

# Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

## Chapter 511 – 520

### Chapter 511 A Bigwig Wants You to Die

Suddenly, Adrien fell silent and smoked quietly.

Kisa felt Adrien's facial expression turn grim all of a sudden. She was uptight and stared at

him without blinking.

Adrien finally spoke again after a long time, "The official explanation back then was that night was too cold. They turned on the heating equipment during the New Year's Eve party, but the equipment malfunctioned suddenly and caused the fire. In other words, the fire that year was an accident."

"So, you didn't investigate it?" Kisa felt a little disappointed.

She definitely would not believe the fire was an accident because she clearly remembered someones locked her in the room on purpose and were talking outside the door. They implied that Gilbert was behind the fire.

Adrien shook his head and said, "There was nothing to investigate as the prison burned into ruins at that moment. But I heard the fire started from your side, and there was no heating equipment at your side. So there were some loopholes in the official explanation.

"I looked for the warden later. He spoke cryptically, implying that there was a bigwig who wanted you to die. However, he revealed no further information."

Kisa lowered her eyes. 'A bigwig who wanted me dead? Was Gilbert the bigwig? Except for Gilbert, Sharon was the one who wanted me to die. But Sharon wasn't as powerful as Gilbert.'

Suddenly, Kisa felt a little confused. The truth remained unclear even though Adrien had told her that much. The person behind the incident was still unknown.

Kisa looked at Adrien. "Where is that warden now? I want to meet him."

'The warden must have known who was behind that fire since he said that.'

Adrien shook his head and said, "The warden resigned after the fire. No one knows where he is. But I'll help you find him if you want to meet him."

"Okay, thank you."

Suddenly, Adrien sighed, "I knew the fire was weird initially. I worried someone would hurt you. So, I didn't tell anyone after I rescued you secretly. I even changed your name just to make you stay alive. You were seriously injured at that time. I thought you wouldn't survive. Luckily you're fine, but that child was a pity."

Kisa's heart ached again when she heard about the child.

Adrien glanced at her and said, "The child was almost full-term. I tried to save him, but it didn't work after trying several times."

"I know you

did your best. No matter what, I really appreciate you."

"Don't say that. Your mom and I were close friends back then. You're her daughter. I should take *care* of *you* as an elder."

Kisa

took out the photo of the baby again. She rubbed the baby in the photo and felt very sad deep in her heart.

‘I really want to hug my baby, but I would never have such an opportunity in my whole life.’

Adrien looked at her sad face and said suddenly, “Gilbert... is his dad, right?”

Kisa remained silent.

Adrien sighed, “I’ve heard about what happened between you and Gilbert back then. But I still can’t understand how he can bear it. This is his child after all, even if there was a blood feud between both of you. This child might be born safely if he didn’t send *you* to prison.”

Kisa’s tears could not help but fall. They dripped on the photo, on the child’s face, like

flowers of sadness.

She looked at Adrien and said in a choked voice...

## **Chapter 512 You’re Right**

“Ruthless is just his nature. He can disregard everyone and everything, including his blood kin, as long as they have nothing to do with someone he loves.”

Adrien lowered his eyes and chuckled, “You’re... right.”

A glint of self-mockery flashed in Adrien’s eyes. He looked at Kisa, who was feeling sad, while smoking quietly.

A cigarette burned out after a long time.

After stubbing out the cigarette, Adrien got up and said, “Don’t be too sad about the child. After all, it’s over.”

‘Over? I’m afraid I’ll never get over this wound for a lifetime. The child was already formed and almost full-term. I can see his appearance, his brows, and his eyes clearly. He looks si

milar to Gilbert. The appearance of the child has been engraved in my heart. So I can never let go of it for the rest of my life.'

Adrien gave Kisa a deep look. He just turned around and walked out quietly without saying anything.

Finally, Kisa was the only one left in the private room. She looked at the child in the photo and cried in grief while bit the back of her hand.

She knocked back one drink and had another after crying. It seemed like her heart was not been hurt as long as she got drunk.

Gilbert drove quietly along the way.

Davian felt as if sitting on a bed of needles beside Gilbert. He smiled with an ingratiating expression and said, "Mr. Kooper, I can't drive because I've been drinking. If not, I would never let you drive."

Gilbert snorted coldly but remained silent.

Sharon, who was sitting in the back, had filled with pent-up anger.

