

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

Chapter 331-340

Chapter 331 A Face Like Thunder

He looked at Ada. His face looked a bit stern, no longer as sullen as before. "Come out here. Do you think you can get away with it by hiding under Kisa's arms?"

Ada clung to Kisa and shook her head vigorously. "I afraid of Daddy."

Gilbert took a deep breath. It was apparent that he was trying hard to suppress his anger.

Kisa shook her head helplessly. She squatted down and held Ada's shoulders. "Don't be afraid. Talk to your daddy properly. You are wrong for straying too far away from the school this time. As long as you admit your mistake, Daddy will forgive you."

Ada poked her two fingers at each other and cautiously looked at Gilbert, who still had a face like thunder, of which even adults would be afraid, not to mention

children.

"Don't look at Ada with such an expression. You will scare her," Kisa said.

"I don't need you to tell me how to teach my child. When have you ever cared about them? Stop pretending already."

Kisa choked in anger, feeling guilty when Ada was

missing but dared not to rebuke, no matter how harshly he berated her earlier. But now that Ada has come back, he still verbally abused her. She knew that when this man disliked her, he would see her in a bad

light. Trying her best to suppress the indignation inside, she whispered to Ada, “Good girl, go home with your daddy. I have got to go now.”

“Ma’am...”

“You are leaving just like this?”

Ada almost got lost, waiting for you to show up. You have just found her and already want to leave? Don’t you have any conscience?”

Kisa frowned and replied angrily, “What the hell do you mean? Whatever I do is wrong in your eyes. I just didn’t come to pick them up from school in time. Why are you harping on the same thing again and again?” Kisa was exasperated, feeling that all that Gilbert cared about was his children, and her failure to pick up his children from school in time was unforgivable, which was ridiculous to

her.

Rage was consuming him. Gilbert did not know why he was so furious. He only felt a strong resentment overwhelm him, and he had no way to vent it. He went to the side of the road and lit a cigarette, then put one hand on his waist and puffed away silently.

Kisa could only see his back. He wore a black shirt with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows. The tense muscles of his lower arms are the only obvious indication of his

anger.

Ada took Kisa’s hand and looked at her with pitiful eyes. Ma’am, please don’t go. I—I’m afraid of Daddy.”

Kisa stroked her head and agreed with Ada; Gilbert was scary indeed. She squatted down again and said gently to Ada, “Don’t be afraid and listen to me. Apologize to your daddy now and then use your puppy dog eyes in front of him, and he won’t be angry with you and me any more.”

“Really? If I apologize to him, he won’t be mean to you?”

“Yeah, it is true. Go on.” She knew Ada was Gilbert’s soft spot, no matter how angry he was.

Ada walked toward Gilbert and looked back repeatedly. As she came behind Gilbert, she again looked back at Kisa, who smiled at her and gestured for her not to be afraid. Ada pouted and plucked up her courage to stick out a little finger and poke at Gilbert’s back.

Chapter 332 How Much Does This Hurt?

The first time, Gilbert did not respond to the poke. Ada looked back at Kisa, who grinned at her, signaling her to continue and mouthing the word “come on.” Ada had no choice but to poke at Gilbert again.

“You know you are wrong, don’t you?” Gilbert finally turned around. He stared down at Ada with a frown.

Ada quickly nodded. “Daddy, I’m sorry. I won’t go stray again, and from now on, I will tell everyone where I am going and will not make everyone worry anymore. Please don’t be angry with Ma’am and me anymore, okay?”

Gilbert said nothing, just stared at Ada. Just when he knew Ada was missing, he was so panicked that he did not know what to do. But he felt Kisa did not seem to be worried at all. He got angry at the thought of this. He did not think Kisa was a qualified mother. While having this thought in mind, someone crashed into his arms—it was

Ada.

“Daddy, don’t be angry, okay?” Ada tugged at the corner of his coat, hoping he would crouch down. Gilbert stubbed out his cigarette and squatted down, and she planted a big kiss on his cheek. “I love daddy the most. Daddy is the best. Don’t get angry with me, okay?”

