

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan Chapter 31

Chapter 31 She Puts Her Life On the Line “You okay?” Kisa did not dare move a muscle, waiting for Howard to blow the dirt out of her eyes. At this moment, she felt the searing eyes around her. She could not help but give Howard a push. “It is all right. If you can’t get it out, forget it.”

“Don’t move. It will be over soon,” Howard said, reaching down and gently touching her eyelid. “You see, that is what is stuck to your eye. No wonder you just had a red eye.” Kisa felt embarrassed. Her eyes reddened just now because she had a lump in her throat when she recalled the past. But he did have a lint stuck to his finger. So Kisa smiled politely and thanked him. As she was backing away, she was shocked to see Gilbert standing in front of her with a grave face. After secretly calming herself down, she continued to eat the chicken thigh in her lunchbox with her head lowered, pretending not to see him. She thought he would not find trouble with her in public. Indeed, the man said nothing. He just called the director over.

“Mr. Kooper, what can I do for you?” Gilbert glanced coldly at Howard and spoke slowly, “Replace this male artist.” “Huh?” The director was startled for a moment.

Kisa also stood up in shock, and because she was in such a hurry, her vision went dark, and she almost fell down again. Fortunately, Howard hurriedly held her up.

Gilbert snorted and stared at her pale face with mockery. ‘This woman will pretend in front of every man she meets.’

Kisa could not care less about the dizziness. She was anxious. At first, she thought Gilbert would only find trouble with her, never expecting that it would implicate Howard. Howard had helped her several times. Even if he had not, she could not just let him lose their job for no reason because of her. She gritted her teeth and stared at Gilbert with hatred, suspecting that he was doing this on purpose to make her feel guilty.

The director looked at Gilbert with a confused face. “Mr. Kooper, why do you want to replace him for no reason?”

“As a male artist, he doesn’t keep his virtue and openly makes out with his female assistant. If this gets out, won’t it affect the reputation of this drama?”

Gilbert said seriously, and the director did not dare to refute but looked in a predicament. “It has been half a month into the shooting. Where should I go to find a replacement actor?” “That is your business,” Gilbert said coldly and left.

Kisa looked at Howard with worried eyes, but he gave her a reassuring smile. “It is okay. It is just a role.”

The more he reassured her, the more guilt she felt. With no hesitation, she ran after Gilbert in the direction he had left, her frailty causing her to fall to the ground several times in her haste. "Gilbert. Gilbert." Kisa could not care less about the hand that hurt from the fall. She hurriedly got up to continue the chase. She finally reached the parking lot, where she saw Gilbert in his car. With

"no time to catch her breath, she stumbled over and rapped on the car window. "Gilbert, listen to me. You can't replace Howard. What's the point of lashing out at others when you have a grievance against me?" "Drive."

Gilbert did not even look at Kisa as he ordered Davian with his eyes closed. Davian was a little hesitant. "Mr. Kooper, why don't you talk to Mrs. Kooper first?" Gilbert frowned. "What Mrs. Kooper? Drive."

"Erm..." "Drive." Sensing his boss's anger, Davian hurriedly started the car. Just then, Kisa came to the front of the car and stood in the way. She spread her hands, adamant about stopping Gilbert from leaving. Davian was startled and hurriedly braked, then looked back at Gilbert in a dilemma. "Mr. Kooper, Mrs.— Miss Becker seems to be looking for you for something urgent. Why don't you talk to her properly?" Gilbert slowly opened his eyes, a pair of grim eyes staring at the woman blocking the front of the car. 'She really puts her life on the line for that pretty boy. Heh, I'd like to see how far she can go for that man.'

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Chapter 32 She Lost the Bet "Davian, drive." He spelled out the words as she stared at Kisa's angry, stubborn, and pale face. Davian was dilemmatic. "But Miss Becker is still in the way." Gilbert sneered. "Drive, and I will take the blame if anything happens."

"But—

"One more word of nonsense from you, and you will be out of the job." Davian instantly shut up and glanced at Kisa in a predicament, then closed his eyes and stepped on the gas

pedal with gritted teeth. 'This couple really wants to kill each other when they argue. Mrs. Kooper, this is an order from Mr. Kooper. Please don't blame me,' Davian thought to himself. The moment the car lunged forward, he could not help but open his eyes and find Kisa still blocking the front of the

car. He screamed in terror as the car was about to hit Kisa. But in the nick of time, someone sprang out and pulled Kisa to the side as the car whizzed. Davian sighed a big sigh of relief. By the time he came out of shock, he had been sweating profusely.

