

## Chapter 14

Mhok's house is a small two-story building, about the width of a unit in a commercial building, located in a deep, winding lane. Between the fences of the house, there is a small open space that can be used as a half garden and parking lot. There is a mango tree and a soft wooden table.

When they arrived home, Mhok took Day into the kitchen to wait and briefly explained the layout of the house. There is a composite function room and a kitchen downstairs, while upstairs are Mhok's bedroom and the late Rung's sister's bedroom.

"Do you want anything to eat before your run tomorrow morning, Day? I can order in advance so you can eat on your own in the morning." Porjai asked as the three of them ate dinner. Porjai is Mhok's ex-girlfriend and Mhok's only good friend. She is currently facing a difficult situation and Day is aware of everything as Mhok and Porjai never hide anything. Porjai is pregnant with her ex-boyfriend's child, with whom she has just broken up, and has temporarily moved into Mhok's home to avoid being stalked and harassed. But he never asked the question: Will Mhok be responsible for Porjai's child?

"Just a banana, thank you, sister."

But who dares to ask? And if he asked this question, he would be telling Mhok that he liked Mhok. Asking himself, Day is not quite ready to enter the stage of openly discussing a relationship with Mhok. He has not yet recovered from August's incident, and he needs more time.

"How are you, Sister Porjai? Do you know if it's a boy or a girl?" Day chatted with Porjai.

"I don't want to go for an ultrasound and waste money. It doesn't matter if it's a boy or a girl."

Porjai joked and told Day to eat more. She said everything on the table today was prepared by Mhok himself. Mhok actually cooks pretty good food, mostly Thai food.

"What about Day? How is his eyes? What did the doctor say?" Porjai asked back.

"What should I say, sister? My eyesight has been declining. The doctor said it will gradually decline. I don't know how much it has declined. But some things I once could see clearly are not so clear now."

He confessed that he didn't feel like hiding anything. But this also made the atmosphere a bit weird, and several people became restrained, perhaps because this was not a topic suitable for small talk. Porjai also realizes that there is no need to continue, she changes the topic and offers to clear the dishes to thank Mhok for the preparation. The owner of the house, who had been silent all this time, invited Day to sit under the mango tree in the open space. Day could only vaguely see the garden.

"When Sister Rung was still here, she was always complaining. The house was only so small, and she wanted to plant other trees. This mango tree took up too much space. But Sister Rung cherished his things very much. No matter what, she wanted to plant other trees. She doesn't want to cut them down, she planted them all with her own hands."

Mhok started talking as the two of them sat on a soft stone under a mango tree. Day looked up and could only see some vague shadows, but it was enough for him to imagine the picture.

"How old was Sister Rung when she died?"

"Twenty-nine."

"very young."

After hearing this, the young man said in frustration. A twenty-nine-year-old man should not be so close to death. He starts to understand Mhok more, which is hard for anyone to accept.

"Is she sick? Can I ask?"

Day said with some uncertainty, and the people around him were silent for a long time. There was such silence that the person asking the question began to feel uneasy, and was about to say that he didn't have to say it if he didn't want to, but Mhok spoke up.

"Sister Rung was once married and pregnant, but then she had a miscarriage. After the miscarriage, everything changed. Neither sister Rung nor her boyfriend could accept this fact. Sister Rung's mental state was very bad, and they finally divorced. "

Mhok paused momentarily, took a deep breath and continued.

"In fact, I should have discovered it earlier. After losing the child, Sister Rung became very fragile. But at that time, I didn't pay much attention to others and lived a day-to-day life. Sister Rung borrowed some money and opened a Manicure shop, but failed. In the end, Sister Rung chose to give up her life."

"I feel sorry for you."

"I've been thinking that if I could go back in time, if I talked to her more and took care of her more, if she knew I was always by her side, she might not make that choice."

Day could do nothing more than hold the speaker's hand.

"But that's the reality, Day. You can't go back to the past."

The young man said with a hint of sadness, Day still held his hand tightly, but inadvertently looked up at the broad sky. He saw circles of light floating in the sky and was unsure what they were - the moon, the lights from the buildings, or the glare caused by sore eyes. But he didn't care, as long as it looked beautiful it was enough.

"Have I ever told you about my dad?"

Day asked and Mhok shook his head, but when he realized Day couldn't see clearly, he hurriedly said not yet and Day smiled unintentionally.

