

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

Chapter 874 - 880

Chapter 874 Just Pretending

Madalyn was shocked as she shifted her gaze to Gilbert subconsciously.

Kelvin's jaw dropped in surprise. Then, he glanced at Gilbert worriedly.

However, Gilbert was still looking as emotionless as before, and none of them were expecting that from him.

Gilbert stared in her direction.

The sound of the door opening could be heard in the quiet room.

Kisa walked inside slowly, drenched with rainwater.

She was a skinny person, but with her thin clothes stuck to her skin because of the rain, she looked even more fragile and tiny.

It seemed as if a gust of wind would blow her away.

Her face was so pale, that it looked like a piece of paper. There was a wound on her forehead, and it was still bleeding.

The blood streamed down from her forehead to both sides of her eyebrows, and to her cheeks. It made her look like she was crying blood out of her bloodshot eyes. It was a little terrifying to look at.

Kelvin was shocked as he took a few steps forward.

"Kisa, why are you here? Your wound..."

Kisa waved her hand at him as she stared at Gilbert's back.

Her face looked emotionless, and she had not spoken at all.

However, her silence made them feel suffocating.

Madalyn glanced at her before looking at Gilbert.

Gilbert was looking down while patting Madalyn's hand with a faint smile on his face.

Madalyn thought that either he did not realize that Kisa was there, or he was just pretending to be calm.

So, she said to him,

"That woman is here. Don't you have anything to say to her?"

"Hmph. I've already said everything I want to say just now, and I guess she probably heard them too. In that case, there's nothing left for me to say to her.

"However, it's a shame that she knew about my plan so soon. It would be so much more exciting if I were to tell her these after I was done with Jensen."

Gilbert even merciless face even looked a little sad as he said that.

Madalyn stared blankly at him, and she was left speechless again.

Gilbert could still say something so heartless, even though Kisa was standing right there.

'Does that mean that Gilbert really doesn't like Kisa and he was just pretending all this while?' Madalyn thought to herself.

Then, she recalled her memory. 'Indeed, Gilbert has never told me that he liked Kisa. Nor has he done anything to show that he had feelings for her.

'I was the person who made the marriage between them happen, after all.'

Madalyn was finally convinced that she had misunderstood Gilbert, thinking that he was madly in love with Kisa, but it turned out that Gilbert actually despised her.

Kisa stared at Gilbert's back for some time before she suddenly chuckled softly. She sounded cold and a little dejected.

"Do you... really have nothing to say to me?"

She asked calmly without making a scene.

Her voice was so soft; that it sounded a little creepy.

Madalyn looked at Gilbert.

Gilbert lifted the corner of his lips. Then, he stood up slowly.

However, he did not look Kisa right away after he turned around. Instead, his gaze fell on George, who was standing at the door.

"George, why are you standing there? Come on, give grandma the soup you brought here."

George recollected himself. "Yes, Mr. Kooper." Then, he walked toward Madalyn with a bowl of soup and a few side dishes in his hands.

He came in to send Madalyn's soup, and then he saw Kisa at the door.

Then, he saw everything that had happened just now. The atmosphere in the room was suffocating and he had no idea what was happening.

Gilbert walked to the window on the other side of the room and pushed the window open again as the cold wind blew the rain into the room.

He leaned on the wall lazily. Then, he lit up a cigarette and took a drag.

Only then did he turn to look at Kisa coldly...

Chapter 875 Mockery and Sarcasm

"What do you want to hear from me?"

He chuckled and asked Kisa, sounding very sarcastic.

Kisa's body was stiff as she stood upright.

She looked at Gilbert without saying anything. She curled her fingers tightly, and there was blood dripping slowly from her clenched fists.

Gilbert swept his gaze across her before he looked back at the cigarette between his fingers.

He breathed out a swirl of smoke before saying unconcernedly, "I can say whatever you want to hear. Including... the world's sweetest love talk and sweet nothings."

His deep voice still sounded very pleasant, but his tone was filled with sarcasm and

mockery.