She said immediately when seeing Davian had broken the silence, "Kisa purposely asked Mr. Tanner to stay. She must be up to something no good."

Davian said casually, "What scheme would she have? You have a rich imagination."

"Think about it. She didn't have any masterpieces, she's not as famous as me, and she's only filmed a show. She's a newcomer in showbiz. Why does Mr. Tanner want her to be the heroine? I guess she must have an affair with Mr. Tanner."

"Tsk!" Davian scoffed, "Don't talk nonsense."

"I didn't! Jensen was bored of her now. I can guarantee there must be a thing between Mr.

Tanner and her. Maybe they have hooked up since long ago."

The remarks Sharon made got worse. Davian did not bother to pay attention to her.

Sharon added, "It's normal. My sister has been restless since she was young. She always seduces men when she meets them. Her taste is even weird this time. She can even

accept an elder like Mr. Tanner. Tsk, tsk, it's really disgusting.

"She asked Mr. Tanner to stay alone with her now. Both of them must be having sex in that private room. Wait, seems like my sister really has been played by many men. Gilbert, luckily you divorced her. If not, you might be a cuckold many times."

"What are you talking about?" The car stopped abruptly when Davian just yelled at her.

Davian stared at Gilbert's sullen side face carefully. "Mr. Kooper, why... did you stop the car suddenly?"

Sharon was frightened that she was scared to breathe and just stared at the man in front of her.

"Get off!" Gilbert uttered two words coldly all of a sudden.

Davian stunned. He looked at the isolated environment and said hesitantly, "G—Get off? Now? But there are no taxis here..."

Davian's voice dropped instantly when seeing Gilbert's frowned slightly.

Suddenly, Gilbert voiced out when Davian was about to get off the car, "Whoever talked nonsense just now, get off the car."

Davian shocked. He quickly retracted the leg that he had just stretched out. He turned his head to Sharon and said, "Mr. Kooper asked you to get off the car."

Sharon was unconvinced. "Gilbert asked you to get off the car. He would never ask me to get off the car. I'm a woman anyway. Gilbert would never..."

“Davian, get her out of the car!”

## Chapter 513 Ma'am Isn't That Kind of Person

Before Sharon could finish her words, she was already dumbstruck by Gilbert's words.

“Gilbert, this place is deserted. You can't kick me out of the car. Otherwise, I won't be able

back.”

to go

“That's your business. ” Gilbert then shouted, “Davian!”

“Right away, Mr. Kooper. I'll chase her out of the car,” said Davian. He got out of the car and opened the rear door immediately.

“Hurry up! Mr. Kooper wants you to get out of the car because of your foul mouth,” said Davian with a smirk.

“Shut up! You're just an assistant. How dare you talk to me in this way?”

Davian shrugged triumphantly. “Okay, I'll stop talking about you. But Mr. Kooper wants you to get out of the car. So, you should do so immediately.”

Sharon felt angry and wronged. She looked at Gilbert again. “Gilbert...”

“I'll count to three. Your name will disappear from showbiz if you don't get out of the car.” Gilbert said coldly, “One, two...”

Sharon was angry, her eyes teary. She pushed the door on the other side immediately and said, “Fine! I'll get out of the car.”

Sharon was still angry after getting out of the car. She cried as she spoke to Gilbert, “I know you don't want to hear about her scandal. But this is the fact. *She* is a terrible person. She- ” The car went away like a rocket before she could finish the sentence.

Sharon stomped her feet on the spot, and her eyes flushed with anger. ‘Although you seem indifferent to Kisa, you still cannot accept others criticizing her. Gilbert, do you really want to die at her hands?’

Davian also felt Gilbert always refused to listen to others who spoke ill of Kisa. 'Perhaps Mr. Kooper wanted to hear others praise her.' As he thought of this, he said to Gilbert, "Mr. Kooper, don't listen to Sharon. Ma'am isn't that kind of person. Maybe Mr. Tanner made Ma'am the heroine of his film because of her good acting skill."

Gilbert glanced at him coolly, "Did I ask for an explanation?">

Davian was speechless. 'I can't ever understand what Mr. Kooper is thinking.' He sat straight, pursed his lips, and dared not say anything.

Suddenly, Gilbert stopped the car again when they reached somewhere unfamiliar. Davian looked around and saw that the surrounding was much livelier than that where they had dropped Sharon just now.

