

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

Chapter 371-380

Chapter 371 You Can't Beat Me After All

“Protect her as much as you want. She is GK’s most valuable artist, there is nothing wrong

with you protecting her ” Kisa leaned closer to him and sneered, “You’d better protect her with GK’s entire reputation. When she goes down, GK won’t be far behind Heh, Gilbert After ! get my revenge on her, it will be your turn soon.”

He increased the gripping force on her wrist as his face darkened

Kisa

snickered and slowly removed his hand from hers “Looking at things from another perspective, I’m quite happy that you are so protective of that woman because if you blindly protect her, GK will eventually be ruined in your hands. That is when you will get your comeuppance.” With that, she pulled her hand back, her wrist reddening from the grasp She turned around and grabbed the handbag on the cabinet, then walked out with Lea without looking back.

Lea looked at her and then at Gilbert, wanting to say something but not daring to speak

After they both left, Gilbert leaned back in his chair and suddenly let out a devil may care smile.

Andrew looked at him cautiously. “Daddy, Ma’am seems to be angry Why are you still laughing?”

And Ada whispered to him, “Daddy is daunted after Ma’am scolded him good and proper”

Gilbert picked up the newspaper and glanced at it. A few moments later, he took out his cell phone and called Davian.

“Mr. Kooper, I’m trying to reach you. Have you read today’s paper? I’m speechless. After what Sharon has done, I’m afraid GK will be implicated again.”

“Hold a press conference immediately and make her apologize to the viewers.”

“Then, should we put her on the bench?”

“No, her scenes will continue to be shot as usual. I will personally come out to speak for her.”

“How could you do that? She is so notorious now. If we defend her instead of punishing her, I’m afraid it will not gain the viewers’ confidence.”

“It is okay. Do as I say.”

Davian agreed reluctantly. “All right then.”

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11

“Cut! Very good. Today’s shooting went very well. Great job, everyone.”

”

Now that everyone had gotten their act right, every scene was shot smoothly. The director was so happy that he called for a wrap at only 3.00 pm.

Kisa carried the hem of her dress and smiled at everyone.

“We are off early today. Let me treat you all to dinner.”

“Yay!”

Several young girls on the set jumped for joy. The director stroked his mustache and smiled at

Kisa "If every scene you shoot could go so well every time, it would be better than treating us to dinner."

"I will do my best," Kisa said sincerely.

"Well done. You have improved a lot." The director patted her on the shoulder. But then, he said with some regret, "If only you could work with Mr. Kooper in one drama."

Kisa pursed her lips and smiled, not saying anything. The feud between her and Gilbert over the years was a drama in real life; they did not have to act.

The Legend of Luna's cast wrapped up and went to dinner happily. In contrast, the shooting of Goddess of My Adoration was interrupted by repeated calls of "cut" from the director. It was a stark contrast between the two crews.

As Kisa was leaving, she saw Sharon giving her a bitter stare. Because of Sharon's distraction, the director called for another 'cut'. Kisa gave her a smug grin and mimed with her mouth, "You can't beat me after all."

Sharon was so furious that she wanted to leave the shooting to attack Kisa, but Celandina held her back.

Kisa sneered and walked away triumphantly with Lea. She could still hear Sharon yelling and cursing as she walked away. When she was almost out of the set, Ariella suddenly stopped her.

Chapter 372 That Man is Sinister as Hell

Ariella looked depressed and unusually disgusted. "I'm really disgusted with Sharon. She has no acting skills yet is conceited. We are working overtime because she is slowing us down. She is really annoying. Look how good you guys are, finishing work early every day and getting to have dinner together. I'm so jealous."

Kisa could tell that Ariella said this not only to vent her frustration but also because she

wanted to join the J & K Film Group. She smiled at Ariella and said, "If you want to join the J & K Film Group after this film, you are always welcome."

"Really?"

"Everything I said is true, including what I said last time"

Ariella looked delighted, but she was still not convinced. "But I have already signed a contract with GK. I'm afraid I will get into trouble with GK."

Kisa laughed. "The contract is usually for two or three years, so you can come over when it expires."

"No. GK has Sharon. I really can't stay for a moment," Ariella said, looking fed up. She suddenly grabbed Kisa's arm and cried. "You know Mr. Cooper so well, can you talk to him if he could disregard the contract and let me join the J & K Film Group?"

