

# Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

## Chapter 611 – 617

### Chapter 611 You Didn't Do That On Purpose, Did You?

"Here you go!" She held out one of the slightly larger loaves of bread to him.

Gilbert glanced down at it, then at the bread in her other hand, and said disdainfully, "Do you think I'd eat a sweet thing like that?"

"You!" Kisa was really pissed off. She took the bread back. "Forget it. Why are you still so picky in time like this?" She sat back down at the place where she had just slept. Seeing that his coat was still on the floor, she reached out and picked it up before throwing it at him. "Put it on, or you will bother me if you get sick."

"Put it on. You are much weaker and more likely to get sick." Gilbert threw the coat back again, landing on her body. The coat still carried the warmth of their body.

She looked at his thin sweater and said, "I'm not very cold. I won't get sick. So you should put it on." Kisa was

about to throw the coat back.

Gilbert suddenly sneered. "Stop playing tough with that kind of body of yours. You will only trouble me if you get

sick." He always sounded so mean.

Kisa clenched her hands, wrinkling the coat. "I wouldn't care about you if you were sick!"

Gilbert shrugged. "Suit yourself."

Kisa was so pissed that she withdrew her eyes and wrapped that coat around her; she was feeling a bit cold, anyway. She now felt much warmer than she had just been. Ignoring Gilbert, she sat cross-legged on the ground and ate the bread. The two pieces of bread were small. The largest one was only a little bigger than her palm, and the other was about the size of her fist. Kisa unwrapped the smaller one first. She was starving. She raised her eyes to look at the still snowy cave entrance, wondering when the blizzard would stop, and even if it stopped, they still had to find a way up. So, she figured they might have to stay in this cave for a long time, and she did not dare to finish the bread in one go. She broke off half of that smaller bread and put the remaining half back into the packaging.

She took a bite from the half she broke off and asked the man not far away, "Are you sure you don't want to eat?"

"No thanks," he said without looking back at her.

"Fine." Kisa pouted and put the remaining half of the bread into her pocket. The bread was already small, half

of which was even smaller, so Kisa took a small bite each time. Just as she finished half of it, Gilbert suddenly came over with a pile of firewood.

Kisa was bewildered. "I didn't know there was firewood in the cave."

"They are all dead and broken twigs, so I guess they were either carried in by birds or blown in by the wind," Gilbert said, placing the twigs he picked up in front of her. The twigs were piled up in a heap. Immediately after, Gilbert took out a lighter from his pocket. He squatted down and tried several times before he successfully ignited the

twigs.

Now that there was fire, Kisa felt her calves warm up. She gladly stretched out to warm her hands.

Gilbert glanced at her and asked with a smile, "Warm, isn't it?"

“Uh—  
huh.” Kisa nodded her head, then something came to mind, and she stared at him. “Since there are dead twigs in this cave, and you have a lighter on you, why

didn’t you start a fire instead of using ‘that’ method to keep warm?”

Gilbert had no words.

“You didn’t do that on purpose, did you?”

### **Chapter 612 Men Are the Most Cunning**

“Heh, do you think that’s possible?” Gilbert snorted, his face full of disdain.

“Why is it impossible? You men are the most cunning.”

Kisa grunted.

“Humph!”

Gilbert snorted again with a look of growing disdain that made Kisa want to punch him in the face. She glared at him but decided to ignore him, as anger cost energy, and she was already hungry.

The fire gradually flared up, warm and bright, illuminating the entire cave. Gilbert turned off the

torchlight of his phone and checked the battery indicator; only 20% of the battery was left. He looked at Kisa across from him. “How much power do you have left on your phone?”

Kisa was puzzled as she took out her phone and checked.

“Only 28%.”

“Turn it off. When the blizzard stops, we can call Davian for help if we can get up there.”

Kisa nodded and turned off the phone as told. Gilbert warmed himself in front of the fire for a while, then got up and collected more dead twigs. Kisa looked at him for a while and got up to help him.

Just then, Gilbert's mean voice suddenly came. "You had better sit down. Your dainty leg hasn't recovered yet. Don't aggravate the injury and then blame me."

Kisa clenched her hands and gritted her teeth in indignation. "Then you can collect the dead twigs yourself, and you deserve to freeze to death." At first, she wanted to finish collecting twigs quickly so the two could

feed the fire and stay warm together. She left him to it since he did not appreciate it. The fire was getting bigger

now. Kisa sat back on her knees before the fire and felt all

snug and toasty. She could not help but glance at Gilbert again. Seeing his thin clothes, an indescribable feeling rose up inside her.

