

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

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Chapter 461 My Remark

“Gilbert, why? Why would you say that to the media? I’m an artist under GK. GK

will have the biggest loss when my reputation is ruined. Why do you have to do

that? Boohoo...” Sharon’s cries were full of grievances and accusations.

There

was also a deep sense of jealousy and hatred.

“Why?”

Gilbert chuckled lightly. He slightly narrowed his eyes, full of indifference.

“You have to ask that yourself. You only got into trouble if you found someone to

take pictures of your disheveled self, trying to set me up. Of course, you have to

accept the consequences since you made the evil plan. What’s wrong with that?”

“I didn’t!”

Sharon shook her head hastily. “I didn’t hire anyone to take those photos. I also

didn’t find the media to set you up. I don’t dare to do that. It’s true, Gilbert.

Please, you have to trust me.”

Gilbert hummed. He leaned over and looked coldly at the tear-filled woman in

front of him. “Do you dare to say you didn’t use the media and netizens to force

me to marry you, nor did you hire someone to take the photo or didn’t plan this?”

“I...” Sharon stopped talking immediately.

Gilbert said with disgust, “Get out of here immediately if you still want to be in

showbiz!”

“No, Gilbert.” Sharon held his legs tightly as she uncontrollably

cried, "Back then, Kisa also plotted against you and used the power of the media and netizens to force you to marry her. Why are you willing to marry her

but not me?"

Gilbert sneered and said to her word by word, "Do you think you are comparable to her?"

Sharon was completely desperate and fell to the ground in embarrassment.

"Gilbert, you... can't do this to me."

Gilbert leaned over, raised her chin, and said in a cold tone, "As I have said previously, you're just a stepping stone for Kisa. Do your part since you are the

stone. I'll pamper you naturally in front of others if you do your part well."

"Gilbert..."

"Go away! Don't blame me for being rude to you if you let me hear you crying

here again." Gilbert shook her off, turned around, and walked into the apartment.

Sharon stared at him, her teary eyes red as blood.

'You forced my hand. If I, Sharon Casper, cannot get you, Kisa will have to dream about having you for herself!'

When he returned, Gilbert saw Kisa happily sitting by the window, drinking and

eating snacks.

He leaned against the door amusingly. "You really made yourself comfortable, staying upstairs."

Kisa leaned against the window lazily. "The scene downstairs was so pleasant.

Of course, I would want to sit down and enjoy it."

Her tone was sarcastic.

Gilbert's eyes darkened as he walked closer. He sat down opposite Kisa.

Kisa generously poured him a glass of red wine immediately.

"Jensen had been collecting this wine for several years. You're in luck tonight."

'Jensen this, Jensen that. She addressed him so affectionately. She set his contact profile affectionately as Jensen, and my profile is always Gilbert Kooper.'

"Hey!" Kisa put the wine in front of him. She leaned against the window and sighed deliberately at him, "Why don't you accompany and coax her when that

woman cried at you that way? It's so late. Don't you feel worried about letting

her go back alone?"

Gilbert glared at her angrily. Then, he raised his head and gulped the wine.

'I don't like her speaking to me in this tone. I don't like it.'

Kisa clinked glasses with Gilbert's as she saw him staying silent. She simpered

as she continued, "I'm so curious. This situation is similar to the time I set you

up. Why are you willing to marry me instead of Sharon, who is closely related to

GK?"

Chapter 462 Wasted

Gilbert sneered. He put the wine glass on the floor and leaned lazily against the

window like her.

He tapped on the glass window silently. After a long time, he looked at Kisa mockingly. "Do you think I'm stupid? Would I fall into the same trap twice?"

Kisa understood. She said casually, "So, I'm quite lucky.

Fortunately, I'm the first to set you up that way. Sharon would probably be the

wife of the GK president by now if she had set you up before I did."

Although her tone was casual, it contained a bit of self-deprecation, which made

people who heard it inexplicably irritated.

