

# Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

## Chapter 521 - 531

### Chapter 521 He Bullied Her

He pushed open the bathroom door, only to see Kisa lying on the floor in tears. It angered him to see this. "What are you doing again? Can't you just sit on the couch?" He was clearly impatient and reproachful.

Feeling wronged, Kisa just bit her lip and said nothing.

Neither Gilbert said anything more. He walked in to carry her. The moment he turned around, he got a glimpse of the urine in the toilet bowl. He was stunned and

subconsciously looked at the woman in his arms. "Y— You came in here because you needed to release yourself, and that was why..."

Kisa bit her lip, not saying anything and not looking at him.

He pursed his lips and then asked, "Did the fall hurt?" He was asking a stupid question; if it did not hurt, she would not have cried.

The woman still bit her lip and said nothing.

Gilbert let out a light sigh and carried her out. Once again, he placed her on the couch, but this time, his actions were much gentler than before.

"Luckily, I always have all kinds of medications here," Gilbert said, opening the first-aid kit, and taking out a tube of ointment. He kneeled down and put her injured foot on his knee. Then he squeezed some ointment out and smoothed it bit by bit evenly on the red and swollen area of her foot. "By tomorrow, you should be sober, and the swelling on your ankle should have reduced a bit. So by then you can take a taxi back by yourself. Don't tell anyone that you have seen me tonight."

“Gilbert...” Kisa suddenly called out to him. Her voice was clear, and she seemed to recognize him, but she still looked tipsy. She looked at him. “Have you hated me from the beginning?”

“Yeah.” Gilbert answered and nodded his head only after a long silence.

Kisa pursed her lips and choked. “Why? Did I do something that annoyed you back then?”

Gilbert did not want to answer the question. ‘Since she likes Jensen, why is she asking me such a question, as if I have wronged her?’ He put away the ointment after applying it on her foot. “Don’t wear shoes tonight. Go to bed early and leave as soon as you wake up tomorrow,” he said indifferently, the last part of his sentence sounding as if it was a command.

Kisa looked at him in aggrivement and said nothing.

He could not bear to see the look on her face, as it always gave him the illusion that he was bullying her. He carried the first-aid kit and walked outside without looking back. After closing the door behind him, he leaned on the door and smiled self-deprecatingly. ‘What have I been doing tonight? I told myself not to care about her, but I still couldn’t help but

bring her here. I told myself I would slowly forget her and stop being soft on her, but when he saw her red and swollen ankle, my heart still arched.’ He tilted his head and laughed, and could not help but kick himself. ‘After tonight, I must absolutely not care about her life or death again. Absolutely not!’ He swore in his mind, his eyes looking frosty.

After Kisa made such a havoc, Gilbert did not feel like sleeping. After taking a shower, he went to his study to take care of some paperwork. Before he knew it, it was already 1 am. He pinched his tired brow and was about to turn off his computer and go to sleep when Davian video-called him. He answered it and then leaned back in his chair.

“What’s up? Say it.”

## Chapter 522 There Is a Ghost

“Mr. Kooper, you are still awake? H—  
Have I disturbed you?” Davian let out a servile at the other end of the phone.

Gilbert rolled his eyes. “Of course you have disturbed me. You are becoming worse and worse as an assistant.”

Davian’s smile froze. “T—  
Then I will leave you to it and will report back to you tomorrow.” Gilbert stopped teasing him and said in a deep voice, “Get down to business.”

Davian stopped laughing and said with a serious face, “Didn’t you ask me to investigate Adrien Tanner? I have found something.”

“Say it.”

“Adrien is the Tanner family’s eldest son, grew up smart with good business acumen. He graduated from a prestigious university and as soon as he graduated, he started his own business to prove his ability. Later, he took over all the business of the Tanner family with his own merit. He is very influential in the circle, and is the best in the business world. As for his relationship history, I found nothing. He doesn’t seem to be interested in women. He is not married yet and has no tidbit about him. There are rumors he has secretly married and has a son, but none of these rumors have been confirmed.”

