

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan Chapter 71

Chapter 71 Is This Blood Real?

Why is there so much blood on the snow outside the door?' Gilbert was shocked and rushed out with no hesitation.

Outside the door, the woman was nowhere to be seen, just a large puddle of shockingly gross blood on the snow.

Kelvin and Andrew had also come running out after him. Andrew tugged at Gilbert's coat and asked anxiously, "Daddy, where did Ma'am go? Is this blood really Ma'am's?" "No." Gilbert replied patiently. But Andrew was apparently not convinced. "If it's not Ma'am's, then whose is it? I just saw you dragging her out, Daddy. What did you do to her? I want Ma'am." He started to cry. "That is enough." Gilbert bellowed, but his eyes were on the puddle of blood.

When he saw Gilbert's bad mood, Kelvin hurriedly took Andrew, who was on the verge of tears, over to him and said in a gentle voice, "Don't worry. Your ma'am will be fine." With that, he asked the maid to take him inside.

"Kelvin, do you think the blood is real?" Gilbert asked in a sudden murmur as he stared at the blood after Andrew had entered the house.

Kelvin sighed with his hands digging into his pockets. "You might as well just ask me if the blood was that woman's."

Gilbert suddenly became silent.

Kelvin looked at him helplessly. "Do you really not believe that woman is dying, or do you not want to believe it and would rather lie to yourself?" "Is she really dying?" Gilbert suddenly looked at him, his dark eyes looking frightening,

But Kelvin did not know how to answer that question. After all, he had promised Kisa that he would not tell Gilbert about her condition. After thinking about it for a moment, he simply waved his hand. "How would I know? It is not like I have examined her."

As Kelvin finished speaking, Gilbert suddenly and inexplicably smiled again and said to himself, "I guess this is just another one of her tricks to gain sympathy. How could she get up and leave if she had really vomited so much blood? She always likes that, using tricks to gain sympathy when she does something wrong." Kelvin looked at him with a thoughtful expression. For some reason, he somehow felt pity for Gilbert.

Ever since Kisa had left a puddle of blood on the snow, it was as if she had vanished- Gilbert called her phone many times, but there was no answer. By nightfall, the men who had been sent out to look for her had returned, but there was no sign of Kisa. He

even sent out a search of all the hospital admissions in Calthon, but still nothing. He swept the papers off his desk in a hurry and sneered. "Heh, every time she does something wrong, she wants to get away with it. Does she really think she can get away with it?" Seeing his heaving chest bleed again, Davian said, "Mr. Kooper, don't be angry. Be careful of

your wound." Gilbert took a deep breath and said, "Keep looking. "Aye." Davian carefully left. Just as he left the room and bumped into Kelvin, he started complaining "Mr. Kooper looks so terrified like he is going to kill someone. How can Mrs. Kooper not go into hiding?" Kelvin glanced into the study room and saw Gilbert leaning back in his chair, smoking. Shrouded in the smoke was a face that could not be graver. He shook his head helplessly and said, "Perhaps Gilbert didn't even realize that he was so desperate to find the woman, but only to confirm that she was still alive."

"Huh?" Davian was none the wiser. Kelvin tugged at him impatiently. "Come on. Leave him alone. Let's go for a drink." The following day, noon— George pushed open the door to his study room and almost choked on the smell of smoke. He saw Gilbert lean back in his chair with his eyes closed and the ashtray on his desk littered with cigarette butts. George said cautiously, "Robert, the director for Goddess of My Adoration, is here and says he wants to see you about something important." "Send him in."

As his voice trailed off, Robert Russell, a slightly chubby middle-aged man, cautiously walked in. "Mr. Kooper, it is still about the second male lead. I just can't find a suitable replacement for the role." "Suit yourself." Gilbert opened his eyes slowly, his cold, cavernous eyes frightening Robert. Robert rubbed his hands together and said with a smile. "Then I will stick with Howard then."

"Whatever."

Robert had not expected Gilbert to be so accommodating and, thinking about the news this morning, he said flatteringly, "Mr. Kooper, you were smart enough to guess that by casting Howard as the second male, the breaking news this morning would give us free publicity for the drama."

Gilbert frowned. "What news?"

Robert was surprised. "Don't you know about it, Mr. Kooper?" With that, he hurriedly took a newspaper out of his coat pocket and handed it to Gilbert respectfully.

Gilbert's face sank as he read the headlines.