'He said he jumped down with me to save me. That means he could even disregard

his own life to save me. So he still has feelings for me. But why is he always so mean to me?'

She picked up a slightly thicker branch and moved about the firewood. Then the fire burned even bigger and brighter. She looked at the flame with fascination and

suddenly called out to him. "Gilbert..."

He was in the midst of collecting twigs. His action halted for a second when he heard her call. He looked back and saw Kisa staring at the fire in a daze. Gilbert pursed his lips and walked over with a bunch of twigs he had just collected in his hands. "What are you calling me for?"

Gilbert sat down across from her, the flame that danced up illuminating his face. He normally had a stony face but now

looked much gentler with his face illuminated by the fire. Kisa stared at him for a moment before she asked, "Why did you risk your life to save me?"

Gilbert said not a word as he looked down and sorted the

twigs.

“I’m talking to you.” Kisa still stared at him. “Are you deaf?”

He finally raised his eyes to look at her. “Because I care about you, I like you, and I don’t want you to get hurt. That was the reason I saved you. So are you happy now?” His voice was tinged with a hint of resentment.

Kisa clenched her hands. “Why are you so angry? I just wondered if you always disliked me, why suddenly risked your life to save me? Why say those things that go against your own feelings? No need to get angry and just answer

me truthfully, can’t you?”

“It is not against my feelings.” Gilbert suddenly said in a low voice, looking extremely surreal in the hazy

illumination of the fire.

Kisa thought she had heard wrong and asked again, “W- What did you say?”

Gilbert seemed to be suddenly annoyed. He moved about the firewood and said, “Forget it if you didn’t hear it. Even if you did, you wouldn’t care.”

He just got angry, and Kisa did not even know what he was angry about. She heard people say that hungry people were extra grumpy, so she took the remaining half of the bread out of her pocket and handed it to him.

### **Chapter 613 Let’s See How Long You Can Last**

“You had better eat something, even if it doesn’t taste good. At least you can replenish some energy, lest you faint before we get out.”

Gilbert glanced at the bread wrapped in the packaging and sneered, “Is this thing even edible?”

Kisa took a deep breath and put the bread back in her pocket. “Fine. I will see how long you can last.”

He lowered his head again and earnestly moved the twigs around a bit in the fire. He was wearing a thin, light gray sweater with a slightly short collar, so she could see the

clean ends of his hair and the back of his neck as soon as she raised her eyes.

While the icy wind was howling outside the cave, the crackling sound of burning branches accented the quietness in the cave.

Gilbert suddenly said, "If you want to sleep, sleep some more. We will find a way to go up in the morning."

Kisa hugged her legs and rested her chin on her knees silently.

Gilbert ignored her and lay down by the fire. He rested one hand on the back of his head and the other across his abdomen.

Kisa saw his belly was flat. 'A big man like him must be hungry now, especially since he has eaten nothing since morning. Besides, how could a person dislike bread when he is hungry?' She stared at the man across from her with a frown and decided to voice the unlikely suspicion in her mind.

"Hey, you... You refuse to eat the bread because you are afraid I will be hungry and think of leaving it to me, right?"

She did not even believe what she said. So when she spoke, she was diffident and almost bit her own tongue.

Just as she expected, Gilbert let out a sarcastic smile with his eyes closed. "Don't make a fool of yourself."

Kisa pouted. She knew she was the one who was overthinking it, and a sense of awkwardness filled the air. Gilbert still had his lips curled so sarcastically. She bit her lip and changed the subject. "You said you heard your gran

dma and Sharon talk and learned that I wasn't the one who hurt your grand ma. So do you know why she

slandered me?"

"I don't know," he replied indifferently, instantly ending the conversation.

She pursed her lips and asked no more questions. She

reached out to warm her hands in front of the fire and

raised her eyes to look up at the cave opening above. The blizzard showed no sign of abating. But even in such a harsh environment, she was not at all panicking,

probably because Gilbert was with her. Had she been the

only one who fell into this cave, she would have been cold and scared now. She slowly lowered her eyes, and her

gaze landed on Gilbert. No matter what he saved her for,

she was grateful to him at this moment.

Madalyn was pacing back and forth in the living room in the villa with her cane. She had not slept all night, and

her wrinkled face looked even more weathered at the

moment.

