

# Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

## Chapter 801 – 809

### Chapter 801 Fun to Let Him Get Worried

Peter dragged her toward the car without a word.

“Don’t you touch me!” Jolina used all her strength to break away from him.

“Heh!” Peter let out a sardonic laughter. “You don’t want me to touch you? Do you want those men to touch you?” As Jolina grimaced and ignored him, Peter lost his patience. “Let’s go. Aren’t you afraid those guys will return?”

Jolina looked at Kisa, who was still unconscious.

Worrying about Kisa, she looked at Peter and pleaded with him for the first time. “Then please drive Ms. Becker home.”

Peter frowned in displeasure. “Why should I? I don’t give a shit about her. Come on. You are coming back with me.” He tugged her hand.

Jolina avoided it and said with a stony face, “Since you won’t help her, I will stay with her and wait for a taxi.”

“You!” Peter was so furious that he ripped the buttons off his shirt under his trench coat. “I don’t even f\*cking know where she stays. How do you want me to drive her back to her home?”

Jolina froze, as she did not know where Kisa lived, either.

“T—Then you drive her and me to my place.”

“No.”

“All right then. I will wait here with her for a taxi, and you can go.”

Peter was and did not know what more to say. He yelled at her, "Why do you have to be such a busybody? What can you do, and why care about her? She is Gilbert's woman, so it is Gilbert's job to take care of her."

Jolina did not want to listen to his bullsh\*t. She turned and walked over to Kisa, took Kisa's arm, and moved to pull her up.

Peter stood in place, looking at her coldly, angry, and grumpy.

Just as Jolina was helping Kisa to sit up, a pair of muscular arms reached down. Stunned to see Peter carrying Kisa in his arms and walking to the car, she hurriedly followed. "Where are you taking her?"

Peter shoved Kisa into the back seat and yelled at Jolina without looking at her. "Don't you f\*cking want me to take you two back to your place? Get your \*ss in the car."

Jolina hated him for swearing. She was sick to her stomach of men spewing foul language. In her heart, Peter was never comparable to that teenager in white. It was a pity that she had been tainted and felt she no longer deserved that teenager.

"What are you waiting for? Get your \*ss in here." He roared impatiently again.

Jolina lowered her eyes, hiding the sadness and grief in them as she got in. This was the first time she had ever sat in his car of her own accord. In the past, it was Peter who coerced or forced her. As she got in, she looked back at Kisa in the back seat with concern.

Peter suddenly snorted, "Don't meddle with such nonsense next time. If I hadn't felt bored and come looking for you, you and this woman would have been done for."

Jolina did not want to talk to him but looked blankly out the window.

A car came from the opposite direction just two minutes into the drive. Peter glanced at the license plate number and smiled playfully, thinking, 'It could be fun to let him get worried a bit.'

Gilbert stopped in front of the karaoke bar, got out of the car, and entered the bar at once. The people in the box were all drunk, lying around randomly, with the smell of cigarettes filling the room. Gilbert knitted his brows in disgust. He scanned the room quickly, and his heart sank when he did not see Kisa. He pulled up the director, who was lying on the coffee table.

"Drink, come on... Let's get drunk!" The director mumbled to himself, obviously drunk.

Anxious, Gilbert picked up a glass of water from the coffee table and splashed it directly on the director's face.

The director let out a muffled grunt and opened his eyes in confusion. "Who splashed me with water?"

He was shocked when he saw Gilbert's sullen face. "M- Mr. Kooper? Why are you here, too?"

"Where is Kisa?"

## **Chapter 802 Her Boyfriend**

Gilbert asked him anxiously.

The director was transfixed for a long while before he said, though still sounding drunk, "Kisa... Hasn't Kisa gone home?"

"She has gone home?"

"Yeah, she just told us she was tired and wanted to go home and rest. I watched her walk out."

Gilbert's face changed. 'If Kisa has gone home on her own, why have I waited at home for so long without seeing her return? Or did she go home just when I came out to look for her?' Thinking of this, he hurriedly left the karaoke bar.

It was late, and there were very few cars on the road, so Gilbert pushed the car to its limit and hoped that Kisa had really arrived home safely.