Even if Gilbert had a heart of steel, he crumpled as soon as Ada used her puppy dog eyes on him. She was too

adorable. At last, a smile finally appeared on Gilbert's face. He hugged Ada and said in an unprecedentedly gentle voice, "Don't make me angry again, and don't stray, or I will die worrying about you."

"Okay. I will never do that again."

Kisa gazed at the father and daughter embracing each other and at the tenderness on Gilbert's face. Her eyes welled up involuntarily when she thought of her own child. 'If my child were still here and used her puppy dog eyes on him as Ada did, would he love her like he loved Ada?' Unfortunately, there were never any what-ifs in this world, and this question would never be answered either.

Lea and Andrew waited in the dessert shop and finally saw Kisa coming back with Ada. The moment she saw Ada, Lea was so excited that she burst into tears. "I'm so glad that Ada is okay, or I would have died of guilt."

Kisa smiled and patted her on the shoulder. "I'm the one who should feel guilty. It is not your fault."

"Why is there blood on your sleeve, Kisa?"

Kisa was swung to the ground by Gilbert earlier and had bruised her arm. She thought no one would see it if she covered it with her sleeve, but Lea found it and lifted her sleeve to check on the wound. A large part of her arm was scraped, shockingly gross.

"How much does this hurt?" It hurt Lea to see this.

Andrew was also distraught. "Ma'am, let Daddy take you to the hospital."

Kisa glanced at Gilbert's indifferent face and pulled down her sleeve. "It is okay. It doesn't hurt."

"How can it not hurt? It even hurts me to see-

"Lea." Kisa interrupted her. Even if it hurt, she could not cry out in front of Gilbert, or he would accuse her of being pretentious again.

Just as Lea opened her mouth to say something again, Gilbert suddenly called out to her.

Chapter 333 Have I Ever Hit a Woman?

Lea was startled, and her body tensed up.

Kisa glanced at her. Knowing Lea was afraid of Gilbert, she said, "What do you want with her? I told you it is not her fault, so blame me if you want."

Gilbert ignored her and walked Lea to a corner. Lea cowered and looked at Kisa. "What is he doing? He is not going to hit me, is he?"

"How dare he?" Kisa sneered at Gilbert from behind. "If you try to hit Lea, I will kill you."

Gilbert sneered. "Don't always think of me as violent. Have I, Gilbert, ever hit a woman?"

Kisa snickered, feeling his remark was very debatable. But with so many around, she did not think Gilbert would do anything to Lea. With that in mind, she said to Lea, "Go check it out and see what he wants."

Lea nodded and went over with a feeling of apprehension. After a few moments, Lea came back to her with a smile on her face. What was even more alarming was that

Gilbert seemed to be in a good mood, too. 'My God, what have they been whispering about to suddenly become so happy?'

Kisa pulled Lea aside and asked, "What did he say to you when he called you over? Why are you so happy?"

Lea shook her head. "Kisa, I won't sleep at home tonight. My friends from another state have come today. I have to take them to stay in the hotel for a few days. But don't worry, I will still be on set every day."

Kisa was puzzled. "Friends? I didn't know that you had any friends out of town. Did he threaten you with something?"

Lea quickly shook her head. "No, no. Mr. Kooper is very nice. He didn't threaten me with anything. Okay, Kisa. I have to go. My friends are rushing me."

"Alas, Lea..." Kisa wanted to ask something more, but Lea waved down a cab and left. She still felt that Lea's behavior was a bit strange. She looked soberly at Gilbert and asked, "What exactly did you say to Lea?"

Gilbert gave a careless grunt. "What do you think I would say to her?"

Kisa gritted her teeth, ignored him, and turned to leave. Andrew and Ada quickly pulled at her on the left and right. "Ma'am, don't go."

"It is getting late. I have to go home. You two go home with your daddy."

The two children shook their heads from side to side. "We want to go home with you. We want to stay with you."

