

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO - Chapter 556

Chapter 556 Depravity

It was then that I realized that my mother's death might not be what it seemed to be. I went to my father and asked him about it, but he denied everything. Fed up with my questions, he told me that my mother succumbed to her illness and was unable to breathe.

Afterwards, Grandpa told me that bronchial asthma was the main cause of my mother's suffocation. But even so, I believed that my father's act of bringing his mistress to our house in public stressed my mother out, which probably caused the stroke.

I thought Grandpa also knew this to be true. Ever since my mom passed away, he became increasingly indifferent towards my father.

I was so disappointed with my dad that I ran away from home in a fit of rage.

I went to Internet cafes with some of my classmates who often skipped school. We would play cards, drink to our hearts' content, and fought with other people. At the time, I didn't want to be a student of good character anymore, and I didn't want to do well in my studies any longer. That whole life made me feel so exhausted.

My scummy excuse of a father, my broken home that had lost the last vestige of its warmth—all of it was making me frustrated. I no longer wanted to be a good boy.

But my father found me at a bar, drunk and unconscious, and dragged me home.

By the time I woke up, I found that I was inside my room and my father was sitting by my bedside.

But he didn't scold me. This was the first time that he sat down and talked to me properly. He told me that he understood that I was really sad that I lost my mother, and he said that from now on, he would quit drugs and fulfill his duties as my father.

He was so sincere that I was compelled to believe him. But a month later, he took his mistress and their child to our house so soon after my mother's death. He told me that the boy was his biological son, and that he had officially named the boy "Lean Sullivan".

I felt like an outsider in this family.

Lean quickly felt right at home in the house and was always making a mess.

One day, I got pissed off by his bad behavior and began quarreling with him in the living room. Unexpectedly, he grabbed a fruit knife on the table and used it to stab me. I thought that he was just trying to scare me off, but I didn't expect he'd actually stab my gut.

During that time, my dad and his mistress were both at home and they were shocked by what they witnessed. My father wanted to take me to the hospital right away, and I could see a trace of worry in his eyes.

However, his concern for me could never heal the wound in my heart. I pushed him away, covered my b****y wound, and ran out.

I decided to look for Grandpa. Truthfully, I didn't want him to see me like this, because I didn't want him to worry about me. But he was the only family I had left in this world that truly loved me. I didn't know who to turn to anymore aside from him.

Grandpa cleansed the wound and applied a fresh set of bandages. Afterwards, he scolded my father.

After that whole fiasco, Grandpa allowed me to live with him. I left the house where I had lived for more than a decade to those animals.

Ever since I moved in with Grandpa, I felt like I finally found a bit of happiness that a boy my age should have.

The very first guitar I owned was bought by my grandfather. Even though he didn't want me to spend much time in music, he still bought it for me.

At that time, I felt as though my view in life was distorted. My father should take up his responsibilities at his age but he was able to live a carefree, easy life instead. It made me rethink how I should live my life. I was still young, so there was no reason I shouldn't live an unrestrained life.

Ever since then, I had changed drastically. I began playing the guitar, kept my hair long, and had fun with my buddies. I was like a madman.

Whenever I was on a long vacation, my dad would pick me up at Grandpa's house and take me home to stay with him for a few days. Perhaps he was doing it because he was unable to bear the pressure of other people's opinions. After all, my mother had passed away. If he didn't care enough about his son, what would others think of him?

I didn't want to go back to that house, but I couldn't be so heartless. After all, he was still my father.

His mistress's name was Belinda, she was good at hiding her true emotions. In front of my father, she would pretend to be a good wife and mother. But her kindness to me was insincere. She also taught Lean to be nicer to me in front of Dad.

Back when my mom was still alive, my father didn't care much about me or what I did. But now, he wanted to interfere with my life. He didn't like the fact that I was playing the guitar now. But the more he objected to it, the more I wanted to do it, so I kept on doing it.

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Chapter 557 My Revenge

At that young, rebellious age, I made a group of friends and did everything that my father thought was inappropriate and shouldn't be done. Infuriating him was my form of revenge.

Later in life, I realized how childish I was. But at the time, I was serious about what I did. I used such childish methods just to get revenge on my own father.

I didn't want to accept his guidance, nor did I wish to walk the path that he arranged for me. I wanted to be my own man. Because every f*****g thing that he did made him lose all the respect I had for him. I believed that his values in life were wrong. To me, his guidance wasn't right, and all the things he thought was wrong wasn't necessarily wrong.

I formed a band with my friends. My cousin, Aaron, became the drummer.

Since he went off to college, he had become very busy. He would even work part-time jobs in his spare time. Not only did he work as a waiter in a coffee shop, but he also took on several tutoring jobs.

I knew that he was working part-time jobs in order to support Eveline. 1

He was a kind and gentle soul, and never flamboyant. As much as possible, he wanted to be low-key. Even though he never said anything, I could tell that he liked Eveline. Otherwise, he wouldn't stubbornly refuse to move away.

I was the last person who had the right to show up in front of Eveline. Thus, I tried my best not to see her, and even tried to see other women. 1

At the time, people viewed me as a playboy. I dated several girls, each with different personalities. But I knew that I had no feelings for any of them.

When I saw Eveline on the basketball court that day, my heart raced and I blushed. For the longest time, I couldn't forget how it felt. Later on, I dated so many girls, but not once did I feel that way again.

In other people's point of view, I was carefree and unrestrained every day. But in reality, I was akin to a bird that had been constantly flying across the air. I was exhausted and I really wanted to find a place to rest my weary bones, but I couldn't find one.

That was when I fell in love with biking. I enjoyed biking to the suburbs with a guitar strapped to my back. I would find a quiet place in the mountains, singing and playing the guitar in solitude.

One day, while I was playing the guitar out in the mountains, I happened to meet Sybil.

I was atop the mountain in late autumn. There were yellow leaves scattered across the ground.

I saw the back of a girl sitting on a boulder, playing a guitar and singing. She had the voice of a nightingale, and she seemed to be singing with her soul.

I didn't know what the angelic-voiced girl looked like. All I could see was her long hair.

After she finished her song, I applauded from behind her. Seemingly startled, she turned around.

It was the first moment I ever saw Sybil's face.

She was undeniably beautiful. Her soulful eyes and long eyelashes overlapped with Eveline's image
in my memory.

And her innocent appearance was a lot like Eveline as well.

She was staring at me, visibly uneasy and nervous. Then, she hurriedly carried her guitar to her
bike, and rode away.

As I watched her run away, I was amused.

I wondered if I had scared her. Perhaps she thought that I looked like a bad gay.

I came to the top of the mountain, intending to stay here quietly for half the day. But for some
reason, I turned around and chased after her.

Moments later, she turned her head and saw that I was following her. Thus, she rode even faster.

It appeared as though she really thought I was a bad person.

We were going downhill and moving faster by the second. I noticed that she was about to lose
control of her bike.

Her bicycle's tires were smaller than mine, so she wasn't able to ride faster than me. So, I decided to
rush past her, so that she wouldn't ride too fast and end up having an accident.

Once I had arrived at a bridge at the foot of the mountain, I stopped, lit up a cigarette, and rested for
a while.

Around five minutes later, Sybil appeared on her bike. When she saw me leaning against the pier and smoking, I had already guessed that she was thinking I was a dangerous man. The moment she saw me, she immediately sped up. I could tell that she was scared I would suddenly block her path.

Unfortunately, before she could even reach the bridge, her bike stopped moving.

I figured out the problem at a glance. The chain of her bike was out of track.

She got off her bicycle to check what had happened, only to find that the chain had fallen. And when she saw it, she didn't know what to do.

It was then that I decided to help her fix the chain. When she saw how dirty my hands were after repairing the chain, she took out some tissues from her bag and handed them to me, all while thanking me for helping her out.

For some reason, at that moment, I suddenly remembered the rainy day when Eveline thanked me.

Just like Sybil, Eveline handed me some tissues, but she couldn't look me in the eye.