

# Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

## Chapter 741 – 745

### Chapter 741 I've Waited Here for a Long Time

She yelped out a cry. Her shoulder was pressed firmly onto the cold wall. Under the dim lights, she saw Gilbert's dark gaze and killer expression.

She knew all this man's caring, and gentleness was just in glimpses. In his bones, he was a violent man. When he was in a rage, he was more ruthless than anyone.

Kisa looked at him casually, "Why? You need something from me?"

"I've waited here for a long time," Gilbert spoke. His smoky voice was filled with suppressed rage.

Kisa jeered, "Really? But I didn't tell you to wait. You were being stupid yourself. Who can you blame?"

"Kisa!" He gritted his teeth while the pressure applied on her shoulder increased. Kisa muffled a sound from the pain while secretly cursing the man for being sick.

"If

She lifted her leg to kick him and spoke frustratingly, you have something to say, then spit it out. If not, then let go of me. It's freezing here.

Gilbert held onto her lowering his head. For a while, he did not speak anymore. Kisa struggled frustratingly twice. He suddenly closed in to kiss her aggressively.

Kisa was shocked and immediately shook her head to

dodge. But Gilbert basically did not give her a chance to evade him. One of his arms was placed on her neck to

hold her in place. Another hand pinched her lower jaw, and his lips crashed into her lips harshly. It carried an intense rage and vengeance.

“Mmh... Mmh...” Kisa tried her best to struggle, but the more she worked, the harder he kissed her. He even

opened his mouth to bite into her lips.

Kisa cried in pain and Gilbert let go of her. Kisa licked her lips, and a mouthful of blood scent filled her tongue. Her lips were still flaring from the pain.

She angrily stared daggers at the dark expression man, “Are you freaking sick?”

Gilbert raised his arm to wipe the blood stains on his lips. The corner of his lips twitched coldly. His smoky voice had a hint of self-mockery, “I am sick. I’m deathly sick, but this sickness is all because of you.”

Kisa stared at him and did not want to speak with this madman. Gilbert suddenly closed in on her and said in a low voice, “Speak. What did you do with Jensen just now?”

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“It’s none of your business,” she replied.

“Why would it be none of my business? I remember telling you before we have not legally divorced and ended our marriage. I am your lawful husband, so isn’t it my business?”

Mentioning that unbearable marriage, Kisa felt defeated. She tightened her lips and did not speak a sentence at all. Gilbert seemed to have lost his patience and took a powerful bite at her neck.

Kisa was in so much pain then she immediately took a breath. She was so angry that the tears were forced out, "Are you a freaking dog?"

"I asked you, what did you and Jensen do together earlier? Kisa stubbornly stared at him and still did not answer.

Gilbert then huffed out two laughs lowly. He then closed onto her neck again for kisses and bites. People were still walking in and out of the condominium door at the side. Yet this man did not care about being embarrassed and kept holding onto her to torture her.

Kisa was humiliated and angry. Frustrated, she said a low growl, "I did not do anything with him. I merely had a meal."

"You took that long to have a meal?" Hearing his icy tone filled with suspicion, Kisa immediately felt wronged and ridiculed heavily deep in her heart and a flash of sadness.

"Yes, we took that long to eat. If you don't believe me, that's up to you. Besides, whenever I tell you the truth, you never believe me. You only believe the angry, spiteful lies I tell you. If you really don't want to believe me, then fine. If I say that after I had a meal with Jensen, we went to a motel to have sex, will that be a good enough answer

for you?"

He stared at her darkly. The muscles in his arms were

tensed from the anger. Kisa, instead, was so upset that she cried.

## **Chapter 742 Having a Cold War**

"You're always like this. Every time something happens, you always fight tooth and nail to question me like this. Do you give even the slightest respect to me?"

"You said you misunderstood me before and that you'd make it up to me. Heh, is this the 'making up' you were talking about? There's so much damage and hate between the both of us. We were not meant to be together again."

“Even though your suspicions about setting up the fire are gone, it doesn’t mean I completely forgive you. The most I can do is not hate you. Truthfully speaking, our marriage had no meaning from the very start. You have no right to pretend to care about me now or to question me here!” Kisa cried and screamed at him. Her heart was filled with grievance and hate.

Gilbert stared at her closely. She wasn’t sure if it was due to him listening to it and feeling guilty in his heart or something else, but the arm holding her down slowly let go of her. After being released, Kisa immediately slid down along the icy cold wall.

