

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

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Chapter 791 Unromantic

Kisa was startled. Just as she turned around and before she knew it, hot breath sprayed on her lips, and a man domineeringly pressed his hot mouth against her lips and fervently kissed her. She looked with widened eyes at the handsome face, which was just an inch from her, then slowly raised her hands and wrapped them around his slender waist.

Feeling her spontaneous reaction to engage with him, Gilbert felt less upset, and his kisses became gentler than before.

After kissing for a long time, he pulled his mouth away just when she felt breathless. Kisa was so smitten that she went weak at the knees and leaned limply in his arms.

He gave her a peck on the lips, but still feeling not too happy. “You are late. So consider this kiss your punishment.”

It took a moment before Kisa came to her senses and stood straight from his arms. “I sent you messages. You were the one who insisted on waiting.”

“Heh, it is my fault for waiting for you instead, isn’t it?” He peevishly shot her a sideways glance and brought her to sit at the table.

There was gourmet food on the table. Kisa touched the edge of a plate and was surprised that it was still hot.

Gilbert grunted. “Since you hadn’t come, I had to ask the cook to serve the dishes every half hour.”

“What a waste that was.”

“You are the one who is wasting it. Wouldn’t you have wasted less if you had come earlier?”

“Chop logic!” Kisa laughed, having no words.

Gilbert glared at her, still looking not too happy. “I suppose you have already eaten with Jensen?”

“Nope. I’m starving,” Kisa said and picked up her cutlery to start.

“It is so late now. You did not have dinner with him?” Gilbert was surprised.

“Since I had a dinner date with you, I didn’t eat with him, ” she said matter-of-factly. Gilbert felt much better upon hearing this.

He looked at her, his eyes becoming tender. ‘It always feels as if every wonderful moment is like a dream. If this really is a dream, I would rather die drunk in this dream and never wake up.’

Kisa was stunned to see his profound gaze. “Are you not going to eat?”

“I am.” Only then did Gilbert pick up his cutlery.

Kisa suddenly thought of something and hurriedly looked around. “There are no reporters around here, are there? If reporters catch us on camera, it will reach your grandma....”

“Don’t worry. This is the most exclusive area of the farm, where no ordinary people can get in. Also, I had the whole place reserved. There will be no reporters.”

Kisa could not help but sigh with relief.

“You and I are together right and proper as husband and wife, but it is as if we are cheating,” Gilbert said glumly.

The word ‘cheating’ amused Kisa. “Think of it as

cheating. Don't you men like the thrill of something new?

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Gilbert's face darkened instantly. "I would rather eat out with you, holding hands, walking down the street, and making an ostentatious show of it in front of the press. You are the one who wants to spend time with me in secret, yet use my grandma as an excuse."

"This is to avoid suspicion from your grandma."

"But this is so unfair to you. It makes you look like you are having an affair," Gilbert said, feeling sorry for her.

Kisa felt warm at heart but stifled a smile. "What are you talking about? Isn't it also unfair to you, like you are having an affair? You know, I'm a superstar."

Gilbert was amused by what she said. He smiled and nodded. "Alright, I'm the one who is having an affair and doesn't deserve a superstar like you."

"Come on, let's eat. I'm starving." Kisa gobbled up her food without looking up.

Gilbert stared glumly at the way she was eating and felt that she was really unromantic. 'This is a candlelit

dinner, for God's sake!' he said in his mind.

Only after Kisa finished eating did she say to him, "By the way, Jensen found out about the warden."

Chapter 792 Stark Contrast

Gilbert furrowed his forehead. "You mean the warden in the women's prison back then?"

"Yeah." Kisa nodded. "Jensen says someone has seen the warden; he is still alive. I think we should be able to find him soon. By then, we will know the real culprit of that fire."

The furrow on Gilbert's brow deepened with a touch of grave concern on his face.

Kisa looked at him in perplexity. "What's wrong? Is this bad news?"

"Of course not. It is just strange that someone who has disappeared for so long is so easy to find. Davian also searched for that warden, but had no clue." Not that he did not believe Jensen; he just thought it was a little weird.

