

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

Chapter 1471-1480

Chapter 1471

Kisa frantically dug through her bag and pulled out her phone, only to find a barrage of missed calls. She had silenced it earlier and forgot to turn the ringer back on.

“Kisa, haven’t I told you to give me a heads up before gallivanting off? If you weren’t carrying my child, I wouldn’t care about your well-being. You want to be a loose cannon, go ahead. Once the baby is born, you can go wherever you please and do whatever you damn well want. I won’t bat an eyelash!” Gilbert barked.

“That’s not what happened.” Gilbert was livid, and Kisa could not figure out why. She quickly took hold of his arm and explained, “I didn’t go anywhere today except for Adrien’s house. Thomas was super nice to me and made sure I was okay the whole time. You really don’t need to worry.”

“But this is Oceanville, not Calthon. You’re off doing God knows what, ignoring my calls. How can I guarantee the safety of my child? Kisa, if something happens to my child, you’ll be the one held accountable.”

Gilbert’s fury caused his words to spill out without much thought. The woman in front of him suddenly went silent, her lowered gaze hinting at a tinge of sadness. Gilbert instantly regretted his outburst. He impatiently kicked the chair in front of him, then sat on the windowsill, his hand cradling his forehead.

Kisa gazed at him before finally making her way to sit across from him. “Don’t worry. I’ll do whatever it takes to keep this child safe.”

Gilbert scoffed, “Do you really give a damn about this child?”

“Believe it or not, this child is my reason for living.”

Gilbert chuckled and glanced out the window, clearly not believing what she just said. But Kisa did not want to waste her breath, knowing that words would not make a difference until the matter was resolved. She recalled the strange noise she heard earlier today at the Tanner residence and turned to Gilbert with a serious look on her face.

“Do

you have anyone reliable here who can sneak into the Tanner residence?”

Gilbert looked back at her, intrigued. Kisa continued. "I discovered a basement in the Tanner residence's backyard, and the butler said they keep a Tibetan Mastiff there. But I have a feeling it is not a dog."

"What do you think it is?"

"A person."

Shock registered on Gilbert's face, and he sneered after a moment, "I thought you were tight with Adrien. Why the sudden urge to investigate him again? What's your angle?"

"Actually, I first suspected that he was your uncle, David."

"Impossible," Gilbert scowled.

"Yeah, I realized that later. After all, there were no signs of plastic surgery on his face. But I have a feeling he's hiding something, and that basement's one of his secrets. Can you—"

"I'll see what I can do in a few days. I need to get a chance to check out the Tanner residence first," Gilbert replied nonchalantly.

"Thanks." Kisa smiled. But Gilbert ignored her, just fidgeting with his cigarette box. After staring at him for a while, Kisa did not bother him further.

Later in the evening, she called Adrien and told him about her visit to the Tanner residence to see Mrs. Tanner Sr. From Adrien's tone, he did not seem suspicious of her. But he did mention that he got engaged to Carolyn, and the wedding was at the end of next month.

Kisa was shocked by this news. She had not expected Adrien to be truly in love with Carolyn.

However, on the day of the wedding, Kisa would learn that Adrien's so-called "love" was actually a well-planned revenge.

Chapter 1472

It was dinner time, but Thomas was nowhere to be found. Kisa headed to the kitchen to arrange some grub for him, only to find that the servants had already prepared two portions of food.

Kisa flashed a smile at one of the servants and said, "I will take one of them to Thomas."

The servant looked at her awkwardly and said, "These are for Peter."

Kisa was confused. "Hold up! Isn't this two servings? Is he seriously about to eat two identical meals all by himself?"

"There's more to it than just Peter," the servant said eagerly, but the older servant cut her off with a quick nudge to the arm.

"Mrs. Kooper, Peter has been eating like a horse lately. He can finish two servings of food no problem!" exclaimed the older servant.

"Are you thinking of sending some food over to Thomas? I can cook it up for you right now."

With a quick nod to the other servant, she motioned for her to take the dishes away.

