

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

Chapter 451 – 456

Chapter 451 You Wish

Just then, Kisa's call came from not far away. Lea's expression changed, and she looked at Anthony nervously.

Anthony lowered his voice and said, "Get out of here."

"Okay." Lea hurriedly came out of the corner.

Seeing Lea coming out of the corner just as she arrived, Kisa came up to meet her. "Why did you come over here without a word? I have been looking all over for you."

Lea let out an unnatural smile. "Nature's call. I was looking for a ladies' room."

Kisa nodded without giving it a second thought. "And did you find it?"

"Yeah, I found it." Lea tugged at Kisa's arm. "Come on. Are the reporters still interviewing Mr. Kooper and Sharon?"

"The reporters are slowly dispersing. There is nothing to see."

"Oh? Let's go home, then. You have to pick up the children later."

Kisa

nodded, and before she left, she suddenly saw a bruise on Lea's neck. Startled, she hurriedly flipped open her collar and asked, "What happened to your neck?"

"N—

Nothing. I'm fine." Lea hurriedly put her collar back up. "My necklace just got knotted up, and I pulled it off. I guess it was the necklace that bruised my neck."

Kisa stared at her, feeling that Lea was strange and the bruises were too thick to be caused by necklaces. 'Why did Lea lie to me? Is there something she is hiding from me?'

Lea panicked and brought Kisa to the side of the road. "Let's go. It is almost time for school to end." Kisa stopped and said, "Lea, you go home. I want Gilbert to come with me to pick up the children." Lea was delighted. "Sure. You should have gone with Mr. Kooper to pick up the children. I will leave now." "Yeah." After seeing Lea leave, Kisa turned around and hastened toward the corner from where Lea had come out. There was no one there but only two cigarette butts on the ground. The cigarette has not been wholly extinguished, still emitting a thin plume of smoke. 'Lea doesn't smoke, so whose cigarette butt are these? Who was she here with, and why was she hiding it from me?'

"Kisa."

Gilbert suddenly called out to her as she was about to take a look inside. Kisa turned around and saw Gilbert standing two meters away from her with his hands digging into his pockets. She walked past him and glanced at the entrance to the set, where the reporters had dispersed, and Sharon was sitting on the floor, visibly breaking down. She walked up to Gilbert with a faint smile. "Sharon is your most important artist. If she is ruined, GK will lose a lot. Why don't you marry her so neither of you will lose anything? How nice."

Looking at Kisa's calm and shallow smile, Gilbert wished he could strangle her. But his excellent self-control made him resist the urge. He snorted. "You want me to marry her that badly?"

"Yes, so that we can have a clean break. How nice."

Gilbert squinted with a ruthless look in his eyes. "That is a good idea." With that, he tugged on her arm.

Kisa was startled. "What are you doing? People are around. Aren't you afraid of getting into trouble?"

“You are my wife. What trouble can I get into?” He said, dragging her toward the car.

As soon as they left, Anthony came out from a secluded corner. He stared grimly at Gilbert and Kisa as

they left backs and sneered. “Just wait and see. Someone will hit you where it hurts.”

Chapter 452 Like a Bear With a Sore Head

Sharon’s eyes burst with anger and jealousy as she watched Gilbert drive away with Kisa in his car.

Celandina

cautiously said, “Sharon, what should we do? Mr. Kooper doesn’t want to marry you. Wouldn’t your reputation be ruined?”

“Shut the f*ck up.” Sharon angrily pushed her to the ground and sneered, “Don’t be so proud of yourself. Let me tell you, even if my reputation is ruined, you still cannot take my place.”

Celandina’s face turned pale with fright.

“What are you talking about? I have never thought that way. I-

” “Oh, Celandina. If you have thought that way, just say so. What are you afraid of? I saw *you* complaining about this international star with other actresses in the ladies’ room. Why are you afraid to say anything in front of her now?” Ariella suddenly appeared behind them, her arms crossed in front of her chest with a smug look on her face.

Celandina’s face instantly changed. “You b*tch. Don’t spew-”

SLAP!

Before she could finish her sentence, Sharon slapped her hard across the face. “I’m telling you, you will only be a lowly assistant for the rest of your life, so don’t get any dirty ideas, or I will kick you out of this circle.”

“I didn’t, Sharon. I didn’t do that.” Celandina covered half of her face with a hand and pointed at Ariella with the other, crying in defense. “It is her. She is lying.”

Sharon looked at Ariella coldly.

With her arms folded, Ariella looked smug. "Why are you looking at me? Do you think you are still the international star you used to be? If this scandal continues, you won't be able to compare yourself to me, let alone remain an international star."

"You are here to pick a fight?" Sharon snorted coldly and raised her hand to slap Ariella.

