

Reborn 1576

Chapter 1576

Kisa's heart plummeted, recognizing that Gilbert was trapped in a childhood nightmare. Desperate to help him, she called out, " Gilbert, please wake up! Gilbert!" He thrashed about, sweat drenching his forehead, his face twisted in agony and terror. Kisa clung to his hand, urgently whispering, "Gilbert, wake up. These are just dreams. You'll be okay once you wake up. Please, wake up!"

"Mom!" Gilbert suddenly screamed, bolting upright in bed.

Heaving for breath, his muscular frame quivered. Kisa's heart shattered as she reached out to soothe him. "It's okay. Everything's okay now—"

"Don't touch me!" Gilbert snarled; his voice raw with emotion. His fiery eyes bore into her, seething with hatred. Kisa froze, her hand hovering in the air, fear gripping her as she did not dare touch him. Her heart bled, but she could not blame him. 'It's my fault; my very existence has stolen his parents. He has every reason to despise me.' She told herself in her mind.

Suddenly, Gilbert appeared to snap back to reality. He clutched his head, tormented murmurs laced with self-loathing escaping his lips. "What am I doing? I shouldn't blame you. It's not your fault."

Tears cascaded down Kisa's face as she watched him wrestle with his pain and guilt. The thorn lodged in their hearts seemed impossible to dislodge. Their recent days of harmony and affection now felt like an elaborate facade, crumbling before her eyes. His parents' death haunted him, and he strained to suppress his hatred. She knew he loved her deeply, yet he also hated her. Their relationship was fractured by an abyss that seemed uncrossable, and despite his efforts to mask it, their rift was bound to explode.

Kisa shivered, mustering a weak smile. "Let's leave the past behind. Your future will be brighter and filled with happiness."

For some reason, her words sent Gilbert into a frenzy. He hastily pulled her into a fierce embrace, clutching her as if his life depended on it. Overwhelmed by guilt and confusion, a torrent of conflicting emotions threatened to unhinge him. Trembling, he choked out. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean it. Please, don't leave me."

Kisa tenderly caressed his quivering back, offering him a reassuring smile. "I understand, and I don't blame you."

"I'll forget the painful past and bury that horrible night deep within my heart. We just have to never touch it; if we can avoid it, everything will be fine."

Kisa's smile belied her eyes, which were awash with profound sorrow and heartache.

'How can everything be fine just by avoiding it? It's an enduring nightmare for him, impossible to erase. My very presence intensifies his anguish and inner conflict.'

She wiped away her tears, gently pushed him back, and soothed him with a smile.

"Alright, we won't touch it."

Despite her words, Gilbert's grip on her hand tightened, as if seeking solace.

Kisa stroked his face, her voice trembling. "It's late. Let's sleep. I will stay with you, so you won't have any more nightmares."

He nodded, but could not bring himself to lie down, his dark eyes fixed unyieldingly on her.

She sighed softly, pulling him close as they lay down together.

"I'm tired. I need to sleep," she whispered.