

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan Chapter 66

Chapter 66 That's the kind of Person I Am "Are you okay?" The only thing Kisa managed to say was insincere words of concern. Gilbert did not respond, as if he was really asleep.

She stared at his pale face for a long time before she got up to return to her seat because sitting beside this man made her feel awkward. But just as she got to her feet, Gilbert tugged at her and stared at her.

"I remember I warned you to stay in your room and not to go out, no matter what. Why didn't you listen?" The man's tone was bitter and harsh, with a hefty dose of reproach.

Kisa was just about to explain when he sneered. "You wanted to get me killed, so you deliberately ran out and let Anthony catch you, right?"

Kisa could not stand to hear such a sarcastic tone from him. She had been abducted because of him, and now she had to come and please him when she had managed to escape. It really exasperated her. When she heard what he said, she just could not care less but snapped. "Yeah, right. You sent me to jail five years ago and caused me to lose the baby in my womb, so I wish you were dead."

Gilbert narrowed his eyes and stared at her. "Then why didn't you just kill me with the knife instead of holding Anthony hostage?" Kisa's heart skipped a beat at his question. 'Yeah. It was the perfect opportunity to kill him for revenge just now. Yet the funny thing is, I have no intention of taking his life from the beginning. Am I too soft-hearted, or is it because I still have slight feelings for him?'

Seeing that Kisa did not respond, Gilbert leaned closer to her. "Tell me, why did you suddenly turn against him at the last minute? Wouldn't it be better to get rid of me?" His hot breath blowing into her face caused her heart to beat out of rhythm.

Not far away, Davian desperately gestured at Kisa, signaling her to say something nice to Gilbert. She got the message and knew that if she said something to please Gilbert, he would forgive her for stabbing him. But the hatred between them was so deep that she could not bring herself to pretend to please him. Gilbert got closer, his hawk-like eyes seemingly piercing into her. "Tell me, why didn't you just kill me then? Did you have other plans and schemes?"

'Other plans and schemes? Heh, he forever sees me as a scheming person.' Kisa looked into his sharp and icy eyes and laughed. "Don't I have to go to jail for killing you? Won't the people under your command take revenge? I wanted to kill you through Anthony, but he was too timid to take your life. In that case, I had no choice but to side with you. At least for the sake of Andrew and Ada, you will do nothing to me, will you?" Davian heard what Kisa said and put his hand to his forehead, not knowing what to say.

Gilbert clasped her arm so hard that he wished he could snap it. "You are really a calculating, evil woman."

"That's the kind of person I am. It is not the first day you know me."

"Get the hell out of my sight," Gilbert flung her arm away in disgust. Agitated, his chest bled again.

Davian hurriedly ran over to explain. "Mr. Kooper, actually, it has nothing to do with Mrs. Kooper this time. It was me—"

"I left the room on purpose. Why should I bear the consequences of your fight with Anthony for Sara? Why should I be Sara's scapegoat? And why did you lock me in the room to save Sharon?" Kisa struggled to get up from the floor and looked Gilbert in the eyes. "I don't care which woman you want to be nice to, but please leave me out of it."

Gilbert's chest was heaving violently, clearly on the verge of rage. Kisa continued as if she did not see the rage in his eyes. "I stabbed you, but I don't regret it. This time, it was you who got me into trouble. If I didn't save myself, I would have been the one who died. Can I still expect you to save me? Don't forget how you told Anthony on the phone—"

"If you say one more word, I will have you thrown out of here."

Gilbert interrupted her grimly, his suppressed voice filled with an obscure, murderous aura. Davian was anxious, and just as he pulled Kisa back, Gilbert swept the plates off the table with one hand and sneered. "People like you are not worth saving."

"Is that so? That's why I have never had any illusions about you," Kisa said harshly.

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Davian looked at the two and could only sigh silently.

It was a short three-hour flight, but the atmosphere in the cabin was so depressing that it was almost suffocating. The helicopter finally touched down, and Davian hurriedly got off. Just as he helped Gilbert and Kisa out of the helicopter, someone familiar came.

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Chapter 67 If That woman is Dying "Hey, how come when you get involved with someone, it always ends with a disaster?" Kelvin Glanced at Gilbert's bloodstained chest, then looked at Kisa meaningfully.

Kisa stood by with her eyes downcast, her face expressionless. She knew the 'someone' Kelvin mentioned was her. But she did not care, as Kelvin did not like her,

anyway. Gilbert was depressed and walked straight into the house without a word. Kisa followed in silence.

