

## **Ashes In The Mouth Of Grief Chapter 3**

On the fourth day after moving out of the villa and returning to my dad's old home, I chose a burial plot.

I was about to take my dad's urn to be buried.

As soon as I opened the door, Ian's cold, stern face came into view.

Julia stood beside him, with four bodyguards behind them.

Ian rushed inside as soon as he arrived, looking around frantically.

Finally, he returned to my side and asked, "Where's Dad?"

I glanced at the urn wrapped in black cloth in my hand and said hoarsely, "Now you remember to look for my dad? It's too late!"

Ian's face darkened.

Anger flashed in his eyes. "Where did you hide him?"

I glared at him, confused. "What do you mean by that?"

"You don't know what I mean? Julia's health is poor, why did Dad have to steal her special medicine formula? That's her life-saving medicine!"

"Do you two really hate seeing her doing well?"

Ian's voice was icy.

His words were like steel needles, piercing deep into my heart.

I had thought Ian was coming to find my dad with such a big commotion because he realized the game had gone too far and came to apologize.

Or maybe he had learned about my dad's death and came to repent out of guilt.

But I never expected that he came to accuse my dad for Julia's sake.

How outrageous.

Not only did he cause my dad's death, but now he was here to slander him.

I stared coldly at Ian and said sternly, "I don't care if you want to protect Julia, but don't throw dirt on my dad's name."

Ian turned his phone screen towards me and said sharply, "See for yourself."

The phone showed a surveillance video.

In the video, a man was looking around cautiously as he entered Julia's villa.

A few minutes later, he left sneakily with something in his hands.

The man in the video, from his clothes to his build and even his profile, looked about 80-90% like my dad.

After the video ended, Julia's eyes filled with tears. She said pitifully, "After your dad secretly came to my house yesterday, my special medicine formula disappeared. Daisy, I haven't done anything to you, right? Why would your dad come after my life?"

Julia had severe asthma, and the special medicine she mentioned was what she needed to take every time she had an attack.

I heard that the formula for that medicine was unique and worth a fortune.

If the formula was lost, Julia would lose her life-saving medicine. This wasn't a small matter.

But I knew this was just a sob story she was orchestrating.

"Daisy, I've told you, I only see Julia as a sister. Her health is poor, so what's wrong with me taking care of her? Why don't you believe me? Why would Dad steal her special medicine formula?"

Ian's words were filled with the disappointment of someone who couldn't understand why the other person couldn't see reason.

Clearly, he had already decided that my dad was a thief.

I looked at him with sorrow and said, "Ian, you and my dad were as close as father and son. Don't you know what kind of person my dad was? Do you really think he would steal?"

Hearing my words, Ian's tightly furrowed brow relaxed slightly, as if he was moved.

Seeing this, Julia spoke up at just the right moment:

“Daisy, I also hope it wasn’t your dad who stole it. But after he left my house yesterday, I ran into him outside. I asked him why he came to my house, and he said he was looking for Ian. His tone was so harsh, like he thought I was some

kind of shady person...”

The more Julia spoke, the more aggrieved she became. Finally, with a sob, she accused me, “There’s evidence and witnesses, and you’re still covering for him.

Isn’t that inappropriate?”

Julia’s voice was soft, but her words were sharp.

Hearing this, the slight softness on Ian’s face immediately turned back to coldness.

“Tell Dad to hand over the formula quickly. This concerns Julia’s life, it’s not something you can be stubborn about.”

Julia was clearly lying. My dad had been dead for a week, how could she have seen him yesterday?

But Ian still believed Julia’s lies.

Over the years, my dad had always treated Ian like his own son. He supported him and cared for him wholeheartedly.

And what did we get in return?

The stigma of being called a thief.

How absurd.

My dad’s years of wholehearted effort couldn’t even match up to a casual word from Julia.

Even until his death, my dad still cared about Ian.

At this moment, I truly felt it wasn’t worth it for my dad.

Ian had already fallen under Julia’s spell. No matter what I said, he wouldn’t believe me.

Forget it.

I didn’t want to waste any more time. I stopped arguing and walked past Ian, leaving.

Julia chased me outside and blocked my way, saying, "Daisy, are you just going to leave like that? What about my medicine? Hurry up and tell your dad to give it back!"

I looked at Julia with hatred and said, "Julia, if you want to be the other woman, then go ahead. But don't use my dad as a stepping stone."

"You know perfectly well whether my dad stole your formula or not. You're doing this just to be with fan. Fine, I'll give you what you want."

"I've already signed the divorce papers. Once Ian signs them too, you two can be together openly."

After saying that, I walked around Julia and left without looking back.

But Julia wasn't done yet. She continued to block my way and said, "Daisy, stop trying to confuse things and twist the truth. Are you in such a hurry to leave

because you're guilty? What's in that black cloth? Is it my formula?"

As she said this, she reached out without hesitation to grab the urn wrapped in black cloth from my hands.

Julia usually looked frail. But at this moment, she pulled at my things with surprising strength.

I wasn't paying attention. The urn slipped from my hands and she yanked it away.

By the time I realized what was happening, the urn had already hit the ground hard.

The ashes scattered all over the ground.

The pale light reflecting from them stung my eyes.

My mind exploded in that moment. A surge of anger burned fiercely in my chest.

"I thought it was my formula. Turns out it's just a box of worthless powder..."

Julia mumbled in disgust.

Smack!

Before she could finish, I slapped her hard across the face.

"You dare hit me?"

Julia covered her face, looking at me in disbelief.

“I’ll do more than hit you! I’ll kill you!”

I charged at Julia like a madwoman.

My dad died because of a game between her and Ian.

Now Julia had shattered my dad’s urn.

I couldn’t stand it.

“Stop her!”

Ian ordered from behind.

Two bodyguards immediately stepped forward, grabbing me tightly on both sides.

I couldn’t move an inch.

Julia clutched her face and shrank into Ian’s arms. “Ian, I’m in so much pain…”

After saying that, Julia suddenly began gasping for air, as if she had been triggered.

“Julia, don’t worry. Breathe slowly. Stay calm,” Ian said, trying to soothe her.

Ian hurried to comfort Julia, his eyes full of worry and concern.

Julia glanced at me secretly. Then she said softly to Ian, “Ian, I just wanted to get my formula back. Is that wrong? I know you’ve always loved Daisy, but you can’t spoil her like this. She’s going too far.”

As she spoke, she nearly started crying.

Ian, feeling heartbroken, gently comforted her, “Julia, don’t worry. I will make sure to give you a proper explanation.”

After speaking, Ian walked up to me. He stared at me with a piercing gaze and said coldly, “Daisy, it seems I’ve been too lenient with you. That’s why you’re acting so recklessly. You actually hit Julia over a box of worthless powder.”

“Apologize to her immediately.”