

## Chapter 13

Mhok and Day hadn't said anything since that kiss, and it wasn't out of confusion or heartache or anything else, but it was like the beginning of a new, indescribable relationship. Day sat quietly and watched while Mhok was driving back. There was no other sound except the music in the car that was so soft that you could barely hear the lyrics and the lingering smell of smoke. They each returned to their own worlds, with no one asking or talking about anything again until the new week came.

"Is Day really not going?"

His caregiver asked repeatedly while he was tying guiding ropes around their wrists. They came to the park where they were running before. The difference was that this time the person accompanying the young man while running was no longer the friend named August, but a man named Mhok.

"Tomorrow is the time for the real race. If I don't practice, I will definitely not be able to finish the race. Let's try to hold on for a while. Teacher Aon' and I have made an agreement to finish the race together no matter what."

Day said, after firmly inserting the earphone in his right ear, he started running, with Mhok guiding him on his left side. Tomorrow they will run a ten kilometer race with Teacher Aon. What's special is that after the competition, Teacher Aon plans to propose to his girlfriend, and he also asks Mhok to help record a video for the wedding documentary.

Teacher Aon is one of the very important people in Day's life since he lost his sight and there is no way he can go wrong tomorrow.

[August, what would you like to say to the Thai fans who have always supported your competition? It will take a few months to go to China to participate in the competition this time. I believe the fans who have always supported August will miss you very much. ]

While Day was running, the sound of a news interview came from his headphones. Today is August's last day in Thailand and he will fly abroad to prepare for the long game. Although there was a press conference at the airport, he chose to stay here for a run and did not go.

[I want to thank everyone around me, including my family, coaches, teammates, fans and past partners, even though we are no longer partners. ]

When August mentioned his "past partner", the young man's steps became unsteady. Mhok had to turn around and ask about the situation, but he said it was okay and just kept running. [I believe that each of us has his own path to walk. I am very happy because we have the opportunity to meet and get to know each other on this road and enjoy many wonderful things together. ]

Sweat oozed from the young man's forehead, but at the same time, all kinds of chaotic emotions seemed to be forgotten. He felt incredible. The heart that was once troubled by various emotions has now become extremely calm. He only focused on the road ahead and forgot about other things that had nothing to do with it, focusing on every step he took.

[One day, when we must separate, I believe everyone will understand that everyone has reasons for choosing a different life. I don't ask for anything else, I just hope that everyone can continue to move forward and not stop. Maybe one day, when our life trajectories intersect again, we will meet again. ]

Day continues to run, choosing, as his former partner said, to leave those events in the past. At this moment, he no longer had any regrets. He's very open about his feelings, and when he feels loved he expresses it, and when he's disappointed he accepts it, and that's enough.

Even if there are scars behind him, his progress will not stop. This may be the most important thing in life. Day looked at the blur ahead, knowing that one day he wouldn't be able to see anything, and when that day came, he wouldn't have any regrets about it.

"I'm going to be jealous if you continue to listen to him."

A word from the person next to him interrupted Day's thoughts.

"Why are you jealous?" he said as he ran away.

"Do we have any laws against jealousy here? Can't I be jealous?" Mhok didn't stop either.

"It's not prohibited by law, but isn't my identity wrong? What's your relationship with me? Why are you jealous of me?"

Day was confused. He didn't know what Mhok was thinking. He wasn't quite ready to find answers to his feelings. The young man had just emerged from a period of emotional distress, and after only one night, he might not be able to forget everything and start over again with great expectations.

"Have you forgotten about our kiss?"

"You kissed me, not us kissing each other. You took the initiative to kiss me, and I had no choice but to stand there."

The other person talked about kissing as if they were talking about the weather. Day took off his headphones and began to feel his cheeks heat up, hoping Mhok would think he was acting this way because of the heat rather than how he was feeling inside.

"But Day also accepted my kiss, I remember." The man said and smiled.



"Stop talking about this and concentrate on being my runner. Can we talk about other things? I can't concentrate on running anymore. What if I hit a tree and knock my head off?" Day asked. Start a topic.

Day won't hit the tree because I'm going to protect you and I'll be the one to hit the tree." Mhok's low tone was completely inconsistent with what he said.

"What are you now? The flower guardian of the last century? It's really old-fashioned."

the young man complained, making the other man laugh. They stopped talking when they ran to the other side of the park, which was filled with people walking back and forth. Day has to concentrate on running so as not to accidentally bump into someone. Mhok also had to be very careful and remind Day of the direction he was running.

