

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

Chapter 881 - 890

Chapter 881 He Thought Blake Was His Child

“Stop it, Blake. Your papa didn’t frame your daddy,” Mia quickly stopped Blake.

Blake pursed his lips and mumbled, “But I heard the conversation between papa and daddy.”

Mia was about to continue speaking.

However, Jensen suddenly motioned her to stop.

He pulled Blake to his lap and looked at him with a tender gaze.

“What would you do if I really framed daddy?”

“Then I’ll hate you. I won’t like you.”

“Blake...” Mia panicked.

‘What’s Jensen doing? He’s being forced by Adrien to do all this, yet he’s admitting

it’s his doing. Does he want others to misunderstand him?’ she thought.

Jensen patted Blake’s head.

Then, he smiled and mumbled, “If only you were my real son.”

Mia threw him a resentful glare.

‘I could totally give him a son if he wants one. But this man only wants Kisa’s son,’ she thought.

She pulled Blake over and said earnestly, “The truth is, your papa didn’t frame your daddy. It’s really complicated, but all of us, especially you, would be in danger if your papa didn’t do so. That’s why you need to be go

od and not say anything, okay? All that said, your papa would never endanger your daddy's life."

Blake pursed his lips and did not say a word.

He felt conflicted.

'I do like daddy a lot, but I like papa a lot too,' Blake thought.

"Did you hear what I said, Blake?" Mia asked.

Blake twisted his fingers and finally nodded, "Alright."

Then only did Mia feel assured.

'Hopefully, Adrien, that lunatic, will stop soon. His hatred is stirring up chaos for

everyone, even the children,' she thought.

It was still pouring, as if the heavens themselves were weeping.

Kisa trudged along the river despondently.

Her entire body was drenched by the heavy rain. However, she seemed as if she did not notice it,

All she could think of were the times she had spent with Gilbert recently.

'He said he hired the killers on their way to Hillsby; how far-fetched does that sound? Back then, we almost died at the hands of those killers. And yet he's saying that he hired those killers. Isn't that hilarious?' she thought.

Then, Kisa was even reminded of the time she paced around uneasily in town while waiting for him.

She thought of the time he survived the killer and hobbled back from the wilderness.

'These incidents are deeply etched in my head and so realistic, so how could they be fake? I don't understand. How good must his acting be for him to put on such shows that seem so real?'

'And the car accident. If he had been even a little careless, the car would've run him over. How confident was he when he did so much just to make me fall for him? I don't dare to believe it, nor do I want to believe it. But he's admitted it to me. He even admitted that he was behind the fire.'

'Am I going to continue lying to myself and defend him when even the prison warden has testified?' she thought.

She clutched her temples in pain as her mind was in turmoil.

Suddenly, Kisa stepped on something.

She screamed. Then, she slipped and fell onto the ground hard.

Big, fat raindrops pattered onto Kisa's unmoving body that lay limp on the ground.

She could barely feel any pain; even her heart felt numb.

"Kisa... Kisa..."

Chapter 882 Breaking the Heart

Suddenly, Kisa heard anxious, intermittent cries amidst the sound of rain. They did not sound real, instead sounding like a hallucination. She closed her eyes and

plunged herself into endless darkness.

"Kisa... Kisa... Kisa..."

The screams got closer and louder. She opened her eyes slightly, looking at the dark sky above.

'It's not a dream. He's here to look for me. But what for? Is he trying to continue deceiving me with flattering words? Luring

me into deep waters with tenderness and consideration? And then using me to deal with Jensen? What an evil plan. To hurt someone, you must first break their heart.'

"Where are you, Kisa? Can you please come out already? Wherever you are, please come out. Kisa..."

The man's voice pierced through the sound of rain.

Kisa suddenly sneered when she listened to how anxious the voice sounded. 'He's so anxious. Is he worried that something would happen to me, or is he eager to explain everything?'