Gilbert listened quietly, and Adrien’s eyes came to mind. The results of Davian’s investigation sounded normal, yet strange. He was sure at the moment that he had not seen Adrien before and also had not crossed paths with him. But he just found those eyes so familiar. ‘It can’t be. I must have seen those eyes before.’

Davian stared at his frowning face and could not help but ask, “Mr. Kooper, is there something wrong with the information I have found?”

Gilbert shook his head. “You are efficient.”

Davian laughed.

“Not that I’m efficient. Just that his background is so easy to check, as if it had been put there on purpose. It comes out as soon as you check it.”

Gilbert thought his statement was a bit strange, but could not figure out what was strange

about it.

“Mr. Kooper...” Davian suddenly smiled servilely again, “Is Mrs. Kooper still at your place?”

Gilbert’s face darkened.

Davian panicked and hurriedly backtracked. “I mean Ms. Becker. It is Ms. Becker. Not Mrs. Kooper.”

“If there is nothing else, hang up.”

Davian nodded. “Nothing else.”

“Aaaaah!”

Just as

Gilbert was about to cut off the video call, a scream came. It was so loud it could have been heard throughout the villa, even from Davian’s end.

“Is that Ms. Becker’s voice? What is happening, Mr. Kooper? Where are you and Ms. Becker

now?”

Gilbert ignored Davian as he disconnected the call and then hurried outside

“Aaaaah... Go away! Who are you? Go away!”

CLANK!

Before Gilbert could enter the room, he heard a woman’s piercing scream from inside, accompanied by a sound of breaking glass. His heart skipped a

beat, and he hurriedly pushed open the door. He saw a shadow lunge toward him before it collided into him.

“There is a ghost! Gilbert, there is a ghost! It is so scary!”

Gilbert had no words and put his hand to his forehead. ‘Is she drunk again? It is the middle of the night. How come she hasn’t sobered up at all and is getting drunker and drunker?’

Kisa clutched his chest lapel, cowering. “There really is a ghost. It is so scary...”

“Where is the ghost? Show me.”

### **Chapter 523 There isn’t Even a Cat Here**

Kisa swallowed in fear. She half hid her face in his arms and pointed at the curtain that

danced with the wind.

“That was where it crawled in. It is so scary, so scary...”

Gilbert would not believe it. He pulled her toward the window, and she hid behind him in fear, only peeking out from behind him. Gilbert lifted the curtain and searched around, but there was no ghost, not even a cat.

“Where is the ghost?” He dragged her out from behind him and pointed to the white curtain. “Tell me, where is the ghost?”

“Huh?” Kisa bit her finger and wove her way behind the curtain, asking with a puzzled face, “Where is the ghost? Where is it hiding? Huh?”

Seeing her childish actions, Gilbert put his hand to his forehead, speechless. “You must have a nightmare. Okay, go to sleep.” He fought back his anger and spun around to leave.

But she tugged on his arm again and yelled, "There it goes! The ghost has gone there!" Kisa pointed at the bathroom with a frightened face.

Gilbert was annoyed, but still patiently accompanied her to the bathroom. Once inside, he was so furious that his blood pressure shot up; the bathroom mirror had been shattered, and things on the countertop had been smashed all down on the floor. It was a mess. He gritted his teeth and looked sternly at Kisa beside him.

Kisa did not notice the murderous look in his eyes. She was still in terror, searching for the ghost.

Gilbert wished he could slap her to death. 'When other people get drunk, they just go to sleep, but she just turns into a madwoman. Last time she was drunk, she still acted quite cute. How come this time she became a complete psycho?'

"Kisa!"

He yelled at her. Kisa was shaken, shrinking her neck and staring at him with a frightened face. Seeing her scared look, Gilbert fought back the impulse of wanting to slap her to death and asked in a deep voice, "Where is the ghost? If you don't find it tonight, I won't be finished with you."

