

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

Chapter 691 – 700

Chapter 691 What a Mansplainer

Kisa was upset. She still had to think about the big picture. Those killers might not have climbed into her room from the outside, but there was no guarantee that they would not pick the lock in the middle of the night. Plus, she really did not want Gilbert to worry about her. After all, he had to drive during the day. She had once said she would drive when he felt tired, but he disagreed.

Gilbert told her that killers were chasing them along the way and that her driving skills were not as good as his, so he was afraid that she could not escape in a car pursuit. Kisa had the same thought, too, so she did not insist.

Gilbert was still awake, leaning against the headboard and playing with his phone. The room was lit with warm yellow light from the wall lamp, the soft light making him look more affable, unlike his prickly attitude earlier.

Kisa held the quilt and stood in the doorway. Seeing that he said nothing, she scuttled toward the bed. It was a gigantic bed, but Gilbert was lying at the center, so she did not know where she should sleep. But there was more space at the end of the bed. She glanced at the man, then moved the quilt at the end of the bed to one side so that it freed up more space. Kisa put her quilt there and climbed

up from the end of the bed.

Gilbert was wearing headphones, seeming to be playing a game, and looking very serious. “Heh! Didn’t he just say he was tired and wanted to sleep? Yet he is playing a game now.” She despised him in her heart as she pulled her own quilt over her legs, then held the

edges of the quilt, and slowly slipped under the quilt. She tried to be gentle and not make a sound because there was not much space for her to sleep, and she did not want to disturb

Gilbert.

However, as soon as she lay down, she heard Gilbert's disgusted voice. "No one has ever dared to point their feet at me. Kisa, are you going to let me smell your stinky feet?"

'Heck! What a mansplainer! How could she say such things to a woman?' Kisa's face flushed with indignation. "It is your feet that stink!"

"Come here!"

"Go sleep on the floor! It is not like you are f*cking obese. Why do you have to take up the entire bed?" Kisa yelled angrily, even swearing. 'It was he who asked me to sleep with him. So why is he taking up the entire bed for himself? What the hell did he mean? Is he trying to play

me?'

He glanced at her. Seeing her reddening face, he said nothing and just moved over to the side a bit, freeing up half of the bed for her.

Kisa took a breath, and only then did she carry her quilt and move over. As she lay down on his end, she moved as far as she could to the edge of the bed, away from him, and with her back to him.

Gilbert glanced at her slim back, then silently unplugged the headset from his ears and turned the phone's

speakers on. The sweet and cheerful voices of children came through, reverberating throughout the room.

"Daddy! Daddy! I miss you so much."

"Daddy! What are you doing now? When are you coming back?"

Kisa was transfixed when she heard Andrew's and Ada's voices. She slowly turned around and saw Gilbert and the kids chatting on a video call.

“Daddy will be back in a few days. Are you guys behaving at home?”

“Yeah, we are well-behaved. Uncle Kelvin and Auntie Gracie took us to the amusement park today.”

“Really? So you guys aren’t running around, are you?”

“No, we have always been well-behaved.”

“Daddy, when will you and Ma’am take us to the amusement park?”

Gilbert was always gentle with the children. “I will try when I get back.”

Ada’s merry laughter came at once. “Then please come back as soon as possible.”

It was Andrew’s and Ada’s voices all the time. Kisa felt a bit anxious when she did not hear Blake’s voice.

Chapter 692 Can’t You Just Be the Ghost?

Kisa tugged at Gilbert’s clothes and whispered to him, “Ask them if Blake is okay.”

But Gilbert ignored her as if he had not heard her. It was Andrew who heard her voice.

“Daddy, is Ma’am next to you?”

Kisa suddenly pursed her lips and did not make a sound.

As they were lying in the same bed, she did not want the children to see it. Gilbert looked over at Kisa, who shook her head at him.

Gilbert sneered at Kisa and said to Andrew, “No.”

“Oh, I may have misheard it then.” Andrew continued. ” Then I will video-call Ma’am. I miss her, too.”

“Okay.”

