

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

Chapter 1481-1490

Chapter 1481

"Peter!" Kisa exclaimed in shock.

Suddenly, Mr. Webb Sr. and Thomas came rushing out.

"What in tarnation is going on here? Someone come and get help, quick!" Mr. Webb Sr. shouted frantically at the servants.

Within moments, several of them ran out and carried Peter inside. Thomas looked at Kisa, seeming unsure of what to say.

After a long pause, he walked over to her and Gilbert, apologizing, "I'm sorry. Peter hasn't been in the best state of mind lately. Please forgive him. I'll call a doctor for Mr. Kooper's injury."

"No need," Gilbert replied coolly, then took Kisa by the arm and led her inside.

Thomas hesitated, as if wanting to call Kisa back, but Mr. Webb Sr. stopped him.

"You'd better keep Peter's background to yourself. I don't want to be known as a man who can't keep his word," Mr. Webb Sr. whispered sternly.

"But Mrs. Kooper really wants to find her brother."

"That's her business, and you'd better not say a word."

Back in the room, Kisa quickly fetched some alcohol and gauze to treat the wound on Gilbert's neck. It was not deep, so she cleaned it with alcohol, applied some ointment, and stopped the bleeding. "I'm sorry for getting you hurt," Kisa said, her voice sounding muffled as she hung her head.

Gilbert glanced at her and sneered. "You wanted me dead, didn't you? No need to act all sorry now."

Kisa looked up at him, wanting to say something, but he suddenly stood up.

"You go ahead and get some rest. I need to go out for a bit."

"It's late. Where are you going?" Kisa asked reflexively, but Gilbert did not answer. He just grabbed his coat from the couch and left.

Kisa stared at the empty room, feeling uneasy. The snowy night felt endless, and she did not fall asleep until the wee hours of the morning. Then she had a nightmare, in which Gilbert was covered in blood. She struggled to wake up from the terrifying dream, feeling even more anxious.

The room was brightly lit, and she could see the snow-covered yard through the gap in the curtains. There were several servants shoveling snow outside as Thomas supervised them. The snowfall last night had been really heavy.

'But why did Gilbert go out last night? What was he doing?' Remembering the blood from her dream, Kisa's heart tightened. She hesitated for a moment before dialing Gilbert's number.

"Sorry, the number you have dialed is currently unavailable..."

Kisa furrowed her brow, her anxiety growing stronger by the second. Just then, an unfamiliar number called her. She

answered it quickly, and it was Jolina's voice on the other end.

“Hey, Kisa, Mr. Kooper arranged for two guys to take me back.”

Kisa was surprised. “He arranged two guys for you?”

“Yeah, I’m about to leave now. Don’t worry about me, and please thank Mr. Kooper for me.”

“Wait!” Kisa exclaimed. “Just hold on for a second. I’m coming to find you.” She hung up the phone and quickly changed into more appropriate clothing. As she was heading downstairs, she ran into Thomas.

“How is Peter doing?” she asked.

“He woke up last night and is doing better,” Thomas replied. “He’s just not very talkative and has been cooped up in his room all day.”

Kisa pursed her lips. “Take good care of him, okay?” she said before leaving.

She arrived at the small hotel where Jolina was staying, and Jolina was already waiting at the door. Jolina was wearing a thick down jacket, a hat, and a scarf that only revealed her eyes. Her eyes were bright, and Kisa recognized her at first glance. She walked quickly toward her, and then looked at the two bodyguards behind her.

“Gilbert sent you guys?”

Chapter 1482

One of the bodyguards respectfully replied, “Yes, Mr. Kooper instructed us in the wee hours of the morning to make sure Miss Wayne gets back to her hometown today.”

“In the wee hours?” Kisa furrowed her brow. “What time exactly?”

Probably around three in the morning,” the bodyguard replied.

Kisa’s brow furrowed even more tightly.

‘Gilbert left the Webb residence around 1 am last night, so was he handling Jolina’s situation last night?’ she wondered.

“Do you know where Mr. Kooper is now?” she asked the bodyguards.

Both bodyguards shook their heads.

