

Forgotten Six Feet Under Chapter 04

The next day, there was still no news of me in the family.

My grandmother showed up at the door bright and early.

“Grandma!” I exclaimed, floating over in delight.

Since my death, I had often wished to see her again, but my spirit was tethered by my mother’s presence, making it impossible to leave.

Thankfully, my grandmother had come to me. To see her one more time made my departure feel a little less sorrowful.

Before I could even touch her, Flynn barreled over, affectionately calling out, “Grandma!”

Over the years, Flynn had been charming my grandmother by leveraging our relationship. With my support, she had long accepted him as her ‘grandson’, even without any blood ties. She had no intention of acting aloof with him either.

Gently pulling Flynn down beside her, she said, “Look at you, all grown up, and still so loud! Where’s your sister?”

“Scarlett!” Flynn shouted.

Scarlett immediately came running out. “Grandma, you’re here!”

When my grandmother saw her, the warmth in her expression quickly faded. She offered only a curt hum as acknowledgment, her tone lacking any enthusiasm.

My mother frowned at this and said, “Mom, Scarlett is greeting you! How can you be so cold?”

After hearing my mother, my grandmother, slightly annoyed, replied, “How I treat her is my business. Just look at her behavior; there’s nothing likable about it.”

My mother was visibly hurt for Scarlett. “Mom, Scarlett is a good kid. Can’t you be a bit more understanding?”

My grandmother’s face reddened with anger as she pointed at my mother. “You always protect her. You’re blind to how she bullies others. I just don’t like her. What’s wrong with that?”

Not one to back down, my mother put her hands on her hips, confronting my grandmother. "Scarlett hasn't bullied anyone! You're just repeating what that ungrateful girl, Whitney, has been saying!"

The truth was, I had only cried in front of my grandmother once. That time, my grandmother had defended me, and my mother punished me by making me write 'I'm sorry, Scarlett' ten thousand times. My hand nearly fell off from the writing, and I never dared to complain again.

Ever since my parents brought me to live with them, Scarlett had harbored nothing but hostility toward me.

She would intentionally bump into me and fall dramatically when our parents were around, claiming I had pushed her. She would tear up my completed homework, resulting in me being punished by teachers. She hid my backpack, almost making me late for school. She even drew on my clothes, embarrassing me in front of my classmates.

Seeing my mother favor her only encouraged Scarlett to bully me more.

When I tried to tell my parents about it, they dismissed my complaints as overreactions or being overly sensitive. I felt truly wronged, but I stopped voicing it.

As we grew up, Scarlett made sure to assert her status in the family by causing small troubles during family gatherings.

For birthdays, she always encouraged everyone to go out for fancy meals without inviting me. During family vacations, I was always the one left behind to look after the house.

Eventually, my parents became accustomed to my sidelining, and I accepted that I was meant to play the role of the outsider.

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In the living room, my grandmother and mother exchanged heated words, creating a palpable tension.

Finally, it was my father who intervened. "Ginny, your mom is getting older, so just let it go. We're family, and there's no need to quarrel over something so trivial."

Though my grandmother wasn't entirely satisfied with my father, she tolerated him for my mother and my sake.

However, she couldn't accept Scarlett, her adopted granddaughter.

After casting a brief, disdainful glance at Scarlett, my grandmother quickly averted her eyes, seeming irritated by the very sight.

“Where’s Whitney? I want to take her back for a couple of days.”