

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

Chapter 671 – 680

Chapter 671 He Dares Steal A Kiss From My Woman?!

The two jailers were in a remote mountain village and refused ever to step foot in Calthon ever again.

So, Gilbert decided to bring Kisa there in person.

Four days into Christmas, he told Kisa the situation, and she agreed to go with him on the condition they needed to be back before the middle of January.

It's because the filming for Adrien's show will start after the fifteenth.

Aside from the filming, she was also a little worried about Blake.

Kisa had prepared some clothes and daily necessities for Blake, but she looked at Gilbert and asked worriedly, "Is it alright to send him to the Kooper residence? I'm afraid your Grandma will..."

"Grandma will not mistreat him. He's good friends with Andrew and Ada. Grandma will like him."

"But Grandma hates me, and if she knows Blake was entrusted to her care by me, she'll..."

"She won't. Grandma has always loved kids and will not vent her grievances onto a child."

Since Gilbert was very confident about this, Kisa did not say anything else.

In fact, she, too, understands Mrs. Kooper Sr.'s character. As Gilbert said, she will not indiscriminately vent her personal grievances upon a person, and she really likes children very much.

Back then, when she had just married Gilbert, Mrs.

Kooper Sr. often laughed and told her to provide her with a great-grandchild as soon as possible.

Thinking about that now, the once genial Mrs. Kooper Sr. was now a blurry memory.

The kindness and love from Mrs. Kooper Sr. seemed like a lifetime away.

As she was in a daze, Blake suddenly tugged her hand, " Aunt Kisa, just go with Uncle Gilbert. You don't have to

worry about me. I have Andrew and Ada with me. No one will bully me.'

"Yeah, Aunt Kisa, we'll take care of Blake," Andrew said.

Ada, too chimed in, "Great-grandma loves Andrew and me, and she'll definitely love our friend as well. Also, Blake is such a nice person. He'll definitely be liked."

The young lady did not forget to praise Blake and made the latter smile in joy.

With Gilbert and the two children's assurance, Kisa's anxious heart could finally relax.

She then asked Gilbert, "Will Davian be coming along?"

"What for?" Gilbert suddenly spat disdainfully as if Davian's presence would interrupt them.

Seeing that Kisa was giving him a weird look, he immediately elaborated, "What I mean is, he has something to do at the start of the year, and also, he hadn't had much rest recently, so

it's a good time to give him a few days off and give him some personal time
.”

“Oh...” Kisa nodded. “Then just get him to check on Blake
when he's free.”

“Got it!”

‘This woman... She's even more concerned about another
person's child than her own.’

However, Blake was indeed likable, and it was a fact that
he liked the boy too.

Gilbert first sent the three children to the Kooper
residence.

Both he and Kisa made arrangements to leave at two in the afternoon.

Before they left, Kisa still held onto Blake anxiously and kept reminding
him.

“It'll often be snowing nowadays. Put on more clothes, okay?”

“Okay.”

“Cover yourself with a blanket when you sleep. Don't turn the heater up too
high. Remember to cover yourself properly, okay?”

“Yeah, got it.”

“Also, keep in constant contact. That way, I will know whether
you are doing fine at the Kooper residence.”

Gilbert could not help but to roll his eyes as he leaned by
the side.

'Is the Kooper family that scary? Why is she putting it like the Kooper family is a den of vipers?'

"Come back soon, Aunt Kisa."

Blake got up, tiptoed, and gave Kisa a peck on the cheek.

When Gilbert saw that, his eyes went wide.

'That brat, he dares steal a kiss from my woman?'

Chapter 672 Shrouded in Mystery

Kisa smiled and pecked him back on the cheek as she promised, "Don't worry, I'll be back as soon as possible."

At this moment, Gilbert's eyes were even wider.

'Since when did Kisa ever take the initiative to kiss me?'

Never.'

'So, I'm no better than that brat in her heart, huh?'

The mountain region was remote, and there was no direct flight.

After

some consideration, Gilbert decided to drive there himself. That way, the time will not be too tight and will save them the hassle of swapping rides.

He did

not arrange for a driver and instead chose to take the wheels himself.

As for the reason for this, he naturally wanted to use this opportunity to be alone with Kisa.

Calthon was snowing for

three consecutive days, and the entire city was covered in snow.

The weather was cold, but the festive New Year mood still

went strong.