'Is it Mr. Kooper don't know the way? The restaurant is not far from the company and the Kooper residence. It's just a thirty-minute drive away since all are main roads. Why did Mr. Kooper insist on wandering on these unfamiliar roads for so long? He didn't even know

where he was wandering now.'

Although Davian was full of questions, he was scared to say or ask anything.

Gilbert lit a cigarette after stopping the car. He seemed to be in a depressed mood. When he smoked, his brows were knitted closely together.

Davian sat on the side, not daring to vent his breath.

The day turned dark quickly in winter. It was entirely dark after he finished one cigarette. The lights lit on both sides of the road, and there were more pedestrians on the road.

Gilbert still had no intention of starting the car after finishing the cigarette. He leaned back in the seat in silence. No one knew what he was thinking.

Davian could not sit still anymore. He wanted to go back and lie down comfortably under the blanket.

When Davian was about to say he would take a taxi back by himself, Gilbert said lightly all a sudden, "Check the background of Adrien after you go back."

### **Chapter 514 Mr. Kooper, Do You Know the Way?**

Davian was stunned.

'Why didn't he think about checking Adrien's background when I first mentioned the cooperation? Why did he want to check it after meeting him today? Besides, the Tanner family is a well-known family in Raworth, as is Adrien. There's nothing to investigate.'

Although all these thoughts were in Davian's mind, he still replied respectfully, "Sure."

Gilbert tapped the steering and said, "I also want all the information on Adrien, including his education, experience, and past relationship."

"Huh? What are you looking for? Mr. Tanner is in his fifties. Do *you* really suspect Ma'am and him..."

Suddenly, Gilbert glanced at him with a gloomy look before he finished.

Davian choked in fright and nodded quickly, "Okay, I'll check it tomorrow. No, I'll start checking when I get back today."

Gilbert pursed his lips and started the car again. He continued wandering the trails without knowing where he was going.

Davian could not help but said, "Mr. Kooper, do you know the way? How about I get you navigation? Are you going to the company or Kooper's residence?" Davian took out his mobile phone and clicked on the map as he said..

The car suddenly drove into a familiar road as soon as he clicked on the map. He looked around hurriedly. He found ab



ruptly that they were nearby the restaurant where Mr. Tanner had dinner today.

‘It turned out that Mr. Kooper just driving around. He returned to this restaurant again after such a long time. Eh? Is Mr. Kooper worried about his wife? That’s why he purposely came back to pick her up.’

Thought of that, Davian said smartass, “Mr. Kooper, we just had dinner at the restaurant there. How about let me check if Ma’am is still there? She had also been drinking. You can drive her back if she hasn’t left.”

Gilbert

did not say anything. But Davian obviously felt that the speed of the car increased a lot when passing the restaurant.

Davian pouted.

‘Mr. Kooper’s thoughts are really unpredictable now. If said that he drove back specifically to pick Ma’am up because he worried about her. But I didn’t expect him to speed up the car expressionlessly when he passed the restaurant. If said he wasn’t worried Ma’am. He would have no reason to keep driving around here. No one knows what he wants to do.’

Davian really wanted to go back and lie down under the covers now.

‘It’s cold today. Lying in a warm blanket is the most comfortable thing to do.’

The car was still driving neither quickly nor slowly. But no one knows where the final

destination was.

Davian wondered whether he should be bold enough to ask Gilbert to send him back directly while playing with his phone. He caught a glimpse of a familiar figure out of the corner of his eyes when he gritted his teeth and was about to speak.

He shouted hurriedly, “Mr. Kooper, stop! Faster!”

Gilbert frowned slightly and stopped the car.

Davian turned his head and looked back vigorously.

A woman was retching uncomfortably while holding a tree trunk on the side of the *road*. Davian did not see the woman's appearance but he recognized the dress.

'Isn't that what Ma'am is wearing today? And looking at that figure, it's very similar to Ma'am.'

Davian said to Gilbert quickly, "Mr. Kooper, do you think that is Ma'am?"

Gilbert remained silent.

Davian twisted his neck and looked around for a long time. At this moment, the woman had turned around and was sitting unsteadily on the bench by the roadside.

Finally, Davian saw her appearance clearly.

'It's Ma'am!'

Maybe because she just vomited, so she had no time to put on a mask yet.

Davian grabbed Gilbert's arm immediately. "Mr. Kooper, it's Ma'am. She seems to be drunk. Why don't we drive her back?"