'I would really like to know what kind of explanation he would give.'

Gilbert was looking along the river when Kelvin suddenly called. "Gilbert, you should come back and accompany your grandma. She woke up and asked where you were."

Gilbert was silent.

"It's better to have things under control on her side before you do anything else. Otherwise, everything you've done would be in vain again," Kelvin continued.

"...Alright," Gilbert responded with a deep voice. He looked around the river again but still saw no sign of that woman. He lowered his eyes in disappointment and walked through the grass toward the road.

Just as Kisa sat up, ready to respond to him, he turned around and left. He got into the car without the slightest pause and disappeared into the rain.

Kisa obsessively stared at the direction in which the car had gone, and the corner of her lips slowly curled upward into a bitter smile.

'I knew it. He was just pretending when he came looking for me. Once he finds me, he's going to lie to me. It also doesn't matter if he can't find me, does it?'

“Hahaha...” Kisa suddenly laughed and slapped herself across the face. ‘How many times do I have to be played by that man? How many times do I need to get hurt by him before I can finally wake up?’ Kisa slowly lay on the ground in the rain, closing her eyes and letting herself sink into darkness once again.

It was four o’clock in the morning when Jolina walked out of the back food of a barbeque restaurant with a yawn. The rain had stopped entirely, and the air was a little cold. It was wet everywhere...

Jolina rolled up her collar and walked toward her rented room with her arms folded across her chest. She was working two jobs because she was in urgent need of money; one was the role of a servant for the show, and the other was a part-time job at a barbeque restaurant.

Although working at the restaurant was extremely tiring, it was only a few minutes’ walk to where she lived. Jolina was walking on the side of the road with her head buried downward when she bumped into someone. She was startled.

She looked up subconsciously and was shocked when she saw a soaked and filthy- looking woman. The woman was pale, her hair was messy, and Jolina could not

make out her face. When she saw that the woman was weak, staggering, and about to fall due to bumping into her, Jolina hurriedly reached out to support her. It was only when they looked at each other that she realized who the woman in front of her

was...

‘Kisa?’

Chapter 883 She’ll Never Trust Me Ever Again

“Ms. Becker? Why are you-” Before Jolina could finish her words, Kisa’s eyes rolled back, and she fainted.

When Gilbert went to see his grandma, he had already changed into some clean clothes and dried his hair. He did not have a weird expression on his face that indicated that he had been gone for a while. It was as if he had never left the room.

"I didn't see you when I woke up. Where did you go?" Madalyn took his hand and asked. "There was an emergency at the company, so I went to the study to deal with it," Gilbert replied. "Oh. You should focus more on your health and refrain from working overtime."

"Alright," Gilbert responded softly without saying anything else. Madalyn could see the tiredness in between his brows. She felt terrible for him and said, "You haven't slept all night. You should go to bed. You don't have to accompany me."

"That's okay, grandma. I'm not sleepy. I'll just stay in here with you."

"Silly child, I'm already awake. It's nothing serious."

"Then you have to promise me not to do something so stupid in the future anymore, grandma. Just call me if you need anything."

"Well, you have to promise me that you won't lie to me again."

"When have I ever lied to you? I just wanted things to be realistic, so I didn't tell you in advance."

"Oh, you..."

The two laughed as they talked to each other. Then, Madalyn stopped laughing and kindly told Gilbert,

"Okay, listen to grandma. Go and get some rest. The sun will come up soon. I should get up too."

Gilbert nodded, got up, and walked out of Madalyn's room. As soon as he was out of the room, the smile on his face disappeared. He walked

toward his room slowly and steadily. He did not dare to look for Kisa right now, so how could he ask her for her trust and forgiveness?

Back in his room, Gilbert fell heavily onto the bed with his face in his hands, in deep frustration. His jaw was tense as the corners of his lips turned downward. There was a gloomy and decadent aura dissipating from his body. ‘What should I do now? Can someone please tell me what I should do?’

