

# Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

## Chapter 911 – 920

### Chapter 911 A Sin Most Grave

“Gilbert was chasing after him when the accident happened to Jensen. Jensen may have been speeding, and there were many cars on the bridge, and there were ongoing repair works, so that’s why it happened.”

“Apparently, there was another person in Jensen’s car, a warden or something.”

“Gilbert seemed to be chasing after Jensen for that warden.”

Kisa covered her face in grief as she suddenly recalled what Gilbert had said to her.

“We must find the warden before Jensen does.”

“Can you tell me in advance if you find the warden?”

HAH!

‘The reason that man is looking for the warden is that he wants to kill him.’

‘And I told him all of the news about Jensen having found the warden.’

This would not have happened if she had kept the news about finding the warden a

secret.

‘I’m the one who caused this to befall Jensen, right?’

The tears of grief and regret seeped through the lines between her fingers.

She was extremely anguished.

‘How could he be so ruthless?’

‘Jensen is Gilbert’s cousin brother. How could he?’

‘That’s right. He’s the type that can even kill his own children, so why would he care

about Jensen’s life?’

She had misjudged and trusted the wrong person.

She was the one who had caused Jensen harm.

‘What should I do now? How do I make up for sin so grave?’

A muffled sound of a woman’s crying then rang out from behind.

Peter

was extremely frustrated, although he usually did not like Jensen, as if the whole world owed him something. He, too, did not want something like this to happen to that man.

‘How grating.’

He could not help but speed up, hoping to reach Calthon as soon as possible.

The three of them took turns driving as the car was on the road throughout the day, and they finally arrived at Calthon the next night.

Kisa did not go home but instead got Peter to drive straight to the hospital.

Based on the news from Peter, the car had been pulled out from the river.

The person in the driver’s seat was still breathing, albeit weakly, but the person in the co–driver’s seat died on the spot.

And the person that died was the warden that Jensen had found a few days ago.

Jensen was taken to the best hospital in Calthon.

He was still in the emergency room, and Kelvin had also participated in the operation. The moment the car stopped, Kisa rushed straight into the hospital.

Because she was in too much of a hurry, she tripped the moment she got out of the car. Her palm hit the ground, and a large patch of skin was scraped off, bloodying her hands.

Jolina immediately helped her up and said worriedly, “Miss Kisa, please slow down.”

Kisa bit her lips, and as if she felt no pain, she hurriedly walked into the hospital. Her face was terrifyingly pale.

It was already past eleven in the evening, and no one was in the hospital lobby, leaving it empty and deserted and a few nurses dozing off at the main reception desk.

Kisa was like a lost deer as she wandered the hall in confusion, not even knowing where the emergency room was.

Jolina had been holding onto her, her face lined with concern.

Peter followed behind and saw the directory and, a moment later, said to Jolina, “Go to the right.”

When Jolina heard that, she immediately helped Kisa to go to the right.

After passing through a long corridor, it was another empty hall.

The hall was smaller than the earlier one, with many lounge chairs.

The words ER was written next to it, and the emergency room light was on.

Two people were already in the hall, Gilbert, and Mia.

They were haggard and anxious-looking, and no one spoke a word.

When Kisa appeared, Gilbert’s back stiffened. A moment later, he got up and walked toward her step-by-step...

## Chapter 912 Dead Man Tells No Tales

Gilbert immediately hugged Kisa tightly.

Exhaustion could be heard in his hoarse voice. "You're finally back."

But the same voice sounded relieved as if he had once again found home while breathing a sigh of relief at the end.

Kisa did not move and just allowed him to hug her.

As Jolina had followed Kisa to Hillsby, she too had some knowledge of the 'horrible' things Gilbert had done.

She looked worriedly at Kisa and then back at Peter, wondering if she should push Gilbert away.

Peter pursed his lips as he dragged Jolina away into the aisle.

"Let's not get involved in their personal matters."

"But..."

