

## Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan Chapter 13

### Chapter 13 He Kisses Her

"Who is it?" Because it was late at night, she did not dare to open the door but asked in a deep voice. No one answered outside, but the knocking was incessant. She panicked but kept her breath steady.

"I won't open the door until you make a sound."

The rapping on the door continued for a few more beats before a low, suppressed yell came. "Kisa Becker!"

She shuddered. 'It is Gilbert's voice. He is still haunting her like a ghost. I should have known it; as long as I'm still in this city, I can never get away from him. But is he coming here in the middle of the night to settle a score with her, or to get his son back?'

"Open up! Kisa, open up!"

Kisa was so afraid of him that she would not open the door. She dragged the table over to block the door, crawled under the covers, and waited quietly, thinking he would leave when he had had enough.

As expected, there was no sound outside after a short while. She waited for a while longer to make sure there was no sound outside before she got up and dragged the table away. After that, she cautiously opened the door.

A gust of icy wind rushed in, and she pulled her collar closer to herself. She then poked her head out, and then in the next moment, she saw a figure. Her heart missed a beat, and she hurried to close the door, but it was too late. A large hand pushed against the door, preventing it from closing. Before she could react, a powerful force dragged her out.

"You—"

Just as she was about to say something, Gilbert forcefully pinned her against the wall, and he reeked of alcohol. Under the dim light in the hallway, she saw the man's scarlet eyes and murderous look, as if he wanted to eat her alive.

"Wh-What do you want? Don't forget, your son is still with me."

'She is threatening me with the child again? If I could, he would love to cut through her chest and see what color her heart really is.'

He held back his emotions and asked drunkenly, "Was it because you wanted to threaten me that you deliberately conceived with my child?"

She felt a pang of pain in her heart.

'So that is how he has always seen her. No wonder he didn't like the child.'

She wanted to tell him that was not the case, that the pregnancy was an accident, that she never wanted to threaten him with the child, but she loved the child and wanted him to accept the child and their family to be together happily.

But the thought of his bitter abhorrence caused the words to choke in her throat. She figured that since he was so disgusted with her, telling him all that would just make a fool of herself.

She let out a distant, sarcastic smirk. "What else, if not that? Since you loathe me so much, could I still expect you to change your mind about me because I'm carrying your child?"

"Kisa!" Gilbert clutched her shoulders with force, hating her so much that he wished he could crush her shoulder blades. "An evil woman like you doesn't deserve to have children. They love you so much. How could you... how could you...?"

Kisa frowned abruptly. "What do you mean 'they'?"

The thought of a certain possibility made her arms tremble with emotions.

'Could it be that Andrew and Ada...'

But this thought just flashed through her mind and was dismissed instantly. After she was rescued five years ago, she saw the child's body with her own eyes. It was so small and wrinkled, lying silently in a white cloth. Her child had died; there was no miracle.

Her heart convulsed in pain at the thought of that child. She did not know what was wrong with Gilbert tonight, coming to question her about the child. All she knew was that she would never, ever forgive this man about the child.

She pushed him away. "I don't want to talk to you about the child. If you're here tonight to get your son back, then go in and take him away. If you're here to settle a score with me for your grandma and Sara, I have nothing but my life. Take it. There is no need to lock me up again and again."

Gilbert said nothing, just staring at her with some emotion, which she could not tell what they meant. Her ankle was in a cold sweat of pain. She did not want to dwell on it with this man any longer. Again, she tried to push him away, but he did not budge.

Kisa was cornered. "What the hell do you want? Mmm..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Gilbert lowered his head abruptly and planted his fiery kiss on her lips.