

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

Chapter 701 – 710

Chapter 701 Being Alive is Good Enough

Kisa's felt her heart tremble deep down and instinctively broke free from his hug. Gilbert's low and hoarse voice suddenly sounded above her head, "Don't move. Let me hug you for a bit."

His voice had a heavy indication of exhaustion and exasperation from escaping death. His low and hoarse voice had totally lost its usual assertiveness, yet after hearing him say those words, Kisa really did not move.

"I thought that this time I... truly wouldn't make it back," he lightly chuckled after saying the sentence. His tone was light and slow, but Kisa could feel how dangerous it had been for him. She pursed her lips and did not say a thing, nor did she ask a thing. She did not move and let Gilbert hug her just like that.

His clothes were completely soaked and brought a wave of harsh cold air.

The chilly air seeped through bit by bit into Kisa's parka. This made her slowly feel the waves of bone-chilling coldness. However, she still did not push away the man hugging her from behind. She secretly clenched her hands by her side. Kisa followed him together to savor the

precious silence.

After an unknown long time, Gilbert finally let go of her." You should go and order something to eat. I'm going to take a shower," Gilbert said.

“Okay,” Kisa nodded her head and watched him limp and hobble his way into the washroom. The back of her parka had a big wet patch made by Gilbert. She took them off and hung them over the heater’s outlet.

In the room, the heater was turned on for a while. As the temperature rose, Kisa did not feel cold anymore, even though she wore only one layer of a sweater. She took the takeout menu and looked at it. It was filled entirely with barbeque options.

She gave me a call and ordered some food that would be more filling. After ordering the food, she sat on the sofa, silently waiting for Gilbert to come out after his shower. Gilbert used to shower very fast. She did not sit for long before he came out. He washed all the dirt and mess off his body. He had changed into dark blue colored long johns. Coupled with his slightly wet and messy hair, his entire body oozed an aura of laziness.

He still walked with a limp. The part on his knees had blood bleeding through again when he walked.

Kisa started at his knees for a while and asked, “Is your injury fine?”

Gilbert tightened his lips and sat with her. He looked at her with a severe tone, “My leg might be done for. I feel that it’s hurt down to the bone. I’m afraid that I will always be limping like this in the future.”

Finishing his sentence, he stared at her expression without missing a beat. She was stunned at the start, then spoke softly, “That would be fine. Being alive is good enough. With your wealth and status, even if you had both legs gone, you won’t have to be afraid of not getting a wife.”

Gilbert’s face immediately fell, “You’re not worried for me even a little bit?”

Kisa spoke calmly, “Why should I be worried about you? Haven’t you always proclaimed that you had amazing skills? Then wouldn’t my worries be redundant?”

“Since you’re not worried for me, why did you endure the cold winds to look for me in the streets just now?”

Kisa slowly poured a cup of hot water for him and spoke calmly, “I think you have misunderstood. I just went to the streets to buy barbeque to eat. Coincidentally I met up with you.”

Gilbert’s expression fell completely, ” Kisa. You are freaking heartless.”

Kisa poured herself another cup of hot water and took a light sip. Then she held the cup in her palm, looking at him, “Was I as heartless as you were back then?”

That one sentence shut Gilbert up and he could only huff. Kisa also did not want to argue with him. Since he has been through so much trial and danger to return safely,, shouldn’t she give him a little care? It’s just that he had a sharp tongue. His legs seemed to be a superficial wound. If it really injured the bone, how would he still be walking? He insisted on forcing his legs to limp. Hence, Kisa also said some sarcastic remarks to shut him up.

His expression grew dark with anger, but Kisa calmly drank her water.

Gilbert gave her a glance and asked through gritted teeth, Aren’t you curious about how I escaped those assassins?

Chapter 702 Something Might’ve

Happened There Kisa looked at him, ” You speak, and I’ll listen.”

She was quite curious about how he had gotten into such a ridiculous state. However, she knew that unless he talked about it voluntarily, it would be a waste for her to ask. Seeing her indifferent attitude, Gilbert was so angry

that he did not want to talk.

Kisa also did not ask anymore. She thought when his anger had dissipated, he would talk about it himself. Two of them were in a stalemate for a while then the doorbell

suddenly rang.

Kisa was about to get up, but Gilbert was a step faster. He hobbled to open the door. It might have been Gilbert's

terrible expression, but the delivery man's voice was

trembling, "Your.. the food you ordered. The total is 662 bucks. Just... just 650 would be fine."

