

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan Chapter 11

Chapter 11 One Foot in the Grave

It was Ariella calling. She lived in an upscale bachelor pad.

When Kisa rushed over, Ariella was triumphantly fiddling with the contract agreement on her desk. Kisa was depressed at seeing the contract she had signed five years ago.

She had survived the fire five years ago, but she contracted some nasty disease and suffered severe burns on the body, her appearance horrible. She had to take expensive medication every day to prolong her life. But because of her frightening appearance and failing health, she simply could not find a job and did not even have the money to survive.

The mystery person who saved her later introduced her to be Ariella's assistant on the condition that she would sign a contract. She signed the contract without giving it a second thought because all she was concerned about at the time was survival. But now, thinking back, she felt something strange with the contract, and she did not know why the mystery person wanted her to sign a contract like that.

It was a pity she did not know who the mystery person was and had never met the person. Otherwise, she could have asked face to face.

Ariella looked at her with a smile on her face. "I heard you're quitting. Here, take a look at the figure on this, and then prepare to pay me a lump sum."

Kisa did not respond. Ariella spread the page about the compensation clause in front of her. "One hundred million dollars. Pay up now so that I can find a smarter assistant." She had wanted to replace Kisa, who she deemed dumb and ugly, since long ago. If not for this contract, she would not have put up with Kisa until now.

Kisa's expression stiffened, and she went weak at the knees.

'One hundred million dollars! No way I can afford such an astronomical amount. I cannot escape with this agreement in place.'

She suddenly resigned herself to her fate and forced a smile. "Ariella, the shooting of the Goddess of My Adoration is going to start tomorrow, right? You have a good rest. I will come back tomorrow."

Ariella's smile faded. "What do you mean? You're not quitting?"

Kisa quickly shook her head. "What would I quit when you treat me so nice? Unless you can't put up with me and want to fire me."

Ariella rolled her eyes; she was better than that. She would have to pay her \$200 million if she fired Kisa. 'What a shitty contract. If not for the boss's request, I'd have signed it.'

"So Ariella, that's it for now. I have a kid to take care of, so I will go first," Kisa said and led Andrew outside.

Ariella snorted. "You have one foot in the grave and yet still want to take care of a child, as if you did not have enough trouble."

Andrew looked at Kisa's scrawny figure, with a touch of worry and sorrow on his good-looking face. He secretly made up his mind that he would take care of Kisa during this time and that he would not be a burden to her.

Kisa was back in that damp, dark basement again. A chilly wind hit her as soon as she opened the door. Andrew could not help but sneeze.

She glanced at him. "You'd better go home. It is a mess here, and if you get sick, your father will blame me again."

"No, I won't get sick," Andrew said, carrying the groceries Kisa had just bought and walking inside with gusto.

Kisa glanced at him with a precarious look in the eyes and followed him in with the toiletries and clothes she bought for him.

In winter, it was freezing in the basement. Kisa asked Andrew to put on an extra layer of clothes before making dinner. As Andrew wandered around the basement, his eyes landed on the sunset over the sea picture, and he got a little emotional.