"I—It was in there. But now it is gone. Where did it go, where did it go?" Kisa asked with a puzzled look on her face, still leaning on the wall where the mirror was embedded and searching for the ghost.

Gilbert's chest heaved as his breathing got heavier. 'I was wrong. I should never have brought this woman here.' He took a deep breath with his eyes closed and then asked, "So tell me, what did the ghost look like?"

"I—  
Its face is pale, its mouth red and big, wanting to eat people, and... and its eyebrows are thick."

Gilbert frowned, finding her description a little familiar, like he had seen it somewhere before.

“It... It just laughed at me in that mirror, a creepy laugh, with that big red mouth trying to eat me.”

‘In the mirror? Could it be...’ Gilbert looked carefully at her face.

He had focused his attention on finding the ‘ghost’ she had just said and had not noticed her face. Now, upon taking a closer look, he found she looked exactly like what she had described: pale face, blood red mouth, and thick and long eyebrows. He could not help but sneer, as angry as he was amused. He put on a serious face, held back his emotions, and asked her.

### **Chapter 524 I Want to Sleep With You**

“You are wearing makeup in the middle of the night. Who is it for?”

Kisa looked at him. “For you.”

Gilbert stared at her face, which looked slightly funny, and said nothing.

“I heard someone say that men like beautiful women. After I put on makeup, I will become beautiful, and you will like me.”

It tugged at his heartstring. He looked into her clear eyes and asked faintly, “Why do you want me to like you? So you can use it to toy with me?”

Kisa shook her head. “I just want you to like me,” she said, cupping her face that had a thick layer of foundation, and asked expectantly, “Do you think I look good like this?”

Seeing her expectant eyes, Gilbert lied through his teeth by saying, “Yes.”

Kisa broke into a smile happily and leaned her face with an exaggerated makeup close to him. “Do you like me then?”

Gilbert pursed his lips and could no longer fudge. He said expressionlessly, “No.”

Kisa’s smile instantly collapsed, and she muttered, not too happy, “I knew it. You like those

hussies.”

Gilbert did not bother to talk to her. He was not sure if all women were so unreasonable when they were drunk. He looked at the time; it was almost two in the morning. There were a lot of things he had to deal with in the office tomorrow, so he could not keep her company any longer. "There is no ghost here. If there is, it is you."

Kisa did not seem to understand and stared at him ignorantly. He did not bother to say more, just uttered indifferently, "Okay, it is late. I'm going to bed, you go to bed too." With that, he walked outside, but Kisa tugged at him again. Gilbert was annoyed and could not help but yell, "What else do you want?"

His yelling stunned her, and she felt aggrieved. "I'm scared. I want to sleep with you."

"No way." Gilbert refused. 'Heh, she wants to sleep with me? Isn't that torturing me?'

Kisa did not comply, and tugged at his arm tighter, clinging to him. "I want to sleep with you, I'm afraid. That ghost is going to crawl in through the window again, I'm afraid."

Gilbert clenched his fist before loosening it, repeating the same actions as he tried hard to fight back the anger. He then used his other hand to push her. But she seemed to use all her strength, clinging to his arm. No matter how hard he pushed, she refused to let go.

Gilbert let out a sardonic smile. "You really want to sleep with me?"

Kisa opened her eyes wide and nodded at him.

He suddenly smiled coldly, with an evil look in his eyes.

"Then don't regret it when you wake up tomorrow." His hand went through the bend of her legs and carried her up at once.

Kisa hurriedly wrapped her arms around his neck and clung to him tightly. The feeling of dependence made the man's heart, which he had tried so hard to

restrain, pound again. Putting the woman on the bed, he forced himself on her, kissing her with a sense of revenge.