Gilbert was mad but held back his anger. He quietly emptied the wine, then stretched his hand out in front of Kisa, wanting her to refill the wine glass.

Kisa shot him a disgusted look. "It's a waste to have you drink such a good wine!"

Gilbert grew even more furious.

'It's merely a bottle of wine Jensen gave her, yet she treasured it preciously. She

can't bear it when I want to have more. This is outrageous!'

Gilbert snorted coldly, "I'll give you a case of wine just like this." "I don't need it."

Kisa snorted disdainfully yet picked up the wine and filled it up for him.

"I don't want you to give me anything. What you give feels different."

"Can you accept what he gave with a clear conscience?"

Gilbert's face turned dark with fury. He realized he could not properly talk to

her

as time went on. Her every word drove him mad. Obviously, he could have taken the children back to the Kooper family residence to live a quality life, but

he liked to be here. Sometimes, he even wondered why he was so adamant about staying here.

Kisa filled her glass up again. She shook the empty bottle and said reluctantly,

“It’s emptied that quickly.”

Gilbert was angry upon seeing her, cherishing the wine that much.

Gilbert snatched the bottle from Kisa’s hands.

In the next moment, Kisa screamed and saw him taking a photo of the wine bottle, punched numbers into the phone, and rang up someone, all in a swift

motion.

“Hello?”

Davian’s drowsy voice could be heard when the call connected.

Gilbert replied coldly, “I sent you a photo of a wine bottle. Get me a case of this

wine immediately. The variety, year, and brand must exactly be the same.”

“ . . . ”

“Did you hear me?”

“Y-Yes. But Mr. Kooper...”

Davian’s pleas suddenly came from the other end of the phone, “ Can I do it

tomorrow? It’s three o’clock in the middle of the night. How can I get you the wine now?”

“Why should I pay you high wages when you can’t even get me a case of wine?”

“ . . . ”

Davian lay in bed, depressed.

‘What’s gotten into Mr. Kooper again? Why do I have to get the bad end of the stick whenever something gets on his nerves? Boohoo!’

“I remember the company just hired a young guy recently. He is quick and flexible with accepting work. If you don’t have the energy to do the job as my

assistant, I’ll...”

“Yes, yes. I have the energy!”

Davian was so frightened that his sleepiness immediately disappeared after hearing Gilbert was going to replace him.

Kisa squinted at the man beside her. She could imagine Davian’s panic and fear

while listening to his voice over the phone. She snatched Gilbert’s phone while

thinking of Davian, who had previously helped her.

“Davian?”

Chapter 463 Mr. Kooper’s Bad Taste

Davian, wearing pants, suddenly heard Kisa’s voice. He was so happy that he

could listen to the sound of an angel.

He picked up his phone quickly. “Yes, it’s me. Ma’am, is that you?”

“Yes.”

“Ma’am!” Davian pleaded before Kisa could say anything, “Please talk to Mr.

Kooper and ask him not to go crazy. It’s so late. Where can I get so much wine?

Besides, this wine is rare. Boohoo...”

“I know. Mr. Kooper was only joking with you, don’t take it seriously.”

Davian was stunned and asked in disbelief, “R-Really?”

“Yes. He was drunk and joking with you. Go to sleep.”

Davian’s face turned white.

‘Is that such a funny thing? Mr. Kooper’s bad taste makes people feel speechless.’

Davian felt uneasy when he thought of Mr. Kooper trying to replace him.

‘Although Mr. Kooper is crazy sometimes, the salary of a special assistant to the

president is high.’

He asked suspiciously, “Is Mr. Kooper just teasing me? Can I go back to sleep?”

“Yes, sleep tight.”

Davian could not feel at ease at all.

“Well, Ma’am. Please return the phone to Mr. Kooper. I have to confirm with him.”

“All right.” Kisa nodded in response, then returned the phone to Gilbert.

Gilbert snorted at her and took the phone.

