

# Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

## Chapter 641 – 649

### Chapter 641 I Want to Give Her Another Chance

Lea replied hurriedly, “Emma had knocked me out. That woman was cruel enough to do such nasty things to us. After that, Mr. Kooper and Davian found me. Otherwise, I would’ve frozen to death.”

‘That’s right, Lea almost froze to death in the snow. Jensen told me about it after the incident; that’s why I thought I had wronged Lea at one point. But on second thoughts, there were footprints between the snow in front of me and the big tree even though Emma appeared behind me. If Mia had knocked out Lea behind the tree, how did Mia appear behind me? No matter how I look at it, there was someone else there other than me, Lea, and Emma. However, I can’t figure out who the person is. If Lea is indeed lying to me, and assuming that she had purposefully suggested going to see the snow, what’s her motive? Is she being threatened, or does she hold a grudge against me?’ wondered Kisa.

She looked at Lea, “Do you think I’m good to you?”

Lea was startled for a moment. Then, she nodded.

“Of course. You’re my best friend. You treat me even better than my own mother.”

‘Well then, she must be threatened by someone,’ thought Kisa.

She turned to Lea and said lowly, “If that’s the case, I’ll definitely help you if you’re faced with any difficulties, so you can tell me anything. Moreover, if you did anything wrong, you just have to be honest with me; I’ll definitely forgive you.”

‘I want to give her another chance, but...’ Kisa thought.

Lea smiled at her, "What's the matter, Kisa? Why are you saying weird things?"

Kisa shook her head and did not say anything.

Lea crossed her arms and smiled, "I know you're always worried about me, but don't be. Ever since we became friends, all of my difficulties have gone away. Moreover, I'd definitely be honest with you if I did something wrong because I know you wouldn't blame me."

Kisa smiled, but her smile did not reach her eyes.

'Lea is a friend that I don't want to lose; I'll always treat her as my best friend. That said, I also said that I won't give her a second chance to hurt me,' she thought.

Kisa gently patted Lea's hand, "You must be hungry after staying by my side for so long. Why don't you go back first?"

Lea shook her head.

"I want to stay by your side."

Kisa felt bitter and did not know what to say.

'Lea's being genuine toward me no matter how I look at it. But why did she lie and betray me? Turns out, not only is love unfathomable, but even friendships are also perplexing and confusing,' she thought.

While the two were snuggled up in the car, someone suddenly knocked on the car window.

Kisa quickly sat up. She looked out the car window and saw George standing in front of the

car.

After she hurriedly opened the door, two plates of piping hot spaghetti came into sight.

George's tone was still as icy as ever.

"Have some spaghetti. If you two starve to death here, you'll trouble the Kooper family again."

Kisa quickly accepted the spaghetti. She handed one of the plates to Lea and held the other in her hand.

The plate warmed not only her hands but her heart too.

Kisa felt tears well up in her eyes, and her vision of George grew a little blurry.

In a choked voice, she asked, "Is Gilbert's condition getting better yet?"

"I don't know," George remained succinct when it came to Gilbert's condition.

Kisa pursed her lips and looked at the spaghetti in her hands, "Thank you, George."

"Don't thank me. I'm just worried that you two will starve to death here. How awful! One more thing, even if you two continued waiting here, you won't get anything out of it, so it's better for you to leave."

Kisa lifted her head and looked upstairs.

## **Chapter 642 Kicked Out By the Kooper Family**

Gilbert's room remained lit. Kisa badly wanted to go upstairs and see him.

George glanced at her and did not say anything more. Then, he turned around and entered the house.

Sharon, who stood by the entrance, said something to George with an icy expression. Kisa could not hear what Sharon said, but she was sure it was not nice.

Since Lea was starving, she quickly finished the entire bowl of spaghetti.

Meanwhile, Kisa held the plate of spaghetti and remained unmoved.

She could not stomach anything without knowing about Gilbert's condition.

She handed her spaghetti to Lea, "You can have mine. I'm not hungry."

"That won't do. You should at least have a little."

"I really don't have the appetite," Kisa said, shoving the plate into Lea's hands.

