

Reborn 1582

Chapter 1582

A group of girls swarmed around Mia, their taunts and jeers cutting through the air. Mia picked at the grass, her eyes locked on the retreating figure of the young man she had just met. A bitter laugh escaped her lips, wondering if she had truly lost her senses. The usually cold and ruthless Mia had shown mercy to a complete stranger. But as his indifferent silhouette faded into the distance, she felt no regret, only a sense of resignation.

Against all odds, Jensen found himself staying with the wealthy McCray family, enduring the relentless brutality of the training camp. Each assassin-in-training had their own room, nestled in the nearby courtyard, the boys' and girls' quarters arranged in parallel rows. The elegance and serenity of the McCray estate belied the bloody, vicious reality of their daily lives.

As dusk settled, Hayes's bodyguards came to escort Mia away. She braced herself, knowing that she might never return. As she followed them, her heart caught in her throat when she glimpsed the captivating young man, lost in thought, leaning against the door. She pressed her lips together, determined to learn his name before she left.

Turning to the bodyguards, she pleaded. "Please, give me just one minute to say goodbye to my friend."

Sensing the gravity of Mia's situation, the bodyguards softened, their sympathy for the beautiful girl evident. They agreed to her request. She jogged up to the young man, but as she met his icy gaze, words failed her. As he turned to enter his room, she impulsively reached out, grabbing his arm. The contact sent a jolt through her, her heart pounding wildly. His eyes pierced her, cold and unyielding. She withdrew her hand, her voice shaking.

"I just wanted to remind you that only the strong survive here and achieve ultimate victory. You can never afford to be soft-hearted."

Summoning her courage, she locked eyes with him one last time, her voice filled with desperation. "You must survive, no matter what."

With that, she turned and walked away.

The young man's voice cut through the silence, calling out to her, "If you understand this principle, why haven't you followed it yourself?"

Her eyes fell, a bittersweet smile forming as tears threatened to spill.

"I don't know. Perhaps it's just fate."

She had never been one to accept fate, but in this moment, she did.

She lifted her head, took a shaky breath and turned back to him. "What's your name?"

His tone was cold, detached. "If you make it back alive, I'll tell you. If you don't, there's no point in telling you."

With that, he disappeared into his room.

Mia stared blankly at his retreating figure, her thoughts racing.

'Make it back alive? Can I really survive this time?'