Kira's heart hurt so much, that she struggled to breathe. However, she started laughing.

"So, have you been faking all this while when you said all those sweet words to me?"

"Heh, heh!" Gilbert chuckled scornfully. "You're an actress. How could you not tell

what's real and what's not?"

Kisa tried her very best to smile. There were tears in her eyes, but she kept them from falling.

"You're such a good actor," she said.

"I had no choice since you hated me so much. How would you take the bait if I didn't spend some effort to improve my acting skills?"

Gilbert smiled and walked toward her.

He stood right in front of her, looking aloof and indifferent.

He reached out and brushed away her hair that was on the wound of her forehead. He did it so gently, that Kisa fell into a trance.

She suddenly felt like everything that the man said just was fake, and what he just did to her was genuine.

However, that feeling did not last for very long. She was awakened by the jeering and heartless look in Gilbert's eyes.

She took a step back without saying anything.

Gilbert's hand hung in the air for a few seconds before he put his hand into his pocket. Then, he said to Kisa with a faint smile, "From how we spent our time together, you look like you like to hear those sweet words from me very much. We can still be the lovely couple like before if you'd just pretend that you didn't hear anything today. I can still flatter you with as many sweet words as you want."

He made it sound like he was doing Kisa a favor while mocking her.

Kisa felt heartbroken as she shut her eyes. Then, her expression filled with hatred as she opened her eyes again.

"Were you... really the mastermind behind the fire?"

"Yeah!"

"Did you really make that accident happen too?"

"Yeah!"

"Those killers... when we were on our way to Hillsby..."

Kisa could not find herself to keep asking anymore.

She had already heard it outside. There was no point in her asking him anymore since she already knew exactly what happened.

'Did I ask him that because I couldn't accept the truth, so I want to hear him deny it?'

‘Hmph. Unfortunately, he isn’t even bothering to deny anything now. He doesn’t even want to pretend anymore.’

The man sneered before she could finish her question.

“Yeah. I hired every killer we met on our way to Hillsby. I also blackmailed the two prison guards. I orchestrated everything.”

Kisa stared at him.

She observed every expression and every glance he gave.

However, she could only see coldness, mockery, and nothing else.

She took a few steps back and shook her head. Then, she said with a smile, “I get it now. I was just an idiot that you had wrapped around your little finger.

“Gilbert Kooper, you’ve won!”

The man was the final winner in this game of love, after all.

She repeatedly told herself not to fall for him, or there would be no return.

However, she began to realize that she had indeed fallen for him long ago.

Otherwise, her heart would not hurt so much that she felt numb.

She did not cry, nor she did make a scene.

All she did was turn around and walk away silently.

Chapter 876 Don’t Let Her Pass Out Here

There would be drops of blood dripping down the floor from her fists with every step she took.

Gilbert gazed at her skinny back deeply, looking like he was restraining himself from doing something.

When Kisa walked closer to the door, her body shook, and she fell to the floor right in front the door frame, as if her body had shut itself down.

She seemed to be in a lot of pain as she lay there without moving at all.

Gilbert shifted his gaze away from her and said to George flatly, "Would you help Ms. Becker up? Don't let her pass out here. Otherwise, Jensen is going to stir things up again."

Kisa chuckled creepily. Then, she gritted her teeth, got up, and continued walking.

Kelvin could not bear to look at that anymore.

Then, he said to Gilbert, "I'll check on her."

Kelvin ran after Kisa after he said that.

The room was finally quiet again.

Gilbert turned around and sat beside Madalyn. After looking at how the food was left untouched on the bedstand, he could not help but ask with a smile, "Grandma, why didn't you eat? Here, let me help you with it."

He picked up that bowl of soup and blew gently on it as he said that. Then, he scooped a spoonful of soup to feed Madalyn. He acted exactly like a dutiful grandson.

Madalyn stared at him in disbelief before she asked him, "That woman just left. Are *you* not going to chase after her?"

