

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan Chapter 3

Chapter 3 She Can Never Run Away From Me

“Aaaaah!”

Startled, Kisa tossed her phone and shivered in the corner. Her eyes stared in horror at the phone on the floor as if a monster was inside.

‘It’s Gilbert’s voice. How could this be? How come Gilbert called me on Ariella’s cell phone? Has he found out so quickly that I’m working for Ariella? If this is the case, he will soon find this place and send me to prison again. I don’t want to go back to that goddamn place where I can’t see the light of day. I don’t want to suffer those inhuman tortures again.’

Kisa shuddered in fear at the thought of the inhumane torture in prison and that tragic fire. She told herself she must escape, not be caught by Gilbert. She scrambled to get up, haphazardly packed some clothes, and hurried out the door.

Inside the hotel lounge—

Because of Gilbert’s appearance, the atmosphere in the lounge became strange and somewhat depressing. However, it was also a little exciting to those little-known supporting actors and actresses eager to ingratiate themselves with Mr. Kooper of GK Pictures. But after seeing his gloomy face, they were all unnerved, not even daring to take a breath.

Ariella cautiously said to Gilbert, “My assistant is clumsy. I apologize if she has offended you.” She did not want to ruin her career because of that ugly woman. She was pissed because she thought the ugly woman had offended Gilbert.

As Gilbert’s face became even graver, Ariella panicked. “Th-That ugly woman is my assistant, but she isn’t related to me. Someone else asked me to take her in. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have let such a dumb, ugly woman become my assistant.”

“Ugly woman?” Gilbert looked at her sullenly, his grim look frightening her.

Ariella said again cautiously, “Y-Yes, she is ugly, skinny like a skeleton. The scar on her forehead is especially scary. Ask others if you don’t believe me.” While speaking, she nudged Alena Barret beside her with her arm.

Alena nodded vigorously. “Sh-She is indeed ugly.”

Gilbert frowned.

Sharon glanced at him. "Maybe you have mistaken someone for my sister. She wasn't stunningly beautiful when she was alive, but she was definitely not ugly. The person they describe is not my sister."

"Mr. Kooper, we got her background." At this moment, Davian brought over a piece of information.

Gilbert took it and saw a picture. The person in the picture was skinny, so much so that both cheeks were sunken, and the sparse bangs did not manage to hide the scars. The person in the photo had dull eyes, not half as bright as they once were.

'Raine Watson?'

Raine Watson was Kisa's current name. After all, she used to be the wife of Gilbert, the CEO of GK Pictures. The name Kisa could cause a stir if she continued to use it. So Kisa changed her name.

"Raine Watson?" said Sharon, staring at the photo. "It seems you really are mistaken. How can my sister's name be Raine Watson when she has hated rain since she was a child? Besides, the person in this picture is far from my sister."

'Am I mistaken? The photo really doesn't show Kisa. The voice on the phone just now was hoarse and unpleasant, far from the clear voice she once had. Besides, her low voice is something Kisa has never had before. But if she is not Kisa, why did she run when she saw me? And where did that sense of familiarity come from?' Gilbert would not take that at face value.

"Davian."

"Yes, Mr. Kooper."

"Find her immediately. Now."

Sharon was not feeling great when she saw Gilbert. He looked as if he had lost his soul.

"Why are you doing this, Gilbert? Kisa is dead—"

"Shut up." Gilbert interrupted her coldly. "I never believed that pile of ashes could be her."

Sharon took two unsteady steps back. It might seem like the person Gilbert loathed most was Kisa, but Sharon knew Kisa was the most special to him. He had always been cold to everyone but Kisa, whom he always spoke ill of. Because of this, Sharon would rather have that dislike than the indifference he had been giving her.

After Gilbert left, the lounge was buzzing with activity again. Someone tapped Ariella on the shoulder. "Hey, you're famous this time. That assistant of yours has turned out to be Kisa Becker."

"Who? Kisa Becker? Who is Kisa Becker?"

"You don't even know who Kisa Becker is? She is Mr. Kooper's ex-wife. But it is said that this ex-wife of his died five years ago. I don't know if they are mistaken; they think your assistant is Kisa Becker."

Ariella had a leathery smile on her face. "They must have been mistaken. If that ugly thing was Mr. Kooper's ex-wife, I would already be Mr. Kooper's wife."

When Gilbert and Davian found the basement, there was no one there. Even though the sun was shining brightly outside, the less-than-200-square-foot basement was still dark, and one must light a lamp to see inside.

The house was shanty, only with a bed and a table, and the floor was wet and slippery. Gilbert stood before a painting and stared at it, a poorly drawn picture of a sunset over the sea. 'After many years, she still likes the sunset dusk.' At this moment, he was almost certain that the person was Kisa. He figured that if she was not Kisa, she would not have run away from him in such a hurry.

"Mr. Kooper, it looks like we're still one step behind."

"Keep looking. As long as she is still alive, she can never run away from me."

Davian stared at the bizarre curve of Gilbert's lips, confused by his feelings for Kisa. 'If Mr. Kooper had no feelings for Kisa, he would not have guarded Kisa Becker's grave for three days and nights without eating or drinking after her death. But if he had feelings for her, he would not have shown hatred in his eyes whenever her name was mentioned. The relationship between a man and woman sure is complicated to understand.'

Kisa had few belongings, one bag enough to fit everything she had. But that bag did not suit her skinny body. It looked like it could snap her backbone. She came to a small bus station where she could take a coach to other cities without needing to show her ID card. The thing was, it was not too safe here.

Kisa clutched her bag tightly to her body and cowered as she walked toward the ticket window. Just as she reached the window, someone stopped her.