

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

Chapter 1546-1550

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan Chapter 1546

Gilbert raised his hand to knock, then hesitated and lowered it, caught in a loop of uncertainty. After the third time, he steeled himself and knocked softly. Silence answered him. His eyes brimmed with a somber darkness, heavy with sorrow.

“I know you’re not asleep yet; you just can’t bear to face me.”

At this late hour, Kisa lay wide awake. Insomnia had become her frequent companion, and he was all too aware of it. As the darkness in his eyes deepened, any lingering light vanished. A quiet, bitter laugh escaped his lips, and he began to turn away. Just then, the door cracked open ever so slightly.

Kisa concealed herself in the shadows, her heart aching with grief, confusion, and helplessness. Yet, redemption seemed out of reach.

The night was eerily silent, their breaths the only sound echoing in the darkness.

Gilbert wrapped her in a tender, protective embrace. They lay entwined, bodies pressed close, yet it felt like an abyss separated them. She seemed to be walling herself off, leaving him stranded on the outside. However, during the daytime, her eyes sparkled with hope, filled with dreams of their upcoming journey and shared future.

Circling his arm around her waist, he pulled her close, cherishing her presence.

He gently kissed her earlobe and the nape of her neck, whispering softly, ‘Kisa, please talk to me.’”

Her silence sent shivers down his spine.

Kisa’s gaze lingered on the curtains, dancing in the breeze, before she finally asked, “What should we talk about?”

“Anything. I just need to hear your voice.” It was the only balm for his aching heart.

Kisa pondered for a moment, then said, “Kelvin and Gracie had a baby girl.”

Asmile warmed his face. “Yes, I’ve seen her. She’s a tiny, exquisite treasure named Natasha. I have even arranged a future marriage with Kelvin; he has watched Andrew grow, and Blake is such a kind- hearted, wise child. He knows either would be the perfect son-in- law.”

Kisa’s brow creased with worry as she contemplated a potential complication. “What if, in the future, both Andrew and Blake fall for Natasha?”

Gilbert hesitated, taken aback. “The odds of that happening are so slim, right?”

Kisa stayed silent, but Gilbert chuckled.

“We live in an age of free love. Maybe by then, they’ll have already found their soulmates, rendering this arranged marriage irrelevant.

Kisa’s expression softened.

“Yes, who can truly predict what the future holds?”

As their conversation flowed, the somber atmosphere dissipated.

Gilbert’s hand gently grazed her flat abdomen, and his eyes clouded with sorrow.

“I’m so sorry,” he whispered, his voice barely audible. Kisa clung to the edge of her clothing, understanding the reason for his heartfelt apology—he was mourning the

child they had lost before it had a chance to enter the world. The memory of their unborn baby left a void in her heart.

She lowered her gaze, her voice a fragile whisper.

“It’s not your fault.”

She could not bring herself to blame Jensen either. After all, Jensen had risked his life to save her and Blake from a raging fire. If blame was to be cast, it was on her. She owed so much to so many, and the life of that innocent child was the price she had to pay.

“We will have our own children someday,” Gilbert murmured, burying his face in the crook of her neck, his voice laden with emotion.

Kisa could not help but fixate on the word ‘someday.’

‘Will we truly have a future together?’ she wondered.

That night, despite being enveloped in his tender embrace, Kisa was haunted by insomnia. She knew he could not sleep either. As the night wore on, they both lay in silence. She finally drifted off at the break of dawn.

The morning breeze, crisp and invigorating, was also enough to stir people from sleep. Gilbert rose to close the window. Hearing a faint rustle outside, his eyes darkened, and he strode out to find the source of the noise.

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A bustling silhouette reflected on the kitchen’s glass door.

Intrigued, Gilbert walked over and slid it open.

Sara instantly greeted him with a radiant, tender smile. “You’re awake! I made breakfast, so go freshen up and we can eat.” Her hands moved with practiced grace as she prepared the meal.

Gilbert could not take his eyes off her, and for a fleeting moment, she morphed into Kisa in his mind. Now, even the simplest scene seemed beyond his reach.

Suddenly, a pair of delicate hands encircled his arm. Sara gazed at him with worry.

“Gilbert, what’s wrong? Did you not sleep well?”

With stoic composure, Gilbert gently pulled his arm away.

“It was Kisa who asked you to stay,” he said quietly. Sara’s lips tightened, her head lowered, appearing both vulnerable and blameless.

“I know. None of you ever welcomed me. From the start, I’ve always been an unwanted presence.”

