

## Chapter 16

Bright lights flickered rhythmically, lighting up in circles and then fading into a blur. Like fireworks blooming in the night sky, it becomes bright again and finally disappears. The surrounding environment suddenly became dark, and a sigh came from the ears, and then everything became bright again, but the vision was still hazy.

"I hope you're mentally prepared for it to get worse faster than I expected."

The young man listened to the doctor's words and pursed his lips. After coming out of the photo booth, he couldn't see anything, and Mhok hurriedly took him to the hospital. As for Teacher Aon's proposal, I can only ask other people for help, and Teacher Aon is very understanding.

"Doctor, how much time do I have left on my eyes?"

The young man took a deep breath. He felt so much pain at the moment that he almost forgot to breathe. All he knew was that his eyesight was continuing to deteriorate and that soon he would be completely blind, and Mhok held him tight.

"It's difficult to give you an exact time." The doctor said seriously.

"However, other patients who started to develop similar vision problems mostly had no more than 180 days remaining."

That number came to Day's mind, and he began to count down, as if he were counting down his own lives.

"Doctor, are there any other precautions?"

After completing the eye examination, the young man was about to leave, but he changed his mind and asked the doctor one last time.

"If it were me, I'd rush to do what I want to do."

The sound was like a hand shaking Day's whole world, as if it was about to collapse at any moment. Indeed, now I can only think about what I haven't done yet.

"Day, what did the doctor say?"

What Day heard from the moment he left the hospital was Night's anxious questioning, which not only failed to calm him down, but made him feel even more angry.

"The doctor said I'm going blind." Day's voice sounded like a roar. He knew he shouldn't be like this, but he couldn't control his emotions. "Are you satisfied?"

"Day, why are you saying that? You know I don't want things to turn out like this." Night said, reaching out to grab Day's arm, but Day got rid of his hand.

"Really? I thought you did it on purpose."

"Day, I beg you..."

"Keep your nonsense to yourself, I will never forgive you!" Day cried, tears welling up. "Mark my words, bastard brother!"

Day felt like his heart was being torn apart.

"I will never forgive you!"

After speaking, the young man turned and left, no longer caring about other things. Mhok hurriedly followed, but didn't dare to say anything. When asked if Night was following, he denied that Day grabbed the hospital railing tightly and walked forward without looking back.

Time is running out...

Day picked up the phone and dialed Teacher Aon's number, and the other party soon answered the call. Day apologized for not being able to help him and asked if the proposal went ahead as planned. There were words of comfort and inquiries from the other end of the phone, but Day changed the subject.

"Teacher Aon, when will you get married?" he asked.

"Next week, it will be held in Songkhla, teacher. My family has prepared everything and said that the good day will not arrive until next year, but we don't want to wait. Is it convenient for you? If possible, please come as soon as possible. If not, we can have dinner together at another time." The other end of the phone responded politely.

"I'm going."

Day said firmly, and the man supporting him paused, but asked nothing and made no objection.

"No problem, teacher. I'm really happy and hope you can come."

The other end of the phone responded and hung up.

Day continued walking slowly down the hospital corridors until she was almost at the end. He was still wearing running sportswear, and so was Mhok. They only brought a few necessities, a wallet, and a mobile phone. It could be said that they didn't prepare anything for a long trip.

"Brother Mhok...can you take me to Songkhla?"

Time is running out...

"Day, when do you plan to leave?" the other party asked.

"Today, right now."

Day was determined. He didn't want to wait any longer. If he couldn't see it tomorrow, he would have no regrets.

"What about Brother Night and Day's mother?"

"I'll handle it myself."

"Day, what are your plans now? What do you want to do? Where do you want to go? Tell me all your ideas."

Day listened nervously, unsure if the other person was trying to stop him.

"I'll take Day there right away.

"I don't know anymore, brother. I just want to get out of here and go to Songkhla no matter what," he said.

"So, how about taking a plane? It's the most convenient. I can ask Brother Night to book a ticket for you."

"Don't let me hear that name again."

The young man's tone was decisive, and he felt uneasy. He knew that Mhok had nothing to do with these things. He moved his lips and wanted to apologize, but the other person spoke first.

"How about taking the train?"

"Okay, I just want to see the scenery along the way. Maybe this is the last time I can see it."

After the young man wearing a countdown watch finished speaking, the caregiver took him in a taxi to the train station to buy a ticket.

Day gave Mhok an ATM card for shopping. Since he began to lose his sight, he has been unable to make money and only has tens of thousands of dollars left in his account. He also spread the deposits across several accounts, and the one given to Mhok was just one of them.

Luck seemed to be on their side. There are not many passengers on the southbound train because the cool season is approaching and many people go north to enjoy the mountain scenery. Day and Mhok got adjoining berths, one on the lower berth and one on the upper berth.

"I'll sleep on the bunk myself so Day you can watch the scenery."

Mhok said. When he took Day to his seat, Day quickly moved to the window to see the scene outside clearly. But all he saw was a watercolor painting that seemed to have been melted by liquid, so blurred that it lost its shape.

"Let's sleep together like this. I don't want to sleep alone, and the bed is quite wide." Day said willfully.

"Day..."

"You are my boyfriend, you should pamper me." He kept saying the word "boyfriend" in his mouth. The only moments left in his life did not allow him to reserve or hide any words. He had to obey his heart.

"Oh. You are asking me to pamper you like this. You are really spoiled. I have never seen you say such sweet words to me." Mhok said jokingly.

"Don't you like it? If I don't like it, I can go back to my original self, being snarky and humorless."

Day mumbled a challenge and Mhok chuckled softly, opening his arms and hugging him tightly. This time it felt different from the hospital, Mhok didn't say anything, not to calm him down, it was like telling him that he would stay by his side and not leave. He felt at that moment that his decision was the right one.

"I understand how Day feels and I will do my best to accommodate Day, but Day has to make a commitment to me."

"What?"

"When faced with important things, I hope Day will do what I say, especially things related to Day's safety." Mhok said in a positive tone.

"I promise."

Day, responded with a confident look, and made a promise to himself in his heart that he would not let his boyfriend's expectations of him fail. No one has ever accommodated him as much as Mhok, so when the big moment comes, he doesn't let Mhok down.

They chatted for a while, and the staff came over to adjust the seats into recliners. Day had experience riding overnight trains before and knew the approximate size and appearance of a recliner, even if he couldn't see clearly this time.

He was the first one to sit on the bed.

"I want to sleep by the window," Day said first.

"It's very narrow over there, Day, can you bear it?" Mhok asked again.

"It's not much narrower than your bed."

Mhok smiled and he sat down to sort the packages and put the unimportant items like food, newly purchased clothes and some small sundries on the top bunk bed. Only the essentials are listed below. He closed the curtains and made it look like a private space.

"If you feel tired or uncomfortable, don't blame me."

Mhok said with a smile. When Day saw that the people in front of him had sorted themselves out, his patience in waiting was exhausted. He couldn't help but hug the person in front of him. This was his last spiritual support. His tears flowed out like a fountain, and Mhok waited quietly.

In the past time, Day always thought that he had always been strong and that he could live alone and deal with those difficulties. But in reality, this is not the case. He is just a very fragile ordinary person. However, in the past time, he has never met anyone like Mhok. He feels that Mhok is his support and the only person who can understand him.

Day buried her head in Mhok's chest and cried heartily. Mhok didn't say anything, he just hugged Day tightly and gently stroked Day's head. Day thinks this is enough, and this is the greatest understanding for him.

The train sped into the darkness, as if to escape a young man's sorrow and sorrow.