"Sigh. Grandma, how many times do I have to tell you that I don't love that woman? I was just pretending to be in love with her all this time. It doesn't matter that she heard what I said just now because I don't feel like being together with her anymore."

“However, I would consider changing my mind and continue acting if she came back to me after feeling that she can’t live without me.”

Gilbert looked a little impatient while he said that.

Madalyn pursed her lips and stopped doubting him.

Gilbert grabbed Madalyn’s hand and said with a smile after she finished drinking the soup, “Grandma, get some rest. I’ll stay here with you.”

Madalyn realized that he really was not planning to go after Kisa.

She finally believed Gilbert.

She lay down on the bed and said, “Even though you’re only approaching that woman to deal with Jensen, I still don’t think that this is a very good way to do it. After all, just try to cut ties with that woman whenever you can, so I won’t have to worry about you, okay?”

“Okay.” Gilbert nodded and tucked Madalyn in.

“Grandma, just go to sleep. I’ll be right here.”

Madalyn nodded and let out a heavy sigh of relief.

Then, she whispered, “Luckily nothing between you and her was real. I’m so glad... otherwise...”

Gilbert pursed his lips and pretended to ask unintentionally, “Grandma, I still don’t get why you’re so against me being together with Kisa. Didn’t you...”

“There’s something I can’t tell you. However, just stay away from her and nothing bad will happen again.”

Gilbert pursed his lips again and stop asking any further.

There would not be a conclusion if he kept asking anyway after hearing what Madalyn said to him.

Madalyn chatted with Gilbert for quite some time before she finally fell asleep.

Gilbert sat down on the chair wearily. He just could not forget how downhearted Kisa looked when she left.

He held his fists tight, stressed out.

'She understands me, right?

She could probably tell that I was just acting in front of my grandma just now.'

However, he just could not calm himself down no matter how hard he tried to make himself feel better.

The desolated look on Kisa's face when she left seemed like she had completely given up on him.

Gilbert felt like the anxiousness was tearing him apart.

He hurriedly searched for his phone as he wanted to explain everything to Kisa as soon as he could...

Chapter 877 Broke My Promise Again

After patting around his body for a while, Gilbert still could not find anything.

He frowned deeply and suddenly remembered leaving his phone in the car.

He stood up abruptly and stumbled outside.

The woman's blood was still stained on the door frame.

The sight of it hurt his eyes and made him feel suffocated, so he did not dare to look

at it.

'All I hope is that Kisa can understand my actions earlier on and realize that I was merely putting on a show. Otherwise... Otherwise...' Gilbert did not dare to think further.

He continued striding down the stairs.

Kelvin was leaning against the door while smoking. When he saw Gilbert, he quickly stopped him.

"Gilbert, what you said to Kisa earlier on..."

"Where's she?"

Gilbert asked abruptly in a tense voice.

Kelvin pursed his lips, "She left long ago. I couldn't stop her."

Hearing this, Gilbert's heart instantly sank further.

'If Kisa had realized that I was putting on a show earlier, she wouldn't have left without a second thought. At the very least, she would've said something to Kelvin,' he thought.

"Gilbert..." Kelvin took a puff of his cigarette and continued worriedly, "Kisa must've gotten into a car accident just now. The front of her car was dented."

Gilbert felt his heart clench.

He did not dare to dilly-dally and quickly rushed to the car to find his phone.

His phone was under the car seat.

Gilbert bent down to pick up his phone and spotted the pink-colored cake that had been smashed to pieces.

He felt a twinge in his heart as tears welled up in his eyes.

'It's her birthday today. I promised I'd spend her birthday with her, but I broke my promise again,' he thought.

Gilbert unlocked his phone. Countless missed calls and unread messages came into view, and they were all from the same woman.

He could tell how badly she wanted to see him at the time.

[Why aren't you here yet, Gilbert?]

[I'm done cooking. Where are you?]

[Where's the surprise you mentioned? You're a liar, Gilbert.]

[The prison guard is here. When are you coming over, Gilbert?]