Kisa looked at him, her eyes widening. She felt his kisses uncomfortable and suffocated, even her lips hurt. She hit him on the shoulders, but it felt like tickles to him. As Gilbert did not let go of her at all, she became angry, struggling, resisting, and whimpering. Her resistance finally annoyed Gilbert, and he got up slightly and ripped her clothes off angrily.

### **Chapter 525 Go Find Another Man**

It reminded him of that day when he saw her angry and resistant expression. The wound in his chest from her stab hurt again. He suddenly smiled in a self-deprecating way. 'I have to use force every time I want to get intimate with her. How ridiculous! How ironic!' He got up abruptly and looked out the window with his arms akimbo, feeling bitter.

Kisa propped herself up and tilted her head to look at him. When he did not turn around even after a long while, she could not resist tugging at his clothes. "Gilbert..."

"Get lost!" He growled in disgust and swatted away her hand in repulsion.

Kisa flinched back at his yell. She bit her lip and hugged her knees as she looked at him with a touch of aggrievement mixed with stubbornness on her face.

Gilbert took a deep breath and turned to look at her.

"Don't make such a face like I have bullied you. If you don't like me, why are you sticking to me? Why bother wooing and tempting me? Do you think this kind of relationship game is fun? I'm telling you, I won't entertain you anymore. If you want to play, then go find another man. I will never have the slightest bit of affection for you again." He gave her a disdainful look, turned around, and walked outside, then slammed the door shut behind him.

His action startled Kisa. She stared blankly at the door, tears falling down involuntarily. She hurriedly raised her hand to wipe them away, but she got a handful of foundation.

Back in the room, Gilbert was completely sleepless. He leaned against the window and puffed away, his expression looking grave.

'Every time when I was determined to ignore her, she kept coming back to woo me. What exactly does she want? Playing with me?' He chuckled, his eyes looking frostier and frostier.

The

next day at noon, Kisa finally woke up. She rubbed her sore temples and slowly sat up in bed. Looking at the unfamiliar yet somewhat at-home environment, she was transfixed for a long time before recognizing that this was The Sandy Bay, the place at where Madalyn had previously recuperated. 'So it was Gilbert who brought me here?' She clutched her head and tried to recall what had happened last night. She remembered that yesterday evening, after Adrien left, she drank a lot more because of her grief. When she came out of the bistro, she felt groggy, wandering in the street, and vaguely remembered a man harassing her. Then someone who might be Davian saved her and shoved her into a car. She couldn't remember what happened after that. She could only recall some vague

images.

Kisa closed her eyes and kneaded her temples. She was really sick all over, inside and out, from the hangover. She leaned on the headboard for a long while, and only when her head was clearer did she get out of bed. But as soon as her foot hit the floor, a sharp pain came from one side of her ankle, causing her to gasp. She looked at her foot and frowned, as she found it had swollen. 'Strange! How did I injure my foot?' She vaguely remembered that she fell off a boulder but could not remember why she had climbed onto it.

She endured the pain in her ankle and limped toward the bathroom. When she reached the bathroom doorway, she was shocked. It panicked her to see the mess inside. 'Who did all this? Could it be... could it be me? Did I do this while I was drunk?' The more she thought about it, the more panicked

she was. She wiped the cold sweat off her forehead with the back of her hand, only to find the stain of foundation and black of eyebrow pencil on the back of her hand.

## **Chapter 526 I'll Pay You Back**

It shocked Kisa for a moment. 'W- What happened?' She hurriedly looked around and found a dressing mirror over by the closet. She couldn't care less about the pain in her ankle and hurried over to the mirror. When she saw herself in the mirror, she shrieked in fright. 'Who did this? Who made my face look like this?' The makeup of the woman in the mirror was crude and garish, and because after sleeping all night, that makeup looked even messy. Gilbert didn't see me like this, did he?'

