

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan Chapter 4

Chapter 4 I Don't Want to See Him.

"Ms. Watson, Mr. Kooper would like to see you. Please come with me." It was Davian.

Kisa spun around and tried to run, but several men in suits surrounded her. These men's actions alarmed the people in the surroundings, and they all stepped back in fright.

Kisa's pale face and bony body made her look as if she would collapse at any moment.

"Wh-What are you all going to do?"

"Mr. Kooper wants to see you, Ms. Watson. Don't be so alarmed."

"Who is Mr. Kooper? I don't know him." Kisa's body shook. "Get out of my way. I don't know Mr. Kooper. He probably has the wrong person."

"Mr. Kooper has mistaken no one. Come with us, and you will find out, Ms. Watson," Davian said, then signaled the bodyguards to apprehend her.

Kisa's emotions flared up. "Let go of me. What are you doing? I don't want to see him. I don't want to see him. Please let me go. I don't want to see him. Help! Help!"

She told herself she must not meet Gilbert, who hated her so much for abducting his first love and hurting his grandmother. She feared that Gilbert would kill her again if he found out she was still alive.

The Kooper's Mansion—

The family butler walked the two kids slowly into the study room. They were the same age and looked similar. The older brother had short hair trimmed to ear length, fair skin, and a delicate, shapely face. He might be only five years old, but his brows were always furrowed. That cool temperament of his was really carried over from Gilbert. The younger sister had her hair tied into a pair of pigtails, and a cute, round face. Right now, she was pouting with an upset face.

Gilbert put down the book in his hand and looked at his two kids, his stony expression softening up. "The kindergarten principal just called and said you guys were fighting at school again."

"Humph!" Ada Kooper, the younger sister, grunted in exasperation and stepped aside with her arms folded in front of her chest, her milquetoast yet fierce look adorable.

Andrew Kooper, the older brother, walked over and patted her on the head to reassure her. "Don't be upset; I have beaten them up."

Gilbert smiled and leaned back in his chair. "I'm sure you two wouldn't simply get into a fight with someone. Tell me what was going on."

"They say I don't have a mommy." Ada burst into tears, feeling aggrieved. "How come I don't have a mommy? It's not like I popped out of a rock. They even said my daddy doesn't like me because he never comes to pick me up from school."

Gilbert pursed his lips and said nothing as if he was lost in thought.

Seeing this, the family butler quickly comforted the two kids. "Who says you don't have a mommy? Your mommy is just far away and can't come back to see you."

"Far away? Where is it?" Ada looked at the family butler with big, clear eyes.

"Is there a place so far away that Daddy can't go?" Andrew asked.

The family butler could not find a word to respond, realizing that he should not have lied to the kids, as they were too curious, and it was hard to tell a perfect lie.

Just then, Davian rushed in. "Mr. Kooper, we have brought her back downstairs."

Gilbert's heart skipped a beat. He looked at the family butler. "George, take the two children to their rooms."

"Yes, sir."

As the family butler brought the children and walked toward the door, Ada looked back at Gilbert. "Daddy, where is Mommy, really?"

Gilbert was silent for a long while before he said, "I will tell you later. Telling you now would put her in danger."

Ada lowered her eyes in frustration because she always got the same answer. She then followed the family butler out.

"Let go of me. I don't want to see him. I don't want to see him. Let go of me. Let go of me."

The family butler had just walked down the corridor with the two kids when bodyguards carried a seemingly crazy woman over. Andrew stared curiously at the emotional Kisa. "George, who is she?"

George took a casual look and said, "Maybe it's a crazy person who has offended your daddy. Let's get back to your room before she breaks free and hurts you two."

Andrew frowned as he watched Kisa being hauled into the study room. He could not help but wonder; He could tell that she was not an ordinary lunatic. After all, he knew his father had let no women into the house except for Sharon. So he was curious who Kisa was, that she had to be carried straight into his father's study room.

"I don't want to see him. I don't know him. Let me go. Let me go." Kisa hardly dared to look back at the man sitting in the chair, just desperately rapping on the closed door with a fearful face, as if there were a man-eating monster in this room.

Gilbert quietly stared at her panicked reaction, secretly clenching his hands on the desk.

'She is still alive. I can't believe that she fooled everyone five years ago. Heck! She hid in the corner and lived freely for the past five years, while I lived miserably. Grandma still hasn't woken up, and Sara hasn't been found. Did she think she could get away with all the guilt just because she was hiding? What a joke! As long as she lives, I will make her pay for what she has done.' He got up and smiled at her from behind. "Are you that afraid of me now?"

Kisa's hands rapping the door paused. She was not sure if it was fear or grief, her battered body shaking again.

"Y-You have the wrong person. I-I never knew you." She spoke with a clear tone of fear and grief.

Gilbert smiled, wondering when Kisa had ever been so afraid of him; she used to be so daring that she even set him up and forced him to marry her. Seeing the woman refuse to turn around, Gilbert reached out to grab her shoulder. Just then, she suddenly squatted down and screamed with her head in her hands.