The streets were still adorned with New Year decorations.

When they left the city, Kisa saw the lively atmosphere there, feeling a little lost and uneasy inside.

This would be quite a journey, and she had a hunch that something bad would happen.

Moreover, she found it strange that the two jailers had refused to come to Calthon.

‘Calthon is a prosperous place, so why did they hide in a remote mountain village after the fire?’

There were more and more mysteries, obscuring the truth from her like the fog.

Adrien had said he wanted to help her look for the warden, but he failed to find the latter after so long. ‘

Could it be that the warden is also hiding like the two jailers?’

‘Or... could the warden be dead already?’

She shifted her gaze and looked at the man at the wheels.

“You’ve been looking for the whereabouts of the two jailers for a while, I suppose?”

“Yeah,” Gilbert nodded, saying, “Davian personally looked into this. It was difficult. Finding the two jailers itself was grueling enough.”

“I heard that the warden also knows something about the fire.”

Gilbert raised his eyebrow. "From whom?"

After the fire, the prison was abandoned, and all of the staff was dismissed.

Back then, he did not look into this, and by the time he wanted to do so now, those people had long disappeared, more so the warden.

It was one thing to be difficult to investigate with the passage of time, but when all of the related persons started disappearing one by one, that was another thing altogether.

He felt that some unknown force was behind this, and that force had prevented him from seeking out the truth of the matter.

Sharon, however, does not have such a capability.

As for who was behind that force, he could not find a single clue at all.

Thankfully, he had found the two jailers, and if they could prove his innocence, then it'd be good to eliminate this woman's resentment toward him.

At this moment, he still bore such optimistic thoughts, but little did he know that the world had already changed so much.

Kisa looked at his face for a while before saying, "No one. I just feel that the warden might know something. Did you get Davian to look for his whereabouts?"

"I did, but he found nothing."

Gilbert gave a simple response, and Kisa did not probe

further.

When they reached the traffic light, Gilbert stopped the car.

His eyes were drooping, seemingly a little tired.

Kisa could not help but quip, "You could've just hired a driver."

"And will his driving skills be better than mine?"

'This man is so shameless when he is so full of himself.'

Kisa sighed, turned away, and ignored him.

Sharon was completely in panic. She was anxious ever

since Davian started to look into the prison staff, and her entire Christmas holiday was in the gutters.

Through Anthony, she had managed to find Adrien.

And so, the proud and arrogant international megastar was now kneeling down before Adrien...

Chapter 673 Old Acquaintances

"Mr. Tanner, please, you have got to save me!"

Adrien leaned against the back of the chair. His long slender legs were crossed and folded together.

Even when he was already in his fifties, the man still exuded a charm across his entire body.

Amidst his mature charm was a streak of stern majesty. He looked down at the prostrating woman on the ground and, through her, seemingly saw her greedy mother and

her despicable father once again.

A look of deep disgust flashed across his eyes.

He took a puff and looked at Anthony beside him.

Anthony held his arm as he said with an impassive face, ”

This woman is afraid that Gilbert will find out the truth of the fire and take revenge against her. So she’s begging you to help her.”

“Mr. Tanner, I only just found out that you bear a grudge against Gilbert and Kisa,” Sharon crawled before him and said anxiously, “I beg you, help me. Do not let Gilbert find out the truth of the matter. If you help me, I’ll do anything for you.”

Anthony sneered as he then burst into a laughing fit on the side. A tinge of disdain laced his laughter.

The disgust in Adrien’s eyes had disappeared as he helped Sharon up with a kind look.

“Speaking of which, I’m an old acquaintance of your parents. You don’t have to be so reserved with me. Just call me Adrien.”

When Sharon heard that, she said, “Really? You know my parents?”

“Yes.” Adrien let out a mysterious smile. “However, I’m afraid they do not remember me anymore.”

“They won’t, they won’t,” Sharon immediately shook her head. “Adrien, you are so accomplished and

extraordinary. I’m sure no one who had met you would forget about you.”

Adrien took a puff and smiled as he said, “I know what

happened in that prison fire, including how the two children in Kisa's womb were taken out. I know all of it."

Sharon's expression changed, "How... how did you learn about it?"

"Ah, the chief warden told me."

Adrien spoke faintly, but Sharon's expression was already as pale as a ghost.

"The...the warden? He...he's still alive?"

"I don't know whether he's still alive, but he told me about this a few years ago."

