

# Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

## Chapter 831 – 840

### Chapter 831 Hook Her Fingers

Gilbert was waiting for the elevator when Kisa approached. The elevator was still not up, so Gilbert looked straight and stared at the number screen. He did not take a single glance at Kisa. Kisa did not greet him and just stood by his side in front of the elevator. The atmosphere was slightly awkward as they ignored each other.

Lea studied and perceived the strangeness between them but could not describe what caused the strangeness between them. Yet one had to admit; they were a perfect couple, a match made in heaven. James eyed Kisa constantly, his face covered in doubt. 'Miss Becker is such a beauty. Why won't Mrs. Kooper Sr. let Mr. Kooper come in contact with her?' James thought to himself. He could not help but cast another glance at Kisa. The more he looked at Kisa, the more attractive and elegant Kisa seemed.

The elevator door opened with a 'ding', and the crowd accompanying them stood still, anticipating the duo to enter the elevator before them. Yet both Kisa and Gilbert stood still, unmoving. Afraid that the elevator door might close, James hurriedly pressed the open button and smiled at Gilbert, "Mr. Kooper, you should get inside."

"Ladies first," Gilbert glanced at Kisa with a gentlemanly smile. The look he gave her was anything but innocent. Without demur, Kisa held her dress and walked into the elevator. She walked into the elevator's corner, turned around, and stood there with a serious face. Gilbert looked at her, walked in, and stood beside her.

After Gilbert and Kisa had both gotten into the elevator, only did the others enter. The crowd crammed themselves to the front of the occupied elevator, not daring to get close to those two. Due to the crowd squeezing to the front, Lea and the girls quarreled with Gilbert's subordinates.

Gilbert stared down, smiling, his fingers unnoticeably hooked onto Kisa's fingers. Kisa trembled and looked in his direction with knotted brows. But she only saw the man seriously staring at his phone screen. 'Tsk, this man is really good at pretending,' Kisa thought.

Gilbert hooked Kisa's finger again since the people in front were not paying attention to them. This time, Kisa's eyes sparked with a hint of wryness. When Gilbert was about to withdraw his hand, Kisa held onto his and pinched the back of his hand hard. He frowned slightly and gave her a warning glare. Kisa stifled her laughter and looked at him provocatively.

At this moment, the elevator door opened again. The people in the front rushed to get out. When the crowd turned their attention to Gilbert and Kisa, they recovered

their air of indifference and did not disturb each other. As Kisa walked out of the elevator, she lifted her dress and held her head high. The aura and charisma she gave off were incomparable.

James had his eyes glued on Kisa, unable to avert his stare. Gilbert's face, having been fixated on Kisa's back for a while, darkened the more he looked. Suddenly, he felt a little hot as he pulled his tie and strode out. Upon seeing James, who had his eyes fixated on Kisa, Gilbert snorted at him, "Why don't you be her assistant? You can look at her every day that way."

James instantly came to his senses and shook his head in embarrassment. "Stop messing with me, Mr. Kooper. I think Miss Becker has unmatched charisma. I can't help but look at her."

Gilbert let out a cold snort and walked outside.

'That goes without saying, of course. My woman has unquestionable charisma.'

## **Chapter 832 A Fairly Conservative Person**

Kisa and

Gilbert's cars were parked beside each other at the hotel's entrance as they entered their respective vehicles. Turning into the main road, they drove in single file, with Gilbert's car trailing behind Kisa's. Lea noticed this and questioned Kisa, "Kisa, why is Mr. Kooper's car following us? Is he going to the fashion week too?"

“Who knows? Maybe we’re heading in the same direction,” Kisa unhurriedly replied. The next moment, her phone notification rang, informing her of a new message from Gilbert. As she opened the phone message with a finger, she blushed. Gilbert’s message was simple. [You vixen, you better be prepared for tonight!]

This sentence was full of ambiguity. No matter how revealing Kisa looked on the outside, she was still a conservative person. She felt both embarrassed and amused after she read the text.

‘Gilbert must have been holding a grudge for what I did in the elevator just now.’

Lea scooted over when she saw Kisa’s amused yet angry. “Kisa, what are you looking at?” As Lea got closer, Kisa instantly hid her phone and smiled, “It’s nothing. My boyfriend just sent me a text message.”

