down, Day didn't want to eat casually in front of his ex-partner.

"I have to stay here tonight. Brother Night told me. He said he had something to do and asked me to stay and help take care of the house."

As Mhok said this, he gave Day some pizza and grabbed his hand to show which one was chili sauce and which one was ketchup.

"I'll do it myself, I'll do it myself, who am I to you?" Day complained as he picked up the onion ring and put it in his mouth.

"Anyway, I'm going to stay here tonight and probably sleep in the living room," Mhok said.

"There is a ghost in the living room, did I tell you? When the house was first built, a pregnant worker fell to death here. No one at home would stay in the living room at night, especially late at night. You would often hear something like someone giving birth. "I cried out in pain," Day said as he rolled up the pizza so he could eat it.

"Really?" Mhok whispered.

"Of course it's not true." Day laughed, very happy. This made Mhok slightly unhappy, but he didn't say anything because they knew each other well. "If you want to sleep, you can sleep in my room. There is room on the bed anyway. If a robber with a gun breaks in and wants to kill me, you can help in time." Day looked very relaxed.

"Then when Brother Night is here, will he sleep in your room?"

"No." The young man shrugged.

"What if a robber breaks into your room?" Mhok chased.

"Night may want me dead, don't you know? He may have planned to send robbers to rob the house tonight. You should also prepare your gun and knife just in case."

Day looked happy and got up and went back to his room and told Mhok that he wanted to sleep during the day and did not want to be disturbed and that he would tell him if he needed anything. Afterwards, Mhok leaves to see Teacher Aon home. Meanwhile, Day fell asleep quietly. When he woke up again, it was completely dark, and a knock on the door woke him up. He could barely sleep because of August's incident before, but now he was sleeping deeply and didn't know what happened.

"May I come inside?"

After hearing this question, there was another knock on the door. -Day sleepily walked over and opened the door for Mhok. Mhok comes into the room and asks where he should sleep.

"You have to figure it out yourself."

Day replied without thinking before hopping on the bed and putting on his headphones to continue listening to the podcast he had paused. He squinted and thought Mhok would be sleeping on the floor next to the bed, near the window. This way he could keep vigil to prevent robbers from entering, as he had joked before.

"Be free, brother, you can do whatever you want. But if you want to smoke, you'd better endure it, or you can go out and smoke, and remember to take a shower." The owner of the room warned.

"I'm not that big of a smoker, don't be too exaggerated, okay?" the other party complained.

"Brother, you smell like cigarettes. If you don't have a craving for cigarettes, what should you say?"

Day said casually and Mhok wrinkled his nose and smelled his clothes. Then he pretended not to know what was going on, maybe because he lost the confidence to say that he had no craving for cigarettes, and suggested that he should take a shower first. The owner of the room pretended to be asleep, as if he had done something wrong. He suddenly felt inexplicably awkward being alone with Mhok.

After taking a shower, Mhok lay on the mattress on the floor and tried to chat with Day, but Day still pretended to be asleep. After a while, Mhok also became quiet. Day picked up the phone with the earphones connected and checked it, and found that it was almost midnight.

Suddenly Gee's question came into his mind, "Have you ever seen his face clearly?"

"Brother Mhok..."

The young man pretended to call softly, but received no response. He moved slowly, as gently as possible, on the bed. His caregiver lay there, but he could only vaguely see it. Day slowly moved closer, his vision becoming clearer. He continued to get closer, and the person in front of him became clearer, until the distance between them was less than a finger's throw away. It was the first time he'd seen Mhok- clearly since they'd met.

If they accept each other without any prejudice, everything will be as Gee said. Mhok was very good looking, beyond his imagination.

Day felt his heart beat faster...but he didn't know why.