

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

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Chapter 631 His Heart Has Stopped

The panting and the wide, warm back she heard and felt in her daze were real. It was really

Gilbert who carried her back.

‘He said before he would not let me die with him around, and he actually did it.’ Yet, she still could not figure out why a man who hated her to the bones would so desperately try to save her. What he had done was far from his so-called hatred for her. She looked blankly at her meticulously bandaged hand. The scene where she pulled that man out of the cave with vines felt like a dream.

If it were in the past, she would never have dared to imagine it at all. ‘Gilbert, you’ve accomplished what you’ve promised me, and so did I.’ She muttered to herself as she looked out the window. It seemed to be snowing outside. The snow was very fine, and Kisa could not see them without looking closely. She recalled what Gilbert said when he helped her out of that cave.

Suddenly, she wanted to see that man so much.

‘How are you doing now?’ She muttered to herself, and little by little, those murmurs soon turned into concern and anxiety.

In the Kooper residence, Gilbert lay motionless on the bed. His lips looked a little dark purplish, either from poisoning or frostbite. Kelvin anxiously used his instruments to perform a full body examination on Gilbert. Mrs. Kooper Sr. wiped her tears away anxiously by the side.

Davian paced around the room too.

After Kelvin was done with the examination, he hissed, "This is a very rare poison. I can't tell what sort of toxin that is. If only we have some of the fruit to test."

"That... that fruit came from the mountain, are we supposed to go back there to look for it?"

"It's too late."

As they spoke, Gilbert's body suddenly stiffened as he spat out a mouthful of blood. Mrs. Kooper Sr. panicked as she rushed to the bedside and wailed in sorrow. Yet, Gilbert did not respond at all.

Kelvin quickly checked his heartbeat, and his expression suddenly changed. "His heart has stopped. Davian, take Mrs. Kooper Sr. out. I'll be using a defibrillator to jolt his heart."

"No, Gilbert, my dear Gilbert, will not die! How can his heart stop beating? No, no!"

"NO!" Kisa suddenly got up, her chest heaving violently.

She could not stop panting as she looked blankly at the gently shaking curtain by the window.

Suddenly, a figure rushed over, grabbing her by the shoulder as she asked anxiously, "Kisa, are you alright?"

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Kisa subconsciously pushed the hand away, and she was slightly dumbstruck when she recognized the figure as Lea.

"Lea?"

"Kisa, are you alright?" Lea's eyes were red, and worry lined her face, her concern genuine.

Kisa shook her head. "I'm fine." However, her heart was still beating wildly.

'What was that? Was it a nightmare? Did I just dreamed that Gilbert died?' When she remembered the scene in her dream, she shuddered as a chill suddenly descended on her back.

She grabbed her arm and asked Lea, "Do you know what happened to Gilbert?"

Lea shook her head. "After he returned with you, Davian and Mrs. Kooper Sr. brought him, Andrew, and Ada back. That b*tch Sharon also followed them, of course."

Kisa licked her dry lips as she said, "So that means you don't know how he's doing right now?"

Lea nodded. "I heard that Mr. Webb gave him a call, but no one answered. He then called the Kooper residence's landline, but there was no response either."

Kisa felt the chill even more.

Lea added, "Thank goodness both you and Mr. Gilbert returned safely. I heard there was an avalanche in the mountains. It was the same cave the both of you had taken shelter. The entire place collapsed, and snow is everywhere."

"What?"

Chapter 632 That Thing Is Very Important to Me

Kisa's expression suddenly changed. For some reason, she recalled that earlier nightmare. "That was such a close call, Kisa. Thinking of it now still gives me the jitters. It would have been really dangerous if you and Mr. Gilbert were still in that cave."

Kisa barely even listened to her. What Kelvin had said in that nightmare was ringing in her ears. Although it was just a nightmare, it felt particularly real to her. Kisa quickly looked at her body and found that she was wearing a loose nightgown at this moment. She then hurriedly searched the room.

Sensing that Kisa was looking for something, Lea asked, "Kisa, what are you looking for?"

“My shirt. That down jacket I wore when I rolled down the mountain.”

“Oh, oh...” Lea suddenly got up.

