

## Chapter 816 Welcome Home

Edgar stared at the DNA report, his whole body trembling. Rage simmered beneath his skin like a storm waiting to break. "Who would dare switch my daughter?" If he ever uncovered the truth, he would tear the mastermind apart piece by piece.

Long before his daughter was born, he had imagined raising the little one, preparing treasures and a future worthy of her. After her arrival, he had squeezed time from a brutal schedule just to hold her, to love her, to watch her grow. All that devotion—every moment, every sacrifice—had been poured into someone else's child. And his real daughter... He had no idea where she was, or what kind of life she had endured without him.

The thought left Edgar gutted—rage clawing at him, heartbreak hollowing him out.

Elsie was just as shattered. Her eyes were swollen and red, her voice raw from emotion. She replayed the hours after giving birth with agonizing clarity and realized belatedly that the baby placed in her arms that day had been Amilia. That meant her true daughter had been taken the very moment she entered the world. The cruelty of it was unfathomable.

Kaleb's expression burned with a similar fury. His fists tightened until his knuckles looked bleached. He made a silent vow then—whoever orchestrated this would face a reckoning.

Of them all, Jenifer remained the calmest. Her gaze drifted to Bexley as she said gently, "Kaleb, Edgar, and Elsie, why don't you take a DNA test with Bexley as well?"

Kaleb, Edgar, and Elsie all turned to Bexley at once. Before the truth about Amilia's parentage came out, none of them had dared to propose a DNA test with Bexley. But now? A test felt necessary. Not only because hope was clawing at their hearts, but because Bexley's features—every line, every expression—echoed Elsie's unmistakably. If Bexley truly was the Thompson family's lost daughter, it would be a twist of fate so wild that it almost felt scripted.



But Rita looked stricken, overwhelmed. "I-I can't be your daughter. I-I just ..."

"Bexley, please go with the DNA test," Elsie whispered, her voice quivering. "From the moment I saw you out at sea, I felt a bond—instant, instinctive. Something I never felt with Amilia. That's why I'm certain you're the child we lost."

Edgar swallowed hard, eyes burning. "I feel it too. I've prayed—truly prayed—that you're our daughter. If you are, I'll finally have peace. Even though I was robbed of raising you, at least we still found each other before everything slipped away. For ten years we've cared for each other without knowing why." The sincerity in his voice weighed heavy in the room.

Rita's chest tightened, her eyes misting. Though she had never allowed herself to dream of such a connection, gazing at Edgar and Elsie now, she found herself desperately wishing she were their daughter—to mend the hearts that had been fractured by decades of lies.

"Bexley, could you please do the DNA test with us?" Kaleb asked softly.

Rita nodded without a moment's hesitation. "Alright. If I really am Edgar and Elsie's daughter, I would be the happiest person alive."

Soon, the doctor drew Rita's blood, and two excruciating hours crawled by before the report landed in Kaleb's hands.

At this point, night had deepened around them, yet the house blazed with unrelenting light.

The results were indisputable. Bexley was, beyond any shadow of doubt, Edgar and Elsie's biological daughter.

The truth was precisely what the Thompson family had yearned for.

Kaleb shot to his feet, pulling Rita into a crushing embrace. "Welcome home, little sister!"

Rita stood motionless, stunned into silence. She could scarcely believe it. It felt as though fortune itself had descended from the heavens, leaving her mind reeling, unable to grasp the enormity of this reality.

As soon as Kaleb released her, Edgar and Elsie rushed forward, gripping



her hands, their gazes trembling with emotion.

"It all makes sense now!" Edgar said, overcome with emotion, eyes fixed on Rita. "Your eyes, elegance, and quiet strength... You're exactly the daughter I always imagined."

Elsie dissolved into deeper sobs. "My poor child... I failed to protect you. You must have suffered so much out there."

Tears streamed down Rita's cheeks. For ten long years, her memories had been blank. She had drifted through life like a piece of wood on an endless sea, rootless and alone. But now she finally understood—her home had been right here, and her family had been waiting for her all along.

"Dad! Mom!" Rita called out. Though the words felt unfamiliar on her lips, her heart overflowed with joy.

Today had delivered more revelations than Rita could possibly absorb. A husband, a son, a daughter—and now parents and an older brother. In a single heartbeat, she had transformed from utterly alone to surrounded by everything she had ever longed for. The happiness was so staggering that she felt unprepared to fully receive it.

Hearing their long-lost daughter finally call them "Dad" and "Mom," Edgar and Elsie dissolved into tears of overwhelming joy. They pulled Rita into a fierce embrace, clutching her as though terrified that fate might still find a way to steal her back.