Davian was also anxious and did not sleep all night. "What should we do? We still have no news of Mr. Kooper. What should we do?"

Adrien was sitting on the couch and smoking. He looked sullen. The atmosphere in the living room was depressing.

Kohen stood before the window and looked outside for a

long time. He then said, "The blizzard will not stop for a while. Even if it stops, the snow is so thick. I'm afraid searching for them *is* also going to be difficult."

"We have to find them, even if it is difficult." Peter exhaled smoke from his mouth. "I have prepared two search teams, and as soon as the blizzard dies down, I will order them to go up the mountain to look for him."

No one responded as everyone knew that in this bad weather, no one could survive in the wild. Just that no one dared to say it.

At this moment, Mia limped up to Madalyn.

### **Chapter 614 Don't Hop Around**

Mia's eyes were red with resentment. "It is all because of you. If you hadn't forced Jensen to go out and look for him, Jensen wouldn't have gone missing. If Gilbert comes back and Jensen is missing, I bet you are going to feel guilty for the rest of your life."

Madalyn covered her face and sobbed uncontrollably, looking pitiful and hateful.

Adrien glanced slyly at Madalyn, the corners of his lips curled up in mockery.

Peter suddenly pulled Mia over. "Come on, Mrs. Kooper Sr. is sad enough. Can you not add salt to injury? Besides, if Gilbert can come back, why not Jensen? In your mind, is Jensen not as capable as Gilbert?"

"Jensen is certainly just as capable as Gilbert. I'm just pissed off."

"Okay, I know you are angry, but you are not going to skin Mrs. Kooper Sr. alive, are you?"

"Absolutely." Davian chimed in and said to Mia, "Mrs. Kooper Sr. is at least Jensen's grandmother. If you rebuke her like this, Jensen will not be happy if he finds out."



“Heh, Jensen’s grandmother?” Mia sneered, “When did she treat Jensen like her own grandson? To her, she has only one grandson, and that is Gilbert.”

“It’s not like that...” Madalyn wanted to say something, but words were stuck in her throat.

She sobbed for a while before saying, “Jensen is just as important to me.”

“Hmph!” Mia snorted.

“Come on, we are all anxious, and Mrs. Kooper Sr. was even more than us. Let’s wait for the blizzard to stop,”

Adrien said to Mia.

Mia stared at him sullenly, her hands clenched into fists, her heart filled with anger and resentment. She felt sorry for Jensen. ‘None of these people would care about Jensen. The thing he values most has at last abandoned him.’

Gilbert woke up with a slight headache. He sat up and turned his neck from side to side; only then did he feel more awake. The fire beside him had gone out, leaving only a little spark of residual heat. Covered with his own

black coat, there was no sign of Kisa in front of him. He panicked and scanned the cave surroundings, only to see

her collecting branches by the pond.

Kisa was carrying a pile of twigs in her arms; it seemed she had been doing that for a while. She was still limping and walking, her movement becoming more difficult and posture unpleasant.

He frowned, got up, and walked over.

This cave had a lot of these dead twigs. It took her just a short while to collect an armful of twigs. Kisa was very

happy.

When she saw a branch the size of an arm in the

flowering bush, she was delighted and hopped over. Just as she was about to bend down to pick it up, a warm, large hand tugged at her wrist. Kisa looked over in puzzlement. Before she could open her mouth, she was manhandled back to the fireplace.

“Don’t hop around before your foot fully recovers!”

“I’m not hopping around. I’m-”

“We are on our own now, and if you get yourself hurt before the blizzard stops, you will only become a burden. “He was both reproachful and disgusted

Kisa pursed her lips and said nothing. Her joy of having collected so much firewood died down instantly.

Gilbert looked up at her and pursed his lips. “All right, I’m not blaming you. I just hope your foot gets better

soon, so we can get out easily.”

Kisa still said nothing, her head hung low, and Gilbert could not quite see her face.

He took all the firewood from her. Then he held her

hands and rubbed them in his palms. “Why are your hands so cold? I told you to put my coat on, but you didn’t listen. What if you get sick?”

## **Chapter 615 I Won’t Leave You Behind**

“Don’t worry, if I really get sick, I will hit myself against the wall and definitely won’t become your burden in the slightest!” Kisa instantly pulled her hand back, her eyes

reddening as she stared at him with resentment and

aggrievement. "Also, if my foot can't get better and you have found a way to get out, leave. I definitely won't hold

you back," she said with utmost determination.

