

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

Chapter 861 – 870

Chapter 861 Lying

“Don’t tell your daddy about this place that Grandma brought you to today. Also, don’t tell your daddy about your grandparents either, okay?”

“Why is that?”

Children always had a lot of questions. Madalyn sighed and said, “Because if you tell your daddy, he will be very upset, you know?”

The two children nodded their heads in acknowledgment. As they sat in the car, Andrew and Ada could not help but look back toward the cemetery. ‘So they were our grandparents,’ they both thought to themselves.

“Great–Grandma, will you bring Ada and me to see our grandparents again?” Andrew asked.

“Yeah. I will bring you two over every year on this day.”

“Okay.” Andrew nodded and exchanged a smile with Ada.

As the car arrived at the Kooper residence and pulled into the car porch, Madalyn saw someone come up to her before she even got out of the car. She could not help but frown with disgust.

“Mrs. Kooper Sr.” The person was Sharon, who solicitously wanted to help Madalyn get out of the car. But Madalyn did not appreciate it. She avoided Sharon and let George help her. Sharon narrowed her eyes sinisterly and sneered in her mind, ‘I will see if you can still be proud of yourself later.’

“Why are you glaring at my great–grandma?” Suddenly, Ada snapped at Sharon with an angry question.

Ada’s voice was so distinctive that Madalyn, who was not far ahead, heard it, and her face turned stern instantly. She said to George, “Get that woman out of here. She is no longer a GK artist and has nothing to do with GK or the Kooper family. And tell the servants not to let in any Tom, Dick, and Harry next time.”

“Aye.” George responded and ordered his subordinates to kick Sharon out.

“Please don’t, Grandma. I’m here to tell you a secret about Gilbert and that b*tch,” Sharon quickly said.

Madalyn did not want to listen to her nonsense. “Kick her out of here!”

Sharon was even more anxious. “In fact, Gilbert has been lying to you all this time. He and Kisa have been together and are in love head over heels.”

Madalyn stopped in her tracks and spun around to look at her. “Are you serious?”

Sharon nodded her head vigorously. “Yeah. I—I have proof.”

“Great–
Grandma, don’t listen to this woman. She is a bad person. She is lying to you,” Andrew quickly said.

“Exactly, Great–
Grandma. She is bad. She must be lying to you. Don’t fall for it,” Ada also said.

“Shut up!” Madalyn bellowed, looked at Andrew’s and Ada’s guilty faces, and asked sternly, “You two know that your daddy is with that woman, don’t you?”

Andrew and Ada cowered in fear and did not make a sound, as this was the first time that Madalyn had ever lost her temper with them. It really startled them

“Mrs. Kooper Sr., don’t do that. You are scaring them,” George hurriedly said.

Feeling sad, Madalyn closed her eyes for a second and said to George, “You bring them into the house now.”

George nodded and brought Andrew and Ada upstairs. The two children looked back from time to time with worried looks on their faces.

Madalyn looked at Sharon. “You come in with me.”

Chapter 862 Transgression

Sharon broke free from the servants and headed for the house with a smug look.

Madalyn sat down on the couch and stuck her cane up, her face calm. “Say, what proof you have. Don’t try to fool me.”

“Don’t worry. I have enough evidence here. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have dared to come to you.” Sharon grunted and took out her phone, showing a photo to Madalyn. “Look at this first.”

Madalyn took the phone with a sullen face. The photo was a snapshot of intimate text messages between Gilbert and Kisa.

Sharon sneered. “You can scroll down. There are many more intimate conversations and call history between Gilbert and that woman, which I had someone take pictures of from the woman’s phone.”

Madalyn browsed through the photos one by one, her creased hands shivering involuntarily.

Seeing Madalyn’s reaction, Sharon let out a triumphant smile. “I’m not lying to you, am I? Gilbert has been with that b*tch all this time.”

Madalyn finished browsing through the photos, handed the phone back to Sharon, and said calmly, "That means nothing. Conversations and calls like this are the easiest to fake by just changing the names."