When Gilbert read the text messages, tears gradually welled up in his eyes.

He held the back of his hand against the tip of his nose and felt his heart throbbing in pain.

With trembling hands, he dialed the woman's number.

'Her phone is off!' he thought.

Gilbert dialed her number two more times, yet her phone was still off.

'How could this be? Did her battery die or is she not picking up on purpose?'

Gilbert was feeling more and more panicked.

Suddenly, he thought of the prison guard.

'Kisa mentioned that the prison guard was with her. Could the prison guard have

made false accusations and said that I was the one who set the fire? And Kisa came

over just now to ask me about it? If that is the case, what have I done? I just admitted to her that I was behind the fire,' he thought.

At this thought, Gilbert felt his blood run cold.

He stumbled out of the car and almost fell.

Fortunately, Kelvin came over and helped him up.

Kelvin rarely saw him in such a state. He asked Gilbert in a panic, "What happened?"

"I need to find her. I need to set things straight with her."

After hearing his words, Kelvin figured that Gilbert had said such heartless words to

put on a show in front of Madalyn.

'Gilbert's show was too realistic. Regardless, Kisa knows how Mrs. Kooper Sr. feels about them, so she must understand Gilbert's intentions. She won't misunderstand him,' Kelvin thought.

He tugged Gilbert's shirt and said hurriedly, "You can do this tomorrow. It's nighttime and pouring; it's way too dangerous to drive."

However, Gilbert brushed Kelvin's hand aside in a panic.

He could not wait even for a moment. Whenever he thought of the possibility he imagined, he felt incredibly panicked.

After telling Kelvin to take care of Madalyn, Gilbert frantically got into a different car.

Chapter 878 Illusions of Happiness

Gilbert did not see Kisa on the road, so he immediately went to her place.

The moment he opened the door, the dead silence in the house made him panic.

He quickly walked and checked every room before even changing out of his shoes.

Every room was empty, even the kitchen and toilet.

'She didn't come home. But it's pouring outside, so where else would she go? There are various exquisite-looking dishes on the table. It's a birthday today, so I can tell she put a lot of effort into preparing this meal. Some of the dishes are food that she likes, and there's also food that I like,' thought Gilbert.

He quietly stared at the untouched dishes on the table and felt tears well up in his eyes.

'If only these accidents didn't happen. Right now, I should be spending her birthday with her in this cozy house. I'd be telling her surprises and seeing the happy expression,' he thought.

It was almost as if Gilbert could see the warm and cozy scenarios he had pictured in his head in front of his eyes.

However, the illusions of happiness in his head were abruptly shattered by the sound of thunder.

He stumbled two steps back and leaned against the wall in anguish.

'That woman still isn't home, and her phone is off. She definitely misunderstood me. What should I do? How should I let her believe me again in the future? It's not possible anymore. Right? She won't possibly trust me anymore, right? If the prison guard really did falsely accuse me, she probably won't believe me even if I died in front of her,' he thought.

At the thought of the prison guard, Gilbert's gaze turned icy.

"The rainstorm today is so strange; it's never-ending. Blake can't even go outside to play," Mia sprawled in front of the window and said in low spirits.

Meanwhile, Blake was reading a book on a carpet beside her.

Hearing her words, he could not help but laugh, "Aren't you the one who wants to go out to play, mama?"

"What're you talking about? Read your book."

Mia said while glancing at the man nearby.

He had been staring out the window in a daze ever since he returned.

However, she did not ask much about it.

'After all, with his personality, it's not like he'd tell me if I asked. Instead, my question might make him unhappy. Anyway, his temper is getting more and more unpredictable. I should avoid pissing him off if I can. But judging from his vacant expression, it's definitely because of Kisa again,' thought Mia.

While she was in deep thought, someone suddenly knocked on the door.

Mia was startled.

"Who could it be at this hour and weather?" she mumbled.

Then, she got up and went to the door.

"What're you doing here?"

When she opened the door, she saw a completely drenched Gilbert standing in front of the door.

