

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

Chapter 901 - 905

Chapter 901 Everything Is Clear Now

Kisa only felt somewhat suffocated in her chest.

She grabbed the jailer's clothes and questioned, "That means what you told me earlier was false?"

"Of course, that man had been threatening us after all."

The jailer then spat, "He was the main culprit behind that fire. He even gave the warden a beauty, and the things we said back then were not said for you on purpose, but we had really heard Gilbert Kooper say that to the warden. We just said it out loud outside your cell since we thought you were going to die and did not want you to die, not knowing why."

Kisa sat on the ground, dumbfounded. Her brain was so numb she could no longer think.

"Miss Kisa, are you alright?" Jolina asked worriedly.

Kisa' shook her head like a robot and did not make a sound.

Peter

frowned and hissed at the jailer, "You better be speaking the truth this time, or I'll skin you alive, and you'll never see your village people again."

"Do it then. I'm speaking the truth. I shouldn't believe Gilbert Kooper back then. Even if you don't kill me now, he'll send someone after me sooner or later. I'm not afraid of anything now. I just want to see that man pay!"

Kisa turned to the side and closed her eyes in sorrow.

With this, she could no longer make any more excuses for that man.

What the jailer said was almost identical to what the warden had told her.

‘For two people who were separated so far apart to be saying the same thing...’

‘Does that not prove what they say is true?’

Kisa suddenly felt dizzy, but fortunately, Jolina had been holding onto her.

Peter glanced at her, pursed his lips, and was at a loss for words.

To begin with, he was not interested in this woman’s business, but as it had something to do with Gilbert, he listened in.

He totally did not expect Gilbert to be such a ruthless person.

‘Tch!’

‘So the rumors about him committing suicide by overdosing on sleeping pills were false. Thank goodness I kept my mouth shut.’

“Kill me if you want. I don’t care. What I told you is the truth. It’s up to you to believe it or not.”

The jailer’s resentful look made it difficult to doubt her.

Peter looked at Kisa and asked, “Do you have any other thing to ask this woman?”

Kisa shook her head.

‘There is nothing more to ask. Everything is clear now.’

Peter pursed his lips, giving the jailer the boot as he growled, “Get lost then. Confirm your target first before striking. She’s not Gilbert Kooper.”

The jailer did not tarry and immediately fled.

Worried that the jailer was lying, Peter even followed her the way out.

After a while, by the time he got back, Kisa was already in the car while Jolina was with her.

Peter lit up a cigarette and took a puff before walking over to them.

He did not get in the car but instead stood by the side of the car as he said to Kisa, That woman might be telling the truth. I followed her about half the way back and saw her running into a mountain col. There were a few small temporary shelters, and I only saw some old women going in and out of it.

“... Yeah.”

Kisa only gave a meek response and did not say anything else.

Peter could not see her face but could tell her voice was very weary.

It was inexplicably depressing.

He did not say anything else as he turned toward the foot of the mountain and continued to smoke.

A moment later, Jolina got down from the car as well.

She glanced at Peter before slowly making her way toward him.

Chapter 902 Compromise

The blood stains on Peter’s hand had almost dried but the wounds from the barbs were still quite terrifying, looking like tiny, bloodied holes.

Jolina gripped the wet tissue in her hand tightly.

She walked over and squatted before Peter. “Is your arm... alright?”

“Can’t you see? What’s that question for?”

Peter inexplicably felt a little angry..

He had rolled up his sleeves, and his entire arm was exposed. The bloodstains could be seen at a glance, and there was no need to ask that question.

When Jolina asked him like that, he felt it to be a little fake. It would be better if she had just ignored him.

Seeing that he had lost his temper for no reason, Jolina stopped asking and tossed the pack of wet wipes to him.

“Miss Kisa asked me to give this to you. Wipe up your wounds, don’t let them get infected.”

The woman then left.

Peter stared at her back. The flames in his eyes were about to burst out.

He sneered in a fury. “How heartless!”

If the man she loved were injured, she would be panicking by now.

Thinking of this, he tossed the wet wipes onto the ground. A faint menacing look appeared on his handsome face.

Jolina walked back but did not get into the car. Instead, she went to the back of the car and leaned against it.