Suddenly, Jolina grabbed Kisa’s hand and whispered, “Kisa, Mr. Kooper said I can leave without worrying about Peter bothering me anymore.”

“How’s that possible?” Kisa had seen Peter go crazy last night. She could not believe he could just let go so easily and wondered what Gilbert had done and where he was now.

“Yes, Mrs. Kooper. Mr. Kooper said that Peter won’t bother Miss Wayne anymore, so you and Miss Wayne can rest assured,” the bodyguard said.

Kisa was still full of doubt.

‘Even if Gilbert has gone to handle Jolina’s situation last night, he should have appeared by now. But he hasn’t shown up, and his phone’s off.’

This was the most unsettling thing for her. She was afraid Gilbert might get into trouble since this was not Calthon.

“I have to go now, Kisa. You’re welcome to visit my hometown next time. The scenery there is beautiful, and you’ll love it,” Jolina said.

Kisa smiled and nodded. She touched Jolina’s head and said, “I’ll definitely come visit your hometown if I get the chance.”

Then she looked at the two bodyguards and said, “Take good care of her.”

“Yes, Mrs. Kooper.”

Watching Jolina leave, Kisa felt a wave of sadness wash over her. It seemed like all

her friends were leaving her one by one. Lea had gone, Jolina was gone, and her contact with Felicity was dwindling. She wondered when they all could come together and have a good time again. That wish was starting to feel like a luxury she could not afford.

She pulled out her phone and tried Gilbert's number again, but it was still switched off. Gilbert hardly ever did that unless something was wrong. The memory of her dream came flooding back, making her even more anxious.

She decided to call Davian instead.

Davian's tone was not friendly. "What do you want? Haven't you caused enough trouble for Mr. Kooper?"

"Where is Gilbert?" Kisa asked, her voice low.

Davian chuckled. "Isn't Mr. Kooper with you? He abandoned GK just to take you to Oceanville. He knew you were stealing GK's confidential files and working with outsiders against GK, yet he still took you to Oceanville. GK is finished now, are you happy? You're absolutely heartless, Kisa!"

"GK is a topic for another day, Davian. Just tell me, did Gilbert contact you today?"

"Why are you asking? Did something happen to Mr. Kooper? I'm telling you, if anything happens to Mr. Kooper, I won't let you off the hook."

Kisa knew from his response that Gilbert had not contacted him. She hung up feeling troubled and uneasy. As she turned around, she saw a familiar figure standing across the street. It was Peter. He looked much thinner than before, and his black coat made him seem frail.

The coffee shop was warm, and Peter ordered a cup of coffee for her, but Kisa switched to plain water instead. He sat back in his chair, smoking and looking dejected. Kisa reminded him that smoking was not allowed there, but he ignored her. She sighed and said, "Jolina's gone. You must have seen that."

Peter did not react; he just stared out the window. A couple outside was building a snowman and laughing, making Kisa envious.

After a while, she asked, "Why did you suddenly decide to let her go?"

"Last night, Gilbert came to see me."

Chapter 1483

Kisa's body jolted, and she instinctively sat up straight.

Peter grinned and dropped his gaze.

"He said he had been just as desperate as me once upon a time, but he ended up with absolutely nothing."

He flicked the ash off his cigarette and looked at Kisa.

"So, do you still carry a torch for him?"

Kisa pursed her lips.

"He is the only man I have ever loved."

"Uh-huh, his predicament is totally different from mine. At least you love him. But Jolina..."

Peter's lips curved into a self-deprecating and bitter smile.

"What's the point of clinging on? I'm scared she'll end up dead. Gilbert told me you almost died in front of him once, and that was the most terrifying moment of his life. If Jolina dies, I don't think I'd be able to keep on living. So, I need to let go. I still want

her to have a good life.”

Peter’s voice was laced with discontent and helplessness.

Kisa felt a pang of sadness listening to Peter’s words. She tried to reassure him.

“Don’t think of it that way. It’s just that your way of loving her is too extreme, and she can’t handle it. Maybe she doesn’t dislike you as much as you think.”

Peter chuckled wryly and looked down.

“I’m well aware of what she feels for me. The man she fancies has always been someone else. A bright and wholesome dude, irreplaceable in her heart.”