"Heh, I knew you wouldn't believe me so easily, so I brought something else with me," Sharon said, took out a few more photos from her handbag, and handed them to Madalyn. "Take a look at these. A while ago, Gilbert went to Athadale on the pretext of meeting a client, but he was going there to see that b*tch. The two of them were having a great time in Athadale. Also, didn't Gilbert bring a sexy woman back in front of the media? Huh, she isn't Gilbert's new love, but a girl whom Gilbert introduced to Davian. You didn't expect that, did you?"

Madalyn looked at the photos in her hands, anger filling her eyes. The photos were of a man and a woman holding hands and hugging each other. Even though they were both wearing masks, she could recognize that it was Gilbert and Kisa at first glance. In the photos, they were posing in front of the roller coaster, not even wearing masks and hats, and the man was intimately carrying the woman in his arms. They were none other than Gilbert and Kisa. Perhaps because of anger or grief, Madalyn's body trembled.

Sharon smiled at her. "You didn't expect Gilbert to work with that woman to deceive

you, did you? It seems that the woman has bewitched him. If this goes on, she will ruin Gilbert's life eventually."

Madalyn said nothing, her frail and angry eyes only glaring at the photos in her hand. It hurt her to the core, even more so when she thought of her son and her daughter-in-law, who died tragically.

Seeing Madalyn's increasingly saddened face, Sharon was pleased with herself. She opened her mouth and was about to say something when Madalyn suddenly

shouted at the maid, "Get this woman out of here!"

Sharon's face changed abruptly. "What are you doing? I'm telling you the truth, and the evidence is there. Don't you believe me? Mrs. Kooper Sr... Mrs. Kooper Sr..."

Madalyn ignored Sharon and had her servants chase Sharon out of the door. She only looked at the photos in her hand mournfully, her face ashen. Suddenly, she laughed morosely. "Gilbert, since you have deceived me so much, don't blame me for what will happen next."

Chapter 863 Found the Warden

Andrew and Ada were lying on the window ledge of their room. They were relieved to see the maid kick Sharon out of the house.

"That bad woman has been kicked out, so Daddy should be fine, right?" Ada asked.

"Should be. Since Great-Grandma loves Daddy so much, she won't listen to that bad woman."

Ada nodded her head and felt relieved. Children always think too simply and naively; how nice would it be if adults could be like them.

In the CEO's office of GK Pictures, Davian placed the meeting summary on Gilbert's desk and said to the tired-looking Gilbert, "Mr. Kooper, I will *do* the rest of the work. You go celebrate your wife's birthday."

"Okay." Gilbert pinched his sore brow, then got up to put on his jacket. Just as he was about to leave, he suddenly remembered something.

"By the way, since I asked you to follow Jensen's men to find that warden, have things progressed?"

Davian shook his head and frowned. "I almost forgot about it if you didn't ask."

"How so?" Gilbert asked in a deep voice as he straightened his shirt collar.

“Jensen either did not send anyone to find the warden or did it too stealthily. Our men didn’t find him sending anyone to look for the warden.”

“How can this be?” Gilbert wrinkled his brow.

“Maybe Jensen really does it stealthily, and those men he sent are mysterious and in deep cover, so much so that our men couldn’t find them.”

Gilbert did not think so, as his men were all no slouches. If Jensen had really sent someone to find the warden, it was impossible for his men not to sniff them out. ‘ Could it be that Jensen really didn’t send anyone to find the warden? But Kisa clearly told me that Jensen did and had made a great deal of progress. So what is going on? Why did Jensen lie to Kisa, and what was his purpose? Or am I really overthinking it, or maybe Jensen is really so sophisticated that I can’t understand what he is doing, so he can do things so discreetly that I can’t find the slightest signs?’ The thought of this bothered him.

The rain had stopped when Gilbert walked out of the GK International Building. But the sky was still dark and dreary, so much so that it looked like 7:00 pm, although it was only 3:00 p.m.

Gilbert got in his car and went straight to a nearby bakery. He had ordered a cake at noon and was just in time to pick it up. He listened to Kisa and ordered an eight-inch pink cake, which was cute, thinking Kisa would like it. Placing the cake on the front passenger seat, he took out his cell phone to call her, but she called him instead. He smiled and answered the phone.

“Hey, Gilbert, Jensen found the warden.” She sounded slightly urgent.

