

# Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

## Chapter 561 – 570

### Chapter 561 A Circle of Signs Divides the Seasons

Mia, still leaning back in the seat, scoffed at the sight.

Lea saw

Jensen extend his hand and smiled in embarrassment. She hurriedly pulled her hand back, but Kisa suddenly tugged on it. “What are you pulling back your hand? Help me

out of the van.”

Lea was transfixed for a second before she reached out to help her. “Be careful.”

Kisa jumped out of the van with her cane in one hand and Lea’s support in the other.

Jensen watched with a disappointed look as Kisa got off and stood steadily on the ground, his outstretched hand finally turning to Mia.

Mia grumbled and swatted his hand away. “Pretentious! Do I need help with such a low vehicle? Do you really think I’m a cripple?” She said, jumping off the van with her crutches. As the ground was wet, she slipped when her foot hit the ground. Kisa’s heart skipped a beat, and she subconsciously reached out to grab her but only touched a corner of Mia’s clothes. Mia fell with her body still in the car, and her legs bent on the ground.

Kisa went to check on her with her cane. “Mia, are you okay?” Mia said nothing and was struggling to get up. Kisa tried to help her, but she shrugged it off with a huff.

Jensen’s face darkened, and he pulled Kisa behind him and watched expressionlessly as Mia struggled to get up, with no intention of going up to help.

Mia found her legs lacking strength and the ground slippery. She struggled for a long time to get up, and her hair and clothes were messy. She glared angrily at Kisa, who Jensen was protecting. It was as if she was going to kill Kisa with her eyes.

Kisa had no words and lowered her head, feeling that Mia was blaming her fall on her.

“Why didn’t you hold me up when I was about to fall?” Mia suddenly yelled at Jensen in anger.

Jensen was unruffled. “Didn’t you say it was pretentious? So I didn’t dare to help.”

“You!”

Lea shrank back, trying hard not to laugh. Kisa felt so embarrassed that she could not help but look at Jensen, who usually was gentle, yet this time was surprisingly wicked. He could have reached out and held Mia just now, but he did not. He watched on, just to see Mia fall on purpose, to deliberately teach her a lesson. So she found Jensen was less and less than the Jensen she knew before.

Mia was so angry that she ignored Jensen on the way, and Blake helped her walk. She and Blake walked in the front, Lea held Kisa in the middle, and Jensen walked in the rear. The driver was right; it was not so cold when they reached the top of the hill. At the entrance, Kisa looked around and saw a sign showing each area’s location.

The driver said, “It is nighttime, and I can’t show you the surrounding landscape. So I will give you a general reminder. Please stay in the hot spring areas, the boundaries of which are marked. There will be heavy snowfall. If you go out of the hot spring area, it will be freezing cold.”

Kisa listened and felt amazing. “So, a circle of signs divides the seasons?”

The driver thought for a moment and nodded. "It could be understood that way."

Mia suddenly asked impatiently, "Are we there yet? How long do we have to walk?"

Kisa looked back in the direction she had come from, but by now, she could no longer see the tour van they had arrived in.

## Chapter 562 The Villa on the Hill

Thinking back, ten minutes have passed since they got out of the car and walked.

Fortunately, this was a hot spring area. They would have frozen walking at night on the hill

otherwise.

"As the VIP area that Mr. Tanner has reserved is the furthest in, where the environment is quiet, so we have to walk for a while, but we are almost there. Don't worry," the driver said.

Mia grunted

in annoyance but complained no more. They followed the driver through several areas, occasionally hearing a burst of laughter, but *no one* was in sight.

"It is a shared hot spring over there, so there are more people," the driver explained.

Kisa pulled back her eyes and thought, 'I had better take a walk around only during the day. I can't really see anything now.'

Bursts of laughter could still be heard occasionally.

After walking for about ten minutes, a guffaw suddenly came. Kisa looked up and saw Adrien coming this way with a cigarette in his mouth.

