

## Reborn 1593

### Chapter 1593

Hayes' smile was unrelenting, but it sent a shiver down one's spine. Jensen fixed his gaze on him, his voice steady. "She is just my friend—nothing romantic. I would do the same for any of my friends."

"So, you still don't have feelings for her?" Hayes sneered, casting a sly glance at Mia. Her eyes filled with tears, and his smile grew colder.

"If you don't care for her, then you have no right to take her place in training."

"I didn't need his help anyway." Mia choked back tears and confronted Hayes. "He's just butting in. I can handle an exercise like this on my own. I don't need him stepping in."

Hayes lowered his eyes, smirking without saying a word. Mia inhaled sharply, pain evident, and turned to walk toward the water. Jensen's lips tightened, and he pleaded with Hayes. "Can she at least get a few days off? She's not well."

"Jensen!" Mia interrupted before Hayes could reply. Frustration and resentment in her eyes, she glared at him. "My well-being is none of your concern. Even if I were dying, I don't need your pity. Just focus on yourself."

If he did not care for her, he had no reason to worry about her. She wanted him to stay out of her life. Mia stormed off into the water without looking back. Jensen sighed softly, trailing behind her.

Hayes studied Mia's pale face, his brow furrowing with concern. 'What's happening to her?'

The water in the pool was bone-chillingly cold. As Mia stepped in, her body trembled. Clenching her teeth, she waded further into the pool. The water reached their chests.

Every now and then, someone would collapse in the water, only to be carried away and sent to Velvet Vagabonds later that night. Some, knowing they could not endure, would speak up to their supervisors.

Mia bit her lip, trying to find her footing in the water. Her lips were dry and cracked. Biting down harder, they turned an even paler shade. Hayes stared at her intently, his eyes narrowing. 'Why didn't she ask for leave herself? Is she afraid of me, or does she think I'm too cold-hearted to agree?'

After three years of grueling training, Jensen had grown significantly stronger. Standing in the freezing water, his face remained stoic. Occasionally, his gaze drifted toward Mia—the slender figure who had been the first and only person to help him. He was grateful.

Mia's frail body suddenly wavered, and she seemed unable to hold on any longer. Jensen quickly moved to catch her as she stumbled.

"Are you okay?" He let her lean against his chest, gripping her hand tightly. "There's only half an hour left. Can you make it?"