Gilbert’s heart skipped a beat. “Found the warden?” It was strange that he was not excited at all but uneasy upon hearing this news. “Where is that warden now?” he asked.

“I’ve got no clue. Jensen said he would bring the warden to see me later.” Kisa paused a second and continued. “Didn’t you say that you would be the first to be notified when the warden was found? So I’m telling you now.”

It was comforting for Gilbert to hear that. At least now, he was not as uneasy as before. "I'm on my way to your place now."

"Okay."

Just as he hung up, his phone rang again.

Chapter 864 Endless Walt

Gilbert lowered his eyes and looked at the caller ID on the phone screen; it was the Kooper residence's landline number. A bad feeling washed through him, and he answered the phone with a frown.

"Mr. Kooper, come back quickly. Something has happened to Mrs. Kooper Sr." It was George speaking.

Gilbert's heart sank, and he subconsciously gripped his cell phone. George was still on the phone, sobbing, seemingly in grief. Gilbert tensed up, his hand on the steering wheel shivering. He made a sudden U-turn and sped off toward the Kooper residence, and that abrupt change of direction flung the *box* off the seat onto the foot well, smashing the cake inside into a lump of creamy mess, just like something important in his heart shattered into pieces and could not be put together again.

Kisa had already prepared the meal. The table was full of delicious dishes that gave out an appetizing aroma, but there was no one at the table. She was sitting straight on the couch, staring out the window in a daze, feeling restless inside. She wrung her hands anxiously while waiting for Jensen and Gilbert to arrive. There was a wall clock on the wall. She looked up at it and saw that it was sometime after four. She had just spoken to Gilbert over the phone an hour ago, and Gilbert said he was on his way and would be with her soon. But an hour had passed, and he should have arrived long ago. Whether he departed from the GK International Building or the Kooper residence, an hour was long enough. So she wondered why he had not arrived.

She wanted to call him and ask where he was but was afraid he was driving. She did not dare to disturb him driving in this weather for fear of causing an accident. Kisa pursed her lips, clenched her hands, and continued to wait. But as time passed, the restlessness in her got stronger. She hated this kind of waiting; it felt so uneasy as if

there was no end to it.

Another half hour passed, and Gilbert had still not shown up. She clenched her hands, leaned forward to pick up the phone on the coffee table, and called him. The phone rang, but no one answered. She frowned and redialed again, but

still, no one answered. This time, she could not sit still anymore and hurriedly got up to go outside. 'One and a half hours have passed, and Gilbert should have arrived a long time ago. Even if not, he couldn't have not answered my phone. Unless... Unless something has happened.' The more she thought about it, the more anxious she became. She went to the cabinet by the door, and opened it to take out an umbrella.

CLAP!

Just as Kisa took the umbrella out, a loud thunderclap sounded in the sky. Kisa shuddered and looked out the window in awe. It was almost completely dark, and the sky was so dreadful that it looked like it would collapse. A strong sense of unease and fear surged inside her to the lightning flashes and thunder clapping. Her eyes started to well up with emotions. Suddenly, she hated Gilbert for not keeping his word.

'He said he would come right away, but he never did. He keeps me waiting with anxiety and fear. He said he wanted to surprise me, but that so-called surprise is slowly turning into a scare. I don't want any surprises. I just want him to appear in front of me now.'

She wiped her tears with her arm, then hurriedly pulled open the door and walked out. Just as she reached the elevator, the elevator doors opened. She was too stunned to speak when she saw the people inside the elevator.

Chapter 865 i Cannot Wait Too Long for You

Jensen pulled a man out of the elevator, followed by Adrien. The man was about the same age as Adrien, medium built, with a very white complexion. He looked so white that it seemed unnaturally sickly. The man had small eyes, and they were evasive, darting around with fear and anxiety.

Jensen had the man's hands cuffed. He pulled on the handcuffs and brought the man in front of Kisa.

Kisa subconsciously took a step back and looked at Jensen. "He... He is the warden?"

Jensen nodded. "You can ask him questions about that fire back then."

Kisa looked at the warden and was transfixed. Perhaps because of Gilbert's absence, she felt uneasy.