Kisa suddenly fell silent for a moment, and then she asked, “What about Gilbert?”

“After he talked me down last night, he took off from the Webb residence.”

“Do you know where he went?” Kisa asked frantically, her voice brimming with anxiety.

Peter said, “He said he was going to help you with something.”

“Help me with something?”

Kisa furrowed her brow. Suddenly, Peter spoke again. “I heard this morning that the Tanner residence was robbed. But it seems like nothing was stolen, the thief just got beat up. Unfortunately, they didn’t catch the guy.”

“The Tanner residence...” Kisa suddenly remembered something, her face darkening.

‘That’s right. A few days ago I asked Gilbert to go to the Tanner residence’s backyard to check something out. I didn’t expect him to remember. So now he’s hurt? His phone’s turned off, and he’s gone missing. He must be trapped at the Tanner residence. I have to go save him.’

She stood up in a hurry, but in her haste, she knocked over the cup of water next to her. The water spilled all over the table, and some even splashed on her.

Peter watched her silently, then suddenly said, “Let me go to the Tanner residence for you.”

Kisa looked at him in surprise. “You-”

“You’re in such a hurry, and it’s likely that ‘thief is Gilbert. After all, the Tanner family has a great reputation in Oceanville, so who else would dare to steal from them? Gilbert must have gone to investigate something for you.”

Kisa calmly said, “Don’t jump to conclusions. The person who broke into the Tanner residence can’t be Gilbert.”

Peter chuckled lightly. “You don’t have to be on guard with me. I won’t tell anyone about this. But for you, it’s better if you don’t go to the Tanner residence and avoid arousing suspicion.”

Kisa looked down.

‘Peter’s right. If I go to the Tanner residence now, it’d be like walking into a trap. If Adrien becomes suspicious of me, all my disguise and everything I’ve done to Gilbert would have been in vain. Adrien and Peter have always been close, so it’s best if Peter goes to investigate. But can I trust him?’

The cigarette burned out. Peter stubbed it out and stood up.

“Actually, I’m not helping you. I also want to know what Uncle Adrien is up to. He seems to have been executing a plan ever since our time in Calthon.”

Kisa said nothing. At this point, she had no choice but to trust Peter.

Peter took a few steps outside, then turned to look at her.

“Did your mother love you?”

Chapter 1484

Kisa cocked her head in confusion. "Say what?" "Nothing." Peter chuckled and walked out of the coffee shop, wrapped up in his coat like a burrito.

Kisa stood there like a deer in headlights. She could not do anything but wait for Peter's message.

When she got back to the Webb residence, it was snowing again. Mr. Webb Sr. and Thomas were posted up in the living room.

Thomas kindly passed her a hand warmer, saying, "Mrs.

Kooper, it's freezing outside. You should stay in and chill until the weather clears up, then I'll take you around

Oceanville."

Kisa smiled. "I went to see my friend. She's leaving

Oceanville, and I wanted to say bye. Gilbert thought it was too cold, so he told me to come back, and he will take care of it."

Mr. Webb Sr. raised an eyebrow and chuckled. "Did Mr.

Kooper help you see your friend off? That must be why I didn't see him this morning."

"Haha, yeah, he will be back tonight." Kisa grinned.

But Thomas probed, "Your friend... she isn't the woman that Peter held captive, is she?" Kisa's smile faded, and she nodded.

Thomas fretted. "What if Peter finds out? He's stubborn as hell. If he knows that woman bounced from Oceanville, he'll go crazy."

Kisa's tone was sharp and indignant as she spoke, "I'd rather have him go insane than drive someone to their death."

Thomas pursed his lips and explained, "We let Peter act out because we saw how he was obsessed with that woman.

Luckily, it didn't cause any serious consequences."

Since she was at the Webb family's place, and Thomas was being so nice to her, Kisa did not want to say anything else.

She simply said, "I'm going to rest upstairs. We'll be hanging around your house for a bit longer. Once Gilbert is done with his business, we'll head back to Calthon. You are welcome to come visit us there."

"Haha, Mrs. Kooper, you're too kind. Go rest upstairs."