Gilbert was upset to hear what she said. He told himself

to be patient and softened his tone of voice. "I don't

mean that. I just want you to stay well, and we can leave this cave together.

Only this way will the chance of us being rescued become greater. What will I do if you fall ill or your foot injury worsens?"

"What do you mean? You can just go by yourself."

"Then wouldn't my jumping down with you be all for naught?"

Kisa stared at him, not saying anything. 'Hell knows why he jumped down after me.'

Gilbert held her hands tightly again and said in a deep voice, "You know it; there is no way I would leave you

behind."

Kisa looked away, feeling it ironic, and she really did not know that. Just then, a serious question came to mind. She turned to look at him and asked, "Did you see me fall down the snow slope with your own eyes?"

Gilbert nodded his head.

"Then why didn't you call Davian and the others for help then? The spot where I fell is right next to the borderline. There should have been a signal, right?"

Gilbert had no words.

Kisa cocked her head to look at his slightly lowered head. "You are not so stupid that you don't know that, are you?"

Gilbert looked up. His eyes narrowed with a dangerous look. "Who are you calling stupid?"

"Whoever answers me will be stupid."

"Kisa!" Gilbert got furious and shook off her hand. "I shouldn't have saved you, you ingrate." He got up and walked toward the pond, thinking to himself, 'When I saw her fall down the slope, I was anxious as hell and had no time to think and just went after her. Yet this action was stupid in her eyes. She is such an ingrate!'

Kisa glanced at him from behind, still feeling it ironic. 'He taunts others yet doesn't allow others to taunt him. and call him stupid, which he is. Had he called Davian

before jumping down the snow slope, we would have been rescued long ago and wouldn't have been stuck in this cave, freezing and starving.' When she woke up in the morning earlier, she had already eaten half of the bread but was still hungry. But she endured it and did not eat the remaining bread, as she did not

know how long she would be stuck here. Kisa touched the bread in her

pocket and then reluctantly pulled her hand back out. She tried hard to ignore the existence of the bread, but the hungrier she was, the more she thought about it. She wondered if Gilbert was really not hungry. While thinking, she heard a growling sound like that of a

hungry stomach. Kisa was puzzled because it did not

come from her. She looked at Gilbert in surprise but

only to meet his sullen eyes.

"Don't look at me like that. That sound didn't come from

me."

"Yeah." Kisa rolled her eyes. "That came from the idiot," she said. 'Heh, he is still trying to deny it. There are only two of us in the cave. If not him, who else?' Knowing the man's bravado, Kisa said nothing more but just called out

to him, "Come here for a minute."

Gilbert had just picked up the thick branch in the bushes when he heard her call out to him. He could not help but frown. "What?"

### **Chapter 616 You Didn't Listen Again**

"Just come over here."

"Say what you have to say!"

"Come over here and I will say it."

"Then you had better keep it to yourself," Gilbert said nonchalantly and continued to bend down to collect

firewood.

Kisa glared at him, then staggered to stand up with one leg.

Gilbert caught a glimpse of her action, and his face

darkened instantly. "I told you to stay where you are? You are not listening again." He came for her as he spoke.

Kisa pouted. "I called you so many times, and you didn't come over, so I had to go over to you."

Gilbert pressed her to sit down. "What do you want to talk to me about?"

"Nothing, just trying to get you to eat something," Kisa said, taking the last of the bread out of her pocket.

Gilbert furrowed his brows. "This kind of stuff, I—"

"Come on. You had better stop being picky. You try to be tough with your mouth, but your stomach is honest. Eat

some and save yourself from fainting because of physical

exhaustion."

“Heh, am I that weak?”

“You just look that weak right now.”

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He had stubble on his chin, his eyes bloodshot, looking haggard. But that still did not hide his inherently sophisticated aura.

Kisa unwrapped the bread and broke half of it for him. Eat some, so you have the strength to think of a way out.

Gilbert pushed the bread back to her. “Keep it for yourself. There are wild fruits over there. I will go eat the wild fruits.”

“How can those be eaten? What if they are poisonous?”

“I already ate one last night. There is nothing unusual about my body, so I guess it is not poisonous.”

“But-”

“Alright, we don’t know how long we are going to be stuck here. Keep this bread to yourself, and don’t mind

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me,” he said, then got up and walked toward the pond again.

Kisa stared at him from behind, her eyes inexplicably welling up. ‘He said he didn’t leave the bread for me on purpose? He is such a liar.’