Kisa thought he was being too wary. "Jensen has been looking for the warden for a long time. Maybe he just got lucky and found a clue. Besides, he is influential in

Raworth and acquainted with Kohen. So if the warden is hiding abroad, Jensen will be the one who can find him."

Gilbert was jealous when he heard Kisa praise Jensen. He lowered his head and ate, not saying a word.

She glanced at him. "Of course, you are influential, too. It was just your bad luck that you didn't find out about the warden."

Gilbert chuckled. "You said it so reluctantly."

Kisa rolled her eyes. 'Forget it. No more coaxing him. This man is the most difficult to coax.' She leaned back in her

chair and sipped her wine, waiting for Gilbert to take the initiative to talk to her. But he kept his head buried and ate, forgetting about her existence. Kisa then frowned and said, "You are not angry about this, are you?"

"Of course not." Gilbert shook his head. "I just thought this whole warden thing was a little strange."

"What is strange about it?"

He did not know how to explain it when Kisa asked. ' Maybe I'm overly sensitive to the fire, or maybe, the happiness I have now is hard to come by, and so I'm especially cautious, afraid that any minor accident might ruin it. I'm too insecure, after all. Just hope that I'm overly sensitive and overthinking it.'

In the club, Jensen sat quietly on a corner couch as if the room's bustle had nothing to do with him. He looked dazedly at the share transfer agreement, which Kisa had already signed. Her handwriting was exceptionally neat. He stared at her name for a long time and then suddenly

chuckled, but it sounded fake.

Mia glanced at him and said, "She has been saying for a long time that she will return the company to you.

Besides, you have been running the company all along. So it is a matter of course that she gives it back to you. What are you so upset about?"

"This company was originally set up for her. Now that she no longer wants it, there is no point in its existence."

Mia frowned, angry. "So do you mean that since she doesn't want the company, its employees will lose their jobs? Wake up, Jensen. Because she doesn't like you, it is useless no matter how much you do for her."

Jensen's face sank, and he said nothing. Mia was so pissed off that she glared at him before leaving. At this time, Adrien suddenly sat over, swirling his goblet with a faint smile on his lips. He always had that inscrutable

look on his face. Jensen grunted and looked up at him. " Congratulations, your revenge plan is about to succeed."

Adrien looked at him, still with a smile. "You know my plan?"

"You have done all this just to get Gilbert and Kisa to

make up first and then deliver a heavy blow that will send them down hard to hell when they think they have finally achieved

happiness.” Jensen let out a half-smile. “I know you, after all. How can ordinary revenge quench the hate in your heart? The only way to get the pleasure out of

revenge is by creating a stark contrast in expectation, isn't it?”

Adrien brought the cigarette to his mouth, took two puffs, and then sneered, “Revenge should be ruthless. Since they love each other so much, I will make them torment each other until they die.”

Chapter 793 She Is a Disgrace

Jensen lowered his eyes and smiled. “You are really quite ruthless, even toward the daughter of your former lover.”

Adrien took a drag and narrowed his eyes. “Because she is a disgrace. She shouldn't have even existed.”

“She and I are a disgrace in your eyes. What about Peter?”

“Peter?” Adrien stared at him with cold eyes, his tone callous. “You are not in any way comparable to Peter.”

“Heh!” Jensen scoffed and took a drag on his cigarette, the hazy smoke obscuring all the emotions in his eyes.

Adrien grunted, somehow irritated. “Don't worry. You will get your effort's worth in time. When that woman breaks up with Gilbert, she will be yours eventually.”

“You will never understand what I really want,” Jensen said faintly without looking up.

Adrien looked at him quietly and indifferently. A while later, he puffed out a ring of smoke. “Not that I don't know what you want. You are just like your mother—the things you want are never practical.”

“Is that so?” Jensen chuckled slyly.

Adrien finally got annoyed and asked in a frosty voice, "Have you told that woman about the warden?" Jensen did not answer, and his impassive eyes only stared at the remaining red wine in the goblet. Adrien frowned and narrowed his eyes. "Don't you forget I raised the boy, Blake. If I can let him grow up, I can also end his life anytime. And don't think I don't know about your relationship with Mia."

"Yeah, since their lives and deaths are in your hands, are you still afraid I will defy you?" Jensen looked up at him abruptly, his profound eyes showing little emotion.