"What? How can that be?" Kisa was shocked. She had to get up early to work every day and had no time to take care of them.

"Why not? Are you afraid they will interrupt you and Jensen's life together?" Gilbert suddenly said.

Kisa was used to seeing a pushy Gilbert. She thought that since he had to think so, she would not refute it but take this opportunity to piss him off. "Yeah, you are right. I'm just afraid they will disturb Jensen and me." But to her surprise, he did not get angry but smiled at her

knowingly. Not liking this smile, she said, "It is late, so take them home."

"Ma'am, let us stay with you. We won't cause you any trouble, really." The two children looked at her expectantly.

Kisa could not bring herself to refuse them. But her current situation did not allow her to take care of them. Besides, Gilbert was too protective of his

children; if anything happened to them at her place, she was afraid that he would kill her. The more she thought about it, the more she felt it was not right. So she thought of refusing. Gilbert suddenly spoke.

Chapter 334 What a Happy Family of Four

“Since they like you so much and have waited for you here, what is wrong with letting them stay at your place for one night?”

“I...”

“Just for one night; can’t you just fulfill their wish? Why do you have to be so mean and cruel?”

“I’m mean and cruel?” Kisa let out a sardonic laughter as she found no way to reason with this man. He was supposedly the one who was mean and cruel, yet he accused her of that, which was ridiculous.

Andrew and Ada were still looking at her expectantly, and Kisa looked at Gilbert. “Is it really just for one night?”

“Otherwise, do you think I would feel comfortable letting them stay at your place long-term?” Gilbert always spoke to her with a touch of sarcasm in his voice, and that was most irritating to Kisa.

She gritted her teeth and said, “Okay, just for one night- that is what you said.” With that, she took Andrew and Ada and walked toward the roadside, intending to take a cab home. Gilbert suddenly called out to her again. She turned around and yelled at him, “What else do you want?”

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Gilbert leaned against the car door. “I have just been drinking, so I can’t drive.”

“And?” Kisa sneered.

Gilbert’s smile was even wryer than hers. “What do you think?”

So the car was Gilbert's, and Kisa was driving it. So not only she, Andrew, and Ada but also Gilbert were in the car. The destination was her residence . Gilbert

shamelessly demanded to see her house if it was suitable for his two children to spend the night. He did not want his two children to get any lesser treatment. Kisa was boiling inside but forced herself to bear with him instead of arguing, telling herself repeatedly that she put up with him this far purely for the sake of Andrew and Ad — it was for the sake of the two children. They soon arrived outside the apartment building.

Gilbert subconsciously looked at the building to see the lights in a unit were turned on. Kisa ignored him, got out of the car with the two children, and walked straight to the lobby. Ada shouted at Gilbert, "Daddy, come on."

When they walked into the elevator, there was an elderly woman in her fifties. She looked them up and down and suddenly smiled at her and Gilbert with envy. "You took the kids out to play? What a happy family of four." Kisa wanted to explain but suddenly thought better of it.

Gilbert secretly smirked, knowing which unit Jensen stayed in.

A quick, imperceptible smile flashed in his eyes when he saw Kisa open the door to the opposite unit. 'Lea didn't; she and Jensen are staying separately.'

Kisa opened the door and let the two children enter first while she looked back at Gilbert and said, "Just take a look, and you can go."

Gilbert shrugged, saying nothing, and just followed her into the house. He found the unit was not large, but everything that needed to be there was. Gilbert leaned against a cabinet by the window and asked, "Did Jensen help you decorate this house?"

"Yes," Kisa responded indifferently and frowned at him. "You are done observing. You may go now."

"What is the hurry? Is this how you treat your guests?"

Chapter 335 You're... Uncle Jensen?

Soon after Gilbert spoke, he sat on her couch shamelessly.

Kisa furrowed her brows, "What are you doing? You said you'd leave after taking a glance."

Gilbert leaned into the couch and looked at her coolly, "I'm tired. Can't I sit down and get some rest?"

