



609

B E D  
T I M E  
S T O R Y

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No. 2

## 609 Bedtime Story

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First Printing : September 2022

Price 380 THB

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### **DEEP Publishing**

4/11 Moo 11, Khlong Hok Sub-district, Khlong Luang District,  
Pathumthani 12120, Thailand

ISBN: 978-616-00-4618-8

### **Printed and distributed by Satapornbooks Co., Ltd.**

18 Soi Ladplakhao 63, Anusawari Sub-district, Bangkok District,

Bangkok 10220, Thailand

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# Prologue

## - - - - - Mum's Part - - - - -

**November 5<sup>th</sup>, 2018**

The influenza won't go easy on me.

Yeah, I have influenza. I didn't know that until I carried myself to the hospital because of the aches all over my body and the goddamn fatigue. Though it was fortunate enough that the flu that I have doesn't come with an extra nickname, the doctor suggested that I should get enough rest and isolate myself in order to prevent myself from spreading the virus to anyone else for like four or five days.

I was grounded as soon as my sister learned about this bad news. How cruel life could be to me, as I have to stay only in this room, not allowed to get some drinks as I always do. Even

the new pack of cigarettes was taken away.

Actually, I think it's not the illness that's going too harsh on me.

It's my baby bitchy sister.

So, since I have nothing else to do, I just keep myself in the bunk listening to music and playing games on my phone.

Then I doze off to dreamland.

And it all starts here, when I feel something soft touching the surface of my lips. It is so gentle that I can barely have a sense of or even pay attention to it, if only the touch weren't getting harder until it feels like my lips are being crushed.

Kissing. This must be kissing for real, and it is being done by an expert, and it lifts my heavy eyelids almost instantly.

Though I can't see clearly in darkness, I can smell a soft scent of a clean streak of hair stroking past the tip of my nose. I'm sure that I'm being raped by someone who's still making movements on my body. She kisses my neck, flipping the hem of my white T-shirt upward, and wipes her lips down my chest. She sweeps my soft spot with the tip of her tongue. Her actions are so irresistible that I moan.

I don't remember if I made an appointment with anyone, since I'm not in a state to welcome any guests. Still, it is not a surprise to me; most of the girls I used to hook up with know where they can find me. Maybe... Maybe I forgot giving the keys to someone, so she easily got into my operation room with no

need for an invitation.

But, please, don't tell my sister. She would kill me if she knew how I was so wasted and gave out my essentials like this.

I lift up my hand and pat on her silky hair.

Eh, it's short! Very short, as of regular men.

Finally, the uncertainty takes over. I really have no idea how a woman with such short hair would come to give me some excitement during this time. I reach for the switch and turn on the night lamp beside my bed. I expected to get an answer, but it gets me even more confused once the light is on and the person on my body looks up and locks eyes with mine.

It's really a man.

Well, that should've scared me, right? Because, one thing's for sure, he's never on my mating list and I've never slept with any man before. Neither have I ever thought about that.

But... why does it feel... so good?

I reckon he might be five years younger and about ten centimeters shorter than I am. He has thick brows yet sweet almond eyes. His nose bridge aligns very well to his oval face. His bow-shaped lips that were busy biting my nips seconds ago are flattery pink.

He straightens up a bit while still straddling me, then he takes off his jet-black shirt and throws it to the floor. That reveals his refined, light skin like a woman, except that it comes with bruises all over his torso. One of his arms is wrapped in light-

colored elastic bandages from the wrist up to the elbow. I scrutinize further and notice a tiny stitched wound at the tail of his brow.

I wonder how he got all these black and blue contusions. Is it possible that he harassed someone else and got a hard punishment before he made it here?

Speaking of this, if he's really infatuated with my tip-top attractiveness and here to harass me due to that cause, he should've been scared as hell and ran away since I turned on the light. On the contrary, he stays calm, smiles at me, and keeps blowing kisses on my abdomen as if this is what we both usually do.

No. This isn't right.

My consciousness finally comes back from a vacay and is telling me that this shouldn't be happening. I should tell him to stop and get out of my room—

“Mmm...”

That's me moaning.

That was because this young man pulls down my baby blue boxer and sweeps his tongue past my sensitive spot, and that also sends all my complaints back down my guts.

He begins eating up my wiener bit by bit until it feels hotter and damper, then he takes it all in with complete willingness. He makes a slow stroke, getting my joystick in and out his mouth.

“Ah—!”

“You hurt?” This is the first time that I get to hear his sweet voice.

I shake my head. No... Not at all. Hella awesome, even.  
“Keep going.”

So, he continues his activity. I can feel my phallus touching the soft walls inside his food entryway in a good rhythm before he starts to go quicker and sucks the tip of it.

“Mmm...”

I pant more heavily, and, to be honest, my panting turns into sensual moans so many times.

“Umph...”

Finally, the thick fluid bursts like water from a fire hose at the same time of my last moan. He flinches a little, and then wipes that creamy liquid off his lips. I won't blame him if he wouldn't swallow it down like how porn stars do. I totally understand. I even figure that he isn't that good at blowjobs. So, I should – and I really do – appreciate his attempt.

At this point, my head has gone all blank. I've forgotten that I had to scream and he needed to be expelled. At least, I should've asked him for a clear explanation.

Still, I think I'll give him the benefit of the doubt.

Before my guilt builds up on the inside, he sits on my hips and speaks again.

“Do me.”

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As you wish, man.

