

Reborn 1575

Chapter 1575

Kisa tenderly wiped away the mud and grime from Gilbert's hands and face with a warm, damp towel. Finishing her task, she held his hand tightly and whispered, "It's over now. Everything's going to be okay. Ada's safe too. If you're exhausted, just close your eyes and rest. I'll be here, watching over you."

Gilbert remained silent, but he dutifully closed his eyes. She placed a gentle kiss on his forehead and left the room, her heart heavy with concern for her shaken daughter.

Davian and George were comforting the children when she entered the room. Davian, anxiety etched on his face, asked, "Is Mr. Kooper alright?"

Kisa shook her head. "His injuries aren't life-threatening, but he hasn't uttered a word." George's lips tightened, as if sensing something deeper. Kisa cast her gaze downward, asking, "When his parents were taken from him, was the scene anything like this?"

Outside, a torrential downpour raged on, the thunder's roar and lightning's flash heightening the palpable unease. Blake and

Andrew clung to each other on the bed, while Ada found solace in George's arms. Kisa approached, lifting Ada into her own embrace, and looked at George.

With a heavy heart, George nodded. "Yes, on that fateful night when Mr. Kooper's parents met their tragic end, the rain poured down just like tonight. He was drenched in blood, just as he was today—except back then, it was his mother's blood."

Kisa's heart constricted, her lip quivering with sorrow. 'If only his parents hadn't suffered such a cruel fate, his childhood could have been filled with happiness.' A crushing wave of guilt washed over her, making it difficult to breathe.

Noticing her pain, George offered reassurance. "You mustn't torment yourself with thoughts of the past. You can't blame yourself for what happened back then, and Mr. Kooper would never hold you responsible either."

Kisa held her daughter tightly, her voice stolen by sorrow. Andrew and Blake, sensing her heartache, approached with their tiny arms outstretched. They wrapped around her, offering comfort in their innocent embrace. Kisa smiled through her tears, overwhelmed by guilt. Gilbert would not blame her, but she could not help blaming herself. She had hoped to forget the past, to extract the thorn buried deep within her heart and live a joyous life with Gilbert. But now, she realized that the thorn was immovable, no matter the effort.

Returning to the dimly lit bedroom, she found Gilbert asleep, his face contorted with anguish, a prisoner to terrible dreams.

Kisa lay down beside him, her fingertips gently tracing the lines of his troubled expression. She curled her arm around his waist, holding him close. Burying her face in the warmth of his neck, her voice trembled. "I want nothing more than to spend the rest of our days together, in happiness. I'm so sorry for your parents' deaths. If I could, I would erase my existence to spare you this pain."

Her voice broke, laden with the weight of guilt and sorrow.

Blinking back her tears, she smiled at him and whispered, "Can we forget the heartache and misery? Can we live out the rest of our lives in love, raising our three children? When I die... I'll beg your parents for forgiveness in the afterlife, kneeling before them in atonement."

As Kisa looked into his face, her laughter mingled with tears.