

# Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

## Chapter 1541-1545

### Chapter 1541

That fateful day, if he had not pushed her away for Sara's sake, the child growing inside her might have been born safely. The memory of the unborn child caused a mist to form in the corners of his eyes. The truth was, he had driven her away not because of Sara, but because he could not bear to face her. After discovering the horrific truth about his parents' untimely death, he was haunted by vivid images of the accident. He knew he should not blame her, and he did not. But as she had once said, it was like a persistent thorn lodged in his heart, impossible to remove.

He felt the need to step back, to give himself time to extract that painful thorn. Yet, he could not bring himself to let her go. He knew deep down that he could not live without her. So, he fought desperately to hold onto her, gripping her tightly. Even if it meant both of them would end up in anguish, he could not bear to let go of her.

He leaned back in his chair, lost in thought for a long while before finally starting the car again.

Kisa slept deeply; her dreams filled with a heavy silence. When she woke up, she was momentarily disoriented, staring blankly at the clouds for what felt like an eternity before realizing she was in a car. The driver's seat was empty, and the back seat was equally vacant. Her heart raced as she sat up straight, scanning the scenery outside.

To her amazement, she was greeted by a breathtaking sea of flowers. It was April, and the flowers were in full, vibrant bloom. Gilbert stood in the heart of the flower field, his gaze fixed on the horizon. As she slowly stepped out of the car, she recognized the field as the one Gilbert had tenderly planted for her before. She had not expected the sea of flowers to still be there, only now with a different variety of blossoms.

She approached Gilbert, her voice soft. "Did you drop the kids off at school? H  
"Yep." Gilbert nodded, turning to gently take her hand.

She tried to resist his touch, but ultimately failed and decided to just give in.

In the distance, a flower farmer diligently watered the plants, his movements both busy and fulfilled. Gilbert led her through the enchanting sea of flowers.

"You know, the world is still a truly beautiful place."

Kisa let herself be guided by him.

In the distance, majestic mountains and a river stood alongside sprawling fields. The soothing, delightful breeze of March and April enveloped them in a tender embrace.

The trees and grass during this season were at their most vibrant and lush. Indeed, just as he had said, the world remained a beautiful place, as long as they chose not to dwell on the heartaches of the past.

Nestled in the center of the sea of flowers was a charming grass hut.

Gilbert guided her inside, and she remained mostly silent, her aura tinged with melancholy.

With a slight tremble in his voice, Gilbert suggested, "Let's start over."

This time, without waiting for her refusal, he hurriedly continued.

"Please, let's at least try. I know you are worried about that thorn lodged in my heart,

but you have to give me time. I believe that if we can overcome this hurdle, we will be just fine.'

His eyes shimmered with hope and sincerity.

Kisa averted her gaze, the storm of emotions inside her overwhelming. It was not that she did not trust him; it was just that her feelings for him had become a tangled web of guilt, love, and resentment. Sometimes, when people find themselves trapped in a dead-end, they do not know how to escape, just like how she did not know how to interact with him now.

With tears threatening to spill, she forced a smile and whispered, "To be honest, right now, when I look at you, I feel like a sinner."

Gilbert's heart plummeted. He realized that his efforts alone might not be enough.

At that very moment, the flower farmer ambled over, a watering can strapped to his back. He was a kind-looking gentleman in his sixties. Gazing at them with warmth, he reminisced.

"Youth is truly wonderful. There are still so many things you can do, and even regrets can be mended. Seeing you two brings me back to my younger days. I, too, once invited the person I loved to admire the flowers. Alas, we ended up parting ways because of a misunderstanding. Now, when I think back, my heart aches with regret. A regret that can never be undone," the flower farmer murmured to himself, offering them a bittersweet smile before strolling away.

Kisa cast her eyes downward, the haunting word 'regret' echoing relentlessly in her mind.

## Chapter 1542

The most profound sorrow comes from realizing you have reached an age where regrets can no longer be mended.