Lea sighed helplessly and did not respond.

Meanwhile, Jensen returned to the resort in the middle of the night, reeking of alcohol.

Mia was sitting in the living room waiting for him. When she saw him staggering into the house, she quickly went up to help him.

"What's the matter with you? Why'd you drink this much?"

Jensen could not even stand up straight. He was obviously drunk.

Mia helped him to the couch to lie down. She could not help but feel shocked.

'Jensen has always had a sense of propriety, so he rarely drinks. Other than... Other than the time he found out about Kisa getting married to Gilbert. What exactly happened today that made him drink this much?' she wondered.

"You must feel awful. Be good and lay still. I'll go get you some water."

Jensen lay on the couch with one arm over his eyes. He looked ready to vomit.

Even though Mia spoke in a mean tone, she was very thoughtful and quickly returned with a glass of water.

She struggled to sit the man up and held the glass to his lips, "Have some water."

Jensen took a sip and laid back down. Then, he placed his arm back to his eyes in silence.

Mia stared at him, and her pent-up frustration blew up, "It must be because of that woman. Why won't you say something? What happened this time? Did the woman get back together with Gilbert, so you're feeling hurt?"

However, no matter what she said, the man on the couch ignored her as if she were dead.

At that moment, Adrien walked downstairs.

Adrien had seen Jensen the moment he entered the house.

He tugged his lips. There was a hint of mockery in his icy smile, "Did you get kicked out by the Kooper family?"

Jensen's figure froze when he heard Adrien's voice.

Moments later, he sat up from the couch.

He peered at Adrien through bloodshot eyes. His gaze was icy yet mingled with sadness and self-mockery.

"The Kooper family called me, and you didn't pick up? And you even deleted the call history?"

Adrien smiled and did not deny his allegations.

"Grandma texted me, and you replied to her for me?"

Adrien still did not deny his allegations.

Suddenly, Jensen laughed. His laugh was loud and sorrowful.

Mia was frightened. She leaned over and held his hands tightly, "Don't be like that, Jensen."

Jensen lowered his gaze and said to Adrien softly, "Do you want Gilbert to die that badly?"

“No, I don’t want him to die. If he died, how would the game go on?” Adrien said with a smile. Then, he took out a few red fruits from his pocket, “I didn’t expect Kisa to have these fruits on her. I also did not expect her to dig through the trash this desperately to save Gilbert. It seems like I picked these fruits for nothing.”

He casually threw the fruits into the trashcan.

There was a hint of disdain in his calm expression.

Jensen stood up and walked up to him, “Then why did you use my phone to deceive grandma?”

### **Chapter 643 Wise Up, You Poor Thing**

“Well, I did it for you.”

Adrien looked at him with a frank expression. There was a hint of mockery in his smile, “If I didn’t do this, how would you know what you are to your grandmother? I’ve already said this long ago: to her, only Gilbert is her grandchild. You’re merely a dog she had adopted out of false goodwill. To her, you were a dog with many uses. Not only could *you* keep Gilbert company, but you could protect him too. They could even order you around at their disposal and throw you out when they no longer need you. I can’t believe you still care about them after all these years. Oh, Jensen, you just can’t seem to see the truth.”

Adrien puffed his cigarette. Through the cigarette smoke, his smiling face seemed incredibly mocking.

Jensen tightened his fists and roared at him resentfully, “Even so, what’s it got to do with you? However they treat me, it’s still better than how you treated me. Who are you to criticize them or mock me? You’re even more heartless compared to them.”

“How dare you!”

Adrien promptly stood up and slapped Jensen across his face as soon as he finished his

sentence.

Since Jensen was already drunk and wobbly on his feet, the impact of Adrien's slap sent him flying to the ground.

Mia shouted in terror and hurriedly went over to help him up.

