

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

Chapter 360-370

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Chapter 360 I Have Never Known What Guilt Means

egg

throwers are

[Kisa cares about the sanitation workers in every way. On the contrary, they are just insolent, disrupting public order and polluting the environment. Besides, Kisa has done nothing atrocious. Why do they have to pelt eggs on her every day?]

They are the ones who are vicious. Especially the woman in the video, as if Sharon is her relative.]

[Did you see that Mr. Kooper of GK was defending Kisa? So, the accusation that Kisa framed Sharon and GK was nonsense. Or else, why would Mr. Kooper come to Kisa's defense?]

[Let's hope people will stop throwing eggs at Kisa. This kind of behavior is bold and not environmentally friendly. Be level-headed, everyone.]

As Kisa expected, the netizens met the video with raves. Genuine netizens made most of the comments, although the cyber troopers hired by her PR department also pitched in. She checked out the comments on the video on the other social platforms, which were also positive. At this point, she was relieved, knowing Sharon would no longer dare hire people to pelt her with eggs because that would backfire.

Just then, Gilbert suddenly came in, his sleeves half rolled up, and his expression was still sullen. He did not look at her but just walked straight to the bathroom. Kisa said nothing, either

r. She continued looking at her phone. After a few moments, a shadow suddenly cast over her, and the first thing she knew was that Gilbert was already standing in front of her with a first-aid kit in his hand.

She frowned. "What?"

"Instead of dressing up that wound, you left it out in the open to remind me I did it, right?" His icy voice reeked of sarcasm.

Kisa took a deep breath and was about to pull the sleeve down. But the man grabbed her arm, flipped open the first-aid kit, and took out a medication to apply to her.

"So you are being so kind as to dress my wound because you feel guilty?" Kisa snorted.

"I never know what guilt means. I only dressed your wound because it was an eyesore."

Kisa choked in exasperation. She looked out the window, not wanting to talk to him, not realizing that the video was still playing on her phone. Gilbert saw it, and he squinted.

"Speaking of which, there is more to you than meets the eye, eh? You were smart enough to take this video secretly." He always spoke with sarcasm.

Kisa sneered. "If I didn't think of something, should I just let you and Sharon do whatever you want to me?"

Gilbert stared at the video of himself defending her. He sneered, "What a cunning woman. You even posted this footage on the Internet."

"It has to be done. After all, you are the CEO of GK Pictures. When even the CEO of GK Pictures is 'defending' me, what do you think the netizens will think?"

"Now, all that is left between you and me is just put-up jobs?"

“Of course not. There is also hatred. A hatred that we can never erase.” The wound on her arm

suddenly hurt as Gilbert turned up the strength of his action.

He was dressing her wound with a straight face before he let out a half smile. “I really underestimated you.

“Is that a compliment?” Kisa sneered. She could hear the sarcasm in his voice.

Chapter 361 Now You Have Nothing But Chicanery For Me?

Gilbert said nothing, picked up the gauze, and bandaged her wound. He was not as delicate as Jensen, and the dressing would not win any aesthetic award. Especially the knot that looked like it would fall apart at any moment.

Kisa reinforced the knot with her teeth and asked, “When will someone bring the clothes over?”

“Are you afraid Jensen will worry?”

”

Kisa was exasperated so much so that she became incapable of anger. She just could not understand why Gilbert always had to bring up Jensen. Not bothering to argue with him, she got up and said, “If no one brings the clothes before dark, then I will go straight back like this. She seriously suspected that Gilbert had asked no one to bring her clothes. After all, this was his villa, where he must have many clothes, yet none will fit Kisa. Contrary to her belief, someone knocked on the door. She looked over and saw Davian standing respectfully in the doorway.

“Mr. Kooper, I have brought you the clothes you requested. They are all in the sizes you require.”

Gilbert glanced at Kisa. “Why don’t you take them? Didn’t you just ask for clothes?”

Kisa felt embarrassed with a hint of guilt for the thought she had just had. But the embarrassment and shame vanished once she thought of the man's heartlessness. She walked to the door and took the paper bag from Davian. "Thank you."

Davian shook his head. "Why thank me? You should thank Mr. Kooper. He remembers your size very well," Davian said with an ambiguous smile.

