

Chapter 3 Wendy, the Girlfriend

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Dad stared down at his bloody hands. Finally, he snapped out of his rage and frantically got Alex to the hospital.

The wound on Alex's head needed a few dozen stitches.

With the police's help, the cardroom staff were able to get a few hundred thousand in compensation out of Dad and Alex. It was only then that the incident was done.

Dad wanted to weasel his way out of paying, but the police warned him to pay up or go to jail. Hence, he caved in.

After Dad reluctantly paid the cardroom staff, he went back to lecturing and reprimanding Alex.

"Look at what you've done! We finally get some breathing room, and now you've gambled it all away!"

"Who told you I went gambling?" Alex angrily retorted.

"If you weren't gambling, were you working at the cardroom?" Dad scoffed.

"I... I only took the day off to spend time with my girlfriend!"

Dad could not be bothered to listen to Alex.

"I don't care what you were doing there. Anyway, you'll find a job as soon as you're better!"

"If I find you there again, you're dead meat!"

As Alex was in the wrong, he did not continue to argue back.

Only I knew that he was not lying.

It was true he did not have a job, but he was only at the cardroom because his girlfriend was meeting up with her friends to play a few games. He was there to spend time with her.

I bumped into him doing that by chance in my last life.

After Alex was discharged from the hospital, he was able to hide at home to recover from his wound without anyone saying anything.

One night, I brought him a plate of cut fruit and asked the question in my mind.

"I haven't seen your girlfriend before. Why don't you invite her over for a meal this weekend? I just so happen to have a gift for her."

'I've actually been seeing Dad chatting to a girl for the past few days whose profile picture looks exactly like Alex's girlfriend's.'

'Also, I think Dad was at the cardroom to cause a scene because he knew Alex was on a date.'

'I have to help Alex check if Dad actually has any improper motives.'

Alex's face went stiff as he let out a soft curse.

"That shameless old coot!"

I pretended to be frightened. "What's with you?"

"Wait. I didn't say that out loud, right?"

That made Alex believe even more in what I was thinking.

"Nothing. I'll ask her," he coldly stated.

That weekend, Alex's girlfriend came over for dinner.

Not long after she walked in, Dad rushed over to greet her.

"Wendy, you've come a long way. Are you tired?"

"You're so beautiful. My son is so lucky to have you as his girlfriend!"

He asked about her family, her health, and everything. It was like he was throwing himself at her.

The longer Alex watched his behavior, the angrier Alex got. He dragged Wendy over to his side so that she was far away from Dad.

"Can't you just speak in a nice and civil manner? Why are you getting so close to her?"

Dad unhappily clicked his tongue.

"She looks like a good kid, so I want to be friendly. What's wrong with that? Who cares if we sit close together? We'll be family anyway!"

He stood up and moved to sit beside Wendy in a self-righteous manner.

Alex could hold his rage in no more and immediately flipped the table on its side before swinging a fist at Dad.

"I'm going to kill you, you shameless old coot!"

"Are you mad? How dare you attack your dad!"

Dad was staring in shock as blood dripped from the corner of his mouth.

"What about it, you beast?" Alex scoffed and sent another punch flying at Dad.

"You ungrateful brat! You must have a death wish!"

Dad flew into a fit of rage as well and started punching back.

The two men were soon wrestling in the middle of the living room, punching and being punched.

Alex was a lanky and smaller man, so he could not win against Dad.

After the second time he fell to the ground, he grabbed the fruit knife from the floor and aimed it at Dad.