Adrien looked down at Jensen in disdain as if he were looking at trash. However, his gaze was mingled with an inexplicable sense of pity, "Do you really think that you can be family with the Kooper family? Let me tell you this, it's impossible! You can't even imagine how heartless Mrs. Kooper Sr. is. I used your phone to mislead her so that you could see who she truly is. She's always plotting something and has only been genuine to her own son and grandchild. If you were the one who got poisoned and on your deathbed, and Gilbert were the *one* who refused to pick fruits, do you think he would curse at Gilbert the way she did? Hah. No, she wouldn't. She'd just watch you die. She would never ask her grandchild to risk his life to pick the fruit in the mountains, so wise up, you poor thing."

"Stop it," Mia hugged Jensen tightly. She pleaded to Adrien through tears, "I'm begging you to stop. Your words are no different from torturing him slowly. Do you really feel happy seeing him in pain?"

Adrien's expression was cold with a hint of cruelty.

He sneered, "If I don't say such things, he'll never realize the truth."

Jensen struggled to stand up. He had blood at the corner of his mouth and looked disheveled but also dejected.

He stumbled to face Adrien and laughed continuously, "Then I'll have to thank you for helping me see the truth."

Adrien narrowed his sharp eyes. He held a cigarette with two fingers and pointed it at Jensen's collar.

"You can hate me as much as you like. However, if you dare to expose my true identity or betray me, then don't ever think of seeing Blake ever again," he said threateningly.

After Jensen laughed sorrowfully, he calmed down.

He replied coolly, "Don't worry, I'll go along with your plan."

Adrien patted Jensen's shoulder with a satisfied look.

"That's what I'm talking about. To tell you the truth, what I'm doing is partly for you."

Jensen revealed a self-mocking smile and did not respond. He swatted Adrien's hand away before turning around and stumbling toward the stairs.

Seeing his actions, Mia quickly ran over to help him.

Adrien stared at his back and felt an inexplicable sense of frustration.

He sat on the couch and leaned back. Then, he gently closed his eyes. A hint of sorrow gradually appeared on his face that had experienced the unpredictability of life.

Suddenly, Peter came running down the stairs.

## **Chapter 644 You Got Beaten Up?**

"I could hear you all arguing from upstairs. What's the matter?"

Peter peered at the bruise on Jensen's face and the blood by the corner of his lips.

"You got beaten up?" he asked in surprise.

After he spoke, he realized that he had asked something stupid.

Jensen glanced at him icily and did not respond. Then he walked past him and went upstairs.

Peter was confused.

'Jensen's being so hostile for no reason. I don't think I did anything to him?' he thought.

"Peter, come play chess with me."

“Ah... Coming.”

“Have you got someone to send Jolina back yet?”

“Mhm, she’s still in college.”

“You like her, but she doesn’t like you, right?”

“Mhm.”

“Ho ho. What’s the matter? If you like her, go for it. While there’s the saying that nothing forcibly done will be agreeable, isn’t it worse to do nothing at all?”

Jensen stood at the corner of the staircase while gripping the railing tightly. He stared darkly at the amiable smile on Adrien’s face. Then, a sardonic smile gradually formed on his lips.

He mumbled, “I always thought he was heartless, emotionless, and cold-blooded. Turns out, he can be a nice person too.”

Mia hugged his arm sadly and tried to console him, “Maybe he was strict and heartless to you because he wanted you to get stronger.”

Jensen shook his head in a self-mocking manner.

‘That’s not why. I know the real reason behind his actions,’ Jensen thought.

It had snowed again last night.

Kisa opened her eyes to a white snow-covered ground.

It was beautiful but also freezing.

Under the sunshine, the icicles on the dried branches appeared crystal clear. It was tempting for one to want to pick off the icicles.

Kisa moved her stiff, aching legs. Then, she pulled her chair and sat up.

She fell asleep in the car last night. Now that she had woken up, it was only seven o’clock in the morning.

She turned to her side and saw Lea still asleep without anything covering her.

She pursed her lips and shifted her blanket onto Lea's body. Then, she quietly got out of the car.

The temperatures in and outside of the car were starkly different.

The moment Kisa left the car, she shivered from the cold.

After moving around and rubbing her hands for a while, she finally got a little used to the temperature.

The door of the Kooper residence was closed.

She slowly walked over. Then, she sat on the rattan chair in front of the door.