Biting her lip in embarrassment, she turned around and rushed into the bathroom. It was a mess inside, where the pieces of shattered mirror were all over the floor and toiletries on the countertop were strewn on the floor. She searched the floor before finding a face wash in the corner. She hurriedly scrubbed her face several times with the face wash and then ran to the dressing mirror again. Looking at the clean face in the mirror, she sighed with relief. She looked at her body again; she was still wearing the same clothes as yesterday. 'Gilbert must have left me in this room alone. Good! It would have been super embarrassing had he bathed and helped me get changed last night.'

The villa was quiet, and she did not know if Gilbert was there, and she hoped he was not. Otherwise, she would not know how to face him. She sorted her hair and clothes, then dragged her painful ankle downstairs. When she came to the living room, she saw Gilbert sitting at the dining table with his back to her. She pursed her lips and hesitated for a long while before walking over to him.

He was still wearing his sleeping robe. There were a few dishes on the table, as well as two bowls of soup, all packed in boxes, which should be the takeaway he ordered. Gilbert ate silently, as if he did not see her. She thought for a moment and asked tentatively, "T- That bathroom... Did I do that?"

“There is only you and me in this house. You were drunk last night. Tell me who did that.” His answer was obvious.

Kisa struggled internally for a moment and said, “Don’t worry. I will pay you for the things I have broken.”

Gilbert did not even bat an eyelid. “Whatever,” he replied indifferently.

Kisa lowered her eyes and stared at the two bowls of soup on the table, and could not help but lick her lips. She was not hungry, but she just wanted to drink those two bowls of soup, and maybe eat something light. Especially since she was dehydrated now.

Perhaps sensing her gaze on the food, Gilbert looked at her expressionless ly, “Sit down and eat if you want.” His voice still sounded distant.

Kisa licked her dry lips once again. “It is okay. I’m not hungry.”

“Suit yourself.” Again, he said coldly and continued his meal with his head lowered. But after only taking two bites, he suddenly put down the cutlery and cleaned up the food on the table.

Kisa saw him dump all those leftovers into the trash, including the two bowls of soup. She stood holding the edge of the table, feeling bad. Since she had stabbed him that day, he had indeed become more indifferent toward her.

After Gilbert cleared the table, he looked up at her and said in a faint voice, “Davian saw you being harassed on the street last night. He rescued you and put you in my car. You were so drunk that I was worried you would scare Andrew and Ada, so I brought you over here. Since you are sober now, you can now leave.”

He spoke to her as if he was talking to a stranger. Kisa could not describe her feelings right now. She should obviously hate him, but facing the man and his attitude, her hatred suddenly lost its strength, seemingly powerless. She said nothing, turned around, and limped outside the house.

The Sandy Bay was so remote that it was almost impossible to get a taxi. She had no choice but to drag her aching ankle along, taking one step at a time. She did not want him to give her a ride.

Gilbert's eyes swept over her injured ankle. He leaned on the edge of the table and lit a cigarette, then took a drag and puffed out a ring of smoke.

### **Chapter 527 She's the Woman You Love**

"I will take Andrew and Ada back to the Kooper residence in a couple of days," Gilbert said.

Kisa froze for a long while before saying in a faint voice, "Okay." The two children should have gone back to the Kooper residence a long time ago. But remembering all the time she had spent with them together, she still felt sad at the thought of them leaving. She took a few breaths and inched outside, holding back the pain in her feet.

Gilbert looked at her slow and clumsy movement and was irritated. He took a drag and said coldly, "Why are you walking so slowly? Is it because you don't feel like leaving?"

Kisa was agitated. But she still bit her lip and tried to walk faster. Her foot was almost kaput, but she just gritted her teeth and endured it, refraining from making a sound.

Gilbert felt even more upset and looked away from her when Kisa picked up her pace. Suddenly, there was a sudden sound of braking in the courtyard. He squinted and looked out. The Sandy Bay was a place where no one but him had come since his grandmother left. Davian had been assigned to do other things and would not come here either. So he wondered who could have come at this moment.

