

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan Chapter 121

Chapter 121 My Life And Death Has Nothing To Do With You

This time, Kisa did not try to break free from Gilbert. Instead, she allowed him to drag her out of the Case residence.

After getting into the car, Gilbert loosened his tie irritably. He looked at Kisa and asked, "Tell me the truth, why did you come to the Case residence today?"

Kisa pulled her hands away and laughed. She looked at the man beside her who had bloodshot eyes. "You never believed in me and never intended to believe me, so why are you asking? Don't you already believe what they said?"

"Kisa Becker," Gilbert growled. "How do I believe in you if you don't tell me anything?" "Ha. I don't tell you anything?" Kisa chuckled. Okay, do you believe me if I told you my grandfather fell onto the ground on purpose and made the whole thing up with Carolyn Walker?"

"Mr. Case Sr. fell on purpose?" Gilbert obviously did not believe her words. "Kisa, you're such a bad liar. Mr. Case Sr. is in his eighties. You think he would risk his life by deliberately falling just to frame you? Ha. What's his motive to do so?"

"Ha ha." Kisa was not surprised by his disbelief. So she just laughed sarcastically while her heart was in pain.

"See, I knew you wouldn't believe me. You never trust me, Gilbert."

After she finished speaking, she opened the door to get out of the car. Gilbert grabbed her arm subconsciously and asked, "Where are you going?"

"Wherever I go has nothing to do with you. Whether I live or die has nothing to do with you too," said Kisa as she pushed his hand away coldly.

Gilbert's face turned cold. "The news incident hasn't died down yet. You'll cause more trouble. by running around like this. Can't you be calmer and more obedient?"

'In this man's eyes, I will always be a scourge and a vicious troublemaker.'

Kisa's heart hurt so bad that she could barely breathe. She raised her head and took a deep breath. "Don't worry. Even if I die, I won't cause you any more trouble," she said as she pushed his hand away, and left without turning back.

Gilbert stared at her back and suddenly slammed his fist into the steering wheel. 'She keeps saying I've never trusted her, but how can I trust her when everything is as clear a

s day? First, my grandma. Now, Mr. Case Sr. I want to believe that she's not a vicious person, but she has never given me a reasonable explanation.'

When Gilbert reached the Sandy Bay, he took off his coat and sat down on the sofa wearily.

"Sir, the soup is still in the pot. Do you want it served now?" The servant greeted him enthusiastically.

"Soup?" Gilbert frowned. He did not ask his servants to cook him some soup.

"It was Raine, sir. She made the soup herself and told us to watch it carefully. 'The longer it **cooks**, the richer the **flavor**,' she said. She also **asked** us to serve it to you when you came back."

Everyone in the Kooper residence knew that she was Kisa, Gilbert's wife, **but** the people at the Sandy Bay thought that she was Raine Watson, an ordinary servant who was transferred from the Kooper residence.

"Raine seemed to be very happy today. She said that you did her a huge favor."

"A huge favor?" Gilbert murmured in a self-deprecating manner.

Not knowing what he was thinking, the servant walked away. Not long after, she came in and served the soup to Gilbert. He fixed his gaze on the bowl of soup, and felt a complex feeling in

his heart.

'What is in that woman's mind?' He could never guess.

Soon, the sky turned dark. Kisa was still not back. Gilbert stood in front of the window and quietly stared at the light rain outside the window. After a long time, he finally turned around, took the coat from the sofa, and walked outside.

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Chapter 122 He Always Thinks She's Lying

Although it was spring in the Sandy Bay, the cold wind at night still felt chilly to the bone.

Kisa sat quietly by the river, letting the icy rain fall onto her. Her hair was wet, and her pale and thin face was filled with raindrops and tears. The red and swollen handprint on her face looked terrifying under the rain.

She clenched her hands tightly, her eyes full of indifference. 'I don't care if the Case family wants to frame me. All I want is my mother's antique.'

Suddenly, she heard the sound of footsteps behind her, and a thick coat was draped over her shoulders. Her heart trembled slightly. She turned around to see who it was, but a hint of disappointment flashed in her eyes.

"That's right. Gilbert wholeheartedly thought that I was lying and that I am a vicious monster. He hates me and wants me dead. How could it ever be him?"

Howard was startled when he saw the handprint on Kisa's face. "Kisa, y— your face... Who hit you?"

"It's nothing," Kisa said as she stared blankly at the river.

"I'm sorry, Kisa. I'm sorry for not doing anything when the news incident caused you to be ridiculed and humiliated by everyone. I would have taken it all down if given another chance. I never wanted to see you get hurt," Howard pursed his lips and suddenly said with guilt.

Kisa was sad when she heard his words. People all over the world were scolding and teasing her. Even her family and lover abandoned her like she was trash, but the man behind her who she had only known for a short time cared about her deeply.