"Enough. Just let them talk."

Gilbert kept on hugging Kisa. He was suddenly so relieved that all of his tensed nerves suddenly relaxed in an instant.

He put his chin on her shoulder, his eyes tired, and within the exhaustion was a hint of wordless sorrow.

Kisa's eyes were terribly hollow.

She looked at the light on the ceiling in a daze, and after a while, asked coldly, "How's Jensen?"

The moment she mentioned Jensen, Gilbert froze.

Kisa twitched her lips coldly as she pushed away the man before her with absolute indifference.

With a hostile voice, she questioned him again and again.

“You wanted to find and kill the warden that much?”

“And to kill the warden, you’d sacrifice your own cousin’s life?”

Gilbert immediately shook his head.

He guessed that she would blame him for chasing after Jensen, causing the latter to fall into the rushing rapids alongside his car.

But he did not expect her to second guess him like this.

To think that he was such a vicious and cruel person in her heart.

He immediately denied her accusation, “I wasn’t after the warden’s life.”

“For you to chase Jensen off the cliff like this, you’re telling me that you’re not after the warden?”

“I was after the warden because I wanted him to explain *to you* what happened during the fire back then. The warden had framed me,” Gilbert said hurriedly.

His heart kept trembling as he spoke.

Especially when he saw the icy look on that woman’s face, the fear in his heart grew

stronger.

The mention of the fire made the woman’s already icy gaze even more frosty as *deep* hatred and disgust gushed in her eyes.

She then said, “Gilbert, how many lies have you told now? With the warden dead, and a dead man tells no tales, you can just concoct whatever story you want.”

She mocked him coldly, the hatred in her eyes stung him for a moment in the eyes.

Gilbert took two unsteady steps back.

His voice tensed up, “Did someone tell you something?”

“Heh? Aren’t your hands clean? What are you afraid of then?”

Kisa hissed at him, word by word, “Gilbert Kooper, meeting you is the biggest regret in my life! If anything were to happen to Jensen, I will make you pay!”

The woman’s words stabbed into his heart like a sharp blade.

He immediately grabbed her hands, his reddened eyes staring at her.

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“You don’t believe anything I say now, don’t you?”

“Yes!” Kisa answered without even thinking, her voice nonchalant.

She hissed with seething hatred. “With Jensen already like this, you no longer have to lower yourself to please me, lie to me, or use me against him. You must be very happy now, right?”

Gilbert’s red eyes were fixated on her.

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She did not believe him.

To make matters worse, she actually thought that he was deliberately after Jensen and the warden’s life.

“What should I do?”

“The warden is dead. How can I prove my innocence then?”

He suddenly panicked, and his hand immediately grabbed onto her shoulder...

### **Chapter 913 The Chickens Come Home to Roost**

“Listen to me. I had really nothing to do with that fire back then. Jensen told the warden to slander me. Ask him when he wakes up if you don’t believe me.”

“That is enough!” Kisa flung his hand away in disgust, shaking her head in disbelief, her face filled with hatred and disappointment. “I can’t believe that you still want to frame him after you have caused so much harm to him. Just how wicked are you?”

‘She says I’m wicked? How familiar! Just like how I used to say the same thing to her in the same tone of voice and expression. The chickens have come home to roost. It is a punishment handed down by God.’

And no matter how badly they both argued, Mia still sat motionless in her chair, her hands staked on the seat clenched into fists, with traces of blood oozing out of them. Her body was tense, and she stared unblinkingly at the emergency room doors.

The doors to the emergency room finally opened, and Mia immediately stood up. Perhaps she had sat for too long. Her legs were stiff. As she got up too rapidly, she could not get her feet straight and almost fell over.

The person who came out was Kelvin. Kisa hurried up to meet him.

“How is Jensen doing?”

“I will talk to you later.” Kelvin looked anxiously at Gilbert.

“Jensen has lost too much blood. We need to give him a transfusion immediately, but the hospital’s blood bank doesn’t have enough blood, and it is too late to transfer blood from other places.”

