

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

Chapter 1561-1565

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A figure stood at the archway, a cigarette nonchalantly hanging from his lips. His mouth was twisted into a cunning, enigmatic smirk, belying his seemingly refined appearance.

Framed by a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, his eyes harbored a wicked glint, revealing his true, sinister nature. This man was none other than Shaun. It seemed as though he had come with a purpose, seeking out Kisa.

Spotting her from afar, he waved at her, beckoning her to approach.

Kisa patted Gracie's back, urging her to find her calm, before walking toward Shaun. They were at the Hoover residence, a place where Shaun likely would not dare to engage in any underhanded schemes.

As she approached, Shaun turned and walked inside, as if enticing her to follow him somewhere.

Beyond the archway lay a stairway, which Shaun ascended.

Most of the guests were in the foyer and front yard, their laughter and lively music creating a vibrant atmosphere.

Kisa glanced upstairs, where Shaun had already vanished from sight.

Furrowing her brow, she followed him up.

As she reached the top of the stairs, she heard a series of suggestive, hushed sounds charged with excitement.

Kisa stealthily moved closer to the source of the noise.

At the top of the house was a small garret.

The door was unlocked, and darkness shrouded the room.

The suggestive sounds emerged from within, intermingled with a woman's voice.

It was Sara's voice—delicate, tender, and seemingly innocent—a tone that many men would find irresistibly alluring.

"Mr. Burton, we're at the Hoover residence. Aren't you afraid of getting caught doing this?"

Kisa's brow furrowed in confusion.

"Mr. Burton? Could it be Shaun? But he was the one who led me up here. If he's the man having an illicit affair with Sara, novel.e.book what is his intent in bringing me here? Isn't he afraid I'll expose their sordid affair?"

"You are so afraid of being discovered, yet you are moaning so loudly. Is it really that enjoyable?"

The man's voice was low, amused, and taunting.

Listening intently, Kisa realized with a start that the man's laughter held an undercurrent of mockery, and his voice indeed belonged to Shaun.

"Oh, you're so wicked! I'm risking my entire reputation to keep you satisfied, and you still have the audacity to tease me."

"You are only catering to my desires because you're after something in return. Come on, with your sky-high standards, you'd never even give someone like me a second

glance.”

Shaun’s voice heavy with sarcasm.

Yet, Sara seemed oblivious to it all.

Her heavy breathing and soft moans filled the air, painting a scene too provocative to even imagine.

Concealed in the shadows, Kisa stealthily started recording the exchange on her phone.

The titillating sounds persisted for a seemingly endless stretch of time before they finally subsided.

Then, Sara’s laughter pierced the air, thick with bitterness and indignation.

“You are well aware I’m doing this because I want something from you. I have served you time and time again, and yet you haven’t fulfilled a single one of your promises. How can you live with yourself?”

“What’s the rush? You should know that what you are asking for isn’t a trivial matter. Given your insatiable greed, you will need to exercise some patience.”

“Greed?” Sara’s voice seethed with resentment.

“The Kooper family fortune and all of GK should have been mine from the start. If it weren’t for that foolish Sharon meddling and shoving novel.e.book Kisa into Gilbert’s bed, I would be the CEO’s wife right now, not that pathetic Kisa stealing the spotlight. If I can’t have it all, nobody can. Whatever it takes, I want you to claim GK for me— or obliterate it if you can’t. Once Gilbert is stripped of everything, he will finally recognize my worth. Why should they all be so blissfully happy while I wallow in misery? I don’t only want Gilbert and the Kooper family fortune—I want to make Kelvin and Gracie’s lives a living hell, too.”

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan Chapter 1562

“Ugh, people say I’m a twisted soul, but you take the cake. You just can’t stand seeing others happy, can you?”

“You know what? If I can’t be happy, why should anyone else be? I mean, just today, I stirred the pot and turned Kelvin and Gracie’s envy-worthy marriage into a battleground, almost leading to a divorce. Seeing them argue was pure bliss. If you need intel on GK, give me a shout. After all, I didn’t stoop to working as a regular employee at GK just for a daily dose of Gilbert.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll make sure it’s worth your while. After all, you did take care of me quite well.”

Shaun smirked, a mocking glint in his eyes behind his gold-framed glasses.

As the figure outside the room left, he finally adjusted his belt and strolled out. Sara, disheveled, slumped to the floor, listening to the chaos outside with a bitter smile.

