

Chapter 12

"What does this mean? I don't understand."

Day asked confused, he didn't understand the situation at hand. Since August kissed him and he was the one who started it, why did he act like he was violated when he responded to the kiss? After all, he didn't take the initiative first.

"me...."

"Did I miss you guys? I don't understand, do you want me to ask?" This was not what August said, but another voice that Day did not expect to hear at this moment. His caregiver appeared with the smell of cigarette smoke. If it was normal, he might say that the smell gave him a headache, but at this moment, he felt that this smell was what he wanted to smell the most. This made him feel at ease. This smell always brought him support and made him feel at ease.

"I'm not gay."

These words were like a sharp edge, cutting through Day's heart. He wished he could master the mysterious power that would allow him to disappear from here, but he didn't have any power, not even enough ability to escape from the person in front of him.

"You also know that Day likes you. If you are not gay, why did you kiss Day?" Day wanted to stop Mhok loudly and tell him to stop asking. But in his heart, he had to admit that this was indeed something he wanted to know very much.

"Day will soon be blind and I want to do anything I can for him."

"Is that the only reason?" After Mhok finished speaking, he drove up the shield.

"It's just because of this, right? I'm going to China soon, there are only a few days left."

"You knew you were leaving, how dare you do this!"

The two people in front of him made a sound of bodies colliding. Day was not sure who started it first, but from what he could see, Mhok and August were fighting now. He should have stopped them because he was their go-between. But in fact, he has lost interest in everything. He got up and left in despair, even though he didn't know where he was going, he just wanted to escape from this sad place.

In the end August was just like everyone else, looking at him with sympathy, the look he hated the most. This kind of look is all to prove that they are good people and that they can give generously, making him feel that he has to accept help and charity and is inferior. He hated everyone who sympathized with him as much as he hated himself at the moment. A kiss out of sympathy is a shameful thing.

"come here."

Along with the smell of tobacco, he heard a cry, and the owner of the voice pulled him with great strength, as if not allowing any resistance, and pulled him back to the car.

The person in front of him opened the car door for him, and Day sat directly in. All he could think about now was going home.

"If you're sleepy, just take a nap first."

The person in front of me said this and started the car at the same time. Soft music played, soothing the injured young man, and he decided to close his eyes and try to forget everything. Mhok drove quietly, the two of them didn't say a word, and the sound of the radio filled the silence in the car until the last song ended, and the radio started a new day's news broadcast, telling them that it was past midnight.

"Let the bad things stay yesterday." Mhok said, and the further away from the bar, all of Day's senses began to slowly return. He thought of the man who always had an expressionless face, and then began to think about the expression Mhok would make when he comforted him.

"Tell me what just happened," Day said briefly.

"I asked him why he kissed you," Mhok said.

"I want to know what happened, I don't want to know what you said. I can hear, I'm not deaf."

Day complained, causing the driver to chuckle slightly. Day smelled a faint smell of tobacco. The smell was better than ever before, which made him feel a little weird.

"I just punched him, and he punched him back," Mhok said calmly, sounding completely unemotional, as if he was talking about what to eat for breakfast. "Then I ran out and chased Day."

"I don't think there's any need to hit him. He didn't do anything wrong."

The young man's prediction was accurate. He knew that Mhok must have beaten August. So he wasn't particularly surprised when he heard what Mhok had done. He just wanted to know exactly what happened and wanted a clear answer.

"What's wrong? I can hit whoever I want," Mhok argued.

"But I'm not asking you to fight for me." Day also argued.

"Who said I'm doing it for you? I can hit whoever I want. This is outside of working hours, Day. I don't have to do what you ordered, I have to do what I want." Mhok was still arguing.

"Then please explain why you hate August so much and why you beat him?"

The young man complained, hearing the laughter of the driver. But before Day could get any answer from Mhok, he felt the vehicle seemed to be circling, as if it was heading towards the parking lot of a high-rise building. Day thought about the route home from the bar and felt something was wrong.

"Where are you taking me?" Day asked.

