

# Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

## Chapter 921 – 930

### Chapter 921 He Is Born Cold-Blooded and Ruthless

Adrien leaned against the wall at the far end of the hallway and smoked.

Lea walked over to him apprehensively. She knew Adrien was a powerful man whom Sharon and Anthony were both sucking up to. So she knew she could not afford to offend him. But he was responsible for Kisa and Gilbert's fallout. Whenever she saw Kisa's grief-stricken face, she had wanted to tell the truth but did not dare. She was still too timid and cowardly.

"Mr. Tanner."

"Anthony dotes on you, doesn't he?" Adrien asked an entirely unrelated question. Lea was transfixed for a moment, not saying anything. He exhaled a ring of smoke and smiled absently. "I wanted to kill you a few times, but Anthony stopped me."

Lea was wide-eyed, not fearing his killing intent but in shock that Anthony would protect her.

"You and Anthony are pretty close, too, aren't you?" Adrien looked at her. He had a gentle smile on his face, but the look in his eyes was intimidating. "Frankly speaking, Anthony is just a stooge of the Mullen family. I can have him kicked out of the Mullen family and also put him in charge of the Mullen family. The key depends on how you behave."

"Me?" Lea was too stunned to speak.

Adrien suddenly drew closer to her and chuckled. "I don't like killing people. If you are smart, then keep your mouth shut. If you talk too much, you and Anthony... Heh!" Adrien said nothing more, but that last chuckle had a strong, chillingly threatening connotation. He stubbed out his cigarette, walked past her, and headed for Jensen's ward.

Lea tugged tightly at the straps of her backpack. Her back was wet with sweat because of her internal struggle. A moment later, she finally exhaled and smiled self-deprecatingly, conscious of the fact that she was also an extremely selfish person.

Adrien and Lea came back, one after the other. Kisa wiped the tears from her eyes and asked, "Where were you two going?"

Adrien said nothing, just looked meaningfully at Lea.

Lea came over and whispered to her, "Mr. Tanner is worried about you. He just asked me to go out and told me to take good care of you."

Kisa stared at Jensen and said to Adrien, "Thank you." Her hand was still holding

Jensen's, which was shapely with long fingers. He had several tiny cuts on the back of his hand, all from the broken glass. She stroked the wounds, heartbroken, with guilt on her face.

Adrien glanced at her and said in a sad voice, "The doctor said that Jensen might not wake up for the rest of his life."

Kisa's heart sank, accompanied by a tinge of grief. 'For the rest of his life... But he is so young and so outstanding. How could he spend his life lying in bed like this?'

"I never expected that Gilbert would do such a thing. At first, I thought since they were brothers and even if Gilbert wanted to kill the warden, he wouldn't hurt Jensen. But I overestimated the weight of family in his heart," Adrien said.

The mention of Gilbert made Kisa's heart swell with intense hatred. 'Family? Heh, when did he ever care about relationships in this world? He is born to be a cold-blooded and ruthless person. I should have seen through him after the fire that year.'

“If I had known this would happen, the warden should have hidden at my place so that nothing would have happened to Jensen.”

## Chapter 922 Give as Good as I Take

Adrien suddenly sighed, sounding self–recriminating.

“It is not your fault. It is my fault; I was the one who caused this to happen to Jensen,

”

Kisa said, her eyes narrowing grimly. “So, I will avenge him.” Not only Jensen’s revenge but also hers. She would seek revenge against Gilbert. ‘Heh, you played with my feelings, didn’t you? Gilbert, do you think I am the best person in the world to fool and manipulate? This time, I will give as good as I take.’

The rain poured down. Gilbert was standing in the courtyard, letting the rain beat down on him.

Madalyn stood

at the doorway and called out anxiously, but Gilbert did not seem to hear her. She tugged urgently at Kelvin. “Come on, Kelvin, pull him in. He is still weak. He can’t stand in the rain like this. Come on!”

“Just let him be. Maybe he will feel better this way.” Kelvin looked at Gilbert in the rain and spoke with distress.

‘Emotional wounds are much more difficult to heal than physical ones. It is not a bad idea for Gilbert to relieve his anguish by penalizing himself physically,’ he thought to himself.

Madalyn was so anxious that she cried, hissing at Gilbert, “Tell me what you want, and I will give it to you. I will let you do anything you want. You always wanted to be with that woman, didn’t you? I agree, I agree. What else do you want, Gilbert?”