She could hear bursts of muffled crying coming from the car, which was hard to

listen to.

She lowered her gaze, and her mood, too, turned downcast.

Back in the Kooper residence, Gilbert slowly opened his eyes and what he saw was Mrs. Kooper Sr.’s anxious and Kelvin’s gloomy faces.

He was taken aback and smiled, “What’s the matter? Why the dour faces?”

“You have to check to ask, falling sick like that. Come get up and eat something. Helps with your immune system.”

It happened that George the butler walked in with some light food.

Kelvin then helped Gilbert up.

Gilbert gave the IV drip stuck onto the back of his hand and chuckled, "I've not fallen sick for a long while already. This feeling sure is rare."

Kelvin gave him a grumbling glance.

"And here you are talking nonsense. Go look in the mirror and see how haggard you are."

Gilbert smiled and did not respond.

Mrs. Kooper Sr. brought a bowl of porridge to him. "Come, eat something."

Gilbert pushed the bowl away. "No, Grandma, I'm not hungry."

"What nonsense. How long has it been since you last ate? Do you intend to rely on this IV drip?" Mrs. Kooper Sr. said angrily, her heart pained.

Gilbert lowered his head and stopped talking.

After a while, he muttered,
"Don't worry, I'll live on. I won't do anything stupid."

His appearance made everyone angry and distressed.

Mrs. Kooper Sr. took a deep breath as she said to him, "Eat up and get well soon; only then will you have the strength to see that Kisa Becker, no?"

Gilbert was shocked as he looked at her in disbelief.

Even Kelvin could not believe it.

'When did Grandma make peace with this?'

Gilbert looked at her with some uncertainty, "You... are no longer against me being together with Kisa?"

"Hah, how would I dare to anymore? If I persist, you will probably kill yourself in front of me," Mrs. Kooper Sr. said angrily.

Gilbert immediately shook his head, “No, I told you before, I’ll never leave you alone.”

Mrs. Kooper Sr.’s heart twitched as she suddenly hugged him. “Silly child. Grandma had thought things through in the past few days. Since you insist on that woman regardless of everything, then I won’t object to it any longer. Better this than

watching you being depressed like this.”

“Thank you, Grandma.”

Gilbert laughed softly. His eyes, however, felt a little warm.

Kelvin said happily, “Great. Since Grandma has come to a compromise, I’m sure Kisa will listen to you and understand the hardship you’re going through. If the two of you can talk properly, I’m sure you can resolve all of the misunderstandings between the both of you.”

Chapter 903 Scheming

Gilbert only wanted to look for Kisa now, explain everything to her, and happily tell her that Grandma was finally willing to accept her. He believed that she would be overjoyed as well.

He pulled the quilt aside and wanted to get out of bed.

Kelvin immediately held him down. “What are you doing?”

“I want to look for her.”

“Enough. Lie back down,” Kelvin pushed him back into the bed and growled, “Get well first. You’ll scare her away like this. Also, there’s no news about her whereabouts yet. I’ll let you know once we find her.”

Gilbert immediately frowned.

‘Yeah, there’s no news about her whereabouts yet. Where did she hide herself?’

He then looked at the clear sky outside.

Although Grandma had already compromised with him, he was still nervous.

He was still afraid that the woman would not believe him.

It was the first time Lea had come to this club. She followed closely behind Anthony, not daring to say a word.

Inside the private room, aside from Anthony and her, there were also Adrien, Carolyn, and Sharon.

“Speaking of which, it’s all thanks to Miss Garner’s secret recording that this plan succeeded.”

Sharon, seated at the table, suddenly smiled sarcastically at Lea.

Lea’s expression changed, and she pursed her lips, keeping silent.

Sharon sneered, “I suppose that woman doesn’t even know you’ve stabbed her in the back. To think that stupid woman still treats you as her best friend. It is hilarious when you think of it.”

“Enough. Shut up, will you? Annoying.” Anthony suddenly barked at Sharon.

Not wanting to take that lying down, Sharon wanted to say something, but Adrien interjected with a smile, “Alright, alright. We are here to celebrate, so why fight?”

