

Apocalypse 692

Chapter 692 Knowing Their Stance

In that instant, the smug smile on Melody's lips disappeared, replaced by a wounded expression—one that silently pleaded for sympathy, as if she were the victim of Kisha's cruelty.

She wore the kind of look that would normally make others see her as pitiful yet graceful, enduring mistreatment with quiet resilience.

But the audience she was performing for didn't even spare her a glance. Instead, they all turned their attention to Kisha, following her without hesitation.

Her brothers, in particular, didn't waste a second, striding quickly to catch up with her, leaving Melody standing there, unnoticed and ignored.

"Baby sister, I—I'm Ethan... your second brother..."

The usually stoic and composed Ethan found himself uncharacteristically flustered. Watching Kisha walk away without even attempting to reconnect with them left a sinking feeling in his chest.

'Did she not want them? Did she have no intention of returning to their family?'

After all, despite the confirmation from the paternity test, Kisha had simply left with the Winters and the Aldens, never once acknowledging her real family.

The thought gnawed at him, and for the first time in a long while, uncertainty crept into his voice.

Eric hurried after them, his voice slightly breathless as he tried to keep pace with Kisha and the others. "H-Hello, I—I'm your first brother. And the twins—Elios and Eliot—are your third and fourth brothers. Elios is the doctor—he was born five minutes earlier than Eliot, who used to manage the family's hotel and restaurant businesses as a chef."

His words tumbled out in a rush, a mix of nervousness and urgency lacing his tone. They were steadily moving farther from the infirmary when suddenly, a piercing, sobbing shriek echoed behind them—Melody's wailing voice cutting through the air.

"Why are you all ignoring me? Am I not your sister anymore just because you found out she's your long-lost sister?"

Melody's voice trembled with desperation as she ran toward her brothers, grabbing onto Eric's sleeve and tugging at Elios. Her words were slightly slurred, but that didn't stop her from ranting.

"Besides, she just said that the DNA test kit you used was still in its initial testing phase! It could have errors—what if the results were wrong? How can you be so sure? A proper paternity test usually takes at least two hours, even when expedited, but this one finished so quickly! That doesn't make sense!"

She was grasping at straws, doing her best to sow doubt in her brothers' minds—to make them question Kisha's legitimacy.

She wanted them to believe that Kisha was manipulating them, pretending to be their missing sister to steal their family, their love, and everything Melody had built for herself. She couldn't accept it. She wouldn't accept it.

Kisha furrowed her brows upon hearing Melody's outburst. She had already decided to let Melody stay at the base and chose to distance herself from this so-called family. She wasn't ready to decide whether she wanted to acknowledge them or not.

Right now, her priority was the task at hand—whatever emotions or conflicts this reunion stirred in her would have to wait.

Mr. Evans furrowed his brows, though it was unclear whether he was displeased by Melody's words or by Kisha's cold demeanor toward them after learning the truth about her identity. However, before anyone could dwell on it further, Kisha pulled out two more DNA test kits.

"If you have doubts, go ahead and test it yourselves," she said flatly. "I don't have time for your family drama—I have more important things to do."

Without waiting for a response, she shoved the kits into Eric and Ethan's hands before turning on her heel and continuing forward with the others. Duke cast a sneering glance at Eric before wrapping a protective arm around Kisha's waist, walking away with her without a second thought.

In that moment, the Evans finally understood what Kisha had meant. She was challenging them to put Melody's doubts to rest by using the same DNA test kit to verify Melody's connection to the family. If Melody truly believed the initial results were unreliable, then testing her own DNA against theirs would prove once and for all whether she belonged.

It was a clear message—Kisha wasn't going to waste her time arguing. If they wanted to prove their sincerity, they had to take action.

Ethan and Eric exchanged a glance before turning their eyes to Melody. Behind her, Mr. and Mrs. Evans stood in silence. Mr. Evans still had a deep furrow in his brow, his displeasure evident as he observed the situation unfold.

Both Eric and Ethan could see that their father wasn't pleased with how things were unfolding. After all, he had doted on Melody for years, treating her like his little princess.

He had always believed she was a sensible girl who had simply lost her way due to the sudden shift in her circumstances. Yet, despite his affection for her, disappointment lingered in his eyes.

A part of him hesitated—he didn't want to go through with the DNA test. If they didn't do it, Melody could continue believing she was their true blood relative, sparing her from the harsh reality. He didn't want to shatter that illusion.

But Kisha wasn't giving them that option. Her stance was clear—she wasn't here to maintain a fragile peace built on uncertainty. She wanted the truth laid bare, even if it meant tearing apart what little harmony remained.

But Kisha didn't care. In fact, she wanted to shatter the fragile peace they were clinging to. She knew exactly how disappointed the Evans were when Melody had disregarded them during their awakening—when their bodies burned with fever, their minds teetering on the edge of collapse. If the heat had fried their brains just a little more, they might have turned into zombies right then and there.

And yet, with just a few tears, Melody was already starting to sway some of them.

Since Melody insisted on bringing drama to her doorstep, why should Kisha be magnanimous? Why should she allow Melody to live a carefree life in her territory while causing trouble?

First, she needed to put Melody in her place—shatter the little world she lived in, where she believed everything should revolve around her. Kisha would treat this as nothing more than entertainment.

Second, she wanted to see where her so-called family truly stood. If she and Melody were on opposing sides, who would they choose? Their blood-related daughter, or the girl they had raised all these years? It would be a difficult choice for the Evans, but Kisha needed to know their answer.

And depending on their decision, she would make hers.

She had no hesitation about being ruthless—no reservations about cutting them out of her life completely. She had grown up without them. Blood ties meant nothing if they became a threat to her or her real family.

Since Melody was determined to stir up trouble, Kisha had no choice but to put her in her place. She wasn't about to let that woman take Duke from her—nor would she sacrifice her peace of mind, the one thing she truly had left.

After making her stance clear, Kisha left without looking back, and the others followed suit.

