

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

Chapter 1566-1570

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Gilbert had Davian drop the children off at the Kooper residence while he and Kisa got out halfway.

In early summer, the evening breeze was refreshingly cool.

Gilbert held Kisa's hand as they strolled along the sidewalk.

"Tired?" he asked, glancing at her.

"If you're tired, we can just take a cab back to the apartment."

Kisa had lost her child at the Kooper residence, and Gilbert, fearing it would upset her, had not dared to let her return there.

Instead, they had been staying together at an apartment.

Kisa shook her head.

"I'm not tired."

A walk like this was actually quite nice. Not far ahead was the riverbank.

Under the streetlights, the sparse silhouettes of people created a peaceful atmosphere.

Thinking about the day's events, Kisa could not help but worry.

"I wonder if Gracie and Kelvin will reconcile."

"Don't worry."

He reassured her.

"Gracie turning the tables on Sara at the end shows that she's still level-headed and sensible. Mentioning divorce was just a rash comment she made in anger."

"You're right."

Kisa agreed with a smile, gripping his hand a little tighter.

Gilbert glanced at her, the corners of his lips curling up involuntarily.

Neither of them brought up the lost child or the unhappy moments from before.

As they worked together to maintain their relationship, it felt genuinely good, and neither of them grew tired.

Back at the Hoover residence, after handing her baby to the nurse, Gracie returned to her room.

Usually, at this time, Kelvin would have prepared a variety of delicious treats for her in the room.

But that man was absent today, clearly still upset with her. She had carefully thought about what had happened and realized she might have gone a little too far by casually mentioning divorce. She had intended to return to the room to say a few gentle words and apologize.

But since he was not there, her urge to apologize vanished.

Annoyed, she took a bath and then leaned against the headboard, flipping through a magazine. She decided that if Kelvin spoke to her first when he came back, she would stop being angry and make up with him. But if he came back with a sour face, she

would continue to be upset and ignore him.
With these thoughts in mind, she waited and waited, but Kelvin never came back.
When it was already past 10.00 pm, she could not focus on her magazine any longer and got up from the bed.
Pulling open the door, she saw a servant passing by.
She quickly stopped the servant.
“Have you seen Kelvin?”
“He...”
The servant spoke kindly, He’s in the study. I’m bringing him chicken soup right now since he didn’t have dinner.”
Gracie’s gaze fell on the chicken soup the servant was carrying. She smiled.
“I will take it to him. You can go and rest.”
“Alright, he will be delighted to see you.”
Gracie pursed her lips, unconvinced.
‘If he truly wants to see me, he wouldn’t be hiding in the study and refusing to return to the bedroom,’ she said in her mind.
Carrying the chicken soup, she arrived at the study, knocked on the door, and received no response.
After waiting a few seconds, she turned the doorknob and pushed the door open. As the door swung open, she saw Kelvin leaning back in his chair, smoking by the window.
Just as she stepped inside, an impatient growl came from him.
“I said I don’t want to eat anything. Now leave!”
Gracie paused, taken aback. He had never spoken to her in such an impatient tone before.
Swallowing her frustration, she continued to walk further into the room.
“Can’t you understand what I’m saying?”
Kelvin yelled again, furrowing his brow as he turned to look at her.
When he realized it was her, his handsome face briefly revealed a trace of awkwardness, and his tone softened without a hint of resentment.
“Oh, it’s you.”

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Gracie strode in, ignoring Kelvin's presence as she set the bowl of steaming chicken soup on the desk with a deliberate thud.

Kelvin's eyes flicked back and forth between her icy stare and the aromatic bowl of soup.

He could not help but grumble.

"If you are not here for a heartfelt apology, don't even bother."

Today had been nothing short of infuriating.

'How could this woman so casually mention divorce and utter words like, "it doesn't matter whether I'm around or not"? What did she make of our love, our sacred union?'

As Kelvin's frustration simmered beneath the surface, Gracie suddenly picked up the chicken soup and downed it in one go. His eyes widened in disbelief.

'Isn't that soup meant for me?' Gracie licked her lips, smirking at him.