After entering the house, Kisa poured a glass of water for Jensen and Adrien each. Adrien took the water and sat down on the couch while Jensen kicked the warden in the crook of his leg, sending the warden to drop to his knees.

"Please don't kill me. Please don't kill me." The warden prostrated himself to the floor, begging for mercy.

Kisa looked at Jensen. She had many questions in her mind but did not know where to start.

Jensen took the water she handed him and said, "This warden has been hunted for years. It took my men some time to find him. Perhaps because of the years of hiding, he became very timid, always thinking that others wanted to kill him."

Kisa pursed her lips and looked down at the man on the floor. She was still waiting for Gilbert to come over because she wanted to ask about the prison fire together with Gilbert. She looked at

her phone and saw that Gilbert had still not called or returned her messages.

Jensen glanced at her with mixed emotions in his eyes. "Are you waiting for Gilbert?"

Kisa pursed her lips and said nothing.

Jensen could almost guess it. But he said nothing and just sat down on the couch as Adrien did.

Adrien glanced over at the table and smiled at Kisa. "You can cook? Those dishes look pretty good."

Kisa chuckled. "Just a casual meal. I learned those dishes online, but I am not sure if

they

taste good. You guys haven't eaten yet, have you? Why don't you all eat here?"

"No thanks. I can tell, at a glance, you are waiting for a more important person to come over for dinner. We aren't going to join you guys." Adrien, like an elder, said jokingly.

Kisa pursed her lips and smiled with embarrassment. "Don't make fun of me, Uncle Adrien. Let's eat together later." Although she was smiling, her hand gripped the phone tighter. 'Gilbert, when are you going to come over? I may not be able to wait for you much longer.'

Jensen saw her anxiety and lowered his eyes to do away with all the emotions in his eyes. He knew that today was Kisa's birthday, and she was waiting for Gilbert. If he could, he would not have brought this warden over today because he still preferred her to have a happy birthday. It was just a pity that the hatred and obsession of someone were so intense that he refused to cut them some slack. Jensen could not help but shoot a glance at Adrien, clenching his hands at his sides.

When the clock pointed to 6:30 pm, Kisa closed her eyes for a while and then called Gilbert one more time.

Chapter 866 He Wanted to Kill the Warden

She told herself that if Gilbert still did not answer the call, she would not wait for him.

The phone soon came through, and it was ringing, but Gilbert still did not answer.

She chuckled with sadness, thinking, ‘So this is the surprise you gave me? He vowed that day to be with me on my birthday. But he broke his promise. He could have called if he had an emergency. Why keep me waiting so anxiously?’ The waiting had now turned into resentment; Kisa took a deep breath and put the phone away.

The warden had crawled over to the cabinet and leaned against it, his eyes darting around with fear and caution.

Kisa walked over slowly and squatted down in front of him while Jensen got up and stood behind her, seemingly afraid that the warden would harm her. Kisa pursed her lips and then asked the warden in a deep voice, “Do you remember the fire at Calthon Women’s Prison a few years ago?”

The warden shuddered and then suddenly burst into tears at the mention of the prison fire. Kisa looked at him with a frown and heard him slurring, “The fire, I remember. Of course, I remember. T-

The most regrettable thing I have done in my life is to conspire with someone to set that fire.”

Kisa was shocked at hearing the warden’s confession that he was related to the fire. She quickly asked, “Who did you conspire with?”

“M—Mr. Kooper, t—that powerful man, CEO of GK Pictures.”

The revelation came as a bolt from the blue. Kisa was transfixed in place and heard nothing that the warden said subsequently. Only Gilbert’s name

was lingering in her ears.

'He said that he was conspiring with Gilbert to set the fire. Gilbert? How could it be Gilbert?' She glared at the warden and hissed, "You better tell me the truth, or I will chop off your hands and feet and feed them to the dogs."