Kisa stared at the bent silhouette of the flower farmer and, suddenly, it was as if a revelation dawned upon her.

Turning to the man beside her, she whispered, "Let's... give it a try."

Gilbert shuddered, his eyes brimming with excitement. "What did you say?"

"Let's... try to be together again."

In an instant, Gilbert pulled her into a fierce embrace. "As long as you're willing to start over with me, I believe that everything will get better."

Kisa did not dwell on the future. As she gazed at the clouds on the horizon, she was struck by the vibrant, endless blue. It felt as if her world had suddenly burst into brilliant light.

On their way back, Gilbert asked Davian to pick up the children and bring them to the Kooper residence. Meanwhile, he and Kisa discussed their upcoming vacation. He wanted to take her away, just the two of them, to clear their minds and find solace. He asked Kisa where she would like to go. She dreamily spoke of places with mountains, water, and eternal spring. Gilbert's mind immediately leaped to a magical spot in the south.

He said, "I know of a quaint town in the south where it's like spring all year round.

There are majestic mountains, crystal-clear waters, and ancient buildings. The streets and alleys are adorned with flowers, and the scenery is breathtaking. You will fall in love with it."

As Gilbert painted a vivid picture, Kisa could almost see the enchanting landscape. She nodded. "Yes, let's go there."

"Alright, I will book the plane tickets as soon as we get back, and we will leave tomorrow."

"Perfect." Kisa's smile warmed him, and for the first time in days, her once lifeless eyes sparkled with a hint of hope.

Gilbert gazed deeply into her eyes, his heart swelling with tenderness. He was certain they would overcome this, and together, they would find happiness.

The moment the car arrived at the apartment building, Kisa's gentle smile evaporated. A fragile, slender figure stood at the entrance—it was Sara. She had lost a noticeable amount of weight and wore an ethereal white gown. The breeze flirted with the fabric, amplifying her delicate, waif-like appearance.

Gilbert's brow creased, his expression growing somber. Clutching Kisa's hand, he reassured her in a hushed voice.

"There's nothing between Sara and me."

Kisa offered him an understanding smile and held her silence. His earnest explanation was enough to confirm his detachment from Sara. She decided not to reveal Sara's misdeeds, as without evidence, her words would have little impact.

Gilbert stepped out of the car, guiding Kisa toward Sara. Unwavering, Sara's gaze locked on their entwined hands, her eyes welling up with tears, making her look heartbreakingly vulnerable.

Seeing them return, Kelvin bolted out of the car. He cast a glance at their joined hands, his brow furrowing in disapproval, but he held his tongue. Despite his lingering resentment toward Kisa for Madalyn's death, he knew Gilbert was smitten. As long as Gilbert found happiness, nothing else truly mattered, 1

He spared a sympathetic look for the distraught Sara before telling Gilbert. "Sara's been searching for you for days. She has been crying nonstop, pleading for me to bring her to you. I was worried that her relentless sorrow would take a toll on her health, especially with her injuries still healing, so I relented."

Gilbert's gaze fell upon Sara, his voice cool and detached. "What brings you to me?" Sara bit her lip, staying mute. Her eyes, filled with unshed tears and a sense of injustice, remained fixed on Gilbert.

Unable to suppress a soft laugh, Kisa addressed Gilbert.

"You two take your time to talk; I'll go on ahead upstairs."

## Chapter 1543

As Kisa started to walk away, she was suddenly pulled back into place.

Gilbert firmly held her hand once again, addressing Sara. "You were injured while saving me, so in a way, I owe you my life. Tell me what you want. If it's within my means, I'll give it to you."

Sara's voice caught in her throat, her expression growing even more heartwrenching. Tears streamed down her face as she asked him, "Do you really believe I saved you just to receive something in return? After all these years, haven't you figured out how I feel about you?"

"Initially, you helped me. Later, to save you from trouble, I became your boyfriend in name only. You know very well that we never shared a deeper connection," he

recounted.