“What is it that you want?” Gilbert inquired, a hint of detachment in his voice. “Aside from love, I can give you anything else, as long as you move out and stop interfering in my life.”

Tears brimmed in Sara’s eyes. She did not sob or vent her frustrations like the night before. She simply stood silently; her head bowed. As Gilbert began to walk away, she impulsively grasped his arm, then hastily withdrew her hand, as if fearing his repulsion.

With an air of caution, she implored, “I don’t want anything more than a normal life and a regular job. I’ve been disconnected from society for so long that I don’t know how to do anything else. So,

Gilbert, please give me a chance. Let me work at GK. I want to prove my worth, to live by my own abilities. Once I settle into my job, I’ll move out, find a place to rent, and

stop intruding on your and Kisa's lives."

Her demeanor was a mix of vulnerability and humility.

Gilbert had no reason to refuse her. With a cool detachment, he replied, "Fine. I'll have Davian arrange a job and a place for you to stay."

"Thank you, Gilbert. Thank you so much."

Gratitude seemed to shine through Sara's tearful eyes, but as

Gilbert turned away, a fleeting spark of malice and resentment flickered within her tear-streaked gaze.

Kisa did not wake up until late afternoon. The room was eerily quiet, as if not a soul was around. She lay there, listlessly, unable to muster the energy to move. Suddenly, the bedroom door creaked open. Someone tiptoed in, the footsteps deliberately softened.

Slowly, she turned her gaze and saw Gilbert coming in, removing his jacket.

"You're awake?" he said, finally noticing her consciousness and flashing a warm smile.

Kisa sat up, clutching her blanket, and watched him slip into casual clothes. She asked, "Did you go out?"

"Yeah, I went to grab your favorite madeleines from that little shop you love." He sauntered over to her, hands on either side of her, and planted a tender kiss on the corner of her lips. "Come on, get up. They won't taste as good if they get cold."

Kisa's eyes locked onto his handsome face, so close to her own.

After a moment, she hesitantly asked, "Where's Sara?"

"She moved out. I set up a job for her at GK, which is exactly what she wanted."

He gently helped her up, his voice a soothing whisper.

"Once you've eaten, we'll go for a walk together."

Still, Kisa could not shake her daze.

"Surely a small job couldn't have been all that Sara wants," she thought.

She did not say much and just got out of bed, following Gilbert's lead. Recently, his care and attention toward her had been nothing short of extraordinary. Yet, she did not feel particularly happy about it, and her heart was weighed down with a heavy burden.

Chapter 1548

The more tenderly he treated her, the more she was haunted by the memory of his parents' deaths and her role as the transgressor. She had stolen their lives, shattering his once-blissful childhood. Yet he never broached the subject of his parents' demise in her presence, fearing it would distress her. They both avoided the topic, but that did not mean it ceased to exist, i

April's embrace graced the park, casting vibrant scenery and rejuvenating air all around.

As Gilbert held her hand, guiding her along the cobblestone path with few passersby, she felt a wave of comfort she had once yearned for but believed unattainable. Now that she had it, her heart could never return to the innocence it once knew. She had grown reticent, often relying on Gilbert to initiate conversations. He would ask, and she would respond. He never found it tiresome and treated her with the same delicate attention as one would a first love.

As twilight enveloped them and a cool breeze kissed their skin, Gilbert slipped off his

suit jacket, draping it gently over her shoulders. Claspng her hand with conviction, he smiled warmly.

"I've already booked our plane tickets. Once I wrap up some company affairs this week, I'll whisk you away to the south for a well-deserved escape. How does that sound?"

His eyes radiated warmth, depth, and an unwavering devotion.

Kisa gazed into his eyes, transfixed by the love they held. After a moment, a fragile smile graced her pale, gaunt face.

"Okay."

It had been ages since she last smiled, and it was somewhat rigid. Yet her eyes sparkled with a newfound brightness, no longer burdened by the shadows of the past. Gilbert drew her into his loving embrace, murmuring softly, "The southern landscape is breathtaking; I know you'll fall in love with it. If you do, we can make it our home." There, they would be far from the relentless pace of the city and the tormenting memories that pursued them.

Kisa slowly lifted her hand, encircling his waist. She remained silent, simply closing her eyes and nestling into his comforting embrace. She chose not to dwell on anything else, surrendering herself to the serenity and warmth of that cherished moment.

The sound of water in the bathroom gradually faded, leaving a captivating silhouette dancing on the semi-transparent glass door.