But just as Kisa had taken a few steps toward the staircase, Mr. Webb Sr. called out to her.

"When did Mr. Kooper leave?"

Kisa furrowed her brows slightly and turned around, her face already plastered with a smile. "He left last night at

midnight. I asked him to help me take care of my friend."

"Oh..." Mr. Webb Sr. chuckled meaningfully. "It seems like your friend is very important. Mr. Kooper had to personally escort her back."

Kisa smiled through pursed lips. "Yeah, she's my best friend.

And with Peter being so unstable, I was afraid he might bother her again, so I had Gilbert take care of her."

Mr. Webb Sr. was about to say something else when Peter suddenly returned.

Thomas was startled and hurried to greet him, "You, uh... when did you leave?"

Peter ignored Thomas and walked straight to Kisa; his eyes bloodshot as he glared at

her.

"I saw it. I saw Gilbert escort her out of town."

Kisa quickly caught on and spoke coldly, "Even if you saw it, so what? She's already left Oceanville and started a new life.

Please don't be so obsessed."

"That's impossible! I'm telling you, no matter where she runs off to, I'll catch her and bring her back. You and Gilbert might be able to hide her for now, but can you hide her forever?"

Thomas quickly tried to calm Peter down. "Peter, come on, there are plenty of other fish in the sea. Is it really worth it to go crazy over one woman?"

He motioned for Kisa to go rest upstairs. He was afraid that Peter might lose his mind and hurt someone like he did last night.

Kisa gratefully smiled at Thomas and then turned around, quickly making her way up the stairs.

Chapter 1485

Mr. Webb Sr. had a glint in his eye as he turned to Peter and asked, "Did you really see Mr. Kooper escorting that woman out of town?"

Peter's eyes were bloodshot, like he was about to lose his mind. Thomas quickly pulled his father aside and said, "Come on, Dad, don't push him. Peter cares about that woman too much to be mistaken."

"I just want to know if he saw Mr. Kooper." Mr. Webb Sr. persisted.

Peter snapped back. "Gilbert could turn to ashes, and I'd still recognize him if he tried to take my woman away."

Seeing his father's skeptical look, Thomas piped up, "What is the matter, Dad? Mrs. Kooper already confirmed that Mr. Kooper escorted the woman out of town. How could Peter be wrong?"

Mr. Webb Sr. nodded thoughtfully and muttered to himself, "Looks like Mr. Kooper wasn't the one who snuck into the Tanner residence last night."

Meanwhile, Kisa paced the room anxiously. When she heard a knock at the door, she rushed to answer it. It was Peter. She pulled him inside and asked, "Did you go to the Tanner residence yet?"

"Not yet. I'll go later," Peter replied calmly.

Kisa nodded, but her face betrayed her worry. "You heard about what happened last night, right? Do you think they caught the intruder?"

"Don't worry. I heard they didn't catch him," Peter said. "That's why my dad was questioning us earlier."

Kisa looked at him, perplexed. "But how did you know that your dad suspected Gilbert was the one who broke into the Tanner residence?"

Peter grinned enigmatically. "Don't worry about it. Just trust me. I'll take care of everything. I'll have news about Gilbert for you by tonight." And with that, he turned and left.

Kisa was in a daze as she stared at the closed door, wondering if Peter had suddenly become a different person.

'Did Jolina's departure hit him harder than I thought?'

Just as she was lost in thought, Adrien's phone call suddenly came in. She took a

deep breath and calmly answered the call.

“Kisa, I’ve got some good news for you.”

Kisa perked up and asked with a smile, “What’s the good news?”

“GK is going down. Mr. Kooper is no longer in charge, and chaos is erupting everywhere.”

“No way! That is amazing! Does this mean our revenge plan is finally going to come to fruition?” Kisa asked, brimming with anticipation.

“Haha, not yet. I have one more deadly blow for Gilbert. Are you ready for it, Kisa?”

Kisa’s heart raced as she tried to imagine what Adrien’s surprise could be.

‘One more deadly blow? What could possibly be more devastating than the collapse of GK?’ Kisa wondered.

Kisa could not help but wonder what trump card Adrien was holding in his hand.