Kisa furrowed her brows, deep in thought. 'Has Peter been eating well recently? If that's the case, how come he has shed so much weight? Plus, even if he does have a big appetite, knowing his picky personality, would he really chow down on two portions of the same meal? What's up with

him?

The servant ended up cooking a steaming plate of spaghetti for Thomas, which Kisa happily took up to him. However, on the way, she bumped into Gilbert, who stood with his arms folded, leaning against the doorframe.

"Wow, you are just overflowing with kindness to everyone," he sneered, his voice dripping with

sarcasm.

Kisa was not having it. "Thomas got chewed out because of me. It is only right that I go and check

on him."

Gilbert snorted and stalked off to his room, slamming the door so hard that the whole house

shook.

Kisa pursed her lips and walked toward Thomas's room, carrying a tray in one hand and knocking on the door with the other. After a while, the door opened, accompanied by the pungent smell of smoke. Kisa waved her hand to clear the air and looked at the man standing at the door.

In the daytime, Thomas wore a pair of gold-rimmed glasses and always greeted people with a smile, giving the impression of a refined and cultured gentleman. But now, without his glasses and with disheveled hair, he seemed rather despondent and distant.

"Mrs. Kooper, do you need something?" Thomas asked, noticing her distaste for the smell of smoke and quickly extinguishing his cigarette.

Kisa smiled at him. "I noticed you didn't have dinner, so I brought you some spaghetti. It was made by your servant."

Thomas reluctantly smiled and stepped aside to let her in. The room was dark, with the curtains tightly closed. After Kisa entered, Thomas turned on the main light, and the room was instantly as bright as day.

She placed the spaghetti on a low table and urged him to eat. "Come on, it's still hot."

"Thank you," Thomas said, his face filled with a hint of sadness.

Kisa felt guilty and apologetic. "I'm really sorry about what happened today. It's my fault that you got scolded. I never thought Mr. Webb Sr. would blame you for such a trivial matter, especially when you didn't do anything wrong."

Thomas sighed. "That's just how he is. He's strict with me, and sometimes I feel like he's using me as his punching bag. I even wonder if I'm really his son because he treats me and Peter so differently. Throughout my life, he has always favored Peter, and no matter who did something wrong, I always ended up getting punished."

Thomas spoke with bitterness and suddenly took a sip of his drink, his face filled with melancholy and gloom.

Kisa looked at him intently, not knowing what to say. But then a bold guess suddenly flashed through her mind.

When she did not say anything, Thomas awkwardly laughed. "I'm sorry. It's my own family matters. I didn't mean to burden you with my problems."

She shook her head and stared at him without blinking. "Peter told me that you have a crimson birthmark on your chest. Do you mind if I take a look?"

Chapter 1473

Thomas was taken aback for a moment.

Kisa quickly explained, "Don't get me wrong, Peter just said... he said that you both have an identical birthmark on your chest. So, I was curious." Her voice grew softer and softer toward the end of the

sentence.

Seeing Thomas remain skeptical, she said, "Actually, my mother also has a birthmark in the same spot. And I have an older brother who has never been seen. When I saw Peter's birthmark, I thought he might be my long-lost brother. But he said you have the same birthmark, so I wanted to take a look."

After a moment of hesitation, Thomas smiled and said, "Oh, I see. No problem, let me show you."

He unbuttoned his shirt to reveal the blood-red birthmark on his chest. It was identical to Peter's and just like the one Kisa remembered on her mother.

"But how could this be? Does the birthmark really mean nothing?" she wondered.

Thomas stared at Kisa's stunned expression for a moment before chuckling and asking, "Mrs. Kooper, are you looking for your long-lost brother?"

Kisa nodded silently. Thomas then asked, "Besides the birthmark, is there anything else that could prove his identity?"

Kisa shook her head, but then remembered something and quickly said, "Yes, there's a bracelet."

"A bracelet?" Thomas suddenly became serious.

Kisa asked, puzzled, "What's wrong?"

Thomas shook his head hastily and asked, "Mrs. Kooper, are you suspecting that Peter and I are your brothers because of the birthmark?"