Adrien smoked his cigarette and smiled absently. "In fact, I didn't have to ask you to convey the warden's information to Kisa. Only that you are the person she trusts most, and the only way she suspects nothing is if the information comes from you."

Jensen smiled self-deprecatingly as he found what Adrien said was the biggest irony.

Just then, a subordinate came to report. "Mr. Tanner, a mother and daughter, named Mrs. Case and Miss Case are outside looking for you."

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Adrien sneered. "Let them in."

"Aye, Mr. Tanner."

Jensen sneered at Adrien. "You are really a busy man."

"You have to understand what I came back for. I will not forget any of those people back then." With that, Adrien gradually let out a meaningful smile.

"Gee, Mr. Tanner. I'm sorry for the unannounced visit." Carolyn had her eyes on Adrien as soon as she came in and was courteous. "I heard from Sharon that you had a club downtown that is doing very well and fun, so I thought I would come with Sharon to check it out. But it seems not everyone can come to this exclusive place. I wonder if people like us are qualified enough to be here."

“Ha–ha, you must be joking, Mrs. Case. We are all friends. You can come as long as you want. I will ask the manager to issue you a gold card later, so you can come anytime when you are free.”

Carolyn was so happy that she grinned from ear to ear. Thank you so much, Mr. Tanner.”

“It is my pleasure. Come on. I will show you around.”

Jensen chuckled with sarcasm as he watched the two go.

“Well, here I am.”

Kisa was about to get out of the car when Gilbert

suddenly clasped her hand, not letting her go. “It is late. I have to go to bed. Otherwise, I will have no energy for tomorrow’s shooting,” she said helplessly.

“I want to sleep with you tonight.”

Chapter 794 Not Here

“No!” Kisa refused. “Your grandma will be suspicious if you spend the night with me. Be good and go back to stay with your grandma.”

Gilbert struggled internally for a long while. “Okay, but you have to give me a reward.”

“What reward?” Kisa was puzzled.

“Figure it out yourself,” Gilbert said, ridiculing her as guileless and unromantic in his mind.

“How about I take you to dinner tomorrow?” Kisa said after thinking for a moment.

“Do I look like I lack food? Who needs you to buy me dinner?” Gilbert snickered.

“Then tell me, what reward do you want?” Kisa asked him with a frown, sounding a little impatient.

“Forget it. I want nothing. Get out of the car.” Gilbert got even angrier.

Kisa stared speechlessly at his uptight look, thinking, ‘His mind is even harder to read than a woman’s.’ She

took her handbag in one hand, pulled the door with the other, and said, “It is you who tells me to get out of the car. Don’t get angry after I go.”

Gilbert pulled his face together and said nothing.

Kisa looked at him carefully. After a long while, she suddenly went over and kissed him on the cheek. But when she was about to back away, he suddenly grabbed her waist and drew her into his arms with force, followed by a fervent kiss on her lips.

“Mmm...” Kisa tried to say something, but his burning kisses stifled her voice.

Gilbert’s kiss was dominant and fervent. His lips brushed against her soft lips for a long time, then moved slowly down her jaw, with a large, rough hand slipping under her shirt.

Kisa could obviously feel the restraint on her chest gone. Her heart skipped a beat, and she hurriedly stopped his hand, gasping. “No.” Gilbert’s eyes darkened, and he said nothing, just staring at her. Kisa clutched his hand and calmed her breathing down. “Not here!”

“So it is okay in the house?” His voice was hoarse and suppressed.

Kisa’s face turned red, and she gritted her teeth. “Not even in the house.”

Gilbert pulled back his hand in dismay. “Then where else?”

Kisa hurriedly tidied her attire and brushed her hair that he had messed up. “Not now.” She was not ready.

Although she had had the most intimate moments with Gilbert, those times were unpleasant. Even though they had made up and were getting along like a normal,

passionate couple now, she was still not ready to accept him wholeheartedly anytime soon.

Knowing her dilemma, Gilbert smiled and said, "It is

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okay. I will not force you." He stroked her hair. Remember, this is the reward I'm talking about from now on." He then gave her a peck on the lips.

Kisa punched him snappishly. "Then why didn't you say so? And don't touch my hair; you have messed up my hair again."