Playing it cool, she asked with a smile, “I’m definitely looking forward to it. But Godfather, can you at least give me a hint? What kind of deadly blow are you planning to deliver?”

“Haha, sorry, Kisa. I can’t spoil the surprise. Just wait and see. It’ll be worth it, I promise.”

Kisa smiled. “Okay, I’ll be waiting for it.”

“Oh, and don’t forget about my wedding with Carolyn in a few days. You’re invited, and I have a special surprise for you.”

Kisa’s excitement was quickly replaced with anxiety.

Adrien’s words hinted that this was not going to be a regular wedding. After hanging up the phone, she looked out the window at the peaceful snow-covered landscape, her mind filled with worry about what might happen next.

All she could hope for was that Gilbert would be safe.

That night, Kisa anxiously waited for news from Gilbert. Exhausted from the wait, she fell into a restless sleep. She was jolted awake by a loud knocking at the door.

Chapter 1486

Kisa jerked awake, feeling a little disoriented. But before she could even gather her thoughts, the door-knocking sounded twice more, jolting her out of her daze. She dashed to the door and found Peter there, holding up a pale and injured Gilbert. Without wasting a single second, she quickly helped Gilbert inside.

Once she shut the door, she turned to Peter and demanded, “Where did you find him?”

“In the basement of the Tanner residence,” he responded.

Kisa’s eyes narrowed as she realized that there was indeed something off about the basement in the Tanner residence. She led Gilbert to the couch and looked at him with genuine concern, his face as white as a sheet.

“Are you okay?” she asked with a trembling voice, her eyes already welling up with tears.

Gilbert squinted at her with half-opened eyes and snickered, “I’m not six feet under yet, so there’s no need to fake your sadness like that.”

Kisa took a deep breath and muttered, “I’m not acting!”

Gilbert smirked but said nothing.

Peter glanced at both of them before calmly instructing Kisa, “I snuck him in through

the backdoor. My dad has no idea he is here yet, so you better come up with a solid lie to fool him.”

With that, he turned to leave.

“Thank you,” Kisa hastily said.

He paused for a moment before adding, “He’s in bad shape. Take good care of him.” And with that, he was gone.

Kisa quickly pulled off Gilbert’s black coat, and the sight that met her eyes made her heart race with concern. The coat was soaked in blood, and the dark red stains had already hardened, creating a ghastly sight that brought tears to her eyes.

“How in the world did you get hurt like this?” she cried out, her voice trembling with emotion.

Gilbert gave her a sarcastic look and replied, “What does it matter? You don’t really care, do you?”

“I care! I care a lot!” Kisa growled low, feeling as if her heart was being crushed in her chest. She quickly retrieved the first-aid kit and began treating his wounds. The knife wound in his abdomen was deep and had bled profusely. Because he had not received prompt treatment, his wound had begun to bulge outward and was now showing signs of infection.

“I’m going to disinfect your wound now. It’s going to hurt, so brace yourself,” Kisa said, her voice choked with emotion.

Gilbert said nothing, but his tensed-up body told her that he was in a lot of pain. She swabbed his wound with alcohol, causing him to clench his jaw tightly. Despite the pain, he remained stoic. After dressing the wound, she found a clean set of clothes for him and stowed away the blood-stained clothes under the bed.

He could not help but comment, “Hiding those clothes under the bed won’t fool the maids who clean the room.”

“Just leave them there for now. I will have Peter take care of them tomorrow,” Kisa replied as she handed him a cup of water. Gilbert’s complexion improved slightly, but he still looked weak. She asked him, “Are you hungry? Do you want something to eat?”

Gilbert shook his head.

He furrowed his brows and asked in a low voice, “Why is Peter helping us?”

Kisa was equally perplexed. “I don’t know, but he did come through for us. Without him, you’d still be stuck in the Tanner residence,” she replied.

Gilbert’s brow furrowed as he pondered the situation, his eyes flashing with a hint of suspicion. Meanwhile, she brushed off Peter’s help as nothing more than a favor for Jolina.

As Kisa sorted through the first-aid kit, she muttered, “Why didn’t you bother to tell me you were headed to the Tanner residence?”