"Mr. Tanner, here they are. I have brought them to you."

"Okay, thank you. You may leave now."

The driver took the tip given by Adrien and happily walked back to the way he came.

Adrien

walked up to Kisa with a kind smile on his face. "Here you are. Come in with me."

"Sorry for keeping you waiting." Kisa smiled politely back at him.

"That's alright." Mr. Kooper and the others are not here yet. Let's go in first." Adrien sounded friendly.

Kisa frowned. "Gilbert is coming too?"

Adrien smiled. "I heard Mr. Kooper Sr. is coming too, so we will have a merry get-together this time."

Kisa's eyes were downcast, and she regretted coming.

Adrien turned around to lead them toward a villa not far away.

Jensen looked at Adrien from behind, his expression looking dispassionate under the dim light.

Following Adrien forward, a villa came into view. It not only had two stories but also covered a large area. The villa was brightly lit, with the front yard clearly illuminated.

Kisa was a little surprised that a villa had been built on top of the hill. No wonder the driver said that this was a VIP area. It was not only grand but the garden was planted with an

assortment

of flowers and plants. As Adrien walked into the villa, a tantalizing aroma

drifted into Kisa's

nostrils, instantly making her feel hungry. She looked inside and saw a feast on the dining table.

Adrien led them to the couch first.

Kisa asked him, "You come here often, don't you?" Because she felt Adrien knew the place well.

Adrien flickered the ashes into the ashtray and smiled. "I know the owner, so I come here at least twice a year."

He got up to offer Jensen a cigarette.

"No, thanks." Jensen refused apathetically.

Kisa glanced at Jensen with surprise. She felt it was strange; the Jensen she knew had always been easy-going, and he introduced Adrien to her. But at this moment, she felt that the relationship between Jensen and Adrien was not as good as she thought. To be more precise, she felt Jensen had something against Adrien.

Adrien was not offended. He put the cigarette back in the pack with a smile. "Good. Smoking is detrimental to health."

"Everyone knows it, but how many people can do it?"

Jensen looked at him. Seemingly, there was more to it than what was said.

Adrien smiled and puffed out a ring of smoke. "Jensen, do you blame me for not taking care of Ms. Becker last time? Had I not left her alone in the bistro, she wouldn't have gotten drunk and sprained her ankle?"

### **Chapter 563 The Best Stepmother in the World**

Kisa was flabbergasted and quickly shook her head. "No. Jensen did not mean that. I sprained my ankle because of my carelessness. It has nothing to do with you. Jensen didn't mean to offend you. He has driven for hours and must be exhausted."

Adrien smiled. "Don't worry. I was just joking with him."

Kisa pursed her lips. She had felt something was not quite right with Jensen today. 'By all rights, Adrien is Jensen's business partner, and his attitude

really shouldn't be like this. Besides, Jensen always knows what should and should not be done and said. There must be a reason for him to act this way.'

Mia looked at Adrien and then at Jensen anxiously. After a while, she changed the subject and asked, "I'm starving. When will dinner be ready?"

Adrien checked his watch. "Mr. Kooper and others should be here soon. The dinner will start as soon as they arrive."

"That is hard," Mia said with a half-smile. Feeling bored, she smoked again.

Kisa, worried that Jensen might repeat something inappropriate, talked to Adrien about work. Adrien was mindful of Kisa's injured foot and the fact that it was almost New Year's Eve, so he agreed to wait until after the New Year to start shooting.

The two were having a pleasant conversation when voices accompanied by footsteps were heard outside the door. Kisa looked over and saw Gilbert walking in, her eyes coincidentally colliding with Gilbert's. He looked away at once, his expression indifferent, as if he had only seen a stranger. Gilbert was followed by Madalyn, who came in with the help of two women: Sharon and Emma, Gilbert's blind date.