Kisa was transfixed. Before she could react to it, her phone rang. It was a video call from none other than Andrew. As she sat up in bed, she was awash in embarrassment. She panicked and propped herself up on the mattress, but her fingers accidentally tapped the answer button, and Andrew’s and Ada’s smiling faces

appeared on the screen, with Kelvin standing behind them.

“Ma’am, are you with Daddy?” The smile on Andrew’s face turned to suspicion as the phone screen faced Kisa and Gilbert. Andrew could see that she and Gilbert were leaning on the same bed. Those not in the know would think they were sleeping together like this every night. ” But why did Daddy say you were not with him?”

Kisa laughed in embarrassment. “I heard you and your daddy on the video call, so I came to check it out.”

“Gee...” Kelvin responded with a long, drawn-out end sound and a wicked grin. “One minute, Gilbert said you weren’t with him, and the next, Andrew was video-

calling you, and you were making out with him. Heh, maybe only ghosts will believe you two aren’t sleeping together.”

Kisa felt embarrassed. “Can’t you just be that ghost?”

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“Are you cursing me?” Kelvin was furious.

“How dare I curse you? I wish you a long life,” she smiled.

“Ma’am, are you and Daddy together now?” Andrew suddenly asked.

“No,” Kisa quickly said.

“Then why do you two sleep together?”

“No, Andrew. Please don’t misunderstand.”

“Misunderstanding my foot. Can what we see with our own eyes be a misunderstanding?” Kelvin chimed in and then smiled at Andrew and Ada. “Just wait, and your Ma’am will soon be your mommy.”

“Really, that is great.” The two children jumped for joy at once.

Kisa put her hand to her forehead, upset by this

troublemaker Kelvin. She looked at Gilbert, expecting him to explain on her behalf. But he covered himself in a quilt and lay down, saying, “Go to bed early. Do not talk too late.”

These words had definitely added fuel to the fire. Sure enough, Kelvin laughed even more sardonically. “I thought you said you two weren’t sleeping together? I’m afraid that you two have been sleeping together every

day. Maybe the business trip is just an excuse for a honeymoon.”

Kisa rolled her eyes and ignored Kelvin altogether. She asked Andrew and Ada, “Where is Blake? I haven’t seen Blake. Is he okay?”

“Blake is downstairs with Great–Grandma,” Ada said at once. “Great–Grandma likes Blake very much. Yesterday, she even made Blake ravioli.”

She had guessed that Madalyn would not maltreat Blake, but she did not expect Madalyn to like him that much, which was a relief to her. So she did not have to worry about whether Blake would fit in with the Kooper family now. The boy was a real crowd–pleaser everywhere he

went.

After talking to Andrew and Ada for a few minutes, Kisa ended the video call because Gilbert had fallen asleep, and she did not want to disturb his sleep. She put her phone on the bedside table and turned off the wall lamp. Just as she lay down, a wall of muscles leaned close to her.

Chapter 693 Back to the Days When We First Got Married

just

Kisa was so tense that she dared not to move, but after Gilbert leaned over, he did not make another move, leaning against her. After a long while, she gradually eased up when he stayed lying just like that, and his breathing became shallow. She felt his body like a ball of fire, scorching her skin as his chest pressed against her back.

When she first came in, she still felt a little cold because the heating in the room was not on a higher setting. But now, she was feeling hot. She could not help but move closer to the edge of the bed. If she went further out, she would fall down the bed. It did not help that Gilbert followed her and moved closer to her as soon as she moved away.

Kisa had no words. She suspected he was pretending to be asleep. The air was still, and the only sound echoing in the room was the sound of breathing. She stared at the faint glow shining through the curtains for a while and gradually dozed off. When she was about to fall asleep, Gilbert suddenly muttered something.

“If those two jailers can prove that I had nothing to do

with the prison fire, can you and I go back to the old days, back to the way it was when we were first married?”

Kisa instantly became awake. She slowly opened her eyes and saw the same dark curtains. She was thinking about what Gilbert had just said.

‘Back to the way it was when we were first married? But were they happy when they were first married? No, not at all. When we were first

married, I tried all I could to please him, catered to his every preference, and waited for him to come home no matter how late it was. But how

did he treat me? Other than hatred and being fed up with

me, there was only humiliation. I will never want to go back to those heart-breaking and painful days.'