Everything went well on the last day of training. Mhok took Day to run ten kilometers within their planned time. Distance and fatigue don't seem to be issues for Day because he's a former professional athlete. The person who guided him seemed particularly tired, but he hadn't given up yet. The two got back in the car together and prepared to leave the park.

"We'll start at five o'clock tomorrow morning, so we'll be ready to leave at four-thirty. It takes almost an hour and a half to get here from Day's house. Considering that we still need time to prepare, there doesn't seem to be much time to sleep tonight. I don't know how to get up. Can you still run away?" the man said as he drove away.

"What do you want to say? Just say it." Day seemed to know what he meant.

"It's nothing, I just want to say that my home is near here. I can still make it in time if I get up at four o'clock."

"Are you inviting me to spend the night at your house?" he said sarcastically, "but even if I agree, we still need to go back to my house to get clothes and other supplies, and we still have to drive back and drive back."

"Actually, I have already prepared my luggage in the morning. If Day agrees, I don't need to go back to your house. How about it, am I quite prepared?"

"That's not thoughtful, that's cunning," he complained. In fact, he didn't really like Mhok doing this and felt a little uneasy inside. The worse his eyesight became, the more he felt that everyone was manipulating and arranging things for him.

"I'm not forcing you, and now, I'm driving back to Day's home." Mhok's tone softened, probably knowing that the young man was not happy.

"Brother, you can lie to me, I can't see you anyway."

"Day...I don't want to force you to be what I want you to be. But I hope you can also think about it from my perspective. It is my responsibility to take care of you, and I have been working hard. I want you to be in the most comfortable way." I don't want you to feel uncomfortable because of this." The driver said a lot, which was actually not in line with his character, but it also broke the barrier between the two.

Day sighed, "Brother is right, my own pain also made me forget to care about other people's feelings."

"I apologize to you if I made you feel uncomfortable." Mhok's straightforward apology made Day's heart skip a beat. He felt it was incredible. I don't know when this person who had always been by his side had such a big impact on him. shadow.

"I'm not angry with you," he said and took a deep breath, "but I don't like it when you prepare a scene in advance, as if you are controlling me. No matter what it is, you should tell me in advance. If you Tell me in the morning, I think it's okay, and we can prepare our luggage together."

"Okay, I understand." Mhok accepted his words.

"Brother, you want me to understand you, and I also hope you can understand me." After a moment of silence, he decided to speak out what was in his heart, "Since I got sick, everyone has been thinking about me. They just want to do what they think I don't like the idea of things being done right to me and not letting me make my own decisions. I feel like I'm a manipulated, lifeless puppet and I can't be myself."

Although he couldn't see it, Day could still guess Mhok's expression at this moment. He'd never really opened up about it to anyone, not even his mother. He knew that everyone was doing things for him out of good intentions, so he didn't want to refuse. But with Mhok, for some reason he felt like the relationship had progressed to the point where he needed to openly discuss the issue, and he just felt like he should say how he felt.

"I don't like people lying to me, and I don't like people doing things silently behind my back, especially for sympathy purposes. I would hate it very much."

The person next to him held Day's hand, but this time he didn't resist or say anything. He just stayed quietly and let the other person hold it like this.

"Day, can you not hate me?"

"I don't hate you because I packed my luggage secretly, but I hate you because you watched me do it behind my back." Day said, laughing happily.

"Day has held my hand several times and I've never complained."



Mhok's tone was a little aggrieved, but you could still tell he was joking. "You really look like a two-year-old, has anyone told you that?"

"People in love always look a little childish, just like Teacher Aon said." Mhok imitated Teacher Aon and sang a song, and the young man laughed happily. Who would have thought that someone who had been sent to prison for violence would have such a side.

"What kind of love? I have never accepted you. There is nothing between us." He joked.

"I love Day unilaterally. After a while, Day, you will be soft-hearted towards me." Mhok said with an expectant expression.

"You really make it more difficult for yourself."

"Then how do you decide about staying at my house? If Day decides not to stay, I have to leave. I can't change my mind again."

In the low voice of questioning, Day actually already had the answer in his heart. He laughed. In fact, there was no dispute from the beginning, just some discomfort because of the lack of advance notice.

"If you stop acting like a two-year-old... I'll agree."