"Ma'am!" Just as Kisa glanced at Emma's face, two children came excitedly running toward her. "It has been a long while. I missed you so much," Ada said.

"I missed you too, Ma'am. You seem to have lost weight," Andrew said.

Kisa was embarrassed, wondering how she had lost weight when it had only been a few days. She thought these two children must have exaggerated it.

Madalyn's face darkened with anger when she saw how close the children were to

Kisa. Emma also looked at her. The last time they met, Emma was polite and gracious.

But now she had the same jealous and vicious look as Sharon did. 'Probabl

y someone has influenced her,' Kisa thought, glancing at Sharon, who smiled provocatively.

Adrien saw how close Kisa was to the children and said, "If you were the stepmother of Mr. Kooper's two children, you would be the best stepmother in the world."

Although it was a joke, the faces of Madalyn and a few others could not have been more darkened. But Adrien was a business partner, so Madalyn would say nothing no matter how

angry she was. But Sharon could not care less and sounded sarcastic. "That also depends on whether she qualifies as a stepmother."

Madalyn immediately shot her a glance. "Shut up if you don't know what to say."

Sharon bit her lips and shut up at once. Adrien smiled, always with a modest and polite look. He quickly invited everyone to the table. As they all took their seat, Kisa was seated right next to Gilbert, as if by coincidence

## **Chapter 564 That Person Isn't at All Like You**

A faint tobacco scent of Gilbert wafted into Kisa's nostrils, distracting her.

Once everyone was seated, Adrien took the lead and raised her glass to Madalyn. "I didn't expect Mrs. Kooper Sr. to come to join us. It is really an honor for me."

"I hope you won't find me too old to join you all." Madalyn smiled and raised her glass to clink with Adrien.

Adrien smiled and shook his head. "Not at all. It is all about having a good time."

Madalyn would usually look furious whenever she saw Kisa, but she smiled nicely in front of outsiders. Even at eighty, there was still a hint of elegance and nobility in *how* she carried herself. She

sized up Adrien and then looked at his face with a frown before letting out a smile. "I'm sorry to ask; have we met before, Mr. Tanner?"

Adrien was holding his cutlery, and his hand froze for a second. He then lowered the cutlery on his plate and looked straight at Madalyn. "I don't think so. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I just think you look familiar as if we have met before."

Gilbert's grip on his glass tightened, and he subconsciously looked at Adrien. It was not just him who felt that Adrien looked familiar, but also his grandmother. 'What is going on?'

"Really?" Adrien took a sip of wine and smiled. "Maybe it is because the person you have met looks like me, Mrs. Kooper Sr."

Madalyn shook her head.

"That man is not at all like you." Then she suddenly said, as if to herself, "I know, you can't be him."

Kisa could not help looking at Madalyn. She somehow felt that Madalyn was trying to recall someone. Adrien smiled and said nothing else. He just tilted his head and took a sip of wine. Many people were at the dining table, but

Kisa felt the atmosphere was less than ideal, as everyone seemed to have an ax to grind.

Even the communicative Jensen was sitting silently at the table. So Kisa had no choice but to offer Adrien a toast and talk to him. After all, he was the one who invited them all here, not to mention he was her business partner. So she figured she must not slight him.

"Mr. Tanner, are there other people besides us this time?"

Adrien nodded. "The owner of Kerrona Hill is coming over tomorrow. He said he would bring a friend who had just gotten married and planned to come over with his new wife for their honeymoon."

Kisa nodded. The owner of Kerrona Hill aroused her interest. She had heard many stories about him while on the way here.



“Mr. Kooper, aren’t you and Ms. Becker going to have a drink?” Adrien suddenly smiled and asked Gilbert, who had been silent. “We are business partners now. It seems inappropriate

for you two to act like strangers, right?”

All eyes were

on Kisa and Gilbert, who then swirled the wineglass in his hand and let out a half-

smile. “You are right. Since we are business partners, we should have a drink.”