His cold eyes swept over Kisa as he straightened up and strode toward the door. His legs were long, and he walked fast, overtaking Kisa. Just as *he* reached the door, he saw Jensen getting out of the car and coming his way with a smile, which was always so gentle, just like when he was young.

"I'm here to pick up Kisa." Jensen spoke gently, stating the purpose of his visit.

Gilbert said nothing, just stood in the doorway and smoked.

After a while, Kisa came up from behind. Jensen frowned when he saw her limping. He quickly came forward and looked at her swollen ankle. "What is going on?"

Kisa subconsciously glanced at Gilbert, who was still leaning sideways against the door, his demeanor lackadaisical with a slight look of sneer and indifference on his face. Kisa lowered her eyes and whispered to Jensen, "I fell." Although she could not remember clearly last night and the pictures in her head were blurred, she could still vaguely remember that she fell off a boulder.

Jensen looked grave. He stepped forward and carried her up in his arms.

His action startled her, and she wanted to refuse. But when she caught a glimpse of Gilbert's sneering face, she instantly thought better of it. She was already in such an embarrassing situation, and her ankle was hurting like hell that she was in a cold sweat, so she thought there was the point of trying to be tough.

If her ability did not allow, any bravado she had was just a joke to Gilbert.

"Why are you so careless?" Jensen looked at Kisa with distress, and could not help but reproach her with concern.

Kisa smiled apologetically. "I drank too much last night. I won't do it again."

Jensen sighed and looked at Gilbert. "Thanks to you for taking care of her last night."

Gilbert puffed out a ring of smoke with a snort of laughter. "She is the woman you love. So it wouldn't be right for me, as a brother, to see a drunken woman being harassed by a man on the street and not take care of her, would it?"

Jensen stared at Kisa with a look of self-recrimination.

And Kisa only felt a little embarrassed. She quietly tugged on his sleeve. "Let's go."

Jensen nodded and carried her to the car.

Gilbert's voice came with a sneer of disgust as soon as he placed Kisa in the car.

## **Chapter 528 Don't Let Her Get Drunk In Front of Me**

"Keep an eye on her, don't let her get drunk in front of me."

Kisa's eyes were downcast, her hand clenched tightly. She was awash with

embarrassment and unknown emotions, feeling suffocated. Had she been a bit sober last night, she would never, ever have bothered Gilbert.

Jensen glanced at her, feeling conflicted. He then looked back at Gilbert with a light smile. "Sure."

The car drove away. Gilbert stared expressionlessly at it until it disappeared from sight, then he ruthlessly stubbed out his cigarette and turned around to enter the house.

Inside the car, Jensen grasped the steering wheel with one hand and tugged at his tie with the other. Kisa looked at him sideways. He was pursing his lips and looked tired. She also noticed that he was still wearing yesterday's clothes and suddenly remembered Mia's car accident. She straightened up and asked, "Is Miss Fallon okay?"

"She is fine. She just hurt her leg."

Kisa was relieved to hear this, and her straight back softened again, leaning leisurely against the back of the seat. "Then let's go see her now."

"You injured your foot. You need to rest. I will take you home." Seeing her terribly swollen ankle, his heart pulsed with self-condemnation. 'I should have gone to her last night immediately after making sure Mia's life was not in danger. I didn't even know

that she was drunk, much less that she was harassed in the street. Had Gilbert not bumped into her, I couldn't imagine what would have happened to a drunken woman wandering the streets like that.'

Kisa looked at her increasingly swollen ankle and smiled at him. "I'm fine. I will just put some medication on it later. Let's go see Miss Fallon."

Jensen suddenly slowed the car to the side.

Kisa looked at him in surprise. "What is wrong?"

Jensen pursed his lips and was silent for a long while. "Yesterday, I should have accompanied you to see Mr. Tanner."

"It is okay. Miss Fallon met with a car accident. You should go see her first and keep an eye on her," she said nonchalantly.

Her lack of concern disappointed him. She had never been jealous of Mia, not in the slightest, which made him most powerless and frustrated.