Kisa gritted her teeth.

'From what it looks like, this man has no intention of leaving at all,' she thought.

Suddenly, they heard someone knocking on the door.

Andrew quickly rushed to the door, "Have a seat, Ma'am. I'll go get the door."

When Andrew opened the door, he was stunned. Jensen, who was standing by the door, was also stunned.

Andrew tilted his head as he stared at him momentarily. Then, he smiled, "You're... Uncle Jensen?"

Jensen felt his heart skip a beat when he heard the child call him "Uncle Jensen."

He smiled gently and nodded, "Hello."

Andrew made way for him to enter, "Come on in."

The well-mannered boy left a good impression on Jensen.

Before he entered, he could not help but pat Andrew's head.

When Jensen entered and saw Gilbert sitting on the couch, he did not show any shock on his face.

On the other hand, Kisa had an awkward expression. She turned to Gilbert and said hurriedly, "Alright. Hurry up and leave!"

Gilbert frowned. Kisa had ruined his slightly good mood.

However, he refused to leave.

Gilbert leaned into the couch and flashed Jensen a smile, "So you're living in the unit across?"

"Kisa and I have different lifestyles, so living separately would prevent us from interfering with each other's resting time," Jensen explained coolly. Suddenly, he noticed the bloodstain on Kisa's shirt sleeve and frowned.

"You're hurt!"

Gilbert was standing in front of Kisa by the time Jensen finished his sentence.

Kisa glanced at the indifferent expression on Gilbert's face. Then, she flashed Jensen a small smile, "I'm fine. I fell and got a little grazed."

"That's not true! I saw a huge scrape on your arm, and there was a lot of blood. It looks painful," Ada blurted anxiously.

Jensen's frown deepened.

He said in a low voice, "Wait here. I'll go get the medical kit."

After Jensen left the room, Gilbert turned to Kisa and snorted.

"You're so delicate nowadays. Everyone's so distressed over your little injury," he sneered.

Kisa lowered her gaze.

'I knew this man would make sarcastic remarks. That's why I never show my true feelings in front of him, no matter how painful it is,' she thought.

She did not bother getting angry over him. She merely turned to Ada and Andrew and said, "You two must be hungry. Shall I make you guys some spaghetti?"

Gilbert promptly grabbed her hand before the children could respond. Then, he said sardonically, "You're cooking spaghetti even though you know you've hurt your arm? Are you trying to further aggravate your wound to get him to worry over you even more?"

Even with Kisa's good temper, she was now furious.

She glared at him sadly and angrily. Then, she said through gritted teeth, "There must be something wrong with you! Whatever I do is wrong to you, right?"

Gilbert felt a twinge in his heart at the sight of Kisa's teary eyes.

He originally intended to say some words of concern.

Nevertheless, his words turned aggressively sardonic the moment they left his mouth for some reason.

Just then, Jensen returned with the medical kit.

Gilbert reached out to grab the medical kit out of reflex. However, he did not expect Jensen to dodge him.

"I'll do it. I often help her bandage her wounds," he said with a small smile.

Gilbert's expression darkened before turning to Kisa.

Chapter 336 Burning with Jealousy

Kisa ignored Gilbert. She continued sitting quietly while Jensen dealt with her wound.

Meanwhile, Gilbert stood aside, watching them. His presence seemed unnecessary.

Just then, Kisa spoke again coolly, "You're still not leaving? Why? Do you need me to walk you to the door?"

After being urged to leave several times, Gilbert felt more and more like his presence was unwanted.

His expression darkened, and he silently clenched his fists in anger.

Andrew blinked her big brown eyes and said to Gilbert, "Daddy, I'm so hungry. Could you please make me some spaghetti?"

As expected of twins, Ada immediately understood what Andrew meant by his words. She said to Gilbert, "Daddy, I want spaghetti too. Can you go make it for Andrew and me?"

Gilbert instinctively turned to face Kisa.

She turned to the children and said gently, "I'll make you two spaghetti after this. I make amazing spaghetti."