Gilbert’s eyes were bloodshot as he looked sadly at Madalyn, but he just said in his mind, “It is too late. Everything is too late. Kisa and I could never b

e together again. I have confessed to her, and now that the key witness is dead, I can't explain myself anymore." Gilbert was arrogant and conceited all his life and always got whatever he wanted. But at this moment, he was drowned in despair. That intense grief and powerlessness tore him alive, and the only thing he wanted now was to get relief.

It rained cats and dogs for five days and nights in a row in Calthon, as if the heavens were sad and cried with them. On the sixth day, the sky above Calthon finally cleared up. Even on a hot summer day, people welcomed the long-lost sunshine and found it lovely.

Kisa carefully wiped Jensen's face with a damp towel in the hospital ward. It had been a few days since Jensen was transferred to the general ward. The doctor said that if there were no other complications and the wounds healed, Jensen could be discharged and go home.

After Kisa finished wiping Jensen down, she sat in the chair next to the bed, then took his hand and talked to him, as usual. The doctor said that talking to him more might wake him up. For the past few days, she had been caring for Jensen in the hospital and did not go anywhere.

She felt it strange that Mia did not show up in the past few days, wondering if she was busy taking care of Blake. But then she knew that was unlikely, as Blake was at school during the week. With Mia's obsessive feelings for Jensen, she could not possibly miss out on visiting him. She had also called Mia, but Mia did not answer. So she thought perhaps Mia was busy with other things.

Kisa put the back of Jensen's hand to her face and murmured, "Will you wake up soon? As long as you wake up, I will do whatever you want. I won't see Gilbert anymore. I won't be obsessed with hatred anymore."

Outside the ward, Gilbert was staring morosely at the scene in the ward.

## **Chapter 923 Unforgivable Sinner**

He silently clenched his hands at his sides, and his heart was heavy and aching. With Jensen in this condition, Gilbert did not even dare to face Kisa. When he saw her guarding Jensen by the bedside, holding Jensen's hand tightly, he was so jealous that he almost went mad. But he knew he had no right to be jealous because he had caused this irreparable situation.

He stared at Kisa's face from afar, his eyes reddening, as he found that she had lost weight again, looking skinnier and skinnier. He wanted to rush in and hug her, but he could not because she had said she did not want to see him even for a second, that his presence would only make her loathe and sick. So, he could only hide and watch her from the darkness.

He felt guilty and did not know how to make up for it. He wanted to donate all his blood to Jensen, but even then, Jensen had still not woken up but kept sleeping. No one knew when he could wake up. Gilbert did not know where this left him. As long as Jensen did not wake up, he would always be an unforgivable sinner.

Gilbert looked at Kisa from outside the door for a long time until Mia came this way. He spun around and hurried to the stairway. He was now a sinner and was ashamed of meeting those who loved and cared for Jensen. He did not even dare to face them.

Mia spotted Gilbert and glanced sullenly at him from behind as he left. A moment later, she pushed open the door and entered the ward. When Kisa saw her, she was transfixed for a moment.

Kisa then said with a light smile, "You have finally come to see Jensen." She knew Mia was the person who loved Jensen the most in the world and that she could not possibly leave Jensen behind.

"Mhm," Mia responded indifferently, not really pleased to see Kisa.

Not sure if it was just a hallucination, Kisa found a touch of complex emotions in Mia's eyes. She could not tell what it was, but it looked like guilt and also hatred.

Mia came over and took a look at Jensen. After a while, she said to Kisa, "I found a better place for Jensen to recuperate. I will take him there when he is discharged."

Only then did it dawn on Kisa that Mia had not come to visit Jensen for the past few days because she had gone to find Jensen a place to recuperate. Mia had also lost a lot of weight, her face less ravishing and looking more haggard.

Kisa nodded at her. "Well, I'm sure Jensen will wake up."

"As for Blake..." Mia glanced at her, "I will need your help to help look after that child."

"Don't mention it. I'm more than happy to look after Blake."

"Heh!" Mia suddenly snickered. "That is what you should probably do."

Kisa thought Mia was blaming her for what she had caused Jensen, rendering them unable to take care of Blake, so she did not give what Mia said a second thought. As she got up to give up the chair to Mia, Mia said to her, "I just saw Gilbert outside the ward."

Kisa froze for a second and said nothing.

