

Apocalypse 689

Chapter 689 Paternity Test

"I do not expect you to forgive us. Even now, I don't understand where things went wrong or how we kept losing track of you. It's possible that there was a mole in my own trusted people—someone who deliberately misled me, redirecting my search away from you."

"I looked for you far and wide, never realizing that you had been right under my nose all this time. The thought of it makes me feel like a fool."

He took a shaky breath, his voice thick with emotion. "Now that I think about it, the only people who could have truly sabotaged my search were the ones closest to me—the ones I trusted the most."

"But why? Why would they go to such lengths to keep me from finding you? I honestly don't know." His voice wavered slightly, and his eyes, now red-rimmed, betrayed the weight of his emotions.

"I have no excuse for my failure, but all I ask is that you give us a chance to make it up to you."

As he spoke, his voice grew huskier, as though he were fighting back tears. His grief was mirrored in the faces of his family. Mrs. Evans clutched her hands together tightly, her shoulders trembling, while Kisha's three brothers—eyes red and unwavering—stared at her, silently pleading for a second chance.

"How can you be so sure that I'm your daughter? Maybe it's just a coincidence that we share some resemblance and the same birthmark. After all, years have passed, and countless people could look alike."

Kisha subconsciously avoided their gazes, masking the turmoil within her. She pretended to be indifferent, as if their words weren't affecting her, as if she wasn't shaken by the emotions welling up inside her.

But the truth was, her feelings were in complete disarray.

She understood what they were trying to explain—the root cause of the incident and its consequences. It was likely a business rivalry that led to her kidnapping, only for something to go wrong in the middle of it.

Or maybe it wasn't a mishap at all but a deliberate scheme against the Evans. She didn't know. And no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't remember a thing.

"If only we could run a Paternity test, we'd have undeniable proof that you're our sister," Ethan suddenly said, his voice filled with certainty.

Kisha wanted to deny it—not because she didn't believe in the possibility, but because it felt too surreal.

Sixteen years of searching had led them nowhere, and now, amidst the chaos of the apocalypse, they found her so easily? It was hard to accept. She also didn't want to get her hopes up.

Besides, it was clear that Melody disliked her and was already causing trouble. If she truly was the missing Evans daughter, the drama surrounding her would only escalate.

And she had no time for that. She had two bases to manage, and dealing with unnecessary family conflicts wasn't on her list of priorities.

In fact, she had already decided to kick Melody out when she returned—and by extension, her entire family. Keeping Melody around would only lead to more complications, and she refused to let that happen.

But now that they were claiming she was their missing family member, wouldn't that complicate her plans to kick them out? Would she even be able to follow through with it?

Kisha's mind was a mess. She had never expected to find herself in the middle of such a melodramatic family drama. Though she wasn't a fan of these kinds of situations, she had seen enough to think they were exaggerated. Yet here she was, caught in the center of one, unsure of what to do.

Just then, she felt a warm hand grip hers. Startled, she looked down and saw a large, familiar hand covering hers. When she looked up, her gaze met Duke's—his eyes steady, filled with silent encouragement.

"Don't worry. No matter what decision you make, I'll always support you," Duke said simply.

He didn't offer any suggestions or say anything more because he knew Kisha's mind must be in turmoil. Even he was still reeling from everything he had just heard.

Over the years, he had heard countless stories about the Evans family's desperate search for their missing daughter. He had also witnessed firsthand the favoritism they showed Melody.

But he wasn't one to judge. Maybe they had projected their love and longing onto Melody, using her as an emotional anchor. Or maybe there were deeper, more complex reasons behind it. He couldn't say for sure.

What he did know, however, was that the Evans family seemed genuine in their pain. And judging by the look on Kisha's face, she was feeling it too.

Seeing Duke beside her, Kisha's frantic heart gradually settled. She took a shaky breath, closed her eyes for a brief moment, and when she opened them again, she had regained her usual calm and composed demeanor.

