

Chapter 618 Thoughtful Children

"But please, don't tell my two children that I'm going to help in the disaster area. They're still young but they're quite perceptive. I don't want them to be overly worried about me." Melissa expressed her concern.

During her last trip to Timton, her children had been extremely anxious about her well-being. After she returned, they insisted on her presence every night before they fell asleep.

Recalling the vulnerability her children had shown, Melissa couldn't help but feel apprehensive.

She didn't want them to experience any further emotional distress.

It troubled her that they had to bear such concerns at such a tender age.

"You may be worrying unnecessarily," Everett responded in a tone that unsettled Melissa.

"What do you mean?" she inquired, her voice faltering. Just as she finished speaking, the door quietly swung open, and her two children walked in, one after the other.

"Mommy, we already know," they declared.

"You..." Melissa's heart sank as she gazed at the open door. She tightly clenched her fists and focused her attention on her children, speaking with an unsteady voice. "So, you've been eavesdropping at the door, listening to my conversation with Mr. Mayfield?"

Both children nodded.

Overwhelmed, Melissa struggled to find her words, her tone tinged with a hint of anger.

"What did I tell you? It's not proper to eavesdrop on adults."

' conversations. It's not good behavior."

However, the children appeared defiant.

"If we hadn't overheard your conversation, how else would we have known that you were going to the disaster area?" Merrick retorted with a stern expression. "Do you still consider us your children?"

Melissa's face paled; she was momentarily at a loss for words.

Merrick's face was flushed with anger. Melissa could sense the genuine frustration in the stubborn young boy.

She crouched down, abandoning any condescension, and attempted to keep her voice calm.

"I didn't tell you because I didn't want you to worry."

Lindsey clenched her little fists tightly. "Mommy, when you went to Timton last time, you hid it from us. You always tell us to be honest, yet you keep things from us. You're not being fair!"

Hearing Lindsey's words, Melissa struggled to find an explanation. Lindsey spoke her mind without reservation, but she was also the easiest to persuade. Melissa glanced back at Everett, hoping for some support.

However, Everett watched with amusement, choosing to remain silent.

"You tried to hide it from the children, and from me as well. It's no use giving me that look. I don't agree with your approach, so I won't explain it to the children for you," Everett stated firmly.

Melissa was left speechless.

Observing the anger on her children's faces, Melissa could only attempt to persuade them with a sincere tone.

"I didn't mean to deceive you. I just didn't want you to be overly concerned."

Lindsey shook her head and spoke up. "Mommy, we understand that your work is special. We actually comprehend what you do. When you go to help in the disaster area, you're also helping other children. You're helping them reunite with their mommies and daddies. Both my brother and I

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support you. But please, don't treat us like we're babies and keep everything a secret from us."



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