

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

Chapter 1571-1574

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[Did you like the gift I sent you yesterday?] the mysterious text read.

Kisa frowned deeply, her heart pounding as a suspicion formed in her mind.

Hesitantly, she replied: [Is this Shaun?]

[Heh, the recording yesterday was just a taste of my sincerity. Today's gift is something much grander. Have you got the guts to come?] Kisa's heart raced, as she realized Shaun knew she had recorded his conversation with Sara. He quickly sent her an address and a time.

Kisa struggled to understand Shaun's intentions.

She hastily typed a message, her fingers trembling: [What do you want?]

But Shaun did not reply.

Kisa stared at the address, her thoughts racing.

It was a hotel address, even including the room number.

Gilbert had not seen the content of her messages.

Perhaps he wanted to respect her privacy, so he did not ask any questions and quietly ate his meal.

Noticing that she had not touched her food for awhile, he placed a Swedish meatball on her plate, his voice gentle.

"Eat up; it's getting cold."

Kisa wrestled with whether or not to tell Gilbert about Shaun.

If she did not tell him and went alone to the meeting, she feared that Shaun had some devious plan to harm her.

But if she did tell him, she worried Shaun had an ulterior motive and was using this to target Gilbert.

After much thought, she decided to confide in Gilbert.

After everything they had been through, she felt it was better to face any issues together.

With that, she showed Gilbert the message from Shaun.

Gilbert glanced at it.

He then added a few more dishes to her plate, saying, "Eat while it's hot. Once we are finished, I'll go with you to this address."

Gilbert appeared calm, a faint smile playing on his lips, which gradually put her at ease. She did not allow herself to dwell on it any longer and instead focused on her meal.

The address Shaun sent was to an opulent hotel suite on the fifteenth floor.

With his hand firmly grasping hers, Gilbert led Kisa directly to the room Shaun had indicated.

The door was slightly ajar, an obvious sign that Shaun had deliberately left it open. Kisa glanced at Gilbert; her eyes filled with uncertainty about whether they should enter.

After all, Shaun was a cunning and treacherous man; there could be a trap waiting for

them.

Gilbert, however, offered her a reassuring smile, gently pushing the door open and walking in.

Kisa followed closely.

'As long as Gilbert and I are together, there's nothing to fear,' she thought.

Upon entering, they discovered the room was an upscale suite.

The moment they stepped inside, they heard intense, indescribable noises coming from the bedroom.

Kisa's cheeks blushed with embarrassment, her mind racing with questions.

'Is Shaun luring me here with the twisted intention of making me listen to him and Sara together again? Is he out of his mind?'

With an enigmatic expression reminiscent of the one he had worn the previous night; Gilbert caught her gaze before confidently striding toward the bedroom door.

The door was closed, with a few Pieces of clothing scattered haphazardly at the entrance.

Kisa's instinct was to leave, knowing that Shaun was trying to manipulate her.

But just as she turned to go, she heard a heated conversation between a man and a woman emanating from behind the door.

"I thought you were a master manipulator?" the man sneered.

"You managed to persuade Carolyn and Christopher to strap bombs to themselves and confront David, but you can't handle the Hoover family?"

Kisa's heart jolted, and she glanced at Gilbert. She saw his eyes narrow dangerously, a glacial coldness flickering within.

Shaun's mocking laughter echoed from the room again.

"You must've suffered a lot at the Hoover residence yesterday if you're venting your frustrations here."

"One day, mark my words, I will make all of them kneel before me and beg!"

Sara's voice was filled with bravado, but it seemed unrealistic.

Shaun let out another scornful laugh, enraging Sara further.

"It's all that wretched Kisa's fault! My only regret is not killing her when I had the chance at the Mullen residence. She should have been the one to die when the basement collapsed."

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A chilling aura emanated from Gilbert's entire being. Kisa suddenly grasped Shaun's true intentions — he had deliberately baited Sara to expose her vicious nature for Gilbert to see. It seemed Shaun had experienced a moment of conscience, doing something good for a change.

Shaun continued to goad Sara with his biting words. "Even if Kisa were to die, there's no guarantee Gilbert would have chosen you. Don't forget about Sharon who came before."

"Ha! That fool is nothing." Sara scoffed. "If it hadn't been for the stubborn old Kooper hag forcing Kisa on Gilbert, he would've married me instead. That wretched witch is to blame. I only regret not pushing her down the stairs with

more force back then, allowing her a few more years to live. Dying in that explosion was too merciful for her.”

Kisa’s heart raced. ‘What’s going on here? I thought Sharon pushed Mrs. Kooper Sr. down the stairs? How did it become Sara? Did the two conspire together, with Sara fleeing the scene first?’

