

## Forgotten Six Feet Under Chapter 01

Unable to reach me and under pressure from my grandmother, my family finally found themselves reluctantly standing in front of a run-down rental in the city.

Flynn Patterson pinched his nose. "How can that good-for-nothing live in a place like this? Mom, Dad, I don't want to go in!"

"Alright, alright. You two can head back. Your dad and I will take it from here," my mother replied.

Scarlett Patterson clung to my mother's arm, her face a mask of concern. "Seriously, can't Whitney grow up for once? She didn't answer our calls or texts, and now you two had to come all the way here."

"I'll make her pay for this!" My mother's eyes flashed with anger as she pulled my father inside.

They trudged up four flights of stairs, panting as they finally stopped in front of apartment 401.

When my father knocked, a burly man with no shirt answered the door. "Who are you looking for?"

Seeing him instantly ignited my father's temper. "What's your relationship with my daughter, and why are you living here?"

My mother stormed past him, fuming as she shouted, "Whitney! Get out here! Have you really had the nerve to live with someone without telling us?"

Just then, a heavily pregnant woman stepped into view.

"Did you come to the wrong place? We've been living here for two months now," she said.

My mother's impatience was evident. "This is the address my daughter, Whitney, gave us. How could we be wrong?"

The middle-aged man, frustrated by my mother's refusal to listen, shoved her out of the way. "Get lost! You don't even know where your own daughter lives, and you dare call yourselves parents!"

Suddenly, the pregnant woman chimed in, "Is Whitney the previous tenant? The landlord said she owed a month's rent and couldn't be reached, so we took the place."

Hearing this, my mother's brows shot up in anger. "She moved out without a word? Well, this was a pointless trip. What an ungrateful daughter!"

Just as they were about to leave in a huff, the landlord returned.

Upon learning that they were my parents, he immediately began demanding rent. "You need to pay her back rent now. And get her stuff out of here, so it doesn't take up my space!"

My parents, skeptical, followed the landlord to the storage room where my things were kept.

Dust covered everything, having been untouched for two months.

My father recognized a few of my favorite clothes. "Those are definitely hers."

My mother frowned, coldly stating, "Is Whitney doing this on purpose? Leaving all this junk behind for us to clean up after her?"

The landlord couldn't take it anymore and said, "It's not junk; these are her things! There are albums and important documents in there. She's a nice girl; I kept everything for her."

My mother dismissed him with a wave of her hand.

The storage room reeked of mildew.

Holding her nose, she stepped back outside and called my phone.

After several unanswered calls, she left a message.

"Whitney, are you done with this nonsense? Your dad and I are at your rental right now. Hurry up and come back!"

Her usual tone dripped with disdain, her disgust unfiltered.

She wasn't surprised that I hadn't replied to Flynn's messages.

After all, my little brother and I had become enemies thanks to Scarlett, my elder sister's, instigation.

But ignoring a message from her own mother? That was unprecedented.

Frustrated, she turned to my father and said flatly, "Let's just forget about her and go home. I can't stand being here a second longer!"

The landlord, overhearing, glared at her. "Hey, that's rude. Anyway, are you taking her stuff or not? If not, I'll just throw it out," he said, clearly fed up.

Realizing he wouldn't get the rent from my parents, the landlord decided to let it go.

Without looking back, my mother walked away.

Enraged, the landlord barked, "Don't you have any compassion? Your daughter hasn't been in touch for two months. Aren't you worried something might have happened to her?"

My mother sneered. "That girl has a strong spirit. If anything happened, I'd be shocked!"

When they got home, my mother called my grandmother.

"Mom, what's so special about that ungrateful girl? You can leave everything to Scarlett and Flynn; why bother with Whitney?"

My spirit hovered nearby, unable to suppress a bitter laugh.

I was her only real daughter. Why did she hate me so much?