Back in school, he had accidentally misplaced the birthday gift Kisa had given him. Sara found it, and to show his gratitude, he promised to do her a favor. Not long after, she asked him to become her boyfriend in name only, claiming she was overwhelmed by her numerous admirers, which affected her studies. He had initially refused, but after overhearing Kisa and Jensen's conversation under a tree, he mistakenly believed Kisa had ulterior motives for trying to please him. In a fit of anger, he agreed to be Sara's nominal boyfriend.

Time flew by, and he never imagined that Sara would still be fixated on that verbal agreement. When she disappeared years ago, he mistakenly thought it was Kisa's doing and was filled with guilt, which led him to search for Sara relentlessly. He did not harbor any romantic feelings for Sara, and this should have been clarified long ago. 1 With a distant gaze, he looked at the woman before him.

"I'll give you a sum of money. Use it to live your life to the fullest."

"No. I can't..." Sara sobbed, her voice cracking with heartache, "I can't live without you. These past years have been a living hell for me, and I've only clung to life to see you again. If I don't have you, what is the point of living?"

Gilbert's face sank. He turned to Kelvin and said, "Take her back home. Her injuries should heal soon. You don't have to go out of your way to treat her anymore. Focus on spending time with Gracie instead."

Kelvin nodded, then tugged at Sara. "Let's go. Gilbert married years ago, and even his children have already grown up. It's time for you to move on."

"Enough! All of you are so happy now, except for me, just me..." Sara's voice trembled as she pointed at Kisa. "She caused the death of so many people, even your loved ones. How can she still be happy? The death of your parents, your grandmother-"

"Enough!" Gilbert roared, his voice thundering with anger. He looked at Kisa's pale face, worry flickering in his eyes. When he turned to Sara, his gaze was sharp and icy. "I'm warning you, not another word."

## Chapter 1544

Kisa rushed into the elevator, her weakened body nearly causing her to stumble.

Kelvin swiftly followed, catching her just in time.

"When was the last time you ate? You can hardly stand!"

Kisa leaned against the elevator wall for support, her silence unwavering. Observing her icy demeanor, Kelvin chuckled nervously and refrained from making any further jokes. He trailed her into the apartment, his eyes glued to her fragile figure, suddenly unsure of what to say. He had come to escape the tension downstairs and to warn this woman against hurting Gilbert's heart anymore. But confronted by her cold and distant attitude, he could not muster any harsh words.

Especially when his gaze fell on her flat stomach, he was overwhelmed with pity for her.

'The baby was so close to being born – it's heartbreaking,' he thought.

Upon entering, Kisa immediately sought refuge in her room, but Kelvin stubbornly blocked the door, preventing her from closing it.

"Kisa, what's with the sudden silence?"

It was true; since losing the baby, she had seemed like an entirely different person.

Kisa slowly met his gaze, her voice devoid of emotion as she asked, 'What do you want me to say?'

"No, I just thought we could chat for a while."

"Has Gracie given birth?"

Kelvin was caught off guard; she had immediately started chatting with him. Thinking of Gracie and the baby, his eyes instantly softened. "Yeah, she had a girl. Gilbert and I have already arranged a betrothal between our kids. We will see if it is Andrew or Blake in the end-'

"The baby's only a few months old, right? Shouldn't you be going back to help Gracie take care of the child?" Kisa interjected, her face remaining expressionless.

Kelvin's expression shifted to one of dismay as he lamented.

"I would absolutely love to care for our baby – she's irresistibly adorable and soft – but Gracie is fiercely protective of our little girl and won't even let me lay a finger on her. She says I've been spending too much time with Sara and doubts my devotion. Can you imagine? I'm only treating Sara because Gilbert asked me to, and if it weren't for the fact that she saved Gilbert, I wouldn't even bother with her. Wouldn't it be wonderful to be constantly surrounded by my wife and child?"

His eyes gleamed at the thought of Gracie and their baby.

'Their child is born into a world of happiness – how truly fortunate. Unlike my own unborn, pitiful baby.'