Kelvin stared in wonder as the two went and then asked Davian, "What's going on with them?"

Davian sighed helplessly. "People say that two stubborn people are not suitable together; this is so true," Kelvin was none the wiser. "What do you mean?"

"Ask Mr. Kooper. It's been a tiring trip." With that, Davian drove off in his car.

In the bedroom—

Kelvin marveled as he tended to Gilbert's wound. "This is a deep wound. If it was just a bit off, I would have to visit you at your grave this time next year."

Gilbert still said not a word, his expression tense, looking bitter and serious with his lips curving down.

Kelvin shot a glance at him and mustered his courage. "I didn't know that she is so ruthless. It seems that she really wants you dead."

Gilbert buttoned up his shirt with annoyance. "Get out of here when you're done with the wound. You're so verbose."

Kelvin pouted. "Look how irate you are. You are not really getting attached to that woman, are you?" "Do you think that is possible?" Gilbert said with disgust. "She hurt Grandma. As long as Grandma hasn't come out of her coma, Kisa deserves to die." "And what if she wasn't the person who hurt Mrs. Kooper Sr.? Would you still like her?" Kelvin stared at him with a serious face, interested in his answer. A skinny figure stood silently outside the door, the hand holding the tray tightening quietly out of nervousness. Gilbert looked away awkwardly. "Do you think I would like a woman with a selfish, scorpion like heart?"

"Look at your hatred. Since you loathe her so much, and she hurt you so badly this time, why are you still keeping her alive?" "I kept her alive because I wanted her to suffer more to atone for her sins." "Oh," Kelvin suddenly thought of something and looked at Gilbert in a predicament, "if that woman is dying and I can heal her, do you think I should save her or not?"

Gilbert frowned. "What do you mean?"

"I'm just saying what if." Kelvin smiled.

"There is no what if. Even if there was, she deserved it."

“I see.” Kelvin looked at him with a faint smile. “It seems that I misunderstood something.”

Outside the door, tears dropped like a broken bead into the white porridge. Kisa tilted her head to hold back the tears and smiled self-soothingly. She told herself that it was not the first day she had heard these hurtful words, so there was nothing to be said about it. But a part of her heart still ached involuntarily, and her internal organs also followed suit. She quietly placed the tray at the door and then quietly walked back to her room. Now, intense emotional fluctuations brought awful discomfort to her body, which could not hold up for long. She shut herself in her room and hurriedly rummaged through the drawer for the medication bottle. Just as she poured two pills out of the bottle, someone pushed the door of the room open.

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Chapter 68 I Don't Need Your Sympathy.

It was Andrew.

“Ma'am, you're finally back.” Andrew ran in excitedly and hugged her leg. He furrowed his little brows when he saw the bottle of medication in her hand. “Are you sick?”

Kisa stroked his head. “It's fine. Just a minor one.”

Andrew shook his head, extraordinarily anxious. “George always says that a minor illness can grow into a big one. I have got to tell Daddy.” He ran out at once, so quickly that Kisa could not stop him.

She forced a smile, knowing that even if he told Gilbert about her condition, it would not make a difference. He would just think she was pretending, trying to earn sympathy. Andrew had just left when Kelvin came in. He had his arms around his chest, and his tone was stern. “Why didn't you just be a little more ruthless and kill Gilbert?”

She snickered as she knew he was accusing her of stabbing Gilbert. “Had I killed him, you guys would still have cut me to pieces.” She then ignored him and swallowed the pills in her hand.

Kelvin glanced at the pill bottle in her hand and said in a light-hearted manner, “Those painkillers are only aggravating your condition. If you really want to live, ask for Gilbert's forgiveness. If he forgives you, I will cure you immediately.” “I really don't need your sympathy.” Kisa felt terrible now that she did not want to talk to anyone but just get a good night's sleep.

Kelvin looked at her indifferent face and sneered. “You are really stubborn. I wonder if you will still be as stubborn when you take your last breath.”

Kisa just wanted to laugh at his words. Am I really the one who is stubborn? Who wouldn't want to live a good life? But Gilbert simply wouldn't give me that chance. I have just heard outside the door that even if Gilbert really knows I'm dying, he won't let Kelvin treat me. So why should I grovel and beg for his sympathy?'

As she was thinking so, Gilbert barged in. He was in a rage. He did not even care about the wound in his chest as he yelled at her, "You really have no shame, have you? I knew you were pretending to be sick in front of me, but never had I expected that you would do that in front of Andrew. He has just gotten better; why do you have to make him worry about you? So you think that if you tell me through his mouth, I will really believe that you are sick? Let me tell you; even if you pull the same trick a thousand times, I will still not believe it. Instead, you will only make me sick."