Ada shook her head, "You're hurt, so you can't make us spaghetti. Otherwise, your wound will hurt even more."

"How about letting Uncle Jensen cook for you? His spaghetti is even better than the ones I make."

Gilbert was burning with jealousy after he heard Kisa praising Jensen.

Andrew gave it a quick thought before saying hurriedly, "That won't work, Ma'am. Uncle Jensen needs to help you bandage your wound. Ada and I are really hungry now, so let daddy go make it."

Just as Kisa was about to speak again, Jensen suddenly smiled slightly.

"Let Gilbert go. You don't want the children to starve, right?"

Kisa stopped talking.

Naturally, she did not want the children to starve. However, she felt even more reluctant to see Gilbert.

Seeing how Kisa did not respond, Andrew quickly said to Gilbert, "Daddy, hurry and go make us spaghetti!"

Gilbert gritted his teeth and glared at Kisa. His glare was so deathly it was almost as if he wanted to burn a hole through her body.

'I know this woman is always wanting to make me leave. Hmph! I won't leave,' thought Gilbert.

He gritted his teeth and quietly went to the kitchen.

The kitchen was neat and clean, almost as if they had never cooked in it. However, the fridge was stocked with various foods and ingredients.

Gilbert grabbed a few eggs and a piece of lean meat.

He had never cooked spaghetti before. However, he had seen a tutorial of it the previous time he cooked, so he still remembered the steps.

He tied the apron and started preparing the ingredients. needed.

Kisa was able to see Gilbert cooking from the corner she was sitting.

'Aside from the things he's done, Gilbert truly looks like a family man right now,' she thought.

Jensen followed her gaze and glanced at Gilbert.

He smiled, "Gilbert's changed quite a bit. He can even cook now."

"No matter how much he's changed, he's still cold, moody, and heartless."

Jensen noticed the resentment in her tone and stopped talking. He continued treating her wound quietly.

Since Kisa had scraped a large part of her arm, it needed to be disinfected. Besides that, the wound also had to be cleaned thoroughly.

He took out a cotton swab and sprayed it with alcohol.

“I’ll be disinfecting it now. Bear with me,” he said.

Kisa nodded but continued staring at the kitchen.

When Gilbert came out with the cooked spaghetti, he saw Jensen wrapping Kisa’s wound with a bandage.

Seeing how Jensen had meticulously wrapped the bandage perfectly and even tied a nice little knot, Gilbert felt awful.

Chapter 337 Ma’am Seems to Be in a Lot of Pain

Most of the time, Gilbert refused to admit that Jensen was better than him.

However, he had to admit that Jensen was better than him this time.

‘Jensen knows how to do everything. He’s even able to bandage a wound this meticulously. Meanwhile, I can’t even cook properly. Whatever. I’m going to stop thinking about it. The more I think about it, the more awful I feel,’ thought Gilbert.

He quietly set the spaghetti on the dining table and called the children over to eat.

Andrew went beside him and whispered, “Daddy, Ma’am seems to be in a lot of pain. She even cried just now.”

“Is that so?”

Gilbert felt even worse after hearing Andrew’s words.

'This woman had never cried in pain in front of me. However, she never suppresses her emotions in front of Jensen. Hah... This must be the difference between the way she treats Jensen and me,' he thought.

Andrew did not know what was going on in her father's head. She grabbed his father's hand and said, "Daddy, you'll have to coax Ma'am after Uncle Jensen leaves. That way, she'll surely still like you."

Ada nodded beside her, "Andrew's right. Daddy, you need to be like Uncle Jensen. Smile a little more gently. Then Ma'am will stop asking you to leave."

'Even if I learn to smile gently like Jensen, I'll never be Jensen. She'll also never smile nor treat me nicely and pleasantly,' Gilbert thought self-depreciatingly.

"It's done," Jensen said as he put away the medical kit. Then, he said to Kisa earnestly, "For the next few days, don't get water on your wound. You should also be careful when you're shooting."