Sharon took a couple of unsteady steps back as she looked at Adrien in fear.

Adrien smiled kindly at her, "Don't you worry. I will not allow Gilbert to find out the truth of that fire."

"But... Gilbert is already bringing Kisa to look for the jailers involved in this."

"So what then?"

"I... I'm scared..."

Adrien smiled and said, "Just relax and go back. There's something nice coming up soon. I assure you, the result will satisfy you."

Sharon was still worried, "We really don't have to do anything?"

"Heh. Did Anthony not tell you the extent of my powers?"

Anthony had naturally told her about this man's ability. Otherwise, she would not prostrate herself to beg for his aid.

The man's confident look somewhat reassured Sharon, yet she still had some concerns, "Mr. Tanner, why... why are you willing to help me?"

She was still afraid that the man would not help her when she came here.

After all, this man did not have a good impression of her.

Adrien looked at her disgusting face and smiled deeply, "I told you just now both your parents and I are old acquaintances."

He made particular emphasis on the word 'old acquaintances'.

Yet, Sharon did not manage to glean anything from that.

When she got out of Adrien's place, Sharon still dared not relax.

After all, Adrien had decided not to take any concrete actions. What if he was just fooling her?

It seemed like Sharon could not entirely rely on this

Adrien Tanner. She had to do something herself.

As she thought of this, her eyes narrowed, seething with malice.

Before dark, a car drove into a small town next to Calthon.

Chapter 674 Put It On. Be Good.

Kisa looked at the address Davian had given her, then looked at the remaining mileage and felt a bit of a headache. "Is this address correct? Are those two jailers really in this little hilly village?" The place was called Hillsby, which she had never heard of, and could not even find on the Internet. Judging by the remaining distance, as well as the car's speed, it was hard to tell when they would get to Hillsby. And even if they got there, there was no guarantee that the two jailers would be there, and they might have fled.

Gilbert found a more upscale - looking hotel and parked up, then said, "The men Davian sent are still in the

village. They will inform me if there is anything."

As he opened the car door, a gust of old air rushed in. Gilbert quickly closed the car door back, rummaging around to find something to keep warm. But he found nothing. So he took off his coat and draped it on Kisa.

Kisa frowned and subconsciously leaned back. "It is okay.

I'm not cold. Keep it for yourself."

"Put it on. Be good," he said with a frown as if it was an order.

Kisa relented, thinking she was not the one who would be freezing later.

The two of them walked together into the hotel. It was not very big, but the decoration looked all right, and the

lobby looked clean. Kisa adjusted the mask on her face and followed the man to walk to the reception.

"Are there rooms available?" Gilbert asked, his voice low and pleasing to the ears.

The receptionist, a young lady, was playing with her phone when she heard the voice. She looked up and was transfixed for a couple of seconds when she saw Gilbert.

It was as if she was wondering why he looked like a particular celebrity on the news.

"Are there any rooms available?" Gilbert asked again.

The receptionist snapped back from her thoughts and quickly said, "Yes, yes. Do you want two single rooms or a double room?"

"Single-"

"Two single rooms, please." Kisa chimed in just as Gilbert opened his mouth.

The receptionist glanced at them with a strange look in her eyes. "Please show your respective ID."

Gilbert immediately took out his identity card from his wallet and handed it to the receptionist, who took it with

both hands. She took a look at the identity card, and her eyes widened. 'Gilbert Kooper? Is he the celebrity in the news? No way! How would a celebrity like that come to this little town and stay in a hotel that doesn't even have a star rating? Maybe he is just someone who looks like him and has the same name,' the receptionist thought to herself. She took a pen and wrote on the register. After that, she looked at Kisa. "Please show me your ID, Miss."

Kisa hesitated. She was an actress and had much more

exposure than Gilbert. When people saw Gilbert, they might doubt if he was really the legendary personage. But if people saw her and Gilbert together, they would,

beyond doubt, know they were the CEO and the actress the media were talking about, which could create another publicity storm. Her new drama was about to start filming, and she did not want any scandals at this

moment.

"Miss, your ID, please?" the receptionist asked again.

“I forgot to bring my identity card with me. Can I check in without having to register?”

“Our hotel’s rules are such that it has to be one name registered for each room.” The receptionist looked in a predicament.

