

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

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Chapter 425 Swear

“Hehe...”

Ada quickly hugged Kisa’s waist before she and Gilbert finished their conversation.

She said happily, “Mommy! I really have a mom now! Ma’am’s actually become

my mommy. This is amazing! I’m so happy.”

Kisa felt a mixture of emotions seeing Ada’s beaming face.

She patted Ada’s head and said lowly, “I was backing you up; that’s why I lied

about being your mummy. You should continue calling me Ma’am in the future.”

Ada’s smile fell instantly. She pouted and said aggrievedly, “Why don’t you want

to be my mommy? Do you not like me?”

“Certainly not,” Kisa smiled while wiping away the tears on Ada’s face. She said

softly, “Of course I like you. It’s just that I can’t be your mom.”

“Why is that?” Ada frowned at her. She could not understand why Kisa refused

to be her mom if she liked her.

Kisa felt resigned and said, “Because I’m not the person who birthed and raised

you. What’ll happen to your real mom when she returns? Wouldn’t she be sad

when she finds out that you’re calling someone else mommy?”

The child replied stubbornly, “I don’t care. You’re my mommy.”

Kisa facepalmed and turned to Gilbert for help, hoping that he could explain a

thing or two to the child. However, the man casually turned away as if it were

none of his business.

She glared at him viciously before turning back to Ada and softening her gaze.

“Be a good girl, Ada. Let’s make a pact: if your real mom doesn’t return in three years, then I’ll be your mom, okay?”

Ada frowned, “Three years? That long?”

Kisa feigned disappointment, “What’s the matter? Do you not want to make a pact with me?”

Ada was torn, “I do, but three years is so long. Can’t we change it to half a year?”

Kisa looked awkward.

‘This child is good at bargaining,’ she thought.

She shook her head, “Nope, three years. If you disagree, then we’ll call it off. I’ll remain as I am.”

“Alright, alright, three years it is!”

Even though the child had agreed to Kisa’s pact, she had an angry expression as if she had been ripped off.

Kisa could not help but feel amused.

‘Regardless, this pact is just to coax Ada. Three years is a long time. By then, she might’ve forgotten about this pact, or her real mother might’ve returned,’ she thought.

At this thought, she felt an inexplicable sense of sadness and disappointment.

Gilbert peered at her subtly, “It’s best you don’t lie to children!”

Ada turned to Kisa angrily upon hearing his words, “Ma’am, you weren’t lying about the pact just now, right?”

Kisa side-eyed Gilbert in annoyance before turning to Ada with a smile.

“Of course I wasn’t. I meant every word I said. How could I possibly lie to you?”

“Then swear that you’re not lying.”

Kisa stared at Gilbert viciously.

‘It’s all his fault. I had managed to coax Ada, but he had to butt in,’ she thought.

Kisa was faced with Ada's earnest and stubborn gaze, so she had no choice but to swear. Otherwise, Ada would not give in. She smiled at Ada, "Alright, alright. I swear that if I was lying to you, then I'll... I'll..." Then, she purposefully paused to think before continuing, "Then I'll never be able to get married."

Chapter 426 I'd Hurt Anyone but Him!

Gilbert snorted sardonically, "You call that swearing an oath?" Kisa glared at him, "Then you tell me, what exactly is swearing? Do I have to swear that I'll die a thousand deaths to qualify it as an oath?" 'How heartless of this man. He knows that I was coaxing his daughter, yet he's still being so persistent,' she thought. Ada quickly shook her head and hugged Kisa's leg, "I don't want you to die. Don't swear an oath like that." Kisa took a deep breath and suppressed the anger she felt within. 'If it weren't for Ada, I really would've flipped out in front of him,' she thought. Gilbert crossed his arms across his chest and said casually, "Swear on Jensen if you have the guts." Kisa frowned deeply. "Why do I have to bring Jensen into my oath? You're truly a cruel person. You're always taking every opportunity to hurt Jensen." Gilbert huffed coldly, "I'd hurt anyone but him!" "Then why'd you ask me to swear on Jensen's name?" "It didn't mean anything. I just wanted to see if you genuinely meant what you said to Ada." Gilbert snorted and continued, "Don't you care deeply about Jensen? Swearing an oath only works when it's someone that you care about, right?" Kisa gritted her teeth. She wanted to turn around and leave. However, when she saw Ada looking at her with a sincere and hopeful

gaze,
she forced herself to swallow her anger.
Gilbert smiled coldly, "This is how you should swear your oath: if you're lying to
Ada, then you'll never be with Jensen for the rest of your life."
Kisa glared furiously at him and did not respond.
Gilbert peered at her furious expression and chuckled, "What's the matter? Are
you scared of swearing an oath like that? Or was your oath to Ada just now a
lie?"