While she thought, Gilbert suddenly said another

sentence. "If we can go back to that time, I will definitely

love and care for you, not let you endure half a bit of harm and wrong again." His voice was so low that it sounded

like he was sleep-

talking, but the tone was so determined that it seemed like he was making some kind of

important promise.

Kisa stared at the window where faint light was leaking through. She felt shocked as she found what he said too unbelievable. She did not know what was going on with Gilbert all this time. 'Has he really fallen in love with me

unknowingly? But when I tried so hard to be his wife and

loved

him with all my heart, he never felt moved in the slightest. Now when I don't want to love and even hate him, he suddenly falls in love with me? If he loved me before, why would he send me to prison?' The thoughts lingered in her mind for a long while before turning into a soft sigh. She did not respond but slowly closed her eyes. She could not respond to the question he had just asked. All she could do now was just wait and see.

Perhaps the two days of travel had exhausted her, or

maybe because she felt more at ease with someone beside her, she fell asleep as soon as she closed her eyes.

In the darkness, Gilbert slowly wrapped his hand around her slim waist. He smiled for a while, and it was a bitter one. He knew she was not asleep just now but did not want to answer his question. He leaned closely against her back, resting his chin on the nape of her neck. Gilbert moved very gently, afraid of waking her up. The satisfaction of holding her like this was something he craved and missed.

The next day, Kisa kept struggling and shaking her head in her sleep. Suddenly, she felt someone stabbing her with a knife. She woke up with a shriek and bounced up on the bed.

Chapter 694 His Plan

Kisa's chest heaved violently as her forehead was covered with sweat. She hurriedly got out of bed and ran outside without any thought. Breakfast was here. Gilbert took out the food and couldn't help but say, "You're awake. Come and have breakfast," when he saw Kisa running out of the room.

However, Kisa did not seem to have heard what he said and ran straight to the door to check the lock. Gilbert frowned slightly. "Kisa, what's the matter with you? Why are you checking the door lock so early in the morning?"

Kisa was still immersed in the nightmare that she had just had. She pulled on the lock and said, "I dreamed that the killers picked the lock, rushed in here, and stabbed us with knives. It was scary. It felt so real; the knives they held are still engraved in my mind."

Gilbert leaned back against the chair and sneered, "That dream happened because you keep thinking about it. Aren't you tired of worrying so much, Kisa?"

Kisa ignored his snarky remark. She stood by the door for a while and tried to adjust her emotions. Gilbert glanced at her, and his tone softened a little when he said, "Wash

up and come eat some breakfast."

"I'll tell you what to do to get rid of those killers when we eat." After washing up, Kisa saw Gilbert smoking a cigarette by the window, unable to guess if he had had his breakfast yet.

She sat down at the table and took a bite of her sandwich. "What's the plan?" she asked. "I was looking at the map yesterday and realized there are two ways to get to Hillsby. One is the usual path shown on the GPS, while the other is a little further away, passing through two towns."

Kisa listened silently to what Gilbert had said. 'Is he going to change the route?' she thought. 'Those killers are like wolves on a hunt. They'll definitely be able to catch up even if we change courses.'

As she was thinking about it, Gilbert said, "There are several towns in this county, one of which is Riverton. Starting from Riverton, we'll pass through to the next town, go through the suburbs, and return to our original route.

I saw a bus that was heading to Riverton when I was here yesterday. I'll bring you to the station after you finish your food, and you can take that bus to Riverton."

Kisa's heart skipped a beat. "What about you?" she asked.

"I'll be going with our original plan." Kisa frowned when she heard that. "Why are we splitting up? Won't the situation get worse if we split up? The killers will be going after us separately."

“I’ll be luring them from the suburbs. That way, you can reach Riverton safely and wait for my arrival.”

“No...” Kisa frowned and said. “They’ll catch up no

matter how well you try to distract them. There’s no point in making such a detour.”

“That’s why I have to let them witness my death.”

Upon hearing that, Kisa frowned even harder. “You’re going to fake your death? Do you really think they would fall for it?”

