

Chapter 426 Mommy Is In The News

In the Mayfield family's house

In the toy room, the two children were each occupied with their own toys.

Lindsey ran quietly toward the table and tip-toed to touch the phone on top of it since there was nobody around.

However, the table proved to be too high for Lindsey, and her legs were too short to reach it. She ended up running over to the person who was focused on a crossword puzzle and spoke in a soft voice.

"Could you assist me in retrieving the phone on the table, Merrick?"

"Didn't Mrs. Mayfield mention that we're not allowed to use cell phones for these few days?" Looking up, Merrick spoke. "A few days ago, Mrs. Mayfield took us for a vision test and it turns out we're almost nearsighted."

"I plan to send a message to Mr. Mayfield via Facebook Messenger, requesting that he return home earlier."

"No, you shouldn't."

Lindsey pouted after hearing those words.

As her brother refused to assist her, she decided to handle it on her own.

Casting a quick glance at the slightly open door to confirm that the maid hadn't returned, she proceeded to slowly pull a chair toward the table. She then stepped up onto the chair and reached out her hand to touch the phone.

"Awesome!"

After stepping down from the chair, Lindsey proceeded to quietly push it

back into its original position before retreating into the small tent to hide.

The fact that the adults prohibited the use of phones suggested that there was a secret involved.

Lindsey was eager to unlock the phone but found nothing of significance. Although she had sent a message to Everett on Facebook Messenger the previous night, she was yet to receive a reply.

Blinking her eyes, she leaned in toward the phone and whispered, "Mr. Mayfield, when will you be back? You promised to buy me ice cream, but you still haven't fulfilled your promise."

"This is a secret between us. You must not disclose it to anyone else."

Having sent two voice messages, Lindsey felt content. However, just as she was about to leave the tent with the mobile phone in hand, she spotted a person entering the tent.

"What are you doing, Lindsey?"

"No, no..." In a hurry, Lindsey placed the phone beneath her hips and blinked her large eyes innocently. "I wasn't doing anything. When did you come in?" she asked her brother who had entered.

Merrick extended his hand as though he had read through his sister's mind.

"I noticed that you sent messages to Mr. Mayfield on Facebook Messenger. Could you please hand me the phone? Lindsey, would you like to wear glasses?"

"I don't want them. I will give you the phone."

She proceeded to take out her phone.

The phone screen had been left on and she accidentally clicked a link. There was a prominent news headline on that page that caught her attention.

Lindsey only knew a few words, but still she became excited all of a sudden.

"Our mommy's name is on this page, Merrick! Our mom is on the news!"

"Yes, she is."

The two kids were intrigued by this and were bent over the screen of the phone with their heads together.

As they examined it further, their sense of unease grew. Initially, they thought it was related to their mother, but soon they began to question whether it had anything to do with her at all.

"What does the news mean, Merrick? Did our mommy and Mr. Mayfield know each other in the past? Why would the news have..."

"The person they are talking about is not our mommy," Merrick's expression soured as he hastily powered off the phone. "Regardless, this is referring to someone else, not our mother."

"Really? It seemed like it was about our mommy, though."

Lindsey sat down and held her head in her hands. It was all so confusing to her.

"Maybe Mr. Mayfield knows another person with a name like our mommy's? It seems like he lost that person."

"Don't say anything about what we saw to Mrs. Mayfield." Merrick came to an abrupt halt, donning a mature expression that seemed out of place for his age. "Otherwise," he cautioned, "she'll accuse us of being disobedient."

"Alright. I won't say anything."

"We'll keep it to ourselves and uncover the mystery together. Wouldn't you like to find out the identity of this individual who shares both our mother's first and last name?"

His gaze fell upon his sister, who had her hand clasped over her mouth, her eyes wide and innocent.

Lindsey rose to her feet and hopped around a couple of times, excited at the prospect of what he'd said.

"Yes, I do! Let's do it!"