

Apocalypse 691

Chapter 691 Paternity Test 3

'Could this be triggering my lost memories?' she wondered. 'Am I slowly starting to remember?'

What she didn't realize was that, deep down, she already believed she was part of the Evans family. She was unconsciously using them as a foundation to piece together the memories she had lost.

Perhaps, without even knowing it, she was trying to unlock the past—but at the same time, a part of her resisted. Maybe, just maybe, she was afraid to fully acknowledge what she felt.

While Kisha was lost in thought, piecing together fragments of her resurfacing memories, Elios had already completed the swab.

Just like before, he placed the collected samples into the test tubes filled with solution before securing them in the designated docks of the two test kits. Moments later, a prompt appeared on the small screen.

[Start the Paternity Test?]

[Yes] or [Cancel]

Without hesitation, Elios pressed "Yes." The screen changed, displaying a loading bar while a stream of codes and unfamiliar symbols flickered in the background.

[Paternity Test Ongoing: 15%]

"This is incredibly fast," Elios murmured, watching the progress bar steadily climb. Within just a few minutes, the test reached completion, and another prompt appeared.

[Check Results]

Elios clicked on it, and within seconds, the final result appeared:

[Congratulations, DNA test results indicate a 99.99% probability of paternity.]

[Test A and Test B show a confirmed genetic match.]

"The results are out!" Elios exclaimed.

Without another word, he turned the test kit box toward his mother and Kisha. Even from a distance, Kisha could clearly see the glaring 99.99% probability displayed on the screen.

Her brows furrowed as she plunged into deep thought, trying to process the confirmation of what she had once refused to believe.

While Kisha remained frozen in contemplation, Elios had already rushed outside to share the news with his father, brothers, the Winters, and the Aldens, who were all anxiously waiting just beyond the door.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Evans remained seated, her hands trembling as she absorbed the reality of the results. Overcome with emotion, tears spilled down her face, and she didn't care how she looked at that moment.

In a sudden burst of raw emotion, she jumped up and wrapped Kisha in a tight embrace from behind.

The unexpected touch jolted Kisha out of her thoughts. Her first instinct was to push Mrs. Evans away, yet at the same time, something deep inside her resisted that urge. Conflicting emotions clashed within her—confusion, resistance, and a strange, unspoken yearning.

In the end, she did nothing. Her arms hung limply by her sides as she allowed Mrs. Evans to cry against her, uncertain of what to do or how to feel.

And not long after, a stream of people came inside the infirmary and the brothers immediately came straight to Kisha and hug her all at once while their father was still being emotional as he stood behind them with tears streaming down his face. "I finally found my little girl. Wuwuwu."

For some reason, Mr. Winters couldn't help but cringe as he watched Edward Evans—usually strict and composed—cry openly in front of him. A wave of secondhand embarrassment made him want to roll his eyes, but he held his tongue.

After all, this was a moment of celebration. They had truly found their long-lost daughter, and to think that she was also their daughter-in-law only strengthened their familial bond.

Meanwhile, Keith and the Aldens stood beside the table, their eyes fixed on the paternity test results. Grandma Alden, unable to hold back her emotions, wept tears of joy for Kisha.

She knew better than anyone how much Kisha had longed for answers—why she had been abandoned, whether she had ever been loved, or if she had even been wanted at all.

Those unanswered questions had weighed heavily on Kisha's heart as she grew up, which was why the Aldens had shielded her like a delicate flower.

They had surrounded her with love, ensuring she never had to dwell on painful uncertainties or feel the void of what she had lost. Their love had given her a happy, carefree childhood—one where she never had to ask those heartbreaking questions again.

After everyone had settled down, the Evans family sat down with the Aldens, expressing their heartfelt gratitude for saving Kisha when she was just a child. But as the conversation unfolded, a painful truth emerged—the Aldens had found Kisha on the side of the road, injured, with a head wound.

When they tried to map out the location where she had supposedly fallen versus where she had been found, they realized the distance between the two points spanned miles.

A heavy silence fell over them as the weight of that revelation sank in. The Evans and the Aldens alike felt their hearts twist in pain.

She had been only six years old.

What had she gone through? What had she been thinking as she crawled or stumbled her way across such a vast distance, wounded and alone?

Had she believed her family was waiting for her, pushing herself forward in a desperate bid to find them? Or had she simply been trying to go home, even though she couldn't remember where that was?

And if she had no memory... what had driven her forward?

Amidst the emotional whirlwind, Melody suddenly spoke up, her voice trembling.

"Mom, Dad... now that my older sister is back, does that mean my place in the family will change?" Her eyes brimmed with tears as she looked at them, vulnerable and uncertain. "Will you stop caring about me? Will you only dote on her from now on?"

The Evans couple felt a pang of heartbreak at her words. For a moment, they forgot their disappointment in her actions. No matter what had happened, Melody was still their daughter—she wasn't someone they could simply cast aside when circumstances changed.

Mrs. Evans stepped forward, her voice gentle yet firm. "No, sweetheart. Our family hasn't changed... it has only grown bigger. We would never cast anyone aside."

But out of Mrs. Evans' sight, Melody shot Kisha a triumphant look, as if claiming victory. Despite Kisha's return, Melody still saw herself as the family's cherished little princess.

However, Kisha couldn't care less. Now that she had sorted through her thoughts and accepted the situation, she was back to her usual self. After all, she had endured countless emotional rollercoasters in her past lives—learning to pick herself up quickly had long become second nature.

For now, Kisha decided to put aside her plan of kicking Melody out of the territory. First, she needed to see where this so-called family of hers truly stood if conflict arose between her and Melody in the future.

With that in mind, Kisha left the infirmary alongside the Aldens and Winters. Duke walked beside her, a steady presence at her side, while Keith, her younger brother, stood on her other. Together, they made their way out, leaving the Evans behind in stunned silence.

This wasn't what the Evans had expected. They had assumed Kisha would stay, talk with them, and reminisce about the past. Instead, she had slipped away in the short time they had spent pacifying Melody. That fleeting moment was all it took for Kisha to walk away.