While speaking, he poured himself a glass of wine. Kisa’s glass was full, so she did not need to top it up. As they sat next to each other, making a toast to each other was even more convenient. Gilbert looked at her. His eyes and face were devoid of emotion. “Come on, Ms. Becker, I will drink to you.” He then smiled faintly.

Kisa did not feel like drinking to him at all. But in front of everyone, especially Adrien, she still had to hold up her glass. Their glasses gently clinked together softly.

“Aaaaah!”

## **Chapter 565 Unforgiving**

Before Kisa knew what had happened, hot soup was splashed on her body. The soup had just been hotly served on the table. Kisa felt her skin starting to burn.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it.” Sitting next to her, Emma quickly got up and took a tissue to wipe the splashed soup from her body.

Jensen got up at once and came over to check on Kisa anxiously. “Are you okay?”

Kisa shook her head and brushed away Emma’s hand. “It is alright. I will do it myself.” She took a tissue and wiped the soup stains from her legs and her white down jacket while furrowing her brows in annoyance.

The most annoying thing was when Emma cried and apologized to her. "I'm sorry, Ms. Becker. I really didn't mean to do it. I just wanted to serve a bowl of soup to Mrs. Kooper Sr. But somehow, my hand slipped. I'm sorry, I'm really sorry."

"It is okay. I don't blame you," Kisa said calmly and held back her emotions.

But Emma cried even harder. "Ms. Becker, don't be angry. It is all my fault. What should I do? I'm really sorry."

"I said I don't blame you." While the burning sensation on her leg got more intense, Emma's cries kept ringing in her ears. Kisa's tone of voice became harsher as she felt irritated. Emma looked cautious and fearful as if she was the one being bullied.

"Miss Thompson has apologized to you. Do you have to be so unforgiving?" Sharon scoffed at Kisa.

Kisa calmly looked at Sharon. "What makes you feel that I'm unforgiving?"

"Aren't

you still blaming her with your bitter face and harsh tone of voice?"

Kisa sneered. "I told her I don't blame her, but she didn't understand, so I had to say it again in a louder tone, lest she still not understand. And I said from the beginning that it was okay, but she was the one who wouldn't stop. I wonder what her intention is."

Emma's expression changed, and she cried. "Ms. Becker, please don't accuse me like this. I

didn't mean to splash the soup on you. It was an accident. It was because I was afraid you would blame me that I kept apologizing to you. Ms. Becker, please believe that I really didn't mean it."

Kisa could not be more annoyed. She just wanted to get out of there and see how bad the burn on her legs was. She took a breath, suppressed her emotions, and nodded at Emma. "I believe you didn't mean to do

that, okay?" After saying that, she stared at Emma with a serious face, stunning Emma for a second.

Emma opened her mouth and wanted to say something when Madalyn suddenly spoke." That is enough. Why keep stressing that you didn't mean it? I think Ms. Becker is also a

broad-minded person. Since she said she doesn't blame you, you can quietly sit down."

"It is just a minor accident. I will ask the maid to take Ms. Becker up to change her clothes.

Adrien chuckled and casually beckoned a maid. "There are many rooms in this villa. I have arranged for each of you a room. Ms. Becker, please follow the maid to your room."

Kisa nodded and breathed a sigh of relief. If she had continued to talk with Emma, she could have lost her cool. She found that Emma seemed different when she met her this time.

The last time they met, Emma and Sharon were at loggerheads. But this time, they seemed to be on the same side. So she wondered if Emma was so stupid or if Sharon was a

skilled tactician.

"Ms. Becker, this way, please."

"Okay." Kisa nodded and got up with difficulty with her crutches.

Sitting next to her, Gilbert glanced at her, unmoved, not intending to help her.

## **Chapter 566 Scalding**

Perhaps because of the pain from the scald on her legs or the slippery floor, Kisa failed to get up twice.