“What is his blood type?” Gilbert asked.

“Type B.”

Gilbert seemed relieved. He stepped forth and rolled up his sleeve. “Take mine. Mine is Type B.”

Kelvin frowned. “But even if you donate yours, it is still not enough. You can’t possibly donate all of your blood.”

“Just take as much as he needs.” Gilbert was looking at Kisa while speaking. But Kisa looked indifferent, not appreciating it at all. He secretly forced a

smile, thinking, ‘ She probably thinks I’m pretending again. Even if I donate all of my blood and die, she won’t bat an eyelid.’

The situation was so urgent that Kelvin could not worry about Gilbert’s health. He brought him to get prepared for a blood donation. As he went, he said to Kisa and

Mia, “Go find someone else who has type B blood and could volunteer to donate their blood.”

Kisa and Mia were the only ones left in the hallway now, and the air was still. They went looking for people who had type B blood. But it was early in the morning, and few people were at the hospital. Nevertheless, Kisa still went to the lobby at the entrance and asked around, but no one responded. Just then, she saw from a distance Peter squatting on a flower bed in the courtyard, smoking, and Jolina sitting on a bench six feet away from him. She hesitated but still went over and asked them.

“Do any of you have type B blood?”

Jolina shook her head. “I’m type A. What is wrong?”

“Jensen has lost a lot of blood and needs transfusion as soon as possible, but the blood bank does not have enough blood.”

Peter suddenly stubbed out his cigarette, rose to his feet, and said, “You should have told me earlier. Mine is type B.”

Jolina looked at him in astonishment, not expecting that he would offer to donate his blood to others. Without any delay, Kisa brought Peter to perform a blood donation.

Kisa sat down beside Mia. Knowing that Mia loved Jensen, she did not know how to comfort Mia at this moment. She felt miserable and was so exhausted that she was about to collapse. But she held on, waiting for Jensen to come out of the emergency room safely.

“The windows were all shattered when the car hit the guardrail.”

## Chapter 914 It's Karma

Mia spoke suddenly, her voice slow, deep, and even a little emotionless. “The broken glass pierced him. When he was brought here, he was badly wounded and covered in blood.”

Kisa, whose face was pale, was staggering in her steps. ‘How much pain did he endure, with so many wounds on his body?’ she asked in her mind.

Mia tilted her head and took a breath, murmuring, “The doctor says he’s not looking good.”

Kisa pursed her lips, guilt weighing her down.

‘Jensen is injured because of me; it was all because of me. I hate myself—hating myself for being so easily gullible to Gilbert’s lies and falling into his honey trap. I could do nothing to atone for my sin if Jensen couldn’t make it.’

She gritted her teeth as her hatred for Gilbert grew stronger. She told herself that she would make that ruthless man pay for what he had done, no matter what.

“You were the one who told Gilbert about finding the warden, weren’t you?” Mia suddenly asked Kisa, not like a question, but more like sarcasm and a sneer.

Kisa bit her lip. After a long while, she nodded her head.

SLAP!

One clear slap rang out in the hall, standing out in the silence of the night. Jolina was startled and hurriedly held Kisa as she was about to fall over. She looked at Mia with a frown. “Why did you hit her?”

Mia seemed to regret it and pulled at her hair in anguish. “I know I shouldn’t blame you, but I really hate you. It is because of you that this happens to Jensen. Everything he did and all the misery he suffered is all because of you. I told him to stay out of your business and told him leave with me so he

wouldn't be subject to others, and this wouldn't happen. But he didn't listen. He couldn't let go of you—all of you. You didn't love him, and he knew that. He knew you loved Gilbert, but he was still so adamant. He is a fool who doesn't even understand what he wants.”

Mia nearly broke down, covering her face and crying out in grief. The usual sultry and charming appearance was all gone. Now she was just a small woman who was so grief-stricken to the point of breaking down.