Suddenly, his door creaked open, and Kelvin stepped into the room. He glanced at the man on the bed and asked softly, “Are you asleep, Gilbert?” The man did not respond. Kelvin pursed his lips, walked over, and sat beside his bed. “Don’t worry. I’ve sent someone to go look for Kisa.” Gilbert remained silent. Kelvin sighed and said, “Don’t be sad. I’m sure Kisa would understand.”

“No, she won’t. She will never trust me ever again,” Gilbert said in deep despair.

Kelvin did not know what to say after hearing that. After all, the expression on Kisa’s face showed that she was decisive when she left. However, something else was bothering Kelvin.

“Actually, I’m more worried about the little act you did in front of Mrs. Koope r Sr. I’m afraid that you won’t be able to have any entanglements with Kisa anymore in the future. Otherwise, if she finds out, another problem will surely arise.”

Gilbert did not speak. He continued cupping his face in his hands as Kelvin looked at him quietly, feeling sorry for him. Kelvin then sighed and said, “Forget it. Let’s find Kisa and talk about this later. Hopefully, she’d understand.”

‘She wouldn’t. Not after what the prison warden had done. Kisa would never understand. She’ll never trust me ever again.’ As Gilbert thought of this, his heart ached so much that he was physically in pain.

It was already evening when Kisa woke up.

Chapter 884 Emotionally Hurt

The afterglow of the setting sun shined through the window. The place was no longer dark and gloomy from the rainstorm. Kisa looked around the room, and the slightly unfamiliar environment stunned her. It took her a while before she remembered that she was at Jolina's place.

Kisa furrowed her brows and suddenly recalled the scene in which she fainted. She had wandered outside for almost the whole night last night. She was exhausted, and she was lucky that she bumped into Jolina.

Kisa then sat up, pushing through her sore body, and vaguely heard a few noises outside. She got out of bed slowly and went outside. The small living room had an unobstructed view of the balcony and the kitchen, which were connected. The apartment was small.

Kisa took a few steps forward and saw Jolina busy in the kitchen. She was wearing an apron, looking very gentle and peaceful. At the same time, Jolina noticed Kisa in the room and said, "Just wait right there; dinner is almost ready."

Kisa gave her a weak smile, turned around, and sat on the sofa. The last time she spent the night here, she was in a hurry; hence, she did not have the time to take a good look at the place. 'Although this place is small, it is very clean and tidy. The room has a simple design, but it warms the soul,' Kisa thought.

"By the way, Ms. Becker, I've charged your phone for you. You should go turn it on. I was afraid that your friends would be worried," Jolina called out to Kisa as she was cooking.

"...Alright." Kisa forced a laugh, got up, and went to the TV cabinet to unplug her phone. She then sat back on the sofa without turning her phone on. Instead, she just held tightly onto it. Her phone was not dead. She just decided to turn it off on purpose. 'Yesterday was a nightmare.'

e. ' Kisa did not want to talk about it, nor did she want to be found, especially not by Gilbert.

She had to think about her next steps. She hugged her knees and curled up on the sofa. The man's figure was still lingering in his mind. Thinking of the ruthless words that came out of his mouth last night, Kisa felt her eyes water.

'How long will it take to heal this heartbreak? Maybe it would never get better... What's funny is that I'm still thinking of reasons to justify his actions. Did he say those things because of grandma?'

But the warden's testimony made her reasoning seem weak and ridiculous. She

buried her face deep in her knees, her heart overflowing with sadness.

When Jolina was serving dinner, she saw Kisa sitting on the sofa with her knees up to her head, a sad aura surrounding her body. She pursed her lips, put the food on the coffee table, and asked in a low voice, "Are you okay, Ms. Becker?"

Kisa hurriedly collected her emotions when she heard Jolina's voice.

"I'm alright. Thanks for taking me in," she said with a forced smile.