She sat on the floor flustered and cried while holding onto her knees without care. She honestly did not know what she had done to offend this man. This man always fought tooth and nail with her. His so-called gentleness

and care were according to his whims, and his attitude toward her was just based on his mood. If his mood was good, he would treat her with all smiles, gentleness, and care. If his mood was bad, he would ruthlessly try to cause her demise.

As she thought about it, a wave of grief and sorrow overwhelmed her heart.

‘What am I to Gilbert in his heart?’ she wondered.

She was afraid that she was nothing more than a pet to him. She was stricken with grief and felt wronged, but what she did not realize was that the mood of the man beside her was based on her own attitude toward him.

Gilbert lowered his gaze to stare at her for a while. Then, he bent down his figure to sit beside her. He looked at the shadows cast by the streetlights and did not speak for some time. The woman beside him continued to cry. He wanted to comfort her but did not know how to, so he just sat quietly beside her.

Sometimes, people would walk through the door. They all looked at them with funny gazes, but all glared back at Gilbert harshly. After an unknown amount of time, her cries slowly grew smaller. After a while, the cries slowly turned into small bursts of sobs. Gilbert looked at her from the corner of his eyes. Enduring for a moment, he spoke to her, "Kisa..."

She did not respond. Thinking that she was still be angry

with

him, Gilbert sighed and continued to stare in a daze at the streetlights not far away.

After another long while, the woman beside him ultimately made no sound. He could not help but scrunch his brows and yell at her, "Kisa?"

She still did not make a sound. Gilbert frustratingly furrowed his brows and apologized stiffly, "It was my fault just now. I apologize to you. That should be good enough, no?"

She still did not make any reaction. Gilbert completely lost his patience and gave a low growl, "Even with all that talk, in the end you were still on guard against me and treated me as an outsider. You didn't want me to follow along when inviting Jensen to a meal, that's why I got angry. It was your fault, and you feel wronged?"

Despite how he growled angrily, she would just bury her face in her knees and make no response. He cursed out loud and stood up to smoke at the side. Due to his anger having nowhere to vent, he bit the cigarette and smoked harder. As if the cigarette he was biting was Kisa's lips

and neck.

He had a hand in his pocket while his back was against the pillar under the roof. His eyes stared forward angrily. The single cigarette was finished quickly.

He put out the cigarette butt forcefully, then turned his head to look at her. But he found out she was still in the

same position, not moving. He immediately laughed out of anger. '

'Is she insisting on having a cold war with me?' he thought.

He took a large stride toward her.

### **Chapter 743 Familiar Person**

"I'm talking to you. Why are you ignoring me?" He pulled at Kisa's arm and roared suddenly.

Kisa's body leaned to the side from being pulled by him, and almost fell to the ground. Fortunately, she used her hands to hold herself up on the floor. She opened her sleepy eyes and growled at him angrily, "What are you doing?"

"I'm talking to you. What's the meaning behind ignoring me? I already apologized to you. What else do you want?"

Kisa crawled up from the ground and raised her hand to push the hairs sticking to her face to the back of her ear. Then looked at him coldly,

"What? You apologized to me? Why didn't I hear anything? Besides, would an arrogant person such as yourself truly and sincerely apologize to me? Why do I doubt so?"

Gilbert was frustrated and angry. He stared harshly at her.

Kisa pushed him off and looked on expressionlessly, "It's too late. I want to go rest. If you want to go crazy, then do it yourself," she said. She turned around to walk into the condominium block.

Gilbert gritted his teeth out of rage, but there was nothing he could do to her. Kisa walked into the elevator, assuming that she had finally gotten free from the madman. However, as she let out a breath of relief she did not expect, Gilbert suddenly squeezed into the elevator just as the doors were closing.

Kisa instinctively took two steps back and glared at him angrily, "You..."

He leaned next to her and twitched his lips casually, "It's late. I want to go up and rest too."

"Then go back to your own house," Kisa gritted her teeth. She thought deep down that making him give back the keys was probably impossible. She might as well change the locks another day.

As if seeing through the thoughts in her mind, Gilbert spoke, "Key-copying technology is super advanced these days. Regardless of how many locks you change, I can get the key for it."

Kisa choked from the rage. She looked at him with disdain and coldness without making a sound. Gilbert also did not speak and merely stared at the numbers on the elevator silently.