“I changed your clothes earlier and placed them in the bathroom as I thought of washing them up for you.”

“Bring it over, please.”

“Oh, okay...” As Lea said, she walked into the bathroom.

Kisa grasped the quilt tightly, her heart anxious. Her phone was by the headboard, charging. She pondered for a moment before unplugging the phone, going through the contact list as quickly as possible, and pulling out a number. The name on the contact profile was Gilbert's.

She hoped that that nightmare was just that, a nightmare, but the sensation of how real it

was struck fear in her.

Kisa closed her eyes for a moment, and when she reopened them, a look of determination appeared in her eyes, her fingers quickly tapping on the number before dialing it.

Yet, no one answered the phone after two attempts.

‘Why is this happening? It would be normal if Gilbert's phone were not with him, so he didn't hear the call...’

‘But why isn't anyone answering the landline in the Kooper's residence?’

Her instincts told her that something had happened to Gilbert.

As she thought of that, Lea brought her clothes over. Kisa quickly grabbed the down jacket and started rummaging through its pockets. She remembered she had put quite a number of those fruits in it. She thought of eating it to stave off the hunger if push came to shove. Later on, when she heard Gilbert telling her that the fruit was poisonous, she was both anxious and angry at the man for lying to her in the cave and forgot about it altogether.

Regardless of whether the dream was real, she was relieved upon finding those fruits. Yet, after rummaging both pockets for a good while, she found nothing.

She turned nervously toward Lea, “Where’s the stuff inside the pocket?”

Lea looked on in confusion. “What... stuff? I didn’t notice anything when I took that jacket off you.”

“It’s a couple of fruits, about the size of a pine nut and reddish in color.” Kisa was so anxious she almost choked on her saliva.

Lea frowned and thought briefly before saying, “Oh, I remember now. When I took the jacket into the bathroom, I remember seeing a few nut-like things dropping out of it.”

“Where are they now?” Kisa suddenly grabbed her hand, her tone anxious, shocking Lea. She had never seen Kisa like this before.

‘Before this, no matter what happened, even if it were her life at stake, Kisa would not panic like this.’

‘So, why is she so insistent on those fruits?’

She did not respond but asked, “What do you want them for?”

“Just tell me where they are. Those are important to me.”

Kisa looked at her, her voice a low growl.

Looking at Kisa’s serious and persistent look, Lea was so shocked she dared not answer.

“Those fruits... Uh... I think I...”

Chapter 633 Has That Woman Gone Nuts?

“What... did you do to them?”

Kisa asked softly and cautiously though her tone tensed.

"I... I already tossed them into the bin outside."

Kisa immediately got out of bed and ran outside.

Lea quickly chased after her, "I don't know if the garbage outside has already been taken away. The garbage truck will come here once a day to empty the bins, and it's usually

around this time."

Kisa did not say anything nor blame Lea as she quickly made her way outside.

She had only just woken up, and her body was still weak. Her legs were feeling wobbly as

she walked.

Lea was anxious and quickly stepped forward to help her, but Kisa deliberately avoided her

outstretched hand.

Her steps were weak as she staggered forward.

When she made her way to the hall, she ignored the surprised glances of everyone there as she ran outside frantically.

Lea was chasing after her from behind, and Peter grabbed her.

"What's going on? Has that woman gone nuts?"

"She's looking for something."

"What thing?"

"Uh... it's some reddish fruit," Even Lea was confused.

Jensen's gaze sank, and he immediately chased after Kisa.

Mia twitched her lips as she followed him out with her crutches.

“Wait... stop...”

Just as Kisa ran out, the cleaner was just about done collecting the garbage and was about to drive away with the garbage truck.

She ignored the pain in her ankle as she chased after the garbage truck in a frenzy.

In the end, it was Jensen who sped ahead and stopped the truck.

The cleaner was confused when his truck was stopped, “What... what’s wrong?”

“My friend had mistakenly discarded something. Please stop for a while for her to find it.”

The cleaner was a man about fifty years old, and he immediately nodded as he lowered down the truck’s bed rails.

When Kisa ran over, her ankle was screaming in pain, so much so that her face turned pale.