There were a lot of red fruits about the same size as small red dates in the bushes over the pond, not very good-looking. There was no way to tell if they were edible. Gilbert squatted by the bushes, plucked a few of the fruits, and put them into his mouth.

Kisa was still worried. "Is it really not poisonous?"

"Whether they are poisonous, I can only eat this. That bread of yours is, at most, only enough for you to last

another day and night. I will try this fruit first. If, after a

day and night, there is still nothing wrong with me, then it proves that this fruit is not poisonous, and you can also

eat it."

'Is he testing the poison for me?' She squeezed the bread tightly and tried not to think about it. But looking at his

broad shoulders from behind, she could not help but feel

touched. Only in this cave, where the grudges and grievances between them could lay latent, she and he

were unwilling to mention them again. At this moment,

they both had only one common goal, to survive this ordeal. So those grudges and hatred really did not seem to

matter anymore.

Another night had passed. In the morning, Kisa woke up from the cold. The fire beside her had gone out, not even a spark left, but only a bit of residual warmth and white smoke. The firewood she had collected was all burned out, so she had to collect it again. She glanced at Gilbert across from her; he was facing the fireplace on his side, one hand under his head as a pillow, one hand casually resting on his waist. Kisa did not want to disturb him. She quietly got up to collect

firewood. The lighter was next to her. She had to gather some firewood to get the fire going again, as it was the coldest time of the morning. She pounded her cold, stiff legs, then slowly got up from the ground. Her heart burst with joy as soon as she got to her feet.

## **Chapter 617 Did You Mean to Scare Me?**

She saw a bright light outside the cave opening and no more wind and snow blowing in. She hurried to Gilbert's

side, and she almost fell to the ground because of so much haste and elation.

"Wake up, Gilbert. The blizzard has stopped. Get up and take a look."

Gilbert was lying on the ground and showed no sign of waking up despite her call. He had always been shrewd and alert and could not have slept like a log. Her heart sank, and she hurriedly reached out to shake his shoulder. But he still did not respond. Kisa was getting more and more flustered, and she was almost crying. "Gilbert, what is wrong with you? Don't scare me, Gilbert. Wake up, wake up..." But no matter how loud she called out, he did not respond in the slightest, and Kisa burst into tears.

"You said you wouldn't get sick. You said you wouldn't leave me. You said you'd take me out. Gilbert, please wake up. Gilbert..."

She fell, sitting helplessly on the ground. At this moment, despair and fear ran through her, and she did

not know what to do. She cried out helplessly and reached for his forehead. It felt warm, not very cool nor hot, so she could not tell if he had a fever. 'If he is not sick, why is he not waking up? Could it be that the fruit is poisonous?' She panicked and reached out to his nostrils to check his breathing with a trembling hand. Perhaps she was in too much panic or fear. She could not feel his breath.



“No... It is impossible!” She shook her head in panic, and she leaned on the top of him. “Gilbert, I beg you, don’t do this. Just open your eyes and look at me. I’m terrified.

Please wake up. I’m begging you. I don’t hate you anymore. I won’t pursue past grudges. I just want you to wake up. Gilbert!”

At last, Kisa suddenly sobbed loudly, her voice full of despair and helplessness. “What should I do? You said

you wouldn’t leave me behind. You lied! You are a big liar!

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Just then, Gilbert suddenly coughed. Kisa tensed up at once, fearing she was hallucinating, and she stared at him with teary eyes. As he opened his eyes slowly, Kisa looked at him with bated breath. “You’re a wake?” she

murmured.

Gilbert smiled at her, but his smile looked a little weak. ”

How could I not wake up when you cried so loudly?”

“Y–You pretended to sleep?”

Gilbert just smiled and said nothing.

“Did you mean to scare me?”

Gilbert still said nothing and smiled.

At this moment, Kisa’s fear and helplessness instantly transformed into a flash of anger and aggrivement. At this moment, she was just as angry as she was desperate and scared just now. She punched the man’s chest, crying and yelling at him, “Why did you want to scare me? Why did you scare me for no good reason? Do you think it is fun? Gilbert, if you like to play dead so much, why don’t you just die?”

She cried and tried to get up off him, but he reached to hold her back, not letting her back away.

Kisa punched him with anger, finally dropping on top of him, crying sadly. "This is too much. You are always this hateful. I really hate you."

As she cried, Gilbert suddenly held up her face and planted his mouth on her lips.