Kisa

rarely showed such a sinister look; the warden was visibly shaken. "I'm telling the truth. That man was the one who ordered me to start a fire in prison and make it look like an

accident. Because of this, he hunted me for years. I always

hope he will be punished as soon as possible, so I don't have to hide any more. That hypocrite clearly said that after it was done, he would pay me

with a sum of money that could last me a lifetime. But that day, he asked

me to go up a hill; he wanted me dead. I was injured and ran for my life, even rolling down the hill. But I survived. Since then, I have gone into

hiding. But after all these years,

he still hasn't stopped hunting me. Recently, I was again pursued by a group

of men, from whose conversation I knew it

was Gilbert who sent them. They said that they had to bring me back before Jensen did, and if I resisted, they would just kill me.

I would have been long dead if Jensen's men hadn't saved me in time."

Kisa's body stiffened as she listened to the warden's wailing. The phrase 'they had to bring me back before Jensen

did' was ringing in her ears. It reminded her of that night

in Athadale. That day, she heard Gilbert

talking on the phone by the hotel room window, saying that he must find

the warden before Jensen did. It turned out that he wanted to silence the warden

by killing him. She could not stop trembling at the thought of this.

Chapter 867 He Wants Her to Die a Horrible Death

After spending the past days with Gilbert, she still could not believe what the warden said. She kept thinking of reasons to disprove the warden's accusation.

She clenched her hands

and said tensely, "I found two of your jailers who said Gilbert had nothing to do with the fire."

“What do they know? They were just taking my orders, and it was I who liaised with Gilbert. At first, I didn’t dare to do it, but Gilbert promised he would take all responsibility for it in case things went wrong. I asked him why he did it and why he had to burn the woman named Kisa; he said he hated her and would only be happy to see her die a horrible death.”

He would only be happy to see me die a horrible death? Heh, did he really say that? Were all the tenderness and affection he had shown me all these days a lie? But why did he have to go to such lengths to deceive me if it was a lie? If he really hated me, he could have just taken revenge on me by killing me straight away. Why bother beating around the bush?’

She could not breathe from intense grief but still stubbornly looked for excuses. “The two jailers had said it was a woman who talked to you in the office at the time, and it wasn’t Gilbert at all.”

“A woman? I remember now. Back then, to persuade me, Mr. Kooper presented me with a beautiful woman,” the warden said, with embarrassment on his face. “Those two jailers are probably talking about that woman.”

Kisa shook her head. “They said that a woman told them to mislead me at the door, and they had never seen Gilbert. How could the fire be related to him then?” Kisa asked. Immediately after, she cried out, “I warn you again, you better tell me the truth, or I will really chop off your hands and feet.”

Jensen’s face turned stern as he narrowed his eyes. “If you dare to lie, I will make you suffer a fate worse than death.”

The warden trembled and cried out, “I’m telling the truth. My life is in your hands now, so why would I lie to you? And why do you have to think I’m telling lies but have never thought of suspecting the two jailers?”

The warden’s words sounded like a wake-up call.

‘Yeah, why not suspect the two jailers?’ Kisa asked in her mind, suddenly remembering the perverse and strange reaction of the two jailers when they saw Gilbert. ‘If the two jailers had never seen Gilbert, why did they act so afraid when they first saw him at Hillsby? Moreover, what

made them conclude that the fire had nothing to do with Gilbert? When they saw Gilbert, why did their eyes look so evasive, as if... as if Gilbert had threatened them with something?' She did not dare to think about it, but what happened at Hillsby was all really weird.

She covered her temples, which were in severe pain, feeling as if she was swept into a horrible whirlpool. Fear, confusion, and despair hit her at once. She suddenly became breathless, going weak at the knees, and fell backward.

Chapter 868 The So-Called Truth

"Kisa!" Jensen called out, rushing to catch her falling body.

Kisa's vision went dark. In the darkness, she kept running and shouting Gilbert's name, desperate to see him, wanting to get clarification from him. But there was nothing but darkness in front of her eyes. It seemed that no matter how fast she ran, she could not find the light, and no matter how loud she shouted, Gilbert would not appear.

"Kisa, Kisa, wake up, Kisa."

'Who is it? Who is calling me with such an anxious voice?' She struggled to open her eyes, and her vision was still blurry. When her vision got better, she saw Jensen's anxious eyes.

"Are you alright, Kisa?" It hurt Jensen to see her reddened eyes.

