

Chapter 335 You Will Get First Place

It didn't take much effort for Everett to distance himself from others on the track.

As he ran, the sun shined on his matching parent-child sportswear, his hair bobbing with each pound of the pavement. He was so handsome that people could not take their eyes off him.

As he closed in on Merrick, almost everyone's eyes were quietly fixed on Everett.

Merrick was no exception. All his attention was on the figure running toward him.

As the sun shone down from the side, it highlighted Everett's approaching figure, enveloping him in a soft light. He looked like the father figure who always appeared in Merrick's dreams.

Shaking away the image, Merrick pursed his lips and held back his emotions, stretching his hand out in time to grasp the baton from Everett.

When he took the baton, he saw firm trust in Everett's eyes.

"Go. You will get first place," Everett encouraged.

His words filled Merrick with confidence, and Merrick took off as fast as his legs could carry him.

He ran toward the finish line, pumping his arms as fast as he could, ignoring the children around him who were still booing.

His eyes fixed on the finish line, he ran faster until his body flew past the white line.

As soon as he crossed, the referee blew his whistle, announcing, "The first one of the second group."



Merrick doubled over, gasping for breath, the baton still in his hands. Before he could react, he was lifted up and thrown into the air several times.

"You were so good, Merrick!"

"You're the best one ever"

Johnny and Vivienne rushed over as soon as they had broken free of the crowd. Showering him with more praise, they hugged him tightly and kissed him.

Merrick giggled at their passion.

When he saw two people slowly walking over from the track, he sweetly shouted, "Mommy!"

Smiling, Melissa stepped forward and rubbed his face affectionately. "You were the best, sweetheart. Let's go eat something delicious later to celebrate."

"I want a hug too!" Too short to reach Melissa, Lindsey stretched her arms, begging for a hug.

Laughing at her, Everett bent down and picked her up with one hand, squeezing her into a tight hug.

Laughing in Everett's arms, she twisted around and gave her brother a thumbs up.

"Merrick, you ran so fast. You're the best!"

"It's Mommy and Daddy who ran fast," Merrick said shyly. After a pause, Merrick continued, "I was just the last one to run, so I reached the finish line."

At Merrick's words, Everett was taken aback, his breath caught in his throat.

He knew that, although Merrick was young, he was mature and liked Aloys more.

But just now, Merrick called him daddy.

Maybe he just said it casually, but regardless, Everett was still excited.

Smiling, he stretched out his fist and said, "No. It had nothing to do with us. You were the first one to arrive at the finish line."

As Everett finished his sentence, Melissa finally understood why he asked Merrick to be the last one to run.

He wanted Merrick to cross the finish line himself to get first place.

Only if he reached the finish line himself would he feel the excitement and fulfillment.

Merrick also understood, and the stubborn expression on his face softened.

He raised his fist and bumped it with Everett's.

"Thank you," the boy said.

Taking in the heartwarming scene, Vivienne looked at them, and tears welled in her eyes.

For the first time in a long time, she felt gratified.

The referee, who was responsible for recording the contestants' places, whistled a few times and shouted at the families who attended the competition.

"In third place, Platt. In second, Brad. And, in first place, Merrick. Please come to the podium to accept the awards."

Wearing their matching sportswear, the six Mayfields walked to the podium.

Regardless of the crowd's gaze, Vivienne flitted around, taking photos of the group from different angles.

Merrick proudly wore the champion's medal in front of the children who had mocked him before. Although the ceremony was simple, it meant a lot to him and, by extension, his family.

The boy who came in second place stood with his parents and looked at

Merrick, eyes full of envy.

"Merrick, your father runs so fast."

Merrick nodded seriously and said proudly, "Of course."



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