Kisa pursed her lips and said nothing.

Thomas sighed and said, "I don't think it's possible, because Peter and I are fraternal twins. I'm only a few minutes older than him and we don't look exactly alike. And our mother ran away with someone else when we were very young, so we couldn't be your brothers."

Kisa stumbled out of Thomas's room, feeling utterly lost and confused. According to Thomas, he and Peter could not possibly be her brothers.

That birthmark on Peter's chest must have been just a coincidence. But if they are twins, why does Mr Webb Sr treat them so differently? And why did Thomas react so strangely when I mentioned the word "bracelet"? Is he hiding something?"

Lost in thought, Kisa made her way back to her room, only to collide with a solid wall of muscle. Looking up, she saw Gilbert's brooding gaze

"Still up?" she greeted him, trying to sound casual as she brushed past him and flopped onto her bed.

Gilbert gave her a cold stare. "It took you an hour to deliver a plate of spaghetti. What were you doing?"

Kisa did not have the energy to argue. She rolled over and looked at his rigid profile, then asked in a sulky tone, "Can you find out about a pregnant woman's delivery 30 years ago?"

"What do you want this time?" The man's tone was cold and hostile.

Kisa decided to come clean. "I forgot to tell you; I have another brother. He was born to my mother and your uncle. I want to find him."

Gilbert stared at her for a long time saying nothing. Kisa smiled, but said nothing either, just turning to look out the window.

After a while, Gilbert spoke up.

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Claim

Chapter 1474

"I might not be able to find it, but Kelvin can definitely get to the bottom of this," Gilbert said.

Kisa's heart raced, and she pulled out her phone to call Kelvin.

Kelvin was a big shot in the medical world, and sure enough, the investigation results were in the very next afternoon.

'No way! Mrs. Webb Sr. didn't have twins at all. She only had one kid. So why on earth did Thomas tell me he and Peter were twins? Or maybe Thomas was bamboozled too? And this con has been going on for thirty years! What the heck was the goal of the person who cooked up this scheme?

As Kisa pored over the info, Gilbert suddenly piped up, "So, your visit to Oceanville wasn't just to see my uncle, was it? You're also on the hunt for your brother, and you think he might be one of the Webb brothers, am I right?"

"Yep, they have got the same birthmark as my mom," Kisa confirmed.

"Speaking of that birthmark, doesn't it strike you as kind of fishy?" Gilbert chuckled.

"What do you mean?" Kisa eyed him suspiciously.

"You only have one brother, but both Webb bros have the same darn birthmark. That seems like a mighty big coincidence, doesn't it?"

Kisa stayed silent as Gilbert continued. "And let's not forget about the twins. Mrs. Webb Sr. only had one kid, yet the Webb family was going around town claiming that she had twins. Doesn't that seem a little odd to you?"

Kisa scrunched up her face. "Are you trying to tell me that..."

"Yup, you got it. The reason they pulled this stunt was to keep one of the children hidden away. And that child might just be your brother."

"Could it be Thomas?"

Gilbert shook his head. "I don't think so. Mr. Webb Sr. treats his two sons too differently. It seems

intentional."

Kisa's hands clenched tightly as she spoke in a low voice. "Then I'll find a way to get a DNA test with both Thomas and Peter separately."

Gilbert sneered and looked down. "This is Oceanville. Everywhere you go, the Webb family has eyes and ears. The results of the DNA test you get may not be reliable."

Kisa pursed her lips. She found that Gilbert had a point. The DNA test she had taken with Andrew and Ada had been tampered with, or else she would have known that the two children were hers much earlier.

Seeing Kisa's expression, Gilbert casually said, "Don't worry. Now that you have a target, you will surely find your brother."

"Thank you," Kisa replied, looking at him sincerely.

Gilbert chuckled lightly and sneered. "What good is thanking me with words? Will a person like you really understand gratitude?"

He then looked into her eyes and continued. "I helped you, loved you, and spoiled you. Will you forget all the past grievances and stay with me? No, you won't! Even though you say thank you, you will still join forces with those people to come after me, won't you?"