Even though there was an umbrella, some snow had fallen onto the rattan chair and made it damp.

Kisa sat down and felt even colder. Out of reflex, she wrapped her jacket around herself tighter.

She quietly waited until eight o'clock. However, the door of the Kooper residence remained closed.

She reached into her pocket and took out her phone.

After searching for a contact, she hesitated for a moment before calling Kelvin.

The phone rang for a while, but no one picked up.

She lowered her gaze before shutting off her phone and throwing it aside. Then, she leaned into the chair and continued waiting.

The sun was shining brightly today. However, Kisa still did not feel warm and shivered

from the cold.

Just as she was contemplating if she should wait in the car, the door of the Kooper residence promptly opened.

George was standing at the door.

Kisa immediately stood up and turned to George, "Gilbert..."

"Mr. Hoover is still doing a toxin test. Please go home, Ms. Becker. There's no point in waiting any longer. After all, Mrs. Kooper won't let you see the young master."

Kisa lowered her gaze, "I understand. I just wanted to know if Gilbert is safe and sound."

"Go home. I will get Davian to inform you if the young master regains consciousness safely."

"...alright," Kisa nodded before slowly trudging toward the car.

Her entire body felt awful; even her ankle was aching badly. She truly was not in shape to continue waiting there.

When Kisa got into the car, Lea coincidentally woke up.

Lea rubbed her eyes and said groggily, "How's Mr. Kooper?"

Kisa shook her head.

"Let's go back first."

Lea was stunned, "You're not going to wait for Mr. Kooper?"

"Nope."

'It's not like I can see him,' Kisa thought.

Lea glanced at Kisa's expression and did not dare to say another word. She moved her

legs around before sitting upright. Then, she started the car.

Meanwhile, Gilbert was in his room and coughed out more blood.

### **Chapter 645 Dark Shadow**

The blood was maroon in color, which made Madalyn palpitate from seeing it. She quickly asked Kelvin, "How is it?"

Kelvin scrunched his brows with a severe expression, "The situation is very challenging."

Madalyn had both her eyes rolled back and fell to the ground. Davian immediately held onto her.

Madalyn forcefully held onto her spirits and scolded in pain, "I knew it. That wench never had good intentions. The fruits are fake, fake... My Gilbert is hurt by all of them. Waah, waah..."

Kelvin had not shut his eyes for a few days and nights. Stubble was growing on his chin, and his face was haggard. Hearing Madalyn scream and cry, he felt annoyed deep down at that point.

He gave Gilbert a check-up while talking to Davian, "You help Madan Kooper Sr. out. If something happens, I'll call you."

Davian nodded his head and hastily pulled Madalyn outside. Once they opened the door, they saw Sharon by the doorway suspiciously, looking like a burglar. Madalyn saw Sharon, and her expression was not good. She shouted sharply, "Who let you come up here?"

"I... I just came to have a look at Gilbert."

"Go downstairs. You're not allowed to be near my grandson."

Sharon was angry in her heart but did not dare defy openly. She seemed to have better treatment than Kisa and could stay in

the Kooper residence. However, the old woman still would not allow her to get half a step closer to Gilbert. When you think about it, she and Kisa were about the same. It was so infuriating! Scared of Madalyn's cold, cruel aura, Sharon could only go downstairs resentfully.

In the room, Kelvin gave Gilbert another syringe of medication. Gilbert vomited two mouthfuls of blood continuously. The blood was not as dark as before but still looked different from regular blood. Kelvin wiped Gilbert's leftover blood from the corner of his lips. He was about to get up to prepare and examine the fruit.

Gilbert suddenly held onto his arm. Kelvin was shocked and yelled out in delight, "Gilbert?" But Gilbert still did not open his eyes and merely mumbled something while disoriented.

Kelvin stuck his ear closer in confusion.

"Kisa... Kisa..."

It was all about that woman's name. Kelvin sighed helplessly.

'This man is genuinely... He is about to die himself and was still thinking about that woman. wholeheartedly,' Kelvin thought.

"Relax, she's doing so much better than you," he said to Gilbert.