Gilbert laughed as he watched her tidy it up in

exasperation. After a while, he put away his smile and said to her, "Go up and get some rest.

"Okay." Kisa was about to push open the car door when he pulled her back, startling her. "What's up?" she asked.

"Are you going to Athadale for an event in a few days?"

"Yeah, why?"

Gilbert smiled. "Nothing. Go now."

"You are strange." Kisa chuckled. As soon as she got out of the car, Gilbert drove off. She watched his car drive out of the neighborhood gate before she turned around and headed back to the apartment.

Suddenly, a figure swooped in front of her, startling her.

Chapter 795 Falling in the Hands of a Woman

Lea looked at her curiously. "Did I frighten you, Kisa?"

Kisa looked around the dim environment and said with smile, "Anyone would have been frightened when you stood behind me without making a sound."

Lea smiled shyly. "I didn't mean to. I wanted to call out to you, but you just looked at that car like you were very absorbed, so I thought better of it." Lea thought of something and suddenly smiled at her. "Is that Mr. Kooper in the car?"

Kisa took a long look at her and shook her head. "No, it is not."

"Then it is...."

"It is my boyfriend."

Lea was transfixed. "Really? You have a boyfriend?"

"Yeah, he is an outsider. You know, the impact of a celebrity having a relationship is quite significant. I have been dating him secretly for the past few days, but I'm also afraid of being caught by the paparazzi. So, can you keep this a secret for me?"

"Sure." Lea nodded vigorously.

Kisa smiled at her and asked, "By the way, why did you come to see me so late?"

"I have been here since a long time ago. I tried to call you but couldn't get through to you on the phone."

"Oh, my phone is dead. What is it about? Is it urgent?"

"It is not urgent. I'm used to informing you as soon as things change." Lea smiled at her. "It is about the trip to Athadale. Mr. Jensen said the trip had been brought forward; we'll go in three days. Besides, didn't you say at the beginning that you didn't want me to follow you? But Mr. Jensen said he wasn't comfortable with you going alone and repeatedly told me to look after you. So I had better go with you since I have nothing to do."

Kisa smiled at her and said jokingly, "Is it not good enough to give you a few days off?"

Lea hurriedly shook her head. "I have no family here, so there is no point in taking days off. It is better to go with you, treating it as a vacation trip. And as your assistant, I must take good care of you. Otherwise, Mr. Jensen might get angry and fire me."

Kisa looked at her seriously for a while and then nodded. "All right then."

"Yeah! Then I will prepare in the next few days, and we will depart together then."

"Okay."

"You get some rest early, Kisa. I will go home now."

"Be careful on the road." Kisa thoughtfully stared as Lea left. She then turned around and headed for the

apartment.

The next day, in the CEO's office of GK Pictures, Gilbert kept looking at his phone, not in the mood to work. He had already sent no less than ten messages to Kisa, but she had not replied or called him. He leaned back in his chair, loosening his tie, feeling upset.

Davian glanced at him. "Are you expecting a call from your wife, Mr. Koope r?"

Gilbert did not respond. His face was gloomy.

Davian pouted and then whispered, "Maybe she is busy. Besides, if you really miss her, you can call her."

'Call her?' Gilbert picked up the phone, his brows knitted together tightly. He looked out the window and saw that it was now completely dark. 'Normally, the set should have closed by now.' With this thought in mind, he found Kisa's number, and after two seconds of hesitation, he made the call.

Davian glanced at Gilbert's cautious demeanor and could not help but sigh in his mind, thinking, 'A man as

decisive and ruthless as Mr. Kooper could also fall into the hands of a woman.'

But the call went unanswered.

Seeing Gilbert's darkening face, Davian quickly said, 'Maybe she is busy right now and doesn't have time to answer the phone.' As soon as Davian's voice trailed off, the call was finally answered, and Davian was relieved.

It was noisy on the other end of the phone like there was a ruckus. Gilbert frowned in displeasure. "What are you doing? Haven't you finished your work yet?"

Chapter 796 Lying With a Straight Face

"I'm off," Kisa said. Gilbert was upset at hearing that. But before he could say anything, she added. "I have long been off since four in the afternoon."