Mia snickered. "Because there was no tangible evidence, the police ruled that this was just an accident. Heh, an accident. No one is to blame." Her tone of voice reeked of sarcasm.

Kisa pursed her lips before saying, "Don't worry. I will take revenge for Jensen."

## **Chapter 924 People Have Their Own Destinies**

"As you wish. I didn't want to get involved in your business. Now that Jensen is in a coma, I don't want to get involved even more." With that, Mia stopped talking and stared at Jensen.

Before this, she and Jensen were forced to help Adrien do so many things, and she felt guilty about Gilbert and Kisa. But now, Jensen had met with such an accident beca

use of Gilbert's pursuit. She found it hard not to hate and blame them. But she also knew she had no right to blame them. If there was anything she could blame, it was karma.

After Mia came to the hospital, she did not leave again. She was by Jensen's side almost all the time.

Kisa went back to her place that evening, not wanting to disturb them anymore. Once arrived, she stood in front of Jensen's house for a long time, having a lump in her throat. In the past, whenever she came back, Jensen would lean at the doorway, smoking a cigarette, smiling, and asking her if she was tired of filming. And now, she was standing between her and his houses, only to feel sad and lonely. She could no longer hear Jensen's mellow voice and his gentle, concerned smile. Kisa leaned against the door of his house and looked up at the hallway light overhead with

reddened eyes.

'How wonderful it would be if it was all just a dream. I brought harm to a man who always cared for me and treated me the best at all times. I will never forgive myself.'

Peter was a little upset in the clubhouse and not in the mood to play pool. In the past, there was Jensen to play with him. But now, looking at the bodyguards who just tried to flatter him, Peter could not muster up any enthusiasm. He pulled at his tie and flung himself onto the couch with melancholy.

Adrien had just finished his business with a client. When he came out of the meeting, he could not help but smile when he saw the melancholy look on Peter's face. He took a glass of cocktail from the waiter's hand and walked over to him.

"You look so upset. Is it because of women again?" he asked, putting the glass down in front of Peter.

Peter picked up the glass and gulped down the cocktail.  
“No, this time, it is because of men.” He looked at Adrien.  
“Tell me why Jensen is so unlucky. He is still so young and now bedridden. I’d rather die than be barely alive if it were me.”

Adrien’s face changed. He took out a cigarette, lit it, and took a drag.  
“People have  
their own destinies.”

Peter glanced at him and asked in puzzlement, “By the way, Uncle Adrien, he used to work for you and still does things for you occasionally. Aren’t you upset about what happened to him?” When they were on Kerrona Hill, Peter always felt that Adrien’s relationship with Jensen was strange, unlike a boss and a subordinate. But this time, with Jensen having an accident, Adrien appeared more indifferent than anyone else. So Peter could not help but wonder if he was wrong about them on Kerrona Hill..

Adrien slowly exhaled a puff of smoke and snickered. “I have countless people under my command. If I were to be upset when everyone had an accident like this, I would have been upset to my death.”

“No, that is not what I meant.”

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“Enough, Peter. Why are you so strange today? Aren’t you at odds with Jensen? Why are you so sorry for him today instead?”

“I’m not sorry for him.” Peter could not describe what he felt.  
“I just think it is quite unfortunate that he met something like this. I pity him.”

‘Pity?’ Adrien held his cigarette and was deep in thought.

Just then, Peter suddenly asked him again.

## Chapter 925 A Big Gift for You

“Uncle Adrien, I thought I heard you guys plotting against Gilbert earlier. Do you have any grudge against Gilbert and Kisa? I think-”

“These things are too complicated and not for you to ask about or get involved in.” Adrien suddenly interrupted him. Instead of being stern, his voice had a hint of doting. “Just remember, later on, I will have a big gift for you.”

Peter got a little perplexed. “Uncle Adrien, why are you being so nice to me?”

“Because...” Adrien looked at his familiar face and chuckled, “I have been friends with your father for many years, and so I consider his child my own. Besides, I don’t have any children of my own.”

Peter smiled, feeling a little embarrassed. He somehow found some of Adrien’s words and demeanor strange, but he could not put his finger on them.

“Mr. Tanner, Mrs. Case is here to see you.” Just then, a bodyguard reported in.

Adrien smiled. “Invite her in.”

“Aye, Mr. Tanner.”

Peter stood up at once. “Since you have a guest, I will excuse myself.”