Chal

Kisa struggled to find words as she watched his mocking smile. Nowadays, no matter how much she talked, it would be all in vain.

In the dead of night, Thomas rummaged through every nook and cranny of his room until he pulled out a wooden box from the deepest drawer. With a red cloth wrapped around it, the box held a bracelet. He gazed at it for what seemed like an eternity, until a realization washed over him, making him chuckle. bitterly and shed tears at the same time.

"Ah, so that's it. That's it," he murmured as he held the bracelet in his hand and rushed out of his room.

Peter had just come downstairs when he saw his elder brother charge toward the study like a man possessed. He furrowed his brow and followed suit, unsure of what was happening.

Chapter 1475

In the Webb family's study, Mr. Webb Sr. gazed at a bracelet on his desk, his lips pursed in silence.

Thomas looked at him, his face full of self-deprecation. "I've never understood why you treat me and Peter so differently. I used to comfort myself that maybe it was because I'm the eldest son, so you were overly strict with me. But now I understand that you hate me, you're incredibly harsh on me not to toughen me up, but because I'm not one of the Webb family's children."

Mr. Webb Sr. puffed on his cigar, looking at him. "Who has been filling your head with this nonsense?"

"No one has been filling my head with anything" Thomas replied, his emotions rising. "Kisa has been searching for her brother who has a blood-red birthmark on his chest and a bracelet. So please explain, what's the deal with the birthmark on my chest and this bracelet?"

Mr. Webb Sr. exhaled a smoke ring slowly. "Don't forget that Peter also has a birthmark on his chest and a

bracelet like this."

“But Peter couldn’t possibly be her brother. You love Peter so much; how could he be someone else’s child? Dad, I won’t argue about how you have treated me differently all these years. I just want to know if I’m really your biological child or not.”

“Yes,” Mr. Webb Sr. answered without hesitation, his tone affirmative. “You are my child, the Webb family’s child.”

“It’s impossible,” Thomas argued, his emotions surging. “If I really am the Webb family’s child, why were you so harsh and strict with me all these years?”

Mr. Webb Sr. pursed his lips and remained silent.

Thomas looked at him and laughed self-deprecatingly. “Dad, you don’t have to keep lying to me. Even if I’m not the Webb family’s child, I still appreciate all the care and upbringing you have given me. But since I’m not your child, it is not appropriate for me to stay here any longer. I have thought about it for a long

time and decided to move out.”

Thomas picked up the bracelet from the desk and started walking out.

Mr. Webb Sr. quickly stopped him, seemingly struggling for a while before he frowned helplessly. “It’s exactly because you are my biological child that I have the right to be strict with you. On the other hand, I can only spoil the child of someone who has helped us. Do you understand?”

Thomas was shaken to his core. He turned around in disbelief to face Mr. Webb Sr. and asked, “Peter is the son of our benefactor? You mean to say that he’s the child of the Kooper family’s eldest son?”

“Ah!” Mr. Webb Sr. heaved a heavy sigh and took a drag of his cigar. “The Kooper family’s eldest son did me a great favor in the past, and I owe him my life. It was only right for me to raise his child.”

“So, Peter’s father is really the Kooper family’s eldest son, and he is really Kisa’s brother?”

Outside the room, Peter stood motionless, as if struck by lightning.

“Then what about the birthmark on my chest and this bracelet?” Thomas asked urgently.

“Peter is the child of the Kooper family’s eldest son and Emilia,” Mr. Webb Sr. replied. “The Kooper family’s eldest son brought the child to me and entrusted me to take care

of him. He also instructed me to hide the child's identity. Since you and Peter were born around the same time, I announced to the world that you were twins, and I had a reputable doctor place a birthmark identical to Peter's on your chest."

"So, this bracelet is also a copy of his?" Thomas asked.

Mr. Webb Sr. nodded. "To avoid suspicion about Peter's identity, I showered him with love and attention

from a young age and neglected you. I'm sorry, son. I've let you down all these years."