I won't hold it back anymore.

I turn and get up in a sitting position, using my arms to keep him in place, and that makes him lie down on his back. I pull down his black slacks along with his undies until they go off his toes.

I am pretty sure that I am more skilled at this and should give him some lessons. I also give him a deep French kiss, sweeping my tongue all over the space inside his mouth, before moving on to blowing kisses on his face. I continue pressing my lips on his neck, his chest and tummy, and then I start rubbing his personal weapon which is also starting to get hardened.

He pushes my shoulders lightly, pointing to a drawer next to the bed, and speaks under his breath. I can barely make out his words.

“Th—the gel...”

I pulled the drawer as he indicated and found a big tube of jelly lube.

Only that it isn't mine.

How come?

Ugh, whatever. This is not the time to be rational. I coat my hand with the jelly while still rubbing his rocket. I do it faster

and faster until his body goes stiff and his semen spreads all over the palm of my hand.

My plan for the next step is to use my finger to lead a way before getting inside his rear strait. I was about to have another coat of the jelly on my dexterous finger when he asked for something else. He tells me to apply it on the tip of my dingo instead.

“You can just get in.”

“Won’t you hurt?”

He shakes his head and simpers.

Oh, really?

I don’t trust his answer, but I also don’t want to frustrate him; who knows if he’s gonna get even hornier and want our course to happen quicker. Plus, I can’t hold it any longer too, so I widen the space between his knees and push my mid-body stick into the final gateway of his digestion little by little.

I heard about the tightness of our rear end before, but never thought that it would be this tight. His backdoor makes it feel like a trapdoor to my trunk now that it tightens up and I can barely make further move. His whimpering face also gives me mixed feelings. I see him biting his own lips to distract himself from the pain before grabbing my arm tightly.

I stop pushing and go on to arouse him a bit more using my hand and mouth, then I try inserting my trunk into his backdoor once again. This time I got it all in.

“Ah!”

There you go, screaming aloud.

You can't blame me for what you asked for.

I know we're strangers to one another, but now we're floating in the same tide, we should get along happily. So, I pull my stick out and try getting it in again more gently. I keep doing the same steps until he seems to be more relieved, and then I go quicker.

The sound of our skin touching echoes around the room as well as the sound of our panting. I look at the small body that moves at the same pace with my movement and guess that he might feel less pain up to this point. And he still asks for more.

“H-harder...”

Is he a masochist or what? But, whatever, kiddo.

I respond to his request. I slow down and press both of his wrists on the bed, pulling my organic gun back a bit, but make sure it's still in there, and pushing back in. Hard.

“Umph...”

I keep doing that, and he keeps moaning sentimentally.

“A-almost... there...”

I'm one step closer to exploding too. I go faster while keeping his tensed up legs widened so I can go deeper.

As we do it faster, harder, and deeper, finally we both arrive at orgasm land. My creamy liquid bursts and fills his back canal at the same time as his juice fountains, covering his belly,

and drips onto the bed.

The two of us are extremely exhausted, obviously. I gently pull my fleshly weapon out of his channel which is now turning red after such a hard play, then turn to lie on my back beside him.

Languor has turned a naughty boy into a somber kitten. He looks at me in silence, so I try to decode what his big round eyes are trying to say instead.

However, what's irritating me is his lamenting eyes even after we just had such a good time.

Perhaps he's struggling to get through something and needs sex for therapy.

You've met the right guy, bro.

I reach out and pat on his head softly, hopefully it helps lower his pain, whatever he's facing. He grabs my hand and puts it on his cheek, pressing his hand over it and closes his eyes. He's making it look like he just woke up from a nightmare and I am his father trying to soothe him.

I thought that the warmth from my big hand would comfort him somehow, but my hope disappears once he continues crying incessantly.

Oh, screw me. That must be my fault.

He sobs like a poor baby and he doesn't seem to be ashamed of it. He must have been through a true hell, I suppose. I feel so sorry for him. I wipe off the tears from his face using the

other hand, then I move closer, intending to kiss his forehead as gently as I can.

Then something interrupts us.

Footsteps.

I wouldn't be in doubt if those steps didn't stop right in front of my room.

*\*thud! \*thud!\**

We both sit up straight spontaneously and look at the door when we hear that that person is trying to unlock the door. While I try to figure out who is coming in, the boy takes my hand and holds it tightly.

I look at him and he's looking at the door in horror. I can tell how agitated he is by his heavy breathing and how his Adam's apple moves as he gulps.

Now I've come to realize...

This intruder comes for him.

And it's happening really fast from this point.

The boy turns to look at me with wide eyes, moving his mouth as if trying to say something, but he couldn't make it in time.

*\*click!\**

The uninvited guest opens the door and gets in. He closes the door, but it isn't completely shut, then he walks straight to the kid, not giving me any shit at all.

As strange as it seems, I try to memorize as many details

of this visitor as possible. He's tall, bulky, wearing a black leather jacket over a T-shirt of the same color, and a pair of jeans in dark shade. He's also wearing a full-face helmet in black and red stripes with chrome-tinted visor. Most of his whole body parts are underneath his clothes, except for his left hand of which two of his fingers – ring and pinky – are wrapped in bandages so thick that it looks like he's wearing a cast. He moves his right hand to his hind pocket and...

He takes out a pistol.

And it's this second that I am petrified as I panic as hell.

It's this second when the young man on my side looks at the trespasser as if he's pleading for his life.

