

Chapter 680 I Don't Have A Father

"Lindsey used to like Grandma the most; it'll just take her a bit to figure that out again. They should've patched things up by now, though," Melissa said quietly.

"I got it," Merrick replied.

Melissa held Merrick's hand closer, pinching his palm lightly. "Are you willing to forgive your father now?"

Merrick felt mixed feelings deep in his chest as he heard how Melissa addressed Everett.

"Mommy, I don't have a father."

Everett coincidentally reached the door of his ward just as he spoke, feeling his heart ache with distress.

He quickly wiped any sadness he showed on his face away, though and swiftly entered the room.

"Mr. Mayfield?"

Merrick didn't expect Everett to arrive, and he put the pieces together that Everett had heard what he had just said.

Everett looked him in the eyes silently, pursing his lips for a moment.

"Melissa, would you step out for a second? I want to talk with Merrick alone."

Melissa nodded, leaving the two alone.

"Merrick, are you feeling better now?" Everett said in a gentle tone. He looked to Merrick with nothing but love in his eyes.

Merrick was still uncomfortable and didn't share the sentiment with the man who he used to be so intimate with and proud of.

He sat silently, pursing his lips.

"Merrick, are you still uncomfortable? If you are, just tell me, and I can get the doctor."

Everett sat in silence with the boy, and figuring that he just wasn't feeling well, he reached over and tucked him in on the bed.

"Mr. Mayfield, do you ever feel guilty for what happened in the past? Even a little."

Everett was shocked at what he just heard, and he looked up at Merrick quickly.

"Merrick, what happened before was my fault. I feel sorry for you, your mother and Lindsey, and you have every right to blame me. But we can't dwell on the past forever. We have to look forward. And yes, I do feel guilty. But I know that all I can do now is to try my best to give you the best life you can have."

Merrick gripped the quilt tightly, like he was silently retorting back to him.

"I see. You can leave now. I don't think you truly feel guilty about what happened"

Merrick was unwilling to look at the man any further, so he turned his gaze away.

Everett stood at the head of the bed, staring at him quietly for a while. "I will prove to you that I'm not speaking empty words, Merrick."

Nothing more was said, and Merrick heard the soft footsteps of the man retreating out the door.

"How's it going? How is his attitude towards you?" Melissa asked as she approached Everett quickly.

"He still won't forgive me."

Melissa sighed quietly, quiet for a moment before speaking again. "I knew

that would probably be the case. Merrick is a smart boy, but he's stubborn. It's difficult for him to change his mind once he's set it."

"I know. He looks like me in a certain light now, but I suppose it's not a bad thing. At least he won't be shocked so easily by the world," Everett responded.

Melissa exhaled again, slightly relieved to see that Everett wasn't completely bent out of shape. "It's good that you're still optimistic. What's your next move?"

"Just follow the plan," Everett replied quietly.