Kisa had no words. "What are you thinking again?"

Davian quickly shook his head. "I'm not thinking about anything. You and Mr. Kooper are here alone, with you dressing up like this. What else am I supposed to think? It doesn't require much imagination, does it?"

Kisa was at a loss for words. She realized she could neither speak properly with Gilbert nor communicate with Davian, like the master, like the subordinate. They are both equally annoying. She glared at Davian, then carried the paper bag to the bathroom.

Davian looked at Gilbert with a smile. "Mr. Kooper, are you and Mrs. Kooper here on vacation?"

Gilbert had not been to this villa for a long time. The only time he stayed here was the year he received the news of his wife's death. When Davian thought of what happened back then, he was heartbroken. That year, news of Kisa's death came, leaving no one taking care of the two babies. At the time, Gilbert did not care about the children at all. He withdrew himself at the grave of his wife days and nights without eating or drinking and then went missing. Madalyn had been unconscious, and the two poor children cried daily. They hired a babysitter, but Sharon sent her away.

Sharon, as their aunt, volunteered to take care of the children. But she was simply not up to snuff at the job. She took care of the children for a few days, and Andrew got seriously sick and was admitted into the intensive care unit. Davian was so anxious that he looked for Gilbert everywhere and could not find him. At last, he had no choice but to advertise Andrew's hospital admission on the news before Gilbert re-emerged. Later, he learned Gilbert had

hidden in the villa. But no one knew why Gilbert was hiding there, nor did he know what Gilbert had done in the villa.

While Davian was lost in his thoughts, Gilbert suddenly said to Davian, "Is there anything else? If not, leave now."

Chapter 362 He Gussed Her Size Quite Correctly

Davian snapped back and shook his head. "No, no, I'm leaving." He ran out in a flash, not wanting to disturb Gilbert and Kisa. He could see that Gilbert was in a great mood lately. Gilbert was not offended when he addressed Kisa as Mrs. Kooper. If it were previously, Gilbert would have killed him with those knife-like eyes of his.

Davian had brought her a long-sleeved dress. The paper bag also contained a set of lavender underwear. Looking at the lingerie, Kisa blushed. Now she knew why Davian was looking at her with that expression; Gilbert had sent Davian to buy her underwear. She felt embarrassed to even think about it, but Kisa couldn't care less now. She quickly put the underwear on, and it fit surprisingly well. Gilbert had guessed her size correctly. When she had gotten changed and came out of the bathroom, she saw Gilbert almost naked and standing beside the bed. "W- What are you doing?" She stammered and blushed big time.

Gilbert turned to look at her expressionlessly. "Get changed."

"Then you should do it outside. Y-You-"

"This is my room. Why should I go out to get changed?" Gilbert let out a faint smile and walked toward her. With that, he walked toward her with careless indifference.

Kisa was flustered, scrambling to look away, and then buried her head in her hand as she rushed outside.

Gilbert stared at her with a smirk as she fled.

Kisa stood in the courtyard for a while before the blush on her face went away.

The car Gilbert used in the morning was not there, but there was another car in the courtyard. So Kisa thought it must be Davian who just drove it here. When she saw Gilbert coming out of the house, she came up to him and said, "You can just drop me off at some busy street so I can take a taxi to go home." Gilbert did not respond but chuckled something at her. She subconsciously caught it. "You ..."

"I have just been drinking. You drive."

Kisa's face collapsed because that meant she had to drive Gilbert home before going home. She could not feel more annoyed than this. Had she known this earlier, she would have asked Davian to give her a ride.

Gilbert looked up at his watch and said, "Stop dilly-dallying. It is getting late."

Kisa watched him sit in the front passenger seat. "What do you mean by that? What are you trying to pull again?"

"Andrew and Ada have almost finished school. You didn't pick them up yesterday; aren't you going to pick them up today?"

Only then did it dawn on Kisa. She had almost forgotten about the two children. She jumped into the car, started it up, and asked, "Are we going together?"

"Of course. The two children will be happier that way."

Kisa pursed her lips. As much as she did not want to go with this man to pick up the children, she would not say otherwise, as she knew the two children liked her a lot.