Thomas gave a bitter laugh. "So, I've become a tool to hide his true identity."

Chapter 1476

Mr. Webb Sr. tightly gripped his son's arm and urgently said, "It's not like that. I'm just helping Peter because of a debt I owe. In my heart, you're the only son I have, my own flesh and blood."

Outside, the snowflakes were gently falling, covering the Oceanville landscape in a blanket of white. Peter silently chuckled to himself and turned, his long shadow following him as he walked down the corridor. Suddenly, he felt like he was a joke, an outcast, an unworthy fool.

Meanwhile, Kisa could not sleep and decided to look out the window. Instead, she saw Peter standing alone in the snow. Ever since the first day she met the Webb family, she had sensed that there was something off about Peter.

Seeing him stand there motionless, Kisa furrowed her brow and grabbed her coat from the chair. But just as she was about to leave, Gilbert's cold voice stopped her in her tracks.

"What are you doing up at this hour?" Gilbert snapped.

"You go back to sleep. I'm going downstairs for a bit. I'll be back soon," Kisa replied, without looking back.

Gilbert was furious and threw off his covers. He pulled on his coat and headed to the window, his irritation palpable.

Kisa bundled up in her coat and caught up with Peter, eyeing him curiously. "It's late and it's snowing. What are you doing standing out here?" she asked.

Peter turned slowly, his eyes staring at hers. There was a strange glint in them, one that Kisa could not quite decipher. It was a mix of doubt, mockery, and sorrow. It was the first time she had seen such a complicated emotion in his eyes.

She anxiously asked, "What's going on, Peter?"

"What is the point of existence?" Peter asked suddenly.

Kisa was taken aback. She could not understand how the usually arrogant and domineering Peter had suddenly become so sentimental.

She exclaimed, "What is wrong with you? Are you still upset about the marriage your father arranged for you? You don't have to worry about it. If you don't like it, just refuse it. By the way, have you heard from Jolina lately? Since you returned to Oceanville, she has left Calthon, saying that there was some trouble at home. I have been trying to contact her, but-hey-"

Kisa did not finish her sentence before she saw Peter turning around and walking out of the courtyard

She hurriedly caught up with him, but he suddenly turned around and growled at her in disgust, "Don't follow me!"

Kisa was taken aback by his outburst. He was crying and laughing at the same time, like a bundle of contradictions.

He shook his head continuously and murmured, "I shouldn't have existed. I shouldn't have existed in this world..."

He muttered to himself and suddenly ran outside as if he had gone mad.

As Kisa watched Peter storm out into the darkness, she could not help but wonder what had happened to him. "He's usually so confident and full of himself, but now he seems like a completely different person."

Meanwhile, Gilbert was sulking in the corner, smoking his cigarette and stewing over his jealousy. He hated how Kisa seemed to only care about everyone else. The level of hate he gave off was nothing

compared to his unwavering obsession with her.

Kisa climbed up the stairs, lost in her thoughts. She was so engrossed in her own musings that she found herself on the third floor without even realizing it. As she was about to turn around and head back, she heard a loud thud coming from one of the rooms nearby.

Curiosity piqued, Kisa looked around. According to the grapevine, only Peter from the Webb family lived on the third floor. Everyone else, including her and Gilbert, resided on the second floor. So she wondered who possibly was in that room now that Peter had already left.

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Chapter 1477

As she thought about it, she remembered the day the servant had prepared two identical meals for Peter. A sudden suspicion crept up on her.

‘Could there be someone else in Peter’s room?’

Her eyes narrowed as she walked up to the door and tried to turn the knob, but it would not budge.

She pursed her lips and then whispered into the room, “Jolina, is that you?”

But there was no answer. She wondered if she was being too suspicious. Just as she was about to leave, she heard the sound of breaking dishes coming from inside the room. Her heart sank.

‘Could Jolina really be locked up in there?’

Kisa’s eyes darted toward the lock, and then she spun around and bolted down the stairs. She burst into the room to find Gilbert coolly smoking by the window. She did not waste any time explaining the situation to him and started rummaging through her things for wire or anything that could help her pick the lock.

