

Reborn 1579

Chapter 1579

The boy stood apart from the rest, a fearless soul despite being caked in mud and filth. His eyes burned with a cold defiance that seemed too intense for someone his age.

On that fateful afternoon, his piercing gaze struck her numb heart like a razor-sharp arrow.

Suddenly, she felt trapped in a bottomless, repulsive swamp, desperate to grasp at a ray of light.

He was that longed-for beacon of hope.

Jensen was rescued by Kohen, the younger brother of Hayes of the McCray family.

Kohen had never brought an orphan into their home before, marking Jensen as an extraordinary exception.

One day, Kohen grinned at Hayes.

"This boy is fascinating. Train him for me, but be careful not to break him."

Hayes, a mischievous glint in his eye, toyed with the knife in his hand, chuckling.

"I'm not the heartless monster you imagine. I don't decide their fates. Here, survival depends entirely on their own skills and willpower."

He tossed the knife to land at Jensen's feet, pointing at the other boys and girls in the courtyard.

"Now, show me what you're made of."

Jensen may not have been as important as Gilbert within the Kooper family, but he had also lived a pampered life.

His slim figure, fair skin, and innate air of nobility and elegance betrayed his lack of any formal training.

Kohen shook his head.

"Give him some training first, then see what he's truly capable of."

Hayes smirked, sweeping his arm toward the group of boys and girls in the courtyard.

"Did any of them receive training when they first arrived? Look at his demeanor; he's clearly from a wealthy family. Many of the orphans and beggars I have taken in come from privileged backgrounds, their pasts are not so different from his. But now that they have fallen from grace, they must confront the unforgiving truth. This world is merciless; without the strength to stand your ground, you are a helpless pawn in the hands of fate."

Jensen's grips tightened at his sides, his eyes ablaze with a fierce defiance, an unyielding coldness, and even a trace of hatred. He snatched up the knife and stared at Hayes.

"What do I need to do...to stay?"

He had been cast out into this foreign land, stripped of any income, and tormented by a gang of thugs for reasons he could not understand.

Unable to even find a job, he felt his options slipping away.

It was painfully clear that his grandmother had severed all ties, leaving him for dead.

In this moment, his heart seethed with a deep-rooted hatred for the Kooper family, tinged with an overwhelming sense of injustice.

He was determined to survive, to confront his grandmother about her callous treatment.

With his back against the wall, Jensen knew his only chance at survival lay with the McCray family.

Hayes let out a sinister chuckle.

"Simple. Just defeat three of them, and you can stay."

Mia clenched her teeth, her frustration mounting as she realized Hayes was toying with the newcomer.

In the past, the orphans brought back did not have to face such a daunting challenge; they were allowed to stay and train directly, with a competition held three months later.

The losers would become test subjects for their research, while the winners continued to sharpen their skills.

It was glaringly obvious that Hayes was singling out Jensen, solely because Kohen had brought him in.

Hayes studied Jensen with a wicked interest.