Today was not some special day, but the entire Case residence was a shindig. Christopher thought he was in the wrong house when he returned. He had been out for just a few hours, and the mother and daughter had turned the house into a party room, and they were dancing to the song. Christopher was so upset that he

threw his briefcase onto the couch in the corner. "What are you two doing?"

Only then did the mother and daughter know he was back.

Chapter 363 How is This Possible?

Carolyn greeted him with a smile. "Celebrate. We are celebrating Sharon's victory over that bitch."

"Yeah, Dad. In the past two days, the netizens have so badly criticized that b*tch that almost everyone calls for her to get out of show business. Isn't this a brilliant move of mine? It didn't take much to bring her down."

Christopher said nothing. He just scowled.

Carolyn pinched him on the arm and yelled, "Who are you looking at with such a goddamn face? Are you feeling sorry for that little bastard? I'm telling you, we are happy that Sharon has beaten that little bastard, and don't you be here to spoil the fun."

"Absolutely, Dad. Come on. Let's celebrate together as a family," Sharon said, pulling Christopher to dance with her.

Christopher shrugged her off with a huff. "Who told you she was finished? Who said you beat her? Didn't you guys watch the entertainment news this afternoon?"

Carolyn and Sharon looked at each other with puzzled expressions on their faces. They had been so busy setting up the party this afternoon that they had forgotten to watch the entertainment news.

Carolyn frowned and yelled at Christopher again. "What do you mean by that? Are you saying that because you love that b*tch and don't want Sharon to win? You, Christopher, you say you love Sharon, you say Sharon is your daughter, but your heart still goes out to that little b*stard. You b*stard. Tell me clearly, you-

“That’s enough,” Christopher yelled, shaking her off as he shoved a phone into her palm. “Just flip through the entertainment headlines and see for yourself.” With that, he stormed upstairs in a huff.

While Carolyn was still cursing at Christopher, Sharon felt something was wrong. When she checked the news on her phone, her face contorted with anger.

“How is this possible? This is not possible. The woman was finished. How could she do this? What exactly happened? Who is helping her?”

Carolyn’s face changed. “Sharon, what is wrong?”

“It has only been a few hours, and the internet is all praising her, and many are even calling me evil and saying I hired someone to throw eggs at that woman. This is ridiculous. Why is

this happening? What the hell is going on?” Sharon yelled with a contorted face, shaking with anger. She thought Kisa was finished, and her career in the entertainment industry was over. She could not believe that Kisa could turn the tide. Sharon squeezed her phone so hard that she almost broke it under her monstrous anger.

Carolyn refused to believe it and hurriedly checked her phone’s news. “Impossible. It has only been a while, and public opinion has turned one-sided. Kisa hasn’t held a press conference, and even if she has held one, it will not work well,” Carolyn said as she kept browsing through the news. Suddenly, she sneered, “No wonder. We underestimated the bitch. Sharon, you see, she is a scheming slut. She deliberately let those people pelt her with eggs and played the victim card while secretly arranging for someone to film the incident. And, you see, Mr.

Kooper came forward at the end to defend her. Sharon, what does Mr. Kooper mean by that? You said Mr. Kooper hates that b*tch? How could he come out to defend that b*tch?”

Chapter 364 Ruthless

Sharon’s chest heaved with anger as she stared viciously at the video of Gilbert defending Kisa. She smashed her phone at the wineglass on the dining table, overturned the table, kicked over the stereo, and hissed in a frenzy,

“Why? I want that b*tch dead. I want her dead. Gilbert is mine. GK can only be mine.”

The maids nearby whispered to each other.

“I remember Sharon saying that if she failed to bring down Kisa, she would live stream herself eating poop.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah. I remember that too.”

“Yuck! It is disgusting to think about it.”

Kisa and Gilbert arrived at the kindergarten just as it was time for school to end. Kisa said to him, “I will wait in the car. You go and bring them out.”

“We will go together.”

“I’m not going.”

“Then I’m not going either.”

“You!” Kisa glared at him. “Are you even a competent father? Who do you expect to pick up your children for you when even you won’t?”

Gilbert said nothing and did not move, either,

Kisa was exasperated. She leaned back in her seat with her arms crossed. “Then I won’t go either. It is not my children, anyway.”