"Well..." Kisa was in a predicament. She really did not feel like talking to Gilbert. She was sick thinking about how much that man had humiliated her when she tried to get Howard's role back the last time. If she spoke to him again this time, he might come up with some nasty offer. After all, in her eyes, that man was sinister as hell.

"Kisa..." Seeing Kisa's hesitation, Ariella cried even harder. "For the sake of our five years of friendship, help me. I really can't stand Sharon. I really don't want to stay in GK after this drama."

"Alas, it is useless for you to cry in front of Kisa. You have a contract with GK, and Kisa can't help it. Besides, Mr. Cooper and Kisa aren't on the same side. How can she speak to him about this? Your contract is only for two or three years, so just bear with it," Lea could not help but

say.

Ariella ignored her and looked at Kisa expectantly.

Kisa

could not stand her pitiful and expectant look. “Okay, I will try, but he is difficult to reason with, so I’m not sure if I can convince him.”

“You definitely can. I can see that Mr. Kooper still treats you differently.”

‘Of course, he treats me differently. He always shows me no mercy.’

Kisa had

made a reservation at a fancy restaurant. The private dining room was spacious enough to seat over thirty people. There was a TV in the room, showing entertainment news. After dozens of dishes were served, Kisa was the first to raise her glass and drink a toast to everyone. “Thanks for your hard work, everyone. I appreciate it very much. Here I would like to propose a toast to everyone.”

On the set, she was just an actress and the heroine of The Legend of Luna. Outside of the drama, she was the CEO of the J & K Film Group. Some of the more important roles in the film

were cast with new artists from the J & K Film Group. Those artists had a lot of respect for Kisa, and they hastened to raise their glasses in return.

Mr. Quillen smilingly said, “Today, Ms. Becker invited us to dinner. We must work harder in this drama and live up to her expectations.”

“Absolutely.”

“If Ms. Becker works so hard, there is no reason we can’t.”

Roy smiled and toasted Kisa. “You are a good leader. I wish I could work with you in the J & K Film Group.”

“I welcome you. It would be great to have you here at the J & K Film Group.”

Roy looked at her bright smiling face and said, “I will definitely be there when I get the chance.”

It was

during such a jovial moment when someone suddenly exclaimed, “Hey, isn’t that Mr. Kooper from GK?”

Chapter 373 Her Eloquence and Deviousness is Unparalleled

Everyone looked at the TV screen on which an entertainment press conference was broadcasted live. The main characters in the press conference were Gilbert and Sharon, who had just finished working on the set and had no time to remove her makeup.

“Miss Case, someone admitted that you hired her to engage someone to smash eggs at Kisa. Is this true?”

Sharon’s eyes were filled with tears. It was apparent that the most vicious one was her, yet she pretended to be a victim in front of people. She was holding a tissue in her hand, wiping her tears, and said to the reporter, “It is true.”

“Ick!”

The reporters grunted in contempt. Sharon cried even more with a look of remorse on her face. Someone at the table felt angry and pointed at the LCD screen. “Sharon is really shameless, using such despicable means to frame Ms. Becker, yet she still has the nerve to cry.”

“Yeah. What is she implying when she cries like this? She is pretending again.”

Roy glanced at Kisa but saw that she looked calm, having her meal as usual, as if she had nothing to do with what was playing on the TV. Feeling strange, he couldn’t help but look at her a few more times.

On TV, Sharon was crying like a baby. “I know I have let everyone down. By now, everyone must think I’m an extremely vicious person, I’m here to apologize for what I did. I really shouldn’t have used this method against Kisa because of her repeated provocations and false accusations. I really know I was wrong. I shouldn’t have been so impulsive. I should have competed with her openly. I should have used my acting skills to compete with her instead of fighting with her in private.”

Kisa sneered in her mind as she listened to what Sharon had said. 'Look how good this woman is at talking. She has made me the instigator by accusing me of provoking her repeatedly. She made people think it was I who provoked her first, and that was why she used this method to fight back against me, making people think her counterattack was reasonable. The latter sentence also insinuates that I'm also using such lowly means against her in private. Obviously, she is unilaterally harming me, but she is making it sound like it is a secret fight between us. Her eloquence and deviousness are unparalleled.'

As expected, the reporters were asking Sharon questions.