Kisa leaned against Jolina. There was an obvious slap mark on her pale face, making her look even more miserable. Her heart ached as if she were suffocating, and

unprecedented guilt crushing her. She could only clench her hands, but this caused the already bloody wounds to bleed even more. But she seemed to be unable to feel the pain. Or perhaps this was the only way she could mask the agony inside her.

Mia buried her face deep in her hands, and her choked voice carrying unknown guilt and a trace of incomprehensible complex emotions.

“I'm sorry, I'm sorry... It is karma. It is karma...” She suddenly apologized repeatedly, without knowing to whom she was apologizing. She was like a complete madwoman who had broken down beyond her senses. Kisa turned her face away sadly, and tears kept falling. She would rather Gilbert come and kill her than hurt the people around her.

In the dimly lit room, Lea watched a video of a traffic accident over and over again. She was tense and shivering. Just then, a burning chest pressed against her back.

## **Chapter 915 Who Do You Think You Are**

The man put his arms around her waist and sneered, “Is the story about Jensen falling into the river so interesting that it is worth watching it over and over again?” Lea was holding her phone with a trembling hand. “W—Why is this happening?”

“Who knows? I guess Jensen just has bad luck. By the looks of things, he is just a short-lived git.” Anthony snorted carelessly. Seeing Lea’s face pale as a ghost, her body trembling as if unable to accept this fact, Anthony frowned with a flash of suspicion and viciousness on his face.

“Aaaaah!” Lea suddenly cried out, the phone in her hand dropping off onto the carpet

beside the bed.

The man pulled at her hair, forcing her to look up. “You seem to be very heartbroken after Jensen fell into the river. Have you taken a liking to him after just being Kisa’s assistant for a while?”

Lea shook her head but instantly gasped in pain as her hair was being pulled at. Her trembling voice was laden with sobs. “I— I didn’t. I didn’t take a liking to him... Aaaaah!”

“Don’t lie!” Anthony growled. “Look how distraught you are. Who are you trying to

fool?”

“I really didn’t...” Lea cried, her pale face wrinkled in pain.

Anthony flung her away and sneered with contempt as he saw her sprawl out on the bed.

“Who do you think you are? How could someone of Jensen’s stature be interested in you? You are only worthy of being my sex toy. No man will want you if I don’t want you, either.”

Lea gripped the quilt, her heart aching. ‘Yes, I’m just a sex toy for him. He despises me from the very core of his being; he has no respect for me.’

Anthony was inexplicably upset and pulled her over with one hand. He then penetrated her with no foreplay, as if he just wanted to vent his lust. Mia gasped in pain, her tears falling, but she did not make a sound. Anthony was oblivious to all of this, as she was just a toy with no dignity to speak of in his eyes.

He tormented her mercilessly, hating women who hustled alcohol. He had not forgotten that Mia had started out serving alcohol in bars. She reminded him of his low-born but scheming mother, who tricked his father into sleeping with her and used her pregnancy as a bargaining chip to marry into the Mullen family. Because of his mother, he was discriminated against and humiliated from birth. They called him the son of a bargirl, that he was just as cheap as his mother, and that his existence was an insult to the Mullen family's reputation. Even his grandfather was disgusted with him. If he had not always tried to please his grandfather in recent years and even helped him woo Sara, his grandfather would not have spared him a glance.

He squinted with a ruthless look in his eyes and sped up his action when he thought of the past.

Lea's lips were chafed, and she finally could not take it and cry out. "I really have no feelings for Jensen. How dare I fantasize about him? I just feel guilty... I made a mistake. I shouldn't have been a smart alec and told Gilbert about it. It is my fault. It is my fault... Kisa will never forgive me. Never. What am I going to do? I got Jensen killed. What am I going to do?"

### **Chapter 916 Crooked as a Dog's Hind Leg**

Anthony's action halted, his ghastly eyes narrowing suspiciously. "What do you mean?"