### **Chapter 515 Someone is Bully Miss Becker**

Gilbert pulled back his hand indifferently.

Davian was startled and looked at him. "M-Mr. Kooper?"

Gilbert sneered, "Mrs. Kooper? Why are you still addressing her as Mrs. Kooper? Will you also honor her as Mrs. Kooper when I die by her hands one day?"

Gilbert's words put Davian in an awkward position. Davian pursed his lips and whispered, "It is not like that. I just think she is drunk, and it is dangerous to hang out alone like this, so..."

"And what does that have to do with me?" Gilbert snapped, rendering Davian speechless. "If you're worried about her, you may protect her. Just that you don't have to come to GK tomorrow," Gilbert sneered.

"No, no, no..." Davian hurriedly shook his head vigorously. "I'm not worried about her. Not at all. She is GK's arch rival; why would I worry about her?" Despite saying so, he still looked back involuntarily. Just then, a man came sitting down beside Kisa. Davian was nervous when he saw this. He whispered to Gilbert, "Mr. Kooper, someone seems to bully Miss Becker. What should we do? Should we-"

Gilbert suddenly started the car before Davian could finish his sentence.

Davian's heart sank, 'Mrs. Kooper really broke Mr. Kooper's heart when she stabbed him. Now he is turning a blind eye to it when someone bullies Mrs. Kooper. Could it be that he really doesn't care about his wife at all?' Davian was watching the situation behind him. The man was grabbing at Kisa, and pulled her back down on the bench with his hand blatantly feeling up her body. Davian clenched his fists. He looked behind him and then at Gilbert. Without Gilbert's permission, he could do nothing but only feel anxious.

Suddenly, the car screeched to a halt. Davian was startled. "Mr. Kooper?"

Gilbert clutched the steering wheel and narrowed his eyes as he stared gravely into the rearview mirror. "Bring her over."

"Okay, I'm on my way." Davian responded with delight and got out of the car at once. In no time, he knocked the man down with only a few punches.

The man hugged his head in fear and begged for mercy. "Have mercy, bro. Have mercy. I won't dare again."

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“How dare you touch Mr. Kooper’s woman? Do you want to die? Get the hell out of my sight!” Davian kicked the man again. The man fell to the ground before he quickly got up and ran for his life. Davian spat and then looked at Kisa, who was looking at him with hazy eyes, obviously drunk. “Mrs. Kooper, come on. Get in the car with me. Mr. Kooper is waiting.”

Kisa shook her head. “He won’t wait for me. Who are you? Go away.” Davian had no words when Kisa could not even recognize him. He wondered how much she had drunk. “I’m going home now. Thank you for chasing away the fly.”

Davian laughed, finding this description really apt. Seeing Kisa go the other way, Davian had no time to think and quickly grabbed her arm and brought her into the car.

“What are you doing? Let go of me.”

Ignoring her resistance, Davian shoved Kisa into the rear seat. As he opened the front passenger door and was about to get in, Gilbert suddenly said to him, “You take a taxi.” With that, Gilbert reached out his hand and shut the door. The car started and sped forward like an arrow, leaving Davian alone at the roadside.

### **Chapter 516 It Hurts Just Shedding This Much Blood?**

“Who are you? Stop the car, I want to get off, I want to get off...” Kisa was in a trance, only to feel that someone had shoved her into the car. She tried to push the door open, but no matter how hard she tried, it would not open. She leaned forward and tugged at the driver’s arm. “Stop the car, stop the car...”

Gilbert furrowed his brows, and he yanked the woman’s hand away with annoyance.

But the woman kept coming back up, now tugging at his chest. “Where are you taking me? Stop the car. I don’t want to be here. Stop the car.”

The woman was drunk and did not know how much force she was using when she tugged at his clothes. The wound on his chest hurt and it reminded him of her heartlessness that day. He yanked her hand away again in annoyance. But Kisa did not relent, and kept pulling at him, irritating him. Gilbert's eyes narrowed, and he jerked the steering wheel, making a sharp turn.

Because of inertia, Kisa hit her head against the car window. She cried out in pain as she fell back into the seat.

Gilbert was relieved that she finally stopped bothering him. If she kept on tugging at him, they could have a car accident.

"It hurts. I feel awful..." Instead of pulling at him, Kisa started to wail.

Gilbert was annoyed. 'I shouldn't have brought this woman into the car, but let her outside to fend for herself. She knows she can't drink, yet she has drunk so much. She gets what she deserves.'