As Kisa mulled it over, Sara’s bitter voice rang out again. “Speaking of that imbecile Sharon, I just remembered. She must still be locked away, raving mad in her cell.nove.el.e.book She witnessed me pushing Mrs. Kooper Sr. down the stairs, and then threatened to keep me hidden away, forbidding me to show my face. If it hadn’t been for that, I wouldn’t have spent these years scraping by with David. I’ll make sure to exact my revenge on that fool. Once everything is mine, I’ll force her to watch just how low she’s fallen. Hahaha... hahaha...”

‘I didn’t know that Sharon witnessed Sara pushing Gilbert’s grandma down the stairs and used the information to blackmail her into hiding. No wonder Gilbert’s been searching for Sara for years, but still couldn’t find her. Evidently, Sharon inflicted the second, more severe injury on his grandma, leaving her in a vegetative state for years. Little did Sara now that Gilbert’s grandma hadn’t seen her at all during the first push — she’d only seen Sharon. If Sara had been aware of this, would she have regretted going into hiding and living such a wretched life?’

Lost in her thoughts, Kisa was jolted back to reality when Gilbert forcefully kicked open the door. His entire being radiated fury, with no concern for the embarrassing situation he had interrupted.

As the door slammed open, Sara let out a blood-curdling scream.

Shaun and Sara had just finished their intimate tryst. Nonchalantly dressing himself, Shaun remained composed. Sara, however, was a picture of terror, nove.el.e.book still lying on the bed, clutching the blanket to her pale, frightened face.

“No, no... it’s not what it looks like, Gilbert. Please, let me explain.”

Sara stammered desperately.

Gilbert closed in on her, his face a chilling mixture of darkness and cold fury. “I heard everything, Sara. My grandma’s death was by your hands.”

Sara vehemently shook her head. “No, it’s not true. Gilbert, I was just talking nonsense. I didn’t mean any of it.” She feebly attempted to deny the accusations.

Shaun lit a cigarette, a cruel smirk playing on his lips. He cast a pitying glance at the distraught Sara before stepping out of the room. Kisa locked eyes with him, unable to decipher his true intentions. The fact that he had helped her expose Sara’s true nature was unnerving. Shaun flashed Kisa a twisted grin and left without uttering a word.

Sara’s sins had caught up to her, and Shaun had strategically left a recorder in the room as irrefutable evidence. Armed with the incriminating recording, the police swiftly apprehended Sara. As they arrived, she collapsed to the floor, desperately clutching Gilbert’s pant leg, her gut-wrenching sobs echoing through the Room.

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Gilbert did not even bother to look at Sara. Kisa was suddenly reminded of her own desperate pleas for Gilbert's trust in the past, clinging to his sleeve. It was evident that

Gilbert treated her differently from Sara. When he had looked at her back then, his eyes were filled with anger, disappointment, and a hidden layer of heartache. Now, as he gazed at Sara, his expression was calm and detached, as if she were nothing more than a stranger.

Gilbert's indifference seemed to drive Sara into a fit of crazed laughter. She locked her eyes on Kisa, taunting. "So what if he's seen who I really am and learned about his grandma's death?"

"You're the one responsible for his parents' deaths, and that's an undeniable fact. You'll forever be a sinner in his eyes, always! Neither of you will ever find happiness, never!"

Gilbert's eyes turned ice-cold, but just in time, the police arrived and dragged Sara away. Kisa stood silently at the doorway; her hand held tightly by Gilbert as he smiled softly.

"Let's go home."

After a moment, Kisa nodded with a smile. "Okay."

They both avoided any mention of his parents' deaths, as if Sara's words had never been spoken.

The sky was a vibrant blue, and the sun shone brightly. With Sara gone, it seemed as though there were no more threats looming over their relationship. Gilbert held Kisa's hand firmly and said, "I promised to take you on a trip to the South. I already prepared the itinerary, and the tickets are booked for the day after tomorrow. Any thoughts?"

A sudden realization washed over Kisa — Gilbert had been poring over travel magazines every night, planning their southern getaway. She smiled at him and replied, "I have no preferences; I trust your judgment."

On the same night, Shaun unexpectedly asked to meet her. With Gilbert away, she went alone. Her impression of Shaun was not the best, but he had undeniably helped expose Sara's true nature. At the dimly lit bar, Shaun sat isolated in a booth, his face shrouded in an enigmatic loneliness.

Kisa approached and said, "Thank you for what you did with Sara."

Shaun's half-hearted smile emerged. "Don't mention it. I wasn't doing it for you, but to avenge my boss. In his life, he truly cared for only two people — his father and... you." His gaze locked onto her as he spoke.

Kisa's lips tightened, her thoughts turning to Jensen, leaving her with a disquieting feeling.

