

MASTER'S UNTAMED WIFE

Chapter 3 - An Untamed Passion

Love is all-consuming...

It's an amalgam of joy and sorrow. It holds the power to damage you or mend you which is equally frightening and yet tantalizing. It's addictive even if it burns your soul.

Love is like an untamed passion.

It's like a hushed but devastating hurricane. And yet you're inclined to bear the typhoon that it brews in your heart; repeating the cycle with the same words... Just one more chance... Just one more breath... Just one last time...

Love for Shui Xian was just futile and incurable longing. He had seen many forms of love around him from ridiculous love to heartwarming ones. From inconvenient love to selfish love. From can't-live-without-you love to consuming love. However, his love was still defined as endless torture of hate and love intertwined together.

He drove back to his office with a myriad of thoughts running through his mind. He had gone out to relax but came back exhausted. He felt exhausted of this love that had lived in his heart for years and he equally felt exhausted of the hate that shaped him into who he was today. It was ironic how he couldn't let go of this love or this hate. But it was very painful as well.

Knock! Knock!

Shui Xian lifted his eyes as a knock was heard and soon after, the door was pushed open, and in walked his father whom he hadn't seen in over a week now. He respectfully stood up and came around to greet his father.

"Bà,[1]" he called out softly. "What brings you to the company at this hour?"

His father, Shui Koshing had a complex gaze directed towards his son before replying, "My son hasn't been coming home for days. I thought I should pay him a visit myself."

As Shui Xian sat down with his father in the sitting space, he showed an apologetic expression before saying, "Sorry! I had been busy with work."

Shui Koshing hummed in understanding. How could he not know why his son hadn't been coming home? He knew very well how his son was trying to work himself to death.

"Did you have dinner?" Before Shui Xian could make an excuse, he went on, "I knew it." He waved his hand and someone brought the dinner he had personally brought from home to eat with his son. "I know you have a habit of forgetting to eat. So, I asked the kitchen staff to cook everything according to your liking and personally brought it here."

Shui Xian looked at the table full of a piping hot meal and the coldness on his face thawed a little. He would only show this softened expression to his family members. "You didn't have to."

Shui Koshing shook his head and personally served the meal to his son saying, "If I don't do this, how else would I get to enjoy a meal with my only son?"

Shui Xian couldn't refute those words so he chose to silently eat the food before him. He hadn't eaten a homecooked meal in days.

Seeing his son eat with gusto, Shui Koshing's eyes showed a gentleness. He still couldn't believe the change he had seen his son over the years. Once, his son was like a warm and lively person. Even though he grew up in an affluent family, he had always been a humble person. But he was arrogant when it came to his love. And he was also impulsive for that love.

It was a pity that that love eventually trampled on his arrogance. That love asked him for great sacrifices which he didn't hesitate from and yet he got nothing in return except for a harsh slap of reality. He and everyone around him had to pay a hefty price for his love. At that time, he didn't want to inherit his family business but when everything was about to slip away from their hands, he finally chose to shed his youthful naivety and vowed to become the perfect heir.

He put all his time and energy into his career and became the strong and powerful person that he was today. But Shui Koshing had seen how he had treated himself the harshest in the previous years as if he was punishing himself for everything his family had to face because of his love.

Shui Koshing's heart hurt seeing his son like this.

"Bà, why are you looking at me like this?" asked Shui Xian when he noticed how his father's food was untouched. "Aren't you hungry?"

Shui Koshing nodded his head and took a bite before saying, "You know, you don't have to work so hard anymore."

Shui Xian pressed his thin lips, "I don't think I have anything else to do." He gave a bitter smile to his father and continued to eat. How could he not see his father's worries? It was very clear to him. Even though he possessed everything now, his heart still felt the bitterness and unwillingness to accept which welled up in dark and lonely nights.

Shui Koshing took a moment to contemplate, "What do you think about getting married?"

"Again?" retorted Shui Xian in surprise. "As if I have any good memories from the first time."

"So what are you planning? Are you gonna spend the rest of your life alone?"

Shui Xian stayed silent in reply.

"I've never questioned your decisions and I have never tried to force you into anything. I just always wanted to see you happy. And even now, I only want to see you happy."

Shui Xian felt complicated listening to his father's words. He knew he had lived his life willfully. He always did everything that he felt was right. In the process, he hurt and disappointed his parents, plenty of times. Even now when he thought he was working hard for the honor of his family, he was just lying to himself. He was just trying to atone for his sins by burying himself in work like this.

Listening to his father, he realized one thing...

"If you have someone you like and you want me to marry her, let me know."

Shui Koshing was startled. "Are you serious?"

Shui Xian nodded his head, "Yes. I'm very serious."

'Bà': It means 'Dad' in Chinese