Gilbert’s hands tightened subconsciously, and his breathing became heavy. He was angry.

Kisa found Gilbert had been emotional every time. This time, for example, he was expecting someone else to pick up his children from school when he would not even do it himself. When others did not go, Gilbert would lose his temper. She could not understand why he behaved this way. As she watched other children follow their parents out of the school, Kisa became slightly anxious. She wrung her hands and was about to get out of the car when Gilbert suddenly accused her of being heartless and then got out of the vehicle. Not

only did he get out of the car, fuming, but he also slammed the door. Kisa looked on and sneered as he went. "I'm heartless? How better can he be?"

While waiting for them, Kisa went to buy two sets of desserts. Just as she returned to the car, she ran into Mia.

"What a coincidence!" Mia was holding Blake's hand and smiled at her. Mia's smile was still as enchanting as ever.

Kisa pursed her lips before she replied, "What a coincidence."

Mia shook Blake's hand to signal him. "What should you do when you meet someone?"

Blake looked at Kisa for a moment but did not say a word.

Her heart skipped a beat when she looked the boy in the eyes. She always had a strange feeling whenever she saw him.

Seeing that Blake only stared at Kisa and did not greet her, Mia could not help but chortle. "I'm sorry. He is probably still shy."

"It is okay." Kisa quickly shook her head, then squatted down in front of Blake with a gentle smile. "Do you like dessert? I have just bought some dessert."

Blake shook his head. "I don't like sweet things."

"Oh, it is okay." Kisa patted him on the head.

Mia looked at Kisa for a while, then suddenly smiled and asked, "Are you here to pick up the children again today?"

"Err, yeah," Kisa sounded awkward. After all, it was not her children but Gilbert's. Both Mia and Jensen knew she hated Gilbert. Just then, Gilbert came back out with Andrew and Ada.

“Look! It is, Ma’am.” Ada happily shouted as she ran into Kisa’s arms, hugging her affectionately. “Ma’am, you have really come to pick Andrew and me up from school.”

Kisa smiled at her and nodded her head. The moment she looked up, her eyes collided with Mia’s inquisitive eyes.

Chapter 365 Do You Think I Could Still Love You?

Mia let out a knowing smile “Look at you guys Those who don’t know would think you are a family of four ”

Kisa’s heart fluttered at the slightest sarcasm ‘Exactly Gilbert and I are enemies. How could we get along like a normal couple in public when there is such a blood feud between us?’

Gilbert had come over and studied Mia, his brows knitted together He did not like this woman. “Let’s go,” he said to Kisa.

Kisa stood still with her head low

Ada saw Blake and said joyfully. “Hi, we have met you again” She pulled at Andrew “Andrew, he is the boy I told you about. He is very nice It was he who gave me the bandage”

Carrying his small schoolbag on his back, Andrew walked up to Blake and said politely. “I’m Andrew, Ada’s brother. Thank you for taking care of my sister What is your name?”

“Blake Kooper,” Blake replied expressionlessly, then looked up at Mia “I want to go home, godmother.”

Mia smiled. “Okay, let’s go home” With that, she talked to Kisa for a second, bringing Blake away. After walking a short distance, Mia asked Blake. “What is wrong? Don’t you like that lady and the two children?”

Blake kept his head low and pursed his lips, not saying a word

Mia felt strange and put her arm around his shoulders “What is wrong? Tell me if you are not happy.”

Blake wrung his hands and said sullenly,
“I’m not unhappy I I just don’t want to talk to them.

Mia was stunned. “Why?”

Blake shook his head sullenly. “I just don’t like it.”

Mia sighed
gently. “Okay, come on, let’s go home. I will call your Dad to come to see you in the evening.” With that, she led Blake to continue to walk forward.

Blake
could not help but glance back toward Andrew and Ada, his face having a touch of emotion that adults could not understand.

Kisa got into the car sulkily and held the steering wheel in silence before she said to Gilbert, “I will drive you all back to the Kooper residence.”

Ada was stunned. “Ma’am, aren’t we going to your place?”

Andrew also became anxious. “We want to stay with you.

