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Chapter 5 Yearning for a mother

The Rolls Royce pulled over in front of a luxurious villa several minutes later. The boy jumped out of the car before the driver could get out and open the door for him. He stomped into the house, his face glum.

"Master Johnson, watch your steps," the driver cautioned as he pulled out the school bag and the cake box. "You may fall."

Johnson hurried in without bothering about his words. He saw his father's fiancée, Amber, in the hall. His face turned even darker as he muttered in his mind, 'Bad witch.'

"Hey, little wonder." Amber approached him, donning a sweet smile on her face. "You are back from school. Come and sit with me for a while." She stretched her arms wide.

Johnson gave her a sidelong gaze and walked up to his room.

"Oh..." Amber turned around and stared at his back, mouth agape. "What is the matter with him?"

She saw the driver coming in. "Why is he so upset?" she asked. "Does anything happen in the school? Do I need to contact his teacher?"

"I have no idea why his mood has suddenly changed." The driver shrugged. "When he got out of school, he was happy and wanted chocolate cake. So, I went to the bakery to get him a cake. He was fine until that point. When I returned with the cake, he was glum. I'm not sure what happened during that time."

"Hmm..." Amber nodded. "Maybe he is tired. Kelvin..."

The middle-aged butler of the house rushed over to her and said, "Yes, Madam."

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"Take the cake and give Johnson a piece of it. Check with him if he needs anything." She strode out to the backyard after giving the order.

Kelvin took the cake box and walked into the kitchen while the driver went out after dropping the school bag on the sofa.

Johnson locked himself in his room and sank into the bed, his face gloomy. He couldn't get the image of that boy eating pastry with his mother out of his head. He had no idea what it was like to feel motherly love. He always craved his mother. His longing for his mother became stronger after witnessing that boy having fun with his mother.

His father had brought a witch and told him to consider her as his mother. But he didn't like her.

Although she smiled and talked to him nicely in front of everyone, she showed her demonic appearance when no one was around.

Amber would often pinch him, pull his cheeks and hair, and twist his ear. She even threatened to throw him in front of a running car if he complained about her to his father.

Amber was nothing like a mother. She was a vile woman.

"I want Mommy," Johnson murmured. "A sweet Mommy like that boy has."

Knock-Knock...

"Master Johnson... Open the door please," Kelvin urged. "I have brought you some cake."

Johnson didn't reply to him. He lay down and hid his face on the pillow.

"The cake looks so yummy," Kelvin continued. "Mm... My mouth is watering. I can't wait to taste it. Come out quickly. Otherwise, I will finish it all."

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Knock-Knock...

"Master... Are you okay?"

"..."

Kelvin panicked when he didn't hear from him.

Bang-Bang-Bang...

He pounded on the door. "Johnson, my dear. Please open the door. You are scaring me."

"Go away," Johnson yelled at the top of his lungs. "I don't want the cake. Throw it away."

"What?"

"Get... Out..."

"Okay, okay. I am leaving. Don't get mad." Kelvin sighed in dismay as he walked away.

Later that day...

It was half-past eight in the afternoon. A tall man in a black suit walked into the villa, his dark green eyes were cold and indifferent.

"Sean, you are back." Amber grinned and walked up to him. She threw her arms around his neck. "I miss you."

Sean wrapped his arms around her and asked, "Where is Johnson?" His gaze wandered into the hall.

"He is in his room," Amber said dejectedly.

Her sullen expression made him frown. "Is he okay?" he asked, worried.

"He has been in a bad mood since he got home from school," Amber responded. "We tried so hard to talk to him, but he is not saying anything to us. He didn't eat well either."

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"Let me go check him out." Sean walked past her.

"Hold on..." Amber held his wrist and stopped.

"You should eat first. It is getting late. Besides, Johnson is sleeping. You can check on him later." She gave him a sweet smile.

After some thought, Sean agreed with her. "Wait for me." He went into his room to freshen up.

"Kelvin, serve the food," she ordered.

Sean came out wearing black loungewear. He found Amber waiting for him at the dining table. He sat in his chair.

They started eating. Amber told him about her activities for the day. However, Sean didn't say a word. He occasionally nodded.

They finished their meal quickly. Sean went to check on Johnson while Amber headed to her room.

He found Johnson sleeping with a drawing book across his chest. He sat down beside him and slowly pulled the book out of his grip.

Johnson sketched a woman and wrote the word 'Mommy' beside it.

Sean let out a heavy sigh, looking at the sketch. His eyes dimmed with sorrow. A pang of guilt struck his heart. To fulfill his wish for a mother, he took Amber home. But Johnson never called her mother. His rejection prevented him from marrying Amber.

"Huh..." He let out another deep sigh as he set the book aside.

"Mommy..."

In the meantime, he heard Johnson murmur in his sleep. His heart dropped to his stomach.

"Sweetheart." He leaned towards him and kissed his brow. "I am right here with you." He ran his fingers through his soft black hair. "Daddy will always be with you. Sleep."

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Sean came out after making sure Johnson was in a deep sleep. As he proceeded to his room, he found Amber standing at the threshold with her hand against the door frame, putting on a flimsy beige nightdress.

The dress was so thin that it didn't seem like she had put on anything. Her red bra and panties were visible. The hem fell to her upper thighs, revealing her long, slender legs.

Amber looked like a sex goddess in that dress. Her seductive smile added to her allure. Any man would go insane seeing her like this. But Sean was not in the mood for sex with her.

As he stared at her, two vertical lines formed between his eyebrows. "Go to sleep. I still have work to do."

He walked past the room and towards the study.

"Sean... Don't be so rude." Amber held his hand, her smile disappearing.

"Be good. Go and sleep. We will talk tomorrow." He pulled his hand back and went into the study.

Amber's mouth twisted in annoyance. "You can't humiliate me in this way," she muttered fiercely, her hands curling into fists. "I will do everything in my power to get you under my control."