It's this very second...

The man pulls the trigger and the bullet flies through the head of this young fellow. His warm blood, exploded skull, and bits of his brain scatter all around the area and some splash on my face and body. Yes, I've just witnessed the whole crime scene.

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“ARGGGHH!”

# Chapter 01

## - - - - Mum's Part - - - -

**“ARGGGHH!”**

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*\*thunk!\**

The former sound is of me screaming the hell out of my lungs, and the latter is of me butt-landing on the laminate floor.

Eyes wide open, I frantically get myself up off the floor. The room is still in complete darkness; I hurriedly reach for the switch on the wall and turn on the lights just to find that, besides me who's trembling with extreme fear, there's no one else in the room and everything stays in its place as it always has been.

Right... That means this room is clean; no dead body of a young man with a headshot kill, no evil gunman, not even a single drop of blood is seen anywhere, and the door is still locked securely.

Was I just dreaming?

Goddamn it! It scared the crap out of me.

I let out a big sigh once I learned that it was just a nightmare. I gotta admit, though, that it felt so real and hella scary. Look, my heart is still racing, and my whole body is drenched in sweat. I guess I must've peed my pants as well had I drunk more water before going to bed.

I shake my head at how wretched I am then sit down on the bed. For someone who never made it back to his room before 2 AM and just woke up from an incubus like me, going back to sleep is not that easy. I grab my phone and check the time on the screen.

**01:02 AM**

What a fucking primetime.

I'm totally awake now, and it feels kinda damp down there, so I check my boxer and thighs. There, I see...

Yeah, the trails of my juice, implying that it wasn't just a normal dream.

It was a wet dream.

Huh! I wish I could let out a bigger sigh.

It's miserable enough that I'm being too sick to go out for



a hunt as I usually do, and when my body was ready to go for it naturally, I should've dreamed of ladies with booties instead of banging with a stranger.

Ugh! I would have to live in a den for good if someone found out about this. What happened in my dream should remain unsaid. Otherwise, it will become a family folktale and will be retold for generations.

I flip up my blanket and check the bed sheet. Good thing is there's no stain from my wet dream, so I use that part of the blanket in my hand to wipe whatever's left on my crotch like how a hygienic person would do. Then I put the pillow against the headboard and lay my back on it.

Well, since I'm still wide awake, let's see what's on TV right now.

I pick up the remote control and press random numbers, looking for something interesting.

Too bad that I can't shake off that nightmare.

It's so horrendous that I don't want to go back to sleep, because I fear I'll have the same dream...

Though that young man...

And our hot sex...

Still linger on my mind.

**November 6<sup>th</sup>, 2018**

Around two in the afternoon, I wake up again with a

pounding head. Maybe the air in the room is too stuffy for a sick man like me.

I'd better get out for some pain killer.

Still drowsy, I crawl off the bed, walking out to the balcony to get my towel from the rack, then get back in and head to the bathroom.

Oh, where are my manners? Apologies for not introducing myself earlier.

My name is "Mum." I'm twenty-eight years old and I'm the owner of this room number "609" where I'm brushing my teeth in its bathroom. It's one of the almost-two-hundred rooms in this low-rise condominium in the Kaset-Nawamin area.

I also own a little bar and restaurant named "Halo," and one of the reasons I spent half of my savings on the down payment for this room is that it is located diagonally across the street. It takes less than ten minutes to get there on foot. I can even see it from the window of my room, actually.

And, yes, I'm walking there, but not before I put on this pair of light denim trousers with holes at the knees and this short-sleeve shirt.

By the way, this bar doesn't belong solely to me. I think I have to make a clear statement before you guys mistake me for being rich. I have a partner who is also my old friend; his name is Game.

It's that one, who seems so focused on a laptop screen

right now, at a wooden table by the window.

He's my best pal. We both are from Khon Kaen. We went to the same school from primary to senior high. We only got to separate for quite a while when he passed the exam and got accepted into the Faculty of Business Administration of a university in Bangkok. Then just earlier this year, I came here to visit my sister and ran across him.

Friendship really never dies. We reconnected pretty instantly though our lives were so at different levels like heaven and hell... Yes, I was the one in hell, certainly. See, he had a good job in a famous company and I was just a freelance singer, hopping from bars to bars in our hometown. I spent my time during the day sleeping like I was practicing dying.

While I was still in the city, a bar and restaurant where Game always went to regularly was about to end its business for good, he bought it without hesitation and asked me to join him. He has always wanted to be an entrepreneur, and I have always been a bar hopper and spent a lot of money on this shit. Result: owning a place for a chillout has then become our new profession.

I just said that I spent half of my savings on room number 609, right?

The other half was invested here.

"What ho!" Game shouts out to me as I push the glass door to get inside. "You're all good?"

“Not yet. I’m here for some special meds.” I reply and drop myself on the couch opposite to him. I turn to Nook, an employee who’s busy getting the counter clean and ready for customers, and not so long after she notices me, she comes back with a tall bottle of whiskey and a glass filled with ice cubes.

Wow, don’t she deserve a raise for this?

“This fuckin’ golden potion, ya mean?”

I raise my brow, wanting to retort something to him, but my brain is too foggy to think of anything good. I hope a sip of this amber drink will help.

“You didn’t tell your sissy that you’d come here, did ya?” Sounds like a question, but it is not. He knows that I sneaked out, so he continues, “I bet you’ll get guillotined once you get home.”