Kisa did not reply to the two children but stared at Gilbert coldly.

Gilbert
leaned back in the seat and said carelessly, “We are going to your place.”

Kisa snorted. “Don’t you think it is weird to
have two enemies living under the same roof?”

“Not at all.” Gilbert urged impatiently. “Don’t dillydally. Just drive.”

Kisa still did not move, she just stared at him with cold, resentful eyes.

Gilbert suddenly
laughed at her expression. He leaned over and whispered into her ear, “You are so resentful of staying with me
because you are afraid that you won’t be
able to control your feelings and fall in love with me, aren’t you?”

“Heh!” It sounded like a big joke to Kisa. She stared into his eyes and asked slowly, “Do you think that

is possible? After everything that has happened, do you think it is possible for me to love you?"

Gilbert's heart skipped a beat, and he said coldly, "If that is the case, what are you afraid of?"

While speaking, he let out a mocking smile. "Besides, I just borrowed your house a while to make the children happy. It is not like I'm going to stay for free."

Chapter 366 Have You Forgotten How I Saved His Life?

Kisa didn't want to argue too much with him. She took a deep breath and started the car.

It was still Gilbert who cooked in the evening.

But she did not eat. She had been locking herself in her room since she got back. The curtains were closed, and she stood in front of the mirror, repeatedly stroking the burn scars on her back. Her eyes reddened at the thought of the baby, whose skin had turned purple and who was voiceless. She leaned against the mirror and cried, biting the back of her hand as she tried to suppress her voice. She hated that man, never because of the ugly scars nor because of the pain of burning. What she hated was the man's heartlessness, the despair and suffocation that the fire brought her, and the grief that the voiceless child brought her.

"Gilbert..." She choked on a sob, "I will never in my life forgive you."

In the living room, Andrew stared at Gilbert's grim face and cautiously asked, "Daddy, Ma'am hasn't eaten. Will she be hungry? Why don't I bring her some food in?"

"No."

Ada frowned. "Then what if she starves?"

"She won't die. Just take your meal."

Ada pouted at Andrew, who shook his head helplessly.

At night, Mia covered Blake with a blanket. When she got up, she suddenly heard Blake murmuring something. She subconsciously leaned over to listen, and then she had a lump in her throat as she heard Blake murmur, “mommy,“. He repeatedly muttered with a whimpering cry. Mia lowered her eyes glumly, stroked his forehead, and coaxed in a low voice, “Don’t be sad. Your mother loves you very much. Just that she doesn’t know your existence yet. “Blake rolled over and turned his back to her. Mia was unsure if he was awake and tried calling him in a whisper, but he did not respond. She sighed and went out, gently closing the door behind her.

Coming downstairs to the living room, Mia found Jensen sitting on the sofa, smoking a cigarette. She did not know when he had come. Her eyes lit up upon seeing him, and she walked over to him softly. “Here you are.”

“How is Blake?” Jensen exhaled a ring of smoke and asked, his voice consistently low and melodic, but it always seemed to be mixed with a touch of melancholy.

She looked at him for a long time and said, “Something is bothering him. He is probably eager to meet his biological parents.” With that, she let out a self-deprecating smile. “This child obviously doesn’t know who his biological parents are, but he still wants to be like other children, wanting his biological mother and father.”

Jensen fell silent and smoked away as if he was suppressing some emotion.

Mia pursed her lips before saying hesitantly, “Why don’t we give him back to Gilbert and Kisa? Whatever the problems between them, Blake will still have a mother and a father, besides a brother and sister, if he returns to them.”

Blake was hiding around the corner of the stairs, clenching his hands. He sat on the stairsteps, his body trembling slightly with emotion.

Jensen still did not say a word, his face pensive, as if thinking of something

Mia pondered for a long time and said, "I saw today that his brother and sister like him. Especially his sister Ada; she really likes him. I believe he will be happy when he returns to them."

Jensen had finished his cigarette, stubbed it out, and then said to Mia, "Have you forgotten how I saved his life?"

Chapter 367 At Least Everyone is Still Okay

Mia pursed her lips and suddenly stopped talking. She had not forgotten what had happened

back then.