Shaun continued. "Sara caused my boss's father's death. Naturally, I had to help him seek revenge."

Kisa scrutinized him. He was undeniably loyal to Jensen. She softly asked, "So, why did you want to meet with me tonight?"

"Nothing serious. I just wanted to reminisce about the past." The past, which included Jensen and Mia, was not as lonely as now. He said to Kisa, "You must

still resent my boss, blaming him for the loss of your unborn child?"

Kisa shook her head. "I know he saved me from the fire. He saved both mine and Blake's lives, so no, I don't hate him."

But their once cherished bond had vanished.

Shaun chuckled. "I wonder if my boss would be relieved to hear that. It's a shame no one can reach him now."

Kisa observed the desolation in Shaun's eyes and said, "All good things must come to an end. novel.e.book Since he entrusted the company to you, give it your all and don't betray his faith."

"If my boss returns, would you... forgive him?" Shaun's gaze bore into her.

Kisa offered a faint smile. "I told you; I don't hate him. If there is no hate, where does forgiveness come in?"

Shaun fell silent, his lips pressed together. He could not discern whether her answer brought sorrow or relief.

'With even hate gone, has their relationship dissolved into indifference, like that of strangers?' he thought to himself.

At that moment, Davian called. Kisa instinctively answered, but her expression shifted dramatically in an instant.

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In a daring move, Sara had slipped away from the guards when they were distracted and broken free from the detention center. Burning with vengeance against Gilbert and Kisa, she had stormed into Ada's school brandishing a knife and taken her hostage.

Gilbert had already taken off alone in pursuit of Sara when Davian's call reached Kisa.

Panic surged through Kisa as she hung up and rushed out of the bar. Earlier, the weather had been merely hot and sticky, but now, a torrential downpour unleashed its fury. novel.e.book The heavy curtain of rain only heightened Kisa's sense of dread.

She jumped into her car and raced off in the direction Davian had described.

The memory of Sara's cruelty and insanity sent shivers down Kisa's spine. She couldn't bear the thought of anything happening to Ada and Gilbert.

As Kisa navigated a lonely stretch of road, a horrifying sight came into view: a car, twisted and overturned from a violent crash.

Shattered glass littered the ground while thick, white smoke billowed ominously from the wreckage. Blood and rainwater pooled on the pavement in a chilling, gruesome display. Heart pounding, Kisa recognized the blood-soaked figure huddled next to the car, clutching his head in agony—it was Gilbert. With adrenaline fueling her every step, she sprinted to his side and embraced him.

"Are you okay? Where's Ada?" Her voice quivered with fear and desperation. The sight of Gilbert's blood stung her eyes like daggers. As more blood seeped out of the car, Kisa covered her mouth and peered inside. novel.e.book Through the relentless rain, she glimpsed a woman, drenched in blood, slumped over the driver's seat. Her face was obscured by the mixture of blood and water, rendering her unrecognizable. Frantically, Kisa scoured the wreckage, her thoughts consumed by one question:

Where was Ada, her precious Ada?

"Daddy, Mommy!"

At that moment, a piercing cry cut through the relentless downpour. Kisa's heart jumped, and she quickly turned to see Davian running toward them, Ada cradled in his arms.

"Mr. Kooper!" Davian's voice trembled as he frantically examined Gilbert's wounds. Ada clung to Kisa in sheer terror, her eyes wide with fear as she stared at Gilbert.

"What happened to Daddy? Why's there so much blood on him?"

Kisa embraced her daughter tightly, seeking answers from Davian.

Breathing a sigh of relief, he explained, "Thankfully, Mr. Kooper's injuries are only superficial. A lot of the blood isn't even his."

As Kisa's heart began to settle, she learned that Gilbert had raced to save Ada under the condition that he would exchange himself for her. With no hesitation, he traded places with Ada, becoming Sara's hostage. Driven by madness, Sara sped off with Gilbert, intending to take both their lives. Desperate, Davian followed with Ada in tow. They arrived a moment too late, just as Sara's car crashed. Miraculously, Gilbert had leaped from the vehicle just before the impact, his injuries resulting from the jump. Ambulances and police swarmed the scene soon after. Sara was pronounced dead, and Gilbert was rushed to the hospital. He remained silent, his eyes open yet unseeing, his face a mask of numbness. After the doctors treated his wounds, Kisa brought him back to the Kooper residence. He lay in bed, utterly mute. He had not uttered a word since she had found him.

Kisa did not know if he had suffered a head injury or if Sara's death had left an indelible mark on his soul. He seemed like a different person, a hollow shell, or perhaps someone lost in a haunting memory from which he could not break free. The thought of this possibility sent shivers down Kisa's spine. With a heavy heart, she watched him for a long time before fetching a basin of warm water from the bathroom.