"650?"

"Ye... yes," the person stammered.

Kisa rolled her eyes and thought, 'Gilbert, this man. He's scaring the deliveryman.'

Kisa got up and searched through her bag for her wallet. She pulled out six hundred - dollar bills and a single 50- dollar bill, then walked a few steps to reach the worker of the barbeque shop staff. The deliveryman took the money without even counting it and scrambled away running.

Gilbert held the things back to the coffee table. He took the still steaming hot barbeque out. When he saw the smaller bag inside the bag, he couldn't help but freeze for a moment.

"How come the barbeque shop also sells medical supplies?"

That's right, the small bag contained ointment, gauze, alcohol, and other similar stuff. Kisa walked over and said, "It was me who called the barbeque shop people to help me buy it. The pharmacies are closed now, but as long as you're willing to pay a bit more, th

ey're still willing to bring them here. Otherwise, you would think these things would cost more than 600?"

Gilbert glanced at her while his expression suddenly turned slightly better. Kisa ignored his gaze unnaturally. She stood up straight and grabbed a skewer of meat to chew in her mouth. Kisa then said, "You shouldn't misunderstand. I was worried that your injuries would

worsen. By then, it would impede our progress to Hillsby.

Gilbert gritted the back of his teeth. In his heart, he

wanted to harshly 'ravage' this woman again. This

woman's mouth would never have anything good coming

out of it.

Gilbert might have been really hungry. He took a beef skewer and devoured it in a few bites. Even though Kisa had not eaten for a whole day, she did not feel hungry. She was already full just from eating a few breadsticks and meat skewers. She wiped her hands and took the medical supplies to bandage Gilbert's injuries.

His arm and forehead had more injuries. Although the blood stains were washed away, it was obvious that there were many tiny cuts, especially on his arms. The knee had only one wound, but the wound was very deep. Hence, the blood had not completely stopped. Kisa handled the injuries on his leg first.

She used alcohol to wipe the wound and asked him, "Are you sure the killers really believe that we're dead?"

"I crashed the car into the drain right in front of them. Besides that, I am sure I almost suffocated in the car. With all that done, you think they would still doubt it?"

Gilbert was still eating the skewers, and he spoke of it lightly. Still, Kisa's heart could not help but tighten a bit. She smeared ointment on his wounds and asked him, "Then how did you crawl out afterward?"

The drain by the road when she rode in the car, she observed it. The drain was unfathomably deep, and the hillside was long and steep. It was no wonder he did not allow her to follow. If she had been sitting in the car as it crashed down there, she definitely would not have returned alive.

“I was worried those killers would be observing from above, so I held my breath in the car. In the end, I could not hold it anymore then I picked up the hammer to break the windows to climb out. Luckily, the assassins had already left by the time I floated up to the surface.

These injuries are from crashing into the railing by the drain,” Gilbert said casually, but Kisa was terrified upon hearing all this.

“However, we should get to Hillsby as soon as possible. Because... I suspect something might’ve happened there.

Gilbert suddenly furrowed his eyebrows.

Kisa’s also felt nervous in her heart, “What’s wrong?”

Chapter 703 Would You Please Answer Me?

“When I was clashing with the assassins today, my subordinates at Hillsby called over. They even called multiple times in a row. Due to the urgent situation, I did not pick up. By the time I crawled out of the water, my phone had been ruined. Hence, I suspect that something had happened at Hillsby.”

“Then what should we do?” Kisa followed up anxiously.

“When you buy clothes for me tomorrow, remember to buy a cell phone. Then get my phone number back. We can’t get our communication with people at Hillsby to be disconnected.”

“Okay!” Kisa furrowed her brows as an uneasiness surged in her heart again.

Initially, they thought they had ditched the assassins.

There would be no danger further down their journey, but who knew that something would happen at Hillsby. She swiftly bandaged up all his injuries and washed her hands with a heavy heart. Just as she walked out of the

washroom, she crashed onto Gilbert's chest. She stabled herself and walked toward the side, but the man blocked her once again.

She lifted her head, stunned, "What's the matter?"

"You sent me a message. I saw it," Kisa's heart trembled,

and she lowered her gaze without making a sound.

She assumed that he

did not see them. Gilbert stared at her without missing a beat at her lowered brows.

He then spoke, "You said as long as I would come back, you would answer that specific question of mine. Then, would you please answer me now?"