‘Do you have any idea how worried sick I was?’

She held back from saying the latter half of her sentence, knowing it would not make a difference.

The mere mention of the Tanner residence made Gilbert’s eyes narrow in unease.

Chapter 1487

He looked at Kisa. "Do you know what I found at the Tanner residence?"

Seeing his serious expression, Kisa's expression tightened. "What did you find?"

"As you suspected, there was indeed a person locked up in the basement, a scruffy-looking person whose face was hard to discern. That person had his tongue cut out."

"What?" Kisa exclaimed, a chill running down her spine.

"Who was the person?"

"Adrien."

Kisa was so shocked that she could not speak for a while. After a long time, she regained her composure and asked word by word, "Are you saying that the person locked up in the basement of the Tanner residence is the real Adrien?"

Gilbert nodded. "Although his tongue was cut out, his mind is still clear. He used blood to write his name on the ground."

"If he's the real Adrien, then who is the person in Calthon pretending to be Adrien?"

Kisa asked in disbelief.

Suddenly, she remembered something and exclaimed excitedly, "I know! If the person in Calthon is a fake Adrien, then his real identity must be David, your uncle."

Gilbert furrowed his brow. "If he really is my uncle, then why would he conceal his identity? And his appearance..."

Kisa shook her head, and she asked urgently, "What else did the real Adrien tell you?"

Gilbert squinted slightly and recounted what he had learned in the basement.

So, it turned out that Adrien had a chip on his shoulder because his girlfriend's family looked down on him, and he was determined to make something of himself.

Unfortunately, his desperation was exploited by a man who promised him riches in exchange for three things.

First, Adrien had to go into hiding. Second, if anyone came looking for him, that person had to be sent away. And third, he could not tell anyone about his existence.

Adrien thought these conditions were simple enough and agreed to them. Sure enough, within a few months, that man made the Tanner family a powerful and influential dynasty in Oceanville.

But just as Adrien was about to marry his girlfriend and revel in his newfound success, that man, in cahoots with the Tanner family's butler, had him locked up and cut out his tongue.

To this day, Adrien had no idea what happened to the Tanner family or who that man really was.

As Gilbert finished his story, Kisa became even more convinced that the fake Adrien was David. Vivian had mentioned that she had met David at the Tanner residence, but the person who had greeted her was Adrien.

It was clear that David had planned for Vivian to come and had instructed Adrien to send her away, which was the second thing he had asked Adrien to do.

Kisa looked at Gilbert and whispered, "That fake Adrien must be your uncle. He locked up the real Adrien and cut off his tongue to take his place and get close to us."

Gilbert furrowed his brow and remained silent.

At this point, Kisa was genuinely scared of David.

"Why would he go to such lengths to hide his identity, plan everything so carefully, and

even try to turn me and Gilbert against each other? Is it all just to get revenge on Gilbert? But he's Gilbert's uncle, and he seemed to have a good relationship with Damon back then. What is he really trying to do? What is David's ultimate plan after all his plotting and planning? And what dark secrets are hidden in his wedding to Carolyn?

Kisa's mind was filled with doubts and fears. She could not shake the feeling that a terrible storm was brewing.

Chapter 1488

The next morning, Kisa glanced at the man lying by her bedside and whispered, "Maybe you shouldn't go downstairs today. I will bring your food up quietly."

Gilbert shook his head. He squinted his eyes and said, "Not showing up will only make people more suspicious."

"But your wound..."

"It's fine," Gilbert replied, opening his eyes to look at her. His dark gaze was intense, and it made Kisa's heart skip a beat.

"W-What's wrong?" she asked.

"You've suspected that Adrien is my uncle for a while now, haven't you?" Gilbert asked. Kisa did not answer.

He continued. "What do you want to do? What is your relationship with him? What are you planning?"

"He has been trying to harm both of us since Kerrona Hill, and he even wanted us to kill each other," Kisa said.

Gilbert looked at her. "So what did you hope to accomplish by teaming up with him?"

"I only pretended to team up with him," Kisa explained. "Ever since I found out that Adrien wanted to harm us, I've been acting as if I wanted to get revenge on you in front of him. I did it on purpose to make him reveal his true identity."

