

Chapter 8

Third Person’ s POV

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“Mom, This is Panda,” Calvin cheered happily, clapping his hand. Arya controlled herself from laughing loud after hearing Calvin’ s response.

While Sophia was frustrated at Eden so spending so much money. Calvin was more than happy or said he was over the room. He ran toward Eden and hugged her legs.

“Thank you! Thank you! Thank you so much, Aunt Eden.” , He said happily. Eden picked him up and kissed his cheek.

“No matter how much I want to take credit for this, this is your brother’ s choice. He said that you would love this giant Panda.” , Saying this, she put him down, and he ran toward Colton and hugged him.

“Thank you!!”

While Arya was capturing their moment together.

“What is this, Eden?” Sophia asked in a low tone, not spoiling her kid’ s moment.

“Panda.” , She joked and laughed.

“Seriously? Do I need to laugh at that joke?” Sophia asked, crossing her hand around the chest.

“Let it be, Sophia. See how happy Calvin is before this gift!!” Arya commented, and there was no doubt in that.

“You both are going to spoil them.” , She muttered, shaking his head.

Everyone enjoyed the rest of the day with one another. And by finding the appropriate time, Colton told him how Eden helped him at the last moment, but he didn’ t tell him the reason why their dad didn’ t stay with them because he knew that Clavin would spill out everything just like the last night. Yesterday, he had to fall down with the chair just to divert Mom’ s mind, OR they could have got caught yesterday itself.

Also, he kept the card back in its previous place before his mom would have noticed it.

After the birthday party, Sophia changed their clothes and slept in the middle of both of them. Now that their birthday was almost over, she didn’ t have to stay in another room to pack the gifts for the babies or for the preparation of any surprise.

“Calvin, Colton”

“Yes, Mom! Yes, Mom!”

“Do you want to know how does your dad look alike?” ,

“Yes!” , They both cheered happily on the topic of their dad. Sophia thought to start sharing a little bit of information about their father on a daily basis to avoid an incident that happened today.

“You both look just like a mini carbon copy of your dad. Same facial structure, same eyes, same nose, same lips.” , She said, recalling his facial structure. “And Colton, you think just like your dad, and sometimes you also behave like him.”

“Really?” Colton asked with a big smile on his face.

“Yes!”

“So, will dad love me or not?” Calvin asked. “As I’ m not like him.” , he added, pouting.

“Calvin!! Every parent loves each and every child, no matter how different they are. So, throw that question out of your mind and heart, okay?”

“Okay, Mom.” , Calvin nodded. “Please tell us more about dad. Does he keep a beard and mustache or clean shave?”

“Beard and Mustache?” Sophia chuckled. “He hates that and always keeps a clean shave.”

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On the other side, a person with a big mustache and beard lifted the sheet from his body.

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“He keeps short trimmed hair.” , Sophia explained.

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On the other side, that person rolled his long brown hairs, onto his chest, into a bun.

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“Your father is a perfect gentleman! No bad habits. Not a all.” , Sophia told her kids.

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On the other side, that person pours whisky into the glass and drinks it neat. He felt a burning sensation in his throat, but he didn’ t care because it was nothing compared to the pain his soul was going through. Then he looked for the cigarettes, and after finding them, he lighted them with the lighter and inhaled them deeply. And then blew the smoke in the air. He looked for the other bottle of whisky, but all the bottles were empty. He was about to call someone to bring a new bottle for him, but then he remembered that his father had sent all the servants on vacation till 1st January.

He cursed under his breath and tried to stand on his feet, but he was having had time doing that. But somehow, he managed to do that and looked outside. It was night already. Soon, he was going to complete five years from when he had lost his sane mind and hadn’ t given a shit about day or night. All he cared about was drinking, drinking till he lost his sense, and when he woke up again, he again started drinking until he lost his sense again.

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“Your father has a good physique and six abs.”

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On the other side, that person looked at himself in the mirror and saw a person whom he could realize. He had been so lean and thin that if someone hadn’ t given him food for days. All the bones of his body could be counted, and this was the situation of his face. If anyone would make him sit on the roadside with a bowl in his hand, then people would definitely consider him a beggar.

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“Not just that, he is so strong that he can kick anyone’s ass and break their nose.”

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On the other side, that person tripped while he was coming downstairs, and all of a sudden, he started rolling down the stair until his head and nose hit the ground. Soon, blood started oozing his nose and head, but he didn’ t feel anything except numbness!

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“I knew that dad would be strong as Superman.” , Calvin said happily.

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On the other side, that person stayed on the ground like a broken man who had lost everything, and his money couldn’ t buy anything that he wanted. He couldn’ t buy happiness, love, family, children, or anything with it.

