

Ashes In The Mouth Of Grief Chapter 4

“Dream on!”

I glared at Julia with hatred. I wanted to tear apart the woman who had scattered my dad’s ashes.

“Still being stubborn? Then I’ll teach you a lesson!”

After speaking, Ian grabbed a handful of my dad’s ashes from the ground.

He gripped my face with one hand and forcefully shoved the ashes into my mouth with the other.

I panicked instantly.

I wanted to fight back, but the two bodyguards were too strong. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn’t break free.

I wanted to speak, but the overwhelming feeling of blockage and choking in my mouth prevented me from making any sound. I could only keep spitting out the ashes.

Seeing my face twisted in pain and constantly retching, Ian finally showed a hint of reluctance.

He stopped and motioned for the bodyguards to release me.

I collapsed to the ground, powerless. I stared at the ashes scattered everywhere.

Tears streamed down uncontrollably.

Watching my dad die in front of me was a pain that would never leave my heart.

And now, seeing his ashes desecrated like this, enormous guilt and sorrow surged through my heart.

I felt like I was falling apart.

I knelt on the ground, gathering my dad’s ashes while sobbing uncontrollably. “I’m sorry, I’m so sorry...”

Julia stood to the side, looking at me with disdain. She sneered. “Daisy, how fake can you be? Crying over a pile of flour like it’s some tragic scene. If you want to cover up for your dad, there’s no need for these cheap tricks.”

My ears were ringing. I couldn't focus on anything else. I just kept gathering the ashes from the ground and putting them back in the urn.

"Daisy, have you had enough of this? Crying over a bunch of flour, don't you find it disgusting?"

Ian looked down at me. He was utterly speechless, and said, "Instead of putting on this crazy act, why don't you just hurry up and get your dad to hand over Julia's things?"

I glared at Ian with red, tear-filled eyes. I cursed him with hatred, "Ian, you're nothing but a beast!"

"Ian, you used to say that Daisy and her dad treated you well. But I think it's all fake. Look at them, one secretly doing shady things behind your back, the other- cursing you out in public. Neither of them is any good!"

Hearing this, a flash of anger appeared on Ian's cold face.

He stepped forward and stomped on my dad's ashes. In a cold voice, he said, "Daisy, I always thought your dad was honest and kind. For so many years, I treated him like my own father, always looking out for him and doing whatever he needed."

"And what about him? Instead of being a good person, he chose to become a thief and break the law!"

"This isn't just a disgrace to me, it's trampling on my sincerity!"

"Since you're playing dumb and won't hand him over, I'll find him in my own way!"

Saying this, he took out his phone and ordered coldly, "James, find Daisy's father at all costs and bring him here."

On the other end of the line, James hesitated before stammering, "Mr. Powell, didn't you know? Miss Bryant's father has already passed away."

Ian's expression froze. In disbelief, he asked, "Wha... What? Say that again?"

"Miss Bryant's father passed away a week ago. He died on the way to buy you a mango cake."

"Today, Miss Bryant had already arranged the burial site. She was preparing to bury her father's ashes."