“Hmm, don’t wander off in Calthon. Take care of that wound on your arm, too, as it gets infected easily in the heat.”

Peter smiled and rolled up his cuffs. “I have never even shown this injury before but you can still tell. You really have a keen eye.”

you,

“Since I promised your father I would take good care of you in Calthon. I will keep my word for sure.”

As they spoke, Carolyn walked in.

Peter did not like Carolyn and Sharon, nor understand why Adrien was so concerned about Carolyn. No matter how he looked at it, he felt that Adrien was not like someone with no class. But, he could not really comment on that since beauty was in the beholder's eye.

"Mr. Tanner, you seemed to have a bad day last time. Are you okay?"

After the last time, Carolyn saw Adrien's dreadful side. She had been much more restrained. She was still dressed to the nines, wearing a long, sexy dress that did not suit her, but at least she was not as flamboyant as she was before. She was standing

in front of Adrien, looking a little nervous. In fact, she was still a little afraid of him. But she had not seen him for a few days and missed him like crazy. She was waiting for him to take the initiative to contact her and apologize to her. But she waited, checking her phone every day, but did not even get a text message from him. Carolyn stared at her phone all day long at home and was going crazy. Christopher even said she was like being possessed. At last, she could not help but come to see him today. Only two men in this world could make her disregard her ego and please them with humility. One was the Kooper family's eldest son, David, and the other was this man, Adrien.

Adrien was back to his usual gentlemanly self. He smiled at Carolyn and said, "I was out of control last time. I hope you didn't take offense, Mrs. Case."

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No, no, Mr. Tanner. I'm glad you are okay."

"Ha—  
ha, relax, Mrs. Case. Come on, have a seat." Adrien smiled, took her to sit on the couch, and ordered the waiter to bring some juice and food.

Seeing Adrien was still as gentle and considerate to her as before, she was secretly pleased, and there was a touch of shyness on her face again.

Adrien took that all in, and a quick snicker flashed across his face. 'Soon, these people will be going to hell!' he said in his mind.

Kisa locked herself in her room for two days and two nights. The curtains in the room were drawn so tightly that no light could penetrate. In the darkness, Kisa sat dazedly on the bed with her knees in her arms, her face still streaked with tears. She had been thinking about revenge for the past two days, feeling that all she had left to do now that she was alive was to take revenge.

Suddenly, there was a sound outside the door.

### **Chapter 926 She Asks Him to Stay**

She pulled the quilt tighter around her body, staying still as she heard footsteps in the living room. They sounded heavy and intermittent. Even without looking, she could tell that it was Gilbert's footsteps.

She was so familiar with that man that she could even recognize his footsteps right away, but she never understood what was in his mind. Otherwise, she would not have been deceived by him so much. She had known him for many years and was familiar with him, but she had never had access to his heart.

Gilbert quietly looked at the plain furnishings of the house. He missed her a lot these days, like going crazy. But he still did not dare to go to her and see her. In the end, he could only come to her house to recollect the bits and pieces between them. He had never expected that the sweet time they had spent together before would only become a dream that was so out of his reach. Now that his dream was shattered. Even the memory of it still hurts. He sat down wearily on the couch, leaning his head back on the back of the couch with his eyes slightly closed. What lingered in his head was her face. There was happiness and sweetness. But there was also grief, hatred, and callousness.

Involuntarily, he thought again of the cruel words she had said in the hospital the other day. He subconsciously frowned, his heart again aching badly. 'Grandma is right; I'm the only one who is most trapped in this relationship. And now, what should I do? I can't extricate myself unless I die,' he thought to himself.

Suddenly, there was a faint sound of the door opening. He froze, opened his eyes abruptly, and saw Kisa leaning against the doorway of her room. "Y-You are home?"

'I thought she was keeping Jensen company at the hospital. Had I known she was home, perhaps I wouldn't have come.' Gilbert was afraid to see her icily unforgiving face, afraid that she would mention Jensen's accident to him. Although Jensen's accident was his unintentional mistake, he did not have the courage to explain himself and shirk his responsibility.

Kisa looked at him quietly, with no expression on her pale face.

Gilbert suddenly got up and whispered, "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have come here." With that, he headed outside. Since she had said she would be sick at the sight of him, he tried to avoid her as much as possible so that she would be less disgusted with him.

Kisa stared ponderously at him from behind, her hands secretly clenched at her sides. After a while, she chased after him as if she had made up her mind about something. "Don't go!" She hugged him from behind by his slender waist, her voice

containing a touch of vulnerable cry in it. "Don't go."