Fearing that Jensen was still blaming himself, Kisa hurriedly added, "It was okay that I went to see Mr.

Tanner alone. Although I was a little nervous when I first went there and didn't know

how to talk to him about what happened five years ago, I didn't expect him to

be much more amiable than I thought."

'Amiable?' Jensen sneered at the description and let out a subtle, self-deprecating smile." And

did he say anything to you about the fire five years ago?"

"He said he didn't find out who was behind that fire back then, but he said the warden must know something, and next, he would help me find that warden."

Jensen stared straight ahead. Winter had arrived. After the chilly wind last night, withered leaves covered the roadsides, which were lined with maple trees with leaves hanging sparsely on the branches, looking desolate. Jensen tapped on the car window

as he asked in a low voice, "What would you do if the final outcome of the investigation points to Gilbert as the one behind the prison fire?"

Kisa subconsciously clutched the seat belt. She thought of the poor baby in the photo, telling herself that if it was really Gilbert, she would never forgive him. "If it is really him, I will avenge my child with my life."

### **Chapter 529 Will It Have a Long-Term Sequela?**

Jensen turned to look out the window. Feeling depressed and wanting to say something, but good sense told him not to. In the end, he said nothing and started the car again. "Let me take you to the hospital."

Kisa nodded, clutching the seat belt in her hand, not making a sound. She still hoped that Gilbert was not behind the fire, for no other reason than because of Andrew and Ada, whom she genuinely loved even though they were not her children. She did not want to go to the point where she and Gilbert were killing each other, as that would be too devastating to the two children.

When she arrived at the hospital, Jensen did not take her to see Mia. Instead, he brought her to the surgery clinic to look at her ankle. The surgeon was an older doctor. He gently squeezed Kisa's red and swollen ankle and shook his head.

Jensen instantly frowned and asked in a grave voice, "How is it? Is it serious?"

"Serious is an understatement. If she doesn't take care of it from now on, I'm afraid she will end up with a lifelong sequela."

"How can that be?" Kisa quickly said, "I just fell. Not that serious, isn't it?"

"Humph! You came too late. The moment I saw how much your ankle had swollen, I knew you must have walked a lot without taking care of your injury," the doctor said, and then reproached her some more in anger. "You young people don't take it for granted. Your foot is swollen so much, and you still act like nothing is wrong. If you don't treat this immediately, you won't be able to run in the future."

It shocked Kisa to hear that. Her face turned pale, and she smiled nervously, "I—It is not as serious as you said, isn't it?"

Seeing the doctor's face darkened, Jensen patted her on the shoulder, and looked at the doctor with a grave face.

"Can it be healed, and after she recovers, will it leave behind any sequela?"

The doctor took a closer look at her swollen ankle. "If I'm right, this is not the first time you have injured your ankle."

Kisa was transfixed, and she started to recall her memory. After experiencing the fire and meeting Gilbert again, Gilbert caught and locked her up in the garret. At that time, in order to escape, she jumped from the garret and sprained her ankle. She was so ill at the time that her body could fail at any time. So she didn't pay attention to the sprained ankle, not even apply any medication. Later, that ankle had never fully recovered. All she knew was that from then on, every time she sprinted, her ankle would hurt like hell. She nodded at the doctor. "I sprained it once half a year ago, but I didn't see a doctor or apply any medications."

The doctor sighed helplessly. "You young people don't know how to take care of

yourselves. All right, treatment starts today. Don't move around during treatment."

"Will it have a long-term sequela?" Jensen was most worried about this.

The doctor grunted, "You're afraid now?" Seeing their grave faces, the doctor said, "As long as you follow the treatment regime and fully recover, there shouldn't be any sequelae. But she didn't treat her last sprained ankle in time, plus she walked a lot with a sprained ankle, so her situation is a bit serious."