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Chapter 72 Breaking News (A woman resembling the wife of GK Pictures's CEO has an affair with an actor)

The headline caught his eye, which reddened with a murderous look inside. Below the headline was several pictures, the first few of which showed the snowy ground outside the villa as the background, and in the picture, a young man, ostensibly Howard, was carrying Kisa in his arms. The last picture was a comparison of two photos: Kisa's current state versus her look from five years ago. The two photos had been deliberately zoomed in, and those two pairs of eyebrows looked almost identical.

Seeing the article in front of him, Gilbert tore up the paper, his handsome face grave. "Davian!" he called out.

Davian came rushing in, looking a little groggy, obviously having just woken up. Gilbert glared at him. "I'm surprised you didn't deal with it first when news like this came out.

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Davian looked at the scraps of newspaper on the floor, his face turning pale with anxiety. "I-I have just found out about it, too." He blamed it on Kelvin in his mind, as Kelvin brought him to drink last night, causing him to oversleep. "Drinking really can ruin things," he thought to himself. "I-I'm going to get someone putting a lid on it now." He tried to remedy the situation.

"It's too late." Gilbert snapped coldly. Looking at the two men's unusual expressions, Robert was alarmed, and he asked cautiously, "Mr. Kooper, what is wrong? Isn't this news a good thing for us? It gives the drama a good deal of hype, and it is free."

"Is that so?" Gilbert's icy glare sent a chill up Robert's spine. He suddenly remembered something and said, "Mr. Kooper, you mind that this woman looks like your late wife?"

Gilbert said nothing this time, his face horribly grave.

Seeing this, Robert could confirm his suspicion. "You don't mind, as everyone knows this woman is not your wife. How can she be your wife when she is so ugly and, at most has a slight resemblance to your wife? The media are deliberately using this headline to get attention, so you can let it be. The more buzz it gets, the more publicity the drama will gain."

As Gilbert's face was getting even frostier, Davian hurriedly said to Robert, "All right. If there is nothing else, leave us now."

Robert had only come for the role of Howard, and now that he had achieved his goal, he really did not want to spend any more time in front of this surly man. So he hurriedly nodded his head. "Okay, I will leave now."

The news really pissed Gilbert off. As Davian saw the wound on Gilbert's chest bleed again, he hurriedly called Kelvin over.

Gilbert stared at the scraps of newspaper on the floor and laughed grimly. "No wonder I could not find her. It turns out she is hiding out with the pretty boy. How could I forget about this pretty boy?"

"Mr. Kooper-" "She will do anything to make this pretty boy famous." Davian stared at Gilbert's frosty scowl for a moment, not really knowing what to say. He had a vague feeling that something was fishy about the story, but he did not dare speak up for Kisa in front of Gilbert.

In a cottage, somewhere remote—

Kisa was alarmed when she woke up in the dark and unfamiliar surroundings.

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Chapter 73 Her Life is Not Worth Anything. 'Where is this place? Hadn't I fainted after Gilbert threw me on the snow? And who saved me?' Kisa sat up in bed slowly and looked around her cautiously. At that moment, there was the sound of a door opening. Startled, she scrambled to lie down and pretend to sleep. As the door opened, someone she was familiar with walked in, but she could not see who the person was because of the poor lighting. It was only when the person switched on the light in the room that she saw it was Howard.

"It is you?" She exclaimed in surprise.

Howard looked at her with relief. "You are awake. I brought you some food. Get up and eat it while it is warm."

Kisa got out of bed, puzzled. "Why am I here? Where is this place?"

"I was walking through a snowy field when I found you passed out on the ground, so I brought you here." Howard looked around and continued. "This isn't my place. I had to put you in this out-of-the-way place because of the morning news. Otherwise, those reporters would have gone ape again if they found out you were in my house." "The morning news?" Kisa furrowed her brow involuntarily, feeling uneasy.

A flash of guilt appeared on Howard's face. "It was my fault for not noticing the paparazzi around when I saved you." "Let me see the news." Her instincts told her there was something serious going on. Howard took out a newspaper and handed it to her. As if to reassure her, he said, "I think the media is just making things up. They are just trying to get attention." The more he said this, the more panicked Kisa became. She tensed up as she opened the newspaper. After reading just one headline, her face went, and she said emotionally, "How could this happen? Who wrote this story? It is simply nonsense." "Absolutely. Those unscrupulous media are writing pure nonsense for the sake of readership." Howard chimed in.

