

Alpha Simon Rejected Me As His Mate |

Chapter 5 - Funeral!

On a Sunday afternoon, Scarlett was standing in front of a large group of mourners who had gathered in front of a coffin. They were holding umbrellas over their heads to protect themselves from the still-pouring rain.

As she stood next to October, she struggled to hold back tears in the hope that it was all just a bad dream and that her father wasn't already gone. Her auburn hair had recently been dyed black and was pulled back into a ponytail, and she was dressed in a long, black gown.

"Go on, Scarlett. Put the flowers on the casket," said October. As her mother's hand slipped from her shoulder, she walked over to her father's coffin to place the flower on it. "Say something to him so he can hear it," her mom added.

Scarlett wasn't the kind of girl to hold those beliefs. She was the kind of girl who was knowledgeable about things that other people weren't. At two years old, she was already aware that the tooth fairy was a myth made up to make kids happy. She didn't go through financial hardship as a child because she was born wealthy and her parents were both financially okay.

She was not the stereotypical rich girl you might expect—often portrayed as a spoiled brat in books or movies. She was the complete opposite of that. She was tall, has a body fit for a model, excelled in school, and has made a lot of friends. She was accepted for who she was, but right now she was standing in front of the coffin of her best friend. Scarlett still doesn't believe that he's gone for good.

When she learned that her father's heart had been removed, it was difficult for her to even approach him after the detective dropped off his body at their home. She knew her mother and Belly were keeping something from her, and she had also suspected them when they went to a corner to talk.

The detective had also informed her that the results of the requested autopsy would be available in a few weeks, and Scarlett was glad that she would soon be able to discover the true cause of her father's death.

For the first time, Scarlett ran to her room and stayed there all day long by herself, not even wanting to eat or talk to anyone. She kept berating herself

for losing track of what had transpired in the car prior to her passing out. She might have been able to understand what was really going on if she had been awake. She could have found out what happened to her father if she had been a little more conscious.

Perhaps this wouldn't have happened to her and her father would still be here with her if they hadn't gone to the game.

"It's all your fault, Scarlett. You caused this!" She beat herself up and repeatedly banged her head against the edge of her bed, and as she sobbed helplessly on her bed, her chest was in excruciating pain.

Two days later, Scarlett received instructions to prepare for the funeral and to wear the gown her mother had purchased. Just as the programme was about to start, she finally left her room and arrived at the location. At that point, it began to rain.

After seeing her younger sister lay flowers on the coffin, Scarlett walked back to her mother's side.

"I will miss him." said Isabella.

Scarlett nodded, still fighting the urge to cry in front of the entire gathering. She knew that after the funeral, she would cry herself to sleep in her room for the entire following week. Her best friend would not be coming back to her. He won't be coming back from trips with a big box of presents for her anymore. Sincerely, she will miss him.

She rested her head on Isabella's shoulder. With a sigh, she exhaled. "I too will miss him."

Scarlett watched her mother leave after the service to talk to those who had taken their time to attend. She walked over to the car with the intention of having some alone time or returning to the mansion to lock herself in her room.

"Scarlett, wait!" Belly yelled.

Turning around, Scarlett noticed Belly rushing over to her while holding her long dress. "Mom is with Grandpa if you're looking for her. They probably would still be babbling nonsense to her." Scarlett said.

Isabella came up to her and halted. "They don't get along. We all know that her relationship with Dad's family was sour and now they will blame her for his passing." Belly shut her umbrella, allowing a thin mist to fall on her head. "There is less rain now. Are you alright?" Isabella was worried. Scarlett hasn't really talked to her family since they brought their father's body home; she's been grieving.

She gave a nod. "Everything is fine with me. Why?"

"You did not cry. I was expecting you to cry. You were dad's favourite, and since you two got along so well, I didn't get that chance with him. However, I wish I had."

"Belly, I'm good." Scarlett made every effort to control the trembling in her voice. She does not have to sob in public. If she did, they would think she was weak. It will be better if she is left alone in her room to cry. "The tears are holding back." Rather, she said.

"You're aware that I'm available to help you with anything, right? Even though I may not be as close to you as you were to your daddy, I will make an effort to be there for you."

"Thank you, Belly. Coming from you, that means a lot." Scarlett gave a small smile.

Belly cocked her head to the side and nodded before turning to face Scarlett. "I'll..I'll go right now. I need to find Mia." Just as she was about to walk away, Scarlett stopped her. Out of curiosity, Belly turned around.

"Something has been bothering me, Belly."

"What is it? You can talk to me."

"Can I?"

"Of course. Scarlett, talk to me. If I have the answers to your questions, I will tell you."

After giving her sister a long glance, Scarlett realised that Belly wouldn't provide the clarification she was seeking.

Belly laughed a little. "Come on, Scarlett. Is it about a boy? Are you shy?"

The last thing Scarlett needed to worry about was a boy situation.

"Belly."

"Yes, Scarlett."

"Do you have anything you'd like to share with me?"

Belly was bewildered. She giggled apprehensively. "Whoa, what do you mean? I don't want to share anything with you. You were the one who wanted to tell me something."

Scarlett nodded. She knew Belly wouldn't readily admit it if she said what was bothering her. "Belly," Scarlett called. Then she grinned. "It is about the bear. I remember the colour now." She added.

"What?"

"Now, tell me. What secret are you and Mom hiding from me, Belly?"