Jensen nodded and soon went to get her a wheelchair. Kisa looked at it and did not know whether to laugh or cry. "I can walk on one foot."

“Sit in it.” Jensen’s face darkened, and he stared at her.

‘Who says gentle people are not intimidating? The gentler a person is, the scarier he is when his face darkens.’ Kisa pursed her lips and sat down on the wheelchair obediently.

### **Chapter 530 Don’t Let Her Walk Around**

The doctor massaged Kisa’s ankle with his unique technique, and Kisa almost cried out in pain.

Jensen looked on, anxious. He wanted to ask the doctor to be gentler, but was afraid that it would be ineffective. Kisa was sweating from the pain as if she had gone through a torture.

“The fluid in your ankle has to be pushed out of your ankle. When the swelling subsides, I will have to see if your bones are also injured,” the doctor said, turning around to dispense the prescription.

Jensen took a tissue to wipe the sweat from Kisa’s forehead. “Are you okay?” Jensen sounded anxious.

Kisa nodded. “I’m still holding up.”

Jensen stroked her head, feeling sorry for her. “You must be more careful next time. Don’t be so restless.”

Kisa looked nonplussed. ‘He thought I was as restless as a child, so I fell?’ Just as she was about to say something, a teasing half laugh came from the doorway.

“I thought you were here to see me. It turns out that you hurt your foot, too. Mia was leaning against the door with her cane, a pair of slanted eyes drifting back and forth over Kisa’s foot.

“We did come to...”

”

“Why are you down on the floor?” Jensen asked, frowning at her before Kisa could finish her sentence.

Mia smiled self-deprecatingly. “I saw you coming to the hospital from the window a long time ago, but I didn’t see you coming to see me. I didn’t know that you came to the hospital because of her.”

Kisa wanted to explain something, but the doctor had already finished writing the prescription and handed it to Jensen. “Apply it externally, three times a day, and keep an eye on her. Don’t let her walk around.”

Jensen nodded, thanked him, and pushed Kisa out the door.

As she passed by Mia, Kisa felt like she was on pins and needles. After all, her injuries were less serious; she had just fallen. But Mia was different; she had been in a car accident, and one of her lower legs was still in a cast, held in place by a wooden plank. Kisa was not sure if it was an illusion; she felt a hint of hostility from Mia. She quickly gripped the wheelchair’s handrails, tilted her head, and said to Jensen, “I’m fine. I can push the wheels myself. You go help Miss Fallon back to the ward.”

Seeing Kisa deliberately distanced herself from him, Jensen tried hard to collect his

emotions. He then said nothing and reached out to help Mia.

Kisa finally sighed with relief.

Back at Mia’s ward, Jensen sat Mia on the bed, and then he took two steps back and leaned against the window. Kisa came to the bedside in her wheelchair, and when she saw the sneer on Mia’s face, she felt depressed and awkward. When she was in Raworth, she thought Mia was chatty, and she felt happy and comfortable to be friends with her. But for some reason, after returning to Calthon, she found it hard to understand what Mia was thinking.

Mia’s smoking urge came again. She felt around her body before asking Jensen, “Do you have a cigarette?”

“Yes.”

“May I have one?”

Jensen frowned in displeasure. “No smoking in the ward. You may smoke outside.”

“Heh, do you sound like you are talking to an injured person? I saw *you* were very gentle

with Kisa.”

“Don’t get me wrong. He is just taking care of me like a brother to a sister.” Kisa did not know how to explain, so she found a random thing to say.

Mia covered her mouth and snickered. “You want to be a sister, but someone doesn’t want

to be a brother.”

Kisa subconsciously looked at Jensen; his expression did not look too good. She lowered her eyes and secretly gripped the armrest of her wheelchair. ‘Perhaps I shouldn’t have come to see Mia today, or more precisely, I shouldn’t have come to see Mia with Jensen.’

Mia did not smoke, and she looked upset and her eyes drifted back toward Kisa’s injured

foot.