

Ashes In The Mouth Of Grief Chapter 1

On a stormy day, my husband called my dad, asking him to buy a mango cake.

My dad braved the storm to buy the mango cake but got into a serious car accident on the way.

By the time I got the news and rushed to the hospital, my dad was already on the verge of death.

“Ian said he wanted to eat a mango cake, but I accidentally smashed it. I’m so useless...”

Before he could finish his sentence, my dad passed away.

Even in death, he was still clutching the broken cake.

I was in tears, calling my husband over and over until he finally answered, but the first thing he asked was, “What color is your underwear today?”

Hearing the laughter on the other end, I trembled with anger and couldn’t help but ask, “Ian, you’re allergic to mangoes, why did you send my dad to buy a mango cake?”

His childhood friend’s tearful voice came through the phone, “Daisy, it was my fault. I lost the game of Truth or Dare, and Ian took the punishment for me by sending your dad to buy the mango cake. If you want to blame someone, blame me!”

I wiped away my tears and said coldly, “Do me a favor and tell your man to find some time to come back and divorce me.”

Ian gently comforted Julia for a while before impatiently replying, “Divorce is fine, but don’t make things hard for Julia.”

I dragged my exhausted body, not crying or making a scene, and quietly handled my dad’s funeral by myself.

For three days straight, Ian seemed to have vanished. There was not a single message or phone call.

Honestly, I didn’t expect him to do anything anyway.

I just felt it was unfair to my dad.

“Make me some noodles.”

Three days later, Ian finally came home.

He took off his suit jacket and collapsed on the couch.

He seemed completely drained.

The faint scent of Julia's perfume lingered on his suit.

In the past, I would always prepare his meals in advance without him having to ask.

He once said when we got married that the happiest thing was having a home to return to, someone waiting, and a hot meal ready.

Because of those words, I waited at home with a lamp on and a table full of food for five years.

But this time, I sat in the corner of the sofa, unmoved.

Seeing that I didn't move for a long time, Ian got up. He stared at my swollen and tear-stained eyes. He frowned, saying, "Are you still mad about the game? It was

such a small thing, is it really worth it?"

I looked at him, filled with grief and anger, and said, "A small thing? You think making my dad run errands in a storm for something you wouldn't even touch is a small thing?"

It was this so-called small thing that killed my dad!

Just thinking about how my dad blamed himself for smashing Ian's mango cake, even as he died, made my heart ache.

Ian was slightly taken aback by my sudden outburst and asked, "Is Dad mad? It's okay, I'll find some time to calm him down. He's always doted on me, so he'll definitely forgive me."

After saying that, Ian tossed a beautifully wrapped gift box in front of me.

"A gift I bought especially for you. See if you like it.

I glanced at the packaging. It was a woman's handbag.

He claimed he bought it just for me.

But the packaging had clearly been opened before.

If I'm not mistaken, this bag was in Julia's social media post a few days ago.

Her caption then was, "He said, he wanted to give me the best."

The picture showed Julia smiling while carrying a limited–edition bag.

In the corner of the photo, there was another bag in the trash can.

It was the same bag Ian just gave me.

How ridiculous.

He gave me a gift that someone else threw away.

I let out a laugh and said, “When are we getting divorced?”

Ian’s face darkened, and he frowned. “Daisy, when will you stop?”

“We can get divorced, but only if Dad personally asks me. I don’t believe he would agree to it.”

After saying that, Ian angrily slammed the door and went into the bedroom.

Ian was angry.

Every time we fought, it was always like this. No matter who was at fault, once he slammed the door, he refused to communicate.

In the end, it was always me who humbled myself for love, trying to make peace.

But this time, I wouldn’t.

I took out the prepared divorce papers from the drawer and quickly signed my name.

Then I dragged my suitcase and left decisively.