“Oh, okay.” Lea’s eyes were downcast, feeling conflicted, as she saw Kisa being guarded against her.

As Gilbert’s car trailed behind Kisa, James became a little suspicious, asking,

“Mr. Kooper, aren’t you meeting up with a client? Why are we following behind Miss Becker? Isn’t she going to fashion week?”

Gilbert leaned on his seat without batting his eyes. “We are meeting the client, but the client is going to fashion week too. It’s better to meet up with them there instead of rescheduling the appointment.”

“Oh, alright,” James nodded, not daring to make random guesses. Since neither Gilbert nor Kisa met up in private or paid particular attention to each other, James would just need to report to Mrs. Kooper Sr. as is.

They soon arrived at the fashion week event. The venue was crowded even though the event had yet to start, with many artists on the scene dressing up glamorously. Kisa may not be the most glamorous, but she had class. Besides that, her dress suited her, making her look more elegant and classier. As soon as the media caught sight of Kisa’s arrival, they hurriedly raised their cameras to take her picture. Standing

among the crowd, Gilbert eyed fondly at the eye-catching Kisa. Meanwhile, James, standing behind Gilbert, asked, "Mr. Kooper, where is the client? We should get ready to meet up with him."

Gilbert furrowed his brows in displeasure and responded, "Who's the boss here? Should you even tell me what to do?" One word from Gilbert was enough to prevent James from speaking further. 'I'm just afraid Mr. Kooper will get involved with Kisa. In that case, it would be difficult to report to Mrs. Kooper Sr. If I told the truth to her, I would offend Mr. Kooper. But if I report falsely, I would have trouble explaining to her. Hopefully, nothing is going on between the both of them. That way, I won't be in an awkward position.'

Kisa made her way around the red carpet to acknowledge the presence of the media. The event had yet to start, so many artists were resting backstage. Kisa followed suit before feeling the need to answer nature's call. When she was about to head to the bathroom, a figure ran across her and spilled coffee all over Kisa's dress.

### **Chapter 833 Looks Don't Lie**

Kisa's face darkened as she brushed off the coffee from her dress. She only had one dress for this event, so she had nothing else to change, even when it was dirty. Lea instantly screamed at the person, "What's wrong with you? Didn't you watch where you're going? You stained Kisa's dress! How is she supposed to attend the event.

now?!"

Not having the time to argue, Kisa tried very hard to clean the coffee stains off her dress. Lea's eyes flicker. "Kisa, I'll hold *your* bag. Go clean up your dress. It'll be troublesome if it stains further."

Kisa was anxious. She did not think twice before handing Lea her bag and ran to the bathroom. The lady who bumped into Kisa, possibly a famous artist judging from the way she dressed, was someone of her age. Watching as Kisa ran to the bathroom, the lady lifted the corner of her lips coldly. She whispered in Lea's ears with a volume that only both of them could hear, "D

on't forget what Mr. Mullen asked you to complete." After she finished, she backed away from Lea and smiled bewitchingly

Lea instinctively tightened her hand on Kisa's bag. She had no idea why Anthony would ask her of this. But he only said it would be of great use in the future. Lea was concerned that doing this would hurt Kisa. Her sense of unease from the guilt lessened only after deliberating that her actions would not hurt Kisa. She checked the bathroom's direction, walked to a place without people, opened Kisa's bag, and

took out her phone.

Thankfully, only a little coffee spilled onto the lower hem of the dress. Kisa held her dress, washed that particular spot, and let it dry under the hand dryer. Fortunately, her dress was black, making the coffee stains less noticeable. Kisa took another close look after the dress had dried to ensure there was nothing wrong with the dress before leaving the bathroom.

Lea was already waiting for her at the bathroom door. Lea hurriedly asked Kisa as she walked out, "So, *how* was it, Kisa? Did you wash it away?"

"It's fine. It's not that obvious," Kisa stared down. Lea nodded with relief and pulled the lady angrily in *front of* Kisa. "Kisa, this was the woman who bumped into you just now. I was here watching her, afraid that she'll run away."