Gilbert glanced up at the wall clock; it was a quarter to nine. He sneered and said, "Why didn't you have time to return my messages when you finished work so early? And it has been a whole day, and you didn't bother calling me."

Kisa had just walked to a quiet corner and talked to Gilbert on the phone when Ariella came after her. "Kisa, come on. Let's go sing. Everyone is waiting for you."

"Okay, you go ahead. I will be right there."

"No, if you don't go, they are going to ask me to drink. Come on, let's go," Ariella said and tugged on her arm.

Gilbert had lost his patience. "Where are you? What's all that noise? Why don't I come and get you?"

“No, no, no. I’m hanging out with the crew at a karaoke bar. That is all for now. I have to go over there right now. Talk to you later.”

Kisa hung up and sounded so hurried. Gilbert was blue in the face at hearing the disconnection tone. ‘She has time to sing with the crew but no time to reply to my text

messages! Good, very good!’

Seeing Gilbert’s face get even darker than before, Davian rubbed his nose and regretted suggesting Gilbert make this call. “Mr. Kooper, if there is nothing else, I—

I will leave now. Besides, it is getting late; you should go home early and rest,” he said cautiously,

“Come back!”

He was just about to go out when Gilbert stopped him. Davian turned around with a sobbing face. “What else can I do for you, Mr. Kooper?”

“Have you made arrangements for the trip to Athadale in three days?”

“It has been arranged, but…” Davian was confused, “it is just a small client this time; you can just ask the regional manager to meet with him. There is no need for you to go there personally. It doesn’t look too good for someone with a stature like you to go that far to meet a small client.

“No!” Gilbert stared at the phone screen that had dimmed and hummed. “I have to go.”

Davian did not dare to say anything else at seeing Gilbert’s ghastly face. Just then, footsteps came from outside the CEO’s office. Davian frowned in puzzlement. “Who could it be coming at this hour? Didn’t everyone in the office leave?” While speaking, he was about to head out to see who was coming when he saw Madalyn walking

in with George’s help.

Gilbert put down the phone, his face instantly regained his usual composure, and he got up to greet Madalyn. What are you doing here at this late hour? Aren't Andrew and Ada still at home?"

"The two children have gone to bed. There are maids in the house," Madalyn said, sitting aside and glancing around.

Gilbert knew what she was up to and said self-

deprecatingly, "Don't worry, Grandma. Kisa hasn't been here, and I have had no contact with her in the last few days."

Davian looked at him, thinking, 'If anyone wants to lie, they should lie like Mr. Kooper with a straight face.'

Madalyn pulled back her eyes and said with a smile, Come on, I'm not here to check up on you but to see you. I'm worried that you might overwork yourself as you are always working overtime these days. Look, I have brought you your favorite chicken gnocchi soup."

George immediately put the chicken gnocchi soup on Gilbert's desk and said to him respectfully, "Mr. Kooper, drink it while it is still warm.

Gilbert smiled at Madalyn. "You are still the person who treats me the best."

"You are my most beloved grandson; treating you well is, of course, a must. Everything I do is for you.

Gilbert opened the thermos bowl and scooped a spoonful of chicken gnocchi soup. The familiar aroma instantly evoked his distant memories.

Chapter 797 Go Find Her

Kisa once tasted chicken gnocchi soup at the Kooper residence when she was young. Ever since then, whenever she went to the Kooper residence, she craved their chicken gnocchi soup. And at that

time, Gilbert would ask the maid to make chicken gnocchi soup every day, and over time, Grandma thought he liked it. But in reality, he did not like chicken gnocchi soup at all, but only because Kisa liked it. Gilbert snapped back from the memories and put the lid on the thermos bowl.

Madalyn saw this and asked, "What's wrong? Does it not taste good?"

"No. I will drink it later."

"Later?" Madalyn frowned in displeasure. "Aren't you going home with me?"

"I still have something to do. You and George go home and rest early."

Madalyn looked at Davian suspiciously.

"Yeah, we have been very busy lately, and there are many things to do every day. We have been preparing for a trip to Athadale for the past few days. In three days, Mr. Kooper will go to Athadale for a few days on business."

Hearing Davian talk in all seriousness and the fatigued

look on Gilbert's face, Madalyn suspected nothing. She told Gilbert, "Work is important, but you should also take care of your health. Don't stay up too late. Go home early to rest."