"Mr. Kooper, M—Miss Becker isn't even afraid of death."

When Davian did not hear a response, he subconsciously looked back at the seat beside him and found Gilbert staring dead in the rearview mirror. He could not help but glance in the rearview mirror again and saw a handsome man with a clean—

cut look hugging Kisa. 'Whew, that should be the man who just saved Mrs. Kooper.' He was in a cold sweat when he thought of how Kisa had just blocked the front of the car.

"Heh, she could even risk her life for a man she only met a short while ago." Gilbert suddenly sneered with frosty eyes. "No wonder she refused the 100 million dollars earlier and stayed on the set even though she was being bossed around by Ariella. It must be for that man."

Davian pursed his lips, not daring to utter a sound. Gilbert's voice reeked of jealousy, but he might not be aware of it himself.

Kisa's heart was pounding. When she realized she had just gambled with her life, that Gilbert would stop, and she lost. There was no wonder. Since Gilbert hated her so much that he wanted her dead, there was no way he would care if she lived or died. When she thought about it, she found it ridiculous that she put her life at risk.

"What the hell were you doing?" Howard stared at her with a frown, his tone reproachful. "It is just a role. Why would you put your life on the line for me?" "I'm not doing it for you," Kisa said in a

low voice. "He is clearly taking revenge on me. I'm the one who dragged you into this. Don't worry. No matter what, I won't

let you lose this role. "She did not want to involve anyone, especially those who were kind to her. A light flashed in Howard's eyes, and he said carefully, "You said Mr. Kooper was taking revenge on you? You and he—"

"Give me two days, and I will definitely get you back on this role," Kisa said with determination. Even though she now looked not so pleasing to the eyes, her eyes were

sparklingly bright when she spoke. Howard was startled, and then he smiled. "Okay, then I will wait for you, but promise me you will

only do your best and not do anything to hurt yourself again." Kisa nodded and looked at him suspiciously. "Why are you

so nice to me?" Howard's eyes flashed for a moment, and he spoke only after a long silence. "I have a sister who looks very much like you." "Really?" Kisa was a little surprised.

Howard's face sank all of a sudden, and he said in a low voice, "She is no longer here."

"I—

I'm so sorry." Kisa hurriedly apologized and did not dare to ask any more questions. When she returned to the Kooper residence in the evening, Gilbert and Sharon sat in the living room.

"Kisa, you're back. Come and see what I've brought you," Sharon said.

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Chapter 33 Since You're

Begging Me, Behave Likewise Sharon greeted her warmly and pulled her toward the dining table.

Two boxes of hot and spicy chicken were placed on the table. Looking at the packaging, Kisa recognized it was the same hot and spicy chicken they used to eat when they were young. She subconsciously looked at Gilbert, only to see him staring at her with icy eyes and a smirk.

Kisa pulled her hand back. "You guys eat. I'm not hungry." She could not eat the hot and spicy chicken because she had a terrible stomach now, not to mention that it was Sharon who bought it, and she felt sick of her.

Sharon suddenly looked disappointed and said, "I remember your favorite food is this. I even went to stand in line for half an hour after work just to buy it. Are you really not going to eat some?"

"Sorry, I don't like chicken right now."

"Heh." Gilbert sneered. "I saw you enjoy a chicken thigh for lunch so much this noon. Apparently, food from your own sister is not as good as that of a random man." Gilbert's tone of voice was sarcastic to the core.

Kisa was too dizzy and tired to dwell on this with him.

She walked up to him with weak feet and spoke in a low voice, "Can I talk to you in private? I have something to tell you."

"You guys have something to talk about? Then I will go home first." Sharon said. She picked up her handbag and pretended to be leaving with a despondent look.

Kisa closed her eyes in exhaustion, feeling extremely disgusted. She used to think that Sharon was a simple and kind person because when she first arrived at the Case family, Sharon was the only one who treated her the best. When she was chastised by her father, it was also Sharon who secretly gave her food to eat and quilts to cover her. At that time, she felt that Sharon was the best sister in the world, and she told Sharon everything, including all her little secrets and her love for Gilbert. But now it seemed that Sharon was really a born actress.

"Wait a minute." Gilbert suddenly called Sharon back, as Sharon had just taken two steps away. He closed the magazine in his hands and snorted at Kisa. "If you have something to say, just say it here. If not, just keep it to yourself." "You—" "Kisa was furious, her fingernails digging into the flesh of her palms as she tried to steady herself. Sharon was still pretending. "Kisa, don't quarrel because of me. I will make myself scarce if it is something I shouldn't be hearing."