He soon arrived at Kisa's place. When he opened the door, there was still no one in the house, and the chicken gnocchi soup he had brought with him was still resting on the coffee table. Obviously, Kisa had not returned. Gilbert leaned against the door, feeling a little exhausted. According to the time the director said, Kisa should have arrived home long ago, but she had not. So he wondered where she could have gone and if she had met with an accident. His heart skipped a beat at the thought of this. After thinking for a couple of seconds, he turned around and left the house again.

This time, he came to Lea's apartment, standing downstairs. Earlier, he was worried that Lea would harm

Kisa and had asked Davian to find out where Lea lived. So he knew Lea's address. He now only hoped that Kisa was here in Lea's place. Otherwise, the feeling of powerlessness and fear of being unable to find her would drive him crazy.

Lea hurried down from upstairs, wrapped in her coat, with a look of anxiety on her face. "You mean Kisa is missing?" she asked.

Gilbert nodded. "She went to sing karaoke with the crew and then disappeared. The director said she had gone

home early, but I waited at her house for a long time, and she did not go home. So I want to ask you—is she with you?"

Lea shook her head. "I know about the karaoke, and I was supposed to go with her, but I had a cold. So Kisa asked me to stay home to rest. She doesn't like to let me follow her anywhere, so I don't know her whereabouts. But..." Lea glanced at him cautiously, "Kisa said she is in love, so maybe... Maybe she is at her boyfriend's place."

“I

‘Her boyfriend? Am I not her boyfriend?’

Gilbert pursed his lips. “Okay, I got it. Sorry for disturbing you.”

Lea looked at his worried face

and said, “Mr. Kooper, don’t worry too much. The city is safe. Nothing will happen to Kisa.”

Gilbert said nothing as he spun around and got back into his car.

Lea watched his

car leave, then turned and hurried upstairs. Once inside, Anthony dragged her to the bed and penetrated her with no foreplay. He complained as he thrust, “That was a bummer. Does Gilbert have nothing better to do?”

Holding back her discomfort, Lea asked cautiously, “Kisa is missing. You did nothing to her, did you?”

“Even if I want to do something to her, Adrien would disagree. He has warned me not to touch that woman during this time, saying it will spoil his grand plan.”

Lea couldn’t help but sigh with relief.

Anthony grunted and performed another powerful thrust. Seeing her frown, he snickered. “Don’t make a face like you are worried about her. Don’t forget. You have betrayed her several times. The worry on your face is really ironic and disgusting.”

Lea lowered her eyes sadly. ‘If I could, I would rather die than betray Kisa, but I have no choice,’ she thought to herself.

Gilbert had searched almost halfway across

Calthon, but still had not found Kisa. Davian had sent word that he had not found Kisa, either. Gilbert leaned back on the couch,

staring at the wall clock with bloodshot eyes. It was already 7.00 am. He did not know how he had spent the night, as all kinds of bad guesses haunted him and almost drove him crazy. He pulled at his hair irritably, extremely

depressed. Suddenly, the phone on the coffee table rang. He looked at the phone screen, and his body tensed up.

### **Chapter 803 Worried All Night Long**

It was Kisa's name that showed up on the screen. Gilbert picked up the phone and answered it with no hesitation.

"Hello, Gilbert?"

When Kisa's voice came into his ears, he suddenly closed his eyes and heaved a sigh of relief. At this moment, all the worry, tension, and fear transformed into unspeakable anger. He gasped lightly, his chest heaving.

"Gilbert?" Kisa called out again when she did not get a response.

Gilbert clutched his phone and asked in a deep voice, "Where are you?"

"Oh, I had an incident on the road last night, and then Jolina saved me, and then I spent the night at Jolina's place."

"Then why didn't you return my messages last night? Why didn't you answer my phone calls? Did you know last night I was... I was..." Gilbert yelled furiously, and at the end, he put a hand to his forehead, feeling powerless.

Kisa felt Gilbert was angry when he suddenly stopped speaking. So she hurriedly said, "I'm sorry, I did not mean not to answer your phone, nor did I mean not to return your message. It was just too noisy in the karaoke bar, and I didn't hear

the phone ring. My phone just powered off by itself after *you* called several times," Kisa said, her voice getting softer toward the end of the sentence. She was obviously diffident.

