

Forgotten Six Feet Under Chapter 07

My grandmother's sixtieth birthday party was a small gathering, limited to close relatives and dear friends.

As the event unfolded, my parents were constantly scanning the room, searching for me.

Even Flynn seemed taken aback. "Mom, Dad, is Whitney really not coming? What if something happened to her?"

Scarlett smacked his hand lightly. "Stop being ridiculous. Whitney's an adult; she'll be fine."

Her words seemed to ease my parents' worries.

My mother sighed. "If that girl doesn't show up, all our relatives will start blaming us for not raising her right."

Hearing this, I couldn't help but smile wryly.

So that was what they were worried about. I had thought they were eagerly waiting for me out of concern.

Setting that aside, my mother instructed Scarlett to take the opportunity to present a lavish gift to my grandmother, knowing she wouldn't dare act out in front of the guests.

Scarlett beamed with excitement.

My grandmother was a prominent entrepreneur in the city, wealthy beyond measure.

Years ago, when my parents left me behind, she was furious with them. Because of that, she chose not to help them when they struggled.

Only in recent years, after they took me in and raised me, did she start sending money to my mother.

However, most of that money ended up being spent on Scarlett and Flynn.

My mother often claimed that my grandmother adored me and would surely send money to me specifically.

But the truth was, my grandmother thought I was still too young and assumed my mother wouldn't be stingy with her flesh and blood. Plus, since I had never complained to her, she never sent me a dime

Scarlett knew all too well that my grandmother, being the savvy businesswoman she was, wouldn't neglect to leave a will.

She longed to earn my grandmother's approval like Flynn did and live the life of a privileged heiress.

To her, I was nothing but an obstacle standing in her way.

As long as I was around, my grandmother would never favor her.

So, to Scarlett, I was a thorn in her side...

With a sweet and innocent smile plastered on her face, Scarlett cautiously navigated through the crowd, making her way toward my grandmother.

Guests around us cast approving glances, complimenting my mother on raising such a thoughtful and well-mannered daughter.

As Scarlett reached my grandmother, she hadn't even had a chance to speak when a voice rang out from the crowd. "The police are here!"

The celebration was abruptly interrupted.

My grandmother's expression shifted instantly, her brows knitting together. Just as she was about to say something, a few police officers walked in, their expressions grim.

One of the officers scanned the room, his gaze landing on Scarlett before he turned to my grandmother with a respectful demeanor. "I apologize for interrupting your birthday celebration, Mrs. Haden.

"We've discovered a female body in Wild Valley, and preliminary investigations suggest foul play. Some characteristics of the body match those of your granddaughter, Whitney Patterson. We hope you can assist us in verifying this information."

At these words, my grandmother's face turned ghostly pale. "What?"

The officer continued, "We need Whitney's parents and siblings to come with us for further questioning."

My father looked shocked. "Officer, there must be some mistake. Wild Valley has seen a lot of visitors recently."

My mother shook her head vigorously. "That's impossible. My daughter is tough; there's no way anything could have happened to her."

Flynn scoffed, sarcasm dripping from his voice. Hmph, that girl is always running around causing trouble. Who knows what mess she's gotten herself into? Great, now she's ruining Grandma's birthday.

The moment he spoke, my mother shot him an irritated glare. "Shut your mouth!"

My grandmother swayed slightly, murmuring, Whitney... my Whitney..."

Then, she suddenly leaned back, and friends nearby rushed to catch her.

My parents, forgetting everything else, hurried to her side.

As chaos erupted, Scarlett quietly took a few steps back.

Her hands clenched tightly around the hem of her dress as she stealthily moved toward the exit.

But before she could escape, an officer caught her.

"Mom! Dad! Help me!" she shouted in panic.

Seeing this, my mother grew frantic. "That body in Wild Valley can't be Whitney! If you want us to go with you and record a statement, we will. She's just a child; you're scaring her! I'll file a complaint against you!"

Even at this moment, my mother was still in denial...