At the time, Kisa, who suffered burns all over her body, was rushed into the emergency room. When Blake was taken out of her womb, his skin had turned purple, and he had stopped breathing. All the doctors said the baby was dead, and they put him in a plastic bag.

It was Jensen who refused to believe it and took the baby out of the bag like a madman. He ordered the doctors to bring the baby back to life and even kept slapping the baby's buttocks in an attempt to make the baby cry. In the eyes of the doctors, he was a madman who refused to accept reality.

Finally, the baby let out a faint cry.

He almost cried, but no one but him heard the baby's cry. Everyone said he was hallucinating, but he was convinced that the baby was still alive. At last, after three months of persistent effort at his insistence, the baby miraculously survived. Because the child's vital signs were extremely weak, and Kisa was in a terrible condition, he did

not dare to tell Kisa that the child was still alive, afraid that if the child died later, it would give Kisa another blow, she might lose her will to live on. So he decided to wait for Kisa and the child to get better and make sure that the child survived before he brought the child

back to Kisa, using the child to motivate her to live on. But he did not expect that his father would intervene.

Jensen's father took him and the child back to Raworth and threatened him with the child's life, forbidding him to tell Kisa that the child was still alive. He had no choice but to agree. At that time, he could not even wait for Kisa to wake up when Jensen's father forced him to leave. So he could only keep asking the doctors here about Kisa's condition. Later, when Kisa woke up, she lost the will to live for a while. In Raworth, Jensen was distraught, racking his brains to find ways to motivate her to live on. He even hid her identity and made her sign a contract with Ariella.

After five years and when he heard bad news about her again, he finally could no longer hold back and signed an agreement with his father, who then allowed him to return to Calthon and watch over Kisa.

Sometimes, Mia had to admit that she was jealous of Kisa. But there was nothing she could do. She knew how much Jensen missed that woman and constantly watched over her. She also knew well that there was no way she could take the place of that woman in Jensen's heart. So, she was happy as long as she could stay by his side and be his woman.

Jensen seemed to be in a black mood today. He lit another cigarette, and he looked gloomy.

Mia sighed gently. "You are worried that your father will harm Blake, so you are still afraid to return Blake to Kisa, right?"

Jensen nodded gently. "I will see about that later. For now, let's just leave it like this. At least everyone is still okay."

Mia thought he had a point, so she said nothing else, but she still felt sorry for Blake.

Blake, who was sitting around the corner of the stairs, quietly returned to his

room and covered himself in the blanket. He was always cool like an adult, but now he could not help but cry. 'I'm not an orphan whom no one wants. Not only do I have a mom and dad, but I also have

a brother and a sister. How wonderful! I have a brother and a sister.'

The following day, Kisa woke up with slightly swollen eyes. She gazed at the ceiling for a while before she heard children's voices interspersed with Gilbert's every now and then, coming

from the living room.

Thinking about Gilbert, she quietly clutched the bedding under her. But at that moment, there was a knock on the room door.

Chapter 368 Do You Think My Dad is a Good Man?

Kisa pursed her lips and did not answer.

Soon, Andrew's wary voice was heard outside the door. "Ma'am, are you awake yet? Breakfast is ready."

Kisa closed

her eyes and pretended not to hear. Not that she did not like Andrew, she just did not want to see Gilbert.

"Ma'am? Ma'am?" Andrew called out again outside the door, his voice low, mixed with a hint of guilt. "Ma'am, do you not like us here? I—

If you don't like us here, w—

we won't come over next time." Andrew's voice was getting lower and lower toward the end of the sentence.

Kisa felt bad. She took a deep breath, then rolled over and got out of bed.

As she opened the door, Andrew and Ada were standing in the doorway, looking at her with tears in their eyes. A wash of guilt overwhelmed her. She stroked the children's heads and smiled as if nothing had happened. "What is wrong? I just woke up." No matter

how much she hated Gilbert, she could not bring herself to reject these two children who loved her so much.

“Ma’am, let’s have breakfast. Daddy made sandwiches for you today.” Ada smiled happily at seeing Kisa’s smile.

Andrew pushed Kisa to the bathroom. “Go wash up. Come and have breakfast afterward.”