Kisa nodded and turned to Gilbert.

"What're you still doing here? You're done making the spaghetti. Why aren't you leaving?" she urged.

Gilbert pursed his lips and did not respond. His expression darkened once again.

Andrew ate his spaghetti quietly as he carefully observed their expressions.

A moment later, he said to Gilbert, "Daddy, I'm thirsty. Could you please get me some water?"

Gilbert did not answer and went to get a glass of water.

However, Kisa did it before he could.

She placed the glass of water in front of Andrew before turning to Gilbert icily, “My house is small, and you’ve

seen all of it, so you really can leave now. If you’re

worried about the children, you could also take them with you.”

“Don’t be like that, Ma’am,” Ada immediately pouted while looking at Kisa with a wronged expression.

Since Kisa could not bear the wronged looks of the children, she quickly shifted her gaze onto Gilbert. Regardless, her gaze remained icy.

Gilbert’s fists by his sides were gripped tightly.

Hah. Is my presence really such an eyesore to her?’ Gilbert thought.

“Kisa, if he wants to stay for a while, just let him stay. It’s been a while since the three of us got together.”

“He and I have no reason to be near each other,” Kisa said disdainfully,

Jensen pursed his lips and did not respond. He calmly grabbed a glass and poured himself some water.

He moved around the house so casually; it was a blatant show of intimacy between him and the woman.

Gilbert narrowed his eyes dangerously. Then, he flashed a half smile at Jensen, “Kisa and I met a woman called Mia Fallon today. She was with a child named Blake Kooper. You know them, right? Jensen?”

Jensen paused from drinking his water.

He replied indifferently, “I know them. They’re very special friends of mine.”

“Friends?” Gilbert chuckled. “Just friends, really?”

“That’s enough!”

Chapter 338 Don’t Give Affection to The Wrong

Person

Kisa suddenly bellowed. Then, she turned to Gilbert icily, “Friends or not, it doesn’t matter because it’s Jensen’s personal affairs. Don’t you think it’s funny how you’re asking him in such an interrogating tone?”

Gilbert gritted his teeth angrily.

‘This damn woman. She’s always defending Jensen, even when this is between him and me!’ he thought.

Jensen smiled coolly before turning to Kisa, “It’s alright. Let him ask me.”

The atmosphere in the room was getting more and more uncomfortable.

Andrew quickly finished his spaghetti. Then, he turned to Jensen and asked sweetly, “Uncle Jensen, do you also live nearby? I’d like to visit your house. Would that be alright?”

Jensen placed the glass down with a smile, “Of course. I live right across.”

Then, he stood up and left with Andrew’s hand in his.

“I wanna go too,” Ada quickly took her last bite and ran up to them.

All of a sudden, only Kisa and Gilbert were left in the house.

One had an icy expression, while the other had a face filled with rage.

Kisa crossed her arms on her chest and leaned on the

cupboard. She urgently wanted to make this man leave. However, he was stuck like glue and would not leave no matter what.

‘I never should’ve trusted this man. I genuinely thought he’d leave after taking one look,’ she thought.

Gilbert took a deep breath and flashed her an icy smile, “The woman we met today, don’t you suspect her relationship with Jensen?”

‘Regardless, she trusts Jensen way too much. She loves him so much that she isn’t suspicious of him at all,’ he thought.

Kisa snorted, “Since when did Mr. Kooper become such a busybody? It doesn’t matter what relationship they share because it’s none of your business! Isn’t that so?”

“Yes, it’s none of my business,” Gilbert walked up to her.

He stared at her cold expression and said sardonically, “I was merely reminding you not to give your affection to the wrong person.”

Hearing Gilbert’s words made Kisa feel preposterous.

‘He’s reminding me not to give my affection to the wrong person? I gave the wrong person my affection years ago— him. Yet he’s here reminding me? How ironic,’ Kisa

thought.

She suppressed the sorrow she felt before turning to him coldly, ‘

Gilbert laughed. Suddenly, he reached out and trapped her between himself and the cupboard.