“Come on. Shouldn’t I get praise for coming to work even though I’m sick?”

“Fuck you, man!” Instead of praising me, he’s dissing. “You didn’t come here for work. You just need some drinks. And you’re too horny to hold it back, ’cause you haven’t fucked any chick last night. That’s why you’re here, mofo. I know it. I know you too well.”

See how he sees me through? I’m so paper-thin to him.

Of course, I can argue nothing as all he said is true, so I just give him a dry smile.

“Here. Some papers need your signature,” came the voice

of a woman in front of me with a black document holder.

The lady who's sitting beside me is Waen, the manager. I can say that we are so lucky to have her. Not only is she well-experienced in this field, she's also charismatic and can get everyone under control.

I pick the pen from her hand and open the folder to sign on the docu—madness or what?! What the hell am I looking at?! Why are there so many pages? And what are all these expenses? Water bill, electricity bill, rent, cost of speakers repair, part-timer wages...

This got me even more pounding to the head.

"I'd be surprised if you're not in shock."

"Are we in the red?" I blurt out a question. Judging by my buddy's expression, he must've seen all these invoices already. Plus, he's the one who collects reports of monthly sales and revenue, so he would know best.

"Nah, but we're not making much profit. I can't even see how we'll get to the break-even."

He seems a bit more serious at this point. I do understand why and I do want to help him like how a co-founder should do. Only... Only that I am too stupid. I even want to ask him what the goddamn 'break-even' is, but I'm afraid I'll get another shot of scold fire.

So, as I knew better, all I can do now is keep silent and sign on these papers to approve payments that I can't even

whimper for. Then I realize someone is staring at me closely.

“What is it, Waen?” I turn to ask this sweet lady who’s inching in on me.

“You look terrible as hell.”

“Why, I’m sick, duh.” I retort though I don’t quite understand why she is paying much attention to how I look today. However, my doubts are cleared when Game continues.

“He’ll do well. We can take a shot from afar. No one would notice.”

“The hell are you guys talkin’ ’bout?” I ask as soon as he ends his words. Why does it seem like they’re using jargon when exactly they’re talking about me?

Waen chuckles at my stupefied reaction then points to the stage and says, “Go grab your guitar and act as if you’re playing some chords. I’ll take a photo and post it on our page, letting the fans know that our pretty boy is back.”

“Ah, I see.” I nod my head slowly. It must be Game’s idea. “A promo for Halo?”

“Of course, it is. Girls were going mad, asking about the singer all the time when you weren’t here last night,” says Game, chuckling, then he waves me off. “Now, go get your guitar already.”

I follow their order with no fuss. As I stated before, I’m no good at business planning and development. The level of my knowledge in marketing, finance, or accounting is zero. I think only my skills in singing and grooving on a guitar comes in handy

in adding numbers of customers to our bar.

Once I finished tuning the guitar and struck a good pose for the photo shoots, I walk to the kitchen to say hi to our chef, Ton, who's busy preparing some raw materials. We had a few words, then I walk out and drink the rest of the liquor. I help Nook drag the bean bags to the open-air area, then walk to the back of the bar to light up a cigarette from the new pack that I just bought. I finish the roll and walk back inside, heading to the same table at the window. I sit down and wait for its opening hours.

Halo is usually packed on weekends (including Friday, for the record), so we hire part-timers to help us out with the flooding orders, wait tables, and assist in the kitchen. As for us – I, Game, Waen, Ton, and the other two employees – we take care of those duties from Monday to Thursday.

There's actually another one who I haven't mentioned. Though she has nothing to do with the bar and already has her own full-time job, she always checks in on us and does what she can to help.

And... speaking of the devil, here she comes, that little lady who's marching toward us with a grumpy face. She has her hair tied up, so I guess she didn't wash her hair for sure.

"What're ya doin' here?" she asks sharply. Everyone, please welcome Mint, my sweet sister. "Didn't the doctor tell you to stay in and rest for five days?"

"C'mon, I'm tired of doing nothing." I give her an honest

reply. I know she couldn't help being worried about me. "Plus, the fever's all gone. I'm fine now, don't worry."

"I'm not worried about you; I'm worried about the others."

Aww, man. Busted, I am.

"Don't you know that influenza is contagious? How dare you come out spreading the virus like this?"

Judging by the tone of her voice, there's no love and care in her words at all. Luckily, my innocent buddy Game comes chime in, otherwise I'll be stuck in her lecture for a longer moment.

Oh! Perhaps I would still be if she found out what Game whispers to me.

"Eleven o'clock."

I automatically look toward the direction where his imaginary clock coordinates and my eyes find a lady with long straight hair in a short black bodycon dress.

And, yes, she's looking at me too.

I smirk, making it the best looking I've ever done. I'll have to make a fast move, as my mind is already visioning her body and her fine skin underneath that dress lying on a squishy bed in my room. Sadly, my planned actions are corrupted by this skinny body of someone you know who.

"Sis, move it," I say and wave my hand to expel this organic obstacle.

"Hell no."

“Jeez!” I exclaim. “What if she thought that you’re my wife?”

“That’d be great, and I won’t prove her wrong,” replies my sissy with a facial expression that deserves a slap. I bet she can sense that I’m starting to get frustrated, so she puts more energy into her tone as if she’s ready to fire another scold. “Can’t you see how pathetic you are?”

“That was just a friendly greeting,” I drawl. “There’s nothing else.”