Gilbert did not want to say anything more. Perhaps his nerves had been too tense all night. His strength seemed to have left him. He did not want to talk or do anything but just wanted to sleep.

When Kisa did not get Gilbert's response, Kisa called out to him again, "A— Are you angry, Gilbert?"

“Nope.” Gilbert suddenly whispered again when she was about to say something. “That is all for now. You take care of yourself.”

“Gilbert..”

Kisa wanted to speak again, but Gilbert had hung up.

Gilbert was angry that Kisa did not listen and that she made him worried about her all night long. But more than anything, he was glad she was safe and sound.

Kisa put down her phone in frustration. She thought Gilbert was furious more than ever before. She kneaded her sore shoulder and thought to herself, ‘I can’t walk alone at night anymore. I never thought Sharon would have dared to knock me out on the street.’ She narrowed her eyes coldly at the thought of what had happened last night. ‘Sharon doesn’t seem to be really afraid if I don’t teach her a lesson.’

At that moment, Jolina walked in with a glass of orange juice and a couple of sandwiches.

“Ms. Becker, are you feeling better now? Have some breakfast.”

Kisa nodded. “Thank you and Peter for last night,” she said. Jolina had told her everything that had happened last night when she woke up. So she was incredibly grateful to Jolina and Peter. If they had not appeared in time, she could not imagine what would have happened to her. She was in Jolina’s house, a very modest one-room apartment, which was exceptionally clean and tidy, just like Jolina herself. Kisa took a bite of the sandwich and smiled at her. “Are you an actress, too? Which company are you from?”

Jolina shook her head. “I have just graduated from an art school this summer and have not signed up with any company yet. I got this maid role on my own.”

Kisa nodded, she did not ask her about her relationship with Peter but just smiled at her. “You are great. If you don’t mind, you can sign up with the J & K Film Group.”

Jolina's eyes lit up. "Really?"

"Sure." Kisa smiled at her, feeling that this girl was quite affable.

After leaving Jolina's place, Kisa went straight back home. At first, she wanted to see Gilbert, but when she called his phone, he did not answer. She did not want to disturb him, thinking he might still be angry. She was stunned when she arrived at her apartment and entered her house.

### **Chapter 804 Magical Messages**

The house was filled with the smell of cigarette smoke. Her heart skipped a beat, wondering if Gilbert had been here or was here at this moment. Thinking of this, she could not wait to check the rooms without changing her shoes. But there was no one there. Not giving up, she went to the bathroom—

there was still no sign of Gilbert. So she thought he must have left.

Kisa was disappointed and dropped onto the couch, staring blankly at the coffee table. She suddenly frowned and hurriedly sat up as she saw the ashtray on the coffee table full of cigarette butts. She remembered she had cleaned the ashtray, and Gilbert had not come over in the past few days, so it had always been clean. But now, it was filled to the brim, and two cigarette butts were still burning and billowing white smoke. So she knew Gilbert must have stayed here last night and just left—he must have waited for her for a long time.

She hurriedly took out her phone and wanted to call him. But just as she was about to do that, she spotted another thing out of the corner of her eye—an insulated tote bag. Out of curiosity, she opened it and found a thermos bowl. She took the lid off and was surprised to see chicken gnocchi soup. The bag and thermos bowl were so effective that the chicken gnocchi soup was

still warm. She quickly took a couple of sips, and the taste was so familiar, instantly reminding her of the early memories of her youth. Her heart was warmed. She put the phone aside. While drinking the chicken gnocchi soup, she called Gilbert.

Meanwhile, Davian was waiting for the traffic light when Gilbert's phone rang. He could not help but glance at Gilbert, who was leaning against the car window with his eyes closed as if he was asleep. He was holding his phone

with his hand on his lap. The phone screen was facing upward, so Davian could clearly see Kisa's name. 'It is Mrs. Kooper calling! Hasn't Mr. Kooper been waiting for a call from his wife?' He pursed his lips and thought of alerting Gilbert but was afraid of disturbing him. He was in a dilemma for a long time and finally did nothing.

The phone rang for a while before it stopped.

Davian grimaced regretfully when Gilbert suddenly half-opened his eyes, staring at the dimmed cell phone screen. Davian was shocked.

'Phew! I didn't know that Mr. Kooper had heard the ringing just now. It turned out that he just did not want to answer it. Fortunately, I didn't act like a busybody.'