“Mr. Kooper, are you just teasing me? C-Can I get back to sleep?”

Gilbert remained silent.

Kisa couldn't help tugging at his sleeve.

Gilbert lowered his eyes and stared at her fair hands. He hummed to the phone

after a while, "Yes."

"Oh, all right. I'll continue to sleep then."

"Go ahead."

"You said it. I'm really going to bed."

"Yes."

"Mr. Kooper, about the newcomer you mentioned..."

Gilbert cut off the phone as he could not stand Davian's long-windedness.

At the other end, Davian sat dumbfounded on the edge of the bed.

'Mr. Kooper suddenly hung up the phone. What does this mean? Can I keep my

special assistant position? Oh, it's over. I can't sleep.'

Davian sprawled on the bed; his face was confused and worried.

Kisa looked at the man in front of her angrily. "Why do you scare him when everything was just fine?"

"How am I scaring him?"

"He had been with you for many years. Would you fire him just for a case of wine?"

Gilbert sneered and laughed at himself, "How do you know I won't? After all, I

am the most ruthless person!"

Kisa looked right into his eye. "You... won't."

Although she did not deny he was heartless, she was sure he would not fire Davian for a case of wine.

Gilbert raised his head and chuckled, "It seems like I'm not completely ruthless

in your eyes."

"Okay, this wine thing is over. I won't take it even if you really did get a whole

case of this wine."

"Because the wine was not given by Jensen, right?"

Kisa gave an irrelevant answer, "Anyway, I just don't want what you give me."

She raised her glass and clinked Gilbert's after she spoke. "Why bring so much

nonsense? Just drink."

She took a big gulp after she finished talking and violently choked from

drinking
too fast.

Gilbert frowned profusely. "I remember before, you don't have a habit of drinking."

"You know as well... Cough. It was before and now. Cough. Now I drink." Kisa had never drunk with Gilbert this way before. Although they were having a good time now, the mood felt different.

Kisa felt a bit sad while thinking of it.

Kisa raised her glass to drink again before she finished coughing.

Gilbert frowned. He reached out and snatched her glass over.

Chapter 464 Call Me Darling

"You have just learned to drink. Why are you drinking so much?"

Kisa disliked Gilbert's caring tone of voice the most. To her, Gilbert's caring attitude toward her always seems pretentious.

"That's none of your business?" She grunted as she reached for the glass.

Gilbert moved the glass out of her reach. As she rose to grab the drink, Gilbert

tilted his head and downed the remainder of the wine.

Kisa was furious. "That is mine!"

"So what if it is yours? Can't I drink it?"

Kisa gritted her teeth and reached out for Gilbert's glass instead. Sensing her

motive, he quickly picked up his glass of wine and gulped it down in one go.

Kisa could not be more furious. "You are wasting it. Give me back my drink!"

Gilbert snickered. "It's a waste for people like you who know nothing about wine." Kisa's cheeks flushed as the alcohol from the wine started to kick in.

He

stared at her sullenly, not batting an eye. "Do you like this wine?"

Kisa was transfixed for a few seconds before nodding her head.

Gilbert could not help but take her hand. "Tomorrow, I will buy you a case, okay?" His voice softened without him realizing it.

"No." Kisa pulled her hand back. "As I have said before... I-I won't accept anything from you." She sounded drunk, her cheeks

flushing, and her eyes were almost out of focus.