Kisa looked at Gilbert for help, but he just looked on with his arms crossed in front of his chest, seemingly not intending to help. Kisa pursed her lips and said, “Then I had better sleep in the car.”

“Come back.”

Chapter 675 Watch Where You’re Going!

“How are you going to sleep in the car? Aren’t you tired after such a long journey?” Gilbert said snappishly as he pulled her back.

‘You were the driver and didn’t complain. Who am I to say I’m tired?’ Kisa groused in her mind but said nothing.

Gilbert glanced at Kisa and asked the receptionist, “Do you have a suite?”

“Yes, we have.”

“I will get the presidential suite, the biggest one.”

“Okay. So, do you still want the single room that you have registered for earlier?”

“No. Just the suite will do.”

“Okay.”

After checking in, Gilbert took his room card and asked the receptionist, “Do you have room service?”

“I’m sorry. We don’t have catering in the hotel, but you can order takeout.” The receptionist handed him a takeout order form.

Gilbert thanked her and led Kisa toward the elevator. The

receptionist

could not help but glance at Gilbert for a few more times as he went. She found him so good-looking,

almost like a movie star.

The

hotel had only one elevator. As Gilbert and Kisa walked toward it, three young guys came out of the elevator. They had been drinking with one of them

suddenly lurching toward Kisa. Gilbert frowned and quickly pulled Kisa into his arms and snapped, "Watch where you are going!"

When those guys heard this, they got offended and wanted to pick a fight with Gilbert, but when they saw Gilbert's stature and formidable aura, they cowered. The three young guys did not dare to say anything but left with resentment. Once out of the hotel, they got bold and talked loudly about what had just happened.

"Alas, that chick

looks hot. Her coat couldn't hide her curvy body. I could almost touch her just now. But that guy managed to pull her away. What a shame!"

"I can tell that guy

is not easy to mess with. I saw the man holding a room card that says 888; it is the presidential suite. He must be someone rich."

"Come on, will rich people ever come to our town? But

you were right when you said he was not easy to mess with. I also somehow feel him look familiar. Have I seen him before?"

"Enough. I just met a sweet girl. Come, let me take you guys to check her out."

As soon as the three guys left, several bodyguard-like men suddenly came out from behind a car.

'Room 888?' There was only one room on the 8th floor,

so Gilbert did not have to even look for it. He came in front of the room and as soon as he opened the door with the room card, a faint musty smell wafted out of the room. He frowned and stood outside the door, not going

1. in.

But Kisa did not mind it. To her, the musty smell was nothing. She had lived in a dank basement where it was way mustier than it was in this room. Besides, while staying in the basement, she had even occasionally found geckos falling on her body while having a shower in the toilet in the summer. It scared the hell out of her at the moment, but now, when she thought back, it was no big deal. This hotel room was musty, but it was at least clean. The musty smell at least proved that there had been few people checking in this presidential suite.

Kisa went in, took her coat off, then put it on with a hanger and aired it by the window, as her clothes had the smell of alcohol and smoke from the elevator. The suite had a living room and two bedrooms. They were spacious. She took a brief look around the room before getting ready to take a shower. When she left home, she brought a few sets of lingerie and carried them in her backpack, which was with Gilbert now. When she saw Gilbert was still standing outside the door and did not come in, she could not help but walk over to him

Chapter 676 Men Are Also Fastidious

“Are you going to spend the night outside the door?” Kisa asked, reaching for her backpack.

Gilbert avoided her hand and came in with the backpack

anyway.

Kisa took a look at the doorway. Feeling nothing unusual, she closed the door. She always felt insured while being outside. After closing the door, she bolted it. When she turned around, she saw Gilbert fanning his nose with his hand, looking disgusted.

Kisa grimaced with disdain. "You should really experience life in a lower-middle class neighborhood, preferably the slum."

Gilbert smiled. "I can also endure hardship. I just can't stand this smell."

'Heh! All said and done. He is just being fastidious.' The room's windows were open, and the heating system warmed up the room. Kisa did not want to talk to him anymore. She just wanted to take a shower and lie under the covers. Besides, she had a pang of discomfort in her stomach, perhaps from eating something dirty. She

carried her backpack and headed for the bathroom.

Gilbert looked at the takeout menu in his hand and asked, "What do you want to eat? I will order takeout."