She held onto the side of the truck and panted for a bit; cold sweat lined her forehead.

Jensen came to help her. “You’ll wreck your leg like this.”

Even though his tone was admonishing, it was still low and deep, which was nice to listen

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Kisa shook her head. “I’m fine.”

Seeing her being so persistent, Jensen did not say more but felt distressed inside.

He then asked her, “What are you looking for? Let me help.”

Kisa looked at the truck. It was messy and dirty.

She then shook her head. "No need, I'll look for it myself."

As she said that, she pulled herself up into the back of the truck with the help of the rail.

The truck was loaded with garbage from the entire VIP area, but thankfully the areas were clearly marked on the bags.

And theirs was VIP zone 1.

Kisa immediately searched the bags and quickly found the "zone 1" marker.

She quickly pulled the large garbage bag out.

At this moment, both Lea and Mia also ran over.

Mia glanced at Jensen, who stood expressionless by the side and was surprised.

'This man actually did not help her. How strange.'

On the other hand, Lea quickly climbed up the truck to help Kisa search for the fruits.

There were many smaller garbage bags inside the large one.

Kisa did not care about getting dirty as she anxiously rummaged through the contents.

Lea looked at Kisa's dirtied and bandaged hands and said, "Kisa, how about we stop? There must be more of those fruits in the mountains. We can just go look for some more later."

Kisa shook her head.

'If the poison in Gilbert's body really needs these fruits for testing, then it'll be too late to go back to the mountains to look for them.'

She had searched through all the smaller garbage bags, yet still could not find the fruits.

There was only one small bag left in the large garbage bag.

Kisa could not help but feel a little irritable.

She pulled the small bag out and opened it up, and there was a little tinge of red inside the messy bag.

Her heart trembled, and she immediately opened it up.

Chapter 634 The Crazy Devoted Type

Immediately, about a dozen or so of the red fruit came into view.

The fruits were not as fresh as they were initially, but they had yet to spoil either.

She quickly picked the fruits up and put them into her clothes without caring about how dirty they were.

Seeing that Kisa had found the fruits, Lea heaved a sigh of relief and did not feel so guilty

now.

Mia looked at Kisa's bizarre behavior and spat, "What a lunatic."

"Tch..."

Seeing Kisa's embarrassed look alongside the dirty fruits in her pocket, Peter frowned in disgust.

"Miss Kisa, if you really want to have fruits, I have plenty in this resort. Why do you need to pick those up from the garbage truck?"

"They are important to me," Kisa said before pausing for a moment. She then asked Peter, "I heard you've given the Kooper residence a call. Do you know... how Gilbert is doing right now?"

Peter shook his head. "No one answered my call. Forget it. He's probably alright, or else it would have already made it to the papers."

Kisa was still ill at ease, and she turned to Jensen.

He, too, shook his head.

Kisa frowned. As she worried about Gilbert, she wondered if she had made a mountain out of a molehill.

‘If Gilbert is really going to die, and if he really needed these fruits for testing...’

‘Mrs. Kooper Sr. could just call Jensen and get him to send them back.’

But even if Jensen had no idea how Gilbert was now, then it could just be that Gilbert was totally fine, and the dire situation was just a figment of her imagination from that nightmare.

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No matter what, she still needed to go to the Kooper residence to check things out.

She looked at Adrien seated on the sofa smoking and said, “I’ll be heading back. Thank for your generous hospitality over the past few days. This is indeed a good vacation place.”

Adrien smiled as he let out a ring of smoke. “Just look at you, being all so reserved. Speaking of which, I, too, feel bad for what happened. How about you stay here until you’ve fully recovered? This is Peter’s place, after all. You can stay as long as you like.”

“No, thank you. I still have a lot of work to attend to. The shooting of your film will start at the turn of the year, right? I’ll need to go prepare.”

Adrien stared at the fruit in her arms and smiled. “Since you insist, I won’t be holding you back. If you ever want to return here for another vacation, just tell Peter or me.”

Kisa nodded as she walked upstairs with the fruits in her arms.

Adrien stared at her thin and somewhat familiar-looking back, and a complex look appeared in his sharp eyes.

