

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

Chapter 671 – 690

Chapter 671 He Dares Steal A Kiss From My Woman?!

The two jailers were in a remote mountain village and refused ever to step foot in Calthon ever again.

So, Gilbert decided to bring Kisa there in person.

Four days into Christmas, he told Kisa the situation, and she agreed to go with him on the condition they needed to be back before the middle of January.

It's because the filming for Adrien's show will start after the fifteenth.

Aside from the filming, she was also a little worried about Blake.

Kisa had prepared some clothes and daily necessities for Blake, but she looked at Gilbert and asked worriedly, "Is it alright to send him to the Kooper residence? I'm afraid your Grandma will..."

"Grandma will not mistreat him. He's good friends with Andrew and Ada. Grandma will like him."

"But Grandma hates me, and if she knows Blake was entrusted to her care by me, she'll..."

"She won't. Grandma has always loved kids and will not vent her grievances onto a child."

Since Gilbert was very confident about this, Kisa did not say anything else.

In fact, she, too, understands Mrs. Kooper Sr.'s character. As Gilbert said, she will not indiscriminately vent her personal grievances upon a person, and she really likes children very much.

Back then, when she had just married Gilbert, Mrs.

Kooper Sr. often laughed and told her to provide her with a great-grandchild as soon as possible.

Thinking about that now, the once genial Mrs. Kooper Sr. was now a blurry memory.

The kindness and love from Mrs. Kooper Sr. seemed like a lifetime away.

As she was in a daze, Blake suddenly tugged her hand, " Aunt Kisa, just go with Uncle Gilbert. You don't have to

worry about me. I have Andrew and Ada with me. No one

will bully me.'

"Yeah, Aunt Kisa, we'll take care of Blake," Andrew said.

Ada, too chimed in, "Great-grandma loves Andrew and me, and she'll definitely love our friend as well. Also, Blake is such a nice person. He'll definitely be liked."

The young lady did not forget to praise Blake and made the latter smile in joy.

With Gilbert and the two children's assurance, Kisa's anxious heart could finally relax.

She then asked Gilbert, "Will Davian be coming along?"

"What for?" Gilbert suddenly spat disdainfully as if Davian's presence would interrupt them.

Seeing that Kisa was giving him a weird look, he immediately elaborated, "What I mean is, he has something to do at the start of the year, and also, he hadn't had much rest recently, so

it's a good time to give him a few days off and give him some personal time
.”

“Oh...” Kisa nodded. “Then just get him to check on Blake
when he's free.”

“Got it!”

‘This woman... She's even more concerned about another
person's child than her own.’

However, Blake was indeed likable, and it was a fact that
he liked the boy too.

Gilbert first sent the three children to the Kooper
residence.

Both he and Kisa made arrangements to leave at two in the afternoon.

Before they left, Kisa still held onto Blake anxiously and kept reminding
him.

“It'll often be snowing nowadays. Put on more clothes, okay?”

“Okay.”

“Cover yourself with a blanket when you sleep. Don't turn the heater up too
high. Remember to cover yourself properly, okay?”

“Yeah, got it.”

“Also, keep in constant contact. That way, I will know whether
you are doing fine at the Kooper residence.”

Gilbert could not help but to roll his eyes as he leaned by
the side.

'Is the Kooper family that scary? Why is she putting it like the Kooper family is a den of vipers?'

"Come back soon, Aunt Kisa."

Blake got up, tiptoed, and gave Kisa a peck on the cheek.

When Gilbert saw that, his eyes went wide.

'That brat, he dares steal a kiss from my woman?'

Chapter 672 Shrouded in Mystery

Kisa smiled and pecked him back on the cheek as she promised, "Don't worry, I'll be back as soon as possible."

At this moment, Gilbert's eyes were even wider.

'Since when did Kisa ever take the initiative to kiss me?'

Never.'

'So, I'm no better than that brat in her heart, huh?'

The mountain region was remote, and there was no direct flight.

After

some consideration, Gilbert decided to drive there himself. That way, the time will not be too tight and will save them the hassle of swapping rides.

He did

not arrange for a driver and instead chose to take the wheels himself.

As for the reason for this, he naturally wanted to use this opportunity to be alone with Kisa.

Calthon was snowing for

three consecutive days, and the entire city was covered in snow.

The weather was cold, but the festive New Year mood still

went strong.

The streets were still adorned with New Year decorations.

When they left the city, Kisa saw the lively atmosphere there, feeling a little lost and uneasy inside.

This would be quite a journey, and she had a hunch that something bad would happen.

Moreover, she found it strange that the two jailers had refused to come to Calthon.

‘Calthon is a prosperous place, so why did they hide in a remote mountain village after the fire?’

There were more and more mysteries, obscuring the truth from her like the fog.

Adrien had said he wanted to help her look for the warden, but he failed to find the latter after so long. ‘

Could it be that the warden is also hiding like the two jailers?’

‘Or... could the warden be dead already?’

She shifted her gaze and looked at the man at the wheels.

“You’ve been looking for the whereabouts of the two jailers for a while, I suppose?”

“Yeah,” Gilbert nodded, saying, “Davian personally looked into this. It was difficult. Finding the two jailers itself was grueling enough.”

“I heard that the warden also knows something about the fire.”

Gilbert raised his eyebrow. "From whom?"

After the fire, the prison was abandoned, and all of the staff was dismissed.

Back then, he did not look into this, and by the time he wanted to do so now, those people had long disappeared, more so the warden.

It was one thing to be difficult to investigate with the passage of time, but when all of the related persons started disappearing one by one, that was another thing altogether.

He felt that some unknown force was behind this, and that force had prevented him from seeking out the truth of the matter.

Sharon, however, does not have such a capability.

As for who was behind that force, he could not find a single clue at all.

Thankfully, he had found the two jailers, and if they could prove his innocence, then it'd be good to eliminate this woman's resentment toward him.

At this moment, he still bore such optimistic thoughts, but little did he know that the world had already changed so much.

Kisa looked at his face for a while before saying, "No one. I just feel that the warden might know something. Did you get Davian to look for his whereabouts?"

"I did, but he found nothing."

Gilbert gave a simple response, and Kisa did not probe

further.

When they reached the traffic light, Gilbert stopped the car.

His eyes were drooping, seemingly a little tired.

Kisa could not help but quip, "You could've just hired a driver."

"And will his driving skills be better than mine?"

'This man is so shameless when he is so full of himself.'

Kisa sighed, turned away, and ignored him.

Sharon was completely in panic. She was anxious ever

since Davian started to look into the prison staff, and her entire Christmas holiday was in the gutters.

Through Anthony, she had managed to find Adrien.

And so, the proud and arrogant international megastar was now kneeling down before Adrien...

Chapter 673 Old Acquaintances

"Mr. Tanner, please, you have got to save me!"

Adrien leaned against the back of the chair. His long slender legs were crossed and folded together.

Even when he was already in his fifties, the man still exuded a charm across his entire body.

Amidst his mature charm was a streak of stern majesty. He looked down at the prostrating woman on the ground and, through her, seemingly saw her greedy mother and

her despicable father once again.

A look of deep disgust flashed across his eyes.

He took a puff and looked at Anthony beside him.

Anthony held his arm as he said with an impassive face, ”

This woman is afraid that Gilbert will find out the truth of the fire and take revenge against her. So she’s begging you to help her.”

“Mr. Tanner, I only just found out that you bear a grudge against Gilbert and Kisa,” Sharon crawled before him and said anxiously, “I beg you, help me. Do not let Gilbert find out the truth of the matter. If you help me, I’ll do anything for you.”

Anthony sneered as he then burst into a laughing fit on the side. A tinge of disdain laced his laughter.

The disgust in Adrien’s eyes had disappeared as he helped Sharon up with a kind look.