Kisa stared at her red and swollen eyes in the mirror and smiled to herself, realizing that crying could really do no good and would just make her look even more like a wretch. She soothed her eyes with a hot towel, and only after the redness became less obvious did she go to the dining room.

She found that Gilbert, Andrew, and Ada were all sitting at the dining table, but no one had yet started eating. They were waiting for her.

Kisa now could not understand Gilbert’s intentions. On the one hand, he hated her, but on the other hand, he came to make her breakfast. His contradictory behavior upset her. She did not want to know why. She stayed peacefully with him under the same roof just for the sake of these two children.

“Eat up. You two have to go to school. Don’t wait for me.” Kisa said to the children with a smile while ignoring Gilbert.

Andrew came up to her with a sandwich. “My daddy made this, especially for you. Try it.”

The small sandwich was neat. Other aspects notwithstanding, Gilbert had some culinary flair. Kisa took it and put it aside, then stroked Andrew’s head with a smile. “I know. Finish your meal.”

“Besides the sandwich, Daddy has also cooked you oatmeal, fried eggs, and garlic breads,” Ada said. She could not wait to bring all the dishes in front of Kisa while praising Gilbert. “Daddy said he made this many dishes so you could choose whatever you wanted. My daddy is really the most thoughtful man in the world, isn’t he?”

Gilbert was drinking milk when he heard Ada's compliment. He felt so embarrassed that he almost spit out his milk.

Kisa glanced at him indifferently and smiled at Ada. "You are still small and don't understand

with Gilbert in front of the two children depressing. Just as the atmosphere in the room slowly eased up, there was a knock at the door. Kisa got up and answered it.

Gilbert glared at her from behind her with anger. "You really can't wait to see him, can you? The moment the doorbell rang, you rushed to open it, not afraid that there could be some bad guys outside."

Kisa's hand was already on the door handle when she heard him say this. She turned around and called him sick. "This man is definitely sick. I'm just answering the door, and he can't stop being sarcastic."

But Gilbert was stunned when Kisa pulled the door open.

Chapter 369 That's Called a Lie

Kisa **lowered** her **eyes**, **not** knowing how to answer this **question**. In her heart, Gilbert was definitely not a **good** man. She **even** thought he was the most ruthless kind of man. However, such an answer would disappoint the two little children. She ate her breakfast quietly, thinking

about how to answer this question.

Gilbert was leaning back in his chair, staring at her nonchalantly. A slight smile was on his face as if he was interested in her answer, too.

Andrew ran out of patience and urged Kisa, "**Ma'am**, what do you think of my daddy? **In** fact, **in** my opinion, Daddy treats you **the** best."

Kisa tried hard **not** to laugh **upon** hearing what Andrew **said**. She knew children were naive and would only take things at face value. **In** her **eyes**, Gilbert was the most ruthless toward her, but she did not want **to** disappoint the two children. **In** fact, **Gilbe**

rt knew how she thought of **him**. It did not matter if her answer was truthful. **The** most **important** thing now was to appease **these** two children.

She took a spoonful **of the oatmeal and said** casually to the two children, “Your daddy **is indeed** very good.”

“Then can you **stay with** Daddy? We would like you **to** be our mommy.”

Kisa’s hand holding **the** spoon froze in mid-air. She

tightened her hand on her **knee, and** the **smile** on **her** face gradually stiffened. “**No** way. I will never be with **your**

daddy in this **life**, nor will I become your mommy,” she said slowly.

She said it firmly, with no uncertain terms, **in** front of **the** children. Gilbert picked up the napkin and wiped his hands, his action elegant, but his eyes reeked of indifference. “You are not even willing to **coax** them.”

“The coaxing that can’t become a reality, that’s called a lie. The kids are still young. Do you think it is really good to **lie** to them?”

“A few well-intentioned lies aren’t **a** bad thing.”

As the atmosphere was getting tense, Andrew’s eyes darted around. He suddenly came in between Gilbert and **Kisa**, took their hands, and said, “Daddy, Ma’am, **can** you **two** stop fighting? It is all my fault. Ada and I won’t ask Ma’am those questions anymore. Can you two stop fighting?” Andrew said, with a look of sadness on his **face**.