"Miss Case, so was it because Kisa often provoked and falsely accused you that you have no choice but to use this method to fight back?"

"Have you been fighting with Kisa like this openly and in private?"

Sharon covered her nose with a tissue and nodded her head while weeping, looking as if what she said was sincere, and she felt remorse. "I was a fool. I really regret it. In fact, when Kisa was pelted with eggs the first time, I felt very guilty and told those people to stop it. But I didn't expect they would do that again the next day. I'm really sorry about this. Fortunately, Kisa was smart enough to record a video of what happened. Otherwise, she would really have been wronged, and I would feel even more guilty."

Kisa felt sick at hearing this, as by saying the last sentence, Sharon was telling the reporters that Kisa was cunning.

The reporter immediately asked, "Miss Case, are you saying that Ms. Becker took the video herself?"

"Ah, I don't know. Maybe some passersby filmed it? It is just that the video is so clear that it doesn't look like a passerby took it. But whoever took it, as long as the truth comes out, it is fine."

Kisa took a sip of wine to calm her anger and disgust. At that moment, Gilbert was seen picking up the microphone and speaking to the press on TV.

Chapter 374 Bullying Kisa

“As an artist, Sharon was really wrong to do such a thing. We at GK have meted out punishments to her accordingly, and the good thing is that she knows she was wrong. Since she sincerely apologized to the public, I still hope everyone will give her a chance.”

“Ick!”

Someone at the table was indignant. “Mr. Kooper from GK really likes Sharon. She has caused such a big trouble and could affect GK’s reputation, yet he still defends Sharon in front of so many reporters.”

“Absolutely. I would have kicked Sharon out of GK or just put Sharon on the bench if it were

me.”

“So it seems Mr. Kooper is really in love with Sharon.”

“Shh! Shhh!”

While everyone was talking enthusiastically, someone suddenly realized that Gilbert and Kisa were once a couple, so they hurriedly made a silent gesture at them, signaling them to stop talking. Everyone looked over at Kisa and saw her sipping on her wine, cool, calm, and

collected.

She

gently put down her glass, glanced up at the man on the TV, and smiled at everyone. “He has always defended Sharon, and I am used to it. So you do not have to worry about me. Feel free to say what you want.”

Everyone still dared not discuss the topic again despite her saying so.

Mr. Quillen stroked his mustache and said to Kisa smilingly, “Somehow, I still feel that Mr. Kooper likes you more. Look at the last kissing scene. That was an affectionate kiss. It would never have achieved that performance if Mr. Kooper had no feelings for you.”

Kisa let out a self-deprecating smile. "You said he has a great talent for acting, so any realistic feeling is just an act."

Mr. Quillen laughed noncommittally, then stared at the TV screen while holding a glass of wine in his hand.

Sharon was still tearful, and her expression looked sincere. "I really know I was wrong. I do not dare to hope that everyone can give me a chance, but I ask you all not to direct your disgust and boycott GK, as it was all my mistake. Please stay rational and do not vent your anger on GK." Sharon was crying with grief, pain, and a pitiful look.

Gilbert took the microphone and said in a deep voice, "Sharon is an artist of GK's, so I cannot escape the responsibility. In the future, GK will strictly regulate the moral behavior of its artists. Since Sharon has sincerely apologized to Ms. Becker this time, I believe Ms. Becker of J & K Film Group is magnanimous enough not to take this matter to heart."

Kisa sneered upon hearing Gilbert paint her as magnanimous to pre-empt the possibility of her pursuing the matter further. If she pursued this matter again, she would be seen as petty. Kisa snickered and shook her head, unable to describe if she was angry or sad. She felt ridiculous that Gilbert spared no effort to defend that woman.

Because Gilbert repeatedly spoke for Sharon, many reporters let him save his face. Some reporters said, "Artists are not saints; sometimes they make mistakes. Since Miss Case has sincerely admitted her mistakes, I believe most netizens will forgive her this time."

"Besides, Ms. Case is big-hearted. We believe that Ms. Becker will not pursue the matter further."

Lea was so furious that she almost snapped the cutlery in her hand. "GK and Sharon bullied Kisa; they are shameless."

Chapter 375 She Still Never Got to Experience Romance

“That’s right! After doing such a thing, did she think things would be fine again just by playing the victim and giving a verbal apology?”