Jensen, too followed behind her with a hand in his pocket.

Seeing that, Adrien snorted. "Ah, to think they are the crazily devoted type!"

Although he was not loud, both Peter and Mia heard that.

Peter was still confused by what Jensen had said in the corridor that day.

Uncle Adrien was a good friend of the Webb family, and Jensen had previously worked under Adrien.

So he actually knew the latter for quite some time now, yet for some reason, the two of them could not get along.

After reaching upstairs, Kisa quickly changed her clothes and packed her bags.

When she opened the door, Jensen was waiting for her there.

He glanced at her hands, and his beautiful eyebrows furrowed.

She had removed the bandage from her hands. The wounds had yet to heal, with bloody scars all around her hand. Some of them even turned outwards and looked rather terrifying.

"You're that much in a hurry?"

"Yeah, Kohen and the rest had already left, so it's a little weird for me to continue to stay here."

She did not tell him about Gilbert. After all, it was just a nightmare. Before she figured out what was happening, she dared not tell anyone about it.

"How about you and Mia stay here for a few more days? The company doesn't really need your attention right now."

As she said that, she dragged her luggage and walked past him, yet she did not expect him to pull her arm suddenly.

Chapter 635 Should I Forgive Him?

Kisa turned back and looked at him, "What happened?"

"I'll take you home. It'll be quick."

"But, Mia is alone..." Kisa still had something to say, but she was pulled into the room by Jensen.

"Before we go back, let me bandage your wound," Jensen pushed Kisa onto the sofa. The man's voice was husky and gentle, making it hard to resist him. The medical kit, left by the doctor who came to treat her injuries, was at the coffee table. Jensen opened the medical kit and took out the alcohol, ointment, and gauze. Jensen has always been a detailed man, but he was particularly meticulous while dressing people's wounds. He squatted in front of her, skillfully disinfected her wound, applied ointment, and wrapped it with gauze.

On the other hand, Kisa's mind was somewhere else. She was still very worried about Gilbert. "To be honest, you don't really hate him anymore after what happened this time, right?" Jensen suddenly asked casually. Kisa froze, remaining silent.

Jensen looked into her eyes and saw the struggle within. "You don't have to suppress your feelings. You don't have to lie to yourself if you don't hate him anymore."

"That's not it. I still hate him," Kisa said. 'It's just the hatred for him isn't strong enough to erase my love for him.'

"Kisa..." Jensen continued dressing her wound. "No one forced you to take revenge on him. You should follow your heart. From the start, I just wanted to motivate you to live by saying I would aid you in taking revenge."

"Sometimes, after holding onto an idea for so long, you'll forget why you even held on to it in the first place, only knowing that you have to persist at the end of the day, just like this revenge and your hatred for Gilbert. You have

always been obsessed with revenge, but the hatred has faded. You only remembered to take revenge but forgot why you initially wanted it.”

“Once you really succeeded in taking revenge on him, you might get lost and confused again,” Jensen’s only intention was to wish that she would not dwell on her so-called revenge plan and ignore the important things in her life.

These days, Kisa was very confused as well. She hated the man in the past, but she was ready to risk everything to save him now. The man loathed her in the past but was willing to sacrifice himself for her life now. Perhaps both of them ignored their true feelings and thought there was only hatred between them.

Kisa pursed her lips and said softly, “You’re right. There are things that you have to face to see clearly. Otherwise, it’ll always be blurry and easily misunderstood.

“After I return, I’ll find out the culprit for the fire that year with Gilbert. I’d let go of my hatred

for him if he did not set the fire. After all, hating someone is a tiring matter. He sent me to prison that year after thinking that I was the one who hurt Madalyn and kidnapped Sara. Now that he knows the truth, he has already apologized for what he did and doesn’t even mention Sara’s name in front of me now.

“After resenting him for so long, it’s time to forgive him now, right?”

Jensen did not reply and continued treating the wound on her hands. Kisa’s eyes welled up, “Am I a loser? I just forgave him. But what was I going to do? Was I really going to let him die? I can’t do that. In the end, I was only trapping myself.”