"Ma'am..." When Ada heard his words, she instantly turned to Kisa with a sad
expression.

Her clear round eyes brimmed with tears; it made Kisa feel bad.

Kisa gritted her teeth and snorted icily, "What's there to be scared of?"

Then, she raised her hand and swore, "If I, Kisa Becker, am lying to Ada, then

I'll never be with Jensen for the rest of my life."

'I never thought of getting together with Jensen anyway, so an oath like that
wouldn't affect me,' thought Kisa.

Meanwhile, the man who stood in front of Kisa had a glint in his eyes that
resembled a triumphant smirk.

This was when Andrew and Blake ran in one after another.

Kisa promptly remembered that the other two children were also there.

She peered at the children curiously, "Where did you two go? Ada has
been

here for ages."

Andrew responded, "Blake and I went to the washroom."

Kisa nodded, "Alright. Let's go."

Suddenly, Ada tugged Andrew's hand and said excitedly, "Andrew! Ma'am
and I

made a pact.

Andrew was curious.

"What pact?"

Blake stared at Ada unblinkingly.

"Ma'am said that she'll be our mommy if our real mommy doesn't return in
three

years,' Ada responded happily.

Andrew's eyes lit up. He immediately hugged Kisa's arm, "Is that true, Ma'am?

You're willing to be our mommy after three years?"

Kisa felt troubled and facepalmed.

"I initially intended to coax Ada, but now things are now getting out of hand,' she thought.

Blake peered at Kisa in high spirits, "Ma'am, as an adult, you need to keep your word and not lie." 1

'Um...' Kisa thought.

She was genuinely speechless.

'Why is Blake saying the same thing as Gilbert,' wondered Kisa.

Ada giggled, "Ma'am wouldn't lie because she's already sworn an oath."

Kisa quickly changed the topic when she saw the children's enthusiastic expressions, "Alright, alright. Let's hurry up and leave before they close the school gates."

"Mhm," Ada and Andrew responded.

Then, Kisa walked out of the school with Ada and Andrew's hands in hers. She took two steps before promptly realizing that something was amiss.

Chapter 427 Blood Is Thicker Than Water

Kisa turned around perplexedly. As expected, she saw Blake standing behind, unmoving.

The small child stood there silently. Even though he had a calm expression, his dull eyes had disappointment hidden within.

Kisa felt a twinge in her heart.

She smiled at Blake and said softly, "Don't just stand there? Come along."

"Yeah, Blake. Come along."

"Come, Blake. Let's go home together."

Ada and Andrew both reached out their hands toward him.

Blake stared at them fixedly. Suddenly, he broke into a huge smile. His smile

seemed to have a hint of

He walked over briskly. Suddenly, Gilbert reached out to grab his hand, "Stick

with us and make sure you don't get separated."

Blake nodded furiously and gripped Gilbert's hand tightly.

'Daddy's arm is so huge and warm. I wish I could hold his hand like this forever, he thought.

Blake could not help but lift his head to look at Gilbert.

When Gilbert felt Blake's gaze on him, he looked down at him out of reflex, "What's the matter?"

Blake shook his head and said happily, "Uncle Gilbert, your necktie looks really nice."

"Is that so?" Gilbert looked at Kisa's back meaningfully.

"Kisa bought me this necktie. She has good taste, right?"

"Uh-huh. Ma'am has good taste. This necktie really suits you."

"She also bought you lots of clothes. She also bought you daily necessities."

"Re-really?" Blake looked at him in shock. His tiny face looked touched.

Gilbert saw his expression and could not help but feel sad. After all, a five-year-old should not feel touched because of such a thing.

He patted Blake's head, "Don't worry about it. From now on, live well with Andrew and Ada. You're Jensen Kooper's stepson, which makes you my nephew, do you understand?"

Blake did not answer but nodded silently.

'How could I be your nephew? Daddy, when will you know of my existence?'

thought Blake.

The child had a lot going on in his head.

I want to unite with Mommy and Daddy, but I'm scared; I'm worried that I'll trouble dad. Whatever. Being able to live with Daddy and Mommy like this is

more than enough for me,' Blake thought.

Jensen leaned against the car window and stared as the family of five walked

out of the school compound.

A bitter smile slowly formed on his lips.

Mia blew a smoke ring and said casually, "Blake seems to be happier with them. You were worried for nothing."

"Blake's personality is aloof; he doesn't like interacting with others. I initially thought that he wouldn't be used to being around them."

"Hah. Haven't you heard of the saying blood is thicker than water?"

"Blood is thicker than water?" Jensen laughed before thinking of his childhood

days.

'It seems like the saying blood is thick than water had never been applicable in my life. If not, why would my father treat me that way?' thought Jensen. Mia smiled lightly, "This is good too. This way, it'll be easier when he returns to his birth parents in the future."