“Speaking of which, I’m an old acquaintance of your parents. You don’t have to be so reserved with me. Just call me Adrien.”

When Sharon heard that, she said, “Really? You know my parents?”

“Yes.” Adrien let out a mysterious smile. “However, I’m afraid they do not remember me anymore.”

“They won’t, they won’t,” Sharon immediately shook her head. “Adrien, you are so accomplished and

extraordinary. I’m sure no one who had met you would forget about you.”

Adrien took a puff and smiled as he said, “I know what

happened in that prison fire, including how the two children in Kisa's womb were taken out. I know all of it."

Sharon's expression changed, "How... how did you learn about it?"

"Ah, the chief warden told me."

Adrien spoke faintly, but Sharon's expression was already as pale as a ghost.

"The...the warden? He...he's still alive?"

"I don't know whether he's still alive, but he told me about this a few years ago."

Sharon took a couple of unsteady steps back as she looked at Adrien in fear.

Adrien smiled kindly at her, "Don't you worry. I will not allow Gilbert to find out the truth of that fire."

"But... Gilbert is already bringing Kisa to look for the jailers involved in this."

"So what then?"

"I... I'm scared..."

Adrien smiled and said, "Just relax and go back. There's something nice coming up soon. I assure you, the result will satisfy you."

Sharon was still worried, "We really don't have to do anything?"

"Heh. Did Anthony not tell you the extent of my powers?"

Anthony had naturally told her about this man's ability. Otherwise, she would not prostrate herself to beg for his aid.

The man's confident look somewhat reassured Sharon, yet she still had some concerns, "Mr. Tanner, why... why are you willing to help me?"

She was still afraid that the man would not help her when she came here.

After all, this man did not have a good impression of her.

Adrien looked at her disgusting face and smiled deeply, "I told you just now both your parents and I are old acquaintances."

He made particular emphasis on the word 'old acquaintances'.

Yet, Sharon did not manage to glean anything from that.

When she got out of Adrien's place, Sharon still dared not relax.

After all, Adrien had decided not to take any concrete actions. What if he was just fooling her?

It seemed like Sharon could not entirely rely on this

Adrien Tanner. She had to do something herself.

As she thought of this, her eyes narrowed, seething with malice.

Before dark, a car drove into a small town next to Calthon.

Chapter 674 Put It On. Be Good.

Kisa looked at the address Davian had given her, then looked at the remaining mileage and felt a bit of a headache. "Is this address correct? Are those two jailers really in this little hilly village?" The place was called Hillsby, which she had never heard of, and could not even find on the Internet. Judging by the remaining distance, as well as the car's speed, it was hard to tell when they would get to Hillsby. And even if they got there, there was no guarantee that the two jailers would be there, and they might have fled.

Gilbert found a more upscale - looking hotel and parked up, then said, "The men Davian sent are still in the

village. They will inform me if there is anything."

As he opened the car door, a gust of old air rushed in. Gilbert quickly closed the car door back, rummaging around to find something to keep warm. But he found nothing. So he took off his coat and draped it on Kisa.

Kisa frowned and subconsciously leaned back. "It is okay.

I'm not cold. Keep it for yourself."

"Put it on. Be good," he said with a frown as if it was an order.

Kisa relented, thinking she was not the one who would be freezing later.

The two of them walked together into the hotel. It was not very big, but the decoration looked all right, and the

lobby looked clean. Kisa adjusted the mask on her face and followed the man to walk to the reception.

"Are there rooms available?" Gilbert asked, his voice low and pleasing to the ears.

The receptionist, a young lady, was playing with her phone when she heard the voice. She looked up and was transfixed for a couple of seconds when she saw Gilbert.

It was as if she was wondering why he looked like a particular celebrity on the news.

"Are there any rooms available?" Gilbert asked again.

The receptionist snapped back from her thoughts and quickly said, "Yes, yes. Do you want two single rooms or a double room?"

"Single-"

"Two single rooms, please." Kisa chimed in just as Gilbert opened his mouth.

The receptionist glanced at them with a strange look in her eyes. "Please show your respective ID."

Gilbert immediately took out his identity card from his wallet and handed it to the receptionist, who took it with

both hands. She took a look at the identity card, and her eyes widened. 'Gilbert Kooper? Is he the celebrity in the news? No way! How would a celebrity like that come to this little town and stay in a hotel that doesn't even have a star rating? Maybe he is just someone who looks like him and has the same name,' the receptionist thought to herself. She took a pen and wrote on the register. After that, she looked at Kisa. "Please show me your ID, Miss."

Kisa hesitated. She was an actress and had much more

exposure than Gilbert. When people saw Gilbert, they might doubt if he was really the legendary personage. But if people saw her and Gilbert together, they would,

beyond doubt, know they were the CEO and the actress the media were talking about, which could create another publicity storm. Her new drama was about to start filming, and she did not want any scandals at this

moment.

"Miss, your ID, please?" the receptionist asked again.

“I forgot to bring my identity card with me. Can I check in without having to register?”

“Our hotel’s rules are such that it has to be one name registered for each room.” The receptionist looked in a predicament.

Kisa looked at Gilbert for help, but he just looked on with his arms crossed in front of his chest, seemingly not intending to help. Kisa pursed her lips and said, “Then I had better sleep in the car.”

“Come back.”

Chapter 675 Watch Where You’re Going!

“How are you going to sleep in the car? Aren’t you tired after such a long journey?” Gilbert said snappishly as he pulled her back.

‘You were the driver and didn’t complain. Who am I to say I’m tired?’ Kisa groused in her mind but said nothing.

Gilbert glanced at Kisa and asked the receptionist, “Do you have a suite?”

“Yes, we have.”

“I will get the presidential suite, the biggest one.”

“Okay. So, do you still want the single room that you have registered for earlier?”

“No. Just the suite will do.”

“Okay.”

After checking in, Gilbert took his room card and asked the receptionist, “Do you have room service?”

“I’m sorry. We don’t have catering in the hotel, but you can order takeout.” The receptionist handed him a takeout order form.

Gilbert thanked her and led Kisa toward the elevator. The

receptionist

could not help but glance at Gilbert for a few more times as he went. She found him so good-looking,

almost like a movie star.

The

hotel had only one elevator. As Gilbert and Kisa walked toward it, three young guys came out of the elevator. They had been drinking with one of them

suddenly lurching toward Kisa. Gilbert frowned and quickly pulled Kisa into his arms and snapped, "Watch where you are going!"

When those guys heard this, they got offended and wanted to pick a fight with Gilbert, but when they saw Gilbert's stature and formidable aura, they cowered. The three young guys did not dare to say anything but left with resentment. Once out of the hotel, they got bold and talked loudly about what had just happened.

"Alas, that chick

looks hot. Her coat couldn't hide her curvy body. I could almost touch her just now. But that guy managed to pull her away. What a shame!"

"I can tell that guy

is not easy to mess with. I saw the man holding a room card that says 888; it is the presidential suite. He must be someone rich."

"Come on, will rich people ever come to our town? But

you were right when you said he was not easy to mess with. I also somehow feel him look familiar. Have I seen

him before?"

"Enough. I just met a sweet girl. Come, let me take you guys to check her out."

As soon as the three guys left, several bodyguard-like men suddenly came out from behind a car.

'Room 888?' There was only one room on the 8th floor,

so Gilbert did not have to even look for it. He came in front of the room and as soon as he opened the door with the room card, a faint musty smell wafted out of the room. He frowned and stood outside the door, not going

1. in.

But Kisa did not mind it. To her, the musty smell was nothing. She had lived in a dank basement where it was way mustier than it was in this room. Besides, while staying in the basement, she had even occasionally found geckos falling on her body while having a shower in the toilet in the summer. It scared the hell out of her at the moment, but now, when she thought back, it was no big deal. This hotel room was musty, but it was at least clean. The musty smell at least proved that there had been few people checking in this presidential suite.