“These people are clearly taking advantage of Ms. Becker’s silence. They’re such bullies!”

“?”

“I agree. Who gave them the right? Why does Ms. Becker have to swallow it all?”

Seeing how everyone felt indignant for her, Kisa felt a sense of comfort.

The dismal and aggravation the man on the TV had brought upon her were instantly swept

away.

Kisa smiled at them, “Do you all want to help me take revenge on them?”

Their eyes lit up.

Among them was a young girl who was a new actress under J & K Film Group. In *The Legend of Luna*, she played as Kisa’s personal servant

Her name was Elaine.

Elaine said to Kisa excitedly, “Of course we do! What should we do to take revenge on them?”

“Yeah, what should we do?”

Kisa leaned into the chair as she watched the man and woman on the TV. She smiled slightly, “It’s really simple; all of you just have to work hard for this drama, and that’ll help me take revenge on them.”

“*The Legend of Luna* and *Goddess of My Adoration* are both dramas with heroines as main characters. Netizens are already comparing the two before they’ve even been aired because of Gilbert and me. As long as we do our best for the drama and make it a top tier

quality drama, we'll beat them in all aspects, including reviews and ratings. That'll be a massive slap in the face for Sharon and GK Pictures,' thought Kisa.

Everyone nodded after hearing her words.

"You're right, Ms. Becker."

"Don't worry, Ms. Becker. We'll definitely do our best for this drama."

Kisa smiled at them and raised a glass to them, "Thank you, everyone. Let's do our best together."

Lea

switched off the TV so their mood would not be affected while they had their meal.

After about two hours, they finished their dinner.

It

was only 6 o'clock in the evening when they left the restaurant, so it was still bright out.

Everyone had gone home.

Kisa stood by the restaurant's entrance as she watched the sunset. She felt an inexplicable sense of melancholy.

Lea turned to her, "Kisa, why don't I drive you home?"

Kisa shook her head, "You can go ahead. I'd like to go for a stroll."

Lea pursed her lips.

"You shouldn't take the things Mr. Kooper said on TV just now to heart. I think he had his reasons for defending Sharon, and it's not because he likes Sharon like what everyone's saying.

Kisa smiled and patted her head, "Since when did you know how to comfort others?"

Then, she lightly pushed Lea into the car.

“Alright. Go home, and don’t worry about me.”

Lea nodded.

“Okay, just be careful.”

After Lea left, Kisa continued strolling about the street aimlessly.

Since it was off working hours, there was heavy traffic on the roads and people coming and going by the sidewalk.

Some walked hurriedly, while others walked at a relaxed pace.

There were also lots of couples walking around hand in hand. They would occasionally laugh and joke or talk about this or that product.

Every time Kisa saw couples who were intimate with one another, a hint of envy could be seen in her eyes.

When she was younger, she used to fantasize about how the relationship between her and Gilbert would be like if they became a couple.

She wondered if they would be joined by the hip like these couples, or may be even have their fingers interlocked while they were out shopping.

However, despite having gone through her teenage and young adult years, she still never got to experience romance. All she got was endless grief and heartache.

As she passed by the florist’s, she froze momentarily.

Chapter 376 Are You Buying These for Someone Beloved?

Kisa suddenly remembered her promise to Jensen of making him rose shortbread cookies .

She hesitated momentarily before walking toward the florist shop.

It was pretty crowded in the shop, with most of the customers being men.

Kisa stood in the shop browsing around before a florist approached her, "Hello, miss. What kind of flower are you looking for?"

Kisa pulled her cap lower and smiled, "I'm looking for roses."

The florist was stunned, "Miss, are you buying these for someone beloved?"

Kisa did not respond.

The florist turned around and retrieved a bouquet of fresh roses. Then, the florist smiled, "Most of the people who get roses here are men, so a lady getting roses for her man is a rare sight. It seems like you like him a lot. I wish you two the best."

The florist continued speaking with a smile.

Kisa smiled and nodded along in silence.

'Speaking of which, Gilbert's never gotten me any flowers before. Then again, he's never liked me, so why would he get me flowers?' thought Kisa.

After

getting some roses, Kisa went to purchase other ingredients, and then only did she return home.

When Kisa opened the door, her house was empty.

'I might've gotten used to Ada and Andrew's company; I'm actually a little not used to the kids 'sudden absence,' Kisa thought to herself.