“I suspect Jolina is locked upstairs. I’m going up to pick the lock and see. You get ready, if Jolina is up there, I want to get her out of here tonight,” Kisa said.

But Gilbert crushed his cigarette and strode over, grabbing her by the collar and snapped at her, “Why do you always have to get involved in other people’s business? This is the Webb family, Kisa.

Can’t you just leave it alone?”

“Jolina isn’t just anybody; she’s my friend,” Kisa brushed off his hand and said coolly.

“You should get some rest. If I do manage to rescue her, I’ll take care of her myself.”

Gilbert’s eyes bore into hers, and he lets out a sarcastic chuckle. “I should’ve known better than to bring you here.”

Kisa rummaged through the cabinet, pulling out two thin wires. She clenched her jaw and said firmly, ‘You go ahead and get some rest. If it really is Jolina, I’ll make sure she’s safe and sound before I come back.’

“This is Oceanville, the territory of the Webb family. Where do you think is a safe place?” Gilbert said. Kisa remained silent, gripping the wire and walking toward the door, leaving him staring at her coldly.

“Davian just called, and GK is in crisis,” he said, his eyes fixed on her back.

Kisa froze for a moment, her lips sealed shut. He continued. “I told you, if you want GK, just ask. Why go through all this trouble?”

Kisa bit her lip, her voice strained. “You’ll understand everything I’ve done soon

enough.”

With that, she hurriedly left the room. Behind her, the sound of a man pounding on the window echoed through the silence.

Kisa gritted her teeth. ‘GK is falling apart, and Adrien’s true face is about to surface. It’s almost over.’

She made her way to the third floor. She had plenty of experience picking locks, and with a few twists of the wire, she opened the door in front of her.

The room was lit up, and as Kisa pushed the door open, she saw a woman lying on the carpet. The woman was emaciated, and her clothes hung off her in an unusually large size.

Kisa rushed over to her. “Jolina, is it you?”

The woman moved slightly, struggling to lift her head. Kisa’s heart skipped a beat. It really was Jolina, but she had lost the vitality and color she once had. She was thin and frail, her face almost sickly white.

“Kisa...” Jolina said, tears streaming down her face.

Kisa hurried over and hugged her.

“How did this happen? How did they lock you up here?”

“It was... it was Peter,” Jolina said, her eyes filled with hatred. Kisa held her tight.

“Don’t worry. I’ll get you out of here. We’ll leave right now.” She put a thick, long down jacket on Jolina and helped her walk outside. As they stepped into the yard, a beam of headlights suddenly shone on them

Chapter 1478

Kisa’s heart skipped a beat, thinking it was Peter returning. But when she looked closer, it was Gilbert. He had somehow managed to get a car and was leaning against the door, waiting for her.

“Aren’t you leaving yet?” the man impatiently urged when he saw Kisa frozen in place.

Kisa quickly helped Jolina and moved toward the car, wondering why Gilbert was suddenly willing to help her.

She looked at his cold, tense profile for a moment before finally murmuring, “Thank you.”

Gilbert ignored her and started the car. As they merged onto the main road, he suddenly asked, ‘Do you know where you’re going?’

Kisa hesitated and looked toward Jolina, who was staring down with a trembling lip.

Kisa let out a sigh and said, “Let’s find a hotel for now.”

“A hotel?” Gilbert chuckled. “This is Oceanville. Peter will find her in no time.”

Kisa was crestfallen, but Jolina suddenly spoke up, her voice slow but firm. “It’s okay. I’ll try to leave the city. He won’t find me.”

Kisa hugged Jolina tightly and reassured her. “Don’t worry. We’ll get you to a place where he can’t find you.”

Gilbert only smirked and took them to a small, unremarkable hotel where he used someone else’s ID to check them in. After sending Jolina to the room, Kisa went to buy some food and clothes for her.

When she came back, Jolina was huddled in the corner, shivering. Kisa’s heart ached for her, and she rushed over to hug her, whispering, “It’s okay. We’ll leave this place and go somewhere where he’ll never find us.”

