

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan Chapter 21

Chapter 21 A Lady Came Making a Scene Outside the Kooper residence, Lea kept rapping on the gate and shouting Gilbert's name. No one responded to her. After an hour, some bodyguards came out to chase her away.

Lea cried out in despair. She should have known better that Gilbert, who hated Kisa and wanted her dead so much, would not save Kisa. It was whimsy to think that he would help. She regretted coming to beg that cold blooded man.

Behind a window on the second floor, Sharon watched with a smug on her face as Lea went.

She wants to save that woman? Heck! Dream on!

Shortly after Lea had left, a can drove into the compound. George carefully carried Andrew, who had just been discharged from the hospital, into the house, with Ada following along.

As he came into the house, Sharon greeted him and said gently, "You can just leave Andrew to me."

"It is alright, Ms. Case. I will just carry him to his room." George avoided Sharon and headed upstairs.

Sharon narrowed her eyes. "You old coot. I will kick you out of here when I become the lady of this house someday."

"Ma'am."

Hearing Ada's call, Sharon came out of her thoughts. She quickly hid the malicious look in her eyes away and replaced it with a gentle one.

"What is it, baby?"

"Don't call me baby. Only my daddy and mommy can call me that."

Sharon was embarrassed and felt jealousy and disgust. But she still smiled gently. "Fine, fine. I won't call you baby. I will just call you Ada. What's up?" "Why are you here?"

"Your father asked me to take care of you guys."

"Oh! Then I will tell Daddy we don't need you here," said Ada before she went upstairs.

Sharon was exasperated, staring at Ada as she went.

Had she not thought that Gilbert would find a mother for his children and she was the most suitable candidate, she would not have let these two illegitimate children live. But what Sharon had not expected was that Gilbert would rather let these his children grow up in a single-parent home than marry her. She hated them to think of it.

“George, how many more days until Daddy gets back?” Ada was a little bored staying at Andrew’s bedside.

George stroked her head with an avuncular smile on his face. “Your father has only been gone two days, and you miss him already?” “Yeah, I love Daddy and also Mommy the most.”

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George always felt a little sad when the children talked about their mother. He let out a doting smile. “Your daddy will be back in ten or so days. When he comes back, you can tell him you miss him a lot, and he will be thrilled then.” “Okay, yeah.” Just then, a bodyguard came knocking on the door. “George, there was a crazy lady outside the gate yelling and screaming just now. Ms. Case ordered us to chase her away.” George frowned. He patted Ada on the head. “I’m going out. You stay with your brother.” At the end of the corridor, George stared suspiciously at the bodyguard. “Crazy lady? Is that the one Mr. Kooper brought back the other day?” The bodyguard shook his head. “This lady looks quite normal. Just that she kept shouting Mr. Kooper’s name, saying that Kisa was about to die, and begging Mr. Kooper to save Kisa.” George’s expression changed at the mention of Kisa. ‘Could it be that Mrs. Kooper really didn’t die five years ago and that the crazy woman that Mr. Kooper brought back the other day was really Mrs. Kooper? What danger is Mrs. Kooper in that that lady needs Mr. Kooper to save Mrs. Kooper?’ He looked at the bodyguard. “Where is that lady?” “W-We have chased her away.” “Do you all know that the woman she was asking Mr. Kooper to save is Mrs. Kooper? You guys will have explanations to do when Mr. Kooper returns.”

Ten days later, at the airport—

As soon as Gilbert stepped out of the airport, George came up to take his suitcase and said with concern, “Mr. Kooper, you must be exhausted. Let’s go back and take a good rest.” Gilbert left the follow-up work to Davian and then followed George to the car. Feeling drained, he kneaded his forehead and asked in a low voice, “Apart from Andrew’s case, did anything else happen at home while I was away?” George hesitated for a long while before he said, “A lady came to the house ten days ago and made a scene.”

Gilbert said nothing George thought for a moment and continued. “She kept shouting your name, saying that Kisa was dying and asked you to save her.”

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Chapter 22 Has She Died Yet?

After George finished, he did not hear Gilbert's response for a while.

So he could not help but glance in the rearview mirror, only to see Gilbert had closed his eyes with no expression on his face. No one knew what was on his mind. George pursed his lips, wondering if Gilbert really did not care about his wife at all now.

As it was a matter of life and death, he could not help but speak again. "Mr. Kooper, she-"

"Has she died yet?"

"Huh?"

It struck George dumb when Gilbert suddenly spoke. "Who died?"

"Kisa."

Gilbert's tone was nonchalant. He did not sound worried at all.

Suddenly, George was at a loss for words.

"Heck!" Gilbert suddenly sneered. "Kisa is addicted to playing victims now. Next time, if you come across that woman, tell her I'm willing to give her a hand and save her the trouble of pretending if kisa is really so eager to die."