Jensen bandaged her hands and pulled her pants up to apply ointment on her swollen ankles. “Be careful next time unless you don’t want your foot anymore.”

Kisa bit her lower lip and grew strangely uncomfortable. After Jensen had put everything in order in the medical kit, he stood up and patted her shoulder.

r. "If you get tired of hating, it shows you don't hate him anymore. Remember, these are your own emotions. No one can influence you."

"He sacrificed his life to save me this time. I really think that he likes me."

Chapter 636 Are You Satisfied Now?

Kisa, with her tear-filled eyes, sobbed and choked when she looked at Jensen. Jensen, wiping her tears away, said, "That's why you have to ask him in person about this relationship."

Kisa nodded her head, "I will ask him." Jensen then raised a corner of his lips and gave a half-smile.

With Jensen's excellent driving skills, the car ride back was smooth and fast, with Kisa and Lea in the passenger seat. Along the way, Kisa was quietly staring out the window. Lea peeked at her, wanting to say something, but resisted out of concern for interrupting her.

When they passed through an endless white field, Lea couldn't help but seize the opportunity to grab Kisa's hand, "Kisa, look! It's so beautiful."

Kisa lifted her gaze and gave a brief glimpse. All the fields were covered in snow. At first glance, it was a beautiful vast expanse of whiteness. The scenery was out of this world. Lea felt strange and guilty simultaneously, seeing Kisa staring out the window without replying. Lea then started another conversation, "Kisa, let's make a snowman after we return."

"Alright."

"There's a lot of snow this year. Will it continue to snow after the New Year? I had never liked snow before, but I started to like snow after seeing such a beautiful snowscape. Kisa, do you like snow?"

"Yeah."

“Did you take pictures of the snowscape on Kerrona Hill? I could send you a few if didn’t. The scenery was charming. Did you...”

“Lea,” Kisa turned her head and looked at her, “I would like to rest for a while.”

Lea, taken aback, replied, “Oh, okay.”

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Kisa continued to rest her head on the window. At the moment, she did not dare to look into Lea’s abnormality that day. Kisa always treated Lea as her best friend. She was scared that she would be unable to handle the truth once she got to the heart of the matter. She closed her eyes in agony.

The trip to Kerrona Hill took approximately 6 hours, while the way back took less than 5 hours. Kisa did not return to her residence but asked Jensen to send her to the Kooper residence. She had to confirm if Gilbert was okay.

The Kooper residence’s gate was wide open, so Jensen went straight in. The door was wide open, but no one came out to welcome them. The usually busy servants in the courtyard could not be seen today. Kisa started to doubt Gilbert was in the residence. Maybe she should have asked Davian before coming.

As they were already at the door, there was no point in asking anyway. Kisa jumped out of the car with her injured ankle, wearing a beige coat while keeping a red fruit in her coat pocket. With Jensen and Lea’s help, she hobbled into the mansion.

“Woah, what a rare guest we have here.” Just as Kisa walked through the door, a sarcastic tone reached her ears. Kisa furrowed her brows as she saw Sharon standing near the sofa with a sneer and arms crossed. Kisa ignored her and searched around the living room. Her gaze ended up at the empty stairway. ‘That’s weird. The Kooper residence always has many servants around. How could it be so empty in broad

daylight? If Gilbert wasn't here, why would Sharon be here? Besides, where did Madalyn go?'

Kisa said to Jensen, "Let's go up to take a look."

"Wait!" Sharon blocked them when Jensen was about to help Kisa up the stairs and snorted, "What are you doing? Have you guys not hurt Gilbert enough? Do you still want to go up and irritate him?"

Kisa's heart sank, "How's Gilbert?"

"He's dying. Are you satisfied now?"

Chapter 637 He Was Holding Back

The scenes from Kisa's nightmare emerged from her mind once again. Kisa pushed Sharon away and hurried up the stairs. Sharon threw insults at her, chasing after her when Lea rushed to hold Sharon back, "Kisa, hurry up!"

When Kisa and Jensen were right at the corner of the stairs, they saw Madalyn. "How's Gilbert?" Kisa asked softly. Madalyn suddenly raised her hand, and Kisa flinched and closed her eyes.