Gilbert did not say anything, but his demeanor remained serious and contemplative.

Kisa saw that he did not believe her and added, "I know you don't trust me right now, but it's okay. Once everything is over, you'll understand. And as for GK, Mia and I talked about it. We plan to empty GK and give it back to you when everything is settled."

"What about giving it to Jensen?" Gilbert asked, his tone neutral.

Kisa shook her head. "GK is yours. Even if you want to give it to Jensen, it should be your decision."

The woman in front of him looked sincere, but Gilbert did not know whether or not to trust her. After all, she had lied to him so many times before.

'But what choice do I have? Even if she's just lying to me again, what can I do about it?' he thought.

He struggled to get out of bed and pushed her away when she tried to help him up.

Kisa felt a pang of sadness.

She was about to say something when he snapped, "Do I look like someone who needs help standing? I'm young and able-bodied, in case you forgot."

He made his way to the closet to get dressed, leaving Kisa feeling a mix of anger and amusement.

At this hour, everyone in the Webb family was at home. Gilbert caught Mr. Webb Sr.'s

attention as soon as he walked downstairs.

“Well, Mr. Kooper, you are back! When did you get back?” Mr. Webb Sr. looked surprised and even stood up to greet him.

“Just last night,” Gilbert replied calmly.

“Really? I didn’t see you at all last night.”

“Heh, were you keeping an eye on me?” Gilbert said with a meaningful look.

Mr. Webb Sr.’s smile froze for a moment before he quickly said, “Oh no, not at all! It’s just that I didn’t see you all day yesterday and was wondering about it. You really are like a dragon, appearing and disappearing at will.”

“I saw him, though. Around midnight last night, he snuck in through the backyard,”

Peter suddenly appeared from upstairs and casually told Mr. Webb Sr.

“Through the backyard? Sneaking in?” Mr. Webb Sr. sounded skeptical.

Gilbert said, “I came back late last night and didn’t want to disturb anyone’s rest, so I snuck in through the backyard. Sorry for any inconvenience I may have caused.”

Mr. Webb Sr. awkwardly laughed it off, but his eyes were still fixed on Gilbert, as if he was checking to see if Gilbert was injured

Chapter 1489

As Peter walked past Gilbert, he intentionally bumped into his shoulder, but Gilbert did not even flinch. That was enough to put Mr. Webb Sr.’s suspicions to rest.

He scolded Peter, “Hey son, watch where you’re going! Mr. Kooper is a guest, apologize to him.”

Peter sneered at Gilbert, then sat down at the dining table, looking extremely smug and defiant. Mr. Webb Sr. shook his head helplessly and apologized to Gilbert.

Gilbert just shrugged it off and said, “No worries. I sent his woman packing, and the fact he didn’t fight me was showing his respect for me.”

“Looks like Mr. Kooper here is a real gentleman, always forgiving and forgetting.” Mr. Webb Sr. chuckled as he led them to the dining table.

Gilbert eyed Peter with a thoughtful expression, his suspicions growing stronger by the second.

When they got back to the room, he was too weak to stand and leaned heavily on the cabinet next to the door. Kisa urgently pulled open his shirt to check the wound, and sure enough, the bandage was soaked with blood. She helped Gilbert sit on the sofa and searched for the first-aid kit in a hurry.

“We should go back to Calthon tomorrow,” she said.

Gilbert weakly smiled, “Are we leaving already? Have you achieved everything you wanted?”

Kisa focused on treating his wound and said after a long pause, “I came here mainly to find David, and now that we know Adrien is David, we don’t need to stay here any longer. Besides, we need to get your wound checked by Kelvin in Calthon.”

Gilbert looked at her and asked, “What about your brother? Aren’t you looking for him?”

Kisa hesitated for a moment, then shook her head and said, “I’ll ask David when I see him. If it’s meant to be, I’ll find him eventually.”

Gilbert leaned back, the pain from his wound causing his brow to furrow. He stared at the woman in front of him without blinking, feeling as if she was shrouded in a mist

that made it hard to see her clearly.