'It is ridiculous. I haven't even given her the comeuppance, and she has come to make trouble again. She is really addicted to cheating me with this, isn't she?' He secretly gritted his teeth. 'This time, I will settle the score with you, kisa. Just wait and see.'

George looked at the grimness and hatred on his face, startled. After a while, he sighed helplessly. 'It has been five years. Hasn't Mr. Kooper forgiven Madam yet?!

The Kooper residence—

"I don't want to eat. I just want Ma'am. Get out. All get out." Gilbert had just reached outside the room when dishes were thrown out, landing at his feet and shattering on the floor. He quietly stared with a darkened face at Andrew, who was throwing his tantrum inside. George had only mentioned on the phone that Andrew was throwing a tantrum and refused to eat every day, but he did not expect that it was all because of Kisa.

Whenever Gilbert thought of the scene at the hospital that day, he would get so furious with blue veins popping up on his forehead. If it had not been for a sudden incident in the company that required him to go on a business trip, he would have paid Kisa back in spades.

While Gilbert was abroad, he had been thinking of skinning Kisa alive all the time. At this moment, when seeing his beloved son throw his tantrum over Kisa, his hatred and anger almost exploded.

“How long has he been like this?”

“He was clamoring to see the woman when he was in the hospital. Now it is even to the point of throwing his tantrums and making a hunger strike,” George said.

Gilbert was even more furious upon hearing this. ‘I wonder what that liar has done to my

children that they now have become so attached to her.’

“Mr. Kooper, what should we do? Andrew is still sick. If he still refuses to eat, I’m afraid”

“Force him to eat if he doesn’t,” Gilbert said.

“How can you do that? This boy has always been amenable to coaxing, but not coercion. If you do that, I’m afraid he will resent you,” George said.

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“It’s better for him to resent me than to watch him starve to death.”

George resignedly shook his head. After a while of hesitation, he said, “Why don’t you ask Mrs. Kooper back?”

“No way.” Gilbert snorted.

“But Andrew’s life is more important. Whatever feud between you and your wife have, it can always be settled later.”

This time, Gilbert hesitated.

And George quickly added. “I will ask the bodyguards to find Mrs. Kooper and invite her back.”

“No need.” Gilbert secretly clenched his hands. “I will go myself.”

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Chapter 23 Did He Come To See Me? Kisa had a long, long dream. She dreamed of her skipping class and climbing over the school wall, ending up falling into the arms of a good-looking teenager. His first reaction was to throw her to the ground. Kisa later learned that the teenager’s name was Gilbert Kooper.

Kisa's mother, on her deathbed, told Kisa that if she met someone named Gilbert during her lifetime, she must guard him with her life because she owed him. She had no idea what her mother was trying to say, but because of her mother's words, she started to please the teenager named Gilbert in every way.

It was just that Gilbert did not like her and always bad-mouthed her. But in her dream, even though Gilbert was annoyed with her, she still felt happy. Despite him being annoyed with her, he never went back on his words when he promised her something

There was no aching despair in the dreams until blood slowly flooded her dreams. A child was calling for his mother, his voice choking with sorrow and helplessness. She searched desperately, and her heart ached. Finally, she saw the back of a little boy, and she ran over to him with delight. But just as her hands touched the little boy, he suddenly turned into a cloud of blood mist. She collapsed and screamed, desperately trying to grab him, but nothing was caught.

"No. Come back. Come back."

Kisa woke up in tears, staring blankly at the peeling ceiling above her head as if she was still immersed in the terrible dream she had just had. Lea rushed over and shed tears of joy. "Kisa, you're finally awake." Kisa paused for a long time before looking at her, her voice so hoarse that it sounded like it came from a machine. "How long have I been asleep?"

"Half a month," Lea said, suddenly crying with sadness. "The doctor said your internal organs were damaged, almost incurable, and hospitalization would not help with your condition. He recommended I bring you back to recuperate. Then, when you had a high fever and vomited a lot of blood, the doctors said you were dying. I was scared to death, afraid that you would never wake up."

Kisa stroked Lea's hair, feeling sorry. "I'm fine now. Don't cry." Her voice was even huskier than before, her lips dry and cracked.

Lea hurriedly poured Kisa a glass of water and said with a tearful smile, "I'm so happy that you have come out of your coma." Looking at Lea's crying and laughing face, Kisa gave her heartfelt thanks. "I'm so grateful to have you." She felt terribly miserable for herself when she said that.

Back then, because of the fire, Kisa's internal organs, as well as her vocal cord, were damaged. At first, she could not even eat and had to live on nutritional fluids, which eventually caused her stomach to atrophy in the long run. Now she could at least eat something, but not much, which was why she was so skinny, And years of taking medication led to problems with her liver. Her body was really at the end of its rope, and what saddened her even more was that she had become a burden to her best friend

Kisa was dejected and blamed herself. "Lea, you don't need to take care of me. I don't know how much longer I can hold on with this body."