He picked up the bottle again and took a look. 'This wine has a high alcohol content. No wonder she got drunk so easily.' He retook Kisa's hands. "Why

don't
you want it? I'm your husband. You should accept what your husband gives
but
not others, understand? "His voice turned softer.
"Husband? You are my husband?" She started babbling, seemingly totally
drunk.
Gilbert smiled like a gentleman. "Yeah, I'm your husband. So call me
darling."
"Darling."
She was obedient and called him "Darling" when she was drunk. Her voice
was
soft, tinged with drunkenness, causing Gilbert to swallow involuntarily. He
looked at her lustfully, the desire in his eyes as if he was going to devour
her
whole.
He pulled her into his arms. "Call me that a few more times. I like to hear it."
"Darling, darling, darling..."
"Say, I love you."
"I love you, darling."
Gilbert could no longer hold back and came down abruptly on her with his
kiss.
It was passionate and gentle, but Kisa, still intoxicated, could not breathe.
She
hit him on the shoulders, and he reluctantly let her go. "What is wrong?"
Seeing
Kisa's blushed cheeks and her dark and shiny eyes, Gilbert gritted his teeth
to
resist the urge in his body. "What is it?"
"I-I'm going to sleep," she said, yawning with her mouth wide open, and
then
staggered out of his arms.
As soon as she left his embrace, Gilbert felt a sense of emptiness. Seeing
her
wobble and almost fall over, he hurriedly got up to help her.
"Who... Who are you? Go away. I want to sleep."
Gilbert was upset and amused by her forgetfulness-after she had just
called him
'Darling,' she turned around and asked who he was. Kisa was really drunk.
She
kept pushing Gilbert away as she headed for bed. Suddenly, she tripped

over
her leg and fell, pulling Gilbert altogether onto the bed.

Chapter 465 Fingers Interlocked

The two looked at each other, one drunk, the other deeply affectionate. Gilbert slowly moved toward her. Just as his lips were about to touch hers, she suddenly closed her eyes and let out a loud snore. Gilbert pulled away in amusement. 'She couldn't have fallen asleep any timelier than this.' He got up, set Kisa in a comfortable sleeping position, and covered her up. Through the quilt, he held her tightly in his arms. He could only hold her hand through the quilt at the moment. Otherwise, he really would not be able to resist taking advantage of the opportunity to make love to her. When he thought of Kisa calling him 'darling' and even saying 'I love you' to him, it filled his heart with joy and tenderness. Although she only said it while drunk, it still thrilled him to hear it. He even wished the time could stay still forever, so he could always have her like this. He stared at Kisa's sleeping face as if he could not get enough of it. After a long while, he held her hand up with their fingers interlocked. Then, he picked up his phone and took a few pictures of their interlocked fingers and a few more pictures of him and her. After that, still, with one hand holding hers with fingers intertwined and the other holding the phone, he admired the images he had just taken. In the photo, the both of them look like a loving couple that only death could do them apart. Looking at it, he suddenly forced a smile with a touch of self-deprecation on his face. He knew that this was only an illusion.

When she woke up, they would still hate each other to their guts, and they would never be a loving couple. He put away the phone and held Kisa

tightly in his arms, burying his head in her neck. "Just this one night is better than the daily confrontation," he murmured sadly.

The following day, Kisa woke up with a terrible hangover. She looked at the cushion by the window and thought for a long time but only remembered that she and Gilbert had two glasses of wine, but she could not remember what happened afterward. She shook her head vigorously, then went to the bathroom to wash her face. Looking in the mirror, she tugged at her collar and looked at it, feeling a little panicky. 'Last night, we didn't do something foolish, did we? If we did, our relationship would be awkward-looking neither like enemies nor a couple.' She cut it from her mind and patted her face with cold water. When she had completely calmed down, she then headed outside the room. 'Alcohol ruins things; I mustn't simply drink with anyone next time.'

As she came out of the room, the three children were fully dressed and sitting at the dining table, reading books while waiting for Gilbert getting the breakfast ready. When they saw her, they greeted her, "Good morning, Ma'am!" "Good morning." Kisa smiled and walked over.