“Well, that’ll depend on how great my acting skills are,” Gilbert puffed out smoke rings and said in a calm manner. Kisa felt a tight knot form in her heart. ‘This is not just a matter of realistic acting skills; it’s a matter of life and death,’ she thought.

“Speaking of realistic acting, wouldn’t they find it suspicious if they saw that I’m not with you?” Kisa said hurriedly.

“Don’t worry. I’ll make them think that you’re in the car with me. All you have to do is secretly take the bus to Riverton.

Chapter 695 I Won’t Wait For You Forever

Kisa lost her appetite for breakfast. “I think it’ll be more convincing if I fake my death along with you,” she said to Gilbert in a serious tone. “Are you sure you can fake your own death? I’m afraid that you might actually die,”

Gilbert sneered.

The man looked at her and said faintly, “You’re not as

fast nor as good at acting as I am. You’ll only be holding me back if we don’t split up.” Kisa was speechless upon

hearing this. She squeezed the sandwich in her hand, her

heart feeling extremely uneasy. "Eat faster. I'll bring you to the bus station after you finish. If my predictions are correct, those people will be tailing us as soon as we leave

the hotel. There'll be swarms of people at the bus station. I'll take advantage of the crowd and let you go when the time is right so that they wouldn't notice."

"So you want me to wait for you at Riverton. Shouldn't you give me a time frame for when we're meeting up? I can't possibly wait for you there forever, can I?" Kisa put down the sandwich and asked.

"Let's say... Before it gets dark today. You can stop waiting and go to Hillsby alone by car if I'm not there by the time the sky gets dark."

Kisa's heart skipped a beat once again. "If that's the case, why should we take the risk to find those two jailers? Why don't we just stay here in Calthon?"

"How can I prove my innocence if I don't find them? I don't care about anything as long as I can prove to you that I did not set that fire. As mad as I get sometimes, I, Gilbert, have yet to get to the point where I kill my own wife and children."

'So all he wants to achieve from this trip is to convince me of his innocence. The persistence seen in Gilbert's eyes left Kisa speechless. She looked down at the almost untouched breakfast, feeling very confused. Gilbert did not say anything else; he just looked out the window and quietly smoked.

After a long time, he finally finished his cigarette. He turned over to look at Kisa and said, "If you don't feel like eating, then we should get going. We must use this method to get rid of them today. Otherwise, escaping from their siege in the outskirts would be hard. It was just a fluke that we were able to get rid of them yesterday since they had a large number of people."

Kisa pursed her lips and stayed silent as she got up to

pack her belongings, which all fit into a backpack. Gilbert saw her carrying her load, zoning out, and he could not help but say, "Don't worry. It's just for today. After this, we won't be in danger anymore."

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"After you arrive in Riverton, find a hotel. Don't walk

around town unless it's an emergency. Just wait for me at the hotel."

Kisa lowered her gaze, pulled the zipper of her backpack, and said in a deep voice, "I won't wait for you forever. Once it gets dark and you don't show up, I'll leave."

"Okay," Gilbert said with a slightly bitter smile. 'She's indeed a fickle woman,' he thought.

It was nine o'clock in the morning when they left. Gilbert's predictions were correct; as soon as they drove out of the hotel's parking lot, four black cars followed.

The sun was shining, and many cars and people were on the street. Kisa looked back through the rearview mirror and saw a red and white car separating them from the four vehicles. The bus station was right past the traffic lights.

"You heard what I told you last night, right?" Gilbert

suddenly asked. Kisa's attention was focused on the

vehicles behind her, making her a little tense. Gilbert's

question was so unexpected that

she could not react in time. Seeing that she was silent, Gilbert asked again,

"I'll ask you again. If I could prove that I had nothing to do

with the fire, is it possible for us to get back together?!

Chapter 696 The Separation

Kisa looked at Gilbert's tense profile, not knowing how to answer his question. She felt like it was inappropriate to discuss the issue at such a critical moment. She did not answer, and Gilbert did not ask any more questions.

Soon, they reached the intersection of the traffic lights. When the light was about to turn red, Gilbert stepped on the gas and crossed to the other side. Kisa knew he was, trying to get rid of the four cars following them so that she could secretly get off at the station in that brief amount of time.