“Brandon.” , Logan, his father, shouted and ran toward him. Brandon had lost so much weight that even an older man could lift him. Logan brought him onto the sofa in the living room and ran toward the place where he had kept the first aid box. When he returned holding the first aid box in his hand, Brandon was missing from the place where he had left him.

He didn’ t have to think twice, wondering where the hell did he go!! He walked toward the bar and found Brandon sitting in the bar, holding a whiskey in his hand and trying to open it.

Logan shook his head; he couldn’ t believe that even after having an injury, this man was busy with his whiskey.

“Brandon.” , Logan yelled his name.

“Dadddd !! Open this damn thing for me.” , he said, forwarding the whiskey bottle toward his father. “It is not opening.” , he complained. Logan grabbed the bottle and threw it on the ground. “You broke it.” , he pouted and then smiled at his father. “But I have a lot of bottles.”

“Brandon.” , His father grabbed his arms and pulled him out of the bar area. Brandon was trying his best to fight, but because of weakness, he was not even able to fight with the man who was thirty years older than him. Logan made him sit on the sofa. Brandon tried to stand, but his father pushed him and then glared at Brandon. His father opened the box of the first aid box and dipped the cotton with Antiseptic Disinfectant Liquid. He forwarded his hand to apply it to Brandon’ s forehead, but Brandon held his hand and smiled sadly.

“Let me feel it, dad. I deserve it.”

“You have punished yourself enough, Brandon. Please stop all this now. It is going to be five years now.”

“Five years!” Brandon muttered. “Caroline would have turned seven this year.” , he said, tears rolling down his eyes, recalling her dead body, which was in two parts. Though she was not his child, though he never showed that he cared for her, but only he knew how much he loved her like his own.

His heart used to flutter when she used to speak words in her broken tone.

“It wasn’ t your fault.” , His father tried to explain.

“It was my fault, dad. It was my fault. Neither I would have asked Sophia to leave, nor all those things would have happened. And both Sophia and Caroline would have been alive.” , he said and started crying. “I knew that Caroline’ s death would have broken her completely, but she should have killed herself by jumping from the bridge when she didn’ t know swimming. She didn’ t give me a chance to apologize and left me alone in this world to deal with all the pain and my guilt.”

“Brandon....” , His father too cried, seeing his son in this misery. The greatest pain in the world was to live a life of regret, and Brandon was suffering from the same. That night, he just didn’ t lose Caroline and Sophia, but his son too died. The person crying in front of him was not the Brandon he was.

No one had seen or heard anything about him for the last five years.

Why?

Because Brandon had lived his past five years by drowning himself in Alcohol, it was not that he didn’ t that Logan didn’ t try to stop him. But the sane Brandon was more dangerous; he had lost the count of the number of times he tried to kill himself, either by jumping from the building and breaking his bones, by cutting his wrist and enjoying the pain, or by drinking poison, or by taking a high dose of drugs.

So, to keep him alive, he gave Brandon Alcohol. He knew he was giving Brandon poison by giving him Alcohol, but the only difference was in other options, and this was that in this way, Brandon was dying slowly instead of dying all of a sudden.

The most painful thing for him was that his son was dying either this way or another, and he couldn’ t do anything about it.

“I don’ t have any reason to live, dad. I want to die.” , Brandon cried, hugging the waist of his father. And his father started crying too.

“Please, god. Please end this misery of my son! He has already suffered a lot. It’ s a new year for everyone. Please send a new ray of hope in his life, too.” , Logan prayed in his mind.

“Uncle, You won’ t believe.....” , A man hurriedly walked inside the house and stopped when he said the duo of both father and son, crying and hugging each other. He was Brandon’ s best friend, Bruce, who had been helping Logan in handling the business after Brandon left control over everything, and he was very well aware of things that happened in Brandon’ s life.

Logan didn’ t break the hug and caressed his son’ s hair, “What’ s it, Bruce?”

“Umm...” Bruce was feeling reluctant to speak anything in front of Brandon, and even though Brandon was drunk and was in pain because of his new injury, he could sense that. He broke the hug and wiped his tears before looking at Bruce and arching his one eyebrow.

“Dad is asking you something, Bruce.”

“See, I’ m just going to inform you something, but I’ m not sure about it, so please don’ t start building any hope.” Bruce paused before continuing, “I was going to through Brandon’ s personal email Id an hour before and what caught my attention was that the card that Brandon had given to Sophia was used today.”

“Are you sure that the card which is used is the one that Brandon had given to Sophia?” Brandon’ s father asked.

“Hundred percent, Uncle. That’ s because I had used that card for a few months before Brandon had given it to Sophia. That’ s why I’ m sure that there is no mistake in recognizing the last digit of that card. Someone indeed used that card.”

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#TBC