"It hurts, Jensen. My head hurts, my heart hurts. What should I do, Jensen? What should I

do..."

Gilbert clutched the steering wheel. He suddenly let out a cold and self-deprecating smile.

Jensen, Jensen! I knew it. All she wants is Jensen. Even when she is drunk, she thinks

about Jensen.' But he never heard it when Kisa kept muttering his name.

Kisa wailed for a long while before she got up again, knocking on the car door, sometimes covering her mouth and retching.

Gilbert could not stand the sound of her retching. When the car came to the riverside, he stopped the car, got out, and pulled open the rear passenger door. The woman was holding the back of her seat with one hand, covering her mouth with the other, still retching.

Gilbert frowned in disgust. "Get out!" Kisa did not seem to hear him, still covering her mouth and retching. It irritated Gilbert, and he dragged her out. Kisa dropped lying on the ground, not knowing what had happened.

"That hurts!"

She showed him her bleeding palm, and Gilbert snickered. "It hurts when it just bleeds a little?"

"It really hurts," Kisa said with aggrievement, her eyes welling up.

A wave of annoyance rose within him for no reason. He flung away her hand. "You deserve it for drinking so much."

"Because I'm sad. I'm sad, and so I drink. People say there will be no more sadness, after getting drunk."

"You have nothing to be sad about," Gilbert said sarcastically. 'What could a heartless woman be sad about?'

Kisa shakes her head.

"I'm sad about a lot of things, a lot of things..." she said, slowly getting up from the ground, but not before her stomach churned again. She tugged at the hem of Gilbert's shirt and arched her back, retching.

## **Chapter 517 Who the Hell Are You?**

Kisa emptied the content of her stomach all over his pants. Gilbert's face darkened. He couldn't care less that she still felt terrible and vomited, and pushed her away.

She fell to the ground. With both hands on the ground, she propped her body up and vomited furiously, wanting to throw up everything in her stomach.

Gilbert saw this and was enraged. "I shouldn't have cared. You knew you couldn't drink."

After vomiting, she took a breath and said, "Who wants you to care about me? Who the hell are you?"

Gilbert gritted his teeth. "Good, then I will leave you here alone." He spun around and got into his car without looking back, then drove off into the darkness of the night.

Kisa dropped sitting on the ground, looking in the direction where the car disappeared, and muttered, "Who cares? Who the hell are you? Gilbert? Heh!" She suddenly sneered at herself, "Gilbert couldn't have cared less about me. Gilbert, Gilbert..."

She kept murmuring in the chilly night wind, like a castaway. There was no one by the river, only a row of streetlights on the bank. Kisa sat on the ground for a long time, shivering from the cold, and her head was throbbing with pain. She shook her head, and then slowly got up from the ground. The wine she had just drunk had all come back to her. Her head was dizzy and aching, and her stomach was churning. Kisa took a few steps, having difficulty to balance her body and wobbling so much that she almost fell down several times. She wandered along the dimly lit riverbank, not knowing where she was going, looking pathetic and frail in the chilly night wind.

Gilbert stood on the riverbank, clenching his hand as he watched Kisa from afar with no expression on his face. He had told himself not to care about her, but knowing she was drunk, he was worried that she would fall into the river. He was angry with her for getting drunk and giving him so much trouble. The lights at the riverbank were dim, and in a short while, Kisa had completely disappeared into the darkness. He gritted his teeth and followed her.

He walked quickly and caught up with her in no time. About two or three meters away from her, he kept a distance. He also said nothing, just quietly watching her do some actions he could not understand. She pulled a handful of grass, put it to her nose and sniffed it, and then threw it away. The other time, she plucked a green foxtail to graze her neck, and then broke it in half. Gilbert watched on and felt upset and bored. He took out a cigarette and lit it, then leaned against the boulder next to him and smoked in silence. He let Kisa do whatever she wanted, thinking that once she sobered up, he would leave. Gilbert thought sullenly and left Kisa to it as he held a cigarette in one hand and played with his phone with the other.

“Gilbert!”

Kisa suddenly called out to him. Gilbert was stunned, wondering how she recognized him when she was still so drunk. He tried hard to stop himself from thinking too much and looked at the woman with annoyance.

### **Chapter 518 Look at the Ring**

Kisa somehow had climbed onto a large boulder, still holding the half stalk of green foxtail which she had bent into a ring.