Kisa tried desperately to hold her composure. "When did this come out in the news?"

"Seven in the morning, and it is now two in the afternoon."

"So, Gilbert should have had this news suppressed." Given Gilbert's ability and way of doing things, he would have had it suppressed as soon as it came out.

But Howard just shook his head. "This story is only getting more viral."

"How?" Kisa looked at him incredulously. 'With Gilbert's ability, he would have been able to squash the story when it first came out. That the story is now gaining momentum means that Gilbert has never intended to suppress it in the first place, or that he has deliberately let it be. But what is his purpose in doing so? It wouldn't do him any good, would it? It would make him and GK Pictures the subject of gossip.' As he thought about it, her phone rang. It was Ariella calling, "Are you dead? You didn't even pick me up from the airport when I returned. But that is okay. What pisses me is that I have been back for a day and you are nowhere to be found. You really think you are the wife of GK Pictures's CEO because the media

wrote so? Get you *ss to the set right now."

Ariella's abuse came as soon as she answered the call. Kisa could only rush to the set to deal with Ariella first. When she hung up the phone, she saw many missed calls, all from Gilbert. 'He has never been so eager to see me before. Is it because of her grandmother or the news?'

As her thoughts wandered, Howard suddenly asked, "Did Ariella call you on set again?" Kisa nodded. "I will have to go anyway, as I'm her assistant." "Then we will go over together," Howard said. Kisa was startled, thinking he was going to give her a lift, and declined. "No, I will just go by myself lest the press will get pictures of me and write crap again." "Okay. You go ahead, and I will be there later. Anyway, I have been given a notice from the set that I have to be there at four o'clock."

"The set sent you a notice?" Kisa froze for a moment. "I thought you'd already..."

Howard also looked puzzled. "I'm also wondering. Mr. Kooper has obviously stripped me of my role as the second male, but just today, he informed the director that I would continue to play the second male, and I don't know if it has anything to do with today's news."

Kisa stared at him in amazement, and something suddenly came to mind. After a long silence, she smiled sarcastically. 'What I could not even get back with my life, a benefit compromised that man. I knew it; my life isn't worth anything in his eyes.'

Because of the terrible feeling, Kisa simply took a few bites of food and then was ready to go to the set. Just as she stepped out of the cottage, a group of reporters suddenly swarmed over.

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Chapter 74 Will you take me away? Kisa stepped back in horror but was quickly surrounded. She was wearing a hat, and her face was covered with a scarf, but the reporters still recognized her.

At that moment, the cloudy sky was raining, but the reporters did not seem to be bothered by it. They surrounded her and kept asking questions. "Miss Watson, are you really the Kisa Watson back then?" "Does Mr. Kooper know your true identity? Did Mr. Kooper forgive you for what you did to him back then?"

"Miss Watson, please answer. What is your relationship with Howard?" "Miss Watson, what happened in that fire in prison back then, and how did you survive it?"

"You deliberately put out the news that you were the wife of GK's CEO. Why are you refusing to admit it now?"

The camera flashes, and the noise of pursuing reporters made her dizzy. Kisa tried to get away, but there was no way out. She covered her ears and hissed for them to stop filming and asking questions, but her yell was soon drowned out by the noise of the barrage of questions and the cold sound of the shutter.

Suddenly, her back hit a wall of muscles, and a familiar scent came. Kisa looked up and saw Gilbert behind her. She subconsciously grabbed the corner of his shirt as if it were her lifeline. "Take me away. I don't want to stay here. Will you take me away?"

As the icy wind blew the silk scarf off her head, Gilbert stared indifferently at her pale, ugly face. After a long moment, he plucked away her fingers, one by one, coldly.

Kisa took two steps back and looked at him in disbelief. 'How foolish I have been to rely on him at this point in my life to think that he would come to my rescue.' The chilly wind and rain kept beating on her body. She was nearly completely soaked. She hugged herself tightly, her body shivering. Gilbert glanced at her indifferently and raised his voice at the reporters. "Do you all really think she is my wife?" His voice was so penetrating that the reporters fell silent at his words. He then smirked and looked at the reporters with mocking eyes, exuding a sense of authority.

After a long while, one reporter finally plucked up his courage to ask, "There is no smoke without fire. If she is not your wife, then why does she look almost identical to your wife?" "Well, there are many similar-looking people in this world. Is everyone who resembles my wife?"