Kisa softened her stance, pulled back her hand, and said sullenly, “I’m not fighting with your daddy.”

Andrew looked **at** Gilbert again, his tiny brows knitted **together**.

Gilbert spread out his hands and chortled. "I'm **not fighting with her, either.**"

"So you **guys** are **just** having an everyday bickering?" Ada **propped** her chin up with both hands and stared **at** them expectantly.

Kisa did not reply.

Gilbert chuckled and said, "Yes, we are just bickering."

Kisa stirred the **oatmeal** in her bowl and became more and more upset. She found her time with Gilbert in front of the two children depressing. **Just** as the atmosphere in the room slowly eased up, there was a knock at the door. Kisa got up and **answered** it.

Gilbert glared at her from behind her with anger. "You **really** can't wait to see him, can you? The moment the doorbell rang, you rushed to open it, not afraid that there **could** be some bad guys outside."

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Kisa's hand was already on the door handle when she heard him **say** this. She turned around and called him **sick**. 'This man is definitely sick. I'm just answering the **door**, and he can't stop being sarcastic.'

But Gilbert was stunned when Kisa pulled the door open.

Chapter 370 Maybe She is Jealous

The person standing outside the door was not Jensen but Lea.

Kisa turned around and sneered at Gilbert. "Is this what you call a bad guy? No matter what I do, you must taunt me a bit to make yourself happy?"

Gilbert did not seem to hear her. "Eat up, and then I will take you two to school," he said to Andrew and Ada with a straight face.

Kisa sneered. "You can really pretend."

Lea looked at the two of them and felt something was not right. "I'm not disturbing you, am I?"

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Kisa smiled at her. "He told you to stay outside for a few days, and you did it. You really listened to him."

Lea looked mortified.

'How can I not listen to him when he is the CEO of GK and so fierce? Besides, there is the temptation of a million dollars.' She took Kisa's arm and said smilingly, "Oh, Kisa, don't be angry. Look how nice it is with Mr. Kooper staying here and making breakfast for you daily." She took out a newspaper and said excitedly, "Great news, Kisa. Look at this newspaper."

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Kisa stared at her suspiciously. "What good news? Isn't it that my reputation and that of the J & K Film Group have been restored? It was in the paper yesterday."

"That is not all. Wasn't there a woman who behaved so arrogantly when those people pelted you with eggs yesterday? Then the netizens identified that woman, making her the most wanted woman on the internet. She could not stand the pressure and abuse and finally explain to the netizens that Sharon hired her to find people to pelt you with eggs. It is in the papers, and Sharon is finished now." Lea laughed, and halfway through her laughter, she suddenly realized that Gilbert was here and hurriedly covered her mouth. Her smile froze.

Kisa took a quick glance at the newspaper. It was not just Sharon who finished. GK was also getting a bad rap from the netizens. She looked back at Gilbert, who appeared as cool as a cucumber as if nothing had happened. He even thoughtfully wiped Ada's mouth. Kisa walked over and placed the newspaper in front of him. "You have always defended Sharon, haven't you? I will see how you can defend her this time."

Gilbert glanced at the paper indifferently and said nothing.

“Sharon has a checkered past, and now she has even hired someone to smear me. I’m afraid she is finished this time. She is the main actress of GK. Aren’t you worried?”

Gilbert wiped his mouth with a napkin slowly and carefully. Only then he looked up at Kisa and chuckled. “She will be fine.”

He said so calmly that he sounded almost joking, but Kisa saw a glint of confidence in his eyes. She clenched her hands in indignation. ‘He is always defensive of Sharon. It is not like he doesn’t know Sharon has done so many bad things, yet he is just condoning her. But he doesn’t even have the slightest tolerance for me.’ Kisa gritted her teeth. “Then go ahead and spoil her. Eventually, I will make you regret it.”

Kisa left, but Gilbert suddenly tugged at her wrist. He leaned back in his chair, looked into her

eyes, and asked in a deep voice, “Are you angry that I’m defending her?”

Kisa let out a sardonic laughter. “How can I not be angry when she has harmed me repeatedly, and you keep protecting her?”

Just as Gilbert cocked an eyebrow, thinking she was jealous, Kisa spoke in a bitter voice again.