Sharon, sitting across the table, took the opportunity to taunt her. "Ms. Becker, you're really delicate; a sprained ankle has taken so long to heal."

Kisa smiled at her calmly. "Yes, I'm not delicate, just that my body is so weak that even a minor injury takes a long time to heal."

"You're so pretentious!" Mia, sitting next to Sharon, could not help but mock .

Kisa was not angry, as she was used to hearing Mia's taunts. And when Sharon heard Mia say the same thing about Kisa, she was even more triumphant and sneered at Kisa blatantly. "This beautiful woman is right; you are really pretentious. If I remember correctly, you have been like this since you were a child, making a mountain out of a molehill for a minor injury. You were in a wheelchair two days ago, so why not today? Is it because it will catch too much attention? If you were really afraid of attracting too much attention, you wouldn't have changed into a cane. A cane is not much more discreet than a wheelchair."

"Well, you are right about everything." Kisa smiled at her and was not angry. "So, are you done? I will be upstairs if you are done. Enjoy your meal."

Sharon appeared to be stunned, not expecting such a calm reaction from Kisa. "Look at her attitude; she is so arrogant." After a while, she looked at Mia, thinking she was on the same side as her. But Mia was just busy eating her food and ignored her. So Sharon gritted her teeth and shot a glance at Kisa as she went upstairs.

Madalyn looked at Sharon and then at Emma, kneading her forehead, seemingly regretting bringing these two women along. Adrien leaned back in his chair to smoke with a smile while Gilbert silently took care of the children as they ate, as if anything that happened at the table had nothing to do with him.

Lea and Jensen helped Kisa to go upstairs together. The villa was large, with many rooms. So Adrien had arranged for each of them a room. Kisa's room was at the end of the hallway with a magnificent view from the window.

After entering the room, Kisa asked Jensen to leave. "I'm fine after getting changed. Please tell Mr. Tanner I'm full and thank him for his hospitality."

Jensen glanced at the large soup stain on her lap. He wanted to say something, but words were stuck in his throat. After getting out of Kisa's room, he did not go downstairs but leaned against the window at the end of the hallway and smoked. He did not understand why Adrien had invited Gilbert and Kisa to the spa, but he felt that something bad was going to happen on this trip. Jensen looked up at the ceiling, remembering Adrien's smile just now, and frowned. 'What exactly are you up to this time?' he asked in his mind.

"Aah, Kisa, your leg!" Lea could not help exclaiming in shock when she saw a large part of

Kisa's skin had been scalded after she pulled down her jeans. The scald was so obvious on her fair skin. The good thing was that there were no blisters.

"You go get me a basin of cold water."

Lea scrambled to the bathroom and returned with a basin of cold water. Kisa soaked a towel in cold water and put it on her leg. It did not hurt too much at first, but the pain grew intense after a while.

Lea said anxiously, "I will ask Mr. Tanner if he has any medication for the burn."

Kisa shook her head. "It is alright. This is a resort, and it is nighttime. Where are we going to find scalding medication? Let's not bother anyone."

"But your leg..."

"It is okay. It is not blistered, and it is going to heal in a while."

Just then, there was a knock at the door. Before Kisa could stop her, Lea went to answer the door. Kisa scrambled to look for something to cover her leg.

## **Chapter 567 Delivering Ointment**

At the moment, she was sitting on the leather couch, on which a pillow was nestled in the corner, with nothing to cover her legs. She panicked and went to pick up the jeans on th

e floor, then glanced at the door in embarrassment— even more so when she realized it was Gilbert standing outside. She pulled her jeans haphazardly over her legs, and her cheeks blushed.

“Mr. Kooper,” Lea looked puzzledly at Gilbert, “are you looking for Kisa?”

Gilbert glanced expressionlessly over Kisa’s white legs, his eyes lingering on her lace pant legs for a few seconds before looking away. He then tossed a tube of ointment at Lea and turned to leave.