It was unknown if Gilbert heard it or not. As Kelvin finished speaking, the man on the bed was entirely down. He gave Gilbert another examination. His furrowed brows relaxed slightly. It seems that the medications from before worked.

He straightened his body and raised his legs to walk toward the window. He lifted the curtains. The car downstairs was slowly driving away.

He could not help but feel a little rage,

'This Kisa is really heartless. This was only a while, and she had already left. Not a shred of patience at all. How fortunate that Gilbert still thought about her when he was about to die, so not worth it. Tsk, so very not worth it!' Kelvin thought.

Lea was exhausted to the bone after staying over at the Kooper residence for the night. She sent Kisa back to her place and went home herself.

Kisa stumbled into the elevator. Her whole body was sore. Her head was spinning and throbbing, with her throating hurting too. She was dizzy and fumbled to reach the front of her door. She could not help but glance at the door behind her when opening the door.

The door was shut tight, just like the day they went for a holiday. It seems Jensen had yet to return. Remembering Jensen's silhouette yesterday when he left, her heart could not help but feel sad.

She shook her head and twisted the keys in her hands. The door then opened. The house was empty and seemed even colder in the cold winter weather. She first went to take a shower. After her shower, her spirits were still not up, and she felt more dizzy and tired.

Suspecting that she had a fever, she measured her body temperature. It was indeed 39 degrees. Finding the fever-reducing medication and anti-inflammatory medicine, she took a single pill from each, then crawled into her bed to sleep. For that rest, she slept very deeply.

When she woke up, the whole house was dark. She seemed blank for quite some time, then slowly got used to the room's darkness. She suddenly discovered a figure standing by her bed.

## **Chapter 646 I'm Going to Go Now**

She was startled and instinctively opened her mouth to scream, but no sound would come out. What was more horrifying was that she discovered that she could not move at all.

'What is happening?' she thought.

She stared at the shadow by the bed fearfully. She tried to move her fingers. However, her whole body was restrained by a mysterious force. She could not move at all.

Suddenly, that shadow bent down slowly. Kisa could not see his face but could feel his breath touch her face. It was so cold.

“Kisa...” The shadow suddenly said. Its tone was gentle, but it seemed to be Gilbert’s voice.

Her heart trembled. Could the dark shadow be Gilbert? Yet Gilbert had never used such a

gentle tone to call her “Kisa” before.

She wanted to ask him if he was Gilbert, but however she tried to scream and shout, not a single sound would come out. It was as if she was utterly shackled. She could not do a thing and only stared at the dark figure before her in horror and confusion. The shadow seemed to mean no harm to her and only stared at her closely.

Although Kisa could not see his face clearly, she could still see his glinting black irises.

“Kisa...” He called for her again. The deep and gentle voice had a hint of unspeakable

sadness to it.

“I’m going to go now,” he said, “You need to take good care of yourself. Don’t live your life in hatred again.”

A surge of sadness emerged in Kisa’s heart suddenly. The sadness also had a bitter and desolate feeling that filled her heart to the brim. She wanted to say don’t go. Her lips would not stop opening and closing, but she could not force out any sound.

The shadow slowly retreated from her and moved toward the door.

She wanted to grab him but was to no avail. Tears would not stop dropping down. She could only watch with open eyes as the shadow moved further and further and further away until it could not be seen. Grief and pain filled her chest. She could not stop the

tears from flowing as they did not stop dripping. She felt as if she had lost something very, very important to her.

Suddenly, a white light flashed before her, blinding her to the point of not being able to open her eyes. Abruptly, she could move her body again.

She shrieked and sat up. The room was still bright as day. There were even voices of people talking coming in from outside the window.

Instead, the darkness and the dark figure from before seemed like a dream. She lifted her hands to wipe her face and got a hand full of tears. Even though it was a dream, she still

cried. She cried so sorrowfully and vulnerably...

Thinking about the dream now, her heart still had a dull ache inside. There was even a

shred of desperation and helplessness. She hugged her knees and tried re-collecting the dark figure in her dream.

