

## Reborn 1590

### Chapter 1590

Mia's body tensed as she watched Hayes, her heart pounding with a primal fear in response to his icy presence. Hayes came to a halt before her, his slender fingers suddenly landing on her arrow-pierced shoulder. With a sinister grin, he said, "Seems like your injuries today weren't severe enough."

As he tightened his grip, Mia involuntarily let out a pained whimper. Cold sweat beaded on her forehead, and her clothes became stained with blood. She gritted her teeth, refusing to cry out.

Hayes chuckled darkly and turned to the young man behind him, his tone heavy with innuendo. "Mia is the most exceptional girl among her peers here, and quite beautiful too. Do you like her? If so, I wouldn't mind playing matchmaker for you two."

His eyes held a chilling, inscrutable glint despite his smile. His offer of 'matchmaking' seemed like a twisted joke. Mia's gaze remained locked on the young man, her heart constricting with anticipation.

After a moment, the young man approached, his voice soft yet determined. "I came here to survive. Everything else is unimportant."

Mia lowered her gaze, knowing he could not possibly like her or anyone else there. He exuded an air of unattainable nobility, clearly not belonging to their world. She had a gut feeling he would eventually leave this place.

Hayes scrutinized Mia's downcast eyes, his own narrowing dangerously. Releasing her shoulder, he left without another word. Mia and the young man were now alone at the door. After Hayes exposed her feelings, she could not bring herself to meet the young man's gaze.

Her voice trembling. She handed him the ointment, her head bowed. "Here, you'll need this often."

The young man accepted it, replying quietly, "Thank you."

Mia pursed her lips, embarrassed. "Don't mind what Hayes said. He just spouts nonsense. I care about you because we will be friends and train together, or go on missions, you—"

"I understand," the young man offered a faint smile, his eyes remaining impassive. It was as if nothing here could stir his emotions. Mia sighed in relief, but also felt a pang of disappointment.

She forced a smile. "It's late. I should go. You should rest."

"Alright," the young man replied, his voice deep and soothing.

As Mia turned to leave, she remembered she had not asked his name yet. She turned back and asked, "Oh, you said that if I made it back alive, you'd tell me your name."

"Jensen," he said. "My name is Jensen Kooper."