Kisa went in, took her coat off, then put it on with a hanger and aired it by the window, as her clothes had the smell of alcohol and smoke from the elevator. The suite had a living room and two bedrooms. They were spacious. She took a brief look around the room before getting ready to take a shower. When she left home, she brought a few sets of lingerie and carried them in her backpack, which was with Gilbert now. When she saw Gilbert was still standing outside the door and did not come in, she could not help but walk over to him

Chapter 676 Men Are Also Fastidious

“Are you going to spend the night outside the door?” Kisa asked, reaching for her backpack.

Gilbert avoided her hand and came in with the backpack

anyway.

Kisa took a look at the doorway. Feeling nothing unusual, she closed the door. She always felt insured while being outside. After closing the door, she bolted it. When she turned around, she saw Gilbert fanning his nose with his hand, looking disgusted.

Kisa grimaced with disdain. "You should really experience life in a lower-middle class neighborhood, preferably the slum."

Gilbert smiled. "I can also endure hardship. I just can't stand this smell."

'Heh! All said and done. He is just being fastidious.' The room's windows were open, and the heating system warmed up the room. Kisa did not want to talk to him anymore. She just wanted to take a shower and lie under the covers. Besides, she had a pang of discomfort in her stomach, perhaps from eating something dirty. She

carried her backpack and headed for the bathroom.

Gilbert looked at the takeout menu in his hand and asked, "What do you want to eat? I will order takeout."

"I don't want to eat anything." Her stomach was bloated so much that she could not eat, yet she had eaten nothing. After taking a hot shower, her stomach felt more comfortable, and she did not feel as tired as before. When she came out of the bathroom, the windows in the room

had been closed, and the room was warm. She did not feel

cold even though she was just wearing a winter sleeping

gown. Gilbert was sitting on the couch, studying the takeout menu. She went over to him and asked, "Don't you think the musty smell is offensive? Why did you close the windows?"

"That smell isn't that noticeable after sitting in here for a while." He handed her the takeout order menu. "I have ordered a light meal for you. See what else you want."

“Didn’t I say that there’s no need?”

“Eat something, at least. We have to travel tomorrow. Besides, the village is remote, and there might not be a town along the way. If you don’t eat now, there will be nothing to eat later when you are hungry.”

Kisa thought Gilbert had a point. So she looked at the

takeaway menu with her eyes downcast. She found that there were a variety of snacks available, so she ordered some, planning to take them with her on the road

tomorrow.

The order had been placed, and they both waited for the delivery. No one was talking, and the atmosphere in the suite became awkward and boring. Seeing the TV remote

control on the coffee table, Kisa picked it up and turned it

1. on. She tuned in to a random channel just so that there

was sound to make the atmosphere less awkward, but she tuned in to a children’s channel now airing Barney and

Friends.

Gilbert glanced at her and snickered. “How old are you?”

“Who says this is only for children?” Kisa said expressionlessly.

“Okay, you won.” Gilbert shook his head in amusement.

Kisa said nothing. She just felt that since the Kerrona Hill incident, Gilbert’s temper

had changed for the better, and he was treating her so well now that she could not be used to it. She thought he had probably been touched because she had saved him from the cave. But upon pondering about it, she found it was unlikely the case; she used to love him so much, with all her heart and

mind, but he had never been moved. So she wondered

why he would be moved this time. Just when she was still deep in thought, Gilbert suddenly grabbed her hand.

Chapter 677 Leave You in the Village

“What are you doing?” Kisa was puzzled.

Gilbert said nothing, just preyed open her hand and then stared at the scar in her palm. The vine badly scuffed her palm when she pulled Gilbert out of the cave. The scar looked scary, but it was just a superficial injury. She recuperated at home, and it had healed quickly. Now, only some scars were left. Had Gilbert not looked at the scars now, she would have almost forgotten about it.

She pulled her hand back and said, “It’s nothing. It has already fully healed.”

Gilbert looked Kisa in the eyes and was just about to say something when there was a knock on the door.

“The takeout must have arrived, right?” Kisa asked subconsciously.

“Sit tight. I will check it out,” Gilbert said.

He was very cautious. He peeped through the peephole before opening the door, and even then, he only opened it ajar. Before long, he returned with a bag of snacks and some packed food.

Kisa glanced at the door to ensure it was bolted before asking, “You are also afraid that something might happen?”

Gilbert nodded, put the food on the coffee table, then sat across from Kisa and unpacked the food. “Don’t you think it is strange that all prison personnel involved have disappeared one by one?”

Kisa stared at him with a frown. She felt it strange if he was not behind the fire and the

disappearance of the prison officers. After all, she could not think of anyone other than him who could pull those off.

Gilbert pushed a bowl of chowder and a pack of sandwiches in front of Kisa. "Anyway, we had better be careful along the way."

Kisa nodded. Her appetite returned when she saw the dainty sandwiches. She picked two up and finished them in just a few bites. "How long will it take us to reach the mountain village at this rate?"

"Three days," Gilbert ordered pasta and a few side dishes. He seemed hungry and ate half of them in a few bites.

Kisa quietly pushed the food to him. "No matter what, I must be back by the 15th."

"Got it. Don't make it sound like I will leave you in the mountain village." Gilbert gave her a look.

Kisa pursed her lips and stopped talking as she continued to eat the sandwiches, which tasted fantastic.

There were two bedrooms in the suite so they could have their own separate room. Kisa went straight to bed after the meal. Gilbert was tired after driving all afternoon, so he did not stay in the living room for long as well. After the meal, he cleaned up the coffee table and went to bed. Kisa could not sleep well in the hotel room, probably because she did not feel safe. She was obviously tired, but she just could not fall asleep. Besides, her stomach was unbearably bloated, and she wondered if her time of the month was coming.

Kisa tossed and turned in bed, feeling irritable as hell. Not after a long while was she finally about to fall asleep, but a faint noise woke her up. The noise was not loud, and the tingling sound came intermittently as if the shower curtain in

the bathroom was fluttering in the wind and hitting something. There was a solid rod at the bottom of the curtain, and if the rod hit the wall, it would make a sound like this. She wondered if the window in the bathroom was left open. She took her shower in the large bathroom in the living room just now and so paid little attention to the small bathroom in the room. The rattling sound annoyed her.

The bathroom was diagonally across from her bed, and the bathroom glass sliding door was not fully shut, leaving a gap of about half an inch. The room was not completely dark because she did not draw the curtains all the way, as she felt safer with light coming into the room. She sat up and was about to check if the window in the bathroom was left open when she suddenly realized something was not right.

Chapter 678 Help! Someone is Trying to Kill Me

There was sparse moonlight shining through the window. She could vaguely make out shadows moving in the bathroom. She tensed up, and her hair stood erect. She did not dare to move a muscle but just stared at the bathroom, the door of which was just six feet from the bed. It was dark inside the bathroom, but she could see shadows moving. Kisa was nervous.

‘This is the eighth floor. How could someone climb up here? What could that be? A thief? Or the killer who wants

to stop her from finding the truth about the prison fire? It

won’t come to the hotel to steal if it is a thief, not to mention that I have just checked in. If it is not a thief, then it is likely a killer.’

Her mind was racing, and she looked on with bated breath before she carefully got out of bed. She did not even dare to put on her shoes but

just walked barefoot on the carpet toward the door of the room. Two shadows came out of the toilet just as she reached the door. She was so scared that she covered her mouth.

In the moonlight, she saw the glinting knives in the hands of the killers and felt chills running up her spine.

She thought if she had not woken up, the two killers would have killed her in her sleep.