Kelvin opened his mouth and was about to say something when Kisa sneered. "So what if I let him worry about me? He is your child with another woman. If my child was still alive, he would be worried about me, too. Andrew is just doing what he should do instead of my child."

"You -" Gilbert raised his hand in anger. Kisa stared him in the face. Her body was in pain, but she did not show it. At last, Gilbert came down with his hand, but it just knocked the medication bottle out of her hand instead of slapping her in the face. "Since you are so fond of pretending to be sick, then I wish you the best of luck and get very sick soon." With that, he left in anger.

Kelvin stared in shock at the pills scattered in the corner and said nothing. Kisa looked at him and chuckled, "Do you think I still need to beg for his forgiveness?"

Kelvin still said nothing, just shaking his head and heading outside. Just then, Kisa suddenly called out to him.

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Chapter 69 One Year At Most "Please tell me honestly how much time I still have." Thinking about the scene just now, Kelvin had a hard-to-describe feeling inside him. He thought for a long while before answering, "One year at most."

'One year?' Kisa laughed and sell on the bed with tears in her eyes. 'What could I do in a year? Would it be enough to find out who hurt Grandma, or would it be enough to avenge the prison sentence and the murder of my son? I could not even get Howard's role back, let alone these two things. At this moment, she found herself unable to do anything but wait for her final moment. She curled up in bed, letting the pain of her illness torment her tattered body.

She thought of her mother, the days when she and her mother depended on each other. They were poor at the time, but she had the world's warmest love of her mother. Unlike now, she was all alone, dragging her sick body to suffer the cold of the world. How she

wished she could turn back the time. The scene of her mother's death was still vivid in her mind, and her mother's last words were clearly ringing in her ears. "If you meet a man named Gilbert Kooper in your lifetime, you must love him and guard him with your life." She never understood what her mother meant by these last words. Only much later did she understand that her mother was asking her to atone for her sins. But before her sins were atoned for, she was already wounded in love.

Two days later, snow fell from the sky. Taking advantage of the fact that Ariella had not yet returned, Kisa decided to visit Madalyn, Gilbert's grandmother, who treated her the best in the world besides her mother. She just wanted to see the kind lady before she died.

Gilbert put his grandmother in a villa at the foot of the mountain and hired many servants so that his grandmother could recuperate in a quiet environment. He went to spend time with her almost every day, sometimes bringing Andrew and Ada with him. Kelvin also often went to check on Madalyn's health.

Kisa got Madalyn's address through Andrew. But when she arrived at the entrance of the villa, the bodyguards would not let her in.

"We are sorry, lady. No one except for George, Dr. Hoover, and Miss Case may enter. Unless with Mr. Kooper's permission."

'Miss Case? Sharon? Heh! It seems that Sharon has a place in the heart of that man.' But thinking about Sharon's malicious look, she suddenly doubted what had happened back then.' If Sara didn't go into hiding on purpose, and she didn't hurt Mrs. Kooper Sr., then Sharon would be the biggest suspect. After all, Sharon was the one who benefited the most from getting rid of her and Sara, wasn't she?' But these were only her guesses. If you wanted to find out the truth, she still had to collect concrete evidence. With the thought of her only having a year left to live, she became despondent.

"Even I can't go in?" Andrew said, looking displeased.

One bodyguard hurriedly said respectfully, "Of course you can go in, but not this lady."

"She is my aunt, my father's best friend. She is accompanying me to see my great grandmother today."

"But Mr. Kooper said that if there is no order from him

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"I don't care. I'm just going to take her in today, and I will take the blame if anything happens. "Good thing Andrew came with her. At Andrew's insistence, the bodyguards finally opened the door and let them in. Andrew led Kisa to a room on the second floor.

“Ma’am, my great-grandmother is inside. Go ahead and see her.” Kisa nodded. “Don’t wander off. I will see your great-grandmother for just a while and take you back.”

“Okay. I will just play in the garden.” After Andrew went downstairs, Kisa stood outside the room for a moment before pushing the door open. As she walked in, she saw the skinny lady lying on the bed with tubes all over her body. Tears immediately fell down her face.

Madalyn was such a kind and elegant person, but now she was bedridden, and that saddened Kisa. She slowly walked to the bedside, covering her mouth and holding back her tears.