Kisa turned around and saw the lady dressed up attractively and looked at her apologetically. "I'm so sorry about that, Miss Becker. It wasn't on purpose. I'm always rushing and would never think I would bump into you. I'm sorry."

The lady's apology was sincere in a way, but Kisa felt something fishy was going on.

Perhaps it was the woman's excessive makeup and haughty appearance. Which made it at odds with the way she humbly apologized. Maybe that's why I think it's fishy.'

Kisa, not wanting to delve further into the matter, calmly told the lady, "It's alright. It was only an accident."

“Oh my. Miss Becker is such an open-minded person. No wonder you could kick Sharon out in such a short period. Everyone is talking about how you replaced Sharon as the first lady in Calthon’s entertainment industry. You are incredible, Miss Becker.”

Kisa knotted her brows and vaguely sensed the ridicule in the lady’s tone, ‘As expected, looks don’t lie. Her apology just now was a fluke. She must have spilled the coffee on me on purpose since her apology wasn’t even sincere.’

As soon as Kisa realized this, she snatched the lady’s coffee cup that was not fully spilled and splashed it on her dress.

### **Chapter 834 The Strife of Woman**

“Ahh! What did you do?!” The lady leaped to her feet with a sudden shriek. She shook away the coffee that had not stained her dress and glared fiercely at Kisa. Kisa gave her an innocent grin, “I’m so sorry, it was an accident.”

“You did it on purpose!” The lady did not back down and roared, wanting to hit Kisa. Lea stood in front of Kisa to block the lady, but she was pushed aside by the woman. “You b\*tch! Do you think you’re above the law just because you have some fame now? Watch me bring you down today!” The lady raised her hand and swiftly slapped

in Kisa’s direction.

Kisa smirked coldly and quickly hooked over a plastic stool with her feet. The lady sprained her leg when her pumps hit the stool, causing her to fall to the ground. The ruckus backstage soon drew the attention of Mr. Willis, the head organizer. “What’s wrong? Why are you even fighting backstage?”

Before Kisa could speak up, the lady immediately stood up, hugged the organizer’s arm, and sobbed, “Mr. Willis, you have to do me justice. This woman was acting arrogantly, taking advantage of her popularity. Not only did she throw coffee at me, but she also pushed me. Look at my dress. How am I supposed to continue the show later?” As the lady talked, her breast started rubbing against Mr. Willis’s arm.

Mr. Willis instantly turned his attention to Kisa with furrowed brows. "Miss Becker. Why you..."

"Oh, I didn't mean to spill coffee on her. I apologized to her. Yet she did not relent and pounced at me, wanting to hit me. At that moment, she tripped over the stool and fell."

"You did it on purpose! You wanted to embarrass me in public," Screamed the lady as she pointed at Kisa. Kisa shrugged her arms innocently and chuckled, "So, did you purposely spill coffee on me too? To make sure I can't take part in the event later?"

"Why you!" The woman, unable to outsmart Kisa, acted in a pettishly charming manner to the organizer. "Mr. Willis, won't you look at her? She did it on purpose. You have to help me."

There must have been an affair between the organizer and the woman. The organizer patted the woman's hand and looked at Kisa with a grim face. "Miss Becker, this isn't Calthon. You can't do whatever you want and insult others just because you are famous now. Hurry up and apologize to Ms. Jennings now."

The woman smiled with pride toward Kisa, her body leaning against the organizer's

body. Kisa carefully eyed her surroundings, looking at the artists surrounding them. The artists who were not famous were all lowering their heads, keeping out of their business. The more renowned artists were all hugging their chests and watching as if watching a show.

Kisa pursed her lips, her face calm and her heart unmoved. As Lea was enraged, she scolded the organizer and said, "What's up with you people, anyway? The woman spilled coffee on Kisa and tripped over on her own. Why are you only blaming Kisa? It was the woman who was at fault!"

"Shut up! You had no right to talk here, puny assistant!" Mr. Willis rebuked Lea. She had more to say, but Kisa pulled on Lea's arm, signaling her to ca

Im down. Mr. Willis and the lady had a smug look thinking that Kisa was afraid, and backed up.

At this moment, Gilbert walked over with his hands in his pockets.