A slap was heard, but Kisa did not feel the pain. She opened her eyes in surprise and saw Jensen tilting his head, a slap mark visible on his face. She was startled and quickly grabbed Jensen's arm and shrieked at Madalyn, "Why did you hit him?"

Jensen tightened his hands, his jawline sharp and cold but remained emotionless. Madalyn had gotten older, her finger full of wrinkles, pointed at Jensen, and howled in despair, "You're such a phony person. You're rotten to the core, as I expected. You should have never come back here."

"What are you talking about, Mrs. Kooper Sr.?" Kisa was dumbfounded and worriedly eyed Jensen. "Why would Madalyn condemn him out of nowhere? Just as Kisa was thinking, Madalyn, bawled out in sorrow to Jensen, "Bring back my grandson's life, bring my grandson back to me...."

Kisa was thunderstruck and asked in a tense voice, "What happened to Gilbert?" "What does "bring my grandson back to me" mean? She sounded as if Gilbert was gone. No, stop! Stop being paranoid."

Kisa clutched onto Jensen's arm to ensure she could stand upright. Her eyes fixed on Madalyn, but Madalyn was sobbing while covering her mouth. Jensen's jaw muscles twitched as if he was suppressing his emotions. He laughed at Madalyn, "How am I a phony?"

His cold and gloomy laugh took Kisa by surprise. Madalyn stared at him with red eyes, "I thought you treasured brotherhood as you were always so protective of Gilbert. It turns out you're just like your father. You loved and helped each other on the outside, but on the inside, *you* were praying for his death."

Kisa went speechless from the shock. She felt there must be some misunderstandings, but she did not know how to ask. Jensen remained silent. His eyes fixated on Madalyn. Madalyn cried at Jensen in despair and disappointment with a hateful look on her face. "I was really touched that day when you braved the storm and went out looking for Gilbert. I felt guilty for days, thinking I'll treat you better once you return and that I'll make up for all these years I've owed you. I even prayed for your safety and was more concerned about you than Gilbert. But it turned out that you never searched for him. It was all but a sick scheme.

"Jensen, don't fake it if you can't treat Gilbert as your brother. You're rotten to the core. You can't be better, and you're incorrigible. You're just a wolf in sheep's clothing. You are ungrateful and greedy. Y-You! Just get lost!"

Jensen quietly listened to Madalyn's storm of abuse without refuting her. Kisa grabbed his arms and felt how tense he was from holding back his emotions. Kisa could not stand it and questioned Madalyn, "What happened? Jensen isn't that kind of person."

Chapter 638 You Are Cursed

"Mrs. Kooper, don't let his appearance fool you," Davian ran down in a rush. In the past, Davian always looked at Jensen with respect, as Jensen was once the elder *son* of the Kooper family. However, Davian was now full of h

ostility toward him. The inexplicable enmity made Kisa even more mystified and uneasy. She queried Davian, "What happened? Can you guys make it clear? Besides that, where is Gilbert?"

"M—Mr. Kooper...He's not going to make it. And it's all because of him," Davian's eyes were wet, pointing at Jensen with resentment.

Kisa was shocked. "G—Gilbert... He's really dying?" Madalyn once again burst into tears on the side. Davian choked as he spoke, "As you know, Mr. Kooper ate a poisonous fruit. No matter how we tried, we could not identify the toxin; We couldn't simply use any kind of medication on him either.

"Kevin said that as long as he had the fruit for testing, Mr. Kooper could be saved. We called Mister Jensen just for that, but he didn't answer the phone. Ultimately, we had no choice but to send Mister Jensen a message, asking him to send someone immediately to collect the fruit and deliver it to us.

"No one knew that Mister Jensen would refuse the request, saying that the mountains were dangerous and an avalanche could happen at any time, saying he would pick the fruit once the weather improved. Mrs. Kooper Sr. got so angry she ceased pleading with him and ordered everyone in the house to search for the fruit in the mountains.

Kisa finally understood why no one answered the phone call in the house. All the servants were sent out. Davian's face turned dark with hatred, "Unfortunately, there was an avalanche the day the servants searched for the fruit. Luckily no one was injured. It's nearly impossible to find the fruit now since an avalanche happened, and many caves collapsed. It's all thanks to him!"