He had bloodshot eyes and a dark expression; he looked terrifying.

Mia could not help but frown. She stood in front of the door and did not want to let him in.

Gilbert narrowed his eyes. Then, he raised his arm and shoved her aside.

Mia stumbled a few steps back and almost fell down.

Fortunately, she held on to a cabinet beside her.

Just as she wanted to yell at Gilbert, he strode up to Jensen.

“Where’s the prison guard right now? Tell him to see me.”

Jensen gaze at him silently. He did not seem surprised by Gilbert’s sudden visit.

He shook his head and said coolly, “Sorry, I can’t hand over the prison guard without Kisa’s consent.”

Gilbert took a deep breath.

“What did the prison guard tell Kisa?”

Jensen did not give him a straight answer.

He smiled slightly at him, “Didn’t Kisa go find you? What’s the matter? Did she not tell you what the prison guard said to her?”

Finally, Gilbert could no longer suppress his emotions. He grabbed Jensen by the collar and asked icily, “What the hell did the prison guard say to Kisa?”

“He told Kisa... That you were the mastermind behind the fire.”

Chapter 879 No Longer Brothers

Gilbert froze as the color immediately drained from his face.

He shook his head, “No. It wasn’t me.”

“Nobody knows the entire truth behind the fire that happened. However, the prison guard did tell her that you’re the mastermind behind the fire. Kisa obviously didn’t believe him, so she went to look for you, didn’t she?” Jensen said indifferently.

His cool, calm gaze met with Gilbert’s dark, bloodshot eyes.

Then, Jensen continued slowly, “She said... Unless you admitted it yourself, she’d never believe it.”

Gilbert paled further.

Suddenly, his tall, muscular frame seemed frail, and he was about to topple over.

Unless you admit it yourself, otherwise she’d never believe it. But I said yes when she asked me the question just now. I didn’t do it on purpose. I didn’t admit it on purpose. If I had known that this would happen, I would never have said so. What do I do now? ‘Gilbert thought.

The man that was always calm and arrogant now had a pale and panicked expression.

Jensen glanced at him and chuckled, “What’s the matter? Did you not explain yourself to her? Or were you, in fact, the true perpetrator?”

“It wasn’t me!”

Gilbert suddenly roared and shoved Jensen aside.

Jensen fell onto a chair. However, he did not get angry and smiled coolly instead.

Blake was also frightened. He sat beside them in a daze.

Mia hurriedly ran over and held Blake to comfort him. Then, she roared at Gilbert, “What’re you doing? Take your lunacy outside.”

Jensen turned to Mia, “Take Blake back to his room.”

Mia nodded and led Blake to his room.

However, Blake seemed worried; he kept turning to look at Gilbert and Jensen.

Mia and Blake quickly left for Blake’s room.

Gilbert took a deep breath and said to Jensen icily, "Whatever it is, hand over the prison guard first."

Jensen kept a slight smile on his face, "For what? So that you can kill him?"

"You know I wouldn't..." Gilbert promptly frowned mid-sentence.

Suddenly, the reason behind the difficulties and confusion they had faced when Davian sent people to search for the prison guards became clear. Gilbert felt a chill run down his spine when he figured things out.

He took two steps back.

Then, Gilbert said in an icy voice that was mingled with disbelief, disappointment, and distress, "You're the one who asked the prison guard to falsely accuse me, right?"

Jensen did not answer. Instead, he took a puff of his cigarette.

His gaze was lowered and did not meet Gilbert's.

No one knew if it was because he dared not meet Gilbert's eyes.

Seeing how he was silent, Gilbert suddenly laughed sorrowfully.

"You're truly a good brother."

Jensen gently exhaled a smoke ring and said indifferently, "We were no longer brothers after grandma heartlessly sent me abroad."

"Is that so," Gilbert chuckled. There was an indescribable sense of sorrow in his voice,

"I know a lot of people are trying to set me up, but I never believed that you would. But in the end, you turned out to be the person to do so."

