

Reborn Through Fire

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan Chapter 1017

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Chapter 1017 I Got The Keys

Jolina turned her face, not needing his sympathy or for him to be her champion. “Get out!” She bellowed at him.

Peter did not get angry like he usually would.

Instead, he just pointed his chin toward the coffee table. “I got you some

medication. Rub some on the affected areas.”

Jolina frowned, wondering how Peter found out that she was attacked. Suppressing her doubts, she walked over, picked up the

medication on the coffee table, and threw it back to him. Then, she said in an icy voice, “I don’t need it.

Please get out.” She

loathed him. It was his deception and schemes that caused her to lose the person she loved the most.

She trusted him in the

beginning and truly considered him a friend. But, it turned out that he had been up to no good from the very beginning.

Peter’s face sank, but he still held back his temper.

“Haven’t you had enough fun after all this time? Why do you still refuse to let me go?” Jolina said.

Peter slowly raised his eyes and looked at her. “You always thought that I was in for fun?” Instead of the usual domineering and ingratiating voice, there was a hint of indescribable self-deprecation in his tone.

“I want nothing to do with you, regardless if you are in for fun.” Jolina looked indifferent.

Peter stared at her sullenly for a long time before looking away. He stopped talking, took out a cigarette from the cigarette pack, and lit it. Jolina did not want to talk to him either. If he liked to stay on her couch, then she would let him be. But, as she was

about to go to her room, he suddenly tugged on her arm and pulled her to sit on the couch.

Jolina frowned at him. Before she could say anything, Peter said with a weary voice, “Sit with me for a while.” He was not the same as usual. He used to be irritable, ruthless, and barbaric. But, at this moment, an air of sadness surrounded him.

Jolina was not too concerned about his emotions, and she simply said to him, “Will you leave if I sit with you for a while?”

“Mhm.”

“Well, remember to keep your word.” There was not the slightest trace of warmth in her voice.

Peter smiled self-deprecatingly, as the irritation and melancholy on his face were getting worse. “Your mother must have loved you very much and taken good care of you since you were a child, right?” he suddenly said.

Jolina did not want to talk to him, so she said nothing.

“You always seem so caring and thoughtful. I guess you must’ve come from a very loving family.”

Jolina frowned, wondering what was wrong with Peter today. But, she kept her mouth shut, not saying a word. It was Peter who was doing all the talking, saying something strange - something she did not understand. He mentioned his mother the most, and he never once said a sentence without mentioning her.

“What about your mother? Doesn’t she love you?”

Jolina finally subconsciously asked.

“My mother?” Peter laughed as he leaned back on the couch, exhaling circles of smoke, and sadly said, “She ran off with another man not long after I was born.”

Jolina was wide-eyed, not expecting such a thing to happen to a family as wealthy as his. She pursed her lips, not knowing what

to say for a moment. Seeing his sullen face from the side, she continued to stay silent.

In the middle of the night, Gilbert rocked Kisa out of her sleep. She opened her eyes in a daze and saw Gilbert crouching beside her, watching her.

“What’s wrong?” Her voice was a little hoarse from too much air conditioning.

Gilbert whisked out some keys and handed them to her. “Weren’t you curious about the two locked rooms on the third floor? I got the keys.”

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