'What's wrong with me? I'm supposed to be annoyed with that man. I'm reluctant to let his children live here, yet their absence today is making me feel so empty. I'm always saying how contradicting Gilbert is, yet I'm no different,' she thought again.

Then, Kisa took the ingredients to the kitchen.

She sorted out the ingredients as she called Jensen.

"Have you had lunch yet?"

“Nope. Neither have you, right? Shall we go out for a meal?”

Kisa said apologetically, “I have, but I’m currently making rose shortbread cookies. You…”

“I’ll come over and be your assistant.”

Kisa replied in amusement, “I was just about to ask you.”

Just as Kisa finished her sentence, she heard someone knocking on her door.

She quickly ran to open the door before she even hung up the phone.

Jensen’s phone was still on call with Kisa.

He tilted his head and smiled, “You finally remembered to make me rose shortbread cookies.”

Kisa looked awkward and embarrassed.

“I’ve been so busy that I actually forgot.”

In the very beginning, Kisa was the one who promised Jensen that she would make him rose shortbread cookies after Kohen’s banquet.

Who would have thought she would only remember after the banquet ended long ago?

Jensen was strong, so Kisa got him to knead the dough.

Meanwhile, she was in charge of the rose petals.

First, she plucked off the flower petals and placed them in a small basket. Then, she washed them carefully so that she could make them into jam later.

Jensen kneaded the dough with his sleeves rolled up. He looked as if he knew what he was doing.

Kisa asked curiously, “Since you’re so good at cooking, you must also be great at making pastries, right?”

Unexpectedly, Jensen shook his head.

“Nope. This is my first–time kneading dough. That’s why it’s up to you whether I’ll get to eat delicious rose shortbread cookies.”

Kisa grinned, “Don’t get your hopes up. I haven’t made rose shortbread cookies in a while. Moreover, I’ve only made it once, so I can’t guarantee it’ll taste good. If it doesn’t, you...”

“It’s fine; I trust your culinary skills.”

‘But I don’t trust myself,’ thought Kisa.

Kisa glanced at the ingredients in the fridge and said, “Why don’t you make something to eat first? It’s getting pretty late.”

“It’s fine; I’m not hungry.”

Jensen replied as he continued to knead the dough in the bowl.

Suddenly, Kisa noticed lots of flour stuck to his hair and forehead.

She tugged him out of reflex.

“Don’t move,” she said as she tip-toed to wipe his forehead.

Kisa was really close to Jensen. He could feel her warm breath against his neck.

He stared at her without blinking as his gaze gradually darkened.

Suddenly, an icy chuckle came from the kitchen entrance...

Chapter 377 Your Daddy Is Very Selective About His Food

“I genuinely thought something important had come up for you today that you forgot to pick up the kids. Turns out you were being lovey–dovey with him at home.”

The man’s tone was incredibly icy and brimmed with resentment.

Kisa slowly put some distance between herself and Jensen.

She casually turned to the kitchen entrance and saw Gilbert standing by the door. The expression on his face was terrifyingly dark.

Meanwhile, Ada and Andrew stood behind him as they peered at her carefully.

Kisa ignored his presence and walked past him. She turned to Ada and Andrew, "Have you two eaten?"

Andrew shook his head.

Ada replied, "I want to eat the spaghetti you make."

Kisa patted their heads with a smile, "The two of you can go do your homework. I'll go cook you two some spaghetti right this instant."

The two children obediently went to the living room to do their homework.

After Kisa sent the children away, she continued ignoring Gilbert and went back into the kitchen. Then, she said to Jensen, "You can continue kneading the dough. I'll go make the kids some spaghetti."

Jensen nodded with a smile. When his gaze fell on Gilbert, a mixture of emotions flashed across his eyes.

He picked up the dough and motioned it at Gilbert with a smile, "Don't get it wrong. Kisa and I are just making rose shortbread cookies."

Gilbert snorted sardonically and did not respond.

Jensen continued speaking with a smile, "Kisa makes delicious rose shortbread cookies. You should have some later."

"He doesn't need to have some. These rose shortbread cookies are meant for you."

Kisa cut in coldly before Gilbert could respond.

'Gilbert thinks that my rose shortbread cookies are awful. Back then, he even dumped the rose shortbread cookies that I worked hard to make into the trash. Since that's the case, there's no need for me to embarrass myself,' thought Kisa.