Jensen sneered, "I never set you up. I just didn't want you two to be together. From the way you had hurt Kisa back then, you don't have the right to be with her now..."

“You don’t have the right to decide that. Who are you to falsely accuse me like that? You can accuse me of anything, but why did you accuse me of that? Why?!”

The grief in Gilbert’s heart made him grab Jensen by the collar and swing his fist toward his chin.

Then, a muffled thump was heard.

Jensen got a firm punch on his face, and blood immediately trickled down the corner of his lips.

Just as Gilbert’s fist was about to swing toward Jensen once more, Mia, who was hiding and observing them behind the door gap, panicked. She wanted to rush over.

To her surprise, a tiny silhouette rushed forward ahead of her.

“Daddy, don’t fight. Daddy...”

Chapter 880 I Thought Blake Was My Child

Gilbert froze.

Then, a pair of small hands hugged Gilbert by the waist.

Blake stood in front of him and said in a childlike voice that brimmed with panic, “. Don’t hit my papa.”

Gilbert’s fist froze mid–air.

He stared at Blake intensely, “You... What did you call me just now?”

Mia ran over hurriedly and pulled Blake toward her. Then, she said in a panic, “Do you know how dangerous that was? Uncle Gilbert is angry, so don’t get close to him.”

Blake clenched his little fist and said to Gilbert, “Uncle Gilbert, don’t hit my papa.”

'Uncle Gilbert? Papa? Well, Jensen is Blake's papa, so it's not surprising for him to call Jensen daddy when he panicked. For a moment, I thought Blake was my child,' thought Gilbert.

He suppressed the annoying thoughts in his head and asked Jensen icily, "So you're saying you won't hand over the prison guard no matter what?"

"I told you I won't hand him over unless Kisa agrees."

Gilbert sneered and nodded..

"Alright. Good!" his voice brimmed with disappointment and iciness.

He continued, "In the future... We're no longer brothers."

Then, he turned to Jensen with a look of mixed emotions before turning to leave.

'As expected, the elder brother who always defended me is gone,' thought Gilbert.

Blake ran after Gilbert a little.

"Daddy," he mumbled.

However, he ended up not running up to Gilbert. Instead, he watched as his father

stormed off.

Mia turned to Blake with a look of mixed emotions.

They all heard Blake say, "daddy."

'It seems like he knew about Gilbert being his daddy long ago. But why didn't he reunite with Gilbert? Didn't he always want to find his daddy and mommy?' wondered

Mia.

At this thought, she turned to Jensen in confusion. To her surprise, Jensen was looking at Blake with a complex expression.

Moments later, Jensen beckoned to Jensen, "Come here, Blake."

Blake clenched his little hands and trudged up to Jensen.

Jensen held his small frame and said in a low voice, "Since when did you know that Gilbert's your daddy?"

Blake pursed his lips in silence. After a long pause, he spoke, "I found out long ago."

"No wonder!" exclaimed Mia.

She continued, "No wonder he liked being with Gilbert and Kisa so much. Turns out, he knew everything."

Jensen asked Blake, "Then why didn't you tell them?"

Blake shook his head without hesitation, "I can't. I overheard you and mama saying that everyone would be in danger if I reunited with daddy and mommy, so I'm scared."

Jensen pursed his lips.

'That's true. Adrien said he'd kill Blake if he reunited with his biological parents,' he thought.

Mia patted Blake's head, "Don't be scared; things will be fine."

Blake lowered his head. Suddenly, he said sadly, "I really want to reunite with daddy and mommy, but I'm scared. I'm scared that it'll be bad for daddy and mommy and papa and mama. I want everyone to be fine, so it's fine even if I never reunite with daddy and mommy."

Blake's sensibility was heart-wrenching.

Jensen patted Blake's head and pulled him into his arms.

“Don’t worry; you’ll get the chance. I promise you this, you’ll definitely have the

chance to reunite with your daddy and mommy.”

“But papa...”

Blake pushed him away. His confused expression had a hint of anger, “Why did you frame daddy?”