

Apocalypse 695

Chapter 695 Another Slap

Meanwhile, while the atmosphere outside the building was lively and festive, the infirmary was filled with tension, sorrow, and quiet sobs. Melody and Mrs. Evans had just finished conducting the paternity test.

"I told you this test is faulty! It's not working!" Melody exclaimed, her voice laced with frustration. "It even came back negative for me and Mom! That means that woman isn't an Evans at all—this was just a scheme to get close to you all!"

No one spoke. The room was heavy with silence, broken only by Mrs. Evans' heartbreaking sobs. They had all been sitting in this tense atmosphere for what felt like an eternity until Ethan finally snapped and decided to tell the truth.

"No. You're the one who isn't an Evans," he said, his voice cold and firm. "You were adopted a year after my sister went missing, that is to help stabilize my mom's depression."

His words cut through the silence like a blade. In truth, he had grown tired of Melody's constant whining, emotional outbursts, and subtle attempts at manipulation.

She believed she was flawlessly weaving her influence over everyone, but the truth was, they had all simply chosen to turn a blind eye. Their patience had been nearly endless, not until now.

They weren't in their own territory anymore. They were guests in someone else's home, and after all the disappointments Melody had caused, the rose-tinted glasses they had once worn for her were beginning to crack.

Especially Ethan, who had no special connection to Melody. His tolerance for her was the lowest, making him the most likely to break the silence and say what everyone else couldn't.

In fact, it almost seemed as if the others had been waiting for him to snap, because they didn't have the heart to tell her the truth themselves.

"W-What?!" Melody snapped, her wide eyes locked onto Ethan in disbelief. For a moment, she even forgot to cry, stunned by his words. Then, as if regaining her composure, she broke into a wide, mocking smile.

"Are you trying to hurt me with lies just to defend that woman?" she scoffed, her arms crossing in front of her chest in a subtly arrogant manner. "Don't tell me you've actually fallen for her?"

She let out a cold snort before continuing, her voice laced with contempt. "But brother, as you can see, she's being called Duke's wife now. That means she's nothing more than a used rag..."

Slap!

Before she could finish her words, a sharp sting exploded across her cheek as another slap landed, adding to her earlier injuries. The sudden pain brought tears to her eyes, and she slowly turned her head, only to meet the gaze of the one person who had always pampered her the most.

Her father.

But instead of the usual warmth, all she saw was deep, unshakable disappointment.

Melody felt as if her very soul had been ripped from her body the moment she saw the disappointment in her father's eyes. A cold dread spread through her, creeping from her feet to the rest of her body at an alarming speed.

It was the first time he had ever looked at her like this—like she was a stranger. And with that single gaze, her confidence shattered, crumbling like a fragile tower of glass. Her world, once steady and secure, was now reduced to rubble.

She had always believed she belonged, that she was connected to them by blood. Yet now, the truth crashed down on her—she had been kept in the dark while they all knew. The realization twisted inside her like a knife.

She wasn't one of them.

She wasn't family.

And worst of all... she had never been.

A sharp sting of betrayal and bitterness filled her chest. All this time, had she been nothing more than an outsider—someone they merely tolerated, someone they used?

But then again, she had indeed been used—but in return, she had lived a life of luxury, one she never would have experienced had she remained in the orphanage. If not for them, she wouldn't have even caught a glimpse of what it was like to be a wealthy heiress, admired and revered by many.

"Melody... how did you turn out like this?" Mr. Evans choked out, his voice filled with disbelief and sorrow.

Just weeks ago, when he first met Kisha and his wife confided in them that she believed the girl was their long-lost daughter, he had held onto his doubts. He had been prejudiced against her—after all, she didn't have Melody's gentle demeanor or the same warmth in her words.

Instead, she spoke bluntly, her tone often cold and indifferent. So, he convinced himself that even if Kisha was truly his blood, he would still feel closer to the daughter he had raised.

But now, standing here, watching Melody's true colors unfold before him, he realized a painful truth—he never really knew the child he had nurtured. And for the first time, a bitter thought crossed his mind: had he failed as a father?

Had he been blind to the faults he should have corrected? His sons had grown into fine men, yet Melody... Melody had become nothing but a disappointment.

"The paternity test was accurate, she is indeed our long-lost daughter, and you are not related to us by blood. But even so, we raised you with everything we had, treated you like our own princess, and gave you everything you desired, even love that we never had the chance to give our real daughter. All I ask is

that you don't cause her trouble and treat her well. That is the only thing we ask of you after sixteen years of caring for you as our own." Mr. Evans spoke weakly, as if utterly exhausted.

"But didn't you use me to help treat Mom? So, I don't owe you anything. In fact, you owe me a life! If I hadn't come into your home, maybe Mom would have lost her mind completely or even taken her own life—because deep down, she was weak." Melody sneered, her eyes burning with hatred as she glared at the man she once called father. Her words left everyone stunned into silence.

"Melody! How could you say that?!" Eric, the eldest, roared, his fury radiating from him like a storm about to break.

"What? Am I not allowed to speak the truth?!" Melody's eyes burned red with a mix of hatred and anger.

She knew now that she didn't belong to this family anymore and never would. The way they looked at her, the way they treated her now, made it painfully clear that things would never go back to how they were before.

"Melody..." Mrs. Evans, still sobbing, reached out to grasp her hand. She was fragile—both physically and emotionally—and the overwhelming surge of emotions was consuming her entirely.

The reason they had held on to Melody, despite all the disappointments, was because of her. They all knew that if they abandoned Melody now, after everything—including the moment she had turned her back on them when they needed her most—it would shatter Emma Evans completely.

They had seen Melody's true colors, but they also knew that losing her, after years of treating her as a daughter, might push Mrs. Evans to the edge. Melody had been her emotional anchor for so long, and they feared that without her, she might do something reckless.