### **Chapter 835 Getting Crazier and Crazier About Her**

When Gilbert arrived, all the artists instantly fixed their gazes on him.

However, the person in charge and the nasty woman immediately paled.

After all, Gilbert was also from Calthon and had been sharing some scandals with Kisa. They were worried that he would back Kisa up.

The two of them did not have what it took to mess with Gilbert.

Gilbert did not speak after he arrived. Instead, he took out a cigarette from his pocket and lit it. Then he leaned back and puffed away quietly.

Everyone present stared at him and did not speak, as if they were frozen.

Gilbert could not help but laugh, "Carry on, everyone. I heard a commotion, so I came over to watch the fun."

James, standing beside Gilbert, could not help but breathe a sigh of relief.

'I was genuinely worried that Mr. Kooper would help Ms. Becker. If that happened, I'd have to find a way to answer to Mrs. Kooper Sr.,' he thought.

Meanwhile, the person in charge instantly felt relieved when he heard Gilbert's words.

The nasty woman had a smug expression too.

She shook the person in charge's arm as a sign for him to continue backing her up.

Seeing how Gilbert had no intention of helping Kisa, the person in charge immediately lost his qualms about doing so.

He growled at Kisa with an icy expression, "Didn't I tell you to apologize to Ms. Jennings? Why're you just standing there?"

Kisa shifted her gaze away from Gilbert's indifferent expression.

Moments later, she turned to the person in charge.

"I'm not at fault, so why should I apologize to her? Isn't your favoritism a little too obvious? Or is there geographical discrimination among the Athadale event hosts?"

"That's right. You guys are ganging up to pick on Kisa."

"Shut up. We're discussing this issue on its merits," the person in charge spoke, trying to make himself look and sound authoritative, like a noble gentleman. He

then turned to Kisa, "As an artist, your virtues and conduct must be up to standard. Ms.

Becker, how you're acting will soon completely ruin your image."

Suddenly, Kisa lowered her gaze and smiled. Her smile revealed a hint of disdain, ridicule, and iciness.

The person in charge felt an inexplicable sense of panic when he saw her smile.

To mask his panic, he immediately growled at Kisa, "Why are you laughing? Be more serious; this isn't Calthon!"

Gilbert frowned slightly while his two fingers subconsciously gripped the cigarette tighter.

Then, he straightened up his body and prepared to walk over.

However, he suddenly heard Kisa speaking to the person in charge in an icy tone.

"Tell me, then, Mr. Willis. How exactly am I acting that will soon ruin my image?"

Gilbert was stunned. He could not help but examine Kisa.

'This woman usually seems gentle and quiet, as if she does not have a care for the world. However, her gorgeous outfit and makeup right now paired with her icy voice is truly breathtaking,' he thought,

Gilbert took a step back and leaned against the wall once more. Then, he gazed at Kisa playfully.

'This woman is changing more and more. But why do I feel like I'm getting crazier and crazier about her?' he wondered.

Upon hearing Kisa's question, the person in charge panicked a little. He felt an inexplicable chill run up his spine.

He did not even dare to meet Kisa's eyes.

When the woman saw the person in charge cowering, she shook his arm

persistently, "Come on, Mr. Willis. Why are you in a daze? Hurry up and remove that woman's name from the list. She's just an artist from Calthon, so who's she to come to Athadale and show off? Does she really think we don't have good artists here at

Athadale?"

"Heh..."

Kisa chuckled icily. Though her chuckle was not loud, it still made the person in charge feel panicked.

### **Chapter 836 Know Where to Draw the Line**

Kisa turned to the person in charge and said casually, "Sure, Mr. Willis. You could remove me from the event's name list if you have the authority to do so. After all, the people here know the truth. You're clearly favoring the woman in your arms. When the time comes, and the higher-ups of the event ask about this, I'll have some eyewitnesses."

“You’re... You’re talking nonsense. Since when was I favoring this woman?” the

person in charge growled in anger. He did not forget to shove the woman clinging to his arm.

Seeing this, the nasty woman did not give up and stuck her voluptuous ‘assets’ toward the arm of the person in charge.

