

Fire 1508

Chapter 1508

"Let me go. Gilbert would never trade me for his grandma. In his heart, she is his queen bee."

David lit a cigarette and spoke in a slow, menacing tone, "I'll let you go when I find Mrs. Kooper Sr."

"Why the hell do you even care? Let bygones be bygones," she replied.

"But I can't." David chuckled.

"I've been in hiding for too damn long, scheming for years, all for this moment. I can't stop now. Mrs. Kooper Sr., Gilbert, and you all have to pay the price."

"You resent Mrs. Kooper Sr. for booting you out of the Kooper family, huh? But let's be real, as a mother, she is bound to play favorites with her own flesh and blood. Plus, she treated you like royalty every other day and even wept when mentioning you to me. She has still got a soft spot for you, doesn't she?"

David stayed silent, the smoke from his cigarette coiling around his fingers and enshrouding his face. Kisa let out a breath and continued.

"And my mom, she didn't betray you. She had a diary—"

"There is no damn diary," David interrupted, his voice cold as ice.

low, but there was no such thing as you described. Heh, you still want
is impossible!" Kisa

way in the back of the drawer." David locked his eyes on her, a sneer on
and your mom are both pro actors, full of hot air, but
mom left a diary

cleared out your room, and there was a photo

have swiped it. They don't want you to see my

David abruptly stood

little reunion with you and Gilbert. There is something I need to say to both of you, something that will
definitely spark some

his sentence

skipped a

who took my mom's diary?' Later that night, Kisa was jolted awake by a sound

at the direction of the

and a tall

Kisa bolted upright.

"Who are you?"

"It's me, Kisa."