‘Soon, I will be the queen bee of the Kooper family, basking in endless glory!’ she said in her mind. Kisa had just come downstairs when she bumped into Gilbert. Flashing a smile, Gilbert asked, “What brings you down from upstairs? Catching up with Gracie?”

Shaking her head, Kisa was about to speak when Shaun sauntered in behind her.

Impeccably dressed, it was impossible to believe he had just been entwined with Sara in the garret.

Gilbert’s brow furrowed at the sight of Shaun.

Shaun grinned at him.

"Mr. Kooper, it's been a minute, huh?"

Gilbert pulled Kisa closer and replied with a cryptic smile, "Jensen and Mia left, leaving you quite the opportunity. Since you've seized it, cherish it and don't resort to any dirty tricks."

Shaun scoffed.

"My boss's departure gave you a golden opportunity too, Mr. Kooper. GK and the Kooper residence were in his grasp. If it weren't for his guilt over accidentally causing the death of your wife's unborn child, followed by his guilt-driven escape, you'd have nothing right now. Ultimately, everything you have now was paid for with the life of that child."

Gilbert's expression hardened, his hand tightening involuntarily.

Sensing the cold tension radiating from him, Kisa quickly gripped his hand. She shot a frosty glare at Shaun and snapped, "Jensen and Mia handed over Risen Enterprise to you because they trusted you. Don't betray their faith in you."

Shaun's mocking smirk faltered for a moment. He scoffed, lit a cigarette, and swaggered toward the foyer.

Gilbert's face displayed a blend of frustration and fury, his entire body coiled with tension.

Kisa sighed softly, holding his hand tightly and whispered, "Don't let his venomous words get under your skin. What you have now was always destined to be yours. It has nothing to do with the child. Jensen merely took what wasn't his, and now it's back where it belongs."

"I would gladly give up all these worldly possessions just to have our child safe and sound."

Gilbert's eyes brimmed with tears, his face etched with remorse. He could not help but feel guilt-ridden about the child's death, just as Kisa felt remorseful for his parents' demise. These were the thorns lodged deep in their hearts, impossible to extract.

Kelvin's baby's one-month celebration was a whirlwind of excitement.

Kelvin's parents and grandfather could not contain their joy.

Kisa did not spend much time in the main hall; she and Gracie retreated to the sanctuary of the backyard all day.

Kelvin had not ventured back to the yard since Gracie's biting words.

Even when Jacob Hoover, Kelvin's grandfather, wanted to parade the baby before the guests in the main hall, it was the servants who obliged.

Kelvin remained out of sight all day, likely sulking in some shadowy corner.

Gracie, too, seemed dispirited and hardly spoke.

As the party drew to a close at 7.00 pm, Scott Hoover and Chelsea Hartman, Kelvin's parents, stood at the entrance, bidding their guests farewell.

Gracie had just escorted Kisa out when she heard Scott's voice erupt in a torrent of curses.

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan Chapter 1563

"Where the hell did that good-for-nothing disappear to?" grumbled a voice, frustration palpable.

"He didn't greet the guests during the day, and now he is not even here to see them

off. Can't even bother with his own daughter's one-month celebration! What can he possibly achieve in life?"

Jacob chimed in, slamming his cane on the ground, seething.

"That boy must be up to no good again, influenced by some troublemaker. Just wait until he gets back; I'll break his damn legs! Gracie kept her eyes down, saying nothing. Chelsea approached and gently took Gracie's hand, her voice filled with concern.

"Gracie, Kelvin's always been a wild one, but you're the only one who can rein him in. Please keep a closer eye on him — he's a grown man who still can't seem to act responsibly."

Gracie pulled her hand away, muttering with resentment, "He has got his own hands and feet; no one can control him."

Chelsea, taken aback, studied her closely, her worry intensifying.

"Is there something going on between you two?"

Gracie remained silent.

Sara suddenly appeared, addressing Chelsea with an insincere sweetness.

"Mrs. Hoover, I think I overheard Gracie in the backyard saying she wants a divorce from Kelvin. I wonder if it is true."

Kelvin's parents' faces turned ashen, but with a few lingering guests nearby, they did not dare raise their voices.

Chelsea pulled Gracie closer, her brow furrowed with agitation.

"Is what she said true? Why would you want a divorce from Kelvin? Is he treating you poorly, or are we not treating you well?"

Before Gracie could speak, Jacob slammed his cane again, fuming with rage.

"Kelvin defied me at every turn for your sake and even directly refused the marriage I arranged for him. Now, you have barely been married, and you want a divorce. This child is still so young; aren't you worried about becoming a laughingstock? If you wanted a divorce, you shouldn't have insisted on being together in the first place!"

