

## Apocalypse 684

### Chapter 684 Borrowing Face From A Dog

The Evans family, who had suffered the most devastating blow, stood frozen in shock, struggling to process the sudden turn of events. Their minds reeled, unable to fully grasp what had just transpired.

Meanwhile, Melody let out a piercing howl of pain, her hands trembling as she reached up to touch her face—only to recoil at the sharp sting that shot through her skin.

The onlookers gasped as they took in the sight of her reddened, swollen face. Some even suspected that her skin might be raw or bleeding beneath the surface, and it was clear that deep bruises would soon form, leaving her battered and humiliated.

"Byoder, h-help me... My fesh!" Melody whimpered, her words slurred as pain wracked her entire face.

Even her teeth felt loose, sending a wave of fear through her—was she really about to lose them? Was her face going to be permanently disfigured?

The thought alone made her forget any tantrum she might have thrown; all she could do now was sob pitifully, her wide, tear-filled eyes locked on Elios, silently begging for his help.

But as she looked up at him, Elios found himself struggling—not with concern, but with the urge to burst into laughter.

For the first time in his life, Melody, who had always carried herself with arrogance, looked utterly pathetic.

The phrase "borrowing a face from a dog" suddenly popped into his mind, making him bite his lip to keep from chuckling. His parents stood beside him, their expressions solemn, so he knew he had to keep a straight face.

Still, he couldn't shake the ridiculousness of the situation—Melody, usually so high and mighty, now reduced to a blubbing mess, her swollen face a sorry sight.

But his twin brother, Eliot, was having the exact same thought. After all, they were twins—they shared an unspoken connection, often thinking alike without needing words.

It wasn't hard for Eliot to pick up on what Elios was suppressing. Just as a chuckle threatened to escape his lips, he quickly cleared his throat, trying to cover it up.

Unfortunately for him, Eric caught on immediately. With a sharp glare in his direction, Eliot instantly straightened, his expression turning to stone as if he had never even considered laughing in the first place.

"Elios, take Melody back and tend to her injuries," Eric said coldly. He didn't bother asking how she was feeling—his disappointment overshadowed any concern.

This entire fiasco had only pushed Kisha further away. Before, he had sensed that she was slowly softening, perhaps because his family was growing closer to the Aldens.

Maybe the Aldens had spoken to her, leading her to ease up a little. But now, after this mess, whatever goodwill they had built was gone.

Eric felt his heart clench. All the progress they had made was shattered in an instant.

Kisha didn't need her family to tell her that the Evans had been treating them well and keeping them company all this time.

Ethan always looked out for Keith whenever they left the territory to gather supplies or monitor zombie movements, ensuring Keith returned safely with only minor scratches.

Mrs. Evans frequently kept Grandma Aldens company, keeping her entertained and happy, while Grandpa Aldens was often accompanied by either Mr. Evans or Eric, engaging in deep conversations.

Kisha was genuinely grateful for their kindness, which was why she had made an effort to soften her demeanor and not seem too distant around them. But now, because of Melody, she felt a chill settling in her heart—a coldness she couldn't quite explain.

She felt a mix of jealousy and disdain in her heart, though she couldn't quite understand why. With her mood ruined, Kisha simply returned to her seat, waiting for the food to be prepared.

Meanwhile, Melody couldn't accept that things would end like this after suffering such humiliation and injury at Kisha's hands. Not only had she been disgraced in front of Duke—the man she loved—but she

had also endured physical pain. Yet, despite her anger, fear crept in. She was terrified that Kisha might strike her again.

Unwilling to let it go, Melody turned to Eric, her eldest brother—the one who had always been the most protective of his siblings—hoping he would step in on her behalf.

"Byoder..." Melody tried to appeal to Eric's sympathy, hoping to use his protectiveness against Kisha. Even if she couldn't deal with Kisha herself, she could at least manipulate others into doing it for her.

But alas, Eric didn't share her sentiments. He understood his parents' protectiveness over Melody—they had raised her for over a decade.

Even if they cared for a pet that long, they would still feel a deep attachment; so, what more for a daughter? So, it was natural that they struggled to separate from their role as her parents. It was instinct.

However, no matter how much they cared for Melody, Eric knew one thing for certain—Kisha was their real sister. And unlike Melody, she had every right to be part of their family.

Seeing Edward and Emma Evans looking as if they had swallowed a fly while staring at Kisha, Eric knew they were both drowning in regret. The sight of Kisha getting along with the Aldens while completely ignoring them was like a knife twisting in their hearts.

They longed to tell her how much they missed her, how tirelessly they searched for her all these years, and how they never once gave up hope that she was alive and well. There was so much they wanted to say—so much they needed her to know.

But now that she was standing right in front of them, they couldn't utter a single word. A barrier had formed between them, invisible yet impenetrable, keeping them from reaching her no matter how desperately they wanted to.

Emma Evans couldn't help but weep silently. No matter how much she looked at Kisha, it was clear that her daughter was furious—so much so that she didn't even want to acknowledge them.

Kisha spoke to everyone else, her gaze passing over them as if they weren't even there. The pain of being ignored cut deeper than any words ever could.

Meanwhile, Eliot, who had finally composed himself after laughing at Melody's predicament, shifted his attention to the boxes of seafood on the floor. An idea sparked in his mind, and without hesitation, he tapped his mother's shoulder.

"Mom, Duke asked me to prepare a seafood feast for my sister and her family. Why don't we cook together and use this as a way to apologize—and maybe even find a chance to talk to them?" Eliot suggested with a wry smile. Even as he spoke, he wasn't entirely confident in his own words.

They all knew that if they approached Kisha directly now, she would shut them down without hesitation. Worse, she might just turn and walk away—or, if truly provoked, she might not hesitate to slap them.

They had all witnessed how fast her hand was and the sheer force behind her blows. In fact, they hadn't even seen her hand move before Melody's face was already swelling.

And if that wasn't even Kisha's full strength... Eliot didn't dare imagine what would happen if they angered her further.