“She did not scheme against my grandson. She is my grandson’s fiancée. They are in love. If you denigrate my grandson’s wife again, I will not tolerate it again.” “Don’t you worry, Kisa. If Gilbert doesn’t treat you well, I will spank him myself.” “You must take good care of yourself, Kisa. I can’t wait to have a great-grandson.” All the good Madalyn had shown her came back to her, making her sob uncontrollably. She gripped Madalyn’s hand and called out, “Mrs. Kooper Sr., wake up. It is me, Kisa. Can you open your eyes and look at me?” She cried and crouched beside the bed. “Wake up. Wake up and tell me what happened that day. What did you want to ask me?” But as soon as Kisa’s cries subsided, the instrument next to her suddenly buzzed with a nerve-racking sound.

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Chapter 70 Why Don’t You Just Die? Kisa was startled and looked at the bedside instruments in a panic.

The electrocardiogram was flashing a red alarm light. As the nerve-racking alarm sounded, doctors and nurses rushed at once.

Kisa was so anxious that her face turned pale. She asked a doctor, “What’s wrong with Mrs. kooper Sr.?”

Suddenly, a powerful force grabbed her by the wrist. When she looked up, her eyes met Gilbert’s icy, resentful gaze. She did not even know when Gilbert had come over.

“Kelvin, save my grandmother.” With that, Gilbert yanked kisa out of the room and dumped her unceremoniously onto the snow. He hated her to the core. “Why won’t you leave her alone after what Grandma has become?”

“I did not. I did nothing to your grandmother.”

“Grandma’s condition has always been stable. If you hadn’t done something to her, how would the instrument have sounded its alarm?”

His furious roar left her speechless. Kisa shook her head helplessly, as she had done five years ago, unable to defend herself.

“Kisa, why don’t you just die?” Gilbert grabbed her by the collar, causing her face to turn red. Looking at her ugly red face, he wished he could cut her to pieces. “I told you before that Grandma will not wake up. Are you still afraid that she will wake up and expose you? You even went so far to make use of Andrew. What else do you know besides using a child?”

“I didn’t...” Kisa spoke with difficulty but firmly. But no matter how vehemently she denied and argued, it was still useless. After today’s incident, the man would be even more convinced that she was the one who hurt his grandmother.

Seeing his extreme hatred toward her, she suddenly burst out laughing. “Why don’t you ever look into it carefully? Grandma treated me so well. What motive did I have to hurt her?”

“Because you are heartless. You are vicious. You are sinister and vicious to the core.” With that, he threw her to the ground forcefully. “You’d better pray Grandma survives, or I will make sure you die along with her. I mean it this time.”

Kisa fell hard on the snow, her body shaking violently from the cough. And because of the coughing and the icy wind, her internal organs hurt so much that they felt like exploding. She curled up in pain and looked at the man’s back, wanting to laugh, but her rolling tears kept falling down. ‘I did not hurt Grandma. Why does everyone refuse to believe me? Why?’

In the room, Madalyn’s condition had finally stabilized, and all the medical instruments were showing normal. Gilbert stared at the skinny lady on the bed, his heart filled with sadness. Kelvin put away the stethoscope and said to him, “Don’t worry. Mrs. Kooper Sr. is fine.”

“What just happened?” As his grandmother had never been in such a situation before, he thought it must be the wicked woman who did it.

Kelvin looked at his hate-filled face and sighed. “I think you probably misunderstood that woman this time.”

Gilbert frowned at him.

Kelvin said. “I checked. There are no injuries on Mrs. Kooper Sr., and the instruments are all functioning normally. So she has done nothing to Mrs. Kooper Sr. just now.”

“Then how did the instrument sound the alarm?”

“Maybe Mrs. Kooper Sr. reacted to that woman’s voice, or maybe the instrument malfunctioned.”

Gilbert said nothing, his expression tense. Kelvin remembered he had just seen Gilbert drag Kisa outside, and he could not help but ask, “By the way, where did you bring that woman to just now? I think you can let her stay with Mrs. Kooper Sr. more. If Mrs. Kooper Sr. really reacts to her voice, then she might wake her up.”

“Even if she did nothing to Grandma this time, it doesn’t mean that she didn’t injure her. If she knew there was a chance that Grandma would wake up, she might kill her right away.” Gilbert only said this with a frosty face after a long moment of silence.

Kelvin listened and shook his head. “Alright. I’m not going to say anything good for that woman, either. You can think what you like, as long as you don’t blame me later on.”

Gilbert snorted.

Just then, Andrew rushed in. “Daddy, where’s Ma’am? Where did you take her to? Why is there so much blood on the snow outside the door? Where is Ma’am?”