Ariella hastily dodged and then sneered. "You'd better not do this. I'm about to join the J & K Film Group, where a bright future awaits me. Don't blame me for being ungrateful when I hit stardom."

"Heh, do you think GK is a supermarket where you can come and go as you like? Don't you even bother to check who you are?"

"I'm insignificant, but Kisa has a lot of weight in Mr. Kooper's heart. With one word from Kisa, GK has voluntarily voided my contract and let me go scot-free," Ariella said as she leaned closer to Sharon and sneered. "You can never beat Kisa."

"B*tch. I will rip your mouth off, b*tch."

"Sharon, don't be like this. Sharon..." Celandina hurriedly stopped Sharon, who was almost mad.

Ariella gave Sharon a smug smile and left in style.

In the car, Kisa tugged at her seatbelt with boredom. She glanced at Gilbert's face from the side, which looked grave, and asked casually, "Didn't you surprise that woman? How did it end up this way?"

"Do you want to know what my surprise was for her?"

Kisa tightened her seat belt and replied casually, "I don't want to know."

Gilbert gritted his back teeth in anger. "If you don't want to know, don't ask."

“You!” Kisa choked in anger and turned to look out the window, not wanting to talk to him again. ‘He is always cranky, like a bear with a sore head.’

“You’re almost done with this drama, right?” Gilbert suddenly casually asked just as the situation tensed up.

Kisa replied in a low voice, “What has that to do with you?”

“Do you know why I had to schedule the filming, location, and progress of the Goddess of My Adoration filming to coincide with your drama’s release date?”

Kisa smiled with her eyes lowered. “Sharon is an international superstar, far more famous than I am. You are trying to use her fame to undermine me and my drama, aren’t you? It is a pity that your plan has still gone wrong. Sharon has had a series of scandals, and this one is even worse. I’m afraid it won’t be her drama that undermines mine, but the other way round.”

Gilbert gripped the steering wheel tightly and pursed his lips in silence. After a long while, he said, “You can think what you like.” His tone had a touch of resentment in it as if Kisa had misunderstood him.

Kisa looked out the window, not bothering to reply to him.

Just after picking up the children, Jensen called her on the phone.

Chapter 453 Found the Mystery Man

Kisa had been waiting to hear from Jensen for many days. Upon seeing Jensen’s call, she felt a sense of happiness. She took the phone and went to the balcony to answer it.

Gilbert narrowed his eyes and looked icily at her. He had just glimpsed the caller ID; it was Jensen. ‘Does she have to be so happy when Jensen calls her? Her beaming face is eye-glaring indeed.’

Blake put his school bag away, then trotted back to the doorway to help his uncle carry the groceries. Why are you standing at the doorway, Uncie Gilbert?”

Gilbert glanced at him, then at Kisa, and said to him, "Your dad called your ma'am. Do you want to talk to your godfather?"

□

Blake shook his head and spoke his mind with simple logic. "If Dad wanted to talk to me, he would have asked Ma'am to give me her cell phone, but Ma'am has been holding the phone, so Dad's call must be for her, not me.

Gilbert was speechless. 'Great. Now I can't even fool a five-year-old. At first, he thought of letting Blake distract the two, preventing them from talking on the phone like they were two lovers separated.

Blake looked at Gilbert and whispered, "Uncle Gilbert, are you upset?" When Kisa answered the phone, he noticed Gilbert had been frowning like no other. So he wondered if Gilbert did not like his godfather calling Kisa. He tilted his little head and thought for a second, then said, "Uncle Gilbert, do you want to know what Dad and Ma'am are talking about?"

"No." Gilbert categorically refused and carried the groceries into the kitchen.

Blake asked him again,
"Do you want me to ask Ma'am? I will just say I ask because I miss Dad."

Gilbert stopped dead in his tracks, then spun around and smiled at Blake with a highly avuncular smile. "Sure, go ahead and ask if you are okay with it."

"Okay." Blake nodded repeatedly and scampered to the balcony as if he had a heavy responsibility.

Ada looked at Gilbert with disdain.

"Daddy, why don't you ask Ma'am yourself instead of letting Blake do it?"

"I'm going to cook for you guys, right? So I don't have time to ask," Gilbert said frankly, carrying two large bags of groceries into the kitchen. Ada poked her tongue out mischievously from behind him.

"Kisa, didn't *you* ask me to look into the prison fire five years ago?"

Kisa's heart skipped a beat, and her voice tensed up as she asked, "Yes. Did you find anything?"

"Sorry, I didn't find out anything about the fire." Kisa's heart sank, only to hear Jensen say, "But I found the mystery man who saved *you*."

"Really?" Kisa asked excitedly. "Where is he?"

"He is in another city and has been busy lately. So I will arrange for him to meet with you sometime later."