As they got closer to the station, Kisa still did not answer his question, and her emotions grew more and more complex. She pulled the zipper of her backpack back and forth as if it would relieve her from the stress that she was under.

There were a lot of people in the station. As soon as they crossed the traffic light, Gilbert pulled over and parked his car on one lane at the entrance of the station. The

entrance was especially crowded with people as the buses from different towns were coming and going there, dropping passengers off. Thus, the cars there were also in

a jam.

"Get out of the car!" Gilbert urged when he stopped the car. At that time, a bus was already blocking their car from being seen. The intersection traffic light had yet to turn green, and the four vehicles had yet to come over either. It was the best time for Kisa to get out of the car.

Kisa did not dare to take her time. She quickly got out of the car with her backpack on her shoulder. After she closed the car door, Gilbert lowered the car window and said, "Remember, go to Riverton and stay at the best hotel you can find."

When the car window slowly closed, she pulled the strap of her backpack and hurriedly said, "I'll answer your question. I..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Gilbert had already driven off. He never got her answer. The car exited the lane and soon merged into the main road. The traffic light they crossed together had also turned green. Kisa blended in with the crowd and saw the four vehicles chasing behind Gilbert's car.

'He should be leaving the county and going to the outskirts next,' Kisa thought. She put on her backpack and looked at the rear of Gilbert's car in the distance,

feeling a strong wave of anxiousness in her heart. The killers were chasing after Gilbert. She wondered if he could escape.

Kisa stood among the crowd for a long time until the car was completely out of sight. She then followed the mass to the station. The station layout was straightforward; there was a ticket booth as soon as she walked in. There was no need to show one's ID when buying a ticket at the county bus station. Kisa stood in line and bought a ticket to Riverton. She passed the checkpoint and went in.

There were several buses parked in a row at the station. A sign is hung on the window of each bus, showing their destination. Kisa found the word 'Riverton' and got onto

the bus with her ticket. The bus was empty. There was no one else but her and the driver. 'There is still some time

before the departure,' Kisa thought. She found a seat by

the window and sat down. She stared blankly at the busy crowd outside the window, her heart feeling empty. She inexplicably felt disappointed that Gilbert did not get to hear her answer to his question.

After thinking about it, Kisa took out her phone and clicked on Gilbert's number. She typed out a message, and after reading it, she felt like something was off. She quickly deleted the message and retyped it again. She

then looked at the message, and this time, she hit the 'send' button.

Kisa held onto her phone, waiting for Gilbert to reply, but he never did after a long time. 'He's probably driving and doesn't have the time to read my message,' Kisa thought. She then put her phone away and stared out the window, daydreaming. It was at that time that her phone suddenly vibrated. Kisa's heart skipped a beat as she quickly took out her phone and turned the screen on.

Chapter 697 Faking Death

Kisa was disappointed when she realized it was just a spam text. She stared at her text history with Gilbert for a while; there was only the message she had just sent, while the rest was blank. She sighed softly, turned her gaze, and continued to look out the window. After waiting on the bus for more than ten minutes, several people

went onto the bus one after the other. Kisa put on a mask and took out her earphones to listen to music.

The bus finally started its journey at ten o'clock. The

seats were almost full at that time. Sitting in front of Kisa was a young couple; the

girl was intimately leaning on her partner's shoulder; it looked peaceful and serene.

Kisa thought of her youth when she saw this. 'Once, our school organized a summer camp, and Gilbert—who was a few years older – tagged along, saying that it was for

fun and to gain experience. We took the same bus at that time and miraculously sat together. I didn't sleep much the night before because I was so excited about the trip, so I fell asleep not long after getting on the bus. When I woke up, I was leaning on Gilbert's shoulder.'

'I remember very clearly that Gilbert had a stiff neck after that. He was so annoyed with my heavy head. Hmm... .. I

guess Gilbert wasn't that bad after all. At least he didn't push my head away in disgust when I was asleep."