She felt panicked and irritated by the feeling of his warm breath on her face.

She rejected this feeling.

“This is my house. If you don’t leave now, I’m calling the cops!”

“Your house?” Gilbert snorted.

“I’m your husband. Do you think calling the cops would work?”

“We’re divorced!” Kisa reminded him angrily.

“Divorced?” Gilbert smiled sardonically.

Then, he gazed at her icily, “You haven’t atoned for your sins. Did you really think I’d let you go?”

Kisa promptly felt her heart sink.

‘This is his second time indirectly denying that we’ve divorced. Well, I did only sign the divorce papers

previously. Who knows if he went through the entire process of getting a divorce?’ thought Kisa.

At this thought, Kisa felt her heart sink further.

She gazed at him coldly, “And the divorce papers...”

“I ripped it apart!”

“What?” Kisa asked furiously. “What do you mean you ripped it apart? You were the one who wanted a divorce!”

“I suddenly changed my mind.”

Gilbert stared down at her with a ruthless gaze and smile, “You’re a sinner. You’ll have to atone for your sins by my side for the rest of your life. Were you thinking of running away by divorcing me? Hah. In your dreams!”

Chapter 339 I Won’t Rest Until You’re Dead

‘I’m a sinner?’ thought Kisa.

She trembled with anger.

She then smiled at him out of anger, “You made me a sinner, and I could say the same to you. You want me to atone for my sins by your side; I also want you to regret what you did. Since you’re not willing to forgive me, neither will I!”

‘How could I possibly forget about my blood feud with this man? That unbearably pathetic child that had turned purple will always be the hurdle we can never overcome in this life,’ thought Kisa.

Kisa glared at the man in front of her hatefully. The hate in her eyes could ruin the heavens.

Meanwhile, Gilbert did not get angry when he saw the intense hatred in Kisa's eyes. On the other hand, he started smiling sinisterly.

Suddenly, he lowered his head and whispered the most ruthless words in the gentlest tone, "Kisa Becker, I won't rest until you're dead!"

Kisa stared back at him with bloodshot eyes, "Go for me!"

"The same"

Gilbert smiled coldly and got off her before promptly changing the topic.

"I'll... I'll be staying here tonight."

Kisa gritted her teeth angrily.

Meanwhile, Gilbert smiled slightly, "I'm your husband, so others won't say anything about us sharing a room, right?"

Kisa was so angry that she was speechless.

'I'll never trust this man ever again,' she thought.

However, the angrier Kisa got, the wider Gilbert's smile grew.

Nevertheless, his gaze wavered when he saw her wounded arm.

'I'm fully aware that this woman hates me to the bone, yet I still feel a little upset when I see her get hurt. How ironic and contradictory,' thought Gilbert

Then, he turned around to clear the dishes on the table. He moved around so naturally; it was almost as if he were in his own house.

Meanwhile, Kisa gritted her teeth so hard they were about to break.

'If I could turn into a vicious beast, I would swallow this man whole,' she thought.

Gilbert put away the used dishes before doing them in the kitchen with a nonchalant expression.

"This man's not right in the head. Why is he coming to a shabby place like this to cook spaghetti and do dishes. when he can stay in his villa?" wondered Kisa.

Outside, the wind started to rage once more. Fall had finally set in, and the cold breeze grew even more chilly.

Jensen stood up and went to shut the windows. Then, he turned to the children with a smile, "Aren't you two going to bed yet?"

Andrew shook his head before shifting his gaze to the storybooks on the bookshelf.

He asked curiously, "Uncle Jensen, why do you have storybooks here? Aren't storybooks for children? Do you have children?"

Jensen glanced at the row of storybooks on the bookshelf; he could not help but think of Blake's face. Then, his gaze gradually softened.

He had bought the storybooks for Blake. However, he did not have the time to give them to him yet.

He turned to Andrew and Ada, "Shall I tell you two a story?"

Andrew nodded, and Ada followed suit.

