

## Chapter 815 DNA Test

The Thompson family's daughter had been switched at birth—and for decades, none of them had suspected a thing. They had poured all their love into the wrong child, raising an impostor as their own. The truth hit like a storm, leaving a stain deeper than anything the Thompson family had ever endured.

The moment Elliana and Levi left, Edgar's fury burst loose. His hand crashed against the table, sending his teacup flying before he doubled over in a harsh, rattling cough.

Elsie hurried to steady him. "Please don't let anger take over. Dr. Atkinson said he might be mistaken. We must stay clear-headed. What matters most is finding the truth."

Kaleb chimed in, firm but calm, "Dad, I'll arrange a DNA test for Amilia right away. Please try to stay calm. This might not what we think it is."

Jenifer, however, spoke with a sharp honesty. "Actually, Edgar, I figure if Amilia turns out to have no blood ties with the Thompson family, it might actually be a relief. Amilia has been stubborn and wild since she was small—she never acted like she inherited either of your temperaments. If she isn't your daughter, then at least you won't blame yourselves for not guiding her properly anymore."

Surprisingly, her words eased some of Edgar's tension. For years, Amilia had disappointed him again and again. If she wasn't his blood, he could finally breathe—free of the guilt that he had somehow failed her as a father.

Elsie felt the same. Raising Amilia had always left her feeling inadequate, as though every mistake reflected on her. If not for Kaleb—steady, brilliant, and dependable—she would have felt too ashamed to face the family.

"But..." Elsie hesitated, her voice trembling. "If Dr. Atkinson is right, then where is our real daughter? Who exchanged her with Amilia? And how did they do it?"



The question hung over the room like a heavy shadow. Their thoughts drifted to the daughter they had lost long ago—a daughter raised by strangers, knowing nothing of her roots. They didn't know how she had lived or whether she was even alive.

Rita stood quietly at the edge of the room, listening. She trusted that Elliana would never speak carelessly, so she had already accepted that Amilia did not belong to the Thompsons. Worry crept into her chest. If the Thompson family's true daughter had suffered in the past, the pain would destroy Edgar and Elsie—especially Edgar, whose health was far too fragile for another blow.

Feeling their sorrow, Rita finally spoke. "Your daughter... She will return to you. I'm sure of it."

Her voice always carried a gentle calm. Everyone turned toward her. Edgar and Elsie stared at her face—and froze, struck by something they couldn't quite name.

For years, Edgar and Elsie had felt an inexplicable closeness to Bexley. They had always brushed it aside as simple affection, but now—with the possibility of the their daughter being switched lingering—their minds wandered to a startling thought. Why had they taken to Bexley so naturally? Was there something deeper tying them together?

As that idea settled, Jenifer suddenly broke the silence. "Has anyone else noticed that Bexley looks a lot like Elsie?"

The comment lit a spark in Edgar and Elsie—small but bright. Could Bexley truly be their own child?

A similar notion dawned on Kaleb. He had always felt a strange attachment to Bexley, an instinct to protect her as he would a younger sister. He had never understood why—until now. Could she really be tied to him by blood?

All their eyes drifted toward Bexley, heavy with hope. If she truly was the real Thompson daughter, their joy would be unimaginable.

Sharp as always, Rita understood what their stares meant. Heat rushed to her cheeks. How could she possibly be the Thompson family's real daughter? She admired Edgar and Elsie deeply—and felt that being their daughter would be the greatest blessing she could imagine—but she had



never dared to dream such a thing. The Thompsons were the most powerful family in the world. She knew her place. She was only their housekeeper. They had saved her life once. She should be grateful, not entertaining any illusion.

Uncomfortable with their hopeful gazes, Rita forced a small smile. "What matters right now is running a DNA test on Amilia, not guessing without proof."

Jenifer quickly regained her senses. "You're right. First, we need Amilia's blood."

Kaleb, Edgar, and Elsie were not the type to leap to conclusions. Hope was one thing—evidence was another. They needed facts, not fantasies.

Steady once more, Kaleb turned to the butler. "Call a doctor immediately. Have them draw Amilia's blood. I want the results as fast as possible."

"Yes." The butler bowed and left.

With the Thompson family's medical team on standby, everything moved quickly. Within two hours, the sealed DNA report rested in Kaleb's hands.

The results were clear. Amilia had no biological link to Edgar or Elsie.

Even though the Thompson family had prepared themselves, the truth still hit hard, sending a tremor of emotion through the room.