Kisa secretly gripped her hands by her side.

Remembering the damage he did to her in the past, this man did not deserve forgiveness. But going through so much until now, the hate in her heart slowly changed. Especially following the nearing of the truth of the fire incident, her

heart felt more and more contradictory. His gaze forcefully ushered her. His assertive tone did not allow her to shrink back, "Kisa, would you please answer me?"

Kisa shut her eyes slightly and opened them again. A

decision was made up in her mind. She

looked at him, "If you really could prove that the fire had no connection to you, prove that you had no intention to kill the child in my womb and me, then, I will promise you that we can return to what we were in the past."

"You've got a deal," Gilbert looked at her and

immediately smiled as if getting an incredibly

tremendous promise that was also worth expecting. His eye also had more glints in them. But Kisa's emotions were not as lighthearted. After all, the situation at Hillsby was still uncertain, and she was still clueless.

The following day, Kisa went out. The people of the town woke up particularly early. When she had gone out, it was about eight o'clock in the morning. The stalls at the

market had already been set up.

Kisa first went to the stalls to pick a set of clothes for Gilbert. Then only did she go to the phone shop. The phone shop also had backup SIM cards. She showed Gilbert's identification card, and the SIM card was given to her swiftly.

When she got back, Gilbert had already woken up. He was wearing his set of long johns and waiting for her on the sofa. Actually, Gilbert looked quite attractive in the long johns. He seemed more home-like, entirely without his

usual fierce demeanor.

She threw the newly bought clothes at him, "Hurry up and get dressed."

She bought him a sweater, a black jacket, and casual fleece pants. They were purchased at the stall and were very cheap. The coat was only 150 dollars, and it didn't seem to be of good quality. She wasn't sure if Gilbert would like it or not.

Anyway, Kisa did not care whether he liked it or not. She sat down by the side, eating bread by herself. She bought the buns from the market, and they were still hot. Gilbert, in a flash, had worn all the clothes on. He did not despise it, surprisingly. He pinched at the corners of the

clothes and pulled them down while speaking to her, "It fits perfectly and it's very cozy."

Gilbert was a natural-born model. Everything he wore seemed great. She saw that the jacket was very thick, so she bought it. But when she was buying the jacket, the stall owner asked her if she was buying it for her father. It seems that the coat was usually worn by middle-aged men.

Yet when Gilbert wore it, it looked pretty stylish.

Seeing his mood was not bad, Kisa replied quietly, "It's great that you like it."

Then, she passed the phone to him, "The SIM card has been activated and installed inside. I don't know if the people at Hillsby would call back."

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As she spoke, the phone suddenly rang. An unknown number had dialed in. She instinctively looked at Gilbert.

Chapter 704 A Gang of Mysterious People

Gilbert furrowed his brows while looking at her. He took the phone over. Gilbert then pressed the receiving button and turned speaker mode on.

"Mr. Kooper, finally I've got you on the line. Yesterday, two of the jailers were assassinated."

Gilbert and Kisa's expressions changed drastically. "I called you yesterday, but you didn't pick up. The phone calls wouldn't get through. Are you okay, Mr. Kooper?"

"I'm fine. How are the two jailers?" Gilbert asked.

"The two jailers underwent an emergency medical operation. They are currently not in any danger."

Kisa heard this and could not help but sigh a breath of relief. However, the person on the other side said confusingly, "However, the people who saved the two jailers were not our people. I've done a background check on them but couldn't find anything."

Kisa's brows immediately furrowed together. 'That's odd; why would there be another group helping them? Could it be Jensen?' After thinking for a while, she felt it was impossible.

Jensen was now at Raworth, and she had never heard of Jensen mentioning stuff about the two jailers.

Furthermore, she did not tell Jensen that she was going to Hillsby. Hence, the group of people probably was not sent by Jensen. But besides Jensen, who else would help them?

Gilbert had already finished his call with his subordinate. Kisa looked at him, "Who do you think is this group of people helping us?"

Gilbert squinted his eyes and spoke in a low tone, "How would you know if the gang of people was helping us?"

Kisa froze, "They saved the two jailers. Isn't that helping us?"

"Hard to say," Gilbert walked to the side of the window and looked at the busy market outside. He spoke lowly, "We should get there as soon as possible."

His face had a hint of darkness, as if he was worried about something. There were no cars in that town. Gilbert directly bought a standard vehicle from a private owner at a high price. His knees were hurt, so Kisa had to drive the car. There were no assassins after that, so Kisa was not afraid.