Although she was smiling, her reddened eyes showed that she had been crying. However, Jolina did not want to pry into Kisa's personal matters. She just smiled back and said, "I've cooked up a few dishes; let's eat." As she uttered those words, she handed Kisa a bowl of rice.

Looking at the steaming bowl of rice, Kisa's heart felt warm. She took the bowl and choked up as she said, "Thank you."

'Even someone I barely interact with could treat me this well. But Gilbert, the man I had known and admired since I was a child, decided to hurt me deeply again and again. I guess this goes to show that Gilbert had hated me all this while.'

“M—Ms. Becker? A—Are you okay?” Jolina could not help but ask when she saw tears continuously streaming down Kisa’s cheek.

It was strange for Kisa to have appeared on the street like that last night. She looked like she was emotionally hurt. She took a deep breath and suppressed the negative emotions once again. She then turned to Jolina and said...

Chapter 885 Hiding

“I don’t want to let anyone know that I’m here. Can you please help me keep this secret?” Kisa asked. Jolina was stunned for a while, but she nodded.

“Okay. Don’t worry, I haven’t told anyone about this yet.”

“Thanks.” Kisa stayed silent for a while. “I will be taking leave from the set. Can I stay here with you for a few days?” She continued.

“Sure,” Jolina agreed without hesitation. “After all, it’s just me in here. Also, I’m going to the barbeque restaurant to work later, and I won’t be back until four in the morning.

Kisa was a little surprised when she heard that since Jolina was still very young.” You work all night? Isn’t it tiring?”

“No. Mainly because this job doesn’t clash with my acting job. Plus, I still have some time during the day for a few classes at school,” Jolina lowered her gaze and said as if there was an unspeakable reason behind all this.

Kisa looked at her for a while and replied, “If you’re in need-”

“No, I’m alright,” Jolina hurriedly shook her head and smiled. “Everything is fine.”

Jolina’s appearance looked sincere. She gave off a cold vibe when she did not smile; however, she made people feel warm inside when she did. Kisa grew fonder of her as time passed by. She was also very grateful for her as well. After all, Jolina had saved her twice.

After finishing dinner, Jolina hurried out the door. Before leaving, she reminded Kisa that there was food in the fridge and that she could eat it if she felt

t hungry. Soon, Kisa was the only one left in the apartment. The cruel and disheartening words that she refused to believe came out of Gilbert's mouth crawled back into her mind. The heartbreak and sadness she felt gradually overwhelmed her once again.

She leaned against the cabinet and stared out the window. She admitted that she was hiding but did not know how long she would need to come out of it.

'I have to wait at least until it doesn't feel that sad anymore, at least until I can fully accept all that has happened. I must not look like a mess the next time I see Gilbert. I can't make him feel like I'm a joke. I can't let him be proud of what he has done.'

Kisa thought about it for a while and decided that Jolina's place was the best hiding spot. Based on what she knew about Gilbert, he definitely would definitely be searching high and low for her, including at Ariella and Lea's place.

She never really interacted much with Jolina, so she knew Gilbert would never look for her here.

Kisa wanted to use these few days to ponder on the reality that she had been living and to process everything accordingly.

In the office of GK Pictures's CEO, Gilbert leaned back on the chair, smoking a cigarette silently. There was a disorganized look behind his eyes as if he was thinking about something.

After some time, Kelvin and Davian walked into the office together. As soon as Kelvin went in, he sat on the sofa, picked up the bottle of water on the table, and took a huge sip. "I went to the houses of everyone she knew, but I still couldn't find her,"

he said.

Gilbert narrowed his eyes, took a puff of his cigarette, and did not say anything. "I've searched all the hotels and hospitals in

Calthon, but I could not find Ms. Becker either.” Davian pursed his lips and said in a low voice.

“And she isn’t with Jensen,” Kelvin tugged at his tie and said in surprise. “It’s really strange. I can’t believe we can’t find her in Calthon. There’s no way she just disappeared into thin air, right?”

