

## Chapter 814 An Explosive Accusation

Elliana's gaze locked onto Edgar as she posed the question, her words hanging in the air like a blade. "From everything I've witnessed, Mr. Thompson, you strike me as decent people—upstanding, even—and yet somehow, fate saddled you with two ungrateful wretches named Amilia and Karlee. Tell me, have you ever entertained the notion that they might not carry Thompson blood at all?"

The room plunged into stunned silence. Everyone had watched Milena examine Edgar with bated breath, anticipating the legendary physician to work his magic. Not a soul expected that the moment the examination concluded, he would hurl such an explosive question into their midst.

The impropriety alone was staggering—an outsider meddling so brazenly in the Thompson family's private business. But beyond that, the claim itself bordered on absurdity. What evidence could possibly suggest that Amilia and Karlee weren't legitimate members of this family? Edgar and Elsie had only ever raised one daughter—Amilia—whom they had cherished from her first breath. She had never been separated from them, not even for a day. How could anyone question whether she was their biological child?

Rita felt the shock ripple through her as well, yet she held her tongue and waited for Elliana to continue. She had learned that Elliana possessed a profound wisdom that ran deeper than surface judgments. There was no reason to fear that Elliana spoke carelessly or without purpose.

Just like Rita trusted Elliana's instincts, the others knew there must be a reason behind that remark. Consequently, no one dared brand Milena presumptuous.

Kaleb and Jenifer exchanged weighted glances, while Edgar stared at Elliana as though she had just torn open a hidden seam in reality itself.

"Dr. Atkinson," Edgar said, his voice tight with disbelief, "please speak your mind plainly."



Elsie nodded, her expression grave. "Yes, Dr. Atkinson—tell us precisely what weighs on your thoughts. We won't fault you for directness, and we'll certainly take your words to heart."

A faint smile ghosted across Elliana's lips. "To put it bluntly, from a genetic perspective, Amilia and Karlee appear to bear no resemblance to either of you. Naturally, I could be mistaken. But why not settle the question through scientific means?"

Edgar and Elsie turned toward each other, their faces mirroring confusion and disbelief. They had raised Amilia with their own hands and had never questioned her parentage—not once in all those years. The implication refused to take shape in their minds immediately. Still, they understood that Milena was not someone who indulged in reckless speculation. If he was voicing this concern, a reason must exist behind it—and ignoring his counsel felt dangerously foolish.

Reading their confusion, Elliana softened a bit. "Look, just get to the bottom of this first. After you know the truth, then come see me about treatment." She stood. "I should go."

Nobody expected Milena to just walk out like that, leaving them all spinning.

Kaleb found his voice. "Dr. Atkinson, wait—does this family issue actually affect my father's treatment?"

"Definitely," Elliana said. "I just examined Edgar, and I can tell you his sickness comes from emotional stress. I'm betting that stress traces back to Amilia and Karlee. You can give him all the medicine in the world, but if you don't cut out that toxic source, he won't fully recover. Deal with the root problem first."

Kaleb nodded slowly, taking it in. He'd planned to invite Milena to stay at the mansion, roll out the red carpet. But with this whole Amilia and Karlee mess now exploding, asking felt wrong. After a beat, he turned to the butler. "Take Dr. Atkinson back to the hotel."

Levi stepped up, grinning. "I've got it, Kaleb. You've got your hands full here anyway."

"Yes. Levi can drive me," Elliana told Kaleb. "I'm staying in Yruzias for a while. Call me when you need me."



With that, Elliana and Levi departed together.

Once they were clear of the house, Levi couldn't hold back. "Okay, seriously—how did you know Amilia and Karlee aren't actually Thompsons? You just looked at them and figured that out?"

Elliana smiled. "Of course not. Even from a genetic standpoint, you can't determine lineage solely based on appearance. I'm Dr. Atkinson—I don't make rookie mistakes like that."

"I figured you were lying earlier," Levi said, laughing.

"No. I said it because I know the truth."

Levi's eyes went wide. "Wait—you actually already knew Amilia isn't their real daughter?"

Elliana nodded.

"How the hell did you know that?" Levi demanded. "You've never even met them before tonight. You don't follow their family drama. How'd you dig up something like that?"

Elliana decided it was time to tell him. She pointed at herself. "Because I discovered something. My mother is a Thompson. Which means everything Karlee has right now? It should be mine."

"What?"

Levi looked like someone had just punched him in the face.

Elliana laughed and clapped him on the shoulder. "Relax. Stop looking at me like that. Everything's going to come out eventually—just be patient and watch it all unfold. But I'm done answering questions tonight. I'm wiped out and I need sleep."

Back inside the Thompson house, long after they'd left, complete chaos broke loose.