Kisa looked at him, dumbfounded, tears slipping from the corners of her eyes. "I couldn't believe what he said... he said Gilbert was the one who was behind the prison fire. How is that possible?" She spoke with a trembling and sobbing voice.

She sounded so heartbreakingly fragile that Jensen could not help but hug her tightly. He whispered to comfort her, "Don't think too much. Nothing is confirmed

yet. We will ask Gilbert when we see him."

Kisa choked back a sob and said nothing.

Adrien suddenly winked at the warden, who got the hint and whispered to Kisa, "I'm not lying to you. The reason the fire was not investigated back then was because he did a lot *to* cover it up, and he could because he was powerful. And he still is. Otherwise, do *you* think I can cover up the incident with my ability?"

Adrien, who had been silent all this while, suddenly flicked off the ashes from his cigarette and then said in a low voice to the warden, "No wonder you told me back then that Gilbert had nothing to do with the fire. It turned out that he was behind it. I didn't really expect that."

Kisa stared at the ceiling with a pale face. 'No wonder. Who else but Gilbert has the power to destroy all evidence and make everyone involved disappear? But I really don't want to believe this cruel truth. I really don't want to believe it. What should I do?'

She crossed her arms over her eyes in grief, tears spilling out from under her arms uncontrollably. Her heart was aching so much that her body trembled. If someone

had told her before this that it was Gilbert who was behind the fire, she might not feel so aggrieved but only hate him—hating him to the bone. But this time, when she and Gilbert were getting along so well and so happy, and she had even fallen in love with him again, this revelation was the cruelest thing to her. 'Why is God so cruel to me? Why let me learn such a cruel truth only after I fell in love with him again?' She could not believe this was the truth when she thought about how gentle and considerate Gilbert had been all this time.

Struggling to get up from Jensen's arms, she looked grimly at the warden. "I'm going to get a clarification from Gilbert right now, and if there is even one thing that you have said is not true, I will make your life worse than death," Kisa said with the utmost ruthlessness.

The warden trembled in fear, but when he met Adrien's cold, stern eyes, he said to Kisa, "Go ahead and ask him. It is even better to get him to come and confront

me. There are so many people here; I'm not going to be afraid of him. I'd rather just confront him than hide again."

Kisa ignored him. She wiped her tears and stood up, then walked outside without looking back.

Chapter 869 Your Love Is the Greatest

Jensen quickly pulled her back. "It is dark now, and it is raining again. How are you going to get there in this condition? Listen to me; I will go with you to confront him tomorrow."

"I can't wait that long. I hate waiting."

Kisa brushed his hand away, looking determined. "I have to ask him and get an answer from him tonight, no matter what."

Jensen pursed his lips, not knowing what more to say.

"Thank you, Jensen." Kisa glanced at him, then turned and strode out, slamming the door shut behind her. She went without even taking an umbrella.

Jensen leaned back against the cabinet, feeling terrible. He lit a cigarette and looked at Adrien with cold eyes. "Are you happy now?"

Adrien leaned back in his chair and smoked absently.

"This is nothing compared to the pain I suffered back then."

"Heh..." Jensen laughed with sarcasm. "Oh, yeah. Your love is the greatest. After your love was broken, you decided that no one else should deserve it. You are so selfish and heartless."

"Selfish and heartless?" Adrien narrowed his eyes.

"If I were really selfish and heartless, I would have killed your mother when she was pregnant with you." Jensen clenched his hands at his sides, and because he clenched them too hard, the cigarette was crushed in his hands. Adrien looked at him with a frown of disgust." Speaking of which, I wouldn't have lost her if

your mother hadn't schemed against me. Since your mother has gone, you would have to pay the debt on her behalf."

Jensen said nothing, an eerie chill emanating from his body.

Feeling scared, the warden cautiously said to Adrien, "I have done everything you told me, and I think I have done a good job because I see that woman seems to believe it. Shouldn't you let me go now?"

"Let you go?" Adrien looked like he had heard a joke. "Are you so desperate to have Sharon's men kill you?"

The warden's face changed abruptly, and he did not dare to speak anymore.

Adrien got up and sneered, "Sharon's future in the entertainment industry has been ruined, but the Case family still has some power, and killing you would be a piece of

cake for them. So, stay at my place these few days. I can ensure your safety and provide you with good food and drink. Isn't that good enough?"