Lea picked up the ointment and asked, “What is this?”

“It is for burns. The kids asked me to bring it over.” Gilbert had already walked away as his voice trailed off.

Lea glanced at him in surprise as he left, then turned to close the door.

“Mr. Kooper has an ointment for burns.” Lea excitedly handed the scalding medicine to Kisa.

Kisa took a look at it. It was indeed an ointment for burns, and it had been opened. “He has children, so it is not surprising that he would bring a first-aid kit on a trip,” she said faintly.

“So, Mr. Kooper is a very thoughtful man.”

Kisa stared at the ointment in her hand with a faint smile.

‘That man is indeed very attentive to his children.’

“But Mr. Kooper just said that the children asked him to deliver the ointment. That is strange. We adults didn’t even know you were scalded. How did the children know?”

Kisa

did not want to think too much. She unscrewed the ointment and rubbed it on her leg, a faint smile spreading across her face. “Who knows?”

“Mr. Kooper must have thought you might have burned yourself but was too embarrassed to come and deliver the ointment. So he lied and said the children asked him to bring it.”

Kisa's hand paused and then smiled at Lea. "You have a good imagination. Why don't you become a screenwriter?"

Lea jokingly punched her. "Stop teasing me, Kisa."

Kisa laughed and said nothing more. She did not want to know if it was Gilbert or someone else asking him to bring the ointment to her. The ointment felt cool once applied on the skin of her legs, and it soon relieved the burning sensation. She leaned back in her chair and looked at the ointment in her hand.

At night, Gilbert, wearing light gray sportswear, was lazily sitting on a wicker chair in front of the villa, smoking.

Adrien looked at him, clenching and unclenching his hands several times. After a while, he walked over to him with a bottle of wine and two glasses.

"You are all by yourself here? You want a drink?"

Gilbert smiled and gestured with his hand that held the cigarette for him to sit down across from him.

Adrien sat down and poured two glasses of wine. He pushed one glass to Gilbert. "Is there something between you and Ms. Becker?" Gilbert shook his head and smiled silently. Adrien sighed. "I heard things about you and Ms. Becker; you were husband and wife. Ms. Becker is a woman, and no matter the grudges between you and her, we as men should be more broad-minded and don't argue with her."

Gilbert looked at Adrien with amusement. "Do I look like I have argued with her?"

"Ha—  
ha, that is not what I mean. It is just that you seem to be cold toward her. We are partners. We shouldn't get along like strangers. Otherwise, how can we work together next time, don't you think?" Adrien glanced at his face



e, and as if thinking of something, he suddenly said,  
“Speaking of which, you and your father are quite similar.”

## **Chapter 568 Relapse**

Gilbert frowned. “My father?”

“Yes, I met your parents. See, your eyes are similar to your father’s. Seeing you always reminds me of him.”

Fragments of memories flashed in his mind, and coming along with those memories was an unspeakable fear. Gilbert subconsciously clenched his hand on his knees, and with the other hand, he pushed the cigarette into his mouth with urgency, as if smoking could relieve his inner panic and fear.

Adrien did not notice the abnormality. He took a sip of wine, and his gaze drifted away as if he recalled the past.

“Your father was a famous figure in Calthon, rich and handsome, with many women craving for him. At that time, we often...” As if he realized he had said something wrong, he suddenly stopped, took another sip of wine, and switched topics to talk about Gilbert’s mother. “Your mother is also a capable person, a famous artist manager who looked like a perfect match whenever they stood side by side. It was a pity...” while speaking, his eyes that had gone through the vicissitudes of life drifted into the distance with a touch of sadness. “It is a pity that a cruel car accident took them....”

“Aaaaah!” Gilbert suddenly roared in pain before Adrien could finish his sentence.

Adrien’s face changed. He looked at him with a frown. “You...”