"I will. You take care of yourself, too."

"Then I will leave you to your work and go home now," Madalyn said as she stood up.

Gilbert rushed to help her. "I will have Davian drive you home."

"It is alright. Davian stays to help you with your work. I will just go back with George."

Gilbert nodded and looked at George. "Take care of Grandma."

"Don't worry, Mr. Kooper." George took Madalyn's hand from Gilbert's.

As Madalyn reached the doorway, she suddenly asked, "Did you really break up with that woman?"

Gilbert lowered his eyes, looking a bit miserable and glum. "You are the most important person to me. If I have to choose one, then I will choose you. Besides, she doesn't like me, so I will not force it, either."

Madalyn nodded her head in satisfaction. "I'm so glad that you think so." She patted Gilbert on the shoulder. "Don't be sad. I will find you another gentle girl who will be a hundred times better than Kisa."

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Gilbert quickly shook his head and said sadly, "It is okay. I don't want to discuss relationships now, but just stay with you and the two children for the rest of my life."

"Silly child, I will eventually leave, and the children will eventually grow up. However, if you don't feel like having a relationship now, it is okay to put this on hold," Madalyn said, patting him on the arm. "I'm leaving now. You don't work too late."

"Okay. You take care, Grandma."

As soon as Madalyn left, Davian gave Gilbert a thumbs up. "You are amazing, Mr. Kooper. You can totally become an actor. I'm sure you are going to be a hit."

Gilbert shot a look at him with knife-like eyes. "I will become an actor so you can be the CEO, right?"

Davian was stunned for two seconds and then shook his head in panic. "Please don't scare me, Mr. Kooper."

"Then don't poke fun at me."

"I didn't poke fun at you. I was sincerely complimenting you."

Gilbert did not bother with him. He put the chicken gnocchi soup back into the insulated tote and carried it outside.

“Where are you going, Mr. Kooper?” Davian rushed to follow him.

“Not going anywhere. I’m off. You help yourself.”

Gilbert came to Kisa’s apartment, looked up, and saw that the unit Kisa lived in was dark. He was curious to know if

she had yet to come home or had fallen asleep. After hesitating for a while, he took out his cell phone and dialed her number.

Chapter 798 Punish Her Severely

Earlier, Kisa at least answered the phone, though only after a long while. But this time, Gilbert had dialed twice in a row, and she still did not pick up the phone. The temper he had fought so hard to suppress earlier flared up again. He tucked away his phone and headed for the apartment building with the chicken gnocchi soup. ‘She had better be back!’ he said in his mind.

Inside a luxury

karaoke bar in the city center, Kisa was tipsy after having a few glasses of drink. Ariella, who was a good drinker and had been having a drinking challenge with others, was still full of vim and vigor. Kisa felt lightheaded and was resting on the couch. The

atmosphere in the box was very high and lively, with the sound of people’s happy yodeling and the sweet singing of several female artists.

As the shooting had gone smoothly for a few days in a row, the director was happy and treated

everyone to a fun night. He even vowed to give everyone a day off

tomorrow. So, they were all so happy, and it looked like they would get plastered tonight. Those who came

tonight were the

crew members, while Adrien, Peter, and Jensen were absent.

“Keep drinking, Kisa. Why are you lying there?” Ariella was so high that she took a bottle

of wine and came in front of her. “Come on, drink. We are off tomorrow

anyway, so it is okay to get drunk tonight.”

Kisa was woozy and had double vision when she looked at Ariella. She shook her head. “I can’t drink anymore. I feel terrible.”

“Well then, you rest for a while. I will drink with the rest.

Ariella went back to the others.

Sharon shot a sinister glance at Kisa, a sneer flashing across her face.

As the house was pitch black, Gilbert turned on the light and went straight into Kisa’s room. His face darkened as he turned on the light in the bedroom because he saw the bed was neat with no one in sight. Gilbert put the chicken gnocchi soup on the coffee table and sat down on the couch. He looked at the wall clock and waited silently, grousing in his mind. ‘Heh, since she likes to party, I will bring her to a nightclub and let her have fun all night.’