The journey of the drive was very smooth. Due to being fearful that something else would happen at Hillsby, they did not stay for the night in the town and directly drove into the remote mountains.

When night came, the car had reached the mountain area. Gilbert was worried that her driving skills were not up to

par and scared that she was too tired. Hence, enduring the pain in his knees, he drove the car. The mountain roads were challenging to maneuver with meandering roads. Just a slight loss of focus, and the vehicle would tumble down that mountain.

Kisa sat in the car. Her nervousness made her drowsiness disappear.

Although Gilbert's driving skills were fine, he still had a worried expression on the road. He did not dare to lose focus for even a second. After driving in the mountains for a long time, the car made it into a small village.

Kisa looked at the time; it was already past two o'clock in the morning. She looked outside. It was pitch black. She vaguely saw the short, tiled houses with the light from the headlights. At this time of night, there were no pedestrians. Occasionally, the sound of dogs barking would come through.

Gilbert parked the car in an empty space. They did not exit the vehicle. One, it was cold outside: Two, they were afraid of getting bitten by dogs. Gilbert made a call on the car, and quickly a man came over.

"Mr. Kooper, you've arrived," the man was so cold that he rubbed his hands.

Gilbert gave him a glance and asked, "What about the town jailers?"

"Follow me, Mr. Kooper," the subordinate indicated.

Now, they had to leave the car. Just as Kisa got out of the car, her hands were restrained by a big warm hand. She instinctively tried to shake off the big hand's grip.

Suddenly, there was the sound of dogs barking furiously.

Chapter 705 Concealed From the Eyes of Outsiders

Kisa shuddered in fear. However, the warm, big hand grasped her even tighter.

She gave it some thought and eventually did not fling the person's hand away.

For some reason, Kisa felt a mixture of emotions as they got closer to the two jailers.

The subordinate glanced at them and said, "Don't worry,, Mr. Kooper. Even though the dogs in this village bark loudly, they don't bite. They don't bite me when I stand still; they just bark at me like mad."

'Barking like mad is pretty scary, too,' Kisa thought.

The subordinate lead them a short distance through the village. Then, Kisa saw a tile-roofed house with lights on inside.

Gilbert's subordinates rented the tile-roofed house.

There were three people standing in front of the house, and they seemed to be there to welcome them.

After Kisa and Gilbert went up, they greeted them.

Gilbert spoke, "Let's go inside."

In the middle of the house was a living room; it was simple and had little furnishings. There was only a stove

heating up firewood to be used for heating.

On both sides of the living room was a room each.

The subordinate pointed to the room on the left and said to Gilbert, "The two jailers are staying in there. Since they have families staying here in the village, they weren't willing to stay locked up here at first, so we had to split ourselves into two teams to protect them. In the morning two days ago, we fell into the killer's trap. By the time

we rushed over, the two of them were already injured. After that, we centralized them here to protect them. We also learned from them that they were saved by, a few mysterious people. Davian is confused, too. He said he didn't send anybody over."

Gilbert nodded and walked to the room on the left.

Kisa was already standing in front of the door.

She peered into the room for a while.

The furnishings in the room were simple as well.

There was only a bed, a curtain, and a table with food and water.

The curtains separated the bed from the table, so Kisa could not see what was behind the curtains nor what the jailers looked like.

The subordinate said, "After regaining consciousness, they fainted again shortly after. However, the doctor from the village said their lives were not in danger and

that they'll probably wake up tomorrow. You'll have to wait for tomorrow if you have any questions for them, Mr. Kooper."

"Alright," Gilbert nodded. Then, he turned to Kisa, "Are you cold? Warm yourself in front of the fireplace if you are."

Just as Kisa was walking toward the furnace, the subordinate spoke again, "The room on the right has already been tidied up, so you and the lady can go into to get some rest any time. There's also a fireplace inside to keep you warm."

"How about the rest of you?" Kisa said out of reflex.

The subordinate smiled, "We need to take turns watching over the jailers, so we'll be fine. When we shut the doors later, the house will be warm."

Kisa did not speak.

"Thanks for your hard work," said Gilbert.

Then, he pulled Kisa to the room on the right.

The layout of the room was exactly the same as the room on the left.

There was a curtain that concealed them from the eyes of outsiders.

The bed was tidy and neat. There was an extra thick cotton blanket laid on top.

