

## **Ashes In The Mouth Of Grief Chapter 2**

I met Ian because of my dad.

My mom passed away early, and my dad raised me alone.

So my relationship with my dad was very close.

At that time, Ian was still in college. He took his dad's car without permission and drove without a license, hitting my dad.

Ian hurriedly got out of the car and nervously checked on my dad.

He kept apologizing to my dad, begging him not to call the police, saying he would pay whatever it took.

My dad, enduring the pain, got up and looked at Ian's guilty and frightened face.

He couldn't bear to be harsh.

So, he waved his hand. He didn't call the police, didn't ask for compensation, and just went home.

That day, when I saw my dad covered in injuries, I felt both heartache and anger.

I hated the person who caused it.

The next day, Ian came to my house with lots of gifts to visit my dad.

My dad was comforted. But I didn't give him a warm welcome, and even targeted him everywhere.

Ian didn't mind my attitude. He put down his rich boy airs.

He served water at my house, taking care of my dad attentively.

He said, "Your dad is the most honest and kind person I've ever met."

"Such a person deserves to be treated well.

Since then, he came over almost every day.

He always brought various nutritional supplements and exquisite, expensive gifts.

Some were for my dad, and some were for me.

He got along better and better with my dad.

The two of them could talk and laugh together for the entire day, as close as father and son.

The neighbors were all envious of my dad, saying he had found an excellent and filial son-in-law.

Every time he heard this, Ian just smiled without denying it.

As for me, I continued to target him as usual.

Until one time, when I came home and suddenly saw my dad collapsed on the ground.

No matter how much I called out, he didn't respond.

Watching my dad's face grow paler and paler, I was at a loss, my mind went blank.

Just when I was most helpless and desperate, Ian appeared.

Without a word, he picked up my dad and put him in his car.

Then he pulled me along and rushed to the hospital.

The entire way, Ian never let up on the gas pedal.

Looking at Ian's anxious profile, I suddenly felt like he was glowing.

He seemed to shine brightly, dazzlingly.

He sped all the way, getting my dad to the emergency room as fast as possible.

The doctor said my dad's condition was extremely critical, and if we had been just a few minutes later.

He wouldn't have made it

I collapsed on the bench in the hallway, trembling with fear.

At that moment, Ian walked up to me and looked at me seriously.

"Be my girlfriend. From now on, your dad will be my dad. I'll take care of him with you."

A simple sentence, but it hit me straight in the heart.

My uneasy heart immediately calmed down.

The pure and genuine emotion in his eyes deeply moved me.

I almost couldn't help but say, "Okay."

At that moment, we looked at each other and smiled. Our gazes were firm, as if we had already made a lifelong commitment.

When my dad found out we were together, he smiled so widely that he almost couldn't close his mouth. This was the first time I saw him smile like that since he passed away.

He always told me I was lucky to have met such a good man like Ian.

For a time, I thought so too.

To me, Ian was not just a lover or family. He was a treasure, a delightful surprise.

After marriage, I always put him first. I valued his happiness and sorrow more than my own.

Back then, he doted on me.

He was also very considerate and caring toward my dad.

We were deeply in love, and our days were incredibly happy.

But this happiness ended when Julia returned from abroad.

She was Ian's childhood friend and an irreplaceable presence in his heart.

Ian's gentle gaze shifted from me to Julia.

"Julia just got back from abroad. She needs my help in many ways, so I won't be home for the next few days."

"Julia caught a cold. I'm taking her some medicine, so celebrate your birthday on your own."

"Julia's health isn't good. She can't do without me, so please be more understanding..."

No matter the time or place, Ian would drop everything and rush to Julia's side whenever she called.

If I asked even one more question, I was being unreasonable.

Because of this, I couldn't sleep at night. I was often filled with sorrow.

To avoid making my dad sad and prevent my family from falling apart, I endured it time and time again because of the love I couldn't let go of in my heart for Ian.

I thought that as long as I quietly maintained this relationship, my family could remain peaceful and stable like before.

But I was wrong.

My tolerance only led to Ian treating me with more blatant disregard.

This time, it directly led to my dad losing his life because of a game between him and Julia.

I was filled with grief and despair.

As my dad was cremated, my love for Ian also turned to ashes.