Getting out of the elevator, Kisa purposefully walks much faster. She quickly opened the lock and swiftly ducked inside. She quickly tried to close the door and thought of barricading the door from the inside so that even if Gilbert had a key, he would not be able to enter.

However, before she could fully close the door, a huge palm pushed it open immediately.

Kisa was also pushed back together and stumbled backward.

She looked at the man before her, irritated.

"Why do you keep pestering me? What are you trying to do? The most I can do now is to not hate you, so we should not interfere with each other, just like strangers. Why do you have to keep messing with me?"

Gilbert looked at her intensely, "I... just want to pursue your love again."

'I just want to make you love me!' This final sentence, he did not say out loud.

Kisa suddenly chortled a laugh, "I'm afraid not many people would be able to survive this 'pursuing' of yours."

After finishing her sentence, she gave up and went back to her room by herself.

Gilbert walked in and changed into slippers, then closed the door. He went to Kisa's door and stood in front of it for a while before walking back to sit on the sofa.

He stared at the closed door absent-mindedly. His gaze was dark.

'What do I need to for her to stop rejecting me?' he wondered.

He leaned back onto the sofa. He massaged his forehead and thought deeply.

If he chose to just let go and allowed Kisa and Jensen to be together, then she would definitely not despise him like this.

Too bad he could not bring himself to do it. Even on pain of death, he would not do it.

The next day, Kisa met an acquaintance at the production set. When she saw the person, she was shocked.

### **Chapter 744 Busybody**

This was because the 'acquaintance' was Jolina. As usual, Kisa was shooting a costume drama while Jolina played her servant.

The first time and the last time she saw Jolina was atop Kerrona Hill. She did not have a clear impression of this girl. She remembered nothing about her except that she was together with Peter Webb.

Based on her relationship with Peter, why is she only playing a small role as a servant in this drama series?' Kisa wondered to herself, finding it suspicious.

Jolina was very quiet. When shooting a scene, she was focused, and when resting, she would sit on the sides, not making a sound. Kisa took a bottle of water and passed it to her.

She smiled at Jolina and said, "What a coincidence. I didn't know you were an artist in this production crew."

Jolina glanced at her, then took over the bottle, "Thank you."

As for the other matters, she did not say anything. Kisa also did not ask any further and merely smiled and walked away.

When work ended in the evening, Peter came over to the set.

He might have come to look for Jolina. Peter looked tall and handsome. His gestures and motions had a glint of wicked charm. His lips twitched to an angle, and he seemed a little cynical yet incredibly charming.

Unlike Anthony's wickedness, which was a subtle and sinister sort of evil that gave people a feeling of danger and fear, Peter's wickedness was wild and hard to hide, with an air of arrogance emanating from his whole body.

As he entered, he attracted a lot of amazed looks. Kisa glanced backward as she adjusted her purse. Today was a rare occasion, since Gilbert had not come to the set. She wanted to rush home as soon as possible.

At that moment, someone suddenly bumped into her. She stumbled two steps forward. Looking back, she noticed it was Jolina.

Jolina's expression seemed pale. She lowered her head and apologized, as if hiding from something.

Kisa steadied her body and smiled at her, "It's fine."

As she spoke, Peter walked here with giant strides. "I gave you a call. Why did you not pick up?" Peter stared at Jolina, asking with a terrible tone.

Jolina lowered her head and spoke casually, "I didn't hear them."

"Heh!" Peter chuckled coldly, then dragged her and walked.

Jolina showed some resistance. She quickly pulled at Kisa's arm. She gazed at Kisa with a pleading look in her eyes. Kisa furrowed her brows in confusion. Even though she did not understand the situation, she stood before Peter.

"Can't you see that she isn't willing to go with you? What matter cannot be discussed properly and requires brute force like this?"

Peter chortled a laugh and looked at Kisa, "Kisa, this is a matter between her and I. I'd advise you to not be such a busybody."

"I don't know about the quarrel between the both of you. I only know that you're harassing this lady."

"Heh, harassing?" Peter laughed mockingly. The laugh was slightly odd, and he looked at Jolina, "You tell her, did I harass you?"

Jolina lowered her head and spoke in a tiny voice, "No... No." As she said so, she let go of the hand that was pulling on Kisa's arm.

Peter sneered, "You hear that? She said I wasn't harassing her. Move out of my way right now."

