

Forgotten Six Feet Under Chapter 05

My grandmother had disapproved of my mother's relationship with my father years ago, fearing the hardships they would face because he was broke.

As a result, my mother had spent many nights drowning her sorrows in alcohol, only to be assaulted by a thug, which led to her pregnancy.

At the time, she was still young, with many better options ahead of her.

But she chose to punish my grandmother and make her feel guilty by insisting on giving birth to me.

When I turned three, my mother caught a glimpse of my father's features on my face and took me for a paternity test.

The results confirmed what she longed to hear: I was indeed my father's child, not that thug's.

Elated, my mother used this revelation to win back my father.

Yet, the couple always viewed me as a blemish in their pure love story, choosing to dump me, a young child, into my grandmother's care as they set off for a new life elsewhere.

At that time, my father had just divorced his first wife, and Flynn was already two.

My mother showered all her love on her stepson.

Feeling guilty for the years they had missed together, they then decided to adopt a four-year-old girl from an orphanage, naming her Scarlett.

Since Scarlett's adoption carried significant meaning, they spoiled her to no end, as if they wanted to give her the world.

Despite being their true biological child, I became an afterthought in their home.

My mother, unable to locate or contact me, simply said to my grandmother, "Since you're here, let's eat first."

My grandmother scanned the room, trying to steady her emotions. "Is Whitney not around?"

My mother sighed with a hint of resignation. "I already told you—Whitney is throwing a fit. What can I do if she refuses to come out?"

My grandmother's brows furrowed. "What happened?"

My mother hesitated, opting to skip over what had happened at Wild Valley. "Isn't it obvious? We didn't attend her graduation ceremony, and she's been sulking ever since."

Upon hearing this, my grandmother's face darkened. "That girl! I asked her when the graduation was, but she wouldn't tell me. As parents, how could you not go? They say a graduation ceremony is like a little wedding for kids!"

My mother opened her mouth to defend herself but couldn't find the words.

How could she explain that Scarlett had injured her foot and was holding onto her so they couldn't leave?

That would only make my grandmother dislike Scarlett even more.

A heavy silence fell over the table as the steam rose from the food.

My father called out, "Mom, stop standing there. Come and eat!"

My grandmother didn't want to make things worse with her only daughter and reluctantly sat down to eat.

With the rare opportunity to share a meal together, my mother's mood lifted. She even poured everyone glasses of imported soda.

My grandmother, wearing a serious expression, reminded my mother, "Drink less soda and more water. After all, you've had kidney disease. Whitney even donated a kidney to you. Are you expecting her to donate another?"

My mother froze, her hand gripping the cup tightly as she looked up in shock.

"What are you talking about? Back when I had kidney disease, it was Scarlett who donated her kidney to me. How can you lie in front of the kids? It's disgraceful!"

Her eyes were filled with sincerity.

Instantly infuriated, my grandmother shot up from her seat. "You're so foolish! I told you that you shouldn't take in that ungrateful wretch! Look at what a tale she spun!"

Scarlett was immediately frightened, tears streaming down her face. "Please don't argue! Mom, Grandma said it was Whitney's kidney, so it must be! Please don't be mad."

Her words only solidified my mother's belief that my grandmother was causing trouble for no reason.

Furious, she issued an ultimatum. "Mom, I didn't want to escalate things, but it's obvious you're siding with Whitney. If you can't even be objective and fair for once, you should just leave!"

Listening to this, I couldn't help but shed tears.

Years ago, when my mother was battling kidney disease, I anonymously donated a kidney to her.

But somehow, it had become a story about Scarlett's sacrifice.

My grandmother had guessed I was the anonymous donor, but I begged her not to say anything.

I wanted my mother's love for me to be free from any guilt.

My grandmother felt guilty for having separated my parents in the past, so her indulgence toward my mother came with a sense of obligation.

Putting herself in my mother's shoes, she had agreed to keep quiet.

None of this was known to my mother.

When my grandmother brought it up today, my mother refused to believe it.

What should have been a simple family meal ended in discord.

As soon as my grandmother left, my mother's phone buzzed.

The screen flashed the name 'Whitney'.