However, trying to avoid any more speculation on the relationship between the two of them, the person in charge moved away from her.

The woman fell flat on the ground face first with a muffled thud.

Even James could not control himself and stifled a laugh with his hand covering his mouth.

He then turned to Gilbert to see his reaction. To his surprise, Gilbert seemed indifferent and did not respond or show any hint of emotion on his face.

James lowered his gaze.

I suppose I can relax for the next few days. Nothing’s going on between Mr. Kooper and Ms. Becker,’ he thought.

As James had this thought, Gilbert straightened his back and walked outside.

“Where are you going, Mr. Kooper?” James cried out.

He quickly caught up with Gilbert.

However, Gilbert did not turn around.

“To meet with a client,” he answered coolly.

The surrounding female artists started gossiping among themselves soon after Gilbert left.

They were talking about how rich and handsome he was, and how lucky the person who would marry him

They also mentioned how Gilbert was the youngest and most handsome CEO they

had ever seen and that even getting a glance or two from him would make them

happy.

Kisa could not help but laugh silently to herself as she heard the female artists complimenting Gilbert so fanatically.

'That's true. That man does seem very charming if you're just looking purely at his physical appearance and accomplishments,' she thought.

Kisa gazed at them and saw that the nasty woman had already gotten up from the ground. She was now persistently hitting and pinching the person in charge.

The person in charge kept on dodging her and was starting to look annoyed.

Meanwhile, Kisa did not want to get involved any further.

She took out her phone to look at the time. Ten minutes left until the event started

Kisa turned to the person in charge with a slight smile, "Do I still need to apologize to this woman, Mr. Willis?"

She turned to the nasty woman in disdain.

The person in charge dodged the nasty woman's attack while bellowing at Kisa, "Apologize for what? I'm so irritated right now. What the heck is all this?!"

After the person in charge finished yelling at Kisa, he stormed off and left the nasty woman standing there angrily.

Kisa threw the nasty woman a glance and sneered. Then, she lifted the hem of her dress and walked outside gracefully.

However, the nasty woman tried to stop her.

Kisa flashed her an icy smile, "I may be an artist from Calthon. However, don't forget that I'm still the CEO of J & K Film Group, so I know plenty of CEOs. If you want to remain in the industry, you'd better know where to draw the line!"

'I haven't publicly announced the matter of me returning the equity of J & K Film Group to Jensen yet. Coincidentally, I can use that to bluff this woman,' thought Kisa.

As she expected, the woman's expression turned pale with fear.

Suddenly, she gazed at Lea with a strange look in her eyes.

Her gaze had a hint of scorn and smugness.

Kisa frowned slightly. Then, she could not help but look at Lea.

### **Chapter 837 The Man Hidden in the Bathroom**

Lea lowered her head slightly and avoided the woman's gaze.

Suddenly, she yelled at the nasty woman, "What're you looking at? If you keep picking on Kisa, I'll fight you."

The nasty woman snorted at her before slowly giving way to Kisa. However, the peculiar, smug expression on her face remained.

"That was very awe-inspiring of you, Ms. Becker. But don't get *too* cocky; you might just lose your step and fall from the top."

Kisa smiled slightly, "You don't have to worry about me. If you're wondering what it looks like on top, you can just ask me. I might just tell you about it if I'm in a good mood."

“You!” the nasty woman snarled.

Kisa did not want to look at her any longer. She grabbed the bottom of her skirt and walked away.

Lea threw a warning glance at the nasty woman before mouthing silently at her, “You better not ruin Mr. Mullen’s plan!”

The nasty woman glared at Lea viciously and turned red with anger.

‘I’m being threatened by a lowly assistant! This is insulting, so very insulting!’ thought

the woman.

Lea ran to catch up with Kisa.

She pursed her lips and could not help but say to Kisa, “You’ve changed a lot, Kisa.”

Kisa smiled, “People need to grow.”

Kisa looked a little hesitant before speaking, “Well... The coffee stain on your dress isn’t really that obvious, so there was no need to argue with that woman. Fortunately, the person in charge didn’t listen to her. Otherwise, we would’ve been the unlucky ones today.”

Kisa smiled at her and said earnestly, “Lea, over time, I came to realize something.”