Jolina shook her head, tears streaming down her face as she cried out, "He won't let me go. Wherever I go, he will find me. I never knew he was such a paranoid person. Before, he would force me, but he never imprisoned me like this. Kisa, he is becoming more and more terrifying. I shouldn't have met him in the first place or gotten involved in his affairs. If I could turn back time, I would never have anything to do with him."

Jolina spoke in a panicked tone and gasped for air as she finished, collapsing into Kisa's embrace and struggling to catch her breath.

Gilbert stood by the window, smoking a cigarette. The snow outside was falling harder and harder, as if it were the night the prison caught fire. He could not help but turn to Kisa and feel grateful that she was still alive. All the resentment and hatred did not matter as long as she was alive. If she wanted GK or everything he had, it did not matter.

As the cigarette burned down, he extinguished it and said to Kisa, "Let's go back." Kisa pursed her lips and said, "You can go back without me. I'll stay here with her tonight."

Before Gilbert could say anything, Jolina quickly interjected, "No need, Kisa. You don't have to stay with me. I'm fine. You should go back with Mr. Kooper while Peter is still not around. This way, he won't suspect anything on your heads. Plus I'm sure you came to Oceanville for a reason, don't let my situation delay it."

Kisa wanted to say something, but Jolina pushed her and said, "Go back with Mr. Kooper. I really am okay. My parents and brother are waiting for me at home. Once I'm well enough, I will go back too."

As Jolina spoke, her tearful eyes were filled with determination and hope.

'Yes, she is different from Lea. She has her family's love, but Lea had nothing except Anthony. She won't do anything foolish like Lea did.' Kisa thought, tightening her grip on Jolina's hand.

"I'll go deal with Peter first, and I'll come see you early tomorrow. Rest well, and once you're feeling better, I'll take you out of Oceanville."

Chapter 1479

Jolina vigorously nodded her head, her pallid face finally regaining some color.

On the way back, Kisa was weighed down with heavy thoughts. Gilbert spoke in a subdued tone, "Actually, we can take her away from Oceanville tonight."

Kisa did not respond.

Gilbert continued. "But you and I both know that Peter has gone mad. She can't escape. No matter where she goes, with Peter's resources and power, he'll surely catch her soon. So the problem lies with Peter. If you really want to help her, you can only convince Peter to let her go."

Kisa felt powerless.

'If it were that easy for Peter to let go, he wouldn't have such an obsession.'

"Do you think Peter loves Jolina?" Kisa murmured while gazing out the window at the heavy snowfall.

Gilbert smirked. "A man who has gone crazy over a woman, do you think he loves her?"

He had been the same way with her in the past. He chuckled self-deprecatingly.

"This kind of obsessive love, isn't it a burden for you guys?"

Kisa looked at him in surprise. "Why would you say that?"

"Nothing," Gilbert replied as he turned the steering wheel and slowly drove into the mansion area.

Kisa did not dwell on that question. She craned her neck to see the Webb residence's situation. It was still as dimly lit as when they left. It seemed that Peter had not yet returned. However, she was now worried.

'If I can't convince Peter to let go, Jolina will truly be unable to break free. But how could I convince Peter to let go?'

Kisa got out of the car with a heavy heart. Just as she stood still, her neck was suddenly tightly pinched by an icy cold hand. Before she could react, she was slammed against the car door by a fierce and brutal force.

"Where's Jolina?" Peter's voice echoed through the dimly lit courtyard.

Kisa stared at him, momentarily breathless as he emerged from the shadows, looking like a demon escaped from hell, ruthless and bloodthirsty.

"Release her, and I'll tell you where she is," Gilbert countered, his voice cold and steady.

"You can't, Gilbert... ah!" Kisa's plea was cut off as Peter tightened his grip around her neck, threatening to snap it like a twig.

Gilbert's eyes narrowed as he watched the scene unfold before him.

"You harm her, and I will harm Jolina," he warned, his tone icy and resolute.