Memories were flooding into Kisa's mind, making it even more chaotic. She took a deep breath and looked out the window. The bus was already out of the county, on a small road in the countryside. There were ponds and clear

fields on both sides of the road. It was winter, so there were no pops of vibrant greenery around. At a glance, outskirts were barren. Icicles and snow formed on the dead tree branches, depicting another type of beauty.

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Looking into the distance in the suburbs, Kisa suddenly thought of Gilbert again. 'He should be on the original route right now.' She looked at the map and saw that the route followed a long stretch of suburbia. 'How is he going to fake his death in front of those killers in the

t uninhabited suburb?’

Her heart unconsciously tightened at the thought of faking death.

Riverton was not far from the county. About half an hour later, the bus stopped at a bus stop. “Riverton! Riverton! We’ve arrived at Riverton! Please get off the bus if this is your stop!” The bus driver shouted. Immediately, many people got up and got off the bus. Kisa hurriedly picked up her backpack and exited the bus. As soon as they got off, the bus engine started again as it continued its journey to the next town.

Kisa stood on the side of the road, blankly looking around. The town was much more relaxing than the county; there were only so many people on the street. Kisa adjusted herself to the place before walking along the road. Riverton was not a big town. After walking for more than half an hour, Kisa had gone through the entire main street. On her journey, she saw two hotels; one looked simple, like a residential building, while the other looked more ornately. Kisa asked a passerby about the hotels in the area, and they told her those were the only hotels in town.

She then went into the hotel that looked fancier.

‘Gilbert wanted me to go to the nicest hotel in Riverton. Maybe it would be easier to find me that way.’ The hotel lobby was extremely quiet. There was only one person at the front desk, who was on his phone. Kisa did not want to show her ID because it would cause unnecessary trouble for a celebrity to disclose their identity. Moreover, she was afraid that the killers would be able to track her down through the hotel guest details.

After thinking about it for a while, Kisa walked toward the hotel’s front desk.

Chapter 698 They Say Dreams Are the Opposite of Reality

At the front desk was a woman who was in her thirties, swiping on her phone. When she saw Kisa coming, she gave her an eye roll. “Single or double? Show me your ID.”

“Oh, I forgot to bring my ID.”

The woman frowned. "We need ID to register you into the hotel system. No ID, no room. Go back home and grab it."

"My home is too far away from here. How about I give you an extra seventy dollars? Can you please help me check in?"

The woman thought for a while and smiled as she said, "Alright. How long will you be staying?"

"Just one night," Kisa said. The hotel only had six floors, and Kisa chose the highest floor. The higher her room was, the safer she felt. After entering the room, she locked all the doors and windows and lay on the bed, exhausted. After lying there for a while, she picked up her phone and clicked on the text history between her and Gilbert once again; it was still blank. Kisa closed her sore eyes and put her phone aside. 'Maybe he hasn't looked at

his phone yet. What is he doing right now? Is he fighting off the killers?'

On the outskirts, a concrete road with no end stretched between the canal and the field. A domineering off-road vehicle was driving fast on the road. The four black cars all rammed toward the vehicle from different directions. The vehicle was still trying to dodge at first. In the end, it deliberately slowed down and paralleled one of the black cars.

It then hit the car as if trying to crash it into the nearby field. At the same time, the three cars behind took the opportunity to slam into the rear end of the vehicle. The off-road vehicle swerved in a hurry. Whether it was because of how fast everything was happening or something else, the vehicle made a sharp turn on the road. After being hit by the cars behind it, the vehicle slammed into the railing of the canal.

BANG! The railing shattered instantly, and the off-road vehicle fell into the bottomless canal.

“Gilbert!” Kisa jerked awake from her dream. She was drenched in sweat as she struggled to breathe. It was still bright outside, and the sun shone through the window, illuminating the whole room. Kisa stared blankly out the window and realized that it was just a nightmare. She did

not know if it was because of the stress or lack of sleep, but she had been having nightmares for the past two

days. Even though she had just slept, she was still

exhausted.

She got up from the bed with her wet clothes sticking onto her body, which made her feel extremely

uncomfortable.

She opened her backpack and went to the bathroom with

a change of clothes. The fear she had from the nightmare finally dissipated when she ran herself a hot shower. She

had just dreamed that Gilbert was dead at the hands of

those killers.