Jensen got up and took a book from the shelf. Then, he suddenly turned to them, "Who told you all that I'm your uncle?"

"Daddy, of course!" Andrew said in a natural tone.

“Daddy said you’re his big brother, which makes you our uncle.”

Jensen pursed his lips as a mixture of emotions flashed across his dark eyes. Dark thoughts flashed in his mind.

‘Gilbert is the true heir of the Kooper family. He’s a gifted child, and what’re you? You’re nothing but a pitiful child that they had picked up. You’re just disposable trash to them!’

‘Hah! Younger brother? You see Gilbert as your younger brother, but did Gilbert ever see you as his older brother? Does that old woman even see you as her grandson? Stop lying to yourself! To them, you’re no better than a dog!’

“Uncle Jensen. Uncle Jensen...”

Chapter 340 Makes Anyone’s Imagination Run Wild

Andrew’s voice immediately pulled back his train of thought.

He hid the malice and dark thoughts within his eyes. He then turned around while holding a storybook. A gentle smile came up to his handsome face.

“Let uncle Jensen tell you both a story,” He sat in the middle of the sofa while both kids sat by his side

separately. They proceeded to listen to his storytelling comfortably.

Ada even felt like dozing off when listening to it. She held onto Jensen’s arm, her smile making beautiful crescents. below her brow, ” Uncle Jensen, you’re so nice. You’re just as nice as my dad. Ada really likes you. Will you come to play with Ada more often in the future?”

Jensen stared earnestly at the smile on her tiny face, and for a moment, he was stunned. The child’s smile looked precisely like Kisa’s when she was younger. He gently caressed her tiny head and replied, “Alright, uncle Jensen’s place will always be welcome to you and Andrew.

Meanwhile, on Kisa's side, she was still mad at Gilbert. Gilbert had already entered the bathroom to shower, treating the place as his own home. Kisa crossed her arms. before her chest while sitting on the sofa, her face livid from the anger.

When Gilbert walked out of the bathroom, he had only a piece of towel upon his waist. He bared his solid and

powerful upper body while staring at her emotionlessly, "You have any pajamas?"

"No!" Kisa, through gritted teeth, spat out one single word. The detest on her face was for all to see.

Gilbert acted as if he didn't see anything and pulled a smile from his lips, "Alright then!"

After a while, someone knocked on the door.

Assuming it was the two kids returning, she immediately went to open the door. Instead, standing at the entrance was Davian.

"Ma'am, I... I came here to bring Mr. Kooper his clothes!"

Hearing his words, Kisa almost keeled over in rage. She already hated that Gilbert was staying around here. His moronic assistant incredibly came to send him his clothes like a suck-up.

Why? Does he plan to permanently stay here?

Kisa gave Davian a cold stare.

Davian quivered in shock, his voice much smaller than before, "I... I'm only here to deliver clothes. Once the delivery is complete, I will leave."

Kisa had given up on conversing with Davian and

stretched out her arms to close the door. Davian immediately held the door open and rushed into the room toward Gilbert, "Mr. Kooper, Mr. Kooper. I've come here to deliver your clothes."

Upon ending the sentence, Gilbert had already walked in. He stood behind Kisa bare-chested. His tall frame looked like he was holding petite Kisa in his arms. The scene could genuinely make anyone's imagination run wild.

Davian stared bug-eyed with his face flushed, "Ah, both of you... you both are..."

Stopping mid-sentence, he gave a silly yet dubious smile.

Kisa clenched her teeth and sneered, "Stop your nonsensical thinking; he and I did nothing."

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"Mhm, I understand, I understand!" Davian nodded his head, but his smile grew dubious.

Kisa rolled her eyes. She then chose to instead turn back

around and enter the house. She could not bother to

ignore them. Gilbert gave Davian a few orders and proceeded to bring his clothes in.

Kisa saw that the bag was huge and filled to the brim.

She coldly spoke, "Didn't you say you were staying for one night? What is the meaning of this?"

"I said I'm staying here for the night, but I didn