The two killers went straight to the side. As the room was dim, and she was hiding in the corner by the door, they had not noticed her. If they found out that she was not on the bed, they would surely find her hiding in this corner soon. So she figured she had to get out of the room and find Gilbert as soon as possible.

She gingerly reached the door handle while watching the two killers, afraid of making any noise. She could not see their faces but could only make out the glinting knives. The two killers also seemed worried about waking her up and thus moved slowly. When they finally made it to the side of the bed, they stabbed at the bed with their knives without needing to check if anyone was on the bed. Right then, Kisa pulled open the door and bolted out at once.

As she ran out, she shouted, "Someone wants to kill me! Help!" She shut the door behind her and ran toward Gilbert's room. Fortunately, Gilbert's room was not unlocked. She turned the door handle, and the door opened at once. As she entered, she locked the door behind her and leaned against it to catch her breath. She was still terrible even if the two people were not here to kill her but thieves. Gilbert's room was dark. As he had

drawn the curtains, no light could come through. A chill ran up her spine again as she could see nothing.

The

fact that the two killers could climb into her room from the bathroom meant other killers could also go into Gilbert's room the same way. Gilbert must have slept like a log for being so exhausted after driving all afternoon. If a killer did come in to kill him, he might not be alerted and wake up. She shuddered at the thought of the two killers holding knives and stabbing down at her bed just now. She had just shouted so loudly and should have woken Gilbert up. But she was now hiding in his room, and there was no sign of him.

The more she thought about it, the more scared she

became. She leaned against the door, not daring to move. The darkness and silence of the night infinitely amplified

the fear inside her.

Chapter 679 I Thought You Had Been Killed

She held her breath, stared at the darkness in front of her, and could not hold back her cry. She was trembling, her inner fear devouring her little by little like this endless

darkness.

Suddenly, there was a soft sound in the darkness. It was the sound of a switch being turned on, and with that soft click, the room lit up. Gilbert rubbed his eyes and frowned at her. "What happened? Did you have a nightmare?"

Kisa was transfixed, looking at him and forgetting all her movements. She was dumbfounded, tears still on her face, and she looked a bit wretched.

Gilbert looked baffled. He was clearly half-awake, his hair disheveled, his eyes groggy, and the thermal underwear on his body wrinkled.

“I was dreaming,
and I heard someone crying. I listened carefully, and it sounded like you. Then I woke up and found that you were really crying.” Seeing that she stood

transfixed in the doorway without responding, he could not help but smile. “Why are you crying?”

Kisa snapped back at last. With a lump in her throat, she

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said, “So you are not dead. I thought you had been killed.”

Gilbert rolled his eyes. “Can’t you say anything nice?”

“Not that I wanted to say that; there really are killers.”

Gilbert’s expression turned stern instantly upon hearing that.

“There are killers?” When Gilbert took the knife and went to Kisa’s room, the two killers

had already left. Everything in the room was as usual as if the two killers were just a figment of Kisa’s imagination. But the hole in the bedding pierced by a knife was a clear sign the killers were not a figment of Kisa’s imagination or her nightmare. He rubbed the hole in the mattress with trepidation, realizing that he had slept too well and been careless tonight. ‘If Kisa had slept as soundly as I did, she

would have been killed.’ The more he thought about it,

the more fearful he was. He turned to Kisa and said in a

deep voice, “You sleep with me for the next few days.

Kisa said nothing.

Gilbert went back to check the bathroom. The window

was wide open, and it was large enough for an adult to climb in.

He looked out the window. There was a platform below the window for the

air conditioning unit, with one on every floor. But because there were ordinary rooms below the eighth floor and only one suite on the eighth

floor, the layouts were different. So the platform below the window on the eighth floor

was not directly above the one on the seventh floor. The killers should have climbed onto the eighth floor from the seventh floor's platform.

Kisa stood in the bathroom's doorway, face pale, obviously still in shock.

"I should have switched rooms with you." Gilbert was chagrined. There was no platform outside the window of his room, and it was difficult for the killers to climb into

1. it.

"Had you switched rooms with me, you would have been dead," Kisa said, relieved that they did not switch rooms.

If Gilbert was dead, she would have been helpless.

"I was just too tired after a long drive. I rarely sleep this deeply." Gilbert explained, looking slightly embarrassed.

"Who knows?" Kisa said, not really convinced. She had

just shouted so loudly but did not wake him up. That

meant he had low alertness this time, unlike the Gilbert

she knew. Although the killers had left and she and

Gilbert were unharmed, Kisa was still worried.

She looked at Gilbert. "Who do you think could have hired the killers to kill us?"

Gilbert came out of the bathroom and leaned against the door. "Needless to say, it is the real culprit behind the

prison fire. Someone doesn't want us to find out the truth.

”
“Then won’t the two jailers be in danger, too?”

Chapter 680 Probably... It’s Your Time of the Month

“No fear. Davian has four men over there, and I have long since instructed them to keep an eye on the two jailers and ensure their safety.”

Kisa nodded and turned around to walk outside the room slowly. She felt a little weak in the knees because she was so scared just now.

“Are you hurt?” Gilbert suddenly asked, rushing up to tug at her arm, looking at her back anxiously.

Kisa was puzzled. “No, I was awake when the two killers sneaked in. I hid by the door so the two killers didn’t touch me.”

“You are not hurt?” Gilbert frowned at the bloodstain on her pants. Something came to mind, and he suddenly had an awkward look on his face.

Kisa saw his weird expression and asked, “What is wrong? Is there something behind me?”

“N–Nothing. I guess it is your time of the month.”

“My time of the month?” Kisa did not get it at first. She was transfixed for a full three seconds before she came to

her senses and blushed. 'No wonder my belly has been bloated, and my body is aching today.' She knew her period was never on time. The last time she went on vacation, she had prepared her sanitary pads just in case, but she never used them. This time, because she was in such a hurry, she forgot to get prepared when she left home. 'What should I do now, go out with a coat and look for a convenience store? It is freezing cold out there, and it is past two in the morning. There may not be a 24-hour convenience store in the town.' Kisa was so embarrassed of herself.

She backed up, moved to the bathroom side, and said awkwardly, "You go to bed. I will take care of it myself."

"Then close all the windows. The killers know they have alerted us, and I don't think they will come back tonight."

Kisa nodded and said nothing.

Gilbert glanced at her embarrassed face and got the hint. If you need anything, call me." And with that, he went out and closed the door behind her.

||

As soon as he was out, Kisa slumped her shoulders in relief. 'What should I do now? I couldn't sleep. Do I really have to wait until morning before I can buy the sanitary pads?' She went sitting on the toilet bowl in the bathroom. Her period was unpredictable, and when it came, it flew so aggressively that she felt as if she was bleeding heavily with each step she took. She had no idea when her period came because she had obviously not felt it when the killers came in just now.

It was quiet outside the room. She did not know if Gilbert had gone to bed, and she would not expect him to go out to buy her the sanitary pads in the middle of the

night. After all, he knew he would feel too embarrassed to buy sanitary pads. Besides, she also knew that Gilbert would not treat her that well. She sat on the toilet bowl and stared blankly at the window.

The receptionist had fallen asleep at the desk at this hour. The hall was quiet, and the security guard had also dozed off on the couch in the hall's corner. Gilbert went to the

reception, and she was not awake. He then tapped the desk with two fingers.

The receptionist woke up and got to her feet at once. "How may I help you, sir?"

||

"May I know which room is directly below room 888?"

The receptionist looked at the room number on the computer screen. "It is room 718."

"Can you show me the registration information of the guest in room 718?"

The receptionist hesitated. Faced with the handsome man's request, she was eager to agree, but she also did not dare to violate the hotel's rules because if something happened, her boss would deduct her pay this month.

"It is okay. I will just take a peek because someone just sneaked into my room."

"Huh?" The receptionist was taken aback. "That can't be right."