“Gilbert, look at the ring.”

She waved the ring made from the green foxtail at him, smiling with her eyes looking like a crescent moon, just as she had when he first saw her.

He liked her smile best when she was young; those clean eyes looked wonderful as a crescent moon. But it had been a long time since he last saw her smile like that. Under the dim streetlight, that clean smile seemed to overlap with the one in his memory, causing his heart to pound involuntarily.

“This is the ring I made. Is it beautiful?” Kisa put the straw ring on her ring finger, and then spread her fingers to show him.

Gilbert pursed his lips and only spoke after a long while. “It is beautiful.”

“Yeah, it is beautiful.” Kisa seemed happy. She rubbed the straw ring on her finger and said, as if to herself,

“I made one for you at that time, but you threw it away.”

Gilbert frowned and shook his head subconsciously. “I didn’t.”

“You threw it away.” Kisa looked at him with sudden anger. “I saw it all.”

Seeing the confident look on her face, Gilbert frowned and tried to recall his memory of the grass ring. On one fine day, he saw a small ring made of grass on his desk, and

he did not know what it was. But there was a tiny note underneath the circle, read, [A ring for you, keep it.] with Kisa’s signature on it. Just then, Jensen came in and saw the grass ring and said with surprise, “Isn’t that a ring



made of green foxtail? Kisa and I both have one.” Because of this comment, he thought the grass ring was nothing special and had no meaning, that since he could give it to him, she could also have given it to Jensen, and that he was no more special to her than Jensen was. Perhaps he was too young and unable to control his emotion, he resisted the feelings inside him. He did not even care for anything that woman gave him, because he thought Jensen also had what she had given to him. So he disdainfully threw the grass ring into the trash can and muttered coldly, “That is ugly.” Now that she looked so angry and sure, she was probably hiding outside the door of the room back then.

He cut the thought from his mind and looked at Kisa; she still looked angry.

“You threw it away, didn’t you?”

Gilbert pursed his lips and then said in a deep voice, “Because you gave the same ring to Jensen, too. So I didn’t like it.”

“I didn’t. I didn’t give it to Jensen. It was Jensen who taught me how to make the ring. I gave you the first ring I made.” With that, she got sad again. “Unfortunately, you didn’t like it.

Gilbert frowned and stared at her with a serious face, as if trying to determine from her drunken look if he could trust what she said. ‘If she cared for him the most, why did she always get so close to Jensen when she was young? It is a lie. It is all a lie!’ He shook his head quietly and tried to fight back the feelings that were welling up inside him. ‘She has hurt me twice. Enough is enough! She doesn’t love me, and I shouldn’t continue to fantasize about her.’ He had sworn before that he would never again grow feelings for Kisa.

He looked at her sad face and said in a bitter voice, “Yes, I don’t like it. Everything you give, I don’t like it.”

“I know, because you hate me. So you don’t like it.” Kisa smiled, but that smile was filled with a sense of brokenness. She walked toward the edge of the boulder as she spoke.

When he saw she was about to fall off, his heart skipped a beat, and he subconsciously yelled, "Watch out!"

## Chapter 519 It Hurts

"Aaaaah!" Before Gilbert could rush over to catch her, Kisa missed a step and fell off the boulder. "That hurts..." She got up, rubbed her ankle, and cried at him with great anguish. "My foot hurts so much."

Gilbert walked up to her and did not know what to say upon seeing her face. After a long while of fighting back his anger, he gritted his teeth and snapped, "You deserve it."

Kisa felt even more aggrieved. She lowered her head, kneaded her ankle, and said nothing for a long time.

Gilbert looked up at the sky and asked, holding back his temper, "Can you still stand up?"

"I was wrong. I shouldn't have brought her here and should not have allowed her to fool around. I should have driven her back, or to Jensen's place, instead of inviting trouble for myself." But no matter how much he regretted it, he had already brought her here. So he could not bring himself to leave her here alone. Gilbert was getting irritated. He smashed his cigarette on the ground, stubbed it out with his foot, and then yelled at Kisa impatiently, "Can

you still stand on your feet or not?"

But Kisa still said nothing, just looking down at her ankle.

Gilbert ran out of patience. He took a deep breath and reached out to pull her up.

"Aaaah!"

She suddenly cried out in agony despite him doing nothing to her. He sneered, "You are getting more and more pretentious when you are drunk."