Jacob was livid, his hand trembling as he gripped his cane.

Gracie's eyes blazed with fury at Sara, barely restraining herself from lunging at the woman and tearing her to shreds.

Sara, feigning innocence, stood off to the side and even attempted to play the peacemaker with Gracie.

"Come on, the Hoover family is so wonderful, your in-laws treat you so well. Why on earth would you think of divorcing Kelvin? He hasn't done anything wrong. Couples need to be more understanding and patient with each other."

The implication was that Gracie was ungrateful for the Hoover family's generosity and even hinted that she was petty and unwilling to be patient with Kelvin.

Sure enough, after Sara's words, the Hoover family members' gazes toward Gracie were tinged with displeasure.

Gracie trembled with anger, and with guests still around, Kisa genuinely worried that Gracie might say something she would regret.

"Well, if the Hoover family is so great, then maybe you should—"

"No wonder you are trying to drive a wedge between Gracie and Kelvin; you have got your eyes on the Hoover family fortune, haven't you?"

Just as Gracie started to blurt out something rash, Kisa swiftly cut her off, shooting a

cold smile at Sara.

“Too bad Kelvin isn’t interested in you.”

Sara’s face instantly morphed into a picture of innocence.

“Kisa, what are you talking about? When did I ever try to come between Gracie and Kelvin? Isn’t causing the death of Mrs.Kooper Sr.enough for you? Now you’re framing me too?” no.vel.e.book Her voice was pitifully weak but loud enough to draw the attention of the scattered guests nearby.

Kisa chuckled lightly.

“You’re clearly eager to let everyone know we are arguing, even going so far as to intentionally draw them over here.”

“I didn’t do that.”

Sara’s expression grew even more innocent as tears welled up in her eyes.

“Kisa, I have no grudge against you, so why are you always targeting me? You killed Mrs.Kooper Sr.—”Kisa cut in.

“Let’s not conflate issues.What’s your purpose in bringing up my grandmother-in-law in every sentence?”

“I—I didn’t mean to.It is just that...it is just that Mrs.Kooper Sr—”

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan Chapter 1564

“What does Grandma have to do with Gracie and Kelvin’s drama? Aren’t we discussing their issues right now?” Kisa said.

Sara was at a loss for words, her eyes wide and pleading as she looked at the Hoover family.

They did not care much for Kisa, but they were not exactly fond of Sara either.

Already annoyed by Sara’s presumptuous behavior in drawing the surrounding guests into the conversation, the Hoover family offered her no support.

Just then, Kelvin finally emerged from his hiding place inside the house.

As soon as Kelvin appeared, Sara dashed over to him, her voice trembling with feigned innocence.

“Kisa accused me of trying to drive a wedge between you and Gracie.You need to explain to everyone that it is Gracie who wants a divorce over some petty issue.This has nothing to do with me.”

Kelvin did not even glance her way; his anguished eyes were locked on Gracie.

Gracie’s expression was icy, her gaze downcast and silent.

Seeing the tension between the couple, Mrs.Hoover realized that something had gone terribly wrong.

Gossip about Kelvin getting a divorce would soon spread like wildfire.

Enraged, Jacob raised his walking stick to strike Kelvin’s leg.

“You little brat, you are going to disgrace our family!”

Kelvin’s leg gave out from the blow, and he stumbled forward.Sara quickly caught him, her face a mask of concern, as she implored Jacob.

“Mr.Hoover Sr., please don’t hit Kelvin.He is just as innocent.He didn’t even suggest the divorce; it is Gracie who is not trusting him.Maybe she is confused about my relationship with Kelvin.If you must blame someone, blame me.”

Her insinuation was clear: Gracie was the root of the whole divorce debacle.

Jacob shot Gracie a withering glare but remained silent.

With an air of false sincerity, Sara urged Gracie.

“Gracie, the Hoover family has been so good to you, and Kelvin has always been deeply devoted to you. Please don’t cause any more trouble. There is really nothing between Kelvin and me. Have a little more faith in him, will you?”

Within moments, Sara had masterfully redirected all the blame onto Gracie.

Everyone now believed that Gracie was the narrow-minded and ungrateful one.

Kelvin’s face darkened with anger as he remained silent.

Kisa anxiously watched Gracie, fearing she might act rashly.

Just as Kisa prepared to play the recording, she had made earlier to divert everyone’s attention, Gracie suddenly burst into laughter.

Her demeanor shifted from anger to amusement as she addressed Sara, saying,

“Where on earth did you hear that I wanted to divorce Kelvin?”