"Take you to a special place." Mhok answered as if he didn't think there was any problem.

"Why did you bring me here? I want to go home." He complained somewhat unhappily.

"I have a birthday present for you."

"Why...are you here to pity me again?" Day tried not to look disappointed, but in fact he had not received any birthday gifts from the people around him. He hasn't received a birthday gift from anyone since he entered high school. But why was everyone rushing to give him gifts when he was about to go blind? Is it out of sympathy? Or is there any other reason?

"I have never pitied Day, and I will not pit you for this." Mhok said very seriously.

"Don't lie to yourself, you actually pity me as much as anyone else."

"No, Day, that's not the case at all. Your life is much better than mine."

"How about we exchange? I'm here to live my life. I only want your eyes. I want to see. I don't need anything else." Day said, his tone like a child having a tantrum. He knew he was very irritable, like a wounded eagle that would peck anyone who came near him. Although he wanted to spread his wings and fly, there were no intact parts of his body, both inside and outside, and he was no longer qualified to call himself an eagle.

"If I could go back to my parents and sister, if I had no criminal record, if I could find a job like a normal person... then I would be very happy, Day."

Mhok's short answer calmed the turmoil in Day's heart, and he barely considered Mhok's feelings. He was always focused on his own problems and emotions, but he never noticed anything else. He still has friends, he still has a family, and most importantly... he still has life.

There was silence in the car for a while, until the car came to a steady stop, and Day stayed still. Until the car door opened, Mhok grabbed his hand and put it on his arm, telling him that he was taking him somewhere. But this time it was different. Mhok did not urge or pressure him, but let him make his own decision. The young man took a deep breath, then slowly walked out of the car, slowly following the people around him. He had no idea where this place was. As night fell, darkness enveloped everything around him, making his already poor vision even blurrier.

"I often come here when my heart is broken." -Mhok said in the silence.

"It sounds like you are often heartbroken." Day's tone began to become relaxed.

"Not often, but when we are sad, that feeling can't disappear on the same day, right? So, I come here often."

Mhok made Day stop, then let go of his hand and placed it on something in front of him. It's like a wall that isolates something. If you guessed correctly, this might be the roof of some building. Day felt like he could see the faint lights of tall buildings in the city in the distance, like twinkling stars in the sky. It was probably the most beautiful sight he'd seen since losing his sight.

"Should I feel relieved, mhok bottle, I suddenly feel a lot more relaxed. I have said everything I wanted to say, even if it wasn't what I meant."

Day raised his hands as if to grasp the air around him. He felt that his body was light and light. Although his heart was full of pain and trouble at this time, one day, everything would pass and he would never look back or feel regret.

Mhok and Day stood there quietly, and time passed slowly. At dawn, the first ray of sunlight flickered on the distant horizon, and the red-orange light gradually appeared. It was breathtakingly beautiful, like a sight I had never seen before. The young man could not clearly see what the city ahead looked like, but he knew that he was surrounded by beautiful light, and that was enough.

"This is my birthday gift to you, Day." Mhok said.

"Are you the owner of the sun?" Day responded.

"Yeah, Day just found out? I gave this to you."

The answer prompted laughter from both men. The sky slowly becomes brighter, like a sad past fading away. Day took a deep breath, filling her lungs with fresh air. Suddenly Mhok held his hand. At first, Day thought that Mhok would take him back, but no, Mhok held his hand and didn't want to explain anything.

"Day... I have something to ask you."

"What's the matter, brother?"

The young man asked doubtfully, but the person who asked the question did not answer, but slowly moved his face closer. Day wanted to ask again, but those eyes less than a step away explained everything completely. He closed his eyes nervously, and then felt a gentle, warm, sweet kiss, just like the first ray of sunlight lighting up the Bangkok sky at this time. After a while, Mhok broke the kiss.

"Why, brother, are you starting to sympathize with me too?"

Before he finished speaking, the person in front of him kissed her again. But this time it was even more intense. Day was caught off guard by the kiss. In addition to the smell of smoke that