Gilbert looked at her with a serious face. "I suspect

someone climbed up and into my room from room 718. So can I see the check-in information for room 718?"

The receptionist was a little scared now and quickly showed him the register. **Chapter 681 It's My Wife**

The register showed it was a young girl who checked into room 718, so it looked like the killers had used a fake ID.

The receptionist looked at his grave face and asked cautiously, "Sir, did something happen?" Gilbert shook his head and returned the register to her. She put the register away, then suddenly remembered something. By the way, the guest in room 718 has just checked out. Just a short while ago. I almost forgot to tell you."

Gilbert sneered in his mind, 'They fled really fast.' "I know. We are fine. You do not need to be afraid," he said in a faint voice and then glanced outside. "Is there a 24-hour convenience store in this town?"

"There is one, but it is a little far."

"Tell me roughly the direction."

"Okay. You go out and turn left, then go straight some distance. You will see a junction. Turn right at the junction, and then..."

The receptionist made the direction sound so complicated. But Gilbert could quickly simplify the information, which was turn left, turn right, turn right,

"I

turn left, and finally turn right again.

The weather was cold, so he planned to drive there. But the receptionist said that the street at the last two intersections was too narrow for a car to pass through. Just then, the security guard woke up. Hearing that he was going to the 24-hour convenience store, he kindly lent him his motorcycle parked outside.

It was Gilbert's first time riding a motorcycle. He looked at the machine and was a little confused, not knowing how to operate it. The security guard kindly gave him a demonstration, and he quickly understood. He got on the motorcycle, nosed it onto the street, and then sped off. and The air temperature was a few degrees below zero, Gilbert felt the wind biting his bones. It was good that the motorcycle was convenient as he reached the convenience store within a few minutes.

and a

There was a table in front of the convenience store, few young couples were drinking and having supper at the table. Gilbert glanced at them expressionlessly and then walked straight into the convenience store. The few young girls outside had not noticed him until he entered

the store.

"That guy is so handsome, like a celebrity on TV," one girl said excitedly.

"Yeah, he is simply stunning.

"Come on, if he were a celebrity, he wouldn't have come to our tiny town." Three young guys were disdainful.

he

As soon as Gilbert walked into the convenience store, caught the attention of the female store manager, who had never met such a handsome man before. When she saw Gilbert walking to the shelves of feminine products, checking out the sanitary pads, her eyes lit up, and she envied the woman for whom he was buying the sanitary pads. By just looking at the packaging description, Gilbert could not understand which was which, so he bought a pack of each brand and size.

At the checkout, the female store manager said with envy, "Few men are willing to come out in the middle of the night to buy this stuff for their girlfriends nowadays. Your girlfriend is so lucky."

“It is my wife.”

“Oh, I wish you a lifetime of happiness together with your wife.” The female store manager put all the

products into a plastic bag and then gave him a packet of brown sugar. “Women’s stomachs get upset during this time. Make her some brown sugar drink, and she will feel much better.”

“Okay, thanks.” Gilbert smiled and also paid for the brown sugar.

When he came out of the store, the few couples were still chatting.

“Lily, you made a lot of money today, eh? Just lending your ID card to those few people, you have pocketed two grand. Easy money.”

“Absolutely. How have I never encountered such a good thing in my life?”

Gilbert was walking toward the motorcycle with a large bag of sanitary pads but stopped dead in his tracks when

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“Lily, you made a lot of money today, eh? Just lending your ID card to those few people, you have pocketed two grand. Easy money.”

“Absolutely. How have I never encountered such a good thing in my life?”

Gilbert was walking toward the motorcycle with a large bag of sanitary pads but stopped dead in his tracks when he heard the conversation.

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan Chapter 682

Chapter 682 Flattered

“Lily, where are those guys? Could you ask them if they still need ID cards? I can lend them mine, too.”

As the girl named Lily was about to say something, she

up and noticed a shadow cast down on her. She looked surprised to see a handsome yet grave-looking face.

Gilbert’s aura was so powerful that the young guys and girls shut up at once when he came over. Even though he was carrying a large bag of sanitary pads, it could not hide his innate classy persona. The young girls looked at him with admiration, while the young guys were disdainful and also fearful. Gilbert had just looked at a girl named Lily for a few seconds, and she had already blushed. A moment later, he asked faintly, “The group of people who borrowed your ID card—how many of them?”

“Huh?” Lily was transfixed for a moment and then quickly replied, “I—I didn’t count. Some of them were sitting in the car, and some were standing outside. I guess there were a dozen.”

Gilbert’s face instantly turned grave. ‘More than a dozen? Those guys must have thought too highly of Kisa and me that they sent so many men.’ Gilbert said nothing more

and left. Even until he rode away on his motorcycle, those few young girls had not come to their senses.

And the few young guys only dared to ridicule Gilbert behind his back. "That man is just a sanitary pad

salesman. How pretentious!"

Kisa was still sitting on the toilet bowl, and her legs were numb from sitting too long. Finally, she had no choice but to use a handful of paper towels as a makeshift

sanitary pad. Even so, she did not dare to move around, let alone sleep. Just as she moved slowly to the window, there was a knock on the room door. It stunned her. 'Is

Gilbert still awake? Does he have something urgent to

look for me at this late hour?'

The door to her room was not locked, so she raised her voice and shouted, "Come in!"

As the door was pushed open from the outside, Kisa was wide-eyed. Gilbert was carrying a sizeable transparent bag filled with packs of sanitary pads. She gasped in

shock. 'Gilbert didn't sleep but went out to buy sanitary pads for me?' She was so flattered that she did not know

how to react.

Gilbert walked

up to her, took out a pack of brown sugar, and then gave her the transparent shopping bag. "I don't

know which one you have

normally been using, so I bought a pack of each brand and size, so you can just use the one you like."

Kisa nodded, flabbergasted. She could hardly recognize the man in front of her, as she could not believe that he would go out to buy her sanitary pads. Gilbert gave her the stuff and left the room at once. She held the bag of sa

itary pads in her hands and felt relieved. The only thing was that he had bought too many, which would last her a while. When Kisa came out of the bathroom, she had changed into a clean outfit. She now could no longer sleep after this incident. She thought Gilbert might still be awake, so she walked out of her room.

The lights were on in the living room. Just as she had expected, Gilbert was still awake, sitting on the couch with a cup in his hand. The cup seemed to be filled with brown sugar water, and it was still steaming. He was stirring the content with a spoon, and when he saw her coming out, he said, "Come and drink this."

His voice was still the same as before, with a commanding tone. But his tone was much better than before, not so cold and firm. Kisa She was not quite used to his transformation, and what he had done tonight was really flattering to her. She slowly walked over to him.

Chapter 683 Thoughtful

"Thank you very much for just going out and buying those things back for me. I didn't know you were such a thoughtful person, even knowing to buy a packet of brown sugar. I—"

"The store owner gave me this. I thought it was a waste to throw it away, so I made a cup and drank it earlier. Not bad. I feel warm now."

Words choked in her throat, and she realized she had overthought. 'No way a man like Gilbert, with his eccentric, unpredictable, and cold face, could possibly be so thoughtful to know this. It was already so nice of him willing to go out and buy me the sanitary pads. The way he treats me now is so much better than before. I can't be greedy to expect more from him.'

The brown sugar drink had an exceptionally warming effect and relieved the pain in Kisa's belly. "It is late. Why don't you go to bed? You have to drive tomorrow," she

said.

Gilbert shook his head as he fiddled with his cigarette pack, seemingly wanting to smoke but hesitating.

Kisa thought he was concerned about her, so she quickly said, "Go ahead and smoke. It doesn't matter."

She was not as weak as before when she could not even tolerate the smell of cigarette smoke, but Gilbert still did not smoke. He just put the cigarette pack into his pocket.