After

the ringing stopped, Gilbert's phone softly buzzed as if it had received a message. Gilbert half-raised his arm tapped on the phone and took a look, then the gloom on his face vanished.

Davian looked on with mouth agape.

Gilbert put away his phone and said casually, "Are you trying to block the road?"

Davian returned to his senses and looked up, only to see that the traffic light had long since turned green, with the cars behind blaring their horns. He quickly started the car but still felt incredulous and curious. What kind of message could instantly make Mr. Kooper feel better? He never batted an eyelid even when he looked at the dollar figures after earning tons of money back then.'

Kisa finished the chicken gnocchi soup and picked up her phone. She had sent that message long ago, but Gilbert had not replied. She grimaced, frustrated by Gilbert's fiendish temper. 'Forget it, no more coaxing him,' she said in her mind. She put down her phone and went straight to her room to sleep.

The next day, fearing Kisa's retaliation, Sharon called Carolyn and Christopher over.

## Chapter 805 Payback Time

Christopher probably lost his patience as he had tried to leave several times, but Carolyn forced him to stay.

During the break, Kisa looked at Christopher quietly. She no longer had any affection for her father. Her dearest and most beloved person was her mother. Probably because of guilt, Christopher was afraid to look her in the eyes. Kisa sneered, feeling sad to see their relationship come to such a pass.

"I have just asked you to come to visit Sharon today. She will be off work in a few minutes. Why are you in such a hurry to leave?" Carolyn scolded Christopher in anger.

"I really have urgent business. Besides, I am already here, and it is meaningless to keep waiting."

"Heh, don't lie to me. I know there has not been much going on at the office lately. And even if there is, it is not as important as Sharon, okay?"

"All right, all right. I'm not leaving. Please stop arguing and making a scene here, lest people would laugh at us."

"Heh, who dares to laugh at us but that b\*stard of yours? I don't know why you brought her back last time. She is a real pain in the \*ss, getting in Sharon's way."

Kisa snickered, thinking, 'This viperous Sharon used to have a good hand to play. But she ruined it. Now they even have the nerve to blame it all on me.' Kisa put on her headphones and listened to music so their noises would not hurt her ears.

By the time the work was over, Sharon had left in a hurry. She expected that with Carolyn and Christopher around, Kisa would not dare to do anything to her. But when they left the set, Kisa brought a few bodyguards and stopped them. This was the day for Kisa to take revenge on Sharon because today's shooting was on location in the countryside, where she would get b

ack at Sharon, and no one would come to Sharon's rescue, no matter how loud she screamed.

Seeing the bodyguards beside Kisa, Sharon's face changed, and she shouted, "What do you want, b\*tch?"

"Nothing. I want to do what you did to me last night. We are in the same production team, so I just want to return the favor."

"I really don't know what you are talking about."

Sharon pretended not to understand, pushed her away, and tried to leave. However, Kisa's bodyguards pinned her down.

Carolyn screamed at once upon seeing this. "What do you want to do to Sharon? This is a country with the rule of law. How can you do this? Everyone, come see what Kisa is doing—she is bullying Sharon!"

Not far away, a few crew members said to the director, "There seems to be a commotion over there. Should we go over and check it out?"

The director, who was packing the camera, casually glanced over there and said, "It is just a personal grudge. Let's not meddle in it." Kisa had given him the heads-up earlier today, so he would not intervene this time. Soon, the director, some crews, and a few artists left in their cars.

Carolyn's face changed, and she shouted as those cars left. "What are you all doing? You won't do anything about it even when you see this woman bullying Sharon, will you? Th—This is too much!"

"Enough!" Christopher tugged at Carolyn, gesturing for her to stop yelling. "Stop embarrassing yourself!"

"Embarrassing? You are doing nothing even when you see this b\*stard bully Sharon! Are you still a man?"

Christopher could not feel more annoyed. He shrugged off Carolyn and looked at Kisa, his tone of voice and attitude changing instantly.

## **Chapter 806 Something a Human Being Will Do**

“Kisa,” Christopher faked a smile with even a bit of humility in his attitude, “what is going on here? Why did you have Sharon held up?”