Kisa looked at Jolina. Jolina still had her head hung as if hiding something. She still blocked Peter's way forward and spoke to him, "I just invited Jolina for a meal. Besides, she also accepted my invitation. If you don't mind, you can go with us together."

Peter scrunched his brows, irritated.

“So what? She’s not free to have a meal with you. Get out of my way!”

After

saying this, he swung his arm and immediately pushed Kisa to the side. His strength was tremendous Kisa wobbled a few steps to the side. Her whole body seemed to almost fall to the ground. Jolina gave out a cry

Suddenly, a figure rushed in, held onto Kisa’s waist, and directly brought her into their arms.

## **Chapter 745 It’ll Get Your Fingers Burned**

Kisa steadied herself, still surprised. She discovered that the person holding her was Gilbert. Gilbert squinted his eyes dangerously and stared coldly at Peter, “Don’t you know she’s my woman? You dare put your hands on her?”

“So what? Who

told her to be a busybody?” Peter smiled coldly, “You should manage your woman properly. Don’t let her meddle in other people’s business. Thankfully she met me today. If it was someone else, it wouldn’t be as simple as pushing her. She might even be physically hit on her body.”

“They wouldn’t dare.” Gilbert’s tone was cold.

Kisa stood in his arms and could feel the killer aura emanating from him. As both sides were refusing to back down, Adrien suddenly came over.

“Oh my, I was wondering why the air pressure in the production set was so low. Turns out it’s the both of you,” he said.

Following behind Adrien was Jensen.

Jensen gave Kisa a glance and asked worriedly, “You okay?”

Kisa shook her head and instinctively wanted to retreat from Gilbert’s arms. However, Gilbert was particularly assertive when holding on to her waist. He was not willing to let go in the slightest.

Kisa gritted her teeth but did not struggle further to avoid making a scene and making it a joke for everyone.

Adrien's gaze floated toward Gilbert and Kisa's bodies. The corner of his lips twitched into a meaningful smile.

After a while, he looked at Peter, "Aren't we all friends with each other? Why are we making such a fuss?"

"Heh, who wants to fuss," Peter huffed and stared coldly at Kisa.

"It's just this woman again. It's none of her business, and she still wanted to meddle in it."

"It's not Miss Kisa's fault," Jolina spoke suddenly at that moment, "Yes.. it was me who wanted to request her help for something."

Adrien looked at her. His looks were exceptionally kind, "Then what did you need help for? You can tell everyone, and maybe we might be able to give a helping hand?"

One of Jolina's hands was pulled by Peter. Her other hand tightly pinched her canvas bag slanted on her body. It was winter, but she was so nervous that her forehead was wet with sweat.

She must have wanted to say something, but she did not dare to.

Kisa pursed her lips but could not resist telling her, "If you're facing any trouble, just say it out loud, don't be afraid."

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Peter laughed and lowered his gaze toward Jolina, "Yes, look at you. There are so many people standing up for you. You should tell them quickly, what difficulties do you have deep down? They would surely help you."

Peter's tone sounded odd. It was not comforting at all. Instead, it sounded more like a threat. Kisa furrowed her brows and stared closely at Jolina.

Jolina seemed to struggle slightly. After a while, she suddenly let go of the canvas bag, looked at Kisa and said,

Thank you. I... I'm alright now.

"Heh, you all heard her," Peter sneered and closed in on

Kisa's face.

Gilbert immediately pulled Kisa behind him to protect her. He coldly met Peter's gaze. Peter gave a light laugh, "Why are you so tense? I just wanted to warn her to

meddle less in other's business in the future. Really, being a busybody is not good for you at all. It'll get your fingers burned."

"Thanks for your concern. With my presence, no fire will touch Kisa at all."

"Heh, really?" Peter smiled with deep intentions, "Then you'd better protect her for the rest of her life."

After Peter finished speaking, he dragged Jolina and walked. Kisa stared blankly at the girl stumbling away from being dragged out. She wanted to say something but

did not know what to say.

Since she was not familiar with Jolina, she did not

understand the situation between her and Peter at all. She had no right to say anything about the matter between them.

Adrien blew a smoke ring and looked at Gilbert protecting Kisa meaningfully. Jensen saw the glint in Adrien's eye and clenched his hand tightly at his side.

He turned his gaze toward Kisa while speaking.