

## Forgotten Six Feet Under Chapter 06

As soon as my mother answered the phone, she launched into a tirade. "You little brat, can you stop goading your grandmother into getting mad at me?"

The voice on the other end was somber. "Hello, is this Whitney Patterson's family?"

Hearing a man's voice made my mother frown. "What's going on? Why do you have Whitney's phone?"

"We found Whitney's ID and her phone in a rental apartment. Can you please come to the police station to verify some information?"

My mother's furrowed brow relaxed slightly. "So that brat really moved out. She's always stirring up trouble."

She hung up and resumed her meal nonchalantly.

Scarlett glanced nervously at her. "Mom, isn't that about Whitney?"

"She lost her phone, and the police are asking us to get it. It can wait; we'll go after we finish eating."

Scarlett's face tightened with worry. "Mom, I should go. Whitney is my sister, after all."

My mother praised her for being so considerate before agreeing.

I stood beside my mother, disappointment spilling out. "Mom, if you let her go, no one will be able to find me."

My mother suddenly tensed up, her neck retracting slightly. She paused in her movements and said, "Flynn, can you turn the heat up a bit? It feels a little chilly in here."

Scarlett quickly returned with my ID and phone.

"Did the police say anything?" my mother asked.

"They said the tenant in that rental was a thief. He must have stolen Whitney's stuff."

My mother nodded, her expression distant.

Scarlett tried to reassure her. "Mom, if Whitney wants to come back, she will. She's an adult now. Don't worry too much about it."

My mother's gaze turned icy. "That little brat loses her phone and doesn't think to borrow someone's to let us know? She has a job, doesn't she? Can she not afford a new phone?"

She then turned to Flynn, her tone softening. Flynn, tell your grandma so she doesn't worry and think something happened. I'd be surprised if that brat actually gets into trouble."

My mother forgot that I wasn't Scarlett, who was still living at home after graduation.

I had only just started working, and my meager paycheck barely covered the handcrafted silk scarf I had gotten for her.

Scarlett noticed my mother's coldness toward me, and a glimmer of delight crossed her face as she hugged my mother's arm, happily heading upstairs.

The next day, Aunt Lillian brought over the silk scarf.

Its exquisite embroidery depicted vibrant flowers, and delicate lace adorned the edges.

My mother's eyes lit up—something I hadn't seen often.

"I had to pull a few strings to get in touch with that embroidery artist. Whitney even insisted on having the moonflower stitched on. I knew right away it was meant for you," Aunt Lillian said with a hint of regret. "Oh, no. I spoiled her surprise! Quick, call her out so I can apologize in person."

Flynn, overhearing, snatched the scarf. "This is beautiful; I'll give it to Grandma as a gift."

Aunt Lillian's expression shifted from surprise to annoyance. "Flynn, that belongs to Whitney. Give it back!"

Seeing my mother remain silent, Flynn became even more defiant. "That troublemaker didn't pick out a gift for me this year. I didn't know what to give Grandma, so this works perfectly!"

Aunt Lillian's frustration flared. "Ginny, I didn't want to interfere, but Flynn calling her a troublemaker? That's uncalled for. That scarf—"

"Just let Flynn have it if he wants," my mother interjected dismissively.

"But—"

“The birthday party is about to start, and he hasn’t prepared anything. What do you want me to do?” My mother tried to reason with Aunt Lillian, her gaze lingering on the scarf for a few moments before she turned to Flynn. “Go grab a box to put it in.”

Aunt Lillian protested angrily. “But that cost three months of Whitney’s-”

“Enough!” my mother cut her off. “They’re all my kids; don’t be biased. Let’s go. I’m my mom’s only daughter and should arrive early.”

Watching Aunt Lillian’s disappointed expression made my heart ache.