He was silent for a while before speaking all of a sudden. "We need to be extra careful for the next few days, and we must get to that mountain village as soon as possible."

Kisa's grip on the cup tightened. "What is wrong? Is it because of the two killers?"

"More than a dozen men are coming to kill us this time."

"What?" Kisa's heart skipped a beat. "That many?"

"We have to be careful, regardless. Whatever you do, don't act alone." Gilbert looked serious.

Kisa tensed up and nodded her head vigorously. "Okay."

It was almost 5.00 a.m. before Gilbert fell asleep. He did not go back to his room but slept on the couch. Kisa did not feel sleepy. So she took the quilt from the bed and put it over him, then sat down in the chair by the window to think about things. She occasionally glanced at Gilbert with mixed feelings.

There had been attempts on their lives by some mysterious people as soon as they left Calthon, so it seemed that Gil

bert had really nothing to do with the prison fire. This time, there were over ten killers, and the other party knew her and Gilbert's whereabouts like the back of their hand, and there were still a lot of unknown dangers ahead. So Kisa suddenly hesitated to go to that mountain village to find the two jailers. Still, the fact that someone was trying to stop them from seeing the two jailers suggested that the two jailers must know something, and she might be able to unearth the truth about the prison fire from those two jailers. She was worried for the safety of the two jailers before she and Gilbert could get to them. She had doubts, hesitations, and a strong sense of anxiety.

It dawned late in winter. It was not until after 7.00 a.m.

the sky was completely bright.

While Gilbert was still asleep, Kisa had quietly ordered breakfast. She had been up most of the night, and her face looked haggard. She went to the bathroom, washed her face, and then took another hot shower. She felt

much more refreshed when she came out and had changed into outerwear, ready to head out. When she came out of her bedroom, Gilbert was already awake, and

the breakfast she had ordered had been brought over and was sitting on the coffee table. He seemed to have just woken up and still looked groggy.

He got up and said, "I will go wash my face. You can first have your breakfast."

Kisa had been deep in thought at the window for so long. She clenched her hands when she saw Gilbert awake and quickly called out to him.

Chapter 684 What Matters is His Innocence

Gilbert halted in his tracks and turned to look at her. What's up?"

"Do we have to continue to find the two jailers?"

“Of course,” Gilbert said determinedly. “I said I would prove to you I didn’t start that fire.” Determination and

persistence filled his eyes. The truth was not important to him. What mattered to him was his innocence in her eyes.

Kisa pursed her lips, not knowing what to do. Seeing the worry on her face, Gilbert walked up to her, held her shoulders, and whispered, “Don’t worry. I won’t let you

get hurt on this trip.”

“But there are a dozen killers after us.”

“So what? I alone can take them all down.” Gilbert

sounded as cool as a cucumber as if to assuage her anxiety.

Kisa pursed her lips, not knowing what to say. She knew

that as long as Gilbert could not prove his innocence,

there would always be something standing between them. He also knew this, which was why he was

desperate. So she told herself that since she had already

taken on this journey, she should not look back.

It was 9:00 a.m. when they set off again. Kisa felt more secure with the sanitary pads and snacks with her. It was a small town, so they had left the town boundary in just ten minutes. Kisa looked at the map and saw they were heading all the way to the countryside. The rural roads in the suburbs were all in good condition, but nothing was around, not even a house. Kisa did not sleep well last night. She was leaning against the window and looked at the desolate scenery outside for a while before she started to feel drowsy.

Gilbert gave her a sideways glance and said, "If you are sleepy, recline the seat and sleep. I think we will get to that mountain village at noon the day after tomorrow."

'The day after tomorrow!' Kisa looked mopey.

"Think of this as a road trip," Gilbert said with amusement.

'A road trip? He makes it sound so relaxing. Do we usually need to be on guard against killers on a road trip? Do people usually take such a remote route while going on a road trip? Besides, people won't usually be in a rush with so much anxiety on a road trip,' she thought to herself.

"Why don't you have some bodyguards with you?" Kisa asked.

"I didn't know there would be killers."

Kisa was baffled at the mention of this. "Why do you think the killers know our whereabouts like the back of their hands, and how do they know we are going looking for the two jailers?"

"What is there to wonder about? Since they can make all the relevant people disappear, they surely know that I am investigating the whereabouts of the two jailers. Besides, Davian didn't investigate the case discreetly. So it is not surprising that they know about it."

"Do you think Sharon could be behind it?"

"Sharon doesn't have that much capability yet. Unless someone is behind her." Gilbert shook his head and said

confidently.

Kisa also thought that Sharon was not that capable. She wondered who was behind Sharon. After thinking about the few people who could be more qualified than Gilbert for a long time, the only person who came to mind was

Anthony, but Anthony was just a paper tiger in Calthon. Besides, Anthony and Sharon were not that close six

years ago. There were too many things that Kisa could not understand. The more she thought about it, the more

confused she got.

With the sun shining brightly, she became so sleepy that she could not even open her eyes. She reclined the seat and fell asleep within minutes of lying down. The car's heater was on full blast, so she did not feel cold at all.

While she was still half asleep, she suddenly felt the car speeding up abruptly, and the vehicle swirled into a sharp turn, jolting her out of her sleep.

Chapter 685 Pursued by Four Cars

The car did not stop but swayed more and more sharply, like driving at high speed around S-curves.

Kisa's stomach churned because of the constant sideways motions. She grabbed her seatbelt and subconsciously looked over at Gilbert, only to see him staring straight ahead, his hands rapidly turning the steering wheel. She knew something was wrong when she saw his face tense and focused. Kisa did not dare to disturb him but sat up straight with difficulty and looked in the rearview mirror.

What she saw stunned her. Four cars were chasing them from behind. Two of the cars caught up and kept hitting their cars from behind as if to force them to stop. Kisa took a quick look at her surroundings. They were still in the countryside, with no people or houses around, not even a small village. Kisa looked in the rearview mirror again and saw the four cars coming at them from all directions. She could clearly see a few bodyguard-like

men sitting inside a car. She subconsciously shrunk back

and used her hands to shield her face as she saw the car sway toward her.

Just then, she heard Gilbert's grave voice. "Sit tight!"

Immediately after, she felt the car lurching and then

heard a loud bang as if it had hit something. But the car did not slow down in the slightest. Kisa hugged herself and buried her head in her knees, feeling like she was

being shaken out of her consciousness. A few seconds later, the car was still driving fast, but there was no more aggressive maneuvering than before. It now drove at a steady speed.

She took a breath and carefully removed her hands. The cars that ran parallel next to them were out of sight. She hurriedly looked in the rearview mirror again. Only to see two of the cars had crashed in the field, one stopped

across the middle of the road, and one had crashed into the guardrail of the channel. Her heart was still pounding wildly.

"Are the killers still coming after us?" she asked.

"Not for a while."

Kisa was a little worried. "We won't get to Hillsby until the day after tomorrow. What if the killers catch up with us again in the next two days?"

Gilbert looked grave. "We need to shake them off for good."

"What do you have in mind?"

Gilbert clenched his jaw and pursed his lips, saying nothing.

Sometime after 2:00 p.m., he stopped the car on the side

of the road. Kisa looked at the map and saw that the drive would take them through a small town for another two hours. It was dangerous to drive at night, and Gilbert was tired of driving. If they did get to that town before dark, the odds were they would spend the night there.

Seeing that Gilbert was getting out of the car, she subconsciously asked, "Where are you going?"

Gilbert gave her a look and let out an evil smile. "I'm taking a leak. Do you want to join me?"

Kisa took a breath and scoffed at him. "Rascal."

Gilbert laughed. "I'm a rascal? Then there must be many rascals in the world."