"Touch wood. Don't talk crap. You survived a great disaster back then, and you will be blessed from now on."

Kisa did not dare to think about any blessing. If she could still live another five years, then it was already a gift from heaven.

Thinking of the day she vomited blood and fainted, Kisa hesitated for a while before saying, "I had been unconscious for so long. Did he ever come to see me?"

Lea knew who Kisa was talking about and was furious at the mention of Gilbert. "Don't mention him again. He left while you were still in the emergency room, and he never showed up again when you were transferred out of the hospital. I even went to his house that day and begged him to help you, but he still didn't show up."

Kisa pursed her lips and lowered her eyes with an obscure emotion.

Knowing Kisa was upset, Lea quickly changed the subject. "You just woke, so you must be weak. I will go out now and buy some ingredients to cook a good meal for you. Wait for me." "Okay. Be careful on the road."

After Lea left, Kisa wrapped her arms around her knees and slowly huddled into a ball. 'I knew it; that man would not bat an eye even if I died in front of him.' The familiar dull pain, which overwhelmed the other physical pains, rose in Kisa's heart again. She laughed self-deprecatingly. Five years had passed, and deep inside, she still had a ridiculous hope for that man. But now, she had completely given up on him. Thinking about that dream just now, Kisa's self-deprecation slowly changed to bitterness and hatred. As her child died at the hands of Gilbert, she said to herself that she would have no illusion about that man again in this life, ever.

Something warm flowed out of Kisa's eyes, and she quickly raised her hand to wipe it away. But when the little boy's cry in her dream came to mind, her heart convulsed, tears flowing non-stop from her eyes. How she wished the baby could live, and she was willing to exchange him for her life.

Just as she was drowning in grief, a knock on the door came. She hesitated for a while before answering the door. Her expression changed when she saw who was outside.

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Chapter 24 Addicted to Acting "Did you get addicted to acting, so much so that you even prepared your tears in advance after guessing I would come?" Gilbert snickered as he looked into Kisa's teary red eyes.

“It is just a pity that even if you cry yourself to death in front of me, I won’t spare you a glance. Save your breath and stop acting pathetic in front of me.” The thought of her faking her dying that day made him sick and outraged.

Kisa forced a self-deprecating smile. ‘He forever feels that I’m faking my tears as if I wouldn’t feel sad or upset. But when Sara was in tears, he clearly felt sorry for her. That’s the difference between love and hate.!

Unyielding, she wiped the tears from the corners of her eyes. “What are you doing here?”

“Heck! Don’t you even care to ask about Andrew after causing Andrew to fall sick? You are really cold blooded and selfish.”

Kisa felt uptight at the mention of Andrew, yet her tone of voice was unconcerned when she said, “That’s your child, not mine.”

“You-“Gilbert was so affronted that he wished he could strangle her, but he held back.

He took a deep breath and said, “Andrew is sick because of you. If you have any conscience at all, then take care of him and stop acting as if you’re dying in front of me.”

Kisa frowned and stared at him with bewilderment. ‘Didn’t he think I made Andrew sick on purpose? Didn’t he think I was targeting Andrew to get back at him? Why is he suddenly asking me to take care of Andrew again? Won’t he be afraid that I would hurt Andrew again? Heck! He must be thinking of torturing and humiliating me again in some ways.’ With this in mind, she said in a nonchalant tone of voice, “You have a personal doctor at home and countless maids. There is no need for me to take care of Andrew.”

Gilbert’s face darkened instantly. “What do you mean? Is it really that difficult for you to take care of him? You’d rather fake your death in front of me than visit him?”

“Yes. Who am I to take care of him? I- Aaaaah!”

Before Kisa’s voice trailed off, Gilbert grabbed her by the collar and lifted her up.

“Because you are the one who made him sick.” Gilbert gritted his teeth and glared at her. “Kisa, you better behave and go take care of Andrew. Or I will make you die for real.”

“This woman is outrageously selfish and vicious. It is a good thing she does not know those two children are hers. Otherwise, she may break their hearts.’ He hated Kisa even more at the thought of the two children loving their mother so much.

"Hack, hack... Gilbert, what are you doing? L-Let go of me." Kisa had only just come out of her coma, with no semblance of strength in her body, and there was a throbbing pain in her lungs and stomach.

Gilbert glowered at her. He seemed to notice that her face was as pale as a sheet of paper and her weight frighteningly light. He felt like he was not lifting a person but a broken doll

Nevertheless, the thought of how many times she had been faking her death in front of him enraged him. He lost his mind and threw her hard to the ground. "If not for Andrew insisting on seeing you, do you think I would let you get close to him?" Kisa curled up on the floor in pain.