'These men are unexpectedly thoughtful,' thought Kisa.

Kisa was tired and sleepy. However, Gilbert was no better; he looked exhausted.

He unfolded the blanket and said to Kisa, "You can sleep on the inside."

Kisa had no qualms about his suggestion, so she took off her shoes and jacket before crawling into bed.

After all, she and Gilbert had been sleeping on the same bed for the past few days.

Right after she laid down, Gilbert did the same on the outer area of the bed.

Even though the two were sleepy, neither of them fell asleep after lying down.

Kisa placed her hands outside of the blanket and stared at the haphazard spiderwebs on the ceiling.

"Do you think the jailers will tell the truth about what happened in the fire years ago?" she asked.

Chapter 706 Do Something Else That'll Help With Sleep

Suddenly, Gilbert pulled Kisa to his chest.

“You’ll find out tomorrow, so why worry so much?”

“But I feel uneasy. Something has been feeling amiss throughout our journey. Something’s wrong, but I can’t seem to put my finger on it.”

“I think you’re overthinking because you’re too anxious. Why don’t...” Gilbert said as he gazed shifted to the

neckline of her shirt, “We do something else? It’ll help with sleep.”

The man smirked naughtily as he continued peering at the neckline of her shirt. There was a fire in his eyes that looked feral and came with a hint of suggestiveness.

Kisa took a deep breath before shoving him away. Then, she turned her back to him.

‘I’m trying to tell him something serious, but he’s always thinking about such things; we’re on completely different channels,’ she thought.

The smile on Gilbert’s face dropped a little.

Then, he lay flat and cushioned his arm at the back of his head.

‘She’s feeling uneasy, but so am I. Right now, I can’t even guarantee that the two jailers will speak the truth tomorrow. After all, a group of mysterious people appeared to save them. Not knowing what the mysterious people are up to makes me feel unconfident. It took me a lot to convince this woman to agree to go back the way we used to, so tomorrow, I need to prove that I’m innocent no matter what it takes,’ thought Gilbert.

It may have been because of the warmth under the covers, but Kisa slept comfortably through the night.

The room was bright when she woke up. Streams of blinding sunlight were shining in from the battered window.

Kisa stared at the window and zoned out for a while before being reminded of Gilbert.

She turned to her side to realize that he was long gone. Even the sheets were cold to her touch.

‘Gilbert must’ve woken up a long time ago,’ thought Kisa.

She glanced at the time. It was nearly nine o’clock.

While hugging the blankets, she sat up and grabbed the sweater at the end of the bed. Then, she threw on the sweater.

Suddenly, Kisa heard a scream of terror.

She trembled in fear.

She sped up her pace and quickly finished putting on her clothes.

Then, she hurriedly ran out of the room. However, there was no one in the living room.

The scream came from the room on the left, and that was the room where the two jailers were staying.

Kisa quickly ran toward the room on the left. Just as she got to the door, someone grabbed her waist and pulled her into their embrace.

Kisa turned around in panic. She came to the realization that it was Gilbert who was holding her.

“What happened?”

Kisa asked in a tense voice while peering into the room.

Only the edge of the curtain was lifted. Kisa could only see the messy bedding and nothing else.

However, it was obvious the two jailers were inside. They kept on shrieking as if they were terrified of something.

Gilbert narrowed her eyes slightly, "They just woke up, so they're not exactly emotionally stable. Wait for a while. We'll go in once they've calmed down."

Kisa nodded.

'That's the only option,' she thought.

"Don't kill me. All of you, go. I don't know anything; don't kill me."

"It's been six years. We really don't know anything, so don't kill us."

Behind the curtains, the two jailers mumbled in fear.

Kisa turned to Gilbert. He had an incredibly tense expression.

She pursed her lips and tugged on Gilbert's sleeve, "Let's go outside. Your subordinates have spent a couple of days with the jailers, so they're more acquainted with them. Let them console the jailers."

"That's right, Mr. Kooper. You and Ms. Becker can wait outside."

Gilbert did not move. Instead, he gazed at the curtain darkly.

Kisa had no choice but to drag him out forcefully.

Even though it was still during the day, the village was still quiet. It seemed like there were not many people who were staying in the village.

Gilbert stood beneath the eave and lit a cigarette in annoyance.

Kisa peered into the house before walking up to him, "They're scared... of you, right?"

“I

Gilbert's expression promptly darkened. Then, he gazed at her icily.