Lea said nothing, just cried in misery, her pale face full of guilt.

Anthony had no patience. He grasped her neck and asked, "You better tell me clearly what you did behind my back again."

"I—

I just told Gilbert that Jensen was going to hide that warden at the south side of the mountain. I didn't know this would happen. It is my fault for whatever happened to Jensen and Gilbert. I shouldn't have talked *too* much. It is all my fault."

A flash of fury crept up on Anthony's face as he heard this. "How dare you fucking spoil our plan? Did I treat you too well all this time that you dare to betray me?" He growled, tightening his grasp on her neck.

Lea sobbed uncontrollably. She did not struggle, just cried with guilt. "I was wrong. Kisa must hate me. What should I do? How could this happen? I just thought it would resolve the misunderstanding between Gilbert and Kisa when Gilbert found the warden. But why did this happen? Why?"

Anthony frowned as something suddenly came to his mind. He let go of Lea, looking suspicious. 'Could it be that this was all a setup by Adrien? Otherwise, when we went to the club to celebrate, why did Adrien especially remind me to bring Lea along? Probably Adrien deliberately told Lea about the warden, knowing that Lea had a good relationship with Kisa and so expecting that she would leak the news to Gilbert.' He could not help but gasp at the thought of this.

'What a cunning old man. He played Lea and me without us even knowing it. But on the bright side, he really got it exactly right. Otherwise, I wouldn't have witnessed Gilbert's miserable face. Well, this will make the game even more fun!'

As Lea was still crying, Anthony yanked her by the hair. "I'm warning you. I will forget about it this time. But if you dare to talk to Kisa and Gilbert behind my back again, I won't be so nice to you next time."

Lea just continued to cry, appearing as if she did not hear what he said.

Anthony tightened his grasp. "Do you hear me?"

Lea was in pain, but she could only nod under duress. She had only wanted to make up for Kisa, but now it occurred to her that her mistakes could never be made up for in her lifetime.

Anthony came on top of her again, his voice much softer when he said, "Okay, you don't distract me now. Don't you want a child? I will give it to you now."

Lea stared at him in awe, with a glimmer of fantasy in her mind. She imagined that Anthony still

had some feelings for her. Otherwise, he would not have allowed her to carry his child. But what he said next shattered all her illusions.

“If you can conceive, consider this child a reward. After all, you have contributed perfectly to our plan. If it weren’t for you, Jensen wouldn’t have fallen into the river, and Gilbert and Kisa wouldn’t have been in such a painful situation. Thanks to you, you are a tremendous help to us. You deserve this reward.”

Anthony started moving as soon as his voice trailed off. Lea stared miserably at the ceiling, her heart broken and bloodied by his words. She was beginning to loathe herself, feeling so dirty, lowly, and unworthy of anyone’s forgiveness.

The silence outside the emergency room was depressing. Mia suddenly stood up.

## **Chapter 917 So Vicious It’s Disgusting**

She trudged to the window, then took out her cigarette pack and lighter with trembling hands. It was late at night, and no one would care that she was smoking in the hospital. She lit a cigarette and had just taken a drag when Peter, dressed in a protective suit, came out of the emergency room.

Kisa hurriedly went up to him. “How’s it going?”

Peter shook his head. “They are still trying to revive him. Everyone looks so serious. I don’t know how the situation is.”

Mia leaned against the wall and was somewhat feeble. She held the cigarette tightly and said nothing.

Kisa was worried about Peter’s condition as he had just donated blood, so she

helped him to sit on a chair so he could rest for a while, but Peter frowned and shook off her hand. “What are you doing?” As he said that, he glanced at Jolina, but Jolina did not look at him at all.

“You have just had a blood transfusion, so go rest for a while,” Kisa said.

“No, I didn’t have a blood transfusion,” Peter said and hurriedly explained, “Please don’t misunderstand that I didn’t want to donate my blood to Jensen. It was just that Gilbert didn’t let me.”