Gilbert exhaled a smoke ring, and after a long time, he said softly, “There’s no need to look for her anymore.”

Chapter 886 She Will Not Hear My Explanation

Kelvin was taken aback at Gilbert’s words. “What do you mean we don’t have to look for her anymore? Don’t you want to explain yourself to her? The misunderstanding will only get worse as more time passes by.”

Gilbert stood up and walked to the window. He looked at the sky outside, which was dark, and said in a low voice, “She’s clearly hiding from me. What’s the use if I find her? She doesn’t believe in me anymore. That means she won’t listen to my explanation.” Gilbert’s tone was filled with unprecedented helplessness and sadness.

It made Kelvin think of when he and Gracie were about *to* die.

‘Fortunately for us, we’re both fine now. But what about Gilbert and Kisa? Their problem seems more serious than the one I had with Gracie. If Mrs. Cooper Sr. does not compromise, Gilbert and Kisa will never resolve their problems.’

Gilbert leaned against the window and looked at Davian. “How’s the investigation regarding the warden going?”

“I— I still haven’t found his whereabouts yet, sir. Jensen’s hid him well.” Davian replied with his head down. He felt useless for not being able to complete the task that Gilbert had given him. However, Gilbert did not blame him. Instead, he just said, “Continue the investigation.”

“Yes, Mr. Kooper.”

Carolyn half-lay in Adrien’s arms, peeling a grape and feeding it to him with a flirtatious smile on her face.

“Come, Mr. Tanner. Open up. Ahh,”

At first, she was reserved in front of Adrien, acting educated and reasonable. But now, she had long abandoned her ethics and reservations. All she wanted to do was to cling onto Adrien. Carolyn was in her fifties, and her body was not in the best shape.

In order to show herself off in front of Adrien, she dressed up in a sexy tube top dress with a face full of makeup. However, she did not look aesthetically pleasing. Instead, she looked like a clown, especially when she made all those tiny amorous gestures.

The corners of Adrien’s lips curled into a smile, but his brows and eyes showed indifference. He ate the grapes that Carolyn fed him and half-jokingly said, “If Mr. Case catches us, he might rush up and fight me.”

“Hah. That old man?” Carolyn’s face was full of disgust whenever she heard people

mention Christopher’s name. “When I asked him to help Sharon out, he did not have the guts to do anything but kneel and beg, that b*stard. Heh. I don’t think he’d be brave enough to fight you even if you let him win.”

“Yeah, Mr. Tanner. My dad is just a wimp. He would never go head-to-head with you,” Sharon added as she looked at him with a smile.

She continued heaping praise and admiration onto him.

“Speaking of which, Mr. Tanner, you are the best. You are so much better than

Anthony Mullen. All he does is just talk big. He never takes any action. But it’s different with you. It’s incredible that you immediately made Gilbert and Kisa go from lovers to enemies.”

Adrien leaned back on the chair and smiled casually. "I told you long ago not to be impatient, that everything will go according to plan once the time comes, but you didn't listen."

Sharon laughed, "I'll obey your every word in the future, Mr. Tanner."

"No, but it's true. Mr. Tanner is wonderful. Now that I really think about it, how could I have been so blind to marry that useless wretch?!" Carolyn said with a look of regret plastered all over her face:

Chapter 887 Spoil Your Fun With Women

She stammered and did not answer.

Adrien glanced at her and smiled absently. "Perhaps you were young and blinded by love back then."

"Of course not. I wasn't in love with that loser." Carolyn grunted.

"It was just that the man I was in love with suddenly disappeared. Besides, Christopher's wife used to be my good friend, who, since marrying into the Case family, had become haughty, and she started to ignore me. Anger blinded me, and I stole Christopher from her," Carolyn said with a smug look on her face. "She was not as attractive as I was, after all. You know what, when that woman was kicked out of the Case family, she was penniless, so down and out."