Peter's intense, black gaze shifted back to Kisa, and for a moment, his expression showing mixed emotions. But then, with a sudden roar, he flipped her over onto the ground.

Kisa braced herself, her hands instinctively protecting her pregnant belly, as Gilbert rushed to her side, shielding her from Peter's wrath.

"Where is Jolina?" Peter growled; his voice strained with suppressed rage. He was as tightly wound as a beast on the brink of exploding.

Kisa held tight to Gilbert's arm, silently urging him not to reveal Jolina's location. She knew that in Peter's current state, he would stop at nothing to find her, even if it meant putting her in danger. Gilbert hesitated, glancing down at Kisa's hand on his arm.

Then, with a deep breath, he faced Peter.

"She doesn't love you, Peter. Even if I told you where she was, what good would it do? She'll just run away again. Her heart isn't with you."

Gilbert's words dripped with sarcasm, but they were also tinged with bitterness. He knew all too well the pain of holding onto someone who did not love him back.

Peter shook his head, his eyes wild and unfocused.

"Shut up! You don't know anything! If you say one more word, I'll kill you!"

With that, he brandished a knife, pressing it dangerously close to Gilbert's neck

Chapter 1480

Kisa's heart skipped a beat, and she instinctively grabbed Gilbert's arm tightly. She looked at Peter, her voice trembling. "Don't do anything stupid. Let's talk this through."

Peter shook his head, enunciating each word. "I just want to know where Jolina is."

Watching Peter with his psycho obsession, Kisa groaned in frustration. "You've already put Jolina through so much pain and suffering. What the hell do you want from

her now? I thought you loved her. If that is the case, why don't you do right by her? Treat her well instead of terrorizing her. You're just pushing her away and driving her to the brink of insanity."

"Shut the hell up!" Peter was beyond reasoning with, muttering like a madman.

"Uncle Adrien was right. If I can't have Jolina, no one can. I will destroy everything in my path. We will go down in flames together... hahaha... hahaha..."

Peter broke into a sinister laugh, looking crazed and unhinged. Kisa's eyes narrowed in realization; Adrien was behind this twisted ideology that had Peter acting so deranged. She had to steady her nerves and try to talk some sense into Peter.

"You're not in a good headspace right now. Why don't you take a breather and go back to your room to chill? We'll go see Jolina tomorrow."

"Tell me where she is now."

"Peter..."

"Tell me, damn it!" Peter bellowed, pressing the blade against Gilbert's neck. Blood dripped from the cut, making Kisa's hear skip a beat.

Kisa's heart raced as she screamed at Peter, "Get a grip, man! Killing us won't make Jolina love you. She's terrified of you. If you truly love her, you'll back off and give her space. This craziness is only going to drive her away and ultimately destroy her. All she wants is to go home. Can't you just let her be?"

Peter clenched the dagger tightly, his hand shaking uncontrollably due to his heightened emotions.

Kisa was afraid that he might hurt Gilbert, so she quickly interjected, "Jolina is hidden by me. Gilbert has no idea where she is. Let him go, and if you have any anger, direct it at me."

"Shut up!" Gilbert growled at her, looking directly at Peter. "I won't tell you where Jolina is. You can either plunge that knife into my neck or let us go."

"You think I won't do it?" Peter snarled through gritted teeth. Kisa was getting anxious and pleaded, "Please, Peter, don't hurt him. I beg you, don't..."

Kisa's pleading seemed to awaken Peter's conscience. He stared at her without blinking, suddenly remembering the words he had heard at the door of the study.

"Kisa has been looking for her brother all this time... In my heart, you are the only son I have ever acknowledged..."

He laughed maniacally, and then backed away a few steps, staring at The pitch-black Sky. The merciless snow had already turned their shoulders white.

He gazed blankly at the falling snowflakes, lost in thought.

"what is family? What is love? It seems like I have everything, but I have nothing. If I left, would everyone be happy?"

He stared at the night sky, his tall and thin figure exuding an indescribable sense of loneliness and desolation. Kisa looked at him worriedly, about to say something to comfort him, but then suddenly saw his tall figure collapse to the ground