

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan Chapter 14

Chapter 14 Why Should I?

Kisa's eyes widened in shock in an instant. She could not believe that he was kissing her.

'Isn't he disgusted with me?'

Kisa came to her senses and struggled to break free. But Gilbert suddenly rested his head on her shoulder, motionless. She quietly calmed herself down and gave him a push. "Gilbert, you..."

Just then, he fell limply to the ground. It was apparent that he had one too many.

Kisa sneered as she figured Gilbert had just mistaken her for Sara. That would explain why he kissed her. She shot a faint look at the man on the floor, then spun around and went back inside. While she was leaning her back against the cold door, an evil thought came to her mind.

'If Gilbert freezes to death outside tonight, I will have avenged my child's death, and there will be no more threats to my life going forward. But...'

She hesitated as she looked over at Andrew, who was sleeping soundly on the bed. She realized that Andrew and Ada were good kids. She would feel sorry for them if they lost their father. Besides, she had not proven her innocence to Gilbert yet, so she would not let Gilbert die just like that.

Kisa wrestled with herself in her mind for a long time before she pulled the door open again. After much effort, she finally dragged Gilbert, who had blacked out, into the house. With a thin blanket on the floor, he let Gilbert sleep on one side of the blanket and pulled the other side over his body.

This was all she could do to this man. At the very least, she did not take the opportunity to take revenge on him. Besides, there was no extra quilt in her house, and there was not even a sofa.

The following day, Gilbert woke up with a terrible hangover, feeling cold and his head going to explode. He looked around and saw Kisa and Andrew sleeping soundly in bed. His face darkened the moment he realized he was lying on the floor. 'This goddamn woman has left me sleeping on the floor, but there is apparently still plenty of space on the bed.' He got up and quietly walked to the bedside with his hand clenched at his sides.

In her sleep, Kisa sensed a pair of icy, piercing eyes staring at her. At last, that stare jolted her out of her sleep. But she woke up with no one beside her bed. She thought of

Gilbert and hurriedly looked at the floor again. The blanket was crumpled into a ball, and he was long gone.

Gilbert left without a word, and he did not even take Andrew with him. She wondered if he had decided to leave her alone.

Kisa quietly breathed a sigh of relief when her phone suddenly vibrated. She turned on her phone to take a look. She sneered when she saw it was a text message from Gilbert.

[Take care of my son since you took him. I will not spare you if anything happens to him.]

She could feel the man's ruthlessness through the phone screen.

'Look how much he cares about his child with that woman. But what about my child?' This difference in treatment made her hate him so much. 'Since this son is so precious to him, he should have taken him away. Why leave him here, and why should I help him take care of his child with another woman? Why should I?'

As she was thinking with resentment, Andrew suddenly sat up on the bed and rubbed his eyes.

"Ma'am, I'm so thirsty."

But Kisa did not respond.

Andrew glanced at her and felt that she was angry, so he did not dare to bother her again. Just as he was about to get up and go get himself some water, Kisa suddenly pulled him back down.

"Sit down." Kisa sighed gently, then got him a glass of warm water. As much as she was filled with hatred, she could not be cruel to that child.

Andrew took the water, took a sip, and spat it out. "Ma'am, I want some iced water."

Kisa frowned. "It is winter. Why do you want to drink iced water?"

"But I feel hot."

"Hot?" Kisa wondered. As this was a basement, where the temperature was a few degrees below zero, cold and dreary, he should not have felt hot. So she reached out to feel his forehead.

Andrew instantly dodged. "I just feel a little hot, a little thirsty, no fever." With that, he poured the warm water down his neck in one go.

Just then, Ariella called. Kisa did not have to answer it to know it was a call to rush her to the set.

She did not have time for Andrew. "I'm going to work. Do you want to go home or what?"

"I will just wait here for you to come back."

Kisa frowned again. "I may not be back until very late."

"It's okay. I will wait for you."

"What about your meals?"

"I will make my own meal."

She looked at his well-behaved and understanding boy with a lump in her throat and also some annoyance.

Ariella called again, time and again. At last, Kisa lost her patience. "All right then. You can wait here if you want."

Despite saying so, she called her best friend Lea Garner to come over and take care of Andrew. Lea was a bar girl whom Kisa had once saved from being harassed. Since then, they became good friends who could talk about nothing and everything. A few days ago, Lea said she had a day off today. So Kisa could not be more relieved to have Lea come over to take care of Andrew temporarily. After all, how could she be comfortable leaving such a small child in this cold basement? Not to mention that text message of Gilbert was threatening her.

On the way to the set, Ariella kept calling her, one call after another, as if Ariella was rushing her to hell.

When she finally arrived at the set, Ariella scolded her in her face. "Are you dying already? All the other assistants have long arrived, and you are the only one who has not come until now. You might as well become the female lead if you like to assume great airs."

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Ariella."

"Get out of the way!" Ariella looked at her one more time and pushed her away.

Kisa staggered and then stumbled to the ground. But the next second she knew it, she ended up plunging into a firm embrace.