"Great" Kisa tried hard to choke back her excitement. "Jensen, thank you. You have helped me so much."

"Thank me for what?" Jensen rubbed the photo on the table. "Your business is my business. There is no need to say thank you between us."

After hanging up the phone, Jensen grabbed the photo with a heavy heart. In the photograph was a baby whose skin had turned purple.

Mia looked at him for a long time and asked in a low voice, "Do you really want to do this?"

Chapter 454 Cut His Finger

Jensen lowered his eyes, drawing back any emotions left in his eyes, and said in a low voice, "That is the only way."

Kisa had just hung up the phone when she saw Blake staring at her. It startled her for a second before she asked in bafflement, "What is wrong?"

"Ma'am, what did Dad say to you?"

"Huh, how did you know it was your Dad calling?" Kisa wondered as she remembered she didn't mention Jensen's name just now.

"Uncle Gilbert told me. He said that Dad called you."

“Oh, it was him.” Kisa instantly knew that it was Gilbert who had sent the boy. She patted Blake on the head and said gently, “Your dad said nothing to me, just some personal matter. Be a good boy in the meantime. He’ll be back soon.”

“Okay. I’ll be a good boy,” Blake said and dashed back into the kitchen.

Gilbert was cutting meat when he saw Blake coming in. He did not ask but waited for Blake to tell him.

“Uncle Gilbert, Ma’am said that Dad said nothing to her. She also said that what Dad said to her was personal.”

‘Personal? What is so personal that she can’t even tell the child? Besides, Jensen rarely calls. So why didn’t he care to ask about Blake’s situation when he called?’

“But after Ma’am received a phone call from Dad, she seemed to be in a good mood. When she answered the phone, it was a bit like she was so happy that she was going to cry.”

‘So happy that she was going to cry? Isn’t that tears of joy? What kind of sweet talk did that man tell her that made her so happy?’

GASP!

Gilbert cut his finger because he was distracted. He gasped as he quickly looked at his finger, only to see a wound in his middle finger, and blood was oozing out of it.

Blake saw the situation and exclaimed, “Uncle Gilbert, you are hurt. I will go tell Ma’am.” He ran out in a flash. “Ma’am, Ma’am, Uncle Gilbert cut his hand! Ma’am, Uncle Gilbert is hurt, bleeding a lot. Ma’am, where are you, Ma’am?”

Instead of Kisa coming, it was Andrew and Ada who rushed in. Not wanting to worry the two children, Gilbert spun around and rinsed the wound on his finger under the running tap. But the blood just kept flowing as if it was unstoppable.

Ada looked at him in fright. "Daddy, what happened to your finger?"

"Nothing, just a little minor cut. Don't worry. Go out with Andrew and continue with your homework."

"Let me see if it's really just a minor cut."

Ada did not believe him. Gilbert washed the blood off his finger again before showing it to Ada for a fleeting second, then hid his hand behind his back and smiled. "I didn't lie to you, did I?"

Ada pursed her lips and frowned. "Be careful not to cut your finger again."

"I will."

Gilbert responded with a smile and watched the two children walk out of the kitchen

before he breathed a sigh of relief and took his hand back out. The blood was freely flowing again, dripping to the floor. Before he could rinse the blood off, Kisa suddenly appeared in the kitchen doorway. She

glanced at his bloody finger, not ignoring the fact that all five of his fingers were still intact. She then said carelessly, "What? Did you cut your hand?" Gilbert did not answer, he just turned around and silently rinsed the blood off his hands. Kisa walked in, grabbed a mop from the corner, mopped the blood off the floor, then leaned against the sink and watched him.

Chapter 455 Gloating

"Come on, let me see. Did you cut off your finger?" Kisa sounded like she was gloating over his misfortune.

Gilbert was enraged. 'She wishes I had cut off my finger. Is she that disgusted with me?' Turning off the faucet, he hid his injured hand and said sulkily, "I'm fine."

"Oh... Blake was screaming like you had cut your finger off." Kisa looked pathetic. "Don't make a mountain out of a molehill as a man. Look how scared Blake is. He is almost crying." Gilbert used to accuse her of exaggerating things. Now it was her turn to return the favor.

Gilbert looked grave as he clenched his hands at his side. Because of using too much force, blood oozed out of the wound and dripped onto the floor again.

Kisa glanced down at the blood on the ground and grunted in disgust. "Can't you quickly get your finger bandaged? Blood is dripping everywhere, and I must clean up after you." It sounded like she did not feel sorry for him but only disgusted and indifferent.

Gilbert was terribly upset. If Jensen were the one who was hurt at the moment, Kisa would most likely cry and be distraught. Seeing her take the mop to clean up the blood on the floor, he immediately snatched the mop over with anger. "Don't worry. I will clean up after myself. I won't bother you the slightest even after I have died," he said in a huff as he mopped the blood off the floor.

