

Reborn Through Fire

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan Chapter 1019

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Chapter 1019 His Parents

Kisa looked around the room. She could not just rummage around to find clues about David and Damon in front of Gilbert. So, she went to the window and peered under the white cloth, under which was a wicker coffee table and two chaise lounges. There

were a few magazines on the coffee table. She picked them up and took a look. They were decades old. Next to the magazines was a small picture frame placed face down on the coffee table.

Out of curiosity, she picked up the photo frame and looked at it. She was shaken by what she saw. It was a photo of a man, a woman, and a three or four-year-old child. She recognized the man, as she had seen in her mother's photo album. It was Damon, Gilbert's father. She could also immediately recognize the child, despite his boyish face. It was Gilbert. The woman was Gilbert's mother, Cynthia, it seemed. So, Kisa knew that this was Damon and Cynthia's room.

When she heard footsteps approaching, Kisa hurriedly put the photo frame back in place and lowered the white cloth again. She knew that if Gilbert saw the photo of his parents, he might be seriously affected.

Gilbert came over to her. His expression told her that he was not feeling well, and his eyes were red. He closed his eyes and shook his head, and at other times he clutched his heart in agony.

Kisa's heart sank. 'He's not going to have an attack again, is he? But, everything in this room is covered with white cloth, and he has seen nothing yet.'

"What's wrong?" She could not help but ask, holding Gilbert up.

Gilbert shook his head and asked her in a strained voice, "What were you looking at just now?"

"Oh, nothing. Just a coffee table under that white cloth and a few magazines. I just casually glanced at them," Kisa said, intentionally helping him to the door to refrain him from being curious and lift the white cloth.

Gilbert's breathing became heavy as he gazed at the plain white cloth in the room. He asked in a deep voice, "Whose room is this? Why did I never know there was a room like this? Why are all these things covered?"

“I don’t know. But, I think it’s better if you ask your grandma,” Kisa said, putting the key in her pocket. “It doesn’t look like there is much to see in this room. Come on, let’s go back downstairs.”

She certainly could not search for anything about David in Gilbert’s presence. Since she had the keys now, she would quietly have them duplicated tomorrow. With this thought in mind, she helped Gilbert outside.

But, he suddenly pushed her away, covered his head in anguish, and his face contorted.

“Gilbert, what’s wrong?” Kisa was startled.

Gilbert was panting as he stared at the window with bloodshot eyes, hearing voices in his mind.

“Come to me, baby. You are such a good boy. I love you so much.”

“Can you share that with me? Mmm, you are so lovely.”

“Your daddy is back. Go see what toy he bought you.”

“Daddy, hug me. I want a hug, Daddy.”

“Ah!” Gilbert let out a sudden hiss of distress. The chaotic and blurry images kept flashing in his head. He saw a woman sitting by the window with him in her arms, kissing him dotingly, and a man who would buy him all sorts of toys, hold him, and raise him

up high with joy. But, he could not see their faces. 'Who are they? Who exactly are they?' he asked in his mind.

Kisa was scared. She was worried that Gilbert had another attack, and that his screams would alert his grandmother and

George. She tried to take him out of the room, but he suddenly went crazy and flipped off the white cloth.

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