After a long while, he asked, "Now that you know 'Adrien' is really my uncle, what do you want to do?"

"I want to ask him what happened between him and my mother all those years ago, why he wanted to harm us. And I also want to pass on my mother's final thoughts and feelings to him," Kisa said firmly.

Gilbert looked at her for a long moment before nodding his head. "Alright, we'll go back tomorrow."

That evening, Kisa went to see Thomas. When she mentioned her mother's bracelet to him, his face had an odd expression, making her suspect that he might be her longlost brother. Though she had said she would not look for him anymore, in reality, she

still wanted to find her brother before leaving.

"This is what the bracelet looks like, have you seen it before?" She handed Thomas a photo of her mother.

Thomas glanced at it, a conflicted expression flashing in his eyes. After a long pause, he said, "I've seen this bracelet before. I have one too. My father said it was left behind by my mother."

Kisa's heart leaped with excitement, and she asked eagerly, "Where is the bracelet? Can I see it?"

Thomas nodded and turned to fetch a wooden box from the cupboard. She opened it and saw a bracelet, exactly like the one her mother wore in the photo.

Overwhelmed with emotion, Kisa's tears flowed freely. "You really are my brother," Kisa said softly as she held the bracelet carefully.

She looked at Thomas with a mix of joy, sadness, and aggrievement on her face.

Chapter 1490

Thomas was caught in a whirlwind of emotions. He wanted to spill the beans, but at the same time, he did not want to throw his father under the bus. However, the cat was already out of the bag, so he had no choice but to go all in.

He gawked at Kisa and stuttered, "Wait... so, I'm your brother? You sure about that?"

Kisa nodded frantically. "I'm positive. Your birthmark and bracelet are a carbon copy of my mom's. You have to be my brother." She choked up at the end of her sentence, tears streaming down her face.

Thomas held her tight, reassuring her, "Don't cry. We found each other, and that is all that matters."

Kisa opened up to Thomas about their mom, and he listened intently, feeling envious and longing for the same kind of love. He had been deprived of his mother's love from a tender age and had always longed for that maternal affection.

They talked late into the night, but Thomas knew Kisa needed some rest.

As Kisa was about to leave, she hesitated and said, "Don't tell your dad just yet. Wait a bit and then ask him about us, okay?" She did not know what David would do at Carolyn's wedding, and she did not want to stir up any trouble.

Thomas nodded. "Got it."

Before he could even take a breath, Mr. Webb Sr. appeared at Thomas's doorstep, his face grim.

“What did you tell her?” he demanded.

Thomas did not bat an eye as he turned to walk back into his room.

“Nothing much. Don’t worry, I didn’t sell you out. She thinks I’m her brother, just like you planned. That is why I have a birthmark and bracelet just like Peter, right?”

Mr. Webb Sr. caught the intense emotions in his son’s voice and quickly followed him, saying, “Son, I know this is not fair to you, but our revenge on my benefactor is about to go down. Once we are done, he’ll reunite with Peter, and you will be the sole heir to the Webb family. I will have only one son, you.”

Thomas pondered for a moment before asking, “What is your benefactor planning to do?”

“I have no clue,” Mr. Webb Sr. admitted. “But he’s the reason I’m still alive today, and he is the one who gave us all this wealth. No matter what he does, I will back him up and help him out.”

When Kisa returned to her room, Gilbert was still up, puffing on a cigarette. It was past 2 am, and the dim light made his face look hazy.

Kisa strode over, snatched the cigarette, and put it out. “Are you crazy? You are smoking when you are already injured?”

Gilbert grinned at her. “Sometimes, the way you care about me feels real.”

Kisa was not in the mood to banter. She took off her coat and lay down beside him.

“It’s late. Go to sleep.”

She closed her eyes, but suddenly, Gilbert jumped on her. She was about to push him away when she remembered his injured abdomen. She put her hands on his chest without exerting any force. Gilbert stared at her intensely, as if he had so much to say.

Kisa’s heart raced as she asked, “What... urn...”

Before she could finish her sentence, Gilbert swooped in and kissed her passionately.

Kisa was taken aback but did not resist. Instead, she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him back passionately.