Lea was startled, “What is it?”

“Keeping quiet doesn’t necessarily mean that you’ll be able to escape unscathed. On the contrary, it’ll encourage the opposition to be more arrogant. If I didn’t teach her a lesson today, more people would come to pick on me in the future because they’d

think that I’m an easy target. Don’t you think so?”

Lea looked at her with a stunned expression.

She realized that Kisa had changed entirely.

The Kisa that she used to know shared her views: do not mess with other people if you can, even if it means losing something.

However, the new Kisa was confident. If anyone picked on her, she would retaliate tenfold.

Even though the new Kisa was as dazzling as ever, it made Lea feel slightly panicked.

'If Kisa finds out about me betraying her, I don't tell how she'll treat me,' Lea thought.

She closed her eyes and did not dare to think about it any further.

The event started, and the stars walked the red carpet in their haute couture outfits.

When Kisa appeared on the red carpet with a confident smile, there was instantly a buzz among the people around her.

Once again, James could not take his eyes off Kisa.

He stared at her, unblinking.

Kisa gracefully walked the red carpet with a pearl clutch in hand.

From time to time, she would wave at the media around her with a dazzling smile on

her face.

Gilbert stared intensely at her as his gaze gradually darkened.

Moments later, he lowered his gaze and turned to James, "Let's go home."

"Can't we stay for a while more, Mr. Kooper? There are so many beauties here, especially Ms. Becker..."

“You can stay here yourself,” Gilbert said as he turned to leave.

James threw a longing look at the red carpet before running up to Gilbert hurriedly.

The event went on until six in the evening. When they got back to the hotel, it was already dark out.

Kisa was so exhausted that she did not even feel hungry.

After getting Lea to place the takeout on the table, she told her to leave and get

some rest.

bathroom to take a shower.

However, just as she entered the bathroom, she felt something grab her by the waist.

She felt her world spin as someone pinned her to the wall and kissed her.

### **Chapter 838 | Only Feel That Way About You!**

Kisa was so frightened that she cried, “Ah!”.

However, her voice was quickly muffled by the man’s passionate kiss.

Kisa looked at the man in front of her for a while, shocked and in a daze.

‘Gilbert? How’d he get in? I don’t remember giving him my room card,’ she thought.

Gilbert abruptly pinched the woman playfully when he noticed her in a daze

.

He growled in a hoarse voice, “Focus.”

“Gilbert... Mmph!”

Just as Kisa started speaking, the man covered her mouth with his lips and started moving them.

His kiss was very rushed, as was his warm breath.

Kisa's body was pressed up against his, so she felt the intense heat coming from his body. Even the muscles on his chest were incredibly tense.

She felt a little scared, so she struggled against him while whimpering.

However, the man continued pressing against her no matter where she moved. He did not allow her to escape at all.

While trying to free herself from Gilbert, Kisa's hip bumped into the sink; she could not help but let out a groan.

Her groan further excited the man in front of her.

He growled lowly before grabbing her on the waist and seated her on the sink.

The man's lips remained on hers as he continued kissing her passionately.

He also kept his hands busy as they slid under her dress with ease.

Kisa felt uncomfortable with his actions.

She could not help but lean backward while gently pushing the man by his shoulders.

Gilbert's hands were on her back and gently supported her upper body.

He reluctantly broke away from the woman's lips. His dark eyes peered at her and were filled with intense desire.

Kisa swallowed in panic.

"Gilbert, stop... Stop it. I... I'm not ready yet..."

Kisa

had been getting along with Gilbert recently and was slowly falling for his gentleness and thoughtfulness.

However, she still had not gotten what had happened in the past, so it was a little hard for her to accept him fully.

Moreover, the last few times they had done the deed, Gilbert had forced himself on her and left a bad taste in her mouth, so she was still a little scared about doing it.

Gilbert's gaze immediately darkened.

Seeing this, Kisa felt a little guilty.

Before Kisa could say something awkward to console the man, he promptly turned to her and grumbled with a smile, "Who told you to look this seductive today? I wanted to devour you when I saw you."

His words sounded a little suggestive when in their current situation.

Kisa's face was flushed.