Chapter 707 You Hooligan

“I wasn't the one who started the fire. I also wasn't the one who threatened to make them disappear, so why are they afraid of me?”

Gilbert growled in annoyance. Then his gaze grew icy, “What did you mean just now? Are you doubting me?”

Kisa avoided his gaze and said flatly, “I didn't mean anything. But it's hard not to suspect you with how you're reacting right now.”

“What is there to suspect? Kisa Becker, whatever the f*ck you're trying to say, just say it to my face!”

Gilbert was incredibly annoyed. He had a dark expression that looked as if he were about to beat someone up.

Kisa took a step back and gazed at him darkly, “I'm not trying to say anything. As for the truth, we'll find out once the two jailers calm down later,” Kisa said.

Then, she walked toward a stone on the training grounds and sat down.

Gilbert peered at her back coldly. Suddenly, he turned around, and his fist landed on the wall.

The wall was made of dirt, so his punch almost shattered the entire wall.

Kisa watched his violent actions in silence.

‘He's acting cranky and irritable as if he's afraid of something, but I don't want to think of anything at all right now. After all, the two jailers are right in front of me, so I'll draw conclusions after I speak to the two jailers. Pondering any further is futile,’ she thought.

Suddenly, she saw a few small figures from the corner of her eye.

Kisa turned around and saw three children hiding behind a tile-roofed house nearby.

Among the three children, the oldest looked at most four years old, while the youngest looked only two years old.

They gazed at the tile-roofed house where the jailers stayed in fear and worry.

Kisa recalled the subordinates saying that the two jailers had families in the village and figured that they must be the children of the jailers.

She got up and trudged toward the three children.

However, the children immediately shrunk away in fear as she got closer. It was obvious that they were terrified.

Kisa tried her best to form a friendly smile, "Don't worry, your mothers are fine. They'll be going home soon."

"My mom used to tell my dad that she did something bad and that bad guys would come to find her someday. Are

you all the bad guys that she spoke of?"

One of the older children asked her fearfully while standing a couple of feet away.

Kisa felt puzzled.

'The bad thing his mother talked about, was it the fire in the prison? But if they were only accomplices, I don't think they've done anything wrong. They're just victims who were intimidated and threatened to keep their

mouths shut. Unless they had also intervened in the fire,' she thought.

While she was deep in thought, a broom was suddenly flung toward her.

Kisa's expression promptly changed. She backed away hurriedly, and the broom barely missed her.

The broom was swung backward and flung toward her again.

In the midst of dodging the attacks in panic, Kisa saw that it was an old woman who was attacking her with the broom.

The old woman's face brimmed with hatred as she attacked Kisa relentlessly.

As Kisa continued backing away, her foot stumbled into a hole in the ground. She immediately lost her balance, and she fell toward the ground in confusion.

Fortunately, someone quickly caught her.

Then, a hand grabbed the broom that was about to hit her.

Kisa turned around in shock and uncertainty. The person who had grabbed the broom was Gilbert, and the person who had their arms around her was also Gilbert.

"You hooligan!"

Gilbert snorted icily before flinging the broom. Then, the broom instantly tilted to the side as the old woman toppled to the ground.

"Grandma..."

"Grandma..."

The three children immediately surrounded the old woman.

The old woman fell onto the ground. However, she was not hurt and continued glaring at Kisa viciously.

Kisa steadied herself and asked the old woman, "Why did you attack me?"

Chapter 708 Who Was the Real Perpetrator

"You're all bad guys. Was making my daughter-in-law almost lose her life not enough? Now you're even trying to kidnap my grandchildren. Why are you outsiders so evil?"

After hearing the old woman's words, Kisa immediately understood the situation.

It turned out the old woman had thought Kisa wanted to kidnap her grandchildren.

Gilbert said icily, "Nobody's kidnapping your grandchildren. Another thing, once I get the answers that I want, your two daughters-in-law will return safely."

"Go rot in hell, you bad guys! Ever since you all came, our village hasn't been peaceful. Get lost!"

The old woman's shouts quickly attracted the other villagers.

Kisa glanced at the villagers. Most of them were women, children, and the elderly; few of them were young or strong men.

Gilbert ignored the old woman's insults. He also ignored the fearful and repulsive gazes of the villagers.

Then, he held Kisa by the shoulder and walked toward the house's entrance.

A few of Gilbert's subordinates wanted to challenge the old woman. However, Gilbert stopped them.

