

Ashes In The Mouth Of Grief Chapter 5

Hearing this, Ian's face instantly turned deathly pale.

"Why didn't you tell me this earlier?"

Ian asked in a trembling voice.

It was as if he was searching for an excuse for the horror and guilt inside him.

On the other end of the line, James said with some surprise, "I thought you already knew. Wasn't Miss Bryant's father always like a father to you? I..."

Before James could finish speaking, Ian hurriedly hung up the phone. He was unable to listen any longer.

Yes, everyone knew that Ian and my dad were as close as father and son.

Who would have thought that someone so close would not even know about my dad's death?

Ian put down his phone and looked at me as if all the strength had drained from him.

The next second, it was as if he finally realized something. He stepped back in panic and asked in a trembling voice, "Daisy, is this... are these Dad's ashes?"

My eyes were red as I retorted, "What do you think?"

Ian was rendered speechless by my response.

He seemed to remember the image of himself just moments ago, shoving my dad's ashes into my mouth.

His face suddenly filled with panic and fear.

"I'm sorry. I... I didn't know. I'll help you," he said as he knelt down. His hands trembled as he reached out to help me collect the ashes.

"Get away! Don't touch my dad!"

I slapped Ian's hand away with force and glared at him fiercely. "Ian, killing my dad wasn't enough for you. You had to slander him and desecrate his ashes too?"

"Are you even human?"

"I... I didn't know," Ian said, shaking his head in guilt, his expression filled with pain.

Then, he suddenly looked at me with confusion and asked, "How did Dad die?"

"How did he die?"

I stared at him with burning anger and said, "He died in a car accident while buying you a mango cake!"

Ian was completely dumbfounded after hearing this.

His eyes were lifeless, his face pale. "How could this happen? Why did it turn out like this..."

"Why? Because he treated you like his own son and loved you that much!"

"That day, the rain was pouring so heavily. The roads were flooded. But just because you said you wanted a mango cake, he didn't hesitate to go out in the rain to get it for you."

"Do you know that when he was hit by the car, he was still holding the mango cake tightly in his arms? But the accident was too severe. His body was heavily impacted, and the cake was crushed."

"Before he died, the last thing my dad said to me was blaming himself for being useless, for not protecting the cake you wanted to eat..."

"Ian, what did you do to deserve my dad's love like this?"

Tears streamed down my face as I vented my emotions.

Just thinking about how my dad blamed himself before he died made my heart ache.

"For you, he gave everything, even his own life."

"But what about you? How did you treat him?"

"You killed him over a game. For Julia, you made a big scene. You came here to confront him, slandered him without knowing the truth, and desecrated his ashes!"

"Ian, do you think you've treated my dad fairly?!"

I seemed to lose all reason as I furiously berated Ian.

The deep love I once had for Ian had now turned into endless resentment.

Ian was at a loss for words under my scolding. He looked like a child who had done something wrong, filled with pain and helplessness.

"I'm sorry. I... I didn't know it would turn out this way. It was just a game. I never thought it would hurt Dad."

I looked at him through my tears and said in disappointment, "You never thought it would hurt him?"

"Ian, can you say that without your conscience hurting? Just because Julia lost a game, you made my dad take her punishment. You sent him out in a storm like a fool to buy something you wouldn't even touch. Just this one act hurt my dad!"

"You only acted so recklessly because you knew my dad loved you unconditionally. You knew he would always forgive and indulge you, so you took advantage of him without any restraint."

"You just said that my dad was disgracing you and trampling on your sincerity."

"Tell me, where is your sincerity?"

"What did you do besides playing games with him? After my dad died, I was the one who handled everything. For three whole days, you ignored me, ignored my dad, and ignored this home. You didn't say a word, just kept indulging Julia."

"When you got tired of playing outside, you finally remembered you had a home. You came back as if nothing had happened. Even when you asked about my dad, you had a careless attitude, thinking you could calm him down with just a few words."

"The one whose sincerity was trampled on was my dad, not you!"

"Ian, you're a complete bastard. You never deserved his kindness!"

As I recalled Ian's actions over the past few days, my pain and hatred grew stronger.

Why?

Why did someone as good as my dad have to lose his life because of someone like Ian?!