

Reborn 1578

Chapter 1578

Blake clung desperately to her hand, as though fearing that the instant he let go, she would vanish into thin air.

Kisa's heart shattered into a million pieces.

Crouching down, she locked eyes with Blake and asked earnestly, "Don't you want your daddy anymore? What about your brother and sister?"

Blake's small head shook with fervor.

"I love Daddy, and I love my brother and sister, too. But Daddy has them to keep him company, while you'll be all alone. I want to stay with you, Mommy."

Blake's emotional depth brought Kisa to the edge of tears.

Embracing him tightly, she realized he had been the one to accompany her through pain and despair since the moment she was rescued from the inferno.

All these years, she had been oblivious to his existence, missing every milestone in his life.

Gently kissing Blake's cheek, she whispered, "Alright, I will take you with me. But I don't have much money, so I can't provide the same comfortable life that your brother and sister will have."

Undeterred, Blake shook his head and smiled brightly.

"I'll earn money, Mommy. I'll take care of you."

Kisa softly stroked his head, amused but not truly believing him.

As they left, she could not help but glance back, her heart weighed down by the pain of leaving Gilbert, Andrew, and Ada behind.

With a heavy heart, she silently left the Kooper residence and the place that harbored a whirlwind of love, resentment, and longing.

Years later, the memory of that day left George deeply shaken.

He had seen Gilbert he had always accompanied—a man known for his calm and detached demeanor—search for Kisa with a frenzied desperation.

After scouring the entire city to no avail, Gilbert broke down, his eyes red and swollen as he clutched Kisa's clothes, demanding answers for her deception and heartless abandonment.

As time wore on, Gilbert grew colder and more vicious, and no one dared to speak Kisa's name in his presence, not even his own children.

In the midst of a bustling bar, where glasses clinked and laughter filled the air, a striking man sat quietly in an inconspicuous corner booth.

His drink gently swirled in his hand, casting a shimmering light.

Mia leaned in, flashing a seductive smile and batting her eyes.

"Ever since I found you, you've been drowning yourself in this bar.

Are you planning to spend the rest of your life in a drunken haze?"

Jensen took a small sip of his drink, his gaze piercing through Mia as if she were invisible, fixed on the energetic dancers in the center.

Mia's lips tightened, and she downed her drink in one gulp.

"Kisa has left Gilbert," she said.

"Your chance has arrived."

Jensen's cold expression softened.

Mia smiled bitterly.

'It seems the only thing that could touch his heart is news of that woman.I've known for so long that I stand no chance with him, yet I've deceived myself into believing otherwise, hoping against hope that I can eventually warm his heart.In this matter of love, I'm destined to lose no matter what"

Looking back, she wondered when she had first lost herself.