"I don't want to eat anything." Her stomach was bloated so much that she could not eat, yet she had eaten nothing. After taking a hot shower, her stomach felt more comfortable, and she did not feel as tired as before. When she came out of the bathroom, the windows in the room

had been closed, and the room was warm. She did not feel

cold even though she was just wearing a winter sleeping

gown. Gilbert was sitting on the couch, studying the takeout menu. She went over to him and asked, "Don't you think the musty smell is offensive? Why did you close the windows?"

"That smell isn't that noticeable after sitting in here for a while." He handed her the takeout order menu. "I have ordered a light meal for you. See what else you want."

“Didn’t I say that there’s no need?”

“Eat something, at least. We have to travel tomorrow. Besides, the village is remote, and there might not be a town along the way. If you don’t eat now, there will be nothing to eat later when you are hungry.”

Kisa thought Gilbert had a point. So she looked at the

takeaway menu with her eyes downcast. She found that there were a variety of snacks available, so she ordered some, planning to take them with her on the road

tomorrow.

The order had been placed, and they both waited for the delivery. No one was talking, and the atmosphere in the suite became awkward and boring. Seeing the TV remote

control on the coffee table, Kisa picked it up and turned it

1. on. She tuned in to a random channel just so that there

was sound to make the atmosphere less awkward, but she tuned in to a children’s channel now airing Barney and

Friends.

Gilbert glanced at her and snickered. “How old are you?”

“Who says this is only for children?” Kisa said expressionlessly.

“Okay, you won.” Gilbert shook his head in amusement.

Kisa said nothing. She just felt that since the Kerrona Hill incident, Gilbert’s temper

had changed for the better, and he was treating her so well now that she could not be used to it. She thought he had probably been touched because she had saved him from the cave. But upon pondering about it, she found it was unlikely the case; she used to love him so much, with all her heart and

mind, but he had never been moved. So she wondered

why he would be moved this time. Just when she was still deep in thought, Gilbert suddenly grabbed her hand.

Chapter 677 Leave You in the Village

“What are you doing?” Kisa was puzzled.

Gilbert said nothing, just preyed open her hand and then stared at the scar in her palm. The vine badly scuffed her palm when she pulled Gilbert out of the cave. The scar looked scary, but it was just a superficial injury. She recuperated at home, and it had healed quickly. Now, only some scars were left. Had Gilbert not looked at the scars now, she would have almost forgotten about it.

She pulled her hand back and said, “It’s nothing. It has already fully healed.”

Gilbert looked Kisa in the eyes and was just about to say something when there was a knock on the door.

“The takeout must have arrived, right?” Kisa asked subconsciously.

“Sit tight. I will check it out,” Gilbert said.

He was very cautious. He peeped through the peephole before opening the door, and even then, he only opened it ajar. Before long, he returned with a bag of snacks and some packed food.

Kisa glanced at the door to ensure it was bolted before asking, “You are also afraid that something might happen?”

Gilbert nodded, put the food on the coffee table, then sat across from Kisa and unpacked the food. “Don’t you think it is strange that all prison personnel involved have disappeared one by one?”

Kisa stared at him with a frown. She felt it strange if he was not behind the fire and the

disappearance of the prison officers. After all, she could not think of anyone other than him who could pull those off.

Gilbert pushed a bowl of chowder and a pack of sandwiches in front of Kisa. "Anyway, we had better be careful along the way."

Kisa nodded. Her appetite returned when she saw the dainty sandwiches. She picked two up and finished them in just a few bites. "How long will it take us to reach the mountain village at this rate?"

"Three days," Gilbert ordered pasta and a few side dishes. He seemed hungry and ate half of them in a few bites.

Kisa quietly pushed the food to him. "No matter what, I must be back by the 15th."

"Got it. Don't make it sound like I will leave you in the mountain village." Gilbert gave her a look.

Kisa pursed her lips and stopped talking as she continued to eat the sandwiches, which tasted fantastic.

There were two bedrooms in the suite so they could have their own separate room. Kisa went straight to bed after the meal. Gilbert was tired after driving all afternoon, so he did not stay in the living room for long as well. After the meal, he cleaned up the coffee table and went to bed. Kisa could not sleep well in the hotel room, probably because she did not feel safe. She was obviously tired, but she just could not fall asleep. Besides, her stomach was unbearably bloated, and she wondered if her time of the month was coming.