Adrien listened quietly, and his mind drifted away.

"Of course, I'm willing to wait for you, and our child is waiting for us. So quickly do whatever you have to do, then come back and marry me and tell everyone the existence of our child," that woman had once told him. "Don't worry. I will marry no one except you in this life."

Her vow still echoed in his ears, but now things had long been different. 'Heh! Waiting for me and will marry no one except me? All of them are lies. Women aren't to be trusted.' He narrowed his eyes, a ruthless look appearing on his face.

"Ouch!" Carolyn suddenly screamed.

Adrien instantly returned to his senses, realizing that his burning cigarette had inadvertently scalded his arm.

Carolyn covered the scalded skin and said with a pout, "Look what you've done, Mr. Tanner..."

"Oops, I'm so sorry. Here, let me see if it hurts."

Looking at the intimate interaction of the two, Sharon was not only not angry but also covered her mouth with a giggle of excitement.

At that moment, a subordinate came to report. "Mr. Tanner, Jensen is here."

Carolyn and Sharon both panicked, with Carolyn springing to her feet. "We can't let him see us like this, or word will get back to Christopher, and it will be a problem."

"Then you guys go now. We will chat again sometime," Adrien said with a smile.

"Okay, Mr. Tanner, I will see you tomorrow then," Carolyn said, giving him a flirtatious

glance before leaving with Sharon.

As soon as they were out of the private lounge, they bumped into Jensen. Carolyn straightened her back and walked forward with a straight face. Sharon smiled at Jensen. "You seem to know Mr. Tanner well and often come to see him."

"I have business dealings with Mr. Tanner. So it is normal for me to see him, but you and Auntie Carolyn..." Jensen looked at Carolyn with a meaningful smile.

Carolyn grunted sheepishly, "I came here just to pass the time because this club was fun. Don't overthink." With that, she brought Sharon and hurriedly left.

Jensen sneered as he turned and went into the lounge. A pungent perfume smell assaulted his nostrils as soon as he entered. He frowned in disgust and sneered at the man sitting on the couch. "Since when do I need to notify you when I come to see you? Are you afraid I will spoil your fun with women?"

"Fun with women?" Adrien sneered, his face ruthless.

Jensen could not care less about his nonsense, and he said to him coldly, "Hand over Kisa now."

Chapter 888 Darkness in Your Bones

Only then did

Adrien look him in the eye, and he smiled sarcastically. "Gilbert is going crazy looking for that woman. I didn't know you were not any better."

"Now that you have had your revenge, they-"

"I have had my revenge?" Adrien burst out laughing as if he had heard something funny. Rising to his feet and walking up to Jensen, he looked into his dark eyes and laughed like a madman. "You think I have had my revenge after creating a misunderstanding between them? Jensen, you think too kindly of me."

"What do you mean?" Jensen's expression slightly changed, his eyes turning cold.

"Meaning that it is not enough, not by a long shot."

"W-What else do you want?"

"I want GK Pictures, the Kooper family's property, and everyone in their family to be in misery." Adrien took a drag and chuckled. "This revenge is nothing compared to the pain I endured back then."

Jensen stared with grave eyes at the intense hatred on his face, and after a long while, he said faintly, "I just want Kisa to be safe."

“Don’t worry. She is not in my hands. I won’t harm her, as she is still greatly useful to me.”

“What else do you want to do with her?” Jensen frowned.

“Who else do you think would be better suited to take on Gilbert than her?” Adrien smiled wryly.

“You want to use her against Gilbert?”

Adrien puffed out a ring of smoke, turned around to sit on the couch, and then smiled, saying nothing.

Jensen suddenly chuckled. “Then your plans are going to fail. Kisa loves Gilbert, and no matter what, she won’t hurt Gilbert. Even if they fall out now, it doesn’t necessarily mean she will turn on him.”