'Could that dark shadow be Gilbert? What did it mean that he was going to leave?' Kisa thought.

Remembering that Gilbert's fate was still unknown, she felt a chill all over her body. She quickly found her phone and gave Davian a phone call. However, Davian did not pick up.

Kisa could not wait, so she searched for Kelvin's phone number. Before this, she would still be a little peeved and afraid that Kelvin was still giving Gilbert treatment. She was worried that if she called over, it would disturb him. Yet right now, she was anxious beyond belief. She merely wanted to know the results as soon as possible. The phone call was dialed through. Kisa restlessly waited for a few seconds. Someone from the other end unexpectedly picked up.

"Kelvin?" Kisa hastily asked.

"Mm," he replied lazily. It was apparent that he did not want to speak to Kisa.

Kisa did not ramble and asked openly and truthfully, "How is Gilbert?"

"Heh, you would be worried about him? Then I'll tell you. He is about to die. You can quickly go and light some fireworks to celebrate. Hurry now."

After saying this, Kelvin hung up the phone. He threw the phone to the side and held a bowl of pasta in front of him before wolfing them down,

David was holding onto the second bowl of pasta when walking in. He heard Kelvin answering the phone that way and could not help but ask,

"Who called in?"

"Slurp!" Kelvin slurped up a mouthful of pasta noodles and spoke dubiously, "Who else could it be? It's Kisa Becker."

"What!?"

## **Chapter 647 Couldn't Your Table Manners Be Better**

Davian furrowed his brows in disguise, "Anyhow, you are of noble breed. Couldn't your table manners be better?"

"I have not eaten a single meal for a few freaking days. I'm almost starving to death. There's no point in emphasizing etiquette," Kelvin finished speaking. He did not forget to stare at the noodles in Davian's hand and clicked his tongue, "Aren't you having your second bowl? It's such a big serving."

Davian did not want to argue with him. He sat across him, confused, "Why did you talk to Ms. Kisa like that just now? She was actually worried for Mr. Kooper. If you told

her that, wouldn't she worried to death?"

"That's fine. If Kisa was truly worried for Gilbert, she

wouldn't have left in such a hurry. Don't just see that she has been staying here for a night. From what I see, it's just for show. You didn't see it. She was so eager to leave yesterday once dawn came. Tsk tsk, how unfortunate for Gilbert to still

call her name when he is still unconscious. If it was based on my opinion, that type of woman would have no conscience. Making her worry a bit would be nice.

“I

Davian slurped a mouth of noodles and rolled his eyes at Kelvin, “You already said that she has no conscience. If you told her that Mr. Kooper is about to die, then she would likely not be worried, yes?”

Kelvin was speechless, “...”

“That’s odd. Why did Ms. Kisa not call me to ask this? George even told me to inform Ms. Kisa about Gilbert’s condition just now. I was so busy eating my noodles I actually forgot about this. You instead did so great and directly told her that Mr. Kooper was about to die. Now you have troubled me into having to explain once more to her. Oh my goodness,” Davian felt especially disdain for Kelvin.

Kelvin grunted out loud. He gestured at the phone he threw at the table with his chin, “Your phone just rang. Who knows if it was her that called.”

“Really?” David hurriedly picked up the phone to check, “It really was her who called in. She must be distraught for Mr. Kooper.”

After saying this, he couldn’t resist rolling his eyes again at Kelvin, “Honestly, you didn’t even care to help me pick it up. Just saying that Mr. Kooper is fine would have been great. Instead, you went ahead to lie to her.”

“So what if I lied to her? Seeing Gilbert cling his whole heart to her, she did not even wait till Gilbert’s survival was confirmed to leave so eagerly. I’m mad about it. I

don’t care. I want to make her worry first. I’m telling you, you’re not allowed to tell her Mr. Kooper is fine. Make her worry for a few days first.”

“Fine, fine, I’m too lazy to be bothered by you. If

something happens on Kisa's end due to the worry, you're responsible for it," Davian said and wolfed down his pasta.

Kelvin grunted in disdain, "Women like her are the type with no conscience. What kind of thing would happen from her worries?"