Kisa did not tangle with him but took the snacks in the back seat and ate. One good thing about this countryside was that there were public toilets at every distance, and she had already visited one earlier, so she did not need to

use it this time.

Gilbert walked to a large tree on the ridge to take a leak. When Kisa glanced at him, he had already finished the business and looked over her way. Their eyes collided.

Chapter 686 Taking a Bite in Tandem

Gilbert gave her a wry smile as if to say, "Look, you are the rascal, peeking at men taking a leak." Kisa took a deep breath, then expressionlessly pulled back her gaze. She unwrapped the bread in her hand, then put it to her mouth and took a bite, only to find it tasteless. She rummaged in the bag again and found a cup of instant noodles.

When she left in the morning, she especially filled a cup of hot water in a thermos, and she had not drunk it yet, so it came in handy now for making noodles. She unpacked the noodle cup, threw in a few packets of seasonings, and then filled half of the cup with hot water. The thermos was small, and after using the hot water to make noodles, little water was left inside.

It was at this time that Gilbert came back. He did not get into the car but leaned against the door and smoked. Kisa put the rest of the snacks on his seat, so it was up to him if he wanted to eat them. A few minutes later, the noodles were ready. She uncovered the lid and just took a bite when Gilbert suddenly spoke.

“What are you eating? It smells so good.”

“Cup noodles,” Kisa replied without raising her head and then took another bite. He bent slightly to look at her. “Is it good?”

“Have you never eaten cup noodles?” Kisa thought he was being a bit redundant in asking.

“Nope.”

‘Fine.’ Kisa had nothing to say.

“Do you have any more? Get me a cup,” Gilbert asked again.

Kisa glanced into the bag and said, “There are still noodles, but there is no hot water.”

Gilbert had no words.

“Why don’t you eat the bread? There is quite a lot.”

Gilbert rummaged through the bag and finally took out a cup of noodles. “Give me yours.”

“What for?”

“Just give it to me.”

Kisa had not enjoyed the noodles enough and did not feel like parting with them. But seeing Gilbert’s furrowed

brows and bossy look, she reluctantly handed over the cup noodle. He said nothing, just unpacked the cup

noodles he was holding, put the noodles into Kisa’s cup, then threw in the seasonings, too.

Kisa had no words.

After the noodles and seasonings were in, he put the lid on and smiled at Kisa. “Shouldn’t this be good enough to

cook the noodles?”

“You can eat it even if it is not cooked,” Kisa said with a plastic smile.

Gilbert said nothing more. He placed the cup of noodles on the seat and stood outside to do some stretches. With indignation, Kisa looked silently at the cup noodles she had not finished enjoying. ‘How could I eat the noodles again?’ Before long, Gilbert got back in. He unlidded the cup and took a look; the noodles were done.

He handed it to Kisa. “Here you go.”

Kisa stared at the cup in front of her and did not eat, thinking, ‘Does he mean he wants to share the noodles with me, and we each take a bite in tandem?’

Seeming to have read her mind, Gilbert said, “You can

have it first. Leave me what you can't finish."

Kisa gagged in shock. 'Isn't that like eating my saliva? Is he really willing to stoop to such a level? Forget it, forget it.' She found it unbelievable to even think about it.

Kisa took two loaves of bread from the bag and said, "You can have the noodles. I will eat the bread."

Seemingly to have thoroughly seen her distaste, Gilbert's face sank. "Do you hate me a lot?"

"Am I supposed to like you?" Kisa faintly replied as she ate her bread.

Gilbert gasped in exasperation as he tugged at the tie around his neck. "Are you still refusing to believe I have nothing to do with the prison fire?"

"It doesn't matter if I believe it or not. Aren't we about to find the truth?" Kisa smiled saintly at him, not wanting to argue with him now, but Gilbert seemed to be on her case already.

Chapter 687 I've Got an Idea

"You clearly weren't like that on Kerrona Hill. You said you believed in me and that I had nothing to do with that fire."

"Yeah." Kisa nodded her head and chewed her bread with a perfunctory look.

Gilbert was fuming, frowning at her. "What the hell do you mean?"

“Nothing. Aren’t we going to find the truth? Why do we have to dwell on it?” Kisa stared at him, puzzled by his reaction, thinking he was angry for no good reason.

He stared at the indifferent look on her face and suddenly let out self-deprecating laughter. “Is it true that no matter what I do now, you will never change your mind about me, and you will always hold a grudge against me for sending you to prison?”

“What are you mad about again? Why are you talking about this for no good reason?” Kisa felt his emotions were a bit too erratic, and she could not stand it because he always got angry too easily. She asked herself what was so good about him she fell in love with him last time.

Gilbert glanced at her sullenly and then started the car without saying another word. The cup of noodles was left uneaten, and they had become mushy, soaked in the liquid. As the car went through some bumpy road surfaces, the broth in the cup swirled and looked as if it was going to spill from the cup at any time. So Kisa put the cup into a plastic bag and tied it, then leaned back in her seat to fake being asleep. ‘What a good cup of instant noodles! But he has ruined it.’ She was still feeling sorry for her cup of noodles, which she had only taken a couple of bites.

Not surprisingly, the car pulled into a small town after 5.00 pm. The town was much livelier than the previous one. It was not New Year yet, but the festive atmosphere was apparent. The streets were lined with stalls selling trinkets and filled with pedestrians. In front of a few stores was a snowman wearing a red hat and scarf. The place definitely looked carnivalesque.

They drove past a bus station, where the traffic was

congested. So Kisa could take a good look at the lively street scene. It was full of life. Looking at it freed her from anxiety. Many bakeries were selling appetizing pastries near the bus station. Kisa already got a little hungry by just looking at them. She wanted to ask Gilbert

if he could pull over and let her buy some pastries, but he had not said a word, his face grave, apparently still angry since the fight with her earlier. So, she did not ask.

Gilbert kept staring at the buses entering and leaving the station as if watching something. He was so engrossed that he did not even notice the traffic light had turned green. It was only when the car horn sounded from behind that he drove forward again.

Kisa did not ask him if he wanted to stay the night in this town. Ever since their fight, the atmosphere between them had become dreary. He had said nothing, so she did not want to say anything, either.

Gilbert drove around the town and ended up back on the main road, which was the busiest, with brightly lit hotels all along it. The sky was completely dark now. He drove along the main road for a while before stopping in front

of what might look like the most upscale hotel in town. But after he stopped the car, he just leaned back in the

seat and did nothing. Since he did not get out of the vehicle, Kisa sat silently with him. She could do with sleeping in the car for the night, anyway. Gilbert did nothing but just sat there for a long time.

Kisa thought she was really going to spend the night in the car and was reclining the back of the seat when he

suddenly spoke in a deep voice. "I have an idea of how to

shake off those killers.“

Chapter 688 Let Them See Us “Die”

Kisa was bewildered and turned to look at him. “What do you have in mind?”

“As long as they see us ‘die’, they will stop pursuing us.”

“Let them see us die? What do you mean?” Kisa was surprised and confused.

Gilbert said nothing more, just unbuckled his seat belt and got out of the car. Kisa hurriedly put on the mask and followed him out of the car.

This hotel was much bigger than the previous one. Even the lobby was crowded. With Gilbert’s distinguished

appearance, he really drew a lot of attention. Kisa

followed behind him with her head bowed; even with her mask on, she feared being recognized.

Gilbert checked in a suite again this time. It was on the

twentieth floor. Having the previous experience, Kisa

checked all the places in the suite to ensure there were no

vulnerabilities the killers

could exploit to break in. After confirming that everything was all right and that she could have peace of mind, she sat on the couch.

Thinking about what Gilbert had just said, she could not

help but ask, “What exactly did you mean by that method you just mentioned?”

“Let’s get something to eat. I will tell you exactly what to do first thing in the morning.”