"Let her be. She'll leave once she gets tired of yelling," he said.

Then, he turned to Kisa.

His annoyance and violent temper had subsided. There was only worry on his face.

“Are you alright? Did you sprain your foot?”

Since Kisa still did not know the truth, the concern on Gilbert’s made her feel a little confused.

The reactions of the two jailers when they saw him made her feel a little suspicious and afraid.

Kisa flicked his hand aside, “I’m fine. Thanks for helping me just now.

The woman’s seemingly intentionally distant actions made him feel annoyed once more.

He turned to his subordinate, “How are the two jailers?”

“They’re better now. You can go in and try asking them questions.”

Gilbert looked at Kisa as if he were asking for her opinions.

Kisa pursed her lips, “Let’s go in then.”

‘After all, waiting around is not the solution. Since we worked hard to get to where we are, we should ask them some questions,’ she thought.

The two jailers were sitting on the bed.

Kisa glanced at the two and had no recollection of them.

After all, there had been quite a lot of jailers back then. Moreover, she did not stay in prison for long.

The two jailers had dark, yellow skin. It was hard to tell how old they were.

Kisa stood a couple of feet from them.

Meanwhile, Gilbert leaned on a wall that was across them.

The two jailers seemed to be afraid of Gilbert. When they looked at him, their gaze was constantly avoidant and accompanied by evident fear.

Kisa was confused at their reaction.

‘They have no reason to be this afraid of Gilbert unless he was the one who threatened to make them disappear,’ she thought.

The more Kisa thought about it, the more troubled she felt.

She decided to get straight to the point and asked, “Do you recall the fire that happened at Calthon’s West Suburban Women’s Prison six years ago?”

The two jailers evidently shuddered when they heard the fire being mentioned.

Kisa’s gaze darkened. She continued, “Who was the real perpetrator who set the fire back then?”

“I don’t know. I don’t know a thing,” one of the jailers promptly covered her ears while shaking her head violently. She had a look of terror.

Meanwhile, the other jailer wrapped her arms around herself while shaking her head repeatedly.

Kisa gritted her teeth.

‘Judging from their reactions, it’s possible that they don’t know. They’re still unwilling to say a thing even though it’s been years. How terrifying is this person who

threatened them, to make them this scared?’ wondered Kisa.

Gilbert had lost his patience long ago. He flung the cigarette butt to the ground before crushing it under his feet. Then, he strode toward the two jailers.

Chapter 709 The Words That Made Me Hate You

Gilbert grabbed one of the jailers by the collar. He lifted the frail woman’s frame instantly, “You’d better hurry up and tell the truth about what

happened during the fire back then. Otherwise, you best believe I'll flatten your village to nothing!"

The jailers visibly cowered.

Then, Gilbert flung the jailer aside roughly. He crossed his arms while standing aside, "Another thing, the two of you better be telling the truth."

Gilbert's expression was extremely ruthless and cold.

The two jailers were terrified.

One of the jailers said hurriedly, "I'll tell you. I'll tell you... But I don't know much about the fire back then."

"That's right. We don't know much about it."

"Then tell me everything you know," Gilbert responded icily.

However, Kisa instantly furrowed her brows.

"Why do the voices of these jailers sound a little familiar?"

She quietly dug her nails into her palms as she recalled the fire that had happened back then.

"Hold on... There are a few lines I want you two to say after me."

Gilbert looked at her quizzically, "What's the matter?"

Kisa ignored him and continued staring at the two jailers fixedly.

The jailers replied fearfully, "What... What lines?"

Kisa uttered the words that made her give in to despair.

"Mind your own business. Mr. Kooper clearly said that he wants to leave her here to die."

“Mr. Kooper also said that accidents happen everywhere every day, so it won't come as a surprise if she dies in prison one day.”

“Oh! So you mean... The fire...”

“Shush. Let's just keep it to ourselves.”

The two jailers paled after hearing Kisa's words.

They pointed at Kisa in horror, “Y-You... You're...”

“That's right. I'm the pregnant woman you two locked in the prison cell and left to burn alive in the fire. What's the matter? Do you not recognize me?”

Seeing their reactions, Kisa was certain the two were the jailers talking outside her cell.

Their conversation had made her give in to despair and

was deeply etched in her mind, so she had even memorized the voices of the people talking.

Gilbert's expression was terrifyingly dark. He gripped Kisa's shoulders and asked in a panic, “What did those words mean? Who's the Mr. Kooper that they were referring to?”