"That's surely good enough. I will listen to everything you say."

Adrien let out a meaningful smile, his eyes looking sinister.

Jensen shot him an icy look, then got up and went to the window. Kisa's car had already driven to the exit, and as the lever opened, she sped off like an arrow. Jensen looked on as the car disappeared in the rain, his calm face lacking emotions, but his pair of eyes were filled with mixed emotions.

This time, he knew that the relationship between Kisa and Gilbert was beyond

salvage. He was jealous when Kisa and Gilbert were together. Now it was all over for them. But he did not feel happy at all. He took a drag on his cigarette and laughed self-

deprecatingly. 'What is so sad about it? Was it not me who broke their relationship? Do I even have the right to feel sad? Heh, I'm really disgusted with myself; so hypocritical and vicious.'

Kisa gripped the steering wheel tightly. Because of the intense grief, her entire body trembled, and it took her several times to fire up the engine just now. The rain was getting heavier, and visibility was nearly zero. But she still did not slow down, as she was eager to find Gilbert and confront him. Suddenly, a flash of blinding headlights penetrated the heavy rain and shone directly into her eyes, blinding her.

Chapter 870 She Had a Car Accident

Kisa's face changed as she knew by intuition the other car was coming toward her. She hurriedly turned the steering wheel and slammed on the brakes. The next thing she knew, she heard the screech of the tires and her car hitting something, then crashed into the guardrail. The other car just grazed her car and disappeared in the rain in a flash. Because she had stepped on the brakes in time, the damage was not serious even though the front of the car had hit the guardrail. It only suffered a slightly dented front bumper and scratches. But because of the tremendous inertia, Kisa hit her head on the steering wheel, ending up with a few bruises and minor bleeding.

She sat back up and leaned stiffly back in the driver's seat, her hands on the steering wheel trembling. After a long while, she leaned on the steering wheel and cried, her tense emotions bursting at once. She cried and trembled, her voice sounding fragile and miserable.

"Gilbert, why?" She cried out with resentment and helplessness.

In the Kooper residence, Gilbert sat motionless on the edge of the bed, lying on which was an elderly in her eighties. Her face was pale, her arm was being infused with fluids, and thick gauze was wrapped around her wrist. Gilbert was expressionless, his eyes red.

“Don’t worry. Your grandma will be fine. Luckily, George found her in time.” Kelvin patted him on the shoulder.

George said he had gone to Madalyn’s room to call her to come out for afternoon tea but ended up calling out outside her room and getting no response from her. Worried that something might have happened to Madalyn, he opened the door himself. Just then, he smelled a very strong smell of blood and saw Madalyn lying unconscious on the bed. She had slashed her wrists with a fruit knife.

When

George told him about this, Gilbert was completely dumbfounded. He could not understand why his grandmother would do this until George showed him a letter, a suicide note from his grandmother. The letter was long and full of reproaches and disappointment. She accused him of lying and questioned why he was still with Kisa. Every sentence in the suicide note was filled with intense despair and grief. She said she was tired and would no longer care and want him as her grandson. She would not stop him from seeing Kisa, but in such a drastic way of compromise, Gilbert could not accept it.

‘You know very well that, apart from the children, you are the only family member I have in this world. Did you ever think for a second about what would happen to me when you tried to kill yourself? If you leave like this, will I really be able to be with Kisa with peace of mind? No, it is impossible that we can be together. You will only push me deep into a painful abyss. Grandma, how much do you hate Kisa that you would use such a radical way to oppose her?’ Gilbert said in his mind.

He looked at Madalyn on the bed, and tears dropped silently. He leaned over slightly and buried his face in his palms. The once untouchable, hubristic, and conceited man now looked so vulnerable.

Kelvin looked on and felt sad. He patted Gilbert on his back and said, “Don’t be like this. There is always a solution and hope as long as she is still here.”

“But I don’t know how to go about it anymore; it is a dead end.” Gilbert’s voice was full of weariness as

if he had aged in an instant. “Grandma was saved this time, but what about the next time? Kelvin, what could be the enmity between Grandma and Kisa?”