She could not tell if it was because their kiss earlier on was too rushed, so she could not catch her breath, or if she got embarrassed by his words.

She bit her lips gently and said angrily, "How could you blame me when you're the one who lacks self-control? If all the women on the streets dressed this way, will you

devour them all?"

"I only feel that way about you!"

The man jumped up in anger upon hearing her words.

'What does this woman take me for?

Does she see me as someone who sleeps around, or as a pervert? After all, I've only loved her in my entire life. And yet

she was heartless enough to think of me that way; how infuriating!' he thought.

The man had a dark expression. His dark gaze brimmed with desire and looked exceptionally dangerous.

Kisa could not help but punch his shoulder, "Move... Move away!"

'We're in such an embarrassing position. I don't even dare to close my legs because that man...' she thought.

Kisa took a deep breath and shoved him, "Hurry up and move. I want to get down."

However the man continued standing there unmoving.

Kisa blushed and said in an embarrassed and irritated tone, "What're you doing, Gilbert?"

Gilbert's large hands were still caressing her back and causing shivers to run down her spine.

Kisa could not take it.

"Gilbert, you... Ah..."

## **Chapter 839 He Bit Me For Real**

Just as Kisa wanted to yell at the man, he suddenly leaned in and bit her on the shoulder.

'He bit me for real,' she thought.

Her dress was strapless, so Kisa almost teared up in pain when he bit her.

The man let go of her and looked at her with a smirk.

Kisa was furious, "You're being a dumb\*ss again!"

Gilbert gently ran his slender fingers across the neat bitemark.

Then, he smirked playfully, "You probably won't be able to wear clothes that reveal your shoulders in a while, so other men won't see your shoulders."

Hearing his words, Kisa went ballistic.

"You lunatic! I have to attend a jewelry exhibition tomorrow."

"Wear something else," the man said bossily.

Kisa gritted her teeth angrily and glared at the man in front of her. Suddenly, she leaned over and bit him on the neck.

The man frowned and grunted. However, an affectionate smile slowly formed on his lips.

Kisa bit him for a while before she felt satisfied and let go of him.

There were also two rows of bitemarks on Gilbert's neck now. However, Kisa's bite was more aggressive than his, so the bitemarks almost bled.

Gilbert touched his neck. He said in an amused and resigned tone, "How will I meet with people now that you've bitten me here?"

"That's your business. You bit me first," Kisa snorted quietly.

The man chuckled. His smile brimmed with resignation.

'How ruthless of her. I only bit her gently, yet she returned the favor tenfold,' he thought.

He gently moved away from her.

When Kisa saw Gilbert move away, she eagerly jumped off the sink as if she were worried that he would suddenly lean back over.

Gilbert peered at her rushed movements and felt a little upset.

He watched as she jumped down and walked toward the bathroom.

Gilbert hurriedly grabbed her.

“Kisa...” he gazed deeply at Kisa.

Kisa could not help but feel guilty when she heard his upset tone.

He continued, “Do you...like me or not?”

‘All this time, I’ve never properly asked her this question. Initially, I thought I just

wanted us to reconcile and return to how we were. It didn’t matter if I didn’t have a

place in her heart; what mattered was that I could stay by her side. But at the end of the day, people are greedy. After I got what I wished for in the beginning, I wanted more,’ thought Gilbert.

The man had an earnest expression as he slowly tightened his grip on Kisa’s wrists.

Kisa could not help but notice the man’s uneasiness.

She turned around and said earnestly, “Let’s put it this way. I won’t be with someone

if I don’t like them; we’d only be friends at most.”

“But you said you were nice to me because my name is Gilbert Kooper, so what if I’m not the Gilbert Kooper your mother mentioned?”

Hearing this, Kisa could not help but laugh, “What does me liking you or not have to do with that? So what if you’re not the Gilbert Kooper that my mother mentioned? That Gilbert Kooper may already have a family and doesn’t need me to watch over

him.”

Gilbert frowned and was about to continue speaking.

“But...”

Kisa quickly cut him off, "Alright. Why are you being emotional and overthinking like a woman?"

Gilbert's expression darkened.