Kisa bit her lower lip and said nothing. Perhaps it was too painful, or she felt too aggrieved her eyes welled up.

Seeing that she kept quiet, he dragged her toward the car on the riverbank without saying a word.

It was getting late, and he had no energy to entertain his drunken women here. But after just taking a step out, Kisa suddenly shook off his hand.

“I don’t need you to care about me. You go! You go!”

Gilbert let out a sardonic smile and looked at her with his head tilted. “What do you want again? If I don’t care about you, you could have fallen into the river and drowned. Won’t Jensen come after me if you die?”

Kisa clenched her hands and choked with anger. “I just don’t need you to care about me- not even if I die.”

Gilbert shook his head and snickered. ‘Even though she is drunk, she has never changed, still stubborn as ever.’ He said coldly, “You think I want to take care of you? Even if you want to die, don’t die in front of my eyes, because I feel awful.”

Kisa was drunk, but she could understand those awful words, which saddened her terribly.

Gilbert glanced at her expressionlessly and then dragged her on to the shore. This time, she did not shake off his hand again, but limped to follow him. He glanced back at her foot with a frown. “Did you really sprain your ankle?”

Kisa said nothing, looking aggrieved and angry, as much as stubborn.

Gilbert was pissed. He did not bother to ask her about it again, but picked up his pace as he took her to the car. Probably because of the pain, Kisa could not keep up. Gilbert had to literally drag her along before he shoved her into the car. In the light of the car headlamps, he suddenly got a glimpse of her wet hair on her forehead. He reached her forehead and found that it was all cold sweat.

“You...”

Kisa smacked his hand away with a huff and said nothing.

He looked down, and his gaze fell on her crippled foot.

## **Chapter 520 This Woman Is a Nuisance When Drunk**

‘She isn’t pretending, is she? She really sprained her ankle?’ He lifted her foot while thinking.

Kisa, still angry, made a move to pull back her foot, but Gilbert held her calf tightly, not letting her escape.

“Don’t move!” He barked.

Kisa felt more and more aggrieved, and cried out. “I don’t need you to care about me. Let go of me. Who are you? I don’t need you to take care of me.”

Gilbert’s face darkened. He really disliked Kisa when she was drunk. She was a nuisance when she got drunk. It would be better if she slept after getting drunk. Instead, she behaved like a child, so unreasonably. He ignored her cries and just took off her shoes and socks. When he rolled up a small part of her pants, he gasped at the sight of her swollen ankle. ‘No wonder she screamed in pain. I thought she was faking it. In that case, she has been holding back the pain when she walked over just now. She did not make a sound, even if she broke out in a cold sweat in pain. Heh, she is really stubborn.’

“Go home and ask Jensen to apply medication for you. Don’t move around and you will recover in a few days.” With that, he closed the car door with force.

Kisa bit her lower lip and kept quiet, but tears just kept falling down.

Gilbert got in and started the car. At first, he thought of taking Kisa back to Jensen, but halfway down the road, he suddenly turned the car around and drove toward The Sandy Bay. Not wanting Jensen to ask questions, and blaming him for Kisa’s injured ankle, he felt he had better take her to The Sandy Bay and

wait for her to sober up tomorrow and go back on her own. He did so because he did not want to have any more involvement with her.

The Sandy Bay has been cleared of maids since Madalyn returned to live in the Kooper residence, leaving only two older maids to clean the house once a week.

The Sandy Bay was dark at night. Gilbert drove the car into the courtyard and parked the car, then got out and pulled open the rear passenger door.

“Get out,” he said faintly, with no expression on his face.

Kisa leaned back in the seat without saying a word. Her ankle was so swollen that it was glaring to look at.

“Get out of the car. I will put some medication on it for you.”

“No need!”

Kisa refused stubbornly, and that angered Gilbert. Without a word, he dragged her out of the car, catching her off guard. Her injured foot hit the ground so hard that she gasped in pain with more tears flowing. She looked like he was bullying her. Gilbert snorted, carried her up in his arms, and strode into the house.

The house was clean. Gilbert carried her straight to the second floor, where she used to stay, and dumped her on the couch. Without a word, he spun around and went out to find a first-aid kit. When he came back with the first-aid kit, Kisa was no longer on the couch.

‘Heh! She still runs around with her swollen ankle. She deserves it.’ While he was thinking so, he heard a dull thud accompanied by a woman’s cry in the bathroom. His heart sank, and he hastened toward it.