When the hour hand pointed to ten, Gilbert became restless. He took out his cell phone and called Kisa again. She did not answer the first few times. When he dialed the last time, her cell phone was switched off. Gilbert slammed the phone on the sofa, thinking with frustration that he would punish her severely when she came back. When the hour hand pointed to eleven, his anger turned into worry. He got up and looked downstairs. It was dark, and no car was coming in. He thought for a while, then grabbed his jacket from the couch and left the house.

“Drink! Come on, shake the dice. I can drink you under the table!” Ariella was extra energetic, and her voice was loud.

Kisa had fallen asleep but was woken up by Ariella’s loud voice. She opened her eyes in a daze and saw the room was dimly lit, with two female artists duetting on a love song while Ariella and a few other female artists were having a drink with the crew and male artists. Kisa shook her head helplessly, thinking to herself, ‘These people have so much stamina.’ Remembering that she had not returned Gilbert’s message, she took out her cell phone and looked at it, only to find that it was turned off.

She sat up straight and leaned over to say to the director, "You guys have fun. I'm going home now."

"Why don't you stay a little longer, Kisa?"

"I can't. I'm tired and want to go back to rest."

"Well then, you really can't hold your liquor. Go home. Maybe I should ask someone..." he glanced around and found that no one could drive her home. After all,

everyone had been drinking. "Why don't you sleep here? I have booked rooms upstairs."

"No, I just live nearby. I can just take a taxi back." In fact, she was afraid that Gilbert would look for her and that he might be sitting in her house with a grim face right now. She could not help but smile when she thought of his glum face. 'That guy gets angry so easily.'

As Kisa walked out of the box, Sharon quietly followed her.

Chapter 799 You Bluff

Once out of the karaoke bar, the cool breeze sobered Kisa up quite a bit. After all, she had not drunk too much and had rested in the box for quite a while earlier, so she was pretty sober now. Just that her head still hurt. She took out a wet tissue, wiped her face, and then walked to the curb to wait for a taxi. There was always a supply of taxis in front of the karaoke bar. But she was unlucky today, as several taxis had just left when she came out. So she had to wait again.

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"Hey, hottie." Someone suddenly tapped her on the shoulder in a frivolous manner.

Kisa frowned as a wave of disgust flushed through her. She moved a few steps away and turned around, only to see a gangster-like guy smiling at her with lewd eyes.

“Hottie, are you waiting for a taxi? Where are you going? How about a ride from me?”

Wearing a hat and a mask, Kisa ignored the guy and just looked down the street again. Only this time, there were still no taxis coming. Worried about what the guy might do to her, she turned around to go back to the karaoke bar to stay with the crew but found another two guys standing at the entrance. They were dressed similarly to the first one and looked like they were of the same gang. They even grinned at each other.

“Hey, hottie. Why don’t you say something? We have an enjoyable game. Do you want to play it?” The first guy smiled sinisterly and reached to touch her.

Kisa’s heart sank, and she turned around and ran. After running some distance, she looked back and was relieved to see that those guys were not coming after her. She leaned against a tree by the roadside and caught her breath while glancing back and forth. There were still no taxis coming. So she wondered if it was because most drivers had retired for the night, as it was late at night. As she was thinking, there was a sudden, dull pain in the back of her shoulder. She let out a cry and slumped to the ground. Before she passed out completely, she vaguely saw Sharon holding a fat stick, looking at her with a creepy and smug smile.

“Hurry up, you guys.” Sharon put away the stick and smiled wickedly at the guys behind her. “Get her out of here. You guys are lucky and can have fun all night tonight.”

“Thanks to you. But it would be even better if you could join us.”

“Get lost!

Don’t take advantage of the situation.” Sharon grunted and then said grimly, “Remember to take pictures. After it is done, there will be more goodies for you *all*.”

“That is so nice of you.”

The few guys went to pull up Kisa from the ground when a small, timid voice with an unexplained determination suddenly came. “Let her go. I have called the police.”

They all looked in the voice’s direction and saw a young girl in her twenties standing not far away. The girl was petite with a clean, innocent face, carrying a canvas bag, unmistakably a good girl. Those guys instantly became interested in her.

“Yo, here is another one. We can really have a blast tonight.