Kisa tossed and turned in bed, feeling irritable as hell. Not after a long while was she finally about to fall asleep, but a faint noise woke her up. The noise was not loud, and the tingling sound came intermittently as if the shower curtain in

the bathroom was fluttering in the wind and hitting something. There was a solid rod at the bottom of the curtain, and if the rod hit the wall, it would make a sound like this. She wondered if the window in the bathroom was left open. She took her shower in the large bathroom in the living room just now and so paid little attention to the small bathroom in the room. The rattling sound annoyed her.

The bathroom was diagonally across from her bed, and the bathroom glass sliding door was not fully shut, leaving a gap of about half an inch. The room was not completely dark because she did not draw the curtains all the way, as she felt safer with light coming into the room. She sat up and was about to check if the window in the bathroom was left open when she suddenly realized something was not right.

Chapter 678 Help! Someone is Trying to Kill Me

There was sparse moonlight shining through the window. She could vaguely make out shadows moving in the bathroom. She tensed up, and her hair stood erect. She did not dare to move a muscle but just stared at the bathroom, the door of which was just six feet from the bed. It was dark inside the bathroom, but she could see shadows moving. Kisa was nervous.

‘This is the eighth floor. How could someone climb up here? What could that be? A thief? Or the killer who wants

to stop her from finding the truth about the prison fire? It

won't come to the hotel to steal if it is a thief, not to mention that I have just checked in. If it is not a thief, then it is likely a killer.’

Her mind was racing, and she looked on with bated breath before she carefully got out of bed. She did not even dare to put on her shoes but

just walked barefoot on the carpet toward the door of the room. Two shadows came out of the toilet just as she reached the door. She was so scared that she covered her mouth.

In the moonlight, she saw the glinting knives in the hands of the killers and felt chills running up her spine.

She thought if she had not woken up, the two killers would have killed her in her sleep.

The two killers went straight to the side. As the room was dim, and she was hiding in the corner by the door, they had not noticed her. If they found out that she was not on the bed, they would surely find her hiding in this corner soon. So she figured she had to get out of the room and find Gilbert as soon as possible.

She gingerly reached the door handle while watching the two killers, afraid of making any noise. She could not see their faces but could only make out the glinting knives. The two killers also seemed worried about waking her up and thus moved slowly. When they finally made it to the side of the bed, they stabbed at the bed with their knives without needing to check if anyone was on the bed. Right then, Kisa pulled open the door and bolted out at once.

As she ran out, she shouted, "Someone wants to kill me! Help!" She shut the door behind her and ran toward Gilbert's room. Fortunately, Gilbert's room was not unlocked. She turned the door handle, and the door opened at once. As she entered, she locked the door behind her and leaned against it to catch her breath. She was still terrible even if the two people were not here to kill her but thieves. Gilbert's room was dark. As he had

drawn the curtains, no light could come through. A chill ran up her spine again as she could see nothing.

The

fact that the two killers could climb into her room from the bathroom meant other killers could also go into Gilbert's room the same way. Gilbert must have slept like a log for being so exhausted after driving all afternoon. If a killer did come in to kill him, he might not be alerted and wake up. She shuddered at the thought of the two killers holding knives and stabbing down at her bed just now. She had just shouted so loudly and should have woken Gilbert up. But she was now hiding in his room, and there was no sign of him.

The more she thought about it, the more scared she

became. She leaned against the door, not daring to move. The darkness and silence of the night infinitely amplified

the fear inside her.

Chapter 679 I Thought You Had Been Killed

She held her breath, stared at the darkness in front of her, and could not hold back her cry. She was trembling, her inner fear devouring her little by little like this endless

darkness.

Suddenly, there was a soft sound in the darkness. It was the sound of a switch being turned on, and with that soft click, the room lit up. Gilbert rubbed his eyes and frowned at her. "What happened? Did you have a nightmare?"

Kisa was transfixed, looking at him and forgetting all her movements. She was dumbfounded, tears still on her face, and she looked a bit wretched.

Gilbert looked baffled. He was clearly half-awake, his hair disheveled, his eyes groggy, and the thermal underwear on his body wrinkled.

“I was dreaming, and I heard someone crying. I listened carefully, and it sounded like you. Then I woke up and found that you were really crying.” Seeing that she stood

transfixed in the doorway without responding, he could not help but smile. “Why are you crying?”

Kisa snapped back at last. With a lump in her throat, she

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said, “So you are not dead. I thought you had been killed.”