Even though he said so, he was still a little worried deep in his heart. but he still could not stand it. "Sigh, never mind. When there is spare time tomorrow, I'll inform Kisa clearly about Gilbert's condition."

On the other side, Kisa stared blankly at the dimmed phone screen for almost 3 minutes. Then only she slowly put the phone down. The calmness on her face was a little abnormal. The nightmare just now made her break into a cold sweat. Now, her soaked clothes were sticking to her body. They were damp and uncomfortable. However, it might have been from sweating. Her fever had unexpectedly died down.

She flipped her blanket over and got out of bed. Her footsteps were weak and light. She held onto the cabinet on the side for a while. She then took some clothes to change and walked toward the bathroom.

As the hot water was turned on, Kisa stood under the showerhead. She showered under the warm water. At the same time, her muscles throughout her body relaxed. She thought of Kelvin's words, saying, 'He's about to die again.'

The corner of her lips could not help but twitch upwards. Kelvin was just like his usual self, hating the evil with all his passion that he did not even know how to lie. She stood in the bathroom for quite some time. Then she only walked out after being fully clothed.

After showering, she felt her whole body was much more pleasant, and her mind was clearer. She was only hungry, almost starving. Just as she opened the door to prepare something to eat, she heard a surge of noise from the kitchen.

### **Chapter 648 Won't Give Anyone the Wrong Idea**

She was stunned. Who would appear in her kitchen? Lea? Jensen? But wasn't Jensen not back yet? Besides, Lea had returned the keys to the house earlier.

With a heart full of doubt, she walked toward the direction of the kitchen. She was not worried that a burglar or other criminal would enter in broad daylight.

She walked to the entrance of the kitchen. She then looked into the kitchen directly. From a single glance, she saw Jensen in an apron.

"You..." Seeing Jensen, she would always think of his silhouette on the day he left.

It was particularly bleak and exceptionally determined. Thinking about it would make anyone feel sad. Jensen was making food. Hearing her voice, he could not help but turn his head and glance at her once. His handsome face had a gentle, light smile.

Kisa stared at him in shock. He had returned to his usual gentle temperament. As if that day was merely an illusion to her.

She slowly walked toward her, "You came back."

“I called you yesterday. You didn’t pick up. I gave you a few calls, but there was no response. I was worried deep down, so I came in,” as Jensen mixed the soup in the pot. He did not even raise his head to speak with her, “After entering, I found out you had a fever. You were disoriented from sleeping on the bed. You would not wake whichever way I called. I ground the fever medicine and fed it to you while mixing it with water. I also wiped your body with cool water. How do you feel now?” He said it so brazenly, so it would not give anyone the wrong idea.

Kisa nodded her head, “I feel much better. There should be no fever now.” Upon saying this, she looked outside. It was mid-noon now. The sunlight was particularly lovely.

It lit up the whole house brightly, and the scene seemed full of life.

She asked Jensen, “: You came back, but what about Mia and Blake?”

“They’re in my house. I was worried that they would disturb your rest, so I didn’t let them come over,”: Jensen

said as he poured her a bowl of soup.

He then gave a few appetizers for her. He brought the soup and appetizers out and said to her, “You’re awake now. You should eat something first; we can go over to visit them once you’re done.”

Kisa nodded her head and followed him to the front of the dining table.

Jensen laid down the soup and appetizer. He turned around and looked at her fumbling legs before saying, "You still have to get treatment."

"I

"Even with more treatment, it would still look like this, Kisa said, not caring," Since it's about to be New Year, I'll stay in the house properly. Apply my medication every day. I believe by then, this leg will slowly heal up."

Jensen heard

this and did not say anything more. He only sat down slanted on the chair by the side. Kisa saw the

soup and other food on the table, which made her even

more hungry. She eagerly took two bites of the food and

shockingly found out Jensen had no utensils in front of

him.

She could not help but ask, "Are you going to eat or not?"

"I've eaten," Jensen chuckled lightly.

Kisa steadily looked at the light smile on his face. She did not know if it was a misperception, but she felt that the man before her seemed to have changed somewhere. As for where he had changed, she could not say it at the

moment.

