

Ashes In The Mouth Of Grief Chapter 7

In the days that followed, I stayed in my dad's old house.

Though I lived alone, I always felt a pair of eyes secretly watching me.

From the street corner, from the alley, from behind me.

In countless unguarded moments, I could feel that burning gaze.

Sometimes when I turned around, I would catch a glimpse of Ian's figure hastily avoiding me.

I knew that although he didn't disturb me anymore, Ian had never truly left me.

I didn't expose him.

To me, he was no different from a stranger.

Not a word more should be spoken.

I thought life would continue peacefully like this.

But one day, a figure appeared at the gate of my old house.

It was Julia.

I had just come back from grocery shopping when I saw Julia standing at my door like a guardian statue.

"What are you doing here?"

My face darkened as I looked at her warily

"What am I doing? Of course, I'm waiting for you!"

She walked towards me quickly, her face filled with madness. "Daisy, it's all because of you that Ian doesn't care about me anymore."

"I was so close to being with him, so close to becoming the rich wife everyone envied. Why did you have to ruin it for me?"

"Why couldn't your dad have died sooner or later? Why did he have to die at that exact time?"

The more Julia spoke, the more agitated she became. Her features twisted with rage.

I frowned and said in a deep voice, "So, you approached Ian just for his money?"

Your so-called surveillance video and what you claimed to have seen with your own eyes were all just a setup to drive a wedge between me and Ian?"

Julia answered without hesitation, "That's right. I had a miserable life abroad. I thought that when I came back, Ian would definitely be with me."

"But no matter how much I hinted or suggested it, he kept rejecting me. I saw how close he was to your dad and thought he was staying with you because he couldn't bear to leave your dad. That's why I went to such lengths to set this trap, trying to turn him against your dad."

"I never expected your dad to die so soon!"

"It ruined my plan, and Ian completely ignored me afterward."

"It's all your fault, you and your dad! I'm going to kill you!"

As she spoke, Julia pulled out a knife and viciously lunged at my chest.

This stab was aimed at my life!

Before I could react, Ian suddenly rushed out and quickly stood in front of me, using his body to block the knife Julia had aimed at me.

Julia widened her eyes. Extreme shock appeared in her eyes.

Ian furrowed his brows tightly. He kicked Julia hard.

Julia collapsed to the ground.

Ian's body also weakened instantly.

I held him. I covered his bleeding wound with my hand.

"Why did you do that? She was a sickly person. You could have easily subdued her," I said.

Ian's mouth bled. He gave a weak smile. "This was my sin. I deserved to be punished. Only then could my heart be at peace," he said.

I looked at him with a complicated expression. I did not know what to say for a moment.

Ian looked at me. He choked up as he spoke, "Daisy, you were right. I really was a bastard. I hated myself. I married you and Dad because I loved you both. I intended to

protect you from harm. But I didn't realize that the storms you faced were all brought by me."

"I'm sorry. I hurt you. I caused Dad's death," he said.

"I wanted to make it up to you. But I found that I could do nothing. I could only watch you from afar like a thief," he said.

"Every time I saw you staring blankly and crying alone, my heart ached so much," he said.

"I truly wished that it was me who died, not Dad," he said.

"You should hate me. You have every right not to forgive me," he said.

Ian said these words with difficulty. Blood kept seeping from his mouth. Tears of regret flowed from his eyes.

His weakened body started to turn cold slowly.

I looked at him and spoke softly, "Don't talk anymore. Wait for the ambulance."

"No," he said.

Ian shook his head. He continued speaking weakly, "If I don't say some things now, I fear I'll never get the chance again."

"Daisy, I really missed the old days," he said.

"Back then, I always came here. I would chat with Dad while secretly watching you," he said.

"Every day when I woke up, I just wanted to come here to take care of Mom and see you," he said.

"I felt that with you all by my side, my life was complete," he said.

"It was all my fault. I destroyed our family with my own hands. I caused Mom's death. I made you so sad," he said.

"Now, I need to go apologize to Dad," he said.

"Daisy, from now on, you need to take care of yourself," he said.

"I'm sorry. I hope my departure will bring you some peace," he said.

After saying this, Ian closed his eyes with tears.

His breathing completely stopped.

Ian died.

Julia seemed deeply shocked by this scene.

She shakily got up. She coughed while shouting loudly, "Ian! Ian?!"

After shouting twice, she saw that Ian did not respond.

Julia immediately glared at me with red eyes. "Daisy! It's all your fault! You killed Ian! I'm going to kill you!" she screamed.

As she spoke, she rushed at me like a madwoman.

I let go of Ian. I dodged Julia's attack. Then I slapped her hard, knocking her to the ground.

Julia had always been weak and sickly. After being kicked by Ian, she became even weaker.

After I knocked her to the ground, she was still unwilling to give up. She tried to get up again with a face full of hatred.

I did not give her a chance. I pinned her to the ground and called the police.

Soon, the police arrived and took Julia away.

In the end, Julia was sentenced to death for attempted murder.

Ian, under his family's arrangements, was buried next to my dad's grave.

His family said that Ian had already made his will after I left.

Being buried next to my dad was his only wish.

After Ian passed away, I had a dream.

In the dream, Dad smiled and told me that Ian had come to find him.

He said that he and Ian were happy in another world.

Just like the way it was in the old house.

Finally, my dad earnestly urged me to let go.

He said that only if I lived well, could he truly rest in peace.

I woke up with tears in my eyes.

I stared at the ceiling and quietly said, "Don't worry, Dad. I will live a good life and not let you worry."

Three years later, I met a man who truly loved and cared for me.

I married him and gave birth to a beautiful daughter.

I took my husband and daughter to visit my dad's grave.

That day, I talked to my dad for a long time.

Before leaving, I asked him, "Are you happy?"

On that hot summer day, a cool breeze blew across my dad's grave.

It brushed against my face, cool and comforting.

My daughter, cradled in my arms, let out a giggle.

I thought, "This must be Dad's way of saying he's happy."

As we were leaving, we passed by Ian's grave. My husband paused when he saw the photo on the tombstone.

He looked surprised and said, "This person looks familiar. I think I've seen him somewhere before."

Hearing this, I couldn't help but ask curiously, "Where have you seen him?"

He thought for a moment and then replied seriously, "I remember now. It was about four years ago. My parents both passed away in an accident. I couldn't take the blow and was about to jump off a building."

"He was the one who talked me out of it. He talked to me for a long time."

"He told me that life is never smooth sailing and that there are always hurdles we can't get past. He also said that the hardships we face now are preparing us for a better future."

“He told me to keep living because there would be more beautiful things waiting for me in the future.”

“His words woke me up. I’ve always wanted to thank him. Without him, I wouldn’t have met you.”

At this point, my husband sighed heavily and said, “I never imagined that I would get to see the beautiful future he talked about, but he wouldn’t be here to see it.”

I looked at Ian’s photo on the tombstone and said, “Maybe this was fate’s arrangement.”