She hugged her body and thought to herself, ‘Gilbert wouldn’t die so easily, right? That man had escaped death so many times. This time should

be no exception. I mean, they say dreams are the opposite of reality. There should be some truth to that statement, right?’

At the Case residence, Sharon was throwing stuff at one of the killers angrily as she said, “You jerk. I asked you guys to kill Kisa. Why did you kill both of them? Give me back my Gilbert, you b*stard! Give me back my Gilbert!”

“There was

nothing we could do at that time. They were inseparable. You told us to kill that woman no matter

what. You didn't tell us not to harm the man with her. So...

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"Get lost, you piece of sh*t!" Sharon lay on the sofa and cried. Carolyn came over and comforted her. "Who cares if he's dead? He doesn't treat you right. Even if he were alive, you would never be the future wife of GK Pictures's

CEO. Why don't you take advantage of his death and

quickly join forces with outsiders to destroy his company?"

Chapter 699 Rest Easy

"Mom, what do you know? I've done so much for Gilbert, yet he died just like that. Then what's the point of me doing so much in the past?"

"Shush, quiet down. Are you trying to announce to the world that you sent them to kill him?" Carolyn quickly covered Sharon's mouth and spoke seriously, "Listen to your mother. Let's not publicize this. Wait till the news outlets cover the news of that man's death, then you pretend to cry him a river."

"But I originally didn't want Gilbert to die. I've said before that I wanted to have him. Now that he is dead, what am I fighting for?"

"You idiot! As long as he was alive, he would eventually learn about all those terrible things you did back then. If that happened, it would be your turn to die. It's fine that he's dead now. You can rest easy in the meantime,"

Sharon did not speak as tears fell.

Carolyn hugged her and said, "Listen to me. He's dead. To us, it's absolutely a good thing. Next, you should

consider how to overthrow GK Pictures."

Sharon sniffled her nose pretentiously and nodded her head, "Mhm. Since I can't get Gilbert, then I'll take over GK Pict

ures. Then it wouldn't be a waste of all the terrible things I've done in the past."

During winter, the sky would darken especially fast. When it was six at night, the sky had totally blackened. Kisa looked out the window; the fear in her heart was expanding more prominent and more significant.

The phone was silent. That man ultimately did not reply to her message. She could not help but call him twice on her phone just now. However, her calls never connected. She held her icy cold hands tightly. She felt anxious and

confused.

Something must have happened. Otherwise, it was

impossible

Gilbert's phone would not connect. After all, even in the outskirts of town, the signal would still be excellent in this modern day and age.

She stared closely

at the hotel's main entrance, hoping to see that man's silhouette would quickly appear. He had said that he would definitely look for her before nightfall.

Yet now, the streetlights outside had turned on, but that man's figure had still not emerged. As she waited, every minute and every second was torture. She felt like a

statue. She literally did not move a muscle waiting by the

window until eleven o'clock.

One more hour and the clock would have made a

complete cycle. However, Gilbert still did not appear. At this moment, there was not a soul in front of the

hotel doors. Only a dim light shined through. Laying her gaze there, the whole street was empty. Cold winds blew the rubbish on the road, and the bleakness was seen throughout.

Kisa could not wait any longer, especially remembering the nightmare during the day. She felt very flustered. She got up and

wore her parka. Then, she wore her mask and hat then went out. In the town, there were not many people staying in the hotel. The whole hallway was silent.

Kisa took the elevator and swiftly reached the lobby.

The lobby had only a single person at the reception, with no security guard present. The receptionist was the same person during the afternoon. She walked up and asked the woman, "May I ask if the outskirts are far from the town?"

The woman gave her a glance and chuckled, "Ha-ha, this whole town is surrounded by outskirts. Where are you talking about specifically?"

That woman's single question stunned Kisa. 'Yeah, it's outskirts everywhere. Where would I go to find Gilbert, then? Especially since it's dark outside now, and I don't even have a car,' she thought.

She dejectedly lowered her gaze, "Never mind."

The woman gave her a baffling glance, then spoke, "I see that you're not from around these parts. You haven't eaten for a day. There is a barbecue shop that is still open right now. If you're still hungry, you can eat there."