Jensen shifted his gaze and started the car in silence.

Mia peered at his gloomy side profile and chuckled, "If Blake likes being with his

birth parents, there's no use feeling defiant. We should show up a little later and

let Blake have fun for a few more days."

Jensen remained silent. However, Mia could tell from his gloomy side profile

that he was feeling incredibly depressed.

'Everyone says that Jensen is good-tempered, soft-spoken, and tender-hearted.

On the other hand, there's Gilbert, who's temperamental, cruel, and ruthless. To

me, this man in front of me is much crueler and heartless than Gilbert,' thought

Mia.

"My father... He'll be coming here soon."

Chapter 428 Stop Doing Dumb Feel-Good Things

Mia was stunned, "Mr. Kooper is visiting? For what?"

Jensen shook his head, "He never tells me any of his plans."

"Then again, he's never treated me like I was his son. So why would he tell me

about his big plans?" he continued in a self-deprecating tone. Mia pursed her

lips. She promptly reached out to grip his cold hand and said lowly, "Don't say

that. Mr. Kooper still cares about you a lot."

Jensen snorted and retracted his hand. He asked sarcastically, "Since when did

you start defending him? Did you forget how he treated you back then?"

Mia thought of their past and smiled bitterly, "You can't put the entire blame on

Mr. Kooper. After all, I did it voluntarily. I can sacrifice myself as long as it helps you.”

Jensen tightened his grip on the steering wheel out of reflex. Then, he said coldly, “I’m Jensen Kooper. I haven’t fallen to the extent where I need a woman to sacrifice herself in exchange for power and status. In the future, stop doing dumb feel-good things.”

The smile Mia tried to keep on her face eventually stiffened.

She pinched the cigarette that was almost burned out. Then, she said monotonously, “How heartless of you. Even though things didn’t work out, my

feelings for you were genuine. Was there a need for you to scorn at me?” Jensen did not respond.

Mia gazed at his perfect side profile and smiled lightly. She continued watching

him, but tears started welling up in her eyes.

She hurriedly turned away and looked out the window.

‘In the end, the heartless man still has a heart that’s as cold as ice. I don’t think

I’ll ever be able to melt his heart of ice,’ thought Mia.

“Kids! I bought you all lots of clothes. Come and see if you like them.”

After hearing Kisa’s words, the children quickly came over to look at their clothes.

Andrew took out an ochre-colored leather jacket from a paper bag. He unfurled

the jacket and was momentarily stunned,

“Ma’am, you bought this too?”

Kisa glanced at Gilbert, who was standing aside. She smiled, “Your daddy bought it. How is it? Do you like it?”

Andrew frowned and said disdainfully, “Daddy has bad taste. I was wondering

why Ma’am would buy such a color. It doesn’t look good at all. It’s unfashionable!”

Then, he set the leather jacket aside.

Gilbert was speechless, “When did you ever like the clothes I bought you in the

past? You’re so young, yet you’re so picky. Who did you inherit such a trait from?”

Kisa looked at them from head to toe.
'He inherited such trait from you, of course. Who else is as picky as you?' she thought.
Blake stared at the leather jacket for a long time. Then, he suddenly went over and hugged the jacket to his chest.
"Uncle Gilbert, I really like this jacket. Could I please have it?" he said to Gilbert.
Gilbert perked up, "You like it?"
Blake nodded furiously, "I like it. I think it looks really nice."
The child put on the leather jacket as he spoke.
Blake had fair, clear skin and deep-set facial features. When all this was coupled with his short, neat bob, the ochre-colored leather jacket did not look unfashionable on him at all. On the contrary, it was inexplicably fashionable.
Kisa could not help but lament to herself, 'This goes to show that all apparels need to be tried on to see if they look good when worn.'
When Gilbert saw how good the leather jacket looked on Blake, he immediately felt cocky, "Are you still going to call the jacket ugly?"
"It's ugly. It's awfully ugly. But Blake's handsome; that's why the jacket looks good on him."

Chapter 429 Sons Were Bom to Torture Their Parents

Blake lowered his head in embarrassment and said, "Uncle Gilbert has a good eye, mummy. This jacket looks really good." The kid would have been a showoff if someone else had praised him, but he just felt embarrassed when his mother praised him.
Gilbert was overjoyed by the little guy's words. He took Blake in his arms and said with a smile, "If only you were my son." Blake was shocked. He lowered his head as the corner of his lips curled into a huge smile.
'Daddy, didn't you say before that sons were born to torture their parents?'

Why

do you want another son to torture you now?" Andrew asked.

'You're different. You were born to torture me, but Blake is so well-behaved and

sensible, it's obvious that he was born to treat his parents well."

Andrew snorted and ignored Gilbert. Kisa, on the other hand, was amused.