“What do you mean?” Kisa furrowed her eyebrows, and her voice went cold.

“He wants Jensen dead. So he didn’t allow you to donate blood to Jensen, right? So, his volunteering to donate blood to Jensen is also a lie, isn’t it?”

No sooner had Kisa said with indignation than Gilbert emerged from the emergency room with a pale face. While the emergency room door was closing, about shutting out the serious and urgent scene inside, Mia stretched her neck, trying to get a glimpse of the situation inside, but saw nothing.

Kisa glowered at Gilbert. “Why are you faking it if you don’t want to save Jensen? What makes you think you can stop others from donating blood to Jensen?”

Peter got a little anxious when he heard. He tugged at her sleeve. “It is not like that. Don’t say anything first.”

Kisa brushed his hand away. “What not like that? Wasn’t he the one who stopped you from donating blood to Jensen?” She glanced with hateful eyes at Gilbert. “You are really so vicious it is disgusting!”

Gilbert was leaning against the wall by the doorway, his face as pale as paper, and he

looked as if he couldn’t stand up. There were a few large needle holes in his wrists, which were particularly sticking out. Gilbert saw her abhorrence of him and suddenly laughed bitterly and sadly and slowly asked, “Am I really that evil in your eyes now?”

“Isn’t that so?” Kisa sneered.

Peter wanted to say something, but Gilbert suddenly waved to stop him and looked at the bitter face of Kisa.

“Don’t worry. I will donate as much blood to Jensen as he needs, even if it drains all of my blood. As long as he is safe and you are happy, I don’t care if I die. So, are you happy?”

However, she was not the slightest bit impressed, no matter what Gilbert said. She just sneered and mocked him. “Gilbert, why do you have to pretend here? Isn’t this the outcome you want to see? Who are you doing this for? Get out of my sight! I don’t want to see you for a second.” She really hated him now, wanting to kill him.

Gilbert smiled at her—a smile with a dash of sultry resentment. “Do you really despise me like that?”

“Yes.”

Her utter disdain was like a knife lacerating him. He took a deep breath, straightened up, and slowly walked down the aisle. “Okay, I will leave... as you wish.”

But just as his voice trailed off, he collapsed limply toward the ground.

## **Chapter 918 Trying to Kill Himself**

“Mr. Kooper!” Jolina shouted subconsciously, looking anxiously at Kisa.

However, Kisa remained indifferent and abhorrent. In her eyes, whatever Gilbert was doing at the moment was all a show, and he was so good at acting that he could fool everyone. Now she told herself she would not and would never fall for it again.

Peter could not help but say to Kisa, “You have actually misunderstood him. As much as he didn’t want me to talk about it, I couldn’t keep quiet anymore.”

Kisa said nothing, her face remaining taut and sullen.

“I wanted to donate blood to Jensen, but Gilbert kept asking Kelvin to draw his blood like a madman. Kelvin said that he had reached his limit and would be detrimental to his body if he continued to do this. Kelvin was supposed to have me donate blood to Jensen, but Gilbert wouldn't let him take my blood and said I could replace him when no more blood could be drawn from him. He was like a man possessed,” Peter said.

“So what?” Kisa asked indifferently, “What do you want to say? Or are you trying to speak for him?”

Kisa's unfeeling attitude was really frightening, and Peter could not help but lament in his mind.

‘Gilbert has been cocky all his life, and his falling in love with this cold-blooded woman is unfortunate.’ Peter leaned back against a pillar in the hallway, glanced at Gilbert, who had passed out on the floor, and said absently to Kisa, “I'm not trying to speak for him. It is just that he gave me the feeling that he wanted to kill himself. I just want to remind you not to dismiss him categorically to avoid hurting someone without realizing it.”