Gilbert narrowed his eyes coldly.

'So my guess back then was right. From then till now, the rose shortbread cookies she made had always been meant for him and not me,' thought Gilbert.

Gilbert tightened his fists by his sides and sneered, "I wouldn't want to eat something that unpalatable even if you gifted it to me."

Kisa froze while cooking spaghetti.

She tightened her grip on the spatula and smiled at him slightly, "Is that so? Thank goodness these weren't meant for you then."

Gilbert side-eyed her icily before turning to leave.

Kisa pursed her lips and continued making spaghetti as if Gilbert had never appeared.

Regardless, her mood had still been affected. The atmosphere in the kitchen was no longer as harmonious and cheerful as it was at the start.

Kisa finished cooking the spaghetti very quickly. She even added some sausages and ham to the spaghetti.

When she came out of the kitchen, the children had finished their homework. They were sitting on the couch and watching TV.

Meanwhile, Gilbert sat on the other end of the couch with a gloomy expression.

Kisa ignored him and set the spaghetti in front of the children with a soft smile, "Eat up. Your Uncle Jensen and I are making rose shortbread cookies. Why don't we have it once you two are done with your spaghetti?"

Andrew glanced at Gilbert before turning to Kisa, "Ma'am, but daddy hasn't eaten yet."

"Your daddy is very selective about his food; the food that I make is not good enough for him,

Kisa said to the children with a smile.

However, since her words were meant for Gilbert, they sounded sarcastic.

Gilbert snorted, "Are you not willing to cook for me, or is your food not good enough for me? You know the answer."

Kisa laughed out of anger when she heard the resentful tone of his words.

She lifted her gaze and looked at the man at the corner of the couch. Then, she snorted,

"You're right. I'm not willing to cook for you. Besides, who are you to make me cook for you?"

"Then why are you cooking for him?" Gilbert glanced at the kitchen icily.

Kisa smiled slightly, "I'm willing to. Can't I?"

Gilbert glared at her coldly. His fists were tightened as if he were about to teach her a lesson the very next moment.

Suddenly, Jensen called out to her from the kitchen.

Chapter 379 He Just Speaks With a Forked Tongue

Seeing the two argue, the children panicked.

One of them dragged Gilbert while the other tugged on Kisa.

"Don't be angry, Ma'am. Daddy genuinely wants to help you. He just speaks with a forked tongue."

"Who says I speak with a forked tongue? I..."

"Daddy!" Gilbert was mid-sentence when Ada shook his arm vigorously.

She continued, "Earlier on, you said you wanted to help Ma'am with the cookies. Then you said that you wanted to have some once they're done. Did you forget?"

Gilbert glared at the little girl in front of her.

'This child's actually making things up so that I can help Kisa with the cookies,' he thought.

Jensen shook his head in amusement before turning around to wash off the flour on his hands. Then, he smiled at Ada, "Let's go. I'll help you with your homework."

"Mhm," Ada nodded furiously.

She turned to Gilbert, "Daddy, you must do your best and help Ma'am with the cookies. Don't let her overwork herself."

Gilbert kept a sullen face and did not respond.

Andrew turned to Kisa, "Ma'am, daddy's good with his hands, so he's the best candidate to help you out."

The children spoke one after another and pushed Gilbert far into the kitchen.

"The two of you can work on the cookies. Uncle Jensen and I will be leaving now."

Ada smiled at them and walked out while grasping Jensen's arm.

Soon after, only Kisa and Gilbert were left in the kitchen.

Neither of them spoke, so the atmosphere was dull and awkward.

Kisa had completely lost her mood to bake cookies.

She forcefully mashed the flower petals in annoyance.

'I thought he wouldn't bring the children to stay over today; that's why I let Jensen come over and help me with the cookies. If I had known that he was

coming over, I would've gone to Jensen's house to make the cookies. That way, I wouldn't even have to see him,' thought Kisa.

Gilbert peered at her back coldly. Moments later, he asked grumpily, "What do you need me to do?"

"There's nothing you need to do. It would be even better if you could go outside. This kitchen is small to begin with, so you staying would just me down."