Davian spoke and pointed at Jensen deplorably again, "If only he went to search for the fruit, we wouldn't have encountered the avalanche. Mr. Kooper clearly could be saved. It's all his fault! He killed Mr. Kooper."

Kisa could not bear to hear the word “kill”. She panicked, “How is Gilbert now? Where’s Kelvin? I need to find Kelvin.” Kisa ran up the stairs but was forcefully dragged down by Madalyn. Madalyn was already eighty-year-old, but judging by the force she used to drag Kisa, it shows how intense the hatred in her heart was. Kisa stumbled down the stairs but did not fall as Jensen supported her body in time.

Madalyn pointed at her and yelled, “You are a menace. If it weren’t for you, Gilbert wouldn’t be like this. You are cursed. You will kill everyone around you. And now you’re here to harm my grandson. Leave! Go on, get lost!” In the end, Madalyn bellowed at the top of her voice. She then pulled Davian, “Get these sick couples out of my house, get them out of here!”

Davian looked at Jensen and Kisa with hatred, “Just leave, don’t act like you care, and stop angering Mrs. Kooper Sr. any further.”

“That’s right. One of you is like a poisonous snake, while the other is an ingrate and a hypocrite. Woah, you’re indeed a perfect match,” Sharon, that just arrived, coldly mocked

Kisa and Jensen.

Jensen did not explain himself, but his face darkened. Kisa did not waste time finding out the truth. She only wanted to save Gilbert at the moment. She informed Davian, “Take me to Kelvin. I have the fruit. I took the fruit with me.”

Chapter 639 I Trust You With My Life

Davian was stunned and asked with disbelief, “You really have the fruit?”

Kisa quickly nodded and took out the red fruit from her pocket. Once Davian saw the fruit, he hurriedly pulled Kisa up to find Kelvin. But Madalyn blocked her again.

“What game are you playing now? Gilbert is already like this, yet you won’t let him go? How did you manage to get the fruit when the

caves collapsed? You're wrong if you think I will trust you by picking some random fruit outside. Get out of my house!"

Madalyn's

hatred toward Kisa only grew, and she refused to let her go up any further. Davian urged, "Mrs. Kooper Sr., please be reasonable. With Mr. Kooper in this state, she had no reason to bring fake fruits to us, right? No matter what she is here for, let Kelvin try first. It's better than letting Mr. Kooper die."

Regardless of what Davian had said, Madalyn still dug her heels in. "If they really wanted to save Gilbert, they could have sent us the fruit ages ago. Why wait until now? I would never let them near Gilbert. They will only harm my grandson and take his life away."

Kisa got anxious as she watched Madalyn's stubbornness. She handed the fruit to Davian, "Quick, go find Kelvin."

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Davian agreed and ran up the stairs, ignoring Madalyn. Kisa fretted, wringing her hands. 'From how Madalyn and Davian reacted, Gilbert's situation seemed bad. Let's hope that I sent the fruit just in time.'

Madalyn did not allow them to go upstairs or get near Gilbert. In the end, Jensen and Kisa waited in the courtyard outside. Jensen leaned on a tree, quietly smoking. He was in a bad mood. Kisa had not seen such a dark expression on him before. Biting her lips, she walked toward him. "Madalyn must have misunderstood something. You should explain to her once she has calmed down."

"There's nothing to explain," Jensen responded dryly, his tone flat. Kisa knotted her brows in disagreement, "Why don't you explain? Do you feel good when everyone misunderstands you?"

"Ha." Jensen suddenly laughed in self-deprecation. He looked at her, his gaze not as gentle as usual and showing a hint of irony. "How would you know... that it's a misunderstanding?"

"I believed you're not that kind of person. You won't leave Gilbert in the lurch. I trust you with my life."

Jensen felt his heart overflowing with pain rather than joy when he looked into Kisa's trusting eyes. He snorted with a hint of cruelty, "You trust people too easily. Let me tell you, that wasn't a misunderstanding."