A flicker of desire sparked in Gilbert's eyes. He reached for a glass of cool water on the bedside table, downing it in one gulp, yet the lingering heat still clung to his skin.

As the bathroom door opened, Kisa stepped out, a wave of warmth trailing her.

Draped in a white robe, her once-pale cheeks now glowed with a rosy hue, thanks to the steam. Her hair, damp and clinging to her shoulders, had only been patted down with a towel before she moved to climb into bed.

Gilbert sighed softly, rising to retrieve a hairdryer from the cabinet. "You should dry your hair before you sleep, or you'll get a headache."

Kisa squeezed the water from her hair, remaining silent. It was not that she did not want to dry it; her hair was long, and drying it completely took quite some time.

The hum of the hairdryer resonated through the room as his gentle hand worked through her tresses. The warm air snaked its way from her nape down her back, igniting a comforting warmth that beckoned her toward slumber. After what felt like an eternity, her hair was finally dry.

As she prepared to lie down and surrender to sleep, an icy kiss suddenly grazed the nape of her neck, causing her to shiver involuntarily. His kisses trailed further down her neck as the sash of her robe loosened, seemingly of its own accord. Instinctively, she pressed her hand against his slightly cool one, her eyes reflecting a hint of nervousness as she looked at him. Gazing into her wide, startled eyes, glistening with lingering moisture, Gilbert could not help but chuckle.

He gently pinned her beneath him, his voice a husky whisper. "We're husband and wife. Do you...not want to?"

His eyes were dark and magnetic, like a vortex threatening to draw her in without a moment's notice.

Unconsciously, Kisa shook her head, and in the very next instant, his tender kiss descended upon her, filled with caution and care.

The night unfolded before them, lengthy and enthralling, wrapping them in its enigmatic embrace.

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After a long, intensely passionate moment, Kisa finally found a deep slumber in the latter part of the night. Gilbert tenderly held her delicate hand in his, marveling at the daintiness of her fingers. He could not believe that this was the woman he had adored since their youth. Despite the many trials and tribulations they had faced, he could not help but feel grateful that fate had brought them back together.

He pulled her closer, her body enveloped in his warm embrace. Softly, he whispered into her ear, "Together, we will find true happiness."

She seemed to have heard him, murmuring a gentle "Mm," like a content kitten snuggled in his arms.

The next morning, Kisa awoke to find Gilbert gazing at her with a look filled with passion and intensity.

Startled, she asked, "What's going on?"

Gilbert flashed a playful grin.

"Nothing, just admiring how angelic you look when you are asleep."

Kisa looked away, not responding. Lately, she had become more introverted; in the past, she would have shot back a cheeky reply. He could not help but miss the spirited woman she once was.

As Gilbert got out of bed and began getting dressed, Kisa caught a glimpse of the marks on his back. She bit her lip and looked away. Seemingly on purpose, he took his time dressing in front of her.

"Davian called a moment ago, saying there is something urgent at the company. I need to head in."

"Oh," Kisa replied, eyes downcast.

Feeling a mixture of helplessness and affection, Gilbert leaned in and tenderly pressed his lips against hers.

"I have to leave now," he whispered.

"Then go," she replied softly.

He chuckled, trying to lighten the mood. "I got you your favorite madeleines. They're in the container in the kitchen, so don't forget to enjoy them when you get up."

"Mm."

"And I'd love it if you could make lunch for me today."

Kisa's eyes met his, a flicker of curiosity emerging. "Are you coming home for lunch?"

"No, would you mind bringing it to the office? I've been craving your delicious lemon butter salmon."

He wanted to give her a purpose, something to focus on. By keeping her busy, he hoped she would not be consumed by negative thoughts, preventing her from being trapped in an endless cycle of sorrow.

Having promised to cook for Gilbert, Kisa sprang out of bed. They left the house together, and Gilbert lovingly dropped her off at the nearby supermarket before making his way to the office.

With laser-focused purpose, Kisa quickly collected the ingredients she needed. Intent on having lunch prepared before noon, she did not waste a moment in the

supermarket. Once she had everything, she was eager to return home. But as she waited for a ride, her heart skipped a beat as she recognized a familiar figure.

“SaraZ

She watched Sara approach a sleek minivan, and through the partially open window, she noticed that the man in the driver’s seat was none other than Shaun. To her knowledge, Shaun had taken over Risen Enterprise after Jensen and Mia’s departure. As Sara climbed into the minivan, the window began to close. In the fleeting moment before it shut completely, Kisa caught a glimpse of Shaun and Sara locked in a passionate kiss.