Kisa snorted. “He wants to kill himself?” This sounded like a joke to her. She said to

Peter, “He is a good actor. Don't let him fool you. He went to great lengths to deceive me emotionally just to target Jensen. Now that he has achieved his goal, why would he want to kill himself?” She stared at Gilbert on the floor almost callously. “He is good at pulling tricks. Watch and see if he will die so easily.”

Peter was stumped. ‘Well, men could do nothing about it when women become cold-hearted.’

Jolina stared at Gilbert on the ground with distress, unable to associate such a Gilbert with a vicious guy. But since Kisa hated him and accused him of that, she knew many things must have happened between them, and those things had broken Kisa's heart. Otherwise, Kisa would never treat a person so callously. Although she did not know Kisa well, she could tell that Kisa was a sentimental person.

It was pouring again in Calthon, and the lightning and thunder were unsettling. Madalyn walked slowly to the window with her walking stick. It was raining so heavily outside that the rain, blown in by the wind, soaked the curtains and the carpet near the window. Madalyn hurriedly closed the window. Looking at the heavy rain, she frowned. There was always a touch of grief and hatred on her weathered face.

“Grandma...” Suddenly, a feeble voice came from behind her. Madalyn spun around and saw that Gilbert had woken up and was looking at her quietly. “Grandma, how did I come home?” He asked softly, staring at the familiar furnishings in the room. Those horrible and unforgiving words seemed like a nightmare. He did not even dare to think about it, and his heart ached to the point of suffocation whenever he thought of it.

## **Chapter 919 For the Rest of His Life**

Madalyn pursed her lips and then said, “It was Davian who brought you back.” A flash of anger crept up on her face. “You wanted to kill yourself, didn’t you? The doctor said you lost too much blood. If you don’t take care of yourself now, you will get yourself killed.”

“But Jensen isn’t out of danger yet. No matter how much blood he needs, I’m willing to donate it to him.” Gilbert murmured, his bleary eyes staring vacantly at the ceiling. ‘Kisa hates me for a reason. The other things aside, it was my pursuit that caused Jensen’s accident. If I hadn’t been chasing, he wouldn’t have fallen into the river.’ He felt powerless at the thought of this indisputable fact, feeling his explanation weak and empty. He rubbed his forehead in dismay, questioning himself. ‘Why wasn’t I the one who met with such an accident? Would Kisa be anxious, instead of hating me so much as she does now if this happens to me?’

Seeing his expression, Madalyn quickly asked, “What’s wrong? You feel unwell?” Gilbert said nothing but only slightly closed his eyes. Madalyn suddenly sighed sadly. “No one wants this to happen to Jensen. So don’t blame yourself too much. Just hope he can pull through now.” Gilbert remained silent.

nt. His decrepit look was heartbreaking. Madalyn patted his hand and sighed. "Take a good rest. I'm going to have the maids make you some chicken soup." She glanced at him with distress before quietly exiting the room.

Davian came in not long after Madalyn left.

"Mr. Kooper." Davian greeted him.

Gilbert breathed in gently before looking over at Davian. "How is Jensen?"

Davian was silent for a long while before he said, "He has been transferred to the general ward, but he hasn't woken up yet."

"What did Kelvin say?"

Davian lowered his eyes and pondered for a moment. "He said Jensen's life is not in danger, but..."

A turn of phrase had Gilbert on edge again. He stared at Davian for a moment and said in a hoarse voice, "Go ahead. Tell me all at once."

Davian pursed his lips and said, "But I'm not sure when he will wake up. It all depends on God's will. Maybe he will wake up in a few days, or maybe... There is a possibility that he may not wake up for the rest of his life."

'For the rest of his life...' Gilbert's heart sank. 'How long is a lifetime?' He dreaded thinking about it. 'If Kisa hates me for the rest of my life, then what could I do?' A heavy sense of powerlessness engulfed him at the thought of this.

Seeing Gilbert's dismal face, Davian said, "Don't worry too much. Doctors usually make conservative predictions. Maybe Jensen will wake up in a few days. Take your grandma's case as an example; the doctor also said it was possible that she would never wake up, but she woke up."