Kisa's eyes darkened, and she turned away to sit in a wicker chair by the window, her silence engulfing her once more.

Kelvin followed her, his gaze filled with puzzlement.

"What's bothering you now?"

Kisa remained quiet.

Losing patience, Kelvin put on a stern face and said, "I came up here to warn you not to wound Gilbert's heart any further. The fact that he's willing to overlook the deaths of his parents and grandmother for you is a testament to the depth of his love for you." 3

Kisa's eyes met his, devoid of emotion. "So, his heart must be tormented as well, particularly when he reflects on his parents' tragic deaths.'

Furrowing his brow, Kelvin replied, "No, that's not what I was trying to say-"

"I'm tormented too. When I face him, a relentless voice inside me accuses me of being a sinner – an unforgivable sinner."

Her eyes, which had momentarily regained some of their sparkle, gradually became lifeless once more.

Growing increasingly uneasy, Kelvin felt as though he had unintentionally sabotaged Gilbert's happiness. He hurriedly changed the subject. 2

"Hey, didn't you always insist that Sara was the real villain, the one responsible for Gilbert's grandmother's death? Why have you stopped saying that?"

"Would you believe me even if I told you?" Kisa asked, her face still devoid of expression.

Kelvin chuckled nervously, realizing their conversation had reached an impasse.

Just then, the sound of urgent footsteps echoed from outside.

Chapter 1545

"Kelvin! Kelvin!"



A wave of panic laced Gilbert's voice as it echoed through the room. With urgency, Kelvin sprang to his feet and rushed outside. "What happened? Why did she faint again?"

"I don't know. You need to examine her."

Outside, the frantic voices of the two men filled the air. Kisa, hugging her knees, sat in a daze for a moment before slowly rising and making her way out.

Sara had collapsed, her slender frame sprawled on the couch. Her injuries peppered her lower back, arms, and shoulders. The numerous wounds covered a vast area. Months had passed since the explosion, yet her injuries stubbornly refused to heal. The festering wounds created a grotesque sight from afar.

Seeing her wounds in this state for the first time, surprise flickered across Gilbert's face, followed by a deep scowl. "Weren't you treating her? Why-"

"I'm at a loss myself. These are superficial injuries, nothing I can't handle. I've regularly provided her with ointments and reminded her to avoid water and rain..."

His voice trailed off, struck by a sudden realization.

"My God! I saw her standing in the rain the other day. She might have been purposely exposing herself to the elements and allowing her wounds to fester all this time, just to gain your sympathy. These wounds should have healed by now."

Gilbert's brow furrowed, and he stared at the woman on the couch in silence.

Kelvin sighed. "She's relentless. Regardless, she suffered these injuries saving you. You should seriously consider how to care for her."

Visibly agitated, Gilbert yanked at his tie. As he turned, he noticed Kisa standing at the doorway, her face devoid of emotion as she stared their way. He strode over and clasped her hand.

"You know I have no feelings for her. I just owe her my life."

'No, you don't owe her a thing. In fact, she has caused you harm on multiple occasions.' But Kisa kept these thoughts to herself. Without solid evidence, speaking ill of this woman would only backfire.

With a calm resolve, she uttered, "Let her stay."

Gilbert's brow furrowed deeper, a clear sign of his internal struggle.

Unable to bear the sight, Kisa gently reached out to smooth his furrowed brow.

"Let her stay, if only to prevent her from using self-harm as a way to emotionally manipulate you."

"Yes, yes. Kisa has a valid point." Kelvin hastily agreed. "If Sara can't see you, she might resort to self-harm. It's better to keep her close. Once her wounds heal, you can have an honest conversation or even ask her to leave."

Gilbert's expression remained clouded with worry.

His deep gaze locked onto Kisa. "You know, we were about to go on that trip."

"It seems that's no longer possible."

Gilbert's grip on her hand tightened suddenly. "But we just agreed-"

"Let's address her situation first." Kisa suggested, casting a glance toward the couch.