Gilbert could no longer suppress the anger within. He snorted icily, "Me staying here will drag

down?" you down? How about Jensen, then? Why don't you say that he's dragging you

Kisa spun around and stared at him with a straight face, "He's staying here to help me. But you... You would only drag me down. After all, you don't know anything about all of this!"

Her final sentence brimmed with contempt and disdain.

Gilbert tightened his fists by his sides so much they were about to shatter. His expression was cold and menacing.

Kisa glanced at him coolly. Then, she turned around and continued making rose jam.

Gilbert gritted his teeth. He glared at her so ferociously as if he wanted to burn multiple holes in her back.

Moments later, he finally managed to suppress the intense rage he felt within.

Gilbert looked at the little balls of dough on the pastry board and wanted to ask Kisa what to do next.

However, when he thought of her disdainful expression, he immediately gave up on the idea.

He went to wash his hands before frowning and thinking for a moment. Then, he started kneading the dough.

He rolled the small balls of dough on the pastry board together. After that, he threw them onto the board and continued kneading.

The previous time Gilbert learned to cook, he had watched a video about pastry-making.

He only watched the video briefly, but it said something about kneading and throwing the dough a lot would give it more texture.

While he was in the midst of kneading the dough, he suddenly noticed a few pieces of flattened dough pieces that had been set aside.

He frowned deeply and instantly realized that he had messed up somewhere.

Just as he was in deep thought, he felt someone yank him by his arm...

Chapter 380 This Man Likes To Go Against Others

It was shocking that a burly man like Gilbert would take a few steps back from that blow "I told you I don't want your help, but you didn't listen. Now, look. You're just making things worse. Jensen had already made the dough and separated them into equal parts. All that was left was to roll it thin to make noodles. But you had to come and knead everything together again!" Kisa roared before he could react.

"Y—you..." She was so mad that, in the end, she had no words. She just stared at the man in front of her with a face full of despire.

Gilbert leaned his back against the edge of the sink and retorted, "I asked you to tell me what you wanted me to do, but you didn't, and now you're blaming me?"

“Y—you... Get out!” Kisa’s face reddened with anger. Gilbert was also outraged by the situation. He clapped the flour off his hands and started to walk outside. However, when he was at the door, he hesitated, ‘Jensen and the kids are still out there. It would be humiliating for them to see me get kicked out of here.’

He tightened his fists and turned around to see Kisa redividing the dough in to even batches and rolling each of them into even thin sheets with a rolling pin. Gilbert stood there for a while and felt that he was unneeded. He then looked at the kitchen counter full of bottles and cans, a strainer, a blender, and bowls. It looked messy.

Gilbert pursed his lips and started to clean up. He first put the finished rose jam and the leftover rose petals aside. Then, Gilbert cleaned the strainer and the used bowls and put them into the cabinet. Lastly, he took a rag to wipe the counter clean. When he finished, he looked at the spotless kitchen counter and felt a sense of accomplishment.

“This time, she won’t be mad,’ he thought. He put his arms around his chest and leaned next to the fridge. He was waiting for Kisa to turn around to see the kitchen counter and praise him for a job well done. He waited, and waited, and waited. Finally, Kisa was done rolling the dough. When she turned around, Gilbert could not help but straighten up. However, the woman did not seem to notice the clean kitchen counter. Instead, it appeared like she was looking for something

“What are you looking for?” Gilbert frowned and asked. “The rose syrup,” Kisa replied. Gilbert stiffened at the sound of that and stopped talking. He had poured a bowl of dark red liquid down the drain just now.

Kisa searched high and low but could not find what she was looking for. “Have you seen it?” She glanced at Gilbert inquiringly and asked. Gilbert lowered his head without an expression on his face and stayed quiet. “Hey! I’m asking you a question! You’re the one who rearranged this kitchen counter. Where did you put my rose syrup?”

“I

put

it in the sink,” Gilbert said casually. “Didn’t you mention that I’m getting in your way? I’ll be heading out now. Call me if you need help,” he continued.

Before Kisa could react, Gilbert had already walked out of the kitchen. She stared at his back unfathomably. “This man is strange. I asked him to get out of here, but he wanted to stay. And now he leaves without me saying anything? This man really likes to go against people, huh?” Kisa thought.

She then turned around and walked toward the sink. She trembled in anger when she saw the

remaining splatters of dark red liquid in the sink.

“Gilbert Kooper!!!”