

Chapter 96

Sush inherited most of her mother's features, but she wasn't spared from inheriting parts of her father's face.

When Kenji was the first to get over the shock, he asked Patterson, "And you still slept with her despite that? After knowing she detonated someone?"

Patterson's eyes narrowed as he heaved a frustrated sigh that essentially conveyed, "Is that even the most important thing right now?"

Ignoring the two, Greg's hands laced with Sush's, his eyes were laced with nothing but concern. "Sush, do you need a moment alone?"

Kenji and Patterson were about to get on their feet when she said, "No." Swallowing and averting her eyes from everyone, she said, "No, I don't. There's no way that's true. My mother isn't a... She would never..." Her head swung side to side, denial coursing through her body. But in that denial, a thorn of doubt grew. Her uncle had told her that her mother fell for "the wrong man". She'd assumed that meant falling for a man who neither wanted a child nor marital commitments. She'd never thought a wrong man could be loosely translated to mean an unavailable one.

A gnawing feeling spiraled in her gut, heat rushed to her cheeks at what felt like shame, even though there was no concrete proof yet. In a whisper to herself, she questioned, "Would she?"

After another brief moment of silence, Greg gently lifted her chin and held her gaze, giving her a modicum of strength through his touch. "Sush, if you want to find out, we can. All it takes is a paternity test, but please know that who your mother was is not who you are, you hear me? Please."

"So you believe her. You believe the murderer," Sush deduced, voice on the verge of breaking.

"Sush," Greg held her down by her elbows when he felt she was going to uproot herself from his hold, tears burning in her eyes in a way that was sending a twisting knife through his heart. His hands slid down her arms in a fruitless attempt to soothe her, bringing her increasingly cold fingers to his lips, pressing a kiss, and he uttered, "The Devil may be lying, or she may be telling the truth, in which case, it'll either simply be you sharing resemblance with a stranger she'd only seen once in her life or..."

"...or that it's really my mother?" Sush finished. "You really think that's a possibility?"

Greg wanted to lie, wanted to say no just to please her, to calm her down even if it was only temporary, but he couldn't, not when he knew her, not when he knew she'd rather be gutted by the truth than kissed by a lie, so he stayed silent, knowing that she'd be able to extract her answer from it, which she did.

Looking away while biting the inner walls of her mouth, suppressing the shitstorm of emotions hailing inside, she reminded herself that Patterson's intel hadn't been confirmed, that it may not be true. If it was, then... then she'd deal with it when the time came.

Greg said nothing, eyes never leaving her, giving her time as his thumb stroked her hands, letting her know he was there, that he'd always be there.

When Sush came to terms that confirming the identity of her birth father was not the most important thing at the moment, she cleared her throat, wiping off a stray tear on her sleeve as Greg gently reached for the next one that came out before she turned back to the counter, staring at the marble surface, trying to sound strong when she said, "We should focus on exposing Hazel and getting to the root of the threats that's been hitting the hunters. How about we start with the retired Robinsons' current location?"