Gilbert froze and completely became unresponsive. 'Didn't she hate me? Didn't she still blame me for Jensen's accident? Isn't she still disgusted with me and wants me dead? So what does she mean by suddenly asking me to stay?' His heart trembled terribly. He did not push her away, although he had doubts and confusion.

Kisa pressed her face to his back, sobbing uncontrollably. There was even a touch of humility in her tone.

"I know you never liked me, and I know your previous kindness to me was all fake, but I can't help it. I'm stuck. Gilbert, I love you. I can't lose you. Call me stupid or cheap; I will still follow you and stick with you for the rest of my life."

Gilbert listened in disbelief at what she said.

'What has happened? Why would she say such a thing to me? Isn't she still hating me?' While he was wondering, Kisa had already come around in front of him, standing on tiptoe and kissing him on the lips. Gilbert tensed up, and his pupils contracted. He then carried her into his arms and strode back toward the bedroom.

## Chapter 927 He Never Has Self-Control Over Her

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Placing the woman gently on the bed, he backed away slightly and stared into her glistening eyes, asking in a hoarse voice, "Do you know what you are doing right now?"

Kisa said nothing. She just hooked his neck and kissed him again. Her tender yet passionate kiss made him lose his mind completely. He could not think about anything, just wanted to hold her and indulge himself once more. The woman beneath him was so passionate and perverse that every movement perfectly matched him. Because of her passionate cooperation, Gilbert almost went crazy and made love to her until late at night.

He never thought that he could make love to her in such a hearty way in this life. Even at this moment, when she was sleeping peacefully beside him, all of this felt like a dream to him; it was unreal in every way. After that, he leaned against the headboard, languidly smoking a cigarette. His upper body was half exposed, his chest full of her passionate and wild scratches. He puffed out a ring of smoke, looking gently at the woman beside him. He had never been an indulgent person. In the years when Kisa disappeared, he had touched no woman. She was the only woman he had ever had. In this regard, he thought he had good self-control. But at this moment, looking at her fair and smooth shoulders, the feeling returned to him. He never had self-control over her. Hastily, he turned his eyes away. Thinking of her passionate reaction just now caused his lips to curl up involuntarily in a smile, his eyes growing softer and softer.

Kisa was lying on her side with her back to him. She slowly opened her eyes and stared

at the chaotic garments on the floor with cold eyes. 'As long as he is still interested in my body, then I can definitely take revenge on him,' she thought.

Gilbert had just finished smoking a cigarette when he heard the woman beside him moan softly. He hurriedly turned to look and saw her turn around, looking at him with enigmatic eyes. He had never thought she could charm men before, but at this moment, her appearance of being half-awake, especially after making love, with a blush on her face, was a sight that no man could resist. His eyes darkened, but he fought back the spur of passion inside him. After all, he had already been making out for a long time, and his body could not sustain any more of it.

He took the woman into his arms and looked at her with gentle eyes. "You are awake? Are you hungry?"

"Hmm." Kisa nodded her head gently.

Neither of them mentioned the wild moment they just had nor the burdensome hatred and enmity.

Gilbert gave her a peck on the lips and smiled. "Hold on. I will make you something to eat."

"Okay." Her voice was hoarse and lethargic, but it was extremely pleasant to listen to.

Gilbert stroked her hair and got out from under the covers, getting out of bed to get dressed. Kisa looked away, her face expressionless, even her eyes vacant. Gilbert overlooked that and thought she was tired, so he said to her, "You sleep a bit more. I will wake you up when the food is ready."

"Hmm." She seemed exceedingly docile at the moment and would follow whatever

he said.

Gilbert smiled and walked out of the room.

After he went out, Kisa sat up with the quilt on her, her body riddled with the traces of his affection. There was no denying that he was tender as if he took care of the most precious porcelain in the world during the lovemaking session. But even this meant nothing to her. 'All men are like this. They can be very gentle in bed. But when they get out of bed, they change their faces. I will never once again talk about the so-called feelings with him,' she told herself in her mind, looking down at the marks on her chest and smiling in a demented way.

### **Chapter 928 The Game of Feelings**

However, as she smiled, tears fell involuntarily. 'This time, I won't fall into his trap, no matter what. Since he likes to play games with others' feelings, I will play along this time.'