Anthony glared at Sharon before turning to Adrien, asking, “Mr. Tanner, speaking of which, the warden is still the key figure in this plan. I heard my men saying Gilbert had sent people to look for him. I’m afraid...”

“Don’t worry. I’ll get Jensen to send the warden to the secret room in the southern mountain. That place is quite hidden, and Gilbert will not find him there.”

Adrien said that and gave Lea a quick glance.

The latter was hanging her head, and no one knew what she was thinking.

Anthony suddenly frowned in confusion, “Mr. Tanner, why the trouble instead of killing the warden straightaway?”

“Yeah.” Sharon quipped in.

“It’ll be better if he’s dead. If Gilbert was to find him, then our efforts would be for nothing.”

“No. We should not

be getting our hands bloodied, or else it’ll be even more troublesome if the cops find out.”

Sharon was about to say something else, but Carolyn interjected with a smile, “Yes, Mr. Tanner is right. It’ll be troublesome if the cops get alerted. We just need to hide the warden away. Mr. Tanner had kept him hidden for the past six years without anyone finding out, which means he is very capable.”

Sharon pursed her lips and had to give up.

Adrien took a puff as his eyes looked at Lea from time to time, scheming as he went.

After getting out of the club, Lea was troubled and gradually created a distance between Anthony and herself.

Anthony opened the car door and was about to step into the car, and when he saw the woman had not followed behind him, he frowned.

He then turned and growled at Lea, “Hurry up, what are you standing there for?”

Shaken by the growl, Lea snapped back to reality, quickly making her way to Anthony.

Anthony then got into the car. As he had been drinking, he sat on the co-driver’s seat and closed his eyes to rest.

Lea sat in

the driver’s seat but did not rush to start the car. Instead, she looked at the man beside her, hesitating to speak.

Chapter 904 A Whole Night

“Mr. Anthony, please do not get involved in this anymore. It’s not like you have a deep grudge against Gilbert. Why must you hound him like this?”

Anthony slowly opened his eyes. A terrifying menace roiled within his drunken gaze.

He then sneered, “Yes, I have no deep grudge against him, but they provoked me. I’m always vengeful, so how can I be happy if I don’t utterly destroy them?”

“Moreover, it’s because of them I got scolded by my old man many times and even had my authority in the Mullen Group taken away. This time, taking Gilbert down will be the best opportunity for me to turn things around in the Mullen family. I’ll definitely change the way the old man sees me!”

“But…”

“Enough, drive!”

Anthony let out an icy growl before closing his eyes and ignoring her.

Lea looked at his arrogant, devilish yet handsome face sadly.

‘He is strong and competitive, but he is also vindictive.’

‘But has he ever thought about me?’

‘For him to force me to betray my best friend just for some trifling grudge between them.’

‘Has he ever thought that I would be sad or hurt?’

‘Heh…’

‘Yeah, I’m nothing to him.’

She was a pawn to him, a tool to warm the bed with, a person at his beck and call.

So why would he have any care for her?

Lea's heart writhed in pain, and even her stomach hurt as well.

She looked up and took a deep breath. A touch of determination flashed across her eyes.

This time, she must make up for her misdeeds.

Whether Kisa was willing to forgive or not, she had to do something for her.

Early in the morning, the mountain air was exceptionally fresh.

The dawn light was so beautiful one could not shift their gaze.

Jolina stared at the slowly rising sun. The foul emotions swirling in her mind dissipated somewhat.

She leaned over slightly and looked at Kisa in the car.

It had been a whole night.

She had been sitting just like that, without crying or saying a word for the entire night.

The calmness on her face was worrisome.

She would rather Kisa just wail and cry loudly so that the latter would feel a little better.

Peter slept on a rock by the foot of the mountain.

When he woke up, his hair and shirt were soaking wet from the dew.

His body was wet, and there was the smell of sweat.

He sat up and loosened his collar in disgust.

A moment later, he turned to Jolina, who was leaning against the back of the car.

“Bring my clothes from the trunk.”

A commanding tone!

And Jolina ignored him.

Peter frowned and wanted to yell at Jolina, but upon seeing the other pitiful woman inside the car, he suppressed his temper and changed his tone before speaking

again.

“Please bring me my clothes.”

Only then did Jolina walk to the trunk and take out his black backpack.