“Bullshi–”

I think our brawl would go on for minutes if Ping, the main guitarist of our bar, didn’t break in.

“Bro, let’s go impress our customers with your voice.”

My heart is dancing gleefully once I know I’m getting on the stage again, If only my sister wouldn’t interrupt.

“You sure you can do it?”

“Singing, you mean?” I smile from ear to ear and ask her with a teasingly sweet voice.

“Sexing, I mean,” she replies in less than a second with the same intonation and the same smile as I gave her.

Yes. This is my baby sister.

We always catch up to each other. Maybe it’s because there have been only two of us since we were kids. Our parents died in an accident when we were both in primary school. I was in the last year of it, and Mint was in the first. So, we moved to live with our aunt. Years later, she got married and was expecting

a child. I kinda knew better that she would want some privacy with her family, and that Mint had passed the entrance exam and would go to a university in Bangkok, so we moved out and have lived on our own since.

However, at that time we moved out from our aunt's house, we had to part for like almost five years, as my sister was going to Bangkok for study and I had to stay in Khon Kaen for work. Until early this year, Mint called me and asked me to be her company. I guessed adapting herself into a new environment, from schooling to working, might have dragged her down a bit, so I decided to come. At first, I thought I would stay for just a short period, but then I met Game. And here I am, having myself settled down in this sleepless metropolis.

Though there have always been just two of us alone, I've never wanted more than that.

Why?

See, she's pretty savage and my business is her business. She always makes me feel that mom never really left my side, because she's acting like one.

And look at her face now; even I laughed at her witty response, she still doesn't seem to find any fun in it at all. Instead, she lets out a big sigh and shakes her head.

But should I care? Nay. I look at my phone and turn to Ping who's still awaiting my answer not so far away.

"I'll be there around eleven."

Seriously, I'm not really into music. Not that much. What makes me feel eager to be on stage is the panoramic view I'll get to see when I do my singing there. I always have a vantage point to thoroughly scan the whole place and spot on ladies. When I've found my target, I just throw her the sweetest glare. Then I'll sing her some lovey-dovey songs and give her a toast when I get down. We'll have some small talk...

And then I'll take her to my room.

Well, that's pretty much how my daily routines look, and my sister knows it very well. That's why she's rolling her eyes.

Why? Aren't eating, shitting, mating, sleeping normal things for us people?

I just have sex more often than other people.

I get on the stage at the time I said I'd be. Tonight, I'll be multitasking: singing and playing guitar. As for Ping, he'll do backup vocals and make use of his percussion skill on the cajon.

I carried on many songs and laid my eyes on many ladies. However, eventually, I didn't carry anyone back home with me. I didn't even get the chance to give out my number or Line ID.

I gotta admit here that I'm scared of my sister. All right, you might've seen us quarrel, but I only retort when I see that she's not really angry. So, to keep the ogre sober, I walked back to the condo right after my duty was done just as she told me to.

No one complained about my early leaving even though it

was not the closing time. Maybe they also don't want me to die before the right time comes, so now I've made it back to my room when it's almost half past midnight.

**12:24 AM**

It's not my usual bedtime, but I'm feeling so tired. I might've gone too harsh on my sickened ass, I guess. I jump on the soft bed, thinking about resting my eyes for ten minutes before taking a shower, then come back to get real sleep.

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*\*sobbing\**

I open my eyes slowly as I hear someone's crying. That wasn't so long before I realized that I left the lights on when I went off to dreamland.

And that is not so scary compared to the silhouette of something near my feet.

*\*gasp\**

I instantly hold my breath and turn my head back to the same position.

A ghost, certainly.

Holy shit.

What do I do now?

Should I pretend to sleep 'til the sun's up?

But if I do that, will the ghost know that I fake? And will it

get closer? Will it strangle me to death like I used to see in TV shows?

Or just... Ugh, I'll just get over it and check whatever it is.

Once I considered I wouldn't just lie still and wait for some eerie stuff to happen, I try to focus and remove all memories of horror scenes I used to see in movies, and have a glimpse at the source of the sobbing sound.

There at the bottom end of my bed I see a man crying Niagara, and though he's having his back on me, I feel like I know him somehow. His hair, his build, his skin – all reminds me of someone.

He's no other than the boy in my wet dream last night.

For minutes, I look at him as he's shaking due to the hard sob and start to figure how hard it must have been for him, whatever he's going through right now. I feel so sorry for him and can't help but get myself closer to him and gently touch his shoulder.

Then I realize something.

Oh, screw me.

Wasn't he already shot down like drop dead?

Dang it! I totally forgot the fact that he's dead. And I just touched him with empathy! What if he turns around looking zombie-like? Cracked head, eyes off sockets, torn mouth – what should I do if I see that? Will I scream like a girl like last night?

However, God still has some mercy on me and him. He

does turn around, but with a normal human face. Nothing seems wrong, except the tears streaking his cheeks.

He hugs me out of the blue.

And I hug him back with no hesitation.

I pat on his back to comfort him and smell some strange odor mixed up with the scent of his perfume.

Some strong smell...

It's that metallic scent of blood.

I back up from him and quickly turn on the lamp on the nightstand. The light lets me see very clearly a thick gore spreading all over the front of his white shirt. His neck and his palms are also covered in stains of the same maroon color.

“What happened to you?” I ask as I scrutinize his thin body to check for other injuries, and I find a stitched wound at the tail of his brow and his forearm is still wrapped in bandages, just like last night.