Just then, Gilbert came out of the kitchen and placed breakfast in front of each of them. Kisa stole a glance at him to see if he had any unusual expression. As much as she tried to make it subtle, he still discovered her gaze. Gilbert looked at her. "What is wrong?" Kisa hurriedly shook her head, ready to tuck in. Gilbert hurriedly stopped her. "Wait a minute." "What is wrong?" She was puzzled. Without a word, he turned around and went back to the kitchen

Chapter 466 The Miso Soup He Cooked

When he came out again, he had a small bowl of soup in his hand. He put the soup in front of Kisa and said with a natural expression, "This is the miso

soup I
cooked for you. Drink it before you eat breakfast. Otherwise, your stomach
will

get upset, and your head will hurt.”

Kisa looked at the muddy soup in front of her and was a little creeped out.

“D-Did you say this is miso soup?” she swallowed and frowned as she
pushed

the soup back to him. ‘It is muddy, like poison. Who dares to drink it?’

Gilbert saw her disgusted look and was not too happy. Despite having
never

cooked soup for anyone in his entire life, he purposely followed the video
tutorial

to make such a bowl of miso soup because he was afraid she would wake
up

with a hangover. But she did not like it. Gilbert brought the bowl of soup in
front

of her again and said, “I cooked this for you myself. It is not hot. Drink it. it

Kisa frowned, not able to hide the disgust on her face. “I appreciate your
kindness. Didn’t you also drink last night? You drink it.”

Kisa was about to push the bowl of soup back again when Gilbert pushed
against it with a finger, stopping the bowl in place. “Drink it.” He

commanded in

a low voice.

Kisa was exasperated. “I will not drink it. You have ruined the miso soup
and still

have the nerve to ask me to drink it. What if it is poisonous?”

“Well, you see if it is poisonous,” Gilbert said as he picked up the bowl of
soup

and took a mouthful. He then pushed the remaining half of the soup to her.

“Take a good look. Have I been poisoned?”

Kisa rolled her eyes speechlessly. ‘He has lousy cooking skills, yet still
forces

others to drink them. No one is more thick-skinned than he is.”

Seeing Kisa still dare not drink the soup, Gilbert softened his tone. “Drink it.
It is

good, and it is also for the good of your stomach. Haven’t you just
recovered?”

Kisa was not used to hearing him speak with such a concerned tone. She
lowered her head and held the bowl of soup. “Do you really want me to

drink it?”

“I’m not forcing you to drink this soup because I cooked it, but you have just recovered from your illness recently. I’m worried—”

“Okay, okay, I will drink it. I will drink it now.” She could not stand to hear Gilbert

say such words of concern. It crept her out when a man who hated her to the

bone and caused her so much pain suddenly became concerned about her. She

hurriedly held up the bowl of soup and poured it down her throat lest Gilbert would nag her again. The soup was muddy, as if poisonous, but the taste was

excellent. Kisa drank it all in one gulp, then looked at him with surprise.

“This soup...”

“It tastes good, isn’t it?” He snorted with a smug look on his face.

The three children beside her snickered as Kisa pouted and put the empty bowl aside.

“Ma’am must be scared of taking medicine,” Ada said.

Gilbert chimed in. “You’re right. She had resented taking medicine since she

was a little girl. She had to eat candy after taking medicine every time.”

Kisa looked at Gilbert, amazed by how well he could still remember those childhood trivia.

Andrew covered his mouth and snickered. “That is the same as Ada. She also

has to eat candy after taking medicine each time.”

“Is that so?” Kisa looked at Ada in surprise and amusement. “Maybe it is because girls like candy.”

Gilbert glanced at Kisa and the children with mixed emotions inside him. He told

himself that unless Kisa returned to him sincerely, he would never tell her the

identity of these two children. Gilbert never knew if Kisa would use the children

against him. For the children, he did not dare to take the slightest risk.

After breakfast, Gilbert drove the children to school while Kisa volunteered to

take care of the dishes. After cleaning up, she was about to leave the

house
when the doorbell rang

Chapter 467 He Built You a Grave

Kisa subconsciously went to open the door and was stunned to see Davian standing outside with a case of wine in his arms. "What are you doing?" she asked.

Davian came in past her and put the wine on the table. "Have you forgotten that

Mr. Kooper has asked me to send a case of wine over? Here you go.