Gilbert rolled his eyes. “Can’t you say anything nice?”

“Not that I wanted to say that; there really are killers.”

Gilbert’s expression turned stern instantly upon hearing that.

“There are killers?” When Gilbert took the knife and went to Kisa’s room, the two killers

had already left. Everything in the room was as usual as if the two killers were just a figment of Kisa’s imagination. But the hole in the bedding pierced by a knife was a clear sign the killers were not a figment of Kisa’s imagination or her nightmare. He rubbed the hole in the mattress with trepidation, realizing that he had slept too well and been careless tonight. ‘If Kisa had slept as soundly as I did, she

would have been killed.’ The more he thought about it,

the more fearful he was. He turned to Kisa and said in a

deep voice, “You sleep with me for the next few days.

Kisa said nothing.

Gilbert went back to check the bathroom. The window

was wide open, and it was large enough for an adult to climb in.

He looked out the window. There was a platform below the window for the

air conditioning unit, with one on every floor. But because there were ordinary rooms below the eighth floor and only one suite on the eighth

floor, the layouts were different. So the platform below the window on the eighth floor

was not directly above the one on the seventh floor. The killers should have climbed onto the eighth floor from the seventh floor's platform.

Kisa stood in the bathroom's doorway, face pale, obviously still in shock.

"I should have switched rooms with you." Gilbert was chagrined. There was no platform outside the window of his room, and it was difficult for the killers to climb into

1. it.

"Had you switched rooms with me, you would have been dead," Kisa said, relieved that they did not switch rooms.

If Gilbert was dead, she would have been helpless.

"I was just too tired after a long drive. I rarely sleep this deeply." Gilbert explained, looking slightly embarrassed.

"Who knows?" Kisa said, not really convinced. She had

just shouted so loudly but did not wake him up. That

meant he had low alertness this time, unlike the Gilbert

she knew. Although the killers had left and she and

Gilbert were unharmed, Kisa was still worried.

She looked at Gilbert. "Who do you think could have hired the killers to kill us?"

Gilbert came out of the bathroom and leaned against the door. "Needless to say, it is the real culprit behind the

prison fire. Someone doesn't want us to find out the truth.

”
“Then won’t the two jailers be in danger, too?”

Chapter 680 Probably... It’s Your Time of the Month

“No fear. Davian has four men over there, and I have long since instructed them to keep an eye on the two jailers and ensure their safety.”

Kisa nodded and turned around to walk outside the room slowly. She felt a little weak in the knees because she was so scared just now.

“Are you hurt?” Gilbert suddenly asked, rushing up to tug at her arm, looking at her back anxiously.

Kisa was puzzled. “No, I was awake when the two killers sneaked in. I hid by the door so the two killers didn’t touch me.”

“You are not hurt?” Gilbert frowned at the bloodstain on her pants. Something came to mind, and he suddenly had an awkward look on his face.

Kisa saw his weird expression and asked, “What is wrong? Is there something behind me?”

“N–Nothing. I guess it is your time of the month.”

“My time of the month?” Kisa did not get it at first. She was transfixed for a full three seconds before she came to

her senses and blushed. 'No wonder my belly has been bloated, and my body is aching today.' She knew her period was never on time. The last time she went on vacation, she had prepared her sanitary pads just in case, but she never used them. This time, because she was in such a hurry, she forgot to get prepared when she left home. 'What should I do now, go out with a coat and look for a convenience store? It is freezing cold out there, and it is past two in the morning. There may not be a 24-hour convenience store in the town.' Kisa was so embarrassed of herself.

She backed up, moved to the bathroom side, and said awkwardly, "You go to bed. I will take care of it myself."

"Then close all the windows. The killers know they have alerted us, and I don't think they will come back tonight."

Kisa nodded and said nothing.

Gilbert glanced at her embarrassed face and got the hint. If you need anything, call me." And with that, he went out and closed the door behind her.

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As soon as he was out, Kisa slumped her shoulders in relief. 'What should I do now? I couldn't sleep. Do I really have to wait until morning before I can buy the sanitary pads?' She went sitting on the toilet bowl in the bathroom. Her period was unpredictable, and when it came, it flew so aggressively that she felt as if she was bleeding heavily with each step she took. She had no idea when her period came because she had obviously not felt it when the killers came in just now.