“What’s going on? I thought Sara had feelings for Gilbert? What are her intentions with Shaun, and what’s her true purpose for working at GK?”

These questions swirled around in Kisa’s mind.

Lemon butter salmon was Kisa’s signature dish. She had cooked it for Gilbert numerous times in the past, but back then, he had loathed her and never touched her meals. She could not fathom how he had fallen in love with her lemon butter salmon. Alongside the salmon, she prepared a delicious batch of roasted asparagus. Once everything was ready, she meticulously packed the dishes in disposable containers and set off. 1

Gilbert had left a car for her to use, and since it was not during rush hour, the drive to GK was swift, taking only about 15 minutes.

The security guards recognized Kisa and greeted her with the utmost respect. She headed straight for the CEO’s office, and as soon as she stepped into the sleek lobby, she was met with a chorus of hushed whispers.

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“Can you believe it? Miss Mitchell’s been in there for over an hour. What on earth could they be doing?”

“Your guess is as good as mine. But remember, Miss Mitchell was Mr. Kooper’s first love. Talk about a blast from the past.”

“No kidding. She was his moon and stars, the one who drove him wild. What do you think they’re up to, all alone in there for so long? Wink, wink.”

A few gossipy employees snickered and shot glances her way, making sure she caught every word.

Kisa held her head high, ignoring them as she marched forward.

Just as she reached the CEO’s office door, someone blocked her path.

“Excuse me, ma’am. Mr. Kooper is currently tied up. Please wait a moment.”

Kisa replied coolly, ‘Then please inform him that I’m here.’

The assistant appeared uneasy.

“Mr. Kooper doesn’t like to be disturbed when he is busy. It’s best if you wait for a while.”

From behind her, the snide remarks and smirks resumed.

“Looks like Mr. Kooper’s first love is back in town. Time for someone to make way, huh?”

“Pfft, what’s the point of making a special meal for Mr. Kooper? He probably won’t even touch it.”

“With his first love back, who would want her cooking? If not for her, Miss Mitchell

might be our CEO's wife by now."

"Quiet down. Who knows how long she will hold onto her title as CEO's wife? Let's just grab some popcorn and watch the drama unfold."

Everyone was convinced that Sara was the one Gilbert cherished most, so they all went out of their way to please her.

Back in the day, this blatant favoritism had seemed phony, but now, only these gossipmongers still thought they had it all figured out.

The truth is that a relationship cannot be judged by its outward appearance alone.

As Kisa checked the time, she realized it was almost lunch break.

Anxious that the food would get cold and knowing the assistant would not help, she pulled out her phone and dialed Gilbert's number herself.

The man responded quickly, excitement in his voice, "You're here? it "Are you still busy?"

As soon as Kisa finished asking, the door to the CEO's office swung open.

Gilbert strode toward her, his eyes lighting up at the sight of her.

"Did you make my all-time favorite lemon butter salmon?"

"Yes, I brought it. Eat it while it's hot."

Kisa handed him the lovingly packed container. He gratefully took it and gently pulled her toward the CEO's office.

"Let's savor it together."

Sara, who had been with Gilbert, also emerged, her smile sweet as honey.

"Kisa, you're here! I was just about to whisk Gilbert away for lunch. I didn't realize you already prepared a feast for him."

"He loves my cooking,"

Kisa replied nonchalantly, glancing toward the main office area.

At that moment, the gossiping employees had all bowed their heads in shame, too mortified to speak.

A flicker of jealousy and frostiness flashed across Sara's eyes but was quickly masked.

Gilbert hardly looked at her, so he did not notice the malevolent glare.

As he led Kisa into the CEO's office, she discreetly surveyed the room.

It was clean and tidy, but a woman's coat casually draped over the couch caught her attention.

Gilbert placed the packed container on the coffee table.

Kisa looked at him, her voice barely a whisper.

"They said Sara was here for over an hour."

"Mhm, she met with a client this morning and had a ton of questions, so I took the time to explain no. velebook everything to her," he replied casually.

Then, raising his eyes to meet hers, he asked, "What's wrong?"

Kisa shook her head, forcing a smile.

"Nothing."

In reality, Sara had not been with a client that morning but had been fooling around with Shaun.

But Kisa held her tongue. She knew it would be more convincing if Gilbert uncovered Sara's true colors on his own.