Where is

Mr. Kooper?"

Kisa could not believe that Gilbert really asked Davian to bring a case of red

wine over. She felt more and more that Gilbert was a bit childish.

Davian took the wine out, set it up for her, and asked, "Where is Mr. Kooper?"

"Well, you take the wine back. Didn't I tell you Mr. Kooper was joking with you?"

"Please, Mrs. Kooper. This wine is so rare that I had to go to many places before I managed to buy a case. I don't want to lose my job to someone else."

Kisa pursed her lips and thought for a moment. "All right, but you have to answer a few questions."

Davian was puzzled. "Sure, Mrs. Kooper."

"What was Gilbert doing five years ago when the prison fire started?"

"Five years ago?" Davian thought for a moment and said, "Mr. Kooper was at

Mrs. Kooper Sr.'s side. I clearly remember it was New Year's Eve.

Everyone

else decorated their homes and was cheerful,

but the Kooper residence wasn't. Mr. Kooper was at his grandma's bedside without saying a word. I suggested taking you out first to spend the New Year

and then returning you to the prison only after the New Year, but he said nothing."

Kisa laughed self-deprecatingly. 'Gilbert hates me the most. No way he would

bring me out of prison.' "He felt happy after he learned about my death,

didn't
he?"

Davian shook his head. "He didn't seem very happy, but he built you a grave and even kept watch over your tombstone for days and nights without eating or drinking."

'A few days and nights at her tombstone? That sounds inconceivable to me.'

"Madam, what else do you want to ask?"

Kisa subconsciously shook her head.

"Then I will leave now. Could you please put in a few good words for me in front

of Mr. Kooper if it is convenient for you?"

Kisa nodded. As Davian was about to leave, she suddenly thought of something

and hastily called out to him. "Do you know who Andrew and Ada's mother is?"

Davian's expression froze. After a while, he shook his head. "I don't know."

"You have worked for Mr. Kooper for so long, and he entrusts you with handling

most of his affairs. I can't believe that you don't know about such an important

thing as who the mother of his children is." Kisa was skeptical. Others might not

know it, but it was unusual that even Davian did not. Besides, she was curious

about why Gilbert hid the mother of his two children.

"Well, Mrs. Kooper. Don't overthink. When the time is ripe, you will know the

mother of Mr. Kooper's two children."

"What do you mean by that? Why should I wait until the time is ripe? You—"

"

"Mrs. Kooper, I have a lot of things to do. I have to go now."

Kisa tugged at him. "But you know when Andrew and Ada were brought back to

the Kooper family, right?"

"T-They were brought back to the Kooper family on New Year's Eve five years

ago."

‘Five years ago, on New Year’s Eve? Wasn’t that the day Andrew and Ada were born? So they were taken back to the Kooper family as soon as they were born?’ She was confused, but all her thoughts pointed to a bold presumption.

Chapter 468 Release

“Well, Mrs. Kooper, I really have to go.” Davian fled as if he was afraid of accidentally saying something he should not say.

Kisa furrowed her brow. ‘Davian hasn’t told the whole truth about the identity of

Andrew’s and Ada’s mother. He knows who the mother is. But just why did he

refuse to tell me?’ She wrung her hands as the bold speculation kept lingering

on her mind. She did not dare to think about it, fearing that it was just an unrealistic hope of hers. ‘When the shooting of the drama is over, I’m going to

verify it if there is a chance. No matter the outcome, I could at least stop thinking about it.’

“Mr. Kooper, Mrs. Kooper suddenly asked me who Andrew and Ada’s mother was.”

“How did you answer?” Gilbert flickered the ashes off the cigarette in his hand.

“Of course, I told her I didn’t know. I wouldn’t dare to say anything without your

permission.” Davian then pursed his lips in hesitation. “To be honest, Mrs. Kooper treats Andrew and Ada very well, and they also like her very much. Why

don’t you just tell Mrs. Kooper that she is their mother?”