It was quiet outside the room. She did not know if Gilbert had gone to bed, and she would not expect him to go out to buy her the sanitary pads in the middle of the

night. After all, he knew he would feel too embarrassed to buy sanitary pads. Besides, she also knew that Gilbert would not treat her that well. She sat on the toilet bowl and stared blankly at the window.

The receptionist had fallen asleep at the desk at this hour. The hall was quiet, and the security guard had also dozed off on the couch in the hall's corner. Gilbert went to the

reception, and she was not awake. He then tapped the desk with two fingers.

The receptionist woke up and got to her feet at once. "How may I help you, sir?"

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"May I know which room is directly below room 888?"

The receptionist looked at the room number on the computer screen. "It is room 718."

"Can you show me the registration information of the guest in room 718?"

The receptionist hesitated. Faced with the handsome man's request, she was eager to agree, but she also did not dare to violate the hotel's rules because if something happened, her boss would deduct her pay this month.

"It is okay. I will just take a peek because someone just sneaked into my room."

"Huh?" The receptionist was taken aback. "That can't be right."

Gilbert looked at her with a serious face. "I suspect

someone climbed up and into my room from room 718. So can I see the check-in information for room 718?"

The receptionist was a little scared now and quickly showed him the register.

Chapter 681 It's My Wife

The register showed it was a young girl who checked into room 718, so it looked like the killers had used a fake ID.

The receptionist looked at his grave face and asked cautiously, "Sir, did something happen?" Gilbert shook his head and returned the register to her. She put the register away, then suddenly remembered something. By the way, the guest in room 718 has just checked out. Just a short while ago. I almost forgot to tell you."

Gilbert sneered in his mind, 'They fled really fast.' "I know. We are fine. You do not need to be afraid," he said in a faint voice and then glanced outside. "Is there a 24-hour convenience store in this town?"

"There is one, but it is a little far."

"Tell me roughly the direction."

"Okay. You go out and turn left, then go straight some distance. You will see a junction. Turn right at the junction, and then..."

The receptionist made the direction sound so complicated. But Gilbert could quickly simplify the information, which was turn left, turn right, turn right,

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turn left, and finally turn right again.

The weather was cold, so he planned to drive there. But the receptionist said that the street at the last two intersections was too narrow for a car to pass through. Just then, the security guard woke up. Hearing that he was going to the 24-hour convenience store, he kindly lent him his motorcycle parked outside.

It was Gilbert's first time riding a motorcycle. He looked at the machine and was a little confused, not knowing how to operate it. The security guard kindly gave him a demonstration, and he quickly understood. He got on the motorcycle, nosed it onto the street, and then sped off. and The air temperature was a few degrees below zero, Gilbert felt the wind biting his bones. It was good that the motorcycle was convenient as he reached the convenience store within a few minutes.

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There was a table in front of the convenience store, few young couples were drinking and having supper at the table. Gilbert glanced at them expressionlessly and then walked straight into the convenience store. The few young girls outside had not noticed him until he entered

the store.

"That guy is so handsome, like a celebrity on TV," one girl said excitedly.

"Yeah, he is simply stunning.

"Come on, if he were a celebrity, he wouldn't have come to our tiny town." Three young guys were disdainful.

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As soon as Gilbert walked into the convenience store, caught the attention of the female store manager, who had never met such a handsome man before. When she saw Gilbert walking to the shelves of feminine products, checking out the sanitary pads, her eyes lit up, and she envied the woman for whom he was buying the sanitary pads. By just looking at the packaging description, Gilbert could not understand which was which, so he bought a pack of each brand and size.

At the checkout, the female store manager said with envy, "Few men are willing to come out in the middle of the night to buy this stuff for their girlfriends nowadays. Your girlfriend is so lucky."

“It is my wife.”

“Oh, I wish you a lifetime of happiness together with your wife.” The female store manager put all the

products into a plastic bag and then gave him a packet of brown sugar. “Women’s stomachs get upset during this time. Make her some brown sugar drink, and she will feel much better.”

“Okay, thanks.” Gilbert smiled and also paid for the brown sugar.

When he came out of the store, the few couples were still chatting.

“Lily, you made a lot of money today, eh? Just lending your ID card to those few people, you have pocketed two grand. Easy money.”

“Absolutely. How have I never encountered such a good thing in my life?”

Gilbert was walking toward the motorcycle with a large bag of sanitary pads but stopped dead in his tracks when