"Don't get it twisted. I'm not here to apologize. I'm just bored and needed a good book to read."

With a flourish, she turned her attention to the bookshelf.

Kelvin's rage reached a boiling point, his piercing gaze fixed on her with resentment.

Gracie paid him no mind and continued to scan the shelves on her tiptoes.

Despite her search, she had not selected a book. Taking a forceful drag of his cigarette, Kelvin muttered, "Find your book and leave already. Stop interrupting my work."

Gracie's smirk grew.

'Work? More like sulking and chain-smoking'

She pulled out a poetry anthology and, with a self-assured air, sat down in a chair.

"You're free to leave. I'm staying put in the study to read."

Kelvin's fury exploded like a volcano. He took a deep, shaky breath, shot up from his chair, and stormed out of the room. He had genuinely believed she had come to apologize.

Though her demeanor was cold, his heart had softened when he saw her, and his anger had begun to subside.

Little did he know, she had come only to provoke him further.

The door slammed with a deafening crash, rattling the entire room.

Gracie's lips curled into a satisfied smile.

'Boy, does he have a temper!' Furious, Kelvin stormed back into the bedroom, his anger practically radiating off him.

First, he took a soothing shower to wash away the day's tension, then planned to dive into a deep slumber, hoping to erase the day's frustrations.

But as he emerged from the bathroom, he spotted her nonchalantly lounging at the head of the bed, a book poised on her lap as if she owned the place.

He irritably towed off his damp hair and snapped at the woman on the bed, "Weren't you reading in the study? What brought you back to the bedroom?"

"Turns out, reading in bed is a whole lot cozier,"

Gracie replied smugly, not even bothering to look up. He shot her a glare and then, sulking, retreated to a seat by the window.

She sneakily peeked at him and, with calculated innocence, said, "I'm parched."

At first, Kelvin did not budge, but after a few seconds of tense silence, he begrudgingly got up and exited the room.

He soon returned, a cup of warm water in hand.

He placed it on the bedside table without uttering a word, his jaw set as he reclaimed his seat by the window.

Gracie eyed the cup, a mischievous smile playing at the corners of her lips.

She picked it up, took a delicate sip, and then feigned distress.

"I'm absolutely famished; I hardly ate a bite tonight."

She then stealthily glanced at the man brooding by the window.

Kelvin exhaled a smoke ring with a hint of defiance before standing up to change his clothes.

Their years of marriage had stripped away any sense of modesty between them.

As he changed in front of the wardrobe, she unabashedly watched him.

'Kelvin really does have an irresistible physique'

Gracie mused, feeling her cheeks flush and her body respond to the sight.

Flustered, she touched her nose, lowered her gaze to her book, and did not dare look at him again.

As Kelvin stormed out of the room, he cast her one last, deliberate glance.

Seeing that she did not even acknowledge him, his heart swelled with a tumultuous blend of anger and sorrow.

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With a final burst of rage, he slammed the door shut once again, signaling his anger.

Gracie rolled her eyes.

'So immature' Despite storming out earlier, when Kelvin returned, he brought her favorite cheesecake.

By this time, Gracie's anger had completely evaporated. Silently, he placed the cheesecake on the bedside table and turned to leave. Gracie hurriedly called out to him.

"Hey, you bought such a huge cake, there's no way I can eat it all by myself."

"Throw it away if you can't finish it," Kelvin replied dismissively, without turning his head.

Gracie pouted.

"It's not as fun eating it alone."

He stopped in his tracks, and Gracie thought he would stay to eat with her. Instead, he muttered, "If you think it is no fun eating alone, then go find a few people to share it with."

He said this and continued walking out without looking back.

Gracie panicked, quickly threw off the covers, and rushed to embrace him from behind.

"Are you still mad?"

Gracie asked, with a tilted head and a smile.

He maintained a stern face.

"No!"

Gracie pinched his handsome cheek.

"You say no, but your face is so tense."

Kelvin furrowed his brow and removed her hand.

"You don't care about me; you want to divorce me, right? So why bother whether I'm mad or not?"

Gracie grinned at him mischievously.