Sara hesitated, then feigned innocence.

“When you were in the backyard earlier today, you clearly said you wanted to divorce Kelvin.”

“I never said that.”

Gracie retorted, looking puzzled, then turned to Kisa.

“Did I ever say I wanted to divorce Kelvin?”

Kisa shook her head, grinning.

“Of course not. You and Kelvin have such an amazing relationship; there is no way you would ever consider divorce.”

“Exactly.”

Gracie scoffed at Sara.

“In the end, the rumor that I wanted to divorce Kelvin comes from your lips. I can’t fathom why you would try to spread lies in front of the Hoover family and all these guests.”

Gracie’s fierce counterattack left Sara utterly humiliated. Her face flushed from red to white as she clutched Kelvin’s arm, stammering.

“She clearly said in the backyard that she wanted to divorce you. You heard it too, right? I didn’t make it up, did I?”

Kelvin’s gaze bore into Gracie, his brow furrowed so tightly that it seemed to form knots of pure emotion.

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan Chapter 1565

Gracie could not care less about his reaction. She had already salvaged the Hoover family’s reputation, so all she had to do was wait and see how he responded.

Scott and Chelsea were on edge, urgently prodding Kelvin.

“Come on, tell us! Did Gracie actually bring up divorcing you or not?”

“Absolutely, I heard it with my own ears.”

Sara chimed in, her voice laced with anxiety as she shook Kelvin’s arm.

Annoyed, Kelvin pushed her away and declared.

“No, Gracie and I vowed never to utter the word ‘divorce’

There is no way she could have brought it up.”

Gracie’s heart skipped a beat as she stole a glance at Kelvin, quickly averting her gaze.

Fuming, Sara glared at Kelvin before turning to Gilbert.

You were in the backyard earlier too.

You must have heard Gracie say she wanted to divorce Kelvin, right?"

Gilbert's icy expression remained unchanged.

"I didn't hear Gracie say anything like that."

"Ah, so it is this woman stirring up trouble with baseless rumors? What a relief."

Chelsea sighed, adding, "I knew my son and daughter-in-law's relationship was rocksolid.

There is no way they would suddenly entertain the idea of divorce."

"Exactly, it's nothing but unfounded gossip. We apologize for any confusion," Scott said, laughing as he reassured the surrounding guests.

Initially, the guests had been gossiping about Kelvin and Gracie's potential divorce.

Now, they turned against Sara, accusing her of fabricating lies.

Sara shot a resentful glare at Gilbert and the Hoovers. Her bitter expression was chilling, evoking the image of a venomous snake.

But her current predicament was entirely her own fault.

If she had not been so conniving and set on sabotaging Kelvin and Gracie's marriage, none of this would have happened.

After the guests had left, Chelsea approached Sara, her face a mask of icy disdain.

"We're celebrating my granddaughter's one-month birthday today. Inviting you was a sign of respect. Did you really think that by spreading rumors, Kelvin would divorce Gracie? Let me tell you, even without Gracie, you wouldn't stand a chance. A family like ours wouldn't take an interest in someone like you.

Butler, please arrange a car for Miss Mitchell to be sent home. We wouldn't want her to have an excuse to cling to my son any longer.

"Chelsea's words dripped with humiliation.

Sara's fists clenched, her face turning ghostly pale with anger. She forced a smile and responded.

"Thank you for today's lesson, Mrs. Hoover. To be honest, I don't hold the Hoover family in high regard either."

"Oh?"

Chelsea did not seem angry.

Instead, she sized Sara up from head to toe with a mocking smile.

"Your standards are quite high. I just wonder if your luck is as good."

The butler arrived, gesturing for Sara to follow.

With one last resentful look at Gilbert, Sara stormed off.

Kisa could not help but exhale in relief. She had been worried that Gracie would act recklessly and escalate the situation.

Thankfully, Gracie had come to her senses in the end.

As Kisa and Gilbert prepared to leave, Chelsea suddenly called out to her, taking her hand warmly.

"Kisa, you should visit us more often. You and Gracie get along so well. You can keep her company. And your three little ones are just too adorable. I absolutely adore them."

Kisa glanced at Jacob and Scott.

Jacob maintained his stern expression, while Scott offered her a polite nod.

Kisa knew the Hoovers' sudden warmth toward her was because she had just helped Gracie save face for the family. She smiled at Chelsea.

“Thank you, Mrs. Hoover. Natasha is so lovely too. I’ll definitely visit Gracie and Natasha more often.”