"When I was young, our family lived in another province. My father was from the south. After we got married, my mother moved there to live with him, and then my brother and I were born. Everyone said we had an ideal family. But I don't remember much, I was only two or three years old at the time." Day tried to recall the past, but could only recall fragments.

"Actually, I also want to know about Day's father, but I don't dare to ask." Mhok admitted.

"My dad was unfaithful to my mom, or rather he betrayed her. Once when he was drunk, he had a relationship with a colleague, and my mom caught him in the act. He admitted everything. In fact, it was just one night where he made a mistake, he did not continue the relationship with that colleague. But for my mother, she couldn't accept that she couldn't spend the rest of her life with the person who betrayed her.

The young man told the story in detail, Mhok listened quietly, and Day continued.

"My mom returned to Bangkok with her two kids and decided to raise us on her own and never forgive my dad. You know what? In our family, the word "dad" is taboo. As a child, if I mentioned my dad, my mom would be silent. My brother and I understood on our own that this was the rule in the family. I didn't care too much myself. I was still very young at the time and can't remember clearly. But my brother and my father have a very close relationship. For him, it was definitely harder for me to accept it all."

This time it was Mhok who held Day's hand tightly and gave him support. The young man smiled slightly and felt a wonderful feeling. Someone listened to his story, and he felt very warm inside. Under this not very romantic mango tree, although the conversation was full of the paleness and pain of life, for him, he felt an inner satisfaction and felt like someone was hugging him, so he got a breather.

"Hearing Day's mother's story made me think of Porjai, and how strong women must be who decide to raise their children alone."

Mhok frowned and Day scowled.

"If Sister Porjai has any trouble, just tell me and I can leave." Day said generously.

"Day, will you be jealous of Sister Porjai?"

"This is a strange question. Why should I be jealous? There is nothing between us." The young man said and smiled, but Mhok did not laugh with him.

The atmosphere became tense for a moment, and the strength held by the two hands seemed to say: This is a very serious question, and I hope to get a sincere answer.

"I know that living with an ex-girlfriend might make other people feel uncomfortable. But, Day, you should know how emotional pregnant women can be. I am very aware of my sister's situation and I don't want to make the same mistake again. Currently Porjai is alone Living alone, her parents are not in this city, I just want..."

"You did the right thing. If it were me, I would make the same choice," Day said with a smile.

"Are you really not jealous?"

"No, it's impossible for Sister Porjai to get back together with someone like you. You are as rigid as a piece of wood. People who are with you will find it boring." The young man said with a smile.

"I'm starting to hope that you'll be jealous, Day."

The words were said so playfully that Day was secretly surprised. It's like Mhok wanted to show a side that had never been shown before, a side that he didn't think Mhok could possibly have.

"I'm a little tired, let's go to sleep." Day suggested.

"Okay, let's go to sleep." Mhok said.

"I strictly prohibit you from doing anything excessive to me. You are not allowed to touch me! If you do anything to me, I promise I will fight back. Do you understand? I will fight back!"

Day looked serious, as if he had noticed that Mhok seemed to be about to say something inappropriate.

Mhok smiled and raised his hands in surrender and they quietly walked into the bedroom. And Porjai had already gone to bed in the bedroom on the second floor early.

Mhok's bedroom is quite small, about half the size of Day's room. The room was filled with all kinds of debris, leaving only a narrow passage. The bed is also the size of a single bed, so it would feel quite crowded if two people sleep together.

"If Day feels uncomfortable, I can sleep on the floor," the room's owner said.

"Which floor? Is it the cement floor in front of your house? You don't even have a place to walk in your room. Which floor are you going to sleep on?" Day muttered.

"As a poor man's boyfriend, you have to put up with some inconveniences." Mhok seemed to be humming a song.

"Go tell your boyfriend and stop looking for me."



Day said as he crawled to the other side of the bed to sleep. Both of them had taken a shower before eating. The bathroom at Mhok's house is a public bathroom located downstairs. He had already washed it while he waited for Mhok to cook.

"I have enough water to take a shower every day..." Mhok said

But Day interrupted before he could finish and said, "We're all out of water."

The two men laughed out loud in the dark little room. In this dilapidated little house, the two men shared their regrets about missing. That night, Day slept peacefully. For some reason, he felt very light and happy inside, as if Day himself had grown by learning about the different facets of Mhok. He saw a life he had never seen or imagined.

Perhaps the brightest thing tonight is not the stars in the sky, but the smile of the person lying next to him at this moment, who has always been with him.