Adrien guffawed. “That is because there hasn’t been anything more provoking or despairing to give her a push.”

Jensen’s heart sank upon hearing this, and he asked in a bitter voice, “What do you want to do?” Adrien did not answer but only smiled at him with an insidious look.

Jensen clenched his hands at his sides. “I don’t care what you’re going to do. Anyway, if you dare to hurt Kisa and Gilbert, then I won’t spare you,” Jensen said and walked out.

Adrien suddenly called out to him. “In fact, you have a heart of darkness. So why do you always force yourself to worry about them?” Adrien smoked a cigarette and smiled absently behind him. “Jensen, oh, Jensen. No one knows you better than I do. In fact, you are eager

to break them up more than anyone else. You want to see. Gilbert in misery, don't you?"

Jensen clenched his hands at his sides and snickered.

"You think everyone is as dark as you are inside?"

Adrien smiled meaningfully, but his face sank as soon as Jensen disappeared in the doorway. As much as he did not want to admit the existence of this child of his, he had to admit that his son was most like the younger version of him. The complex emotions Jensen had for Gilbert momentarily reminded him of what he had done to Damon back then.

Damon was the brightest guy of his time. The more outstanding Damon was, the more it set off Adrien's inferiority and darkness. Adrien was jealous of Damon, but he could not help wanting to be close to him. When he learned the news of Damon's death, he cried and laughed simultaneously, unable to distinguish whether he was happy or sad. He only remembered that he had been drunk for two days and two nights at that time.

During the night, Kisa could not fall asleep. She abruptly sat up from her bed and made up her mind.

Chapter 889 Wrong Person

She was going to make another trip to Hillsby. If the two jailers also admitted that Gilbert had threatened them, then she would never make excuses for him again. She considered this trip as a second chance for herself and Gilbert.

She still felt that the warden and the two guards would not conspire to frame Gilbert. If all of them said that Gilbert was behind the fire and their words matched, she would stop doubting and accept the truth. But if the two jailers said that Gilbert had never threatened them, then she would have to rethink whatever the warden said.

As the thought crossed her mind, there was a sudden sound of the door opening in the living room. She subconsciously looked at the time and saw that it was just after 1 am. Jolina told her earlier that she would only b

e back at 4 am. So she wondered if Jolina got off work early today. She didn't move but quietly listened. But the more she listened, the more she felt something was wrong. Although she had not spent much time with Jolina, she knew Jolina was a relatively quiet girl who even walked quietly. But the foot steps in the living room were loud, like that of a man.

While she was thinking, the door suddenly opened. Before she could react to it, a tall figure pounced on her, catching her off guard. She smelled an unfamiliar scent of a man, and it tinged with the smell of alcohol. Kisa panicked.

The living room was faintly lit, and the light that shone into the bedroom was even fainter. As the man's back was against the light, Kisa could not make out his face. She struggled, but to no avail, as the man was grabbing both her wrists and holding them above her head. Before she could scream, the man yelled at her in exasperation.

"Why didn't you answer your phone when I called? Why are you avoiding me, huh?"

Kisa was wide-eyed as she found this voice somehow familiar, like Peter's. 'Indeed, indeed. This is Peter's voice. Aren't Peter and Jolina having some sort of relationship?'

Before the man did something to her, she hurriedly spoke out, "I'm not Jolina. I'm not Jolina. Let go of me!"

The air came to a standstill. Suddenly, the man swore and pulled away from her, and then the light was turned on at the sound of a click. Kisa had gotten up and was cowering in the corner of the room, staring at the man cautiously. It was really Peter. It seemed like he had gotten the wrong person. He looked cranky, his handsome face brimming with rage.

"Why are you here?"

“This is Jolina’s house. What has it to do with you that I’m here?” Kisa said coldly, still hunkering down with a cautious look on her face.

Once Peter saw her cautious look, he could not help but snicker. “Come on. I’m not interested in women like you.”