"Did you mishear me? When did I say I don't care about you? When did I say I want to divorce you?"

Kelvin was speechless.

"This woman's shamelessness knows no bounds."

He grumbled.

"I don't know which little mutt said it."

"If you can understand what a little mutt says, then you must be one too."

Kelvin stared at her, feeling both annoyed and amused. He had been genuinely angry, planning to ignore her for quite some time.

But now, with her playful grin and attempts to appease him, his heart softened. He glared at her.

"If you dare mention divorce again, you'll see what I will do!"

"I said it before; I never mentioned that word. You misheard me," Gracie cooed at him. He could not resist his beloved woman's coquettishness. His intentionally stern expression finally broke.

Seeing him smile, Gracie became bolder, hanging on him and playfully touching him all over.

Kelvin was instantly aroused, his body aching with desire.

Angrily, he pushed her down onto the bed, and their passionate kisses followed. They embraced and kissed for a long time, finding it hard to part as their emotions deepened.

Suddenly, Kelvin remembered something.

He quickly fastened Gracie's open robe and sprung off her.

Gracie was left dazed by his actions.

She sat up, her cheeks flushed, staring at the man sitting at the end of the bed.

"Why did you suddenly stop?"

Kelvin wiped his face with his hand and smiled at her.

"Weren't you hungry? Eat the cake and get some sleep."

Gracie frowned in dissatisfaction.

"I asked you why you stopped. Why are you changing the subject?"

"What do you mean, why did I stop? I'm going to take a shower. Eat quickly," Kelvin said, then got up and headed for the bathroom.

Annoyed, Gracie threw a pillow at him.

"Kelvin, tell me the truth, have you lost feelings for me? Are you...are you really having an affair with Sara?"

Kelvin was full of tender feelings, and hearing her accusations made him furious.

"Can you stop overthinking things? No feelings for you? I want to devour you every single minute!"

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"Why did you suddenly stop, we were just..."

"Damn it! You've just given birth not long ago, what else could I do? If it wasn't for your health, do you think I would be able to hold back? And you still have the nerve to doubt me."

Gracie's face blushed at his words, and she yelled, "You dare to try yelling at me again!"

"You still dare to doubt me? I've been putting you first, and all you do is doubt me. It's driving me insane."

Kelvin retorted before storming into the bathroom, slamming the door behind him.

Gracie felt a mix of anger, embarrassment, and amusement. She buried her face in the blanket, letting out a muffled cry before getting up to nonchalantly enjoy her cheesecake.

The crowd strolling by the river gradually dispersed.

A cool breeze blew across the water, bringing a touch of chill.

Gilbert removed his suit jacket and draped it over her shoulders.

The woman leaned quietly against him.

At this moment, even without speaking or doing anything, he felt content, a sense of security filled his heart.

Kisa was thinking about Shaun.

Today, Shaun had deliberately led her to the garret to witness his tryst with Sara.

However, she still could not figure out his intentions.

She took out her phone and glanced at the man behind her.

"I have a recording I want you to listen to; it's about Sara. This recording might damage her reputation, but I want to know if you want to hear it."

Every time she told him about Sara's misdeeds, he always thought she was being petty and falsely accusing Sara, causing her to feel burdened.

Sensing her thoughts, Gilbert sighed softly.

"I was wrong before. From now on, no matter what you say, I trust you."

Kisa pressed her lips together and said nothing, silently playing the recording. The explicit moans and gasps immediately emanated from the phone. Gilbert looked at the woman in his arms with an odd expression. With a slightly blushed face, Kisa cleared her throat and said, "Just keep listening." After the recording finished, there was no significant reaction on Gilbert's face. Kisa looked down, putting away her phone. "You probably don't believe it, thinking that I fabricated this recording, right?" Gilbert gazed at the woman in his arms with a complex expression. He had treated her so poorly before that she now felt a lingering shadow of doubt, always thinking he did not trust her. He tightened his arms, imprisoning her closely within his embrace, and said in a deep voice, "I told you; I'll believe whatever you say now."