"You should eat slowly. There is more in the pot," Jensen suddenly said to her. Then, he stood up and walked to the front of the window in the living room.

He lit a cigarette and then looked out the window while smoking in silence. His figure was huge, and his silhouette was tall. He usually had a mild temperament. Jensen today had a hint of loneliness and bleakness surrounding him instead. It would make anyone who saw not resist the urge to feel pity for him.

She swallowed her mouthful of soup and could not resist the urge to ask, "That day... Madalyn misunderstood your thing. Did you explain to her clearly or not?"

## **Chapter 649 She Died, Died at the Resort**

"There is nothing to explain; just let it be," Jensen did not turn his head and spoke casually.

Kisa always felt that he was spiteful. As for who he was spiteful to, she was not sure as well. She put down her

spoon and stood up to walk two steps toward him. She told him, "I think this issue requires you to explain to Madam Kooper Sr. clearly. You all are family. After all,

having a misunderstanding is not good."

'Family?' He thought. Jensen smiled lightly and did not say a word. He only believed that these single words sounded so hilarious.

Kisa secretly analyzed a bit and spoke, "It was obvious that someone took your phone at that time. Then impersonated you to send Madalyn that kind of message.

As for who the person was, you should think hard. Who ultimately had beef with you and could easily reach your cell phone?"

"Enough!" Jensen abruptly growled at her.

Kisa was stunned for a moment, then asked, "What's wrong?"

Jensen turned around to look at her. His face had no

expression, "Just let this matter go. I don't want to talk about it again."

Kisa drooped her head and pursed her lips. She did not say anything anymore and only returned to her seat before the dining table to drink her soup. Based on his reaction, she was almost sure he knew who had taken his phone to impersonate him and send Madalyn that kind of message. He did not want to say it and did not want to pursue this matter. In that case, she had even less right to meddle in this matter.

It was unknown if it was Jensen's cooking that was incredible or if she was too hungry. Even the clear soup and appetizer seemed to look delicious. She quickly finished a bowl of soup and was about to take the empty bowl to the kitchen to get some more when Jensen suddenly grabbed the bowl from her hand.

"You sit down. I'll go pour it for you." As the sentence ended, he walked with significant strides into the

kitchen. Kisa could not even stop him in time if she

wanted. Jensen swiftly poured a bowl of soup for her. The bowl was filled to the brim as if afraid that she would not

have enough to eat.

He put the soup in front of her and casually asked, 'How's Gilbert doing?'

"Should be fine," Kisa replied casually.

Jensen glanced at her in shock, "You're not worried for him?"

"Not worried!" Kisa focused on eating her soup. She was distraught from the start, but since Kelvin used that tone to tell her that specific sentence, she was no longer worried.

Jensen gave her a glimpse while the corner of his lips twitched into a fake smile, "You seemed to be laidback. They would say you had no conscience."

"No matter," Kisa smiled at her and did not forget to praise him a bit, "The soup you made today was delicious."

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“You can eat some more if you like it.”

It was nighttime at the Kooper residence when Gilbert had regained consciousness entirely. A group of people surrounded the bedside, but without the sole person, he

wanted to see.

His face was pale. He opened his eyes slightly and

scanned the room for some time. His line of sight landed on Davian’s figure in the end. He raised his arm with

much effort and waved at Davian.

Davian quickly said, “ Mr. Kooper, you have something to ask of me?”

“Where is Kisa?” He opened his mouth to ask.

Madalyn, who was by the side, was initially delighted to see him awaken. However, when she heard his first question to be about that woman, the anger in her heart all came welling up. “Why do you want to ask for that fiend? If it was not for her, you would not have to suffer so much pain.”

Gilbert disregarded Madalyn, and his eyes stared deeply

at Davian.

Although he was weak, his gaze’s aggressive aura could still intimidate everyone. Davian hurriedly said, “ Mr. Kooper, you can be assured that Ms. Kisa...”

“She died, died at the resort,” Davian could not finish speaking before Madalyn immediately grunted the words out in anger.