

Chapter 651 Collect Bottles

Melissa and Everett were spending their weekend at home.

"Have you heard anything from Lukas?" Everett inquired, sipping coffee on the sofa.

"No, I haven't. But according to what said to me, I bet he has left with Leilany," Melissa responded.

"I don't think he's a bad person. Plus, he's so accomplished; it's unlikely he'd lay a hand on a woman with a cognitive impairment," Everett said.

"I think so."

Being Lukas' senior in college, Melissa had absolute faith in his character.

Just then, the door opened and Lindsey, Merrick, and Star entered.

After spending a few days with them, Star had fully adjusted to her new surroundings.

"Mommy, our teacher gave us an assignment to become 'environmental champions' by collecting bottles from the streets."

"Environmental Champions?" Melissa repeated.

"Yeah," the three kids replied in unison.

"That sounds great. I support it."

Lindsey's joy was infectious, almost bouncing with excitement.

"Awesome! Can Mommy and Mr. Mayfield join us?"

Everett responded immediately, "No problem."

And so, they all set off happily to collect bottles.

It was a rare opportunity for a family outing.

These days, Lindsey and Star had become inseparable. As they were

collecting bottles, Star turned to Lindsey with a question.

"Lindsey, why do you and Merrick call Dad Mr. Mayfield instead of Dad?"

"Because he's not our father."

"Really?"

The idea seemed alien to Star.

"But I really think you two resemble him. How can he not be your father?"

"Do we?"

Lindsey, having spent so much time with Everett, hadn't noticed any resemblance.

While Lindsey did see her mother in herself, she couldn't find similarities with Everett.

"I think Merrick looks more like your father."

"Is that so?"

Lindsey turned to look at Merrick, who was engrossed in collecting bottles.

They were now in a park, where litter was abundant.

In the sunshine, Lindsey glanced between Merrick and Everett in the distance and realized Merrick did bear some resemblance to Everett.

"And once, I saw a childhood picture of Dad in his room. Merrick looks exactly like him. Are you sure he's not your father?" Star said.

Lindsey was momentarily speechless. She remembered an odd conversation she had overheard between Everett and her mother in the car.

She didn't comprehend it at the time.

If Everett really was their father, then it would explain everything.

So, the tragic woman who was expelled from her marital home, endured

a mistress after a few years of marriage, and later survived a horrific car accident, was their mother?

Lindsey found herself staring at Everett in the distance. Her eyes held a distinct shatter, as though something within her was breaking, piece by piece.

Everett, noticing Lindsey's gaze, presumed she needed something, so he approached.

"Lindsey, what's the matter?"

Her eyes welled up as Lindsey gazed at Everett's face. A face that once brought her comfort now seemed transformed into a monster's, instilling fear and dread.

"Mr. Mayfield... you..."

"What's the matter?"

Everett smiled gently, tousling Lindsey's hair.

Melissa and Merrick walked over, utterly confused by Lindsey's sudden change of demeanor.