Sharon furrowed her brow and said grimly to the girl, You better mind your own business.”

Jolina was scared to face these guys. But seeing the unconscious Kisa on the ground, she could not bring herself to leave her behind. She looked at Sharon and

said, “We are all on the same set. So, why do you have to do this? Besides, you can’t get away with it if you do this.”

“Heh, it is just some random guy picking up a drunk woman on the street late at night. Isn’t it a normal thing? Who is going to suspect me? As for you, blame it on the fact that you are powerless to intervene.” Sharon sneered and signaled for the guys to grab her.

Jolina was so scared that she tugged on the strap of her canvas bag and warned the guys. “Don’t come any closer. I have really called the police.”

“Yo, you bluffing us?” Those guys did not listen but went after her.

Jolina panicked, not expecting these men to be not afraid even though she said she had called the police. She turned around and tried to run, but those guys quickly caught her.

Sharon laughed. “Do you think you can still run when you have seen this?”

And at that moment, a small black vehicle suddenly stopped at the side of the road.

Chapter 800 How a Real Woman Looks Like

Jolina looked at the license plate number and was delighted. But she also had a bit of mixed emotions.

Wearing a black trench coat, Peter exuded a distinctive aura as he stepped out of the car. When those guys saw him, they cowered. They looked at Sharon, whose face had gone pale. Sharon knew Peter was not to be messed with and that Jolina and Peter were somehow related.

Peter swept his eyes over Kisa on the ground, and then his gaze stopped on Jolina, who was apprehended by those guys, who pressed her down with their hands on her shoulders.

Peter narrowed his eyes threateningly and sneered as he looked over at Sharon. "What are you doing here? How dare you touch my woman! You must have a death wish."

Sharon, also an arrogant person, was not impressed. She swayed her hips and smiled as she walked up to Peter. "Come on. I didn't know she was your woman. Besides, didn't you two have a fight on the set last time? So I

thought she had offended you, and I was about to teach her a lesson," Sharon said and intentionally leaned against him. She did not believe that she was not as good as that dull little girl.

Peter looked down at her with a faint smile but did not push her away. When Sharon saw he did not resent her,

she was delighted and became even more confident in her charm. She boldly leaned in his arms and drew circles on his chest with her fingers of red nail polish, intentionally or otherwise.

“Peter, those boring and insubordinate women are not very interesting. Don't you remember she showed you her attitude last time? She is the kind of girl who wants self-respect but can't earn it. She is just playing hard to get. Don't fall for it.”

Peter smirked, his eyes tinged with wickedness. He

stroked Sharon's long hair and nodded. “Well, you have a point.”

Jolina gave Peter a disgusted look and then looked away. Peter narrowed his eyes when he said this.

Sharon was still leaning in Peter's arms and did not see his sullen expression. She smiled and kept drawing circles on his chest. “These two women are so nauseous to look at. Just let my men take them away. As for us, we can have fun tonight. I will show you what a real woman looks like,” Sharon said while brazenly stroking his face with her hand.

Peter caught her hand by the wrist with one hand and yanked her hair down with the other.

“Aaaaah!”

Sharon screamed in pain. Jolina looked over and saw Peter pulling at Sharon's hair and grabbing her wrist.

Sharon's body bent backward in a weird posture, and she was begging Peter for mercy.

“What are you doing, Peter? Let go of me. You are hurting me, ah!”

In disgust, Peter threw her to the ground and looked at her like she was trash. He pointed at Jolina and sneered at Sharon. “Even if she is playing hard to get, I still like it. You hideous freak, stop being so obnoxious. Get lost!”

When those guys saw Peter's overpowering aura and distinctive appearance, they got intimidated and fled.

Sharon got up from the ground and stared at Peter balefully. "Men are really masochistic, liking a woman who does not like them. Gilbert is like that, and you are like that, too. Are you men born to be masochistic?"

Peter narrowed his eyes sinisterly. "I dare you to repeat it.

Sharon was indignant, but she was afraid of Peter. She shrank back and yelled defiantly, "You just wait for that woman to cuckold you." Not waiting for him to get angry, she turned and ran away.

Jolina was relieved. She quickly squatted down to check on Kisa when she was pulled up forcefully from the ground.