Gilbert forced a smile, thinking to himself, 'Who would dare to guarantee a miracle like that?' His heart ached when he thought of Kisa's callous words in the hospital. But he still harbored the illusion that she still somewhat cared for him. He asked Davian, "Did Kisa tell you to come and get me when I fainted in the hospital after losing too much blood?"

Davian got a little angry at the mention of this. "Of course, it was *not* her. It was Peter. When I arrived at the hospital, you were still lying on the floor. Not one of them at the scene cared to call the doctor to take a look at you, nor did they carry *you* to lay you on a bench or something. They just let you lie on the cold floor of the hospital. I feel angry even thinking about it now. Had I not been late, they would still have left you on the floor just like that."

## Chapter 920 Like a Dead Man

Davian spoke indignantly before realizing that he had talked inappropriately

He glanced at Gilbert, only to see Gilbert staring blankly at the ceiling with no expression on his face. Davian was relieved. He thought his speaking out of turn had upset Gilbert.

"Mr. Kooper, you..."

"Leave me alone." Gilbert suddenly said with little emotion in his voice. He sounded rather calm and somewhat eerie.

Davian asked worriedly, "Are you all right, Mr. Kooper?"

"Get out and leave me alone."

Davian pursed his lips and headed outside.

After Davian left, Gilbert closed his eyes, and tears instantly trickled down from the corners of his eyes. 'All she has left of me now is disgust and hatred and even a wish for

my death. Now that the warden is dead and Jensen is in a coma, how else can I explain to her?' The sense of powerlessness left him with a deep sense of despair. It was a feeling that was worse than dying. How he wished he was the one, not Jensen, lying unconscious in the hospital now.

“Jensen!” Kisa

was jolted out of her nightmare. She looked around anxiously, only to see four white walls surrounding her. The air smelled of disinfectant. She realized this was a hospital and wondered what Jensen’s condition was now. Kisa had dreamed of Jensen falling in front of her, covered in blood, and no matter

how loud she called out, he did not respond. In the dream, she was terrified, desperately wanting to wake up, as Jensen might be fine if she woke up. But she found that she still had to face the cruel reality after she had woken up.

Lea quickly came up to her, wiping the sweat from her forehead. “Kisa, you are finally awake.”

“What happened to me?” She remembered she was waiting outside the emergency room and then fainted when the emergency room door opened. She could not recall what happened after that and did not know Jensen’s current condition. Without waiting for Lea to answer, she asked, “Where is Jensen? How is he?”

Lea patted her on the back. “You were so tired and slept for two days. Jensen is in the general ward and hasn’t woken up yet.”

Kisa got out of bed at once. “Which ward is it? I will go check on him.”

Jensen’s room was not far from hers. When Kisa went there, she found another person in the ward: Adrien.

Adrien was staring at the unconscious man in the hospital bed, his expression a little strange. Not until he saw her did his usual elegance and calmness return to his face. But his eyes were still bloodshot as if he had been crying.

Kisa was still weak, so it was Lea who helped her to Jensen’s bedside. Looking at Jensen’s pale face, tears started to fall from Kisa’s eyes.

Jensen was wearing an oversized patient gown with a slightly open collar and gauze bandages visible to the naked eye underneath. The bandages were even permeated with sporadic traces of

f blood. His eyes were closed, and his face was without color. If not for his faint breathing, he did not even look like a person who was still alive.

Kisa slowly sat down on the edge of the bed, took Jensen's hand, and sobbed uncontrollably in grief. "I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. I shouldn't have fallen for his rhetoric and told him about the warden without first discussing it with you. It is all my fault. Wake up. Wake up, Jensen."

Kisa's suppressed and grieving sobs filled the room. Lea was biting her lower lip, also torn by the same intense guilt. She looked at Adrien with her hands clenched at her sides, but Adrien signaled with his eyes for her to go out. While Lea hesitated, Adrien went out.