Was he hurt? Or an accident?

But two days in a row?

But that's not what I'm really skeptical about. The blood stain on his shirt is still damp which means it's still fresh, but when I pull his shirt up high enough that I can see his torso, I don't find any wounds that would bleed that much.

Unless...

This blood is not his.

## Chapter 02

### - - - - Mum's Part - - - -

**Part of me is still being empathetic with him. The way** he bawls his eyes out is telling me that his heart was broken into pieces. The other part of me, to be honest, is being filled with fear little by little. The less I know of the matter, the harder my brain is working to make up hypotheses on what could have happened to him.

Okay. Let's think straight. His sorrow might be of his loss of a family member or a loved one, and that blood might belong to that one.

If that's so, it wouldn't be weird why he cried so hard.

But on second thought, I had witnessed the incident last night with my own eyes. His head exploded due to a surprise hit

of a bullet, how come he appears alive and breathing here on my bed?

All right, let's end my imagination here and just ask.

"Hey, what happened?"

Woah, self, hold on. The hell did I just ask? Why didn't I ask him directly like whom that blood on his clothes belongs to, or who the hell he is and how he got in my room? Most importantly, how did he survive the headshot the night before?

Anyway, no matter how stupid my question was, I can see he tries to stop crying and look away from his shaky hands to face me. His mouth is also trembling and is starting to move slowly.

*\*beep! beep!\**

I can't hear his answer at all, as there's a sound interrupting. It drowns out his voice and deafens my ears.

I try to focus on his mouthing. I'm putting all my effort in deciphering his mouthing, but this damn beeping sound just won't die down.

*\*beep! beep!\**

*\*beep! beep!\**

What...

What is he saying?

*\*beep! beep!\**

...

..

*\*beep! beep!\**

I got startled and my eyes flew open out of one big anxiety before I found myself in the same clothing, the same sleeping posture, and the same well-lit room.

No need to mention that young man. There isn't even the slightest trail of his blood stains or smell.

I exhale deeply once I learned it was just a dream. Again.

I do remember the situation where he was shot in the head – and that was pretty deadly – but when I dreamed about it again, it didn't feel like a dream to me. It seemed so real and it felt like I was really in that moment. Just like the other night.

*\*beep! beep!\**

Okay, now I've found what was waking me up from the nightmare. It's the sound of Line chat notifications. It never seemed to be so irritating just until today. I guess I have to check what the hell is going on.

*GAMER : hey, you there? 12:54 AM*

*GAMER : the lady in black asked for your line id 12:54 AM*

*GAMER : and i gave it to her 12:55 AM*

*GAMER : guess she'll get to you soon 12:55 AM*

Well, well, you knew it too well, buddy.

And it's just like he said. Someone has added me as a

friend and already texted me. Her profile picture depicts the same one I made eye contact with at Halo.

I scoff like a winner and tap on the notifications to read the messages from my new friend.

*M a - N o w : Hi 12:56 AM*

*M a - N o w : Mum 12:56 AM*

*M a - N o w : It's Manow. We met at the bar. 12:57 AM*

*M a - N o w : I really like your sweet singing. 12:57 AM*

See, things always happen at the right time, and no one can step in to break it from fate.

Speaking of this, I have something to say to my sister.

‘Minty, sissy. You can’t blame me this time.’

I quickly reply to her text; a lot of vicious schemes are piling up in my mind. I gotta admit that I feel a lot better when there’s this lady in concern instead. Otherwise, that boy would be stuck in my head and I’ll dream about him once more.

I hope there ain’t no third time.

### **November 7<sup>th</sup>, 2018**

I didn’t dream about that young lad soaked up in blood and tears again, so I woke up fresh and free of terror. After I took a shower and got my whole body cleansed of all the unhygienic I left on me last night, here I am...

In front of my wardrobe.

I pick a navy blue Hawaiian shirt with light orange floral prints for today's fashion. I like this one very much. See, it's not only comfortable to wear, the color coordination is also a perfect match, just as stated in color theory that I used to learn.

But for the bottom, I pick the old jeans I wore yesterday. Come on, it's not stinky yet. Odor-proof, checked. Plus, this pair is my fave, 'cause it's easy to put on... and off.

Why must it also need to be easily pulled off?

That's because I have a date with Manow.

I know that my devil sister won't come to Halo this evening because she'll go hang out with her friend, so I told Manow that I'll get her free drinks and sing some good songs for her if she come see me tonight. She accepted the deal, and that made me feel so sure about taking my pants off real quick.

I spray my go-to perfume all over my body and move to the front of a big mirror pane to check if I miss anything. It took me some minutes for the apparel checking until I turned around to check the tidiness of my room. Now that I'm sure there are none of my twisted undies or used condoms being seen anywhere on the floor, it's time that I go —

Oh, right, condoms!

I walk to the night stand where I keep my "shield" in its drawer, but instead of just having a quick check on it, I have a trance of something else that used to be in there too.

The lube.

The thing I've ever seen and used only in my dreams.

I can't really get that man out of my head, like, seriously. All these things that also appeared in my dreams – the bed, the lamp, and even the drawer – keep bringing back the vision of him.

I sigh and shake my head to shake off the nonsensical thoughts and quickly check how many sheaths I have. There are still plenty, which I think would be enough for tonight. So, satisfied with the inventory, I then leave my room.

I hope I can count on this sweet and sour lady Manow. Hope she'll be the cure that would stop me from having those strange dreams for, like, ever.