"Thank you," Kisa thanked her. She turned around and walked to the hotel entrance in a daze.

The weather was icy and the ground cold. Chilly winds

blew through with desolateness. Kisa slowly crouched down and stared at the empty streets vacantly.

The lady at the reception stared at her silhouette oddly. After a while, she curled her lips and shook her head, "

Does this woman have some sort of mental issue due to a breakup or something? She's not even scared of freezing to death by crushing by the door like that."

At this time, the temperature was freezing, but Kisa seemed to not feel the cold at all. Her eyes did not flinch while staring at the street. Suddenly, from afar, it seemed

that a figure was walking toward her...

Chapter 700 Strong Perseverance

Kisa shook all over. She quickly rubbed her eyes. The streetlights were dim, so she couldn't see clearly so far

out. The figure seemed to be invisible. When Kisa rubbed her eyes to look again, the figure seemed to be gone. It was as if she had imagined that apparition just now.

She was worried and anxious. She hurriedly got up, but her legs were numb

because she had been crouching for, too long. She could not stand up at all and could only lean on the glass door. She anxiously looked in the same direction as earlier. This time, she really saw it. There was indeed a figure that was walking toward her.

'Is that Gilbert?' She gripped the center of her palm tightly, staring hard at the figure. Her heart tensed up, inch by inch. The figure walked very, very slowly. It had not come over to her even after a long while. Kisa stared at him for a long time but still could not see his face clearly.

She could only barely see that the person's legs were injured. When walking, it seemed to have a limp and hobble. Kisa could not wait any longer. She quickly

walked toward the person when her numb leg got better.

The numbness still was not better, ultimately. With every step, Kisa's legs were in pain as if being pricked by needles, so she ambled slowly. That person also strolled gradually. Hence, they were freezing in the cold wind for a long time before finally reducing the distance between them to only one or two meters.

At this distance, Kisa finally clearly saw the person's face. It really was Gilbert. However, he was currently ridiculous, and there were blood stains on his face. He smiled at her, "Didn't you say if I didn't make it back to look for you before nightfall, you wouldn't wait up for me?"

Kisa endured the bitterness in her heart and smiled lightly, "Yeah, I did say that I wouldn't wait for you, but I had to wait till daybreak to leave."

"You're heartless," Gilbert scolded jokingly, then walked toward her.

This time, Kisa saw even more clearly. His legs were really injured. The legs of his trousers were dirty, and there were blood stains on his knees.

He limped and hobbled, yet his dominating aura was still present despite his ridiculousness.

"Didn't I let you stay inside the hotel to wait for me? Why

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did you run out here?" He had walked up before her and tugged her hat slightly when speaking. Under the mask, she only had two of her eyes showing. Kisa noticed the blood on his hands, and his hands also had some dirt on them. Under close inspection, he even had his clothes wet, and mud was stuck onto his clothes too.

'In the end, how did he fake his death in front of the assassins?' The question pressed down on her chest; she held onto him and said, "Let's return to the hotel first."

Sure enough, he even had his sleeves wet. Kisa still felt cold in such cold weather even though she wore her parka. Instead, he was wearing thoroughly soaked clothes.

'How did he carry himself here in this state?' Kisa wondered.

She could not imagine how strong this man's perseverance was. 'It must have been difficult for him to have come back alive,' she thought.

They slowly made their way into the hotel. This made the lady at the reception shocked to the point of dropping her jaw. Passing by the reception counter, Kisa stopped for a moment. Then she walked to the front of the lady at the reception, "The barbecue shop you told me about just now, do they have a takeout menu?"

"They... they do," the reception lady quickly passed the menu to her and then stared at Gilbert, surprised.

Gilbert, even though seeming ridiculous yet was looking particularly eye-catching. Returning to their room, Kisa immediately removed his clothes from the bags, but only underwear was inside. She passed the clothes to him and spoke, "You should take a hot shower first. Wait till daybreak, and I'll go outside and get you a fresh set of clothes."

Gilbert stared steadily at the clothes in her hands. After a while, he suddenly grabbed her wrists. With some slight force, he pulled her into his arms.