She took a few steps toward the man before tossing the backpack over.

Peter deftly caught the backpack.

Seeing the woman standing so far away from him, as if she was disgusted by him, Peter suddenly felt pissed off.

When he saw the woman was about to turn away and leave, he coldly yelled, “Come here!”

“What?”

Jolina turned around and asked him with a frown.

“Come here. I’ve something to talk to you about.”

Peter repeated that before tossing the backpack onto the rock and taking out his clothes from it.

Jolina

glanced at him a few times and walked over, thinking that the man had something to talk to her.

She stood about a meter away from him and asked rather impatiently, “What’s the matter?”

“Come closer.”

Jolina frowned as she reluctantly took a few steps forward. “Come on, what’s the

matter? Is it time to...”

Chapter 905 You’re So Ruthless!

Before Jolina could finish her sentence, she saw Peter taking off his shirt.

The man’s thin upper body was suddenly exposed to her at such a close distance.

The man even smiled devilishly at her. “You wouldn’t take a good look every time I show you, so here, have a good look. Who has the better body, me or that man in your dreams?”

Jolina choked, her expression turned sullen as she yelled, “Pervert!”

As she said that, she turned and left, swearing never to believe a single word of this man ever again.

Peter pursed his lips before taking his clothes and grinned as he walked toward a small pond by the entrance of the col.

When he tailed the jailer yesterday, he noticed the pond water was clear and good enough to be used for bathing.

Just as Jolina returned to the car, Kisa had gotten out of it.

Her thin body shook a little, seemingly unsteady.

She held the door. Her face was so pale it was horrifying.

Jolina hurried over to help her, “Miss Kisa, you...”

“I’m fine.” Kisa smiled at her, her voice very soft.

Jolina pursed her lips and did not ask further as she helped Kisa to sit on the rock Peter had slept on earlier.

Kisa leaned against the rock, slightly squinting as she looked at the rising sun.

The mountain air was fresh, the sunrise glorious. Yet, for all of nature's beauty, her heart was in total desolation.

She had thought about it the whole night.

She still needed to accept the truth as it was.

She had never thought that the most hurtful thing was not traps or injuries but these sorts of sweetened lies.

This kind of hurt which saw her tricked into falling in love, was far before being given a slap, was much, much more painful than anything.

She will not just let things lay like this.

Be it hatred of that fire from years ago or the hatred of that man deceiving her. She would have all of it accounted for.

'No more. I will never believe that man ever again.'

No matter how loving he pretends to be, she will never be fooled again.

Thinking of those sweet memories from a while ago, she felt a tinge of irony.

Her eyes soon welled with tears.

She raised her head and held them back as a fragile yet determined arc formed on the corners of her lips.

'Gilbert Kooper... I will not stop until I see you fall!'

When Peter came back, he found the two women leaning on the rock in silence. The atmosphere was so dour it was suffocating.

He immediately walked over and asked.

“Feeling better? Let’s get on the road if you’re doing better. I do not want to stay at this place a moment longer, and I’m hungry.”

As he said that, Peter walked toward the car.

Kisa called out to him, “Can you give me a cigarette?”

Peter raised his eyebrow. “Oh? Trying to smoke like a man?”

Kisa did not speak. Her pale and icy face looked rather intimidating.

Peter did not say much else as he walked over and handed the cigarette and lighter to her.

This was the first time Kisa smoked.

She heard that smoking could relieve stress and sorrow.

She was extremely frustrated at this moment, so she wanted to give it a try.

Yet when she took the first puff, she choked and coughed violently.

Peter smiled as he took the cigarette from her. “Enough already. Don’t smoke if you don’t know how to smoke. Gilbert will be after my head if you choke to death.”

Kisa suddenly turned sullen as she looked at him with a hostile glare.

Peter was taken aback. A moment later, he laughed skittishly, “My bad, I meant

Jensen. Jensen will be after my head.”

As he said that, he got into the car.

‘Man, women are scary when angry, as if they are about to devour someone.’

The car then moved.

Kisa leaned against the window, and as she looked at the ruins that were slowly fading from sight, her heart was desolate.

It had only just been a few months, and that peaceful village was gone.

'Gilbert, you are so ruthless!'