“She used the children before. If I tell her the truth, there is no guarantee that

she won’t use them against me.”

Davian wanted to tell him that Kisa would not do that, but then he was unsure.

After all, Kisa and Gilbert were not on the same side now, and she was now with

Jensen. So he sighed and said nothing more.

Gilbert leaned back in his chair, his brow knitted together melancholily. Sharon's scandal has been festering. Many speculations were flying around on major entertainment platforms. Some people even said that Sharon had become a mistress and so did not deserve to be a superstar; others noted that Sharon had a mystery boyfriend who dumped her and set up a scheme to let Gilbert take over her after getting bored with her. The scandal lasted for a month until the end of the Goddess of My Adoration shooting. During the month, Sharon was the target of public criticism. The media was scrambling to report her scandal, including her checkered past, whether or not they were true. As a result, Sharon's image and reputation were completely ruined. Many netizens suggested GK put Sharon on the bench. However, GK did not take any measures in response to this matter. In the past, if Sharon had done something wrong, GK would have held a press conference to apologize or clarify immediately. But this time, it was utterly silent. Not only was GK silent, but Sharon was also surprisingly quiet. Not only did Sharon stop creating trouble for Kisa, but she also did not even try to provoke her. This was out of Sharon's usual modus operandi. So Kisa wondered if Sharon was secretly planning a more sinister scheme.

As the film crew finished shooting Goddess of My Adoration, The Legend of Luna also came to a wrap. The filming for the two dramas was wrapped up two days apart but were released on the same day. The day The Legend of Luna premiered, Kisa was highly nervous. After all, it was her first drama, and both Jensen and Kohen had high hopes for her. Other things aside, she did not want to disappoint anyone as far as this drama was concerned. Lea did not even watch the drama as she kept scrolling through the comments and ratings. Not only did she check up on the reviews and comments on

The

Legend of Luna, but she also compared it to that of Goddess of My Adoration.

“Kisa, not good. Not good.” Kisa was watching the drama when Lea suddenly tugged at her sleeve.

Kisa’s heart skipped a beat, and she asked her in a tense voice, “What’s not good?”

Chapter 469 The Scourge

“It is Goddess of My Adoration,” Lea said, holding the tablet in front of her.

“Look, although the two dramas were released on different platforms, both of

which are major ones. Goddess of My Adoration has just garnered over ten million views, while yours has as high as two hundred million.”

Kisa was somewhat relieved. At first, she thought The Legend of Luna was performing poorly.

“And your rating was 8.6, to begin with, while Goddess of My Adoration was 3.4,

and all the people down there were cursing Sharon and her drama. Tsk...”

Lea

said. “I pity other actors who have worked so hard. I just don’t understand; Sharon’s reputation has gone to the dogs, yet Mr. Kooper hasn’t put her on the

bench. Instead, he let her finish the drama and released it on the same day as

yours. Isn’t he inviting trouble?” Lea had many questions in mind.

But Kisa just smiled. She did not think Gilbert was a fool. She knew men like

Gilbert would not make such a mistake in the business world. He probably had

his plan when he was determined not to put Sharon on the bench and even released Goddess of My Adoration on the same day as The Legend of Luna;

just that no one could figure out why he did that.

In the Kooper residence, Sharon was crying in front of Madalyn, who glanced at

her with disgust. “How could you still have the nerve to cry? You have ruined

GK this time. GK has never had a drama with such a low rating and such a low viewership. I don't care if you ruin your reputation, but the problem is you have taken GK's drama down with you."

"It is not like that, Mrs. Kooper Sr.,..." Sharon cried. "This is all Gilbert's plan. He deliberately ruined my reputation to accent Kisa's perfection. He used me to help that woman and the J & K Film Group."