This made Kisa feel even more curious. But Gilbert had now picked up the takeaway menu and studied it carefully as if he did not want to talk anymore. So she also did not ask again.

“What would you like?” He asked without looking at her, his tone was slightly indifferent, a far cry from his attitude in the previous town. It was obvious that he was still angry.

Kisa did not want to upset him, so she said casually, “Whatever.”

Gilbert threw the menu to her and said casually, “There is no ‘whatever’ on the menu. Look at it yourself and order what you like.”

Kisa laughed sardonically as she found that Gilbert’s attitude toward her had been erratic to the point of rendering her speechless. When he bought her sanitary pads in the middle of the night, she was like the woman he loved the most, the kind he loved with all his heart and mind. But this time, he sounded cold, even sarcastic, and she seemed to become his abhorrent enemy again.

She took a deep breath and casually said the name of the item on the menu, “Fries.” With that, she went to the bathroom. She felt she could not spend too much time with him, as conflict would arise once it was too long. She could not imagine how many conflicts there would be if they really lived together for the rest of their lives.

While taking a hot shower, she thought again about the way of shaking off the killers that Gilbert had just said. ‘What does he mean by letting the killers see us die? Is it faking our deaths in front of the killers? But those killers are not stupid. Will they really fall for it? Screw it! I will find out what he is up to in the morning.’

When Kisa came out of the bathroom, Gilbert was sitting in front of the coffee table, staring at his phone. She walked over and found him looking at a map on his phone. The map was detailed, and he browsed and studied it bit by bit. She thought it might have something to do with how he would shake off the killers the next day. Kisa did not bother him and sat quietly on the other side of the coffee table.

The takeout arrived and was placed on one side of the coffee table. There were chicken nuggets, fish fillets, fries, and also sandwiches.

It puzzled her because, as far as she knew, Gilbert disliked sandwiches. But she did not think much of it and ate the fries silently. She could not finish them all and gave some to Gilbert. At that moment, he suddenly straightened up and looked at her. Kisa was startled and quickly explained, "I can't finish them all."

Chapter 689 Silence Abuse

Gilbert said nothing. He pulled back his eyes and continued to study the map. Kisa wanted to ask him several times what he was studying the map for, words choked in her throat upon seeing his grim face. She did not know how long it had been when the man finally turned off his phone as if he had studied the map thoroughly. Kisa hurriedly got to her feet, expecting him to say something. But he still said nothing and did not even reveal anything about tomorrow's plan. He seemed to treat her as if she did not exist. Kisa had no choice but to hold back his curiosity again.

Gilbert put the phone aside, then silently ate the food on the coffee table, except the sandwiches – it seemed that the sandwich was indeed ordered for her. She glanced at him; he still looked sullen, not to be messed with.

Kisa pursed her lips and silently took the sandwiches over. She really liked sandwiches, especially tuna sandwiches.

Gilbert was probably starving; he had gobbled all the food before she could finish her sandwiches.

“Keep all the doors and windows closed when you go to bed,” Gilbert said in an icy voice and went into the bathroom.

Kisa glanced at him as he went, so exasperated that she threw the cutlery on the coffee table. ‘His temper is like no other since he is giving me a silent treatment, fine! I will play along and see who will blink first!’

Gilbert had a quick shower. When Kisa was cleaning up the coffee table, he came out of the bathroom wrapped in a bath towel, but he walked straight into the room closer

to the bathroom and slammed the door shut without even looking at her.

She stared at the closed door, getting so peeved that she let out a sardonic laugh. ‘What an ill-tempered guy! I just can’t understand what he is angry about. I just didn’t share a cup of noodles with him. What is such a big deal about it?’

After taking a shower, Kisa rechecked every corner of the room, especially the bathroom. The good thing was that there was no window in the bathroom of this unit but just a massive floor-to-ceiling window in the room.

She glanced down from the window. She tensed up when she saw four black vehicles pull up downstairs, one after another. A dozen body guard -like men got out of the cars

and walked into the hotel. They did not look like the hotel's security guards but like the killers after them. Have the killers caught up with us? So quickly? Are they also staying in this hotel?' She subconsciously spun around and wanted to find Gilbert. But she was worried

that he might have fallen asleep. After thinking about it, she took out her phone and sent a message to Gilbert.

[Those killers seem to have caught up with us. Did you see them?]

But after a long while, there was still no response from him. She thought he might have fallen asleep and so it might not be the best time to disturb him. So she went back to the window and observed the situation

downstairs. Those men did not come out again after entering the hotel. So she figured they must have checked in. She did not know what to do now. The killers were so close to them now that she was afraid she could not sleep well again tonight.

Just then, there was a knock on the door of the room. Thinking that Gilbert was still awake, she rushed to open the door.

Chapter 690 Go to Sleep, I Won't Disturb You

As the door opened, Gilbert appeared in the doorway in a light gray fall outfit. Kisa quickly said to him, "You're not asleep? Did you see the message I sent you?"

"Saw it."

"Then why didn't you return my message?" Kisa complained. But she did not have time for this. "I just saw four cars pulled up downstairs with a dozen bodyguard like men getting out of the vehicles. Do you think they could be the killers who are after us?"

"Yes."

“So, what do we do now? They are catching up so fast, and there are so many of them, and—”

“Aren’t you tired, Kisa?” Gilbert interrupted her with a frown before she could finish her sentence.

Kisa was dumbfounded. “I—I’m tired, but those killers —”

“Why are you worried about them? They are humans, too; they need to sleep, so they check in at the hotel. Besides, this suite is airtight. Are you afraid they will crawl in like last time?”

“But—”

“This is the busiest part of the town. With so many eyes around, they wouldn’t dare to do anything to you, even if you sit in the hall now and wait for them. So what are you afraid of?” He sounded impatient and upset.

Kisa pursed her lips and stopped talking as she suddenly realized that no matter how worried, scared, and anxious she was, she was just making a mountain out of a molehill in his eyes.

“They only dare to strike on the outskirts where no one is around. Don’t worry about it. I will get rid of them completely tomorrow.”

She could see that he was tired, which was why he was in such a black mood, even his voice reeking impatience and grumpiness. Kisa lowered her head. “Go to sleep, and I won’t disturb you.” But he did not move, so Kisa

subconsciously looked up at him. “Is there something else?”

“Did you forget again what I said to you last night?” He frowned and sounded upset.

Kisa was none the wiser. "What did you say?" She did not remember him saying anything important to her last night.

Gilbert took a deep breath and tugged at her as he brought her away.

"What are you doing?" Kisa subconsciously resisted.

"Didn't I say you would sleep with me for the next few days? Did you forget?"

"I, no... Is it really necessary?" Kisa quickly waved her hand. "Didn't you say they wouldn't climb up here this time? So, we don't have to sleep together, do we?"

"It is just difficult, not impossible. So sleeping together is much safer."

"Is it really that necessary? They-

"Kisa!" Gilbert interrupted her, irritated. "Can you let me worry less about you? Is it so hard for you to sleep with me? Are you afraid I would do something to you even in such a situation?"

His voice carried a touch of mockery, and he furrowed his

wary brow. Kisa was pissed. But seeing the weariness on his face, she choked back

her anger and pursed her lips, choosing not to say anything. She would only look too

pretentious if she talked too much.

Gilbert glanced at her and suddenly let go of her hand, then let out self-deprecating laughter. "Forget it. I won't force you again. It is only for your safety, but you react as if I want to take advantage of you."

Kisa's face flushed with indignation. "I didn't say that."

He grunted softly and spun around to go back to his room. Kisa stood in the doorway with exasperation. 'I didn't mean that way. I just felt it was not appropriate to sleep with him. It was he who misinterpreted what I said. Now, great! I look like the one who is at fault. Heh!'

She stood at the room's door for a long time before carrying her quilt to Gilbert's room.