Gilbert opened the refrigerator and took a look. Although there were many ingredients in the refrigerator, looking at the date, they were all bought on Kisa's birthday. His eyes darkened with a touch of sadness, thinking about her birthday. He pursed his lips, threw all those expired ingredients into the trash, and then cleaned the refrigerator before looking for other ingredients.

He rummaged through the kitchen cabinets and finally found a pack of pasta and, fortunately, a few eggs in the refrigerator. Gilbert took the eggs out and fried them first. When the pasta was done, he laid the eggs on top. This way, it looked tantalizing.

He had made two plates of pasta and was wondering if he should take it to the living room and wake Kisa up or take it into the bedroom when he saw Kisa appear in the kitchen doorway. The blush on her face had faded by now. She seemed to have taken a shower, her hair slightly soggy. She was wearing a baggy robe and looked a little frail.

"What have you made?" She smiled gently at him, unlike that day in the hospital. At this moment, she was simply different from the one she was that day.

Gilbert had a vague feeling that something was wrong, but he did not dare to think too much about it or even ask her. He coveted the intimacy of the moment. Even if it was a trap, he would rather fall into it. He showed the pasta to her and smiled. "There were no other ingredients, so I cooked two plates of this."

"That looks pretty yummy." Kisa smiled, walked over, and reached over to take the plate.

However, Gilbert dodged her hand. "It is hot. Go sit down at the table, and I will bring it over."

"Mmmmmm, you are so sweet." Kisa smiled sweetly at him, then leaned over to kiss him before turning around and heading over to the table. But when she turned around, the gentle smile on her face vanished, replaced by a cold one. 'See, this man pretends to be gentle and considerate, so conveniently and naturally, almost realistic. If not for the heartbreaking experiences, recognizing the true nature of his malice and ruthlessness, I would have been deceived by his gentle disguise again.'

Gilbert stared in stupefaction at her back. She had never behaved like a little woman in front of him, and now that she did, it felt a little strange. But he still liked it. Gilbert placed the plate of pasta with more eggs in front of her. "Tomorrow, we will go shopping for some ingredients, and I will make you another delicious meal."

"Hmm." Kisa held the plate with one hand and picked up the cutlery with the other. Perhaps because she was already starving, she first took a bite. As she chewed the pasta, she stared blankly at the pasta on the plate, her eyes reddening in the vapor. Seeing this, Gilbert frowned and asked anxiously, "What is wrong? Is it not good?"

Kisa said nothing. She just took another mouthful of pasta. But more and more tears were falling from her eyes, dripping onto the plate.

Gilbert got anxious and hastily went over to cradle her.

## Chapter 929 Has She Ever Understood Him?

“If you don’t like it, leave it. I will get you something else to eat,” Gilbert said, going to take the plate away.

Kisa suddenly held on to the plate of pasta, choking on a sob as she slurred, “It is delicious. The pasta you cooked is delicious. It is just that I didn’t expect you to cook it for me. After all, you said that you never liked me.”

It hurt him to hear her last sentence. ‘As expected, no matter how much of a goodwill gesture I have made, she still minds what I said last time. She always holds grudges and holds on to those hurtful things I said,’ Gilbert thought to himself. He then stroked her long, silky hair and said helplessly, “Those callous things I said to you the other day were really all lies. They were just for grandma to hear. I thought *you* would understand me.”

Kisa sneered in her mind.

‘Have I ever understood him? Had the warden not first told me the truth about the fire that day, he might have successfully deceived me again.’ She secretly kept down

the bitterness in her heart and choked out, “I don’t care if those hurtful things you said are true. I’m going to stick with you for the rest of my life. Even if you are tired of me, disgusted with me, and want to drive me away, I’m not going away.”

“Silly girl.” Gilbert took her into his arms affectionately. He cradled her head to his chest and said in a deep voice,

“I love you more than I can say. Why would I drive you away? Remember, I will never drive you away in my life. Unless you betray me and do something wrong to me.”

‘He always speaks with such deep affection, and even his promises are loaded with tenderness. He is a true amorist, I must say.’ Kisa shook her head vigorously.

“I will not betray you. I thought a lot these days and found I love you the most. Of course, I once hated and resented you. But that resentment is ultimately no match for my feelings for you. Gilbert, I don’t mind even if you are deceiving me. As long as I can stay by your side, I will do whatever you want.” She deliberately lowered herself, eager to see who was a better actor.