Another reporter asked, "But if she is not related to you in any way, why has she been outside the villa where your grandmother lives?"

"She is just one of the Kooper family maids, and it is not surprising that she is looking after Grandma."

The reporters looked on in disbelief at how composed Gilbert answered their questions. After a long moment, they turned their attention to Kisa.

"Miss Watson, is it true that you are just a maid in their family?"

Kisa nodded without hesitation, her lean, trembling body seemingly ready to fall over at any moment.

"And what, may I ask, is your relationship with Mr. Howard? One is at least an actor, and you are just a maid. Why are you two behaving so intimately and flirtatiously?"

"I don't have any special relationship with Howard. He just happened to save me."

A journalist instantly retorted. "It was reported that you two were acting all lovey-dovey on set. That doesn't seem to make sense, does it?"

Gilbert gave Kisa an icy stare, and Kisa did not answer, just clutching the corner of her coat. The more silent she was, the more the reporters pressed her.

People could do horrible things like making up nonsense and lies. Faced with the reporters' intense questioning, Kisa looked at Gilbert again and saw his cold, indifferent expression.

At that moment, a man suddenly burst into the crowd.

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Chapter 75 A Trap The man was no other than Howard. Without a word, he drew Kisa into his arms to protect her.

Kisa was too weak to resist and could just stare at him, dumbfounded. Her mind was a muddle, and she could not understand why reporters had suddenly taken pictures of her and Howard. She also did not know what their intention was in publishing such a news story. If it was just a means for a certain newspaper to shore up its circulation and make money, it still could not explain why they would suddenly target her and Howard. After all, no outsiders knew she was Gilbert's wife yet. She felt as if an invisible hand was pushing her into a trap, which would implicate many people, including Gilbert. Because of Howard and Gilbert's presence, the reporters became even more frantic at asking all kinds of aggressive questions. But Gilbert just kept a cool eye on everything. Howard said to the reporters, "Please don't make things difficult for Miss Watson. She and I are

just friends, and we are only working together on the set. It is normal for us to take care of each other.”

“We know she is Ariella’s assistant, and you and her don’t have a direct working relationship. Yet there were people on the set who saw you guys behave intimately. How do you explain that?”

“Besides, she is also the maid of the Kooper family. Did you approach her for any other reason?”

Gilbert stared at Howard and sneered, as if he had seen through everything.

Seeing Gilbert grimace, Howard’s heart skipped a beat. But he still calmly said to the reporters, “First, I did not know that Miss Watson is the Kooper family maid; in fact, the people on the set probably misunderstood, because Miss Watson resembles my deceased sister, so I took extra care of her. I hope the media will stop making things up.” But those reporters were still relentless. When Howard saw Kisa’s expression, he hurriedly brought her to leave. “Sorry, Miss Watson is not feeling well. Please ask next time if you have questions.”

As he was about to squeeze through the crowd with Kisa in his arms, Gilbert suddenly stopped them, and all the camera flashes went off at once at that moment. This was going to make it to the headline tomorrow.

Davian, standing by, became worried. What is going on with Mr. Kooper? Isn’t he here to put out the fire? How come it feels like he is adding fuel to the fire?’

Howard looked at Gilbert respectfully. “Mr. Kooper, what are you doing?”

Gilbert shot the woman in Howard’s arms a glance and said, “She is a Kooper family maid. Not to mention she hasn’t fulfilled her duty yet. Let’s take this news, for instance; she can’t be exonerated of the suspicion. Do you think you can take her away?”

Howard immediately frowned in disbelief. “What do you mean by that? You don’t suspect that she is the one who set up this story, do you?” “It is not impossible when she wants to make you famous,” Gilbert said casually, but it sounded heartless and ironic to Kisa’s ears.

Davian saw that the situation was getting out of hand and hurriedly pulled Kisa over, then said to the reporters aloud, “We still have to investigate this matter, so we can only take this woman back to the Kooper family. I hope the media won’t speculate before things are clear.”

The car had driven a long way, and Kisa still felt her head buzzing with the noise of the reporters. She slumped into the seat, exhausted, unable to say a word. Neither Gilbert said anything. The atmosphere in the cabin felt depressing and suffocating.

When they arrived back at the Kooper residence, Kisa was walking to her room absentmindedly when Gilbert dragged her into the study room.