Just then, Elios and Melody returned. Melody's face was smeared with cream, making her look pitiful as she trailed behind Elios, clutching onto his doctor's coat like a frightened child.

She cast a fearful glance at Kisha, her expression carefully crafted to draw sympathy. Anyone who saw her might immediately assume Kisha had gone too far and might even scold her for it—which was exactly what Melody wanted.

As she and Elios stepped into the room, the heavy atmosphere was impossible to ignore. Her gaze immediately landed on her family, standing beside Kisha's table.

They looked solemn and weighed down by something—but Melody, too focused on her own scheme, didn't notice the grief and sorrow etched into their features. Instead, she assumed they were confronting Kisha for what had happened to her.

In that instant, Melody launched into her act, playing the victim to fan the flames. She was certain that her parents and brothers would reprimand Kisha, forcing her into submission.

After all, the Winters and Evans families had been close allies for decades—surely, one Kisha wouldn't be able to shake that foundation.

She believed that no matter how much the Winters might try to protect Kisha, they wouldn't be able to stand against the weight of such an old friendship.

The moment she saw an opening, Melody seized the opportunity.

"Kisha, I know I went too far earlier. I'm sorry. And I know you don't like me, but—" Melody began, putting on her best pitiful act.

Before she could finish her performance, Kisha cut her off.

"So you know I don't like you, yet you still insist on parading yourself in front of me?" Kisha's voice was laced with impatience.

"It's good that you realize you went too far, but if you're truly sorry, show it through your actions, not empty words. If you keep acting like a spoiled brat, I'll make sure to beat some sense into you every time I see you."

She had neither the patience nor the energy to deal with Melody's petty schemes right now. The easiest way to handle her was through sheer force.

Hearing Kisha's blunt words, Melody choked on her own saliva, her face turning red in disbelief. Instinctively, she looked toward her father for support, her eyes brimming with unshed tears. But to her shock, no one was paying her any attention.

Instead, all eyes were on Kisha, waiting for her answer.

After a brief pause, Kisha lifted her gaze to the Evans family, studying them in silence. They had no idea that, at this very moment, she was also communicating with 008.

"Host, if we purchase a paternity testing kit from an advanced civilization or world in the system, the results will be available in minutes. Unlike the outdated Paternity tests in your world that take hours to process, this one is far more efficient," 008 informed her.

Kisha remained skeptical. "Is that test kit actually reliable?" she asked.

"Absolutely, Host! This particular Paternity test is widely used in that civilization. Their technology is far superior to yours, so it's not surprising that they've developed something so advanced."

"How much does one kit cost?" Kisha inquired.

"I can get two for just 500 system points," 008 replied confidently.

"Alright, buy it," Kisha instructed. The moment she gave the go-ahead, the Paternity testing kit materialized in her inventory.

Turning her attention back to the Evans family, she said, "Actually, I have an advanced Paternity testing kit with me. It was developed by our people at City B's base."

Her statement was so casual that even Duke raised an eyebrow. He wasn't the only one—several of the Winters' men who had come from City B with them also looked surprised.

They knew for a fact that no such invention existed in City B. The scientists and engineers there were still working on the blueprints Kisha had provided, making it impossible for a fully functional Paternity testing kit to have already been developed, as they never even put their attention to it.

But then again, Kisha had a habit of pulling out advanced and highly useful items seemingly out of nowhere—like a real-life Doraemon. It didn't take long for them to put two and two together.

She was likely using City B as a convenient cover for whatever advanced technology she introduced to this world. Understanding this, no one questioned her claim and simply went along with it.

"I'll handle the Paternity testing," Elios stepped forward, offering his expertise as a renowned doctor. He assumed that such an advanced Paternity test kit must still be in its initial phases and likely required specific procedures to ensure accurate results.

"Then, I'll take the test with her," Mrs. Evans stepped forward without hesitation.