Gilbert stared at her soberly, finding this woman increasingly strange. But even if she was very weird at the moment, he did not bother to look deeper. He just wanted her to stay by his side, even if he was deceiving himself and she had an ulterior motive.

“Okay, don’t think too much. Let’s eat.” Gilbert brushed the hair hanging down by her cheek to the back of her ear and smiled softly at her.

Kisa pursed her lips and suddenly said, “I have reflected on what the warden said.”

Gilbert’s hand holding the cutlery froze for a moment. Although he did not want to mention those things to ruin the atmosphere, there was something that they had to face, eventually.

He hung his head and *asked* in a deep voice, “So, do you believe him or me?”

“I believe you, of course,” she said without the slightest hesitation.

Gilbert’s heart fluttered with a flash of excitement and secret joy. He initially thought he could never explain himself about the fire after the warden’s death and Jensen’s passing in a coma. But now she said she believed him.

Kisa said seriously, “The warden said that you conspired with him to start the fire, but I thought about it carefully and found that what he said did not match the words of the two jailers. Compared with the warden, I would rather believe you.”

“Then have you ever wondered why the warden smeared me?”

### **Chapter 930 He’ll Wake Up for Sure**

Gilbert asked in a deep voice. He was going to say that Jensen had asked the warden to slander him, but thinking of Jensen’s current condition, he thought better of it. Besid

es, he had said the same thing at the hospital the other day, but she did not believe him and even gave him a sarcastic sneer.

“Who knows what the warden has been through all these years? And he didn’t even look like a good guy. So I couldn’t trust him.”

“But isn’t Jensen the one who found the warden? Don’t you trust Jensen?” Gilbert asked in a strained voice.

Kisa’s face darkened at the mention of Jensen. She leaned back in her chair and murmured, “I trust Jensen, but there is no guarantee that the warden has seen no one else before Jensen found him. What if the actual killer was someone else, and the actual killer had threatened him? So I won’t conclude that you are the mastermind of that fire just because of his one-sided story.” She would not fully believe that Gilbert was the mastermind based on the warden’s words alone. But it was not only the warden this time but also the two jailers, Gilbert’s own admission, and Jensen’s accident. All things point to Gilbert. It was just that he was now denying those things. So Kisa figured that since Gilbert was trying to deceive her again, she would play along.

Gilbert stared at her face and asked in a deep voice, “You really think so?”

“Hmm.” Kisa nodded.

“What about Jensen’s accident? You don’t blame me?”

“Didn’t the police investigate? It was just an accident, and no one wanted it to happen. Jensen still won’t wake up even if I blame you,” Kisa said, looking at him with a touch of guilt slowly creeping up on her face. “I’m sorry for that day at the hospital.” She pulled his hand over and rolled up his sleeve. The large needle holes in his arm had turned blue and purple. She pursed her lips and said, “I was too emotional that day. That was why I said those hurtful things to you. Please don’t take it to heart. I know you are also very worried about Jensen. Otherwise, you wouldn’t have disregarded your health to donate so much blood to him.” Kisa hung her head, her voice full of guilt and sorrow.

Gilbert pulled his arm back and smiled at her. "It is all right. I would have donated more had he needed more. It is a shame he has still not woken up. But at least his life is no longer in danger."

"Yeah, and I'm sure..." Kisa looked soberly at the plate of pasta and said confidently, "he is going to wake up."

Gilbert stared at the side of her face without uttering another word.

In GK CEO's office, Gilbert leaned back in his chair and stared blankly at the ceiling, still thinking about Kisa's strange behavior last night. She had shown him affection and even passionately made love to him, which he was happy about. But he was afraid it was all just a flash in the pan. He had now become a little suspicious, feeling insecure.

As he was deep in thought, Davian suddenly said to him with concern, "Mr. Kooper, why don't you just go home and rest? It is not that busy these days. I will take care of things and inform you if something important comes up."

Davian was surprised when Mr. Kooper suddenly came to the office today. 'His mood has not been very good for the past few days, and he has also lost a lot of weight. He donated so much blood to Jensen the other day and has yet to recover. He is still looking pale. But he has been in a good mood since he came to the office today. Could it be that he has found something he could be happy about?'

While Davian was thinking, Gilbert's cell phone suddenly rang. Gilbert picked up the phone and looked at it, and then the corners of his lips curled up in a smile involuntarily.