**The first thing I do when I step into Halo is hug my big** buddy so tightly he can barely breathe. I do this to show my gratitude for his help on managing a date night for me and Manow. We teased each other a little bit more before I started to feed my belly the first drop of liquor.

I've planned to do light work tonight, because I want to keep my armpits dry and clean; so I take the duty of wiping the counter from Nook, get another drink, rearrange the tables, get out to have a cigarette and get back in to sit back and wait for the opening hours.

Finally, my lady has arrived when I've already had almost

half a bottle of whiskey inside my veins. However, she didn't fail me at all with her clothes. She's wearing a deep V-neck spaghetti straps on top and a pair of very short jeans on the bottom.

Awesome, baby. Now I didn't regret reserving that tall stool on the innermost part of the bar counter.

We took some time to learn more of each other before Ping came and told me to get on stage to sing. Of course, I went with him and picked up a lot of cheesy love songs for her. I also threw her a lot of sweet glances. Once I finished the last song, I came back to her. I give her another two drinks, and ask her out with that standard phrase which everyone knows what it means once said.

"It's noisy here, don't you think? Let's find another quiet place, shall we?"

And we call it a deal when she follows me out with no hesitation.

Oh, for the record, I rode my big bike to work this evening. Why? Because I knew better — if I let us walk back to my place, even if it's not too far, we'll waste our energy for no good.

She also knows what to do. Once she gets on the bike, she wraps her arms around my waist and deliberately leans in so close that I can feel the touch of her breasts pressing on my back.

Let's waste no time, then.

I twist the accelerator to the max in order to get us both to my room as soon as possible. Once the door is locked, we get it going like hungry zombies craving for one another's lips. We remove all clothes quickly, and then we push and pull like magnets.

For more than once we have made it to the Avalon, and I am more than happy.

I'll admit it here that sex is one of the things I can't live without and I won't argue if anyone says I'm addicted to it. I don't think it's different to how teenagers need their mobile phones as if those are their extra organs.

For someone who doesn't think much, doesn't have any scheduled plan, and doesn't go against natural instincts like me, the only moment that makes me feel all that free will is when I have sex. It's one way of letting the innate drives take the wheel where my brain or heart has nothing to do with it.

I didn't count how many times we've done; I was just knocked out at the final round due to fatigue. The last thing I remember is seeing the sky changing its color from all black to indigo gradient.

I wake up to the kiss on the cheek. At first, I thought that Manow wanted to go for another round, but then I saw she's already dressed up. So, I figure that kiss was for a goodbye.

I put on the boxer that I left on the floor and walk her to the door. I see her off and pick my phone out of the pocket where

I left it all night. I check the time on the screen.

**07:41 AM**

It's still early in the morning. Was she in a hurry to go back to her boyfriend or what?

But, whatever, I didn't mean to keep it going with her anyway.

This is how it normally is like, the relationship between me and girls I had sex with. Just a one night stand, or maybe two or more nights if she impressed me that much, but none of them has ever kept me on that long. I've never had a thought of being in a serious relationship with anyone just yet.

I sigh and drop myself on the bed. I know I'm all used up and feeling so damned tired, but even so, I'm somehow glad that I didn't have a dream about that boy.

That, I'd say, is a good sign.

**November 8<sup>th</sup>, 2018**

So this is what happens when you pushed yourself beyond your limits: waking up to sore muscles and chills. My body aches so bad that I don't think I would be able to get up. I guess that fever must have bought its ticket back to my —

**02:24 PM**

Oh, fuck!

I'll surely be fuckin' doomed. I forgot that I'll have a meeting with Game and Waen at three, and it is a crucial one,

because we're gonna discuss all problematic issues that have been happening with Halo. To save myself from being scolded to death, I flick the blanket and dart to the bathroom.

**Almost unbelievable, I made it to the bar just in time.**

I'm feeling thankful for having a big bike and a condo in the same neighborhood. It's just today that I feel my money is worthily invested.

I walk to the table near the window and sink my face on it as soon as I sit. Next to me is my old pal Game who's busy working on something on his laptop. He turns to me and asks a question.

"Fever after a hard play?"

"Umm..."

"Meds?"

As an answer to that, I hold up a bag filled with packets of medicines that I've got from the hospital last time I went there.

My buddy scoffs and continues, "Poor little girl. She slept with you for free, and she's at the risk of getting the flu for free too."

Ugh, he's right, I can't argue. I don't even have the energy to. All I can do is let out a sigh through my nose, not to mention how hot my breath feels, and apologize to Manow in a telepathy fashion. Seconds later, Nook presented me with my regular serve aka a bottle of whiskey and a glass filled with ice. Once I saw my

lubricating liquid that will make the pill go down my throat easily, I pick a cold med from its packet and pour the nectar into the glass, ready to drink. But I didn't stand a chance, as Waen intruded out of nowhere.

"Are you nuts? You can't take pills with whiskey," she complains loudly and turns to the bar counter. "Nook, get me some water."

I give her a dry smile and turn to get a bottle of plain water from Nook and drink it with the tablet. It should've been fine since, if I didn't see Waen about to remove my golden nectar from the table.

Eyes wide, I throw the bottle and grasp her arm with all my force that I still have left.

"Let go of me." She's speaking sharply and I keep shaking my head.

"Mum. You're sick."

I know I'm not doing well, but I haven't hit any drop, how would I let her take it away?