“Who knows? How can men be trusted? After all, you just pounced on me.”

“You!” Peter was so angry that he bared his teeth and glowered at her before striding

out of the room.

Kisa breathed a sigh of relief after he walked out. Not that she was afraid Peter would do anything to her. After all, from the fact that he pulled away as soon as he knew he had mistaken her for Jolina, he still had a sense of right and wrong, not too drunk to do something foolish. The only thing was that she was wearing Jolina’s sleeping gown, which Jolina had her changed into when she brought her back yesterday, and facing a strange man in her sleeping gown was awkward. Kisa found a jacket and put it on before walking out.

Chapter 890 Seeing Another Man Again

Peter was sitting on the couch and smoking, looking melancholy.

Kisa glanced at him, then went and poured herself a glass of water. Holding the glass of water, she sat down on the other end of the couch and sipped on the water, with no intention of speaking first.

Peter puffed out a ring of smoke and asked, “Where is Jolina?”

His tone of voice was anything but polite, like that of a debt collector. ‘There is no wonder Jolina is avoiding him every time,’ Kisa thought to herself and then said, “I have no idea.”

“You have no idea?” Peter sneered. “If you have no idea, then why the f*ck are you at her house?”

“Should I necessarily know where she is just because I’m at her house?”

Her reply dumbfounded him. He suddenly kicked the coffee table. “Where the hell is Jolina? Are you going to tell me?”

Looking at the man’s angry face, Kisa said absently, “She has left home since six

o’clock.”

“Since six o’clock?” Peter frowned. “What was she doing going out since six o’clock? Is she seeing another man again?”

It sounded so offensive. Kisa could not help but frown. “Can you not speak so disgustingly? She-”

While speaking, the door suddenly opened, and Jolina appeared in the doorway, panting. She had obviously run back, sweat trickling down her forehead, her face reddening from exhaustion. She took a quick glance inside, then walked briskly up to Kisa. “Are you alright, Ms. Becker?”

“I’m alright.” Kisa smiled at her.

“That’s good.” Jolina breathed a sigh of relief. She was on a break when she saw Peter’s message, saying that he was going to her house to look for her. And every time he came to her, he would force himself on her like crazy. She went to work at the barbecue restaurant, partly because she was short of money and partly because she was avoiding him. When she remembered Kisa was sleeping in her room tonight, she was worried that Peter might mistake Kisa for her and hurt Kisa, so she rushed back. It was fortunate that nothing had happened.

The moment Peter saw Jolina, his anger flared again. As he stood up and strode toward her, Jolina tugged on her canvas bag, her face turning pale, obviously frightened.

Kisa frowned and quickly stood in front of Jolina, looking at Peter's ghastly face." What do you want?"

"Get out of the way!" He was already frustrated when he mistook her for Jolina—just now. And now he got even more pissed with her meddling in his and Jolina's affair.

Kisa was used to seeing Gilbert's grim and ruthless look, so facing an enraged Peter was not much scarier. She stood firm in front of Jolina. "This is Jolina's house. If you create trouble again, I will call the police."

"Heh, are you bluffing me?" Peter looked past Kisa at Jolina. "She said she was going to call the police. What do you think?"

Jolina lowered her eyes, tugging at Kisa's sleeve, and whispered to her, "Forget it. I will talk to him outside."

"But he—"

"It is okay. He won't stop until I talk to him."

Kisa pursed her lips, not knowing what else to do. "All right then. If anything happens, call me."

As soon as Kisa's voice trailed off, Peter snickered and reached out to bring Jolina straight out of the door.

Kisa frowned, feeling that Peter's temper was just as horrible as that of Gilbert's. 'Why can't these men talk properly but always yell at women?' Reminding her of Gilbert, she could not help but smile self-deprecatingly. 'Perhaps I would never forget this name for the rest of my life.'

"Can't I f*cking support you? Why do you need to work odd jobs at night?"