“Dad, help me. This b\*tch just can’t stand to see me getting successful. Help me, Dad!” Sharon pleaded for his help.

Instead of looking at Sharon, Christopher tried to please Kisa. “Tell me your grievances, Kisa. Don’t do this, or it will harm the family harmony.”

‘Family?’ Kisa snickered. ‘When I was down and out, this man never recognized me as the Case family’s daughter and even joined Carolyn in attacking me. Now that I’m rich, he is shamelessly talking about family.’ Kisa sat on a chair and looked indifferently at the family of three, which she wanted to have nothing to do with now. She sneered at Christopher. “Why don’t you ask Sharon what she did to me last night?”

Christopher looked at Sharon, and Sharon hung her head sheepishly and said, “I did nothing to her. She is just making things up.”

“Absolutely. Don’t you even trust your own daughter anymore?” Carolyn pinched Christopher on the arm and retorted, “That b\*stard is jealous of Sharon, and that is why she has brought men to ensnare Sharon here. She just wants to ruin Sharon.”

Kisa’s stomach hurt from laughing at this. “I’m jealous of her? I really don’t know if you guys have no self-awareness or are overconfident. Do you think I have to be jealous of her with my fame and status nowadays?”

Christopher looked at the sneer on Kisa’s face and felt that this daughter of his had changed; he no longer recognized her. Only her eyes still looked the same as that woman in his memory.

“What are you doing standing transfixed here? Help Sharon!”

Christopher was lost in thought when Carolyn gave him another pinch on the arm. Feeling pain, he shook off Carolyn's hand and asked Kisa, "What did Sharon do to you last night? Tell me."

It had been a long time since Kisa last saw her father, and when she finally saw him, his attitude toward her changed dramatically. This was thanks to her current fame and status. But she found what he said filled with caustic irony. Had her father been willing to stand by her when she was down and out, she would not have been completely disappointed with him.

She leaned back in her chair and said absently, "Last night, our production team went to a karaoke bar, and when I was going home, this so-called good sister knocked me out halfway and hired a few men attempting to rape me. Mr. Case, let me just ask you: is this something a human being will do?" Her addressing him as Mr. Case showed she wanted to have nothing to do with them completely.

"I didn't. She is lying. Dad, don't listen to her. How could I have done such a thing? Besides, if I did, how could she be standing here?" Sharon yelled in a panic.

"Exactly. She is slandering Sharon. You should quickly get Sharon back!"

Christopher stood still and only spoke when nudged by Carolyn. "Is there some kind of misunderstanding, Kisa? Sharon couldn't be this vicious."

"Heh!" Kisa sneered, knowing that this father of hers would only ever be on Sharon's side, no matter what.

Just then, two people were walking in their direction.

## **Chapter 807 An Eye for an Eye**

Carolyn saw this and was delighted. She sneered at Kisa, "Do you really think there will be no one here in the suburbs, and you can do whatever you want?" She then called out to the two people, "Come and see, the celebrity Kisa brought a group of men to bully my daughter."

When Kisa saw the faces of the two people, a sneer flashed across her face. And Sharon's face turned pale.

It was Jolina and Peter. Carolyn was transfixed for a moment and felt that the man looked very familiar. She tugged at his arm without giving it a second thought. "Please help my daughter," Carolyn said, pointing at Kisa, cursing, "That woman is trying to hurt my daughter, thinking that no one can see it in the suburb-"

Before Carolyn could finish, Peter yanked her hand away in disgust and stepped aside. If Jolina had not asked him to testify against Sharon, he would not have bothered to come and watch these clowns perform. 'Argh, this is really boring!' he groused in his mind.

When Jolina walked silently to stand beside Kisa, Carolyn's eyes widened in surprise.

"Y-You guys are all in the same gang?"

Jolina looked at Carolyn and Christopher and said matter-of-factly, "Last night, I saved Miss Becker when I saw that Miss Case knocked Ms. Becker unconscious and heard her asking several men to take her away and to ruin and take nude pictures of her."

"You lie! You b\*tch, how dare you slander me! Go to hell, all of you!" Sharon hissed hysterically.

Peter looked at her and sneered, "I think you are the one who should go to hell."