“That won’t be necessary.” Kisa was tired of seeing Sharon pretend. She closed her eyes and hummed. “It is not something shameful, so there is no harm in hearing about it.” With that, she looked at Gilbert and said slowly, “Please return Howard’s role to him. It was me who offended you. If you have anything, you come at me.” ‘It is Howard again.’ Anger ran rampant in his chest. Gilbert looked at her with icy eyes while suppressing his anger. “Who do you think you are to ask me to give him back his role, huh?”

“I beg you.” “Since you’re begging me, behave likewise.” Gilbert leaned back and said indifferently, “Look at your attitude. Does it look like you’re begging?” Kisa pinched her palm harder and harder as she gritted her teeth. “So, what exactly do you want?”

At that moment, Sharon suddenly came over with the two boxes of hot and spicy chicken. “You just returned from work and must be hungry. This spicy chicken might not be as good as the chicken thigh from Howard, but at least it can fill your stomach. If you have anything to say, let’s talk about it after you’ve eaten. Don’t let yourself go hungry.” Kisa ignored her and just braced herself to stare at Gilbert. Sharon saw this and could not resist going to tug her arm. “Just eat some, Kisa—” “I said no.” While speaking, Kisa flung Sharon’s hand away in annoyance. She was so weak that she was about to collapse, so she could not exert much strength at all, but Sharon still fell toward the table and spilled the hot and spicy chicken all over the place as the boxes hit the edge of the table.

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Chapter 34 You Think I’m Blind? “Kisa!” Gilbert gritted his teeth and snorted, almost wanting to slap her in the face. “I didn’t use any strength. She fell down by herself,” Kisa said expressionlessly.

“You think I’m blind?”

‘You are already blind,’ Kisa said in her mind. Even if she was physically weak, she would not show it or back down.

Gilbert stared at her unruly face and wished he could strangle her.

Just then, Sharon put her hand to her bruised waist and said softly, “Gilbert, don’t blame Kisa. It was my fault. She obviously doesn’t like this hot and spicy chicken now. It was my fault that I forced it on her.” Sharon’s words reminded him of the way Kisa ate the chicken’s thigh at noon, and he was filled with fury. ‘Does she like Howard so much that even the chick

en's thigh from that man smells extra good?' He took a deep breath, fought back the anger, and sneered at Kisa. "Don't you want me to give that role back to Howard?"

Kisa's eyes lit up, and she looked at him expectantly. "With a condition," he said evilly. "Whatever you want, just ask. I will do anything to get that role back for him." Kisa dared to make this promise because she felt she had nothing left to lose and, in a worst-case scenario, she would only lose her life. "Are you really willing to do anything?" Gilbert said coldly, his eyes glancing at the hot and spicy chicken strewn on the floor. He snickered. "Fine, then finish the hot and spicy chicken on the floor, and I will give him back that role." Kisa's heart skipped a beat, somewhere inside her heart throbbing with pain for a second. It turned out that even though she had been down and out, he still wanted to trample her dignity on the ground. "Don't eat that. It is on the floor and dirty," Sharon said anxiously.

"No. I want her to eat the floor clean in front of me." Gilbert spelled out his words in a bitter voice.

Kisa stared stiffly at the hot and spicy chicken all over the floor. 'It is just dignity. I can give it up. But the hot and spicy chicken is laden with chili peppers; my stomach will definitely turn over in pain, and it may induce a nasty disease if I eat that.' She took a deep breath with difficulty and looked at Gilbert. "Could you ask for something else?"

"Who are you to bargain with me?"

"What if I say I might die if I eat this?"

"Heh, then I'd really like to see if you can really die for real this time."

Kisa let out self-deprecating laughter as she looked at the man's heartless face. 'He has never cared about me, dead or alive. What am I still hoping for? It is ridiculous.'

"Kisa, don't listen to Gilbert. The things have dropped to the floor. How can you eat that?" Sharon suddenly said anxiously and then squatted down, wanting to clean up the hot and spicy chicken on the floor. Gilbert stared at Kisa and sneered. "There is only this one chance. It is up to you whether you want to take it." Kisa closed her eyes and took a deep breath, and when she opened them again, a flash of determination flashed in them. "Okay, I will eat."

While speaking, she slowly squatted down and picked up the hot and spicy chicken on the floor. She then looked up at him. "Keep your word. After I finish eating these on the floor, you return that role to Howard."

