

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan Chapter 6

Chapter 6 You're Looking For Trouble

Gilbert looked at her reddened face. He suddenly came to his senses and let go of her.

Kisa coughed violently and slumped down the wall as a sudden burst of fresh air rushed into her lungs. She was trembling terribly because of the cough. Under Gilbert's condescending gaze, she looked like a gnat struggling to stay alive.

"Don't worry. I won't kill you. But I will make your life worse than death."

Kisa ended up being locked up in the garret by Gilbert. She desperately kicked and punched the door, which was locked, and hissed in a frenzy. "Let me out. Who are you to lock me up? I gave my life back to you five years ago; why are you locking me up now? Let me out. Let me out."

"You had it coming to you five years ago." Gilbert's bitter words came through the door. "Grandma hasn't woken up yet, and Sara hasn't been found. As long as you live, you are to pay for what you have done." He forced the last sentence through his teeth, carrying a full load of hatred and disgust.

Kisa lay helplessly on the floor, a familiar pain hitting her in the heart. She did not understand how a man could be so heartless. 'Does he really want me to die before letting me go?'

But Kisa would not resign to fate. She died once to pay him back for saving her life five years ago. Now, she owed him nothing, and he had no right to take her life. This life of hers was now her own, and no one may take it away. She fought back the grief and anger, got to her feet, and looked around, telling herself she had to find a way out of here. Otherwise, the ruthless Gilbert would torture her to death. After looking around the garret once, her eyes landed on a wooden shanty window.

It got dark quickly on winter days.

When it was completely dark outside, Kisa went to the window and pulled the rotten wooden window open with all her strength. As the wooden window opened, an icy wind blew in, causing her to cough violently. The cough almost made her battered body fall apart. She waited a while for the cough to subside and then looked out the window. It crept her out because her location was at least 30 feet above the ground.

But when Gilbert's ruthlessness came to mind, she shut her eyes and jumped out of the window with no hesitation. The height of the fall was nothing compared to the horror of being captured by Gilbert. Even if she was unlucky and jumped to her death, it was better than being tortured to death by that man.

The chilly wind whistled past Kisa's ears. When she hit the ground, she felt a sharp pain in her ankle. It was so painful that she could not stand up for a while. But she could not afford to waste time. While it was now dark and no one was looking, she had to hurry to get out of here.

Kisa gritted her teeth and forced herself to get up. Bracing the pain, she limped forward. Just as she reached the gate, someone shouted from behind.

"That woman has escaped. Go get her!"

Kisa shuddered and immediately ran outside without hesitation, never mind the injury on her ankle. She told herself that she must get away from that man, no matter what. As hurried footsteps approached, she was sweating anxiously. But she gritted her teeth and pressed on.

A dazzling pair of headlights swept in her direction, and then she heard the screeching sound of tires. Kisa fell to the ground in a heap. Her knees were just an inch away from the front of the car. Her heart was beating wildly, her body trembling uncontrollably at the sight of the man stepping out of the car.

Gilbert grabbed her by the collar and lifted her up, his face grim and terrifying. "Kisa, you really want to die, don't you?"

"Let go of me, Gilbert. Let go of me." She struggled desperately, kicking him with her feet.

But the man seemed to feel nothing. He carried her in stride back toward the mansion.

Thrown into the garret again, Kisa almost broke down mentally. She got up, limped toward Gilbert, and hissed. "What do you want? If you really hate me so much, then kill me, kill me."

His icy eyes lingered on her red, swollen ankle for a few seconds. He then glanced toward the open window before he walked out with an expressionless face. The door slammed shut. Kisa broke down and shouted, but there was no response, just as she had in prison. That despair and fear came back up.

She slumped helplessly to the floor, her initial grief and anger slowly turning into a helpless plea. "Gilbert, please let me go. It was my fault. I shouldn't have loved you. Please let me go. I swear I will never love you and appear in front of you again. I beg you to let me go, please."

On the stairs, Gilbert's hand holding a tray tightened, his obscure face revealing nothing of his emotions.

Andrew cautiously ran up and asked, "Daddy, who is that woman? Why did you lock her up?"

"Go back down. Don't come up here."

Gilbert said with a serious voice and then walked up the stairs with the tray in his hand. Andrew pouted, knowing there must be something wrong.

As the door to the garret opened, Kisa scrambled over on her hands and knees.

"Gilbert, will you leave me alone? I will clear my name about your grandma and help you find Sara. I know you have always hated me, and even my feelings for you make you sick. But don't worry, I will stay far away from you from now on. I stopped loving you a long time ago. Trust me, really."

"Take your meal," Gilbert said in a deep voice, as if he was holding back his emotion.

Kisa shook her head. "Please let me go."

Gilbert took a deep breath, finally exploding in anger. "Let you go? Over my dead body."

Now Kisa was completely driven mad. She kicked over the food on the tray and yelled at Gilbert, "What the hell do you want?"

Gilbert's face turned grave, and he pressed her to the ground. "Don't force my hand."