Kisa gazed at him deeply, “Those were the words that made me hate you to this very day.”

“So you believed their words and thought the Mr. Kooper they were referring to was me?” Gilbert chuckled. He

finally understood why she kept on saying that he killed the child in her womb.

‘So this is why,’ he thought.

“But I never said such a thing; I never wanted you to die. They were making things up and intentionally

misleading you! You need to believe me!”

Gilbert spoke urgently while gripping Kisa's shoulders tightly.

However, Kisa ignored him. She turned to the two jailers icily.

'It's no wonder they kept on telling their husbands that they did something bad. Locking a pregnant woman in a prison cell and letting her get burned by fire isn't just doing something bad; it's sadistic and evil!' she thought. The two jailers were curled up in fear.

Kisa said icily, "Take a good look at him. Is he the Mr. Kooper that said he'll leave me in prison to die?"

"Did he really tell you that it won't come as a surprise if died in prison?" she continued.

"Also, was he... really the person who started the fire?"

Chapter 710 Even if I Risked My Life for You Kisa asked three questions in a row.

Gilbert became tenser when each question was asked. He stared at the two jailers fiercely. His face was extremely gloomy and frightening because of nervousness and fear. Although he did nothing, he was scared that the jailers would talk nonsense and frame him. He panicked when he thought of the mysterious man who rescued the jailers.

The relationship between Kisa and me had finally become better. I can't let her misunderstand me

anymore. Otherwise, we can't return to the past.'

The jailers looked at Gilbert with evasive eyes as if they were ready to take hints from Gilbert to talk.

Kisa frowned and said to Gilbert, "Go outside. I'll ask them."

"No!" Gilbert's face was sullen. "What if they attack you?"

“You can let your subordinates watch over here.”

Gilbert still refused to go outside.

Suddenly, Kisa sneered, “Why? Did you do something wrong? Do you worry they will expose you, so you insist on threatening them with your eyes here?”

“Kisa!” Gilbert gritted his teeth angrily, “Gosh! You never intended to believe me? You don’t even if I risked my life for you, right?”

“I only believe in facts,” Kisa said coldly.

“The facts?” Gilbert smiled grimly, “In your view, whatever they say is the truth, right?”

“Isn’t that you found them? Besides, what are you afraid of if you have a clear conscience?”

The coldness of the woman in front of him made him feel disappointed.

‘Yes, I found these two jailers. But the situation now is totally different from what I imagined. Because of the appearance of the group of mysterious people, I always felt they had threatened the jailers. I can’t guarantee whether the jailers are telling the truth. But she must prefer to trust the jailers when comparing the jailers and me.’

Gilbert was irritated while thinking of this. He had never been so scared and rattled. But he could not do anything when facing her calm and cold eyes.

“Do you really want me to go outside?” He asked through gritted teeth.

Kisa glanced at the hunted look of the jailers and nodded, “Yes. You’d better get out now if you want me to trust

you,”

“... Fine! Fine!” Gilbert sneered and snorted twice, turned and walked outside angrily.

then

The broken door fell directly to the ground after being kicked by him. Seeing this scene, the two jailers were stuck together in fright.

The four subordinates of Gilbert came in after he left a while.

Kisa asked blandly, "Where is he? Is he out?"

"Are you asking about Mr. Kooper? Don't worry. Mr. Kooper is sitting on a rock and smoking outside. He asked you to rest assured as he's too far away to hear the conversation between you and these jailers.

Kisa pursed her lips and looked away.

Her eyes were frigid and seemed covered with ice when she looked at the jailers again.

'My child won't have died if they didn't lock me in the cell back then. They are unforgivable even if they were just taking orders.'

She said coldly, "Now, you can answer the three questions I asked. Besides, I'm powerful now. If you dare to lie, your three lovely children..."

"Don't! Don't hurt my child!"

"I'll say it! I'll tell you whatever I know."

In the ashram, Gilbert sat on a stone and smoked. He smoked one after another. Many cigarette butts fell by his feet after a while.

A black mongrel wandered around him and snarled at him sometimes. Its snarling look immediately reminded him of Kisa's hateful appearance that hurt others.

Gilbert was irritated. So, he got up and yelled at the mongrel. The mongrel ran away with its tail between its legs.

He unzipped his jacket fretfully and squatted on the rock.

Kisa came out of the house at this moment.