It did not matter how genuine his concern for Kisa was. At least it was an upgrade compared to Gilbert's aggressive questioning and humiliation.

But Kisa did not care about anyone's opinion of her, other than Gilbert's.

Her eyes started to water when she thought of how he had questioned her earlier today. 'He always thinks I'm lying. He never believed me. Never...'

Kisa covered her face and choked with grief in a moment of sadness.

Howard was slightly startled. He then pulled her into his arms and said, "Yes, cry it out. There's no one here. Just cry it all out."

This was the first time Kisa felt vulnerable in front of an outsider. She was tired. All she wanted to do was cry her heart out.

Kisa clutched onto Howard's chest tightly and cried like a helpless little child. She did not understand why her own grandfather would frame her. She also did not understand why her biological father hated her so much. Even more so, she did not understand why the man she loved with all her heart hated her from the very start of their relationship.

All her thoughts intertwined with each other and created an extreme feeling of sadness. **Because of that, she** continued to cry and tremble.

A strange feeling flashed **across** Howard's heart when he tightly hugged Kisa's thin, frail, trembling body.

He stroked her wet **hair** over and over again. He thought that she was sad because of the news, so **he** comforted her softly, "Everything will be fine, Kisa. Just cry it all out. The people will eventually forget about the news incident, and no one will laugh at you or insult you again."

Kisa buried her head in his chest and cried. Her loud cry accompanied by the pattering rain sounded miserable.

Not far away, Gilbert started at the two hugging figures through the car window, his fists almost crushing the steering wheel.

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Chapter 123 His Punishment

'Ha. And I was worried that she would get hurt or something out here. I forgot that the person she loved was that man. No matter what kind of hurt or humiliation she suffered, she would always run into that man's arms to seek comfort.'

As Gilbert thought of Kisa's flattery the past two days, the corners of his lips filled with mockery and indifference. 'Every nice thing she does for me is done with the intention of gaining something. I shouldn't feel touched by her actions. I really shouldn't.'

Gilbert returned to the Sandy Bay in the middle of the night, reeking from alcohol. He was soaking wet, and his hair was messy. At the sight of this, a servant hurriedly sit him down and said, "Sir, how much did you have to drink? You're all wet from the rain. You'll get sick."

The servant then went to bring Gilbert a bowl of soup. However, when Gilbert saw the he violently smashed the bowl to the ground. "I, Gilbert, don't want anything from that woman. Soup? Good for the body? Well, I don't want it. It's all fake kindness."

soup,

At that time, Kisa had just come back. She quietly looked at the crazy man in the living room, and after a while, she walked upstairs. She was tired and did not have the energy to deal with this man. But Gilbert never let her go when she was in a state of despair.

"You! Stop!"

Kisa did not listen and continued her way upstairs. Gilbert suddenly rushed over, grabbed her arm, and dragged her up recklessly.

“Gilbert, are you crazy?” Kisa screamed and tried to break free, but she could not.

The pain from being dragged up the stairs and into the bedroom was running through her body. When they were in the room, the door slammed shut. Before Kisa could react, Gilbert pushed her violently against the door. The man kissed her, and it felt like a punishment. “Wh Wh—What are you doing... G—Gilbert...?”

He only let her go when he tasted the taste of blood in her mouth. His eyes were blood red and it was terrifying. Kisa’s heart filled with fear as she asked in a trembling voice, “What are you going to do to me?”

“What am I going to do to you?” Gilbert tugged and his tie and laughed. “What else can I do? My wife is getting together with other men behind my back. Tell me, what should I do?”

“Your wife?” Even though Kisa was afraid of him, she could not help but say, “When have you ever regarded me as your wife? Did you forget the humiliation I suffered from you, for being your wife?”

Gilbert stopped talking. Instead, he just stared at Kisa deeply. His slightly bare chest moved up and down violently, and the gloominess in his eyes was shocking.

The thing Kisa was scared of the most was the look he had when he was unstable. He looked as if he would do something crazy at any time.

Suddenly, she pushed him **away** with all her strength and ran forward. The next moment, **Gilbert clutched** onto her tightly from behind. The two fell to the ground because of the struggle. Just **as** Kisa was stumbling to **get** up, the man hugged her tightly, buried his head around her neck, and whispered, “Don’t go.”

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Kisa’s heart trembled. ‘This man had never said these two words to me in such a pleading voice before.’ She immediately understood it when she smelled the smell of alcohol coming from him. He only showed that kind of vulnerability and tenderness to her when he was

unconscious because he thought that she was somebody else.

Just as Kisa thought that he had regarded her as Sara Mitchell, she heard him grinding his teeth behind her ear. “Sometimes, I really want to kill you.