The cold wind blew, sending shivers down Kisa's spine. Kisa's eyes went wide as she stared at the man in front of her. The once gentleman changed in a split second. He was smoking. The smoke lingering between them made Kisa unable to gauge him. "I have no

idea why you are referring to yourself that way.

Kisa felt sad looking at him like this, "I believe you. You're not the cold-hearted person Davian and Madalyn said you were. You won't see Gilbert die without doing anything." "Hah..." Jensen lowered his eyes and grinned coldly. "Kisa, why would *you* trust me?"

Kisa nibbled on her bottom lip, unable to provide a reason. She did not know if it were because of the admiration in her youth or her dependence on him now. In her eyes, Jensen was the best, even better than Gilbert. So she could not believe Davian and Madalyn when they talked about him like this.

Jensen rose to his feet as he finished his cigarette.

Chapter 640 Don't Trust Me Too Much

Jensen patted Kisa on the shoulder and said lowly, "Don't trust me too much."

Then, he turned around and walked out without looking back.

Kisa gazed at his retreating figure. She did not know if the inexplicable sadness lingering within was because of the biting wind or something else.

Up till nightfall, there was still no news about Gilbert.

Kisa wanted to go inside and check on him. However, Sharon stood by the door like a guard dog and did not allow Kisa to step foot into the Kooper residence.

'If Sharon were the only person here, I could still handle her. But even George is here to stop me from entering the door. Since George has been with the Kooper family for a while now and has been good to me previously, I can't challenge him head-on,' she thought.

Kisa felt anxious. She immediately asked George, "How's Gilbert?"

"Mr. Hoover is still treating the young master. As for its outcome, none of us know how it's going. Mrs. Kooper Sr. is about to cry her eyes out, so please, Ms. Becker, don't provoke her."

George spoke in a distant and cold tone.

Kisa lowered her gaze, "Alright, I won't go in."

'It seems like Gilbert's situation doesn't look good,' she thought.

Perhaps it was because she had stood in the courtyard for too long and had gotten a cold from the chilly breeze, or maybe it was because she had not eaten the entire day; Kisa's legs were a little wobbly.

Lea held her and said, "Let's wait in the car."

Even though Jensen had left, his car was still there. Even his car keys were still in the ignition.

After the two entered the car, the biting wind was promptly blocked out.

Through the car window, Kisa peered at the Kooper residence's brightly lit entrance and felt tears well up in her eyes. She felt so awful she wanted to cry.

'I used to hate Gilbert to the bone, so much that I wanted to take revenge on him even in my dreams. Yet, I feel so awful now that he's at death's door. Maybe it's like what Jensen said; the hate that I speak of is merely self-deception,' thought Kisa.

Lea peered at Kisa's side profile. She contemplated for a while before finally mustering the courage, "Kisa, did I do something wrong? You've been extra distant ever since you regained consciousness."

Kisa turned to face her.

The woman in front of her had a cautious and slightly wronged expression.

Kisa pursed her lips; she did not know how to bring up the topic.

The atmosphere in the car was suffocatingly quiet.

Lea asked softly, "Are you still mad at me for throwing out the fruits?"

Kisa shook her head.

"There's no reason to blame you since we found

"But you didn't treat me this way before this. What happened, Kisa?"

"Lea..." Kisa suddenly turned to Lea with a serious expression, "That day, when we went to see the snow, I got attacked by Emma and rolled down the slope."

Lea nodded.

"I know. I've heard of it."

Kisa quietly lowered her gaze.

"Heard of it from whom?" she asked softly.

Lea's expression changed slightly, "From... From Mr. Kooper."

Kisa wanted to smile, but she could not. Instead, a bitter smile formed on her lips.

Ever since she had regained consciousness, she had not told Jensen about the incident of Emma attacking her.

Nobody other than Emma, Gilbert, and myself knows about Emma shoving me down the slope.

Moreover, Gilbert fainted after he carried me back to the resort. Then, he was brought back home by the Kooper family overnight.

Everyone thinks that Gilbert and I were stuck in the mountains because we were met with an accident.

'How does Lea know that I was actually shoved down the slope by Emma?' wondered Kisa.

She suppressed her emotions and said to Lea coolly, "Then where were you when it happened? Did you know that I called out to you many times?"