Gilbert suddenly got up and overturned the small wooden table in front of him, then buried his head in his hands, crying out in pain. A scene of blood-soaked images flashed in his mind, almost suffocating him. He felt his temples pulsating, and his head hurt as if it would explode. Adrien’s expression changed, and he rushed to help him. But Gilbert swatted his hand away and crouched on the floor, clutching his head and murmuring in a trembling, fearful voice.

Adrien looked on and was baffled.



“Gilbert!” Just then, Kisa came rushing over with her cane, ignoring the pain in her ankle. She knelt down in front of him and grabbed his hand anxiously. “Gilbert, what is going on? What is wrong with you?”

But Gilbert looked as if he did not know her. He swatted her hand away, then buried his head in his arms again as if he would feel safe like this.

Kisa looked over at Adrien. “What is going on?”

Adrien also looked puzzled, and before he could say anything, Jensen rushed over, followed by Madalyn and Davian.

Jensen glanced at Gilbert and then at Adrien. “What exactly did you say to him?”

Kisa looked at Jensen with surprise. She did not know why Jensen seemed hostile toward Adrien, who shot a piercing glance at Jensen before he looked at Madalyn with an entirely

different expression. “I was just mentioning his parents when he suddenly became like this. What the hell is going on?” He said apologetically to Madalyn.

Madalyn sighed and gestured to Davian to help Gilbert up. But Gilbert did not seem to recognize anyone and was uncooperative. When Davian approached, he flailed his arms about. When Kisa saw this, she went up to help. But Madalyn yanked her away and yelled at her in anguish, “It is all because of you. Get out of my way!”

## Chapter 569 Mental Trauma

As Kisa’s injured ankle had yet recovered, she was yanked out of her balance and plunged to the ground.

Jensen hurriedly held her up and looked at Madalyn. “She has done nothing wrong.”

“She has done nothing wrong?” Madalyn sneered, “She is the one who did this to Gilbert, and you are telling me she has done nothing wrong?”

Jensen and Kisa looked at each other, neither of them understood what Madalyn was talking about. Adrien quietly watched on with questions on his mind. He then asked Madalyn, “What is going on here, Mrs. Kooper Sr.?”

Madalyn wiped her tears away in anguish. “Gilbert was in the car when his parents met with an accident. His mother saved him with her life. He was covered in blood, completely terrified. He only slowly got better after countless visits to a psychiatrist. But no one can mention his parents in front of him. Otherwise, he will suffer a relapse.”

“I didn’t know that,” Adrien said with a sad face. “Didn’t you ask the doctor what was going on?”

Madalyn shook her head. “It is a mental trauma. The doctor said it was incurable. It is all up to himself.”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t know I couldn’t talk about his parents in front of him.”

“It is not your fault. It is that woman’s fault.” Madalyn glared at Kisa once again, the bitterness on her face frightening.

She didn’t know what she had done to bring Gilbert to such a state. Back then, when that car accident happened, she was not yet born. So she wondered why Madalyn blamed this on her.

“It is not good! Mr. Kooper has passed out.”

Madalyn’s face changed, and she hastily tugged at Adrien’s hand. “Call a doctor! Quickly, call a doctor for my grandson.”

Adrien looked at the frail hand grabbing at his arm, and her eyes flashed with a hint of hatred and sadness, as well as a touch of indefinable affection.

At last, Jensen and Davian carried Gilbert into his room.

Kisa had an indescribable feeling when she looked at Gilbert’s pale face. She hated Gilbert but felt sad at seeing his condition. Her heart ached, espec

ially after learning about the car accident. 'Gilbert should be the same age as Andrew and Ada at the time of the accident. He must have been so helpless and terrified that it traumatized him.' She quietly leaned against the wall in the hallway, downhearted.

Not long after, Jensen came out of Gilbert's room. He glanced at her and then walked

slowly over to her. With his hands digging into his pants pockets, he leaned against the wall, as was she. Neither of them spoke. After a while, Jensen finally opened his mouth. "Don't worry. Gilbert just has a relapse. He will be fine after a good night's sleep."