Gilbert stared at how happy she was; his heart overflowed with warmth. All of

this was like a dream, a beautiful and happy dream. 'I wish this could last forever.' But dreams were meant for sleep.

Gilbert woke up in the middle of the night. He stared at the slender figure standing in front of the window. After a while, he snuffed out the cigarette butt in

his hand and walked over quietly. He leaned against the window, and looked at

Kisa's face that was hidden in the shadows. "Were you happy today?" He asked

in a low voice.

Kisa let out a long sigh and said coldly, "It doesn't matter if I was happy today.

What happened today was only for today. We'll still hate each other tomorrow."

Her words were harsh. Gilbert clenched his fists and asked, "Isn't it better if we

get along like today?

Why are you refusing to let go of the past? Even I can let them go. Why can't

you? You're doing all this just to provoke me, aren't you?"

I can turn a blind eye to all her evil schemes. I can forgive her for hurting grandma. I can let go of everything, but why can't she do the same for me?

Is it

because I'm not the person she loves?'

Kisa stared at the man, who was full of resentment, and sneered, "I can let go of

the fact that you sent me to jail and even the fact that you set me on fire..."

Gilbert frowned. "I set you on fire? I—"

"I can forgive you these two things, but I will never forgive you for killing my child."

Gilbert frowned even harder. "I killed your child???" He asked in disbelief.

'Looking back at the incident, it does seem a little unusual. But does she

really

think that I started the fire? Am I really that heartless in her eyes?"

"Gilbert, you saved me when we were younger. So I can ignore everything you

try to do to hurt me and treat it as repaying you for saving my life. But I can never forgive you for killing my child," Kisa said as she looked at him with bloodshot eyes.

"No, wait," Gilbert said eagerly. "Why do you think that the child is dead?

Even a

ferocious tiger doesn't eat their own cub. No matter how vicious I am, I will never kill my own child."

Chapter 430 She Was Pregnant With Triplets

Kisa snickered, but tears kept falling. That child was like a taboo. She did not

want to be reminded of the incident, but since the man refused to admit it, she

had to speak up. "I still remember the feeling of that child being taken out of my

stomach to this day. I saw the doctor put the child, whose skin had turned purple, in a white cloth. And there, he lay motionless. T-then... They said that

the child was not breathing. I saw it with my own eyes. They covered him with a

white cloth. I saw it with my own eyes, Gilbert. How are you going to get out of

this?" Kisa broke down in tears with grief.

Gilbert just stood there as if he was just struck by lightning. Their children were

obviously fine. Andrew and Ada were fine. So who was the child she saw?

Back then, Gilbert rushed to the prison when he learned that there was a fire

and that Kisa had died in the fire. When he arrived, the prison was burned into

ruins. The dean handed him two babies. He said Kisa was about to give birth

when the fire broke out. Everyone only cared about the two newborns during the

chaos. When they thought of her, the fire had already engulfed her.

'Now that I think about it, many things don't add up about the fire. Who was

the child she saw? Could it be that she was pregnant with triplets?' Gilbert's heartbeat increased when he thought about it. He looked into the woman's red eyes and said in a deep voice, "I didn't set the fire, and I didn't hurt our child." Kisa turned away and sneered; her tear-stained face was full of grief and disbelief. Gilbert grabbed her shoulders and said, "Believe it or not, I will look into this matter."

"Enough!" Kisa pushed him away and yelled. "No matter how you decide to investigate, the child died at your hands, and I will never forgive you for it." After speaking, she gave him a sad and resentful look and returned to her room. Gilbert fell to the sofa; his feelings were a mess. 'Why does she firmly believe I was the one who set the fire? There must be something I'm not getting. Also, who was the one who rescued her back then? That guy must know something. I asked Davian to find out who that person was, but he found nothing.'

Gilbert clenched his hands in secret. 'I must look into this.'

The next day, Gilbert woke up early to make breakfast. He greeted the three children and asked them to eat up. Not long after, Kisa came out of her room. The happiness they experienced from getting along yesterday was short-lived. Today, Kisa had returned to her usual cold and resentful self. "Ma'am, come quick. Daddy made your favorite sandwiches," Ada called out to Kisa. "Coming..." Kisa replied in a low voice. She was always kind and gentle to the children. After washing up, Kisa acted like Gilbert was invisible. She greeted the three children with a smile and went out the door with a sandwich. She opened up to Gilbert about the child for the first time ever last night. The more the tragic

incident came to mind, the more deeply she hated the man.
So much so that she could no longer sit with him to have a meal at the table.
She told herself that yesterday was just a dream. Now that she is awake, she must return to reality and face the hatred between them.
The three children stared at each other when the front door shut. "Daddy, did you make Ma'am angry?" Ada asked Gilbert furiously