"What are you talking about?" Madalyn was so angry that she stomped her cane on the ground. Sharon quickly said, "This is what Gilbert told me personally. Even my scandal was Gilbert's doing. You heard what Gilbert said to the press last time; he would sacrifice anything for that b*tch, including GK you worked so hard to build." Madalyn was so furious that her expression changed. "Scourge, what a scourge!"

"Mrs. Kooper Sr., Gilbert won't listen to anything I say now. He only listens to that woman. But that woman is bent on thinking that Gilbert is behind the prison fire. She set up the J & K Film Group, and approached Gilbert, Andrew, and Ada to seek revenge. If this continues, Gilbert will die at her hands."

"You shut up." It flustered Madalyn to hear the word 'die', especially when Sharon mentioned her precious grandson. She glared at Sharon sternly. "Are you saying Kisa thought Gilbert was behind the prison fire?"

Sharon nodded in apprehension. "Yes... Yes... That is what that b* tch told me. She said she would kill Gilbert."

"How dare she!" Madalyn rose to her feet and slapped the table. "Over my dead body if she wants to kill my precious grandson."

"But that woman has completely bewitched Gilbert. What can we do?" Madalyn narrowed her eyes. "Don't worry. I have a way of making Gilbert change his mind."

Chapter 470 You Have Become Arrogant Now

Sharon was secretly pleased. Even if she could not get Gilbert to love her, she

would not let Kisa have it.

Kisa could now enjoy a rare moment of freedom, even after the drama was wrapped up. She and Lea stayed at home and watched dramas every day.

She

watched her drama with extra seriousness and was always thinking about improving her acting skills.

One day, Lea saw something funny and laughed out loud. She came up to Kisa.

“Look at the comments for the Goddess of My Adoration today. I’m laughing my head off.”

Seeing Lea’s hilarity, Kisa could not help but be curious. She paused the video

she was watching and leaned over to look at Lea’s tablet.

[The female lead’s acting skill is garbage. Her face must have had plastic surgery to look that creepy.]

[Ahh! I think her face job must have gone horribly wrong; her chin looks like a hoe.”]

[The female lead is disgusting. I heard she peed in their pants when abducted.

Tsk, goddess, my foot! She is sickening.]

The third comment had received hundreds of replies, all discussing what happened to Sharon during her abduction and how she peed in her pants.

There were all kinds of speculations. It embarrassed Kisa to read it. She knew

Sharon would be distraught if she read this. But then again, she wondered how

people knew about the story of her abduction and peeing in her pants. After all,

Sharon and Howard were the only ones at the scene. While Howard went mad,

and Sharon was not about to divulge to anyone about it, Kisa wondered who

leaked that embarrassing story.

Lea was still laughing. “Kisa, did you see that? They said her chin looked like a

hoe. I can't help laughing."

Kisa tossed the tablet back to Lea and said amusedly, "You have read every

single comment of this drama, haven't you?"

"Pretty much. Those comments are so funny. They even say the woman peed in

her pants during the abduction, which is kind of nonsensical but hilarious."

As if

something came to mind, Lea said afterward, "Hey, you were abducted along

with her last time, weren't you? You should know if she really peed in her

pants,

right?

Kisa lowered her eyes and smiled faintly without saying a word. She still felt

sad

and angry at the mention of that abduction. 'That Gilbert, choosing to save not

me but Sharon at that moment of danger, proves that he really did not care

about me at all. But all this time, his behavior seems to suggest that he has

feelings for me. I can't understand what is on his mind anymore.'

Kisa took

a breath, feeling terrible. 'Forget it. Whoever he cares about, it has nothing to

do

with me.'

She laid back down and was about to resume the drama when Madalyn

called

her on the phone. Kisa's face turned grave as she knew things had

changed,

and Madalyn must be up to something when she called.

The phone rang for a long time. Lea looked at Kisa curiously. "Why aren't

you

answering?"

Kisa hesitated for a long time before finally answering the phone when it

rang

for the second time.

Madalyn's cold, stern voice came through. "You have become arrogant

now,

eh?"