"The trauma is with him for the rest of his life. I pity him. He must be resisting the memories of the car accident scene and his parents."

Jensen pursed his lips for a while. He then took out a cigarette and lit it. "I met his parents. They were nice people. Gilbert is more like his father."

Kisa suddenly remembered the tiny notebook in which her mother kept track of things. Her mother had liked Gilbert's father at first and thought his father must be really quite nice.

Kisa and Jensen stayed quietly in the hallway for a long time. Jensen was worried about her foot injury and brought her back to her room.

Many people lost sleep on the first night. In Adrien's room, Jensen sat on the couch, smoking, his expression indifferent. Adrien glanced at him, and then his eyes narrowed.

### **Chapter 570 Are You Thinking of Avenging His Parents?**

"Gilbert has a mental trauma? How come you never told me about it?" Adrien asked in a reproachful voice.

Jensen chuckled. Smoke was puffed out from his mouth and obscured the sneer on his face. He flicked off the ashes of his cigarette and said in a faint voice, "I didn't know he had it either."

"Impossible!"

Jensen sneered, "Why not? Since his parents passed on from the car accident, everyone in the Kooper family was forbidden to mention his parents. For all the years I lived in the Kooper family, I had never seen him have this condition. How could I know he had a mental trauma?"

With a cigarette in his mouth, Adrien looked at Jensen with disgust. "You better tell me the truth."

Jensen smiled nonchalantly. "Believe it or not."

Adrien gave him a baleful glare. "Get out."

Jensen didn't want to stay, either. He got up and walked outside. But he stopped at the door, running the cigarette between his thumb and index finger. After a while, he finally opened his mouth. "Do you have anything to do with his parents' car accident?"

Adrien instantly grabbed the cup on the table and smashed it at Jensen. "Get the hell out of here."

Jensen gritted his teeth. "You had better not. Or else..."

"Or else what? You want to avenge his parents' death?"

Jensen said nothing more. He pulled the door open and walked out. Adrien threw another cup again, and it smashed against the door. He threw himself on the couch and let out a weird smile. "Sell-out!"

Kisa did not sleep all night; it was only in the early morning that she finally got some shut-eye. Before long, the sound of conversation downstairs woke her up, but she did not recognize those voices. She dragged herself up and over to the window, where she saw two men and two women downstairs. One of them looked a little familiar;

it could be Kohen. She wiped the condensation off the window and looked carefully—

it was Kohen. But she did not recognize the other three. Adrien was downstairs exchanging pleasantries with them. She stood by the window for a while, looking at them as they entered the villa, then she went back to the bed and sat down. She expected Adrien would introduce them to her at lunch, so she retreated under the covers and did not plan to go downstairs.

Gilbert lay motionless on the bed, with one arm resting on his eyes, so no one knew if he

was awake.

Davian wrung

his fingers and asked him in a whisper, “Mr. Kooper, are you awake?” Gilbert did not respond. Davian sighed, figuring he could probably not go to the hot spring today by the looks of Gilbert. He bowed his head listlessly, leaning back in the chair and nodding off.

“I had another attack last night, didn’t I?” Gilbert snapped all of a sudden, startling Davian with his hoarse voice.

Davian snapped back and said, “You are awake, Mr. Kooper?”

Gilbert removed his arm from his eyes. His face and eyes were expressionless. “She saw it when I had an attack, didn’t she? It was scary, wasn’t it?”

Davian quickly shook his head. “You just imagined things, Mr. Kooper. She said nothing. But from what I saw last night, she seemed worried about you.”

“She was worried about me?” Gilbert laughed in a self-deprecating way, and Davian did not know what to say.

Davian changed the subject and said,

“Peter Webb, the owner of Kerrona Hill, came over this morning, and Kohen also came with him.”