Sharon glared at Jolina and Kisa. She shrank back in fear and looked to Carolyn and Christopher for help when Peter sneered at her. Filled with hatred and resentment, she could not reconcile with the fact that these women had the backing of powerful men—Kisa had Gilbert and Jensen, Jolina had Peter, and even Lea had Anthony, but she had nothing. Sharon was bitter and could not understand in what way she was not as good as these women.

Just as her resentment was raging, Christopher slapped her across the face. This flabbergasted her.

Carolyn was also shocked and rushed to stop Christopher. “What are you doing? Are you crazy? Why did you hit Sharon?”

Christopher ignored Carolyn as he scolded Sharon. “You are a disappointment. Stop running others down simply because you aren’t as good as others! Kisa accommodated you when she was small, yet you did this to her. How could you be so heartless?”

“Yeah, I’m heartless. But even so, I’m better than you, a coward!”

Christopher’s face turned red after being called a coward by his own daughter. Peter could not hold back his laughter while Kisa lowered her eyes, not with glee but with sadness. Christopher was so mad that he raised his hand and slapped Sharon again.

Carolyn rushed to hold his hand back. “What are you doing? Do you want to kill your own daughter so that b\*stard can have a good laugh? Fine, then you can kill me too.”

Kisa did not give a damn about their bullsh\*t. She sneered at Christopher and Carolyn. “I have told you the entire story. Sharon is the one who hurt me first, so don’t blame me for not showing mercy.”

Christopher’s face changed. “What are you going to do to her?”

“Heh, didn’t I just say that—I will give as good as I get?”

## **Chapter 808 Don’t Talk to Her About Family Love**

Kisa looked at the bodyguards. “You guys drag her to the bushes so it won’t dirty everyone’s eyes with that scene. Ahh,” Something suddenly came to mind, and the corners of her lips hooked up in a ruthless smile, “remember to take pictures.”

“No! Kisa, you viperous b\*tch! I hope you will die a horrible death! Let go of me! Let go of me!” Sharon hissed and screamed hysterically.

Carolyn was so mad she was about to lunge at Kisa to hit her. "You b\*tch, how dare you do this to Sharon! B\*tch!"

Christopher quickly pulled her back and pleaded with Kisa. "Don't do this. We are family. Don't make things too ugly."

"Heh!" Kisa looked at them with cold eyes. "You care so much about your daughter, huh? Am I not someone else's daughter, then? When you conspired with her to harm me, did you ever think my mother would be sad and hurt, too? You can brazenly hurt and bully me just because my mother is no longer here?"

Kisa smiled with tears in her eyes.

Peter looked at her quietly, and it hurt him to hear her say her mother was no longer there. His hand subconsciously clasped the bracelet on his other wrist.

"Aaaaah... Let go of me! Don't touch me with your dirty hands. Aaaaah, get off of me!" Sharon's terrified screams came from the bushes.

Kisa leaned back in her chair with a faint smile, looking indifferent.

Carolyn was going crazy, hissing as she lunged out to aid Sharon but was quickly stopped by Kisa's bodyguards. She could only curse and hiss at Kisa.

Christopher was profusely sweating as he rubbed his hands together and pleaded with Kisa.

"I beg you, don't do this to Sharon. She is your sister, at least, your own sister. How can you do this to her?"

"Then why didn't you say something about her when she did this to me?" Kisa sneered, her heart as cold and hard as steel. The moment her mother passed away, their kinship was long gone. Today, no one could talk to her about family love.

Christopher had no choice but to kneel to Kisa, and he did. Seeing him bend his knees to kneel, Kisa

quickly signaled the bodyguard beside her to stop him. Christopher was delighted. "I knew you wouldn't make me kneel."

Kisa snickered. "I just don't want to discredit myself. As much as I hate to admit that you are my father, it is a fact that can never be changed."

Mixed emotions flashed across Christopher's face, and he pleaded with Kisa again.

"I know you hate me, but Sharon is your sister. You really can't do this to her. She did a lot of things that wronged you in the past. But don't worry, I will teach her a lesson later."

"Heh!" Kisa snickered and said absently, "Didn't you say she is my younger sister? Then isn't it normal for me, as her elder sister, to teach her a lesson?"

"You b\*tch, you call that a lesson?" Carolyn cursed angrily. "You are ruining her! An evil woman like you deserves a horrible death."