Gilbert said nothing, just secretly clenching his hands and staring at her with cold eyes. ‘You first risked her life, and now you could even give up your dignity for that man. Kisa, are you this good to every man except me?’ “Gilbert, you must keep your word,” Kisa emphasized again as if she was giving her last words. With that, she slowly delivered a piece of hot and spicy chicken to her lips.

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Chapter 35 You're Really Into Him

BANG! Just as Kisa took a bite, an ear-splitting sound was heard as Gilbert furiously swept the dishes off the table. He stood in front of the table, looking at her coldly. “You’re a real lowlife, Kisa.”

Kisa ignored him as she fought back the discomfort in her stomach and continued to eat the hot and spicy chicken on the floor. She thought as long as she finished all the ones left on the floor, she could help Howard get that role back. With this in mind, she ate more and more rapidly, and because of that, she choked. She propped herself up on the floor again and coughed violently. Her hoarse, unpleasant coughing sound was reverberating in the living room. It sounded extraordinarily harsh to the ears.

Sharon hurriedly said pretentiously, “Gilbert, Kisa is coughing so hard. Could she be really sick? Forget it, Gilbert. Don’t let her eat this.”

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“Heh!” Gilbert sneered as he looked down at the woman who was prostrate and coughing violently on the floor. “You should at least pretend to be begging. Do you know that this pretentious look of yours is really disgusting to the extreme?”

Kisa’s heart was dead. She clenched her hands, fighting back the stinging pain in her throat. She then grabbed a hot and spicy chicken up from the floor again and shoved it into her mouth, regardless.

When Gilbert saw this, he was even more irritated. He clenched his hands by his side, and after a long while, he suddenly snickered. “I have suddenly changed my mind.” Kisa’s movements jerked as she suppressed her cough and asked in a hoarse voice, “What do you mean?” Gilbert smirked as he turned around and headed upstairs.

Kisa became desperate and scrambled to her feet to give chase. “Gilbert, what do you mean? Say it clearly.” Just two steps into the chase, Sharon suddenly stopped in front of her. “Congratulations, Kisa, for being back in the Kooper residence.” Sharon’s smile reeked of sinister and resentment; it seemed to Kisa that Sharon no longer bothered to pretend.

Kisa sneered. "That's worth congratulating? How badly do you want to live in the Koope r residence that makes you think this is a merry occasion?"

"You—"

"If you really want to live here, you can go talk to Gilbert. But only if you can make Andr ew and Ada like you."

"Kisa!" Sharon gritted her teeth and glared at her. Those lustrous eyes were like they we re filled with poison. Kisa did not bother to talk to her. She went around Sharon to chase Gilbert upstairs. Before this, she did not know Sharon and took her as her best sister, b ut not anymore.

Gilbert was smoking in his study room. As soon as Kisa pushed open the door, the smo ke

made her cough violently again. And the few pieces of hot and spicy chicken she had just eaten were now causing havoc inside her, her sto mach churning in pain. She fought back the pain. Thinking about the hot and spicy chick en on the floor just now, she was so angry she wanted to cry. 'We have clearly agreed t hat he would return Howard's role to Howard as soon as I finish eating the hot and spicy chicken on the floor, but now he is backtracking on this. I even gave up my life and dign ity for this. How could he play me like that?' The more she thought about it, the angrier she became. Kisa dragged herself and stumbled towar d the man. "What do you mean? Have you changed your mind? Your promise doesn't c ount, isn't it?"

"Get lost." Gilbert sat back in his chair and said coldly, but he did not bother to look at h er.

Kisa did not give up. She told herself she would not eat the pieces of hot and spicy chic ken and lose her dignity for nothing. She plopped down in front of his desk and gritted her teeth. "You're a t least a CEO, but you don't keep your word." "So what if I don't keep my word?"

"You — " Kisa choked in exasperation. Gilbert stared at her coldly, the cigarette fire bet ween his fingers flickering with choking smoke, causing Kisa to cough from time to time. He was disgusted with her coughing and hated seeing her put on such a dying face. He took a hard drag on his cigarette and puffed out rings of smoke. "Get the hell out of her e," he growled.

Ignoring her churning stomach and the suffocating feeling in her chest, Kisa mustered h er courage and said stubbornly, "I'm not going out until you give Howard his role back." " Heh!" Gilbert suddenly laughed. He took a few more puffs of his cigarette and spat the s moke ring toward her.

Looking at her terribly annoyed look, he said coldly, "You care so much about that man. Are you really into him?"