'I was just a little worried; I wasn't being emotional. This woman needs a lesson. Someday, I'm going to make her beg for forgiveness under me. How infuriating!' he thought.

Suddenly, Kisa frowned at him as if she had just remembered something, "By the way, how'd you get into my room?"

### **Chapter 840 Door Is Just An Accessory**

Gilbert let go of her and headed outside with both his hands in his pockets. Kisa immediately followed him out, "You should explain yourself. How did you come in here?"

He lazily sat back on the sofa chair, smiling brightly at her, saying, "I can come in whenever I want to. Is that hard to understand?"

Kisa rolled her eyes, feeling incredibly speechless.

'Seems like any door is merely an accessory to this man,' she thought.

Gilbert's gaze glance over to the dishes on the coffee table. He waved his hand at Kisa, "Come on, eat your meal. Aren't you hungry after fussing for the whole day?"

Kisa walked over sullenly. She touched the bite mark on her shoulder, still holding a grudge over his biting.

Gilbert found it funny, "You bit me more harshly, though. You didn't lose out in this situation."

Kisa huffed at Gilbert and then ignored him. She only picked up the meal on the table

and silently ate it.

Gilbert stared at her for a moment, then suddenly asked, "At the scene of the event

today, I didn't help you. You're not angry over it, right?"

Kisa picked out a few pieces of meat to eat and then spoke to him in a cheery tone, "What's there to be angry about? I can't possibly have your help on every tiny thing. Besides, we're not supposed to have any association with each other in front of any

outsiders."

She felt that if she could always be lovey-dovey with Gilbert, it wouldn't be too bad this way. Even if they had to always do this sneakily. She was fine if they decided to not reveal their relationship publicly.

Kisa ate while speaking, "Naturally, I'm happy. So many outstanding men assume I am single and will be able to pursue me."

Gilbert's face fell, "You have rather wishful thinking."

Kisa ate quite hurriedly and accidentally choked a bit. Gilbert quickly passed the juice next to him to her. Kisa took a few gulps and then eased her breathing. Then only did it get better.

Gilbert could not help but scrunch his brows and said to her, slightly scolding, "No

one is fighting with you for your food. You always eat in such a rush. It's not good for your stomach."

Kisa drank another two sips of fruit juice. She swallowed the juice with much difficulty and spoke to him, "This had nothing to do with eating in a rush or not. Mainly after I went through that fire in the past, my throat and stomach have some complications from it."

Kisa spoke very nonchalantly, but when Gilbert heard it, his heart tightened.

He pulled out tissues and wiped the juice sticking on the corner of her lips. He spoke to Kisa softly, "Then you should try to eat slowly."

Kisa nodded her head and chuckled, "However, it's better now than in the past. In the

past, there was a lot of food I couldn't eat. I could only look at them in the past. Even white rice and grains, I only could eat a little of it, or my stomach would be in a lot of

pain."

Gilbert listened quietly. His heart tightened even more. It was as if he saw the scene on that snowy day again.

He thought back to the scene where he forced Kisa to sign the letter of confession and then let the police take her away. At that moment, she screamed so heart-wrenchingly. Yet, due to his damned prejudice and misunderstanding, he did not have a shred of mercy toward her.

In the end, he put her in this state. If it wasn't for him sending her to prison, there would not have been that big fire.

Regret and pain filled the depths of his heart.

"After going back to Calthon, let Kelvin check it out for you," Gilbert said.

Kisa shook her head, "He looked over it last time. There's no way to completely heal

it, but it's fine. It won't really affect my body; I'll be fine as long as I chew my food more finely in the future."

Gilbert still felt uneasy. He asked Kisa, "The warden, did Jensen find him yet?"

"There are some leads. Jensen's subordinates are still searching. Without any other accidents, he should find him very soon."

Gilbert pursed his lips and spoke no more. Finding the warden would be great, but he feared the result would

not be as simple as he thought. Like back then at Hillsby, even though both the prison guards clarified that the fire had no connection with him.

Thinking about it now, the reaction from the two prison guards when they saw him

ultimately seemed suspicious. Every time he thought about it, his heart would panic slightly. He was afraid that the warden would...

He snapped himself out of his thoughts and spoke to her in a serious tone...