

Apocalypse 690

Chapter 690 Paternity Test 2

It was only then that Melody realized the situation was not unfolding the way she had expected. Her face instantly turned ashen, and a wave of panic surged through her. Without thinking, she grabbed onto Mrs. Evans' arm, refusing to let go.

She didn't want the DNA test to happen. Deep down, she had a terrible feeling about it—as if, once the results came out, she would lose everything.

Her home.

Her family.

The life she had always known.

And worst of all, she feared that once Kisha was confirmed as their real daughter, she would no longer have a place in the Evans family.

She didn't understand why she felt this way. Maybe it was because the moment Kisha appeared, Duke had been taken from her.

And now, with their parents discovering that Kisha was their long-lost daughter, she couldn't shake the fear that all the love that should have belonged to her would be stolen away—just like Duke had been.

But what Melody didn't know was that none of it had ever truly belonged to her. It was always meant to be Kisha's—her place, her family, her rightful love. Yet, her parents had never explained this to her.

They never told her the truth. Deep down, however, the Evans knew.

It wasn't that they would simply discard Melody the moment they found their long-lost daughter—after all, she had been with them for 15 years, and severing that bond wouldn't be easy.

But now that Kisha was standing before them, they wanted to give her everything she had missed.

The first step was to prove, beyond any doubt, that she truly belonged to the Evans—and for that, they turned to science.

As events unfolded, the Aldens found themselves overwhelmed with mixed emotions. They had always dreamed of Kisha reuniting with her family, but now that it was happening, a quiet fear crept in—would her love for them change?

Yet, that worry was quickly overshadowed by the immense joy of seeing her find her true home. Still, the situation was complicated.

Melody was also part of the picture, making everything even more delicate and uncertain.

After a moment, the Evans, the Aldens, the Winters, and nearly everyone else followed behind Kisha, Mrs. Evans, and Elios as they made their way to the infirmary for the paternity test. The air was thick with tension, and it felt as though everyone's hearts were hanging by a thread.

What should have been a short walk from the cafeteria to the infirmary stretched endlessly, each step weighted with anticipation. Kisha maintained an indifferent expression, but beneath the surface, she was flustered. Her palms grew clammy with nerves.

Sensing her unease, Duke reached for her hand, giving it a firm squeeze—a silent reassurance that no matter what happened, she wouldn't face it alone.

Upon arriving at the infirmary, Elios wasted no time, immediately leading his mother and sister inside. Kisha retrieved the two paternity test kits that 008 had purchased from the system and handed them to Elios.

By now, Elios had noticed Kisha's uncanny ability to produce objects seemingly out of thin air—something eerily similar to what Duke had demonstrated earlier. However, given that most of them had already awakened their own abilities, Elios was no longer as surprised by what he saw.

He wasn't the only one. Nearly everyone present had begun to take note, their minds racing with speculation. What exactly was Kisha's ability?

"Are you ready?" Elios asked as he opened the test kit.

The kit was housed in a sleek metal box adorned with intricate designs. At first glance, the contents seemed fairly standard—test tubes, cotton swabs—but as Elios examined it further, his brows lifted in surprise.

What truly caught his attention was the small docking station where the test tubes were meant to be placed after collecting the samples.

Attached to it was a compact yet sophisticated machine. In essence, the entire box functioned like an advanced medical laptop, equipped with two docks for processing.

Now, Elios understood what Kisha meant when she said the kit was "pretty advanced." He didn't even need to conduct the analysis himself—his only task was to collect the samples, place them in the designated slots, and let the machine handle the rest.

With such automation, the paternity test kit was remarkably user-friendly—so simple that anyone with common sense could operate it.

Even Kisha was seeing the contents of the paternity test kit for the first time.

'No wonder 008 said that anyone could use it in the place it came from,' she thought.

After Elios finished examining the first test kit, he opened the second box and found an identical setup. He glanced at Kisha, his expression questioning the need for two kits.

Kisha met his gaze and explained matter-of-factly, "Shouldn't we ensure the results are accurate? Running two paternity tests and comparing the results will confirm the reliability, don't you think?"

Elios nodded and retrieved two test tubes from the right side of each box before approaching his mother.

Understanding what to do, Mrs. Evans opened her mouth as Elios carefully swabbed the inside of her cheek with a cotton swab.

Once he collected the sample, he placed it into a test tube containing a solution. He then repeated the process with a second swab, ensuring he had a sample for the other test kit.

After securing both test tubes in their respective docks inside the two boxes, he turned to the left side of the kits, retrieved two more test tubes, and made his way toward Kisha.

"Please open your mouth," Elios said, his voice dropping to a gentle, coaxing tone. Kisha followed his instructions obediently, though her expression remained as cold and unreadable as ever. Seeing this, Elios chuckled softly.

"You know," he mused, "I vaguely remember when we were little, and you had a sore mouth. Mom had to spray medicine inside, and you'd always pout but try to act brave—just like now."

"You'd keep your face as blank as possible, but the moment she was done, you'd say, 'It doesn't hurt,' like the toughest kid in the world. Still, your eyes would turn red because you hated the pain."

As he spoke, fragments of his childhood surfaced—blurred, like old, washed-out fabric. It had been over a decade, and those memories had long faded. But now, looking at Kisha, something deep inside him stirred, bringing those distant moments back to life.

A flicker of memory surfaced in Kisha's mind—vague, but undeniably real. She saw a younger version of Emma Evans sitting in front of her, holding a spray bottle, while four little boys surrounded them.

The tallest boy stood behind Emma, his face etched with worry, while a pair of twins pulled funny faces, trying to make her laugh.

She remembered trying to keep a straight face, determined to be brave, and before she knew it, the pain had already faded.

Just as quickly as it came, the memory slipped away, leaving a strange tug in her chest. When her gaze refocused on Elios, she found him watching her with that same warm, familiar smile, and for a moment, the past and present blurred together.

Although Emma Evans was the only face Kisha could see clearly, the memory aligned with what Elios had just said.