"Fine. Your sister will know about this."

Dang it. She hits me right at the spot.

I use my brain and reckon the situation. This time she might really mean it, but I'm really gonna be dead too if I don't get any sip of it. Then I snatch the glass from her hand and drink up my special fuel to the very last drop.

"Mum, you idiot!"

She screams and raises her hand in the way that she's ready to give me a big bitch slap, so I protest no more and let her take away my amber potion.

"You're getting yourself killed, dickhead." Game also snaps at me, and turns to Waen when she comes back to her seat. "Aight, back to business, shall we?"

"Yeah." Waen nods and flips the pages of her notebook. "First things first..."

...

..

.

And my drowsiness kicks off as soon as they start.

I'll blame it on the pill I took for its early effect that reduces my ability to catch up and apprehend whatever topic we're talking about. I think it was fortunate enough for me that no one finds out I'm half awake when I nod my head to everything they say.

Anyway, Game just wouldn't take it anymore, so he told me to go home. I guess he couldn't stand my nearly dead condition, so he asked Ping to give me a ride home with my own big bike. And that's why I'm here now.

On my bed.

**12:00 AM**

*\*whoo\**

I jump a little when I feel a warm gush of wind past my ear and hear some giggles very closely.

Since I've never been up to any household divinity and never have I adopted a haunted doll, so this is absolutely paranormal. I open my eyes carefully, and guess what I see.

Yes...

It's that young man. Again.

Having met him twice, I'll be such a dumbass if I still believe that he's real.

I am sure as hell that I am dreaming.

What's looking strange this time is that he comes in looking very normal; no bullet holes or wounds are seen anywhere on his skin. The bandages on his forearm and the stitch above his brow are also gone.

Huh, does he have that healing power like Wolverine?

And it's not just that. This time he comes with a happy face, not shedding tears like last time; and his eyes are glimmering, not gloomy, unlike the first time I saw him at all.

Good. He's looking a lot better.

He's now bestriding my body that's still underneath the blanket, smiling wide, and greeting me with a soft kiss. He's going harder as I respond to his greeting by eating up his lips.

Okay, I know I shouldn't have any feelings with a guy.

But what else can I do? I'm in a dream, and it's uncontrollable.

Plus, a sick man like me won't get the chance to sleep with anyone tonight anyway.

So, I'll call this my therapy.

Now that I have justified my guilt, I unbutton his shirt and pull it off his body quickly. His light skin stays light tonight, no bruises at all, which is a good thing. I pull the blanket away and wrap him in my arms. He flinches a little and touches my cheek gently with his hand.

"Are you sick?" he asks.

Maybe he's feeling the heat of my skin, so he figures that I'm unwell.

But... Hey, can influenza come after me even in dreams?

"Yeah. A bit."

"Well, then... you should rest."

What? No. No effing way. I didn't come this far to rest in between.

I swap places with him.

"I don't want to," I say.

The one under me chuckles to my horny instinct. His laughter sounds lively like a little kid, and his big smile that makes his eyes look like thin lines are just dope. I have no hesitation to take off his slacks and his white undies, and do the same to my clothes too, and that makes us both in the same state:

Bare naked.

I stoop down to kiss him again, this time I put my tongue

in his mouth and have a play-around with his tongue for a moment until I hear some muffled sound from his throat. I guess he's losing his breath, so I move on to his neck.

"Ah..." He jumps when I bite on his skin teasingly and protests as he breathes heavily. "Careful, you'll leave a mark."

Too late, bro. That's gonna leave a mark.

I blow kisses on his chest and circle my tongue around his pinkish nip. He closes his eyes tightly, but that's not what I want. My hand seeks his organic joystick, grabs it loosely, and strokes slowly from its base to its head.

"Umm..."

Now, that moan is what I was waiting for.

I'm telling you here, all this time being, I've been thinking about his sensual moaning and how he bends his body while I speed up the stroke of my hand.

"I'm... coming..."

Not so long after he said so, his body goes stiff and his thick juice is released. I look at his abdomen and his groin where his juice is spread all over with a pumping heart. At first, I thought I'd give him some time to relax...

But now I've changed my mind.

Let's waste no time.

I reach for the drawer at the nightstand, get that familiar lube and coat it on my finger, then use it to make way into his back canal.

It doesn't help much, though; his canal is still tight. I can't hold it any longer, so I pull my finger out and just put my wiener in, my lizard king has been waiting too long.

He grunts, and I can tell by his reaction that it's kinda painful for him. My wiener being squeezed, I know I can't hold it in for long, so I pull it back and push it back in heavily.

He flinches and pinches his nails on my shoulders. I understand very well and let him express his pain as much as he'd like...

Because I won't stop soon.

I keep doing that until his arms fall flat on the bed as he's being drained out. I move faster and faster, the feelings are high and the sound of our skins slamming against each other echoes the room.

He's moaning again.

I'm super happy now, and I'll call this one of the best dreams I've ever had in life.

Speaking of good dreams, I still can't forget that bad dream.

Now that both of us are coming near Avalon, it somehow reminds me of the first dream, and there's no guarantee whether this young man will be killed again or not.

While I'm being so high that I almost forget our climax...

This time...

It's not him being shot dead.

It's me.

By his small words.

He's stuttering something that is almost inaudible...

Before it becomes a loud scream...

Before we reach our orgasm...

And before I get to wake up again.

Those last words...

...

..

.

"I- I love y-you..."

STORY