Seeing his injured fingers staining the mop handle red with blood, Kisa snatched the mop away from him in disgust.

"You have stained the mop handle with your blood. How can I use this mop next time? Fine, fine. Get out of here and don't disturb me while I cook. The children are hungry."

Kisa's disdainful attitude stabbed him like a knife. He looked at her, clenching his jaws with indignation. Kisa saw him standing in front of the stove with a resentful look. She could not help but say, "Why are you still standing here? It is just a minor cut on the finger. Do you want me to bandage it up for you?"

"No need," Gilbert yelled indignantly, spun around, and walked outside.

She stared at the blood on the floor, snickering as she shook her head. 'Hadn't he always taunted me about my injuries? I will return all those taunts to see if he feels good about it.'

"Daddy, I have bandages. Let me put one on you." Andrew stood in front of Gilbert with a pack of bandages and stared anxiously at his bleeding finger.

Blake also found the first-aid kit. He opened the box and said to Gilbert, "Uncle Gilbert, why don't I put some medication on it and bandage it up?"

Gilbert sat on the couch, elbow resting on his knees, letting his injured hand hang in mid-air while placing a garbage can on the floor. The blood was all dripping into the trash can. He gritted his teeth, stared at his injured finger, and thought to himself, 'How come I didn't cut off a whole finger? Would she have felt sorry for me if I had cut off a whole finger? No, she wouldn't. That woman is more cold-blooded than anyone else. I'm afraid she wouldn't even bat an eyelid if I chopped off my entire hand.'

Kisa had been busy in the kitchen for an hour and finally finished cooking four dishes and a soup. When she came out with the dishes, she was startled by what she saw.

Chapter 456 Are You All Under a Freezing Spell?

Gilbert and the three children were sitting silently on the couch. Kisa put the food on the table and asked them with amusement, "What? Are you all under a freezing spell?"

Gilbert looked at her with a sullen face and said nothing.

Andrew jumped off the couch and ran up to Kisa. "Ma'am, Daddy's finger has lost a lot of blood."

Kisa glanced at the Band-Aid in his hand and asked, puzzled, "A bandage won't stop his bleeding? It is not like he has a disease that won't stop bleeding."

Gilbert let out sardonic laughter. 'Look how disgusted and sarcastic she is.' He clenched his fists in sudden anger, and the wound that had stopped bleeding bled again.

Andrew shook his head at Kisa and said, "Daddy won't use the bandage."

"Oh..." Kisa gave a sarcastic laugh.

"He is certainly a CEO of a certain prestige. Even when he had a minor cut

on his finger, he had to summon his private doctor over and bandage the wound. Otherwise, how can he show his prestigious status?”

The kids did not understand Kisa’s sarcasm, but Gilbert did. His face darkened.

Blake then said with a sudden realization, “No wonder Uncle Gilbert wouldn’t let me bandage him. He wants his personal doctor to dress his wound.”

As if Kisa’s mockery was not enough, Blake’s words were literally adding insult to injury. Gilbert was so indignant that he stared at Kisa, not having the strength to smile. “Think what you want.”

‘There it is again. Gilbert is always like this. He always causes a lot of trouble but makes it seem like others owe or misunderstand him. It is just a minor cut on his finger. Even if he had cut a chunk of flesh off his finger, a couple of bandages would have fixed it. Yet he lets the children worry about him. What an attention seeker.’

“Well, you all don’t have to worry about him. The wound is not deep. Come over and eat,” Kisa said, returning to the kitchen to bring out the rest of the food.

Blake frowned at Gilbert and said, “Uncle Gilbert, your finger is bleeding again, and you don’t want me to bandage it for you. Why don’t you ask your personal doctor to dress you up now?”

‘Naïve Blake. He really thinks Gilbert wants his personal doctor to dress his wound. I think he is just trying to seek attention so that all eyes would be on him and everyone would feel sorry for his minor injury.’ Kisa tried hard not to show sarcasm and said to the children, “Come and eat. The food is getting cold.”

The children still did not move. One was holding the bandages, the other was carrying a first-aid kit, and Ada was hugging her daddy’s arm with a sad face. Kisa was left speechless. She then said to Gilbert, “What’s wrong with you? Do you have to let the children starve with you?”

Gilbert was exasperated. He took a deep breath and grabbed the bandages from Andrew, then took two and ripped them open haphazardly, finally putting them on his injured finger summarily. The bleeding stopped immediately.

Kisa grinned. "Isn't it over now? What was the big deal?"

The three children looked at each other, with Ada saying, "Daddy, you should have put a bandage earlier. You have bled so much for nothing."