But when she heard what he said, she could no longer care about the pain and asked in a trembling voice, "D-Did you say Andrew wanted to see me?"

Gilbert did not speak, his face looking unsympathetic.

Kisa felt a pang of pain in her heart when she thought of how well-behaved and understanding Andrew was and his humble way of pleasing her. She was so apathetic to that child, but he still liked her so much. As such, she could not really bring herself to hate him.

Gilbert glanced at her with an icy look. "No need to pack up. Come with me to my home right

now."

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She bit her lip with ambivalent and conflicted feelings inside. She understood she should not go, but the thought of Andrew's fondness for her pulled her up at last. Gilbert walked to the car. He could not help but look back after waiting for a while, and Kisa had still not come out.

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Chapter 25 Returning to the Kooper Residence He saw the woman holding the wall, coughing in pain.

Gilbert looked impatient and sneered. "When did you become so frail? I have said it many times; there is really no need to pretend in front of me. It won't work."

Kisa quietly wiped away the blood from the corner of her mouth, looking at him with a forced smile on her pale face. "When did you acquire such a sharp eye that you could tell I'm faking it every time?" Her mockery was obvious.

Gilbert snorted and got into the car.

Kisa calmed her breathing down and fought back the severe pain in her lungs as she walked over slowly. He started the car as soon as she got in. She was caught off guard and thrown back into the seat, causing her to cough violently. All that filled the cabin was the sound of her coughing.

Gilbert was annoyed. He sneered, "That is a realistic cough. Those who are uninformed would think you had a real lung disease."

Kisa clenched the hand at her side and tried hard to fight back the tingle in her throat. Her lungs hurt so much that it felt as if they were going to explode, but she could only grit her teeth and bear with it.

She then faked a smile and said, "Since you are the CEO of GK Pictures, I have got to showcase my acting skills in front of you. Who knows if you will see my talent and sign me up?" "Heck!" Gilbert grunted and said nothing.

Kisa also stopped talking. But every time she wanted to cough, she covered her mouth tightly with her hand, trying desperately to fight back the urge to cough. She never wanted his sympathy. Never. When they arrived at the Kooper residence and got out of the car, Kisa was eager to see Andrew.

"Where is Andrew?" she asked.

Gilbert saw the concern on her face and stared sarcastically at her. He always saw her concern as fake.

"Go take a shower and tidy up first. You will scare my son with this terrible appearance," he said.

Kisa had nothing to say. She did not need to look in the mirror to know how scary she looked at the moment. In order to see Andrew quickly, she cooperated and went upstairs with the family butler.

"Mrs. Kooper, you will stay in this room from now on."

The way George addressed her stunned Kisa. It had been so long since anyone had called her Mrs. Kooper that she had forgotten she was Gilbert Kooper's rightful wife.

"I'm no longer Mrs. Kooper, George."

He shook his head with a sad face. "My eyes failed me, and I didn't recognize you that day. In

fact, as long as you and Mr. Kooper have not yet divorced, you are still Mrs. Kooper, no matter what.”

George was a long-time family butler for the Kooper family and used to run errands for Mrs. Kooper Sr., whose real name was Madalyn Walker. Because Madalyn had always been fond of Kisa, George was also nice to her. She gripped the doorknob tightly, lowered her eyes, and asked in a soft voice, “How is Mrs. Kooper Sr. now?” George shook his head. “Same as always, showing no signs of waking up.” Kisa gasped and just felt sad inside. ‘Mrs. Kooper Sr. is such a nice person. Why did she become like this?’ “Don’t you hate me, George?” she asked in a low voice. George shook his head again. “I don’t believe you could do something like that.”

Kisa suddenly let out a self-deprecating laugh. Even George believed her, but Gilbert didn’t.

She walked into the room and felt so sad when she found everything was still so familiar. This used to be the bedroom of she and Gilbert after their marriage, but Gilbert had never set foot in it. But the strange thing was that after five years, this room was still in its original furnishings, everything exactly the same as five years ago. It seemed to her that in the five years she had been away, the man still did not live in this room. ‘Heck! He hates me so much that he doesn’t want to get on my scent.’ The bathroom was filled with steam as Kisa stared at her unfamiliar self in the mirror and laughed at herself. The person in the mirror looked miserably pale, her already small face thin and horribly ugly, with sparse bangs stuck together, revealing the horrific scar on the forehead. She looked even more frightening now than she did before. She wondered if Andrew and Ada would be scared when they saw her.

Kisa quickly finished her shower because she could not wait to see Andrew. When she wanted to change her clothes, only did she realize she had brought none. And she had no idea that the first thing, Gilbert would make her do after she got here would be to take a shower. She looked at the dirty clothes on the floor drenched in water and did not know what to do. In desperation, she checked the closet in the bathroom, hoping there would be a few robes or something inside. As she opened the closet, she froze.