

Chapter 11 Same Preferences

Merrick pouted and pointed at the menu. "How about this?" he asked, cocking his head.

Lindsey shook her head. "No, Mommy can't eat spicy food."

Everett's eyes widened. He vaguely remembered that Melissa couldn't eat spicy food.

Merrick pointed at a pizza, but soon his shoulders slumped in dejection. "It looks delicious, but Mommy doesn't like black pepper."

Everett let out a startled gasp and looked at the little boy. Melissa didn't like black pepper either.

Just then, realization crossed his face. He had never cared about Melissa. Even after they got married, he rarely returned home to have dinner with her. But he was surprised to know he still remembered her preferences after all these years.

How could Melly's preferences be the same as Melissa's? It didn't seem like a coincidence.

Just as Everett's thoughts ran wild, Merrick said, "How about this?"

He turned to a waiter. "We want this soup, but please don't add any seafood to it."

The waiter looked at the dish the boy had ordered and explained, "Seafood is the essence of this soup. It won't taste good if you don't add seafood."

"Really?" Merrick bit his lip hesitantly.

"Mommy is allergic to seafood. She can't eat seafood," Lindsey whispered in his ear.

Everett's body stiffened when he heard that. He suddenly recalled a past event. When he went out for dinner with Arielle and Melissa before, Melissa accidentally consumed seafood and was rushed to the hospital. She had almost died. It was reasonable for Melissa and Melly to have the same preferences, but how could both of them have the same allergies as well?

Everett didn't believe there would be such a coincidence.

Excitement bubbled up in his heart when he looked at the two children. If Melly was indeed Melissa, it meant she was still alive, and these two adorable kids standing before him were his children.

Merrick and Lindsey ordered the food and turned to look at Everett. "Sir, we're done."

Everett nodded and handed his card to the waiter to pay the bill. Then, he squatted before the two children. "Did you guys have lunch?"

Lindsey shook her head. "Not yet."

Everett's heart sank when he heard that. "Let's have lunch first."

"But..."

"Mommy hasn't eaten anything yet. We can't eat until she has her lunch," Merrick said.


Everett was confused. He wondered if Melissa had been treating the children badly all these years.

"Mommy works hard every day," Lindsey explained. "She has only one small break in the noon. So many patients are waiting for her. If Mommy misses lunch, she will end up starving all afternoon. It's not good for her health."

Everett's heart melted. He turned to the waiter and ordered, "Pack two more."

Although Lindsey was friendly, Merrick didn't like Everett. "Why

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 +120 Points at most

are you being so nice to us?"

Everett couldn't wait to confirm the identities of the two children, but he decided to take it slow.

"Your dog was hurt because of my negligence." He shrugged. "It's just compensation for that."

Merrick cast a wary look at him and didn't believe his words.

Lindsey picked up the puppy and smiled. "Harley is fine now."

On the way back to the hospital, Everett decided to ask the question that had been bothering him. "Where is your father?"

Melissa might lie to him, but the two children wouldn't. Perhaps he could find some clues from them.