

Forgotten Six Feet Under Chapter 10

monthly allowance of 100 thousand like before, but my father, a working-class man, had no way to provide that.

My grandmother had been supporting my father's business endeavors over the years, but they had all failed.

With my death, my grandmother was even less inclined to help him now.

A 100 thousand monthly allowance was nothing more than a pipe dream.

Heartbroken for his son, my father had countless arguments with my mother over the matter.

It was then that my mother realized that the so-called undying love often fell apart in the face of reality.

To my father, nothing was more significant than

blood ties.

Meanwhile, she had foolishly pushed away the one child she had a blood bond with, all in the name of love.

Eventually, Flynn could no longer bear my mother's indifference.

To get her attention and force her to plead with my grandmother for help, he stopped going to school altogether.

He spent his days with a rowdy crowd, drinking and causing chaos.

Sometimes he'd return home late at night, yelling at my mother, "It's all your fault! If you had just said something nice about me to Grandma, we wouldn't have lost everything.

"Now look at me! I have nothing left. Are you happy now?"

My mother sometimes felt numb, while at other times, his words brought her to tears.

Before long, Flynn developed a gambling addiction.

He took the last of the family's money to gamble, hoping to win big and return to his lavish lifestyle, but instead, he lost it all.

When my mother urged him to stop, he pushed her down to the ground and spat, "Stay out of my business! This family has no hope anyway!"

My mother stared blankly at her son, grappling with the fact that she had once cherished this ungrateful child, while failing to recognize the love of her real daughter.

As dark thoughts began to emerge in her mind, Flynn found the silk scarf from Sophia Dallas and decided to sell it, hoping to make quick cash.

He exchanged the 20 thousand-dollar handmade scarf for just 200 bucks.

When my mother found out, she went into a frenzy, shouting, "That was Whitney's gift to me! How could you sell it?!"

In a moment of rage, she pushed him down the stairs, causing his death.

Time seemed to freeze at that instant.

My mother collapsed on the ground, repeatedly murmuring, "Whitney, Whitney, I avenged you... No one can take me from you anymore."

Watching my mother's deranged smile, I felt my spirit slowly dissipating.

Mom, I had long let you go.

(The End)