"Oh? Then tell me, what do you mean by a lesson? Just pretending to say a few words, not even saying anything, but giving her a pat on the back for doing a fantastic job?"

"Kisa..." Christopher stooped to his humblest level in front of Kisa, pleading with her. "What will it take for you to let Sharon go? Tell me, and I will give you my word."

"Oh, yeah." Kisa looked at him with a faint smile and said slowly, "I want my mother to come back to life."

Christopher's face changed, and he looked sad. "You know that this is not possible."

"Well, well, well. What a lively scene here." A low, steady laugh suddenly came.

**Chapter 809 Still Not Satisfied Yet?**

When Kisa gradually lifted her gaze, she saw Adrien trudging toward her with a cigarette in his hand. Meanwhile, Carolyn looked at Adrien as if he were her savior.

She broke free from the grasp of the bodyguards and ran up to Adrien. Then, she grabbed his arm while saying in panic, "Please save my daughter, Mr. Tanner. I'm begging you; please save her..."

Sharon was screaming at the top of her lungs in the bushes; her piercing scream sounded terrifying since they were in a parkland.

Adrien scanned the area with a smile before turning to Kisa, "What's happening here?"

Kisa merely sneered and did not respond.

Peter had his hands in his pockets.

"Last night, Sharon knocked Kisa out. She intended to get some men to force themselves onto Kisa, but I saved her. What do you know? Today, Sharon got what she was coming to her."

"Don't listen to him, Mr. Tanner! My daughter is innocent! Sharon is one of the kindest people, so please hurry and save her."

Carolyn quickly cut in and shook Adrien's hand non-stop after Peter finished.

Adrien glanced at her panicked expression coolly. A moment later, he shifted his gaze to the bushes nearby.

A few bodyguards were standing on the grass, unmoving. He vaguely saw Sharon shrieking and struggling as a man yanked on her shirt.

It only took him one glance to understand the situation.

Adrien brushed Carolyn's hand away and walked up to Kisa. Then, he smiled at her amiably, "This doesn't seem like a good idea, considering how you're both working together. It'll give both of you a b

ad name if this gets out. Listen to your Uncle Adrien and let her go. Besides, she's probably scared out of her mind now."

Adrien and Christopher stood side by side.

One stood upright with the charming smile of a mature man on his face, while the other stood hunched over as if he were bowing and scraping.

The more Carolyn looked at Christopher, the more she thought he was an eyesore.

She glanced at Christopher disdainfully before peering at Adrien. When her eyes shifted to Adrien, a hint of admiration could be seen within.

Kisa lowered her gaze and smiled, "Since you've given the word, I'll let her go for

Christopher was delighted. He turned to Kisa with mixed emotions in his eyes.

However, Kisa did not spare him a single glance.

She stood up with a small smile before slowly walking to the side of the bushes.

Among the bushes was Sharon, with her disheveled hair and messy makeup.

your sake."

Her initially unnatural face looked more peculiar than ever after she had screamed her lungs out ceaselessly moments ago.

Only two flimsy pieces of underwear were left on her body.

Sharon sat on the ground, disheveled. She glared at Kisa through bloodshot eyes even though two bodyguards were grabbing her tightly by her shoulders.

Kisa squatted down in front of her with a slight smile.

“What’s the matter? Are you still not satisfied yet?”

“Ptooey! You b\*tch...”

SLAPI

Just as Sharon started cussing, Kisa slapped her across the face.

Carolyn saw red, “You b\*tch! How dare you slap Sharon!”

However, Christopher quickly stopped her before she could run over.

Carolyn looked down on Christopher even more now that she compared him with Adrien.

She flung Christopher’s arm aside and scolded him disdainfully, “You’re such a wimp; *you* can’t be considered a man!”

Adrien peered at the disdain on Carolyn’s face. Then, a small smile gradually formed on his face.

Meanwhile, Sharon glared at Kisa with a vicious look in her eyes after she got slapped.

Kisa chuckled as she rubbed her numb hands together, “It seems like you still haven’t learned your lesson. Shall I let my bodyguards continue?”

Finally, Sharon’s expression changed a little.

She turned to Carolyn and Adrien in a panic. The only person she did not turn to was Christopher.

Kisa laughed icily before grabbing Sharon’s chin abruptly.