"But...why aren't you even a little surprised?" He should recognize Sara's voice, but after listening to the recording, aside from an odd expression, he truly showed no other emotions. Gilbert rested his chin on top of her head, chuckling softly. "What's there to be surprised about? It's just Sara and Shaun scheming together, trying to take over the Kooper family's fortune. We'll see if she has what it takes." Kisa placed her hand on his, sensing once again that this man truly held no feelings for Sara. If there was even a hint of affection, he would not have displayed such indifference. "I never thought you would have such...tastes," he said, referring to her recording of Sara and Shaun's intimate encounter. Kisa's cheeks burned even hotter. She pursed her lips and said, "I only wanted to record her scheme to show you, so you could guard yourself against her." "Hmm, the scheming was just a few words, but you recorded quite a lot of the moaning and gasping beforehand." He laughed softly, suddenly lowering his head to her ear, his eyes filled with teasing mischief.

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"What did it feel like to listen to them having such a good time while you hid in the shadows?" The man was obviously teasing her. Kisa glared at his mischievous smile, expressionlessly spat out a word. "Boring." 'He's still so hopeless. I was talking to him about serious matters, and he was focused on teasing me.' Gilbert caught up with her, cradling her small hand in his, gently laughing. "No more anger. Let's go back." Kisa did not speak but let him lead her. After a while, she could not help but ask, "What do you plan to do about Sara?" Gilbert did not care about Sara; he casually said, "She can't steal any secrets from GK. You really think she's like you?" The last sentence was said casually, but Kisa knew what it meant— only she could steal GK's secrets. It was not because she had any special abilities, but because

Gilbert had allowed it. She looked at the hand gripping hers, following the arm, looking at his profile.

Under the moonlight, his profile was elegant and soft, no longer sinister and cold as before.

Her lips unconsciously curved, thinking, 'Everything will really get better.'

The next day, Kisa did not wake up until noon.

Last night, Gilbert had tormented her for half the night like a madman.

She thought it must have been the recording's fault.

If she had known, she would not have let him listen.

Indeed, impure thoughts were like stimulants.

When she woke up, there was no one beside her.

Thinking about how Gilbert had mentioned wanting to eat her cooking, she moved her sore and achy body, crawling out of bed.

Fortunately, there were many ingredients in the refrigerator, so she did not need to go out to buy any.

At this point, Gilbert was almost off work. She casually put on a house dress and went outside.

Just as she pulled open the door, she heard a sound in the kitchen.

She had a thought, walked quickly, and indeed saw Gilbert busy in the kitchen.

"You... didn't go to work?"

She could not hide the happiness in her voice.

Gilbert grinned at her.

"You silly girl, it's the weekend."

Kisa realized her confusion. She had been so disoriented lately, always unsure of what day it was.

"Go freshen up; breakfast is almost ready."

Gilbert smiled gently at her.

Kisa glanced at the cutting board, seeing all her favorite dishes.

The warmth in her once-cold heart grew, and her sense of happiness intensified.

But she could not help but worry if her longing for this happiness was too strong, making her fearful of losing it when it finally arrived. She went to the bathroom to wash up, feeling much more refreshed.

When she came out, Gilbert had already set the table with their meal.

"After breakfast, I'll take you to see a movie, or if you would like, we can go somewhere else," he said as he pulled her to the table and served her food.

Kisa thought of the three children and said, "You spend all your time here and don't visit the Kooper residence to see the kids. Aren't you worried they will resent you?"

Gilbert laughed.

"The kids are grown up and sensible now. They know they need to give us a chance to be alone together. They just want their mommy to be happy."

Thinking of the adorable children, Kisa's heart softened.

She pressed her lips together and said, "Tomorrow, I'll go back to the Kooper residence with you."

She had previously lost a child at the Kooper residence and staying there inevitably stirred painful memories. But after some time, she had slowly let go of that heartache.

The loss of that child was irreversible, but Andrew and the others were still alive and

well in this world, so she wanted to spend more time with them.

Gilbert looked at her serene face.

“Alright,” he replied.

Just then, Kisa’s phone suddenly vibrated. She instinctively picked it up and saw a text message from an unfamiliar number.