

Alpha Simon Rejected Me As His Mate |

Chapter 2 - Happy Death Day!

The sound of a crane slamming metal was all Scarlett could hear as she struggled to open her eyes. She could only make out a hazy image and a continuous metallic sound. Now that she could hear the voices clearer, Scarlett could hear her father joining in on the laughter as they drove to the NBA game.

She remembered yelling that exact phrase, "There is a large bear on the road!" and then everything went blank after she heard her father scream.

In the dimly illuminated room, Scarlett awoke, panting loudly. Her entire body was drenched with sweat. Except for the ticking of the alarm clock, the mansion was quiet. With her hand, she located it and switched it off. Scarlett wanted to stay beneath the covers after her nightmare, but she was afraid that going back to sleep would trigger another bad dream.

She got out of bed and as she sank back into it, she became aware of how frail she was. Her head started hurting, and she could feel the bandages around her head as she put her hand to her head. She was perplexed as to how she got hurt. She wasn't the type to play rough, so how did she end up with a head injury?

Scarlett succeeded in rising to her feet once more and she left her room. To inform her father of the nightmare she was experiencing, she needed to locate him. When she had a complaint, her father would always have a way to make her feel better. Her father is someone she can't live without and if anything happens to him, she won't be able to handle the world without him by her side.

Strangely, she couldn't see anyone as she descended the stairs. Edward would have been drinking his early morning cup of coffee and reading his morning newspaper but there was nobody there. "Daddy." To avoid waking the rest of the family, she whispered her call.

Finally descending the stairs, Scarlett looked around the hallway. "That is strange. Where did Daddy go?" When she couldn't find him anywhere, she suddenly found herself in front of her parents' door.

She opened it slightly and peered through as she observed her mother sobbing in silence. While lying on her pillow, she nagged at the picture she was holding in her hand. "Why did you take Scarlett to the game? Edward, where are you? Please come back to me."

After hearing what October said, Scarlett shook her head. She had her hand over her mouth as she made an effort to hide her eavesdropping from October. She kept shaking her head in disbelief. "No. No. Daddy." She then recalled that her birthday had just passed and that her father and mother had argued solely over her.

After carefully shutting the door, she took a few steps backward, then ran back to her room. Scarlett started to cry as soon as her door was shut behind her. Not because of what she overheard her mother say but rather because she was unable to recall anything after seeing the bear on the road.

The bear!

Now it wasn't all a bad dream. As her father was with her at the time, she heard his screams. She gasped as she swallowed. Hard. Because of her, her father didn't come home!

Scarlett violently struck her head with her hand. "It's all your fault, Scar! It's all your fault!" She screamed, her hands pounding her head. No matter how much it hurt in her head, her heart was hurting more. She began to tremble and feel irrational, biting her fingernails. Then she heard a knock at her door.

She was startled, and her heart started to race as she turned her head in that direction. "Daddy. Is that you?" Quietly, she inquired.

Another knock echoed on the other side of the door, causing Scarlett to jump in panic. The moment her body began to move, she hurried to her bed and clung to the blanket with no intention of letting go.

The door opened and she could see Belly standing in front of it. Scarlett quickly covered her head with the blanket so Belly wouldn't see her disfigured, ugly face. She dislikes it when people witness her crying. They'd think she's frail and Scarlett wanted them to see how strong she could be without her daddy.

"You are awake. Good." Belly walked up and took a position in front of Scarlett. Then she took a seat on Scarlett's bed. Belly had to be the type of

person who could be strong for her sisters because she was the oldest of her siblings. "Scarlett." She made a soft call. She reached for the blanket but Scarlett wouldn't let it go.

Scarlett had to ask while hiding under the blanket. She needed to be aware of what was happening. "What happened to daddy, Belly?" She sniffed and Belly got the impression that Scarlett had found out about what she had come to the room to talk to her about.

"First things first, remove the blanket from your face. This is a serious matter."

"How did I get here?" Scarlett asked. She didn't want to hear what Belly had to say, all she wanted to know was whether her father would be coming back to her.

Belly sniffed while attempting to contain her tears. Even though Scarlett had turned 18, she was still a child and if she doesn't learn to take care of herself without her father nearby, life will be difficult for her. "The cops found you unconscious in the car and brought you home."

Scarlett yanked the blanket away from her face right away. She questioned, "And Daddy?" When Belly turned to face her, she noticed how pale Scarlett was. "What about my daddy?"

"I'm sorry Scarlett, but the cops didn't see him in the car. Although they claimed it was some sort of accident, you weren't seriously hurt. They brought you home and Mom took care of you."

"Belly, that's not the kind of information I need from you." Scarlett yelled and gave Belly a ferocious glare. "Where... is... my... daddy!" This time, she yelled louder and her breathing quickened as she struggled to control it.

Belly shook her head and averted her eyes from Scarlett. She bit her lip hard and closed her eyes. Finally opening her eyes, she said, "They discovered one leg of his shoe, as well as a broken window."

Scarlett then remembered hearing shattered glass and screaming before passing out. "What?" Scarlett gave a weak response. Her hand was on her face. Glass breaking instead of creaking metal was the sound she now remembered.

"They think he ran away, but they don't know why."

Scarlett's eyes grew wide. "No. Daddy didn't run away. Daddy could never run away."

"I know that too but the cops said..."

"Don't listen to what the cop says. Daddy would never abandon me and leave. Belly." Belly was able to sense Scarlett's trembling as she reached for her hands. "Yesterday, I remember a bear being on the road."

Belly became attentive. "A bear?"

Scarlett gave a nod. "Yes. It was big and black. Really huge and..."

"What else?"

"I don't know. I can't remember." She shook her head.

"Scarlett. Try."

"I can't. It is hard." Quickly, she spoke.

"You have to try, Scar."

Scarlett dropped Belly's hands right away. "How does that matter? It's just a bear, Belly."

"It is not—" Belly wanted to say something to Scarlett but the doorbell called their attention away before she could even finish her sentence.

"Daddy." The door caught Scarlett's attention. She jumped out of bed and sprinted for the door. Belly followed behind her.

Scarlett and Belly ran to the front door after descending the stairs and Scarlett smiled as she opened it. However, her smile vanished the moment she noticed two men in place of her father in front of the door.

She felt perplexed.

"Good morning, we are looking for Mrs. O'Hara." A man in a grey suit stood tall next to another man in a black suit.

"And who are you?" Belly asked.

"Detective John." The man said.

Detective? Scarlett was bewildered.

Belly noticed footsteps coming and whipped her head around. "Mom. They are here for you. The detectives."

"Detectives?" October asked as she approached the door and saw two men standing.

"Mrs. O'Hara?" Detective John called.

"Yes. That is me. Why are you here? It's still early."

"It is concerning your husband."

Scarlett looked at Detective John as Belly and October exchanged glances. "My daddy?" She asked.

Detective John gave a nod. "Can we come inside?" He asked.

October made a fake smile. "Yes, please." She led them inside, and behind the detectives were more men dressed in masks and gloves over their black overalls. They were standing outside. "What's going on here?" October asked.

"Bring it in." The men were instructed by Detective John to bring the items they found into the house.

Four people entered carrying a large, black bag that appeared to be heavy as they sat it down.

"What is this?" Scarlett asked as she walked up to the bag.

"Mrs. O'Hara. We discovered this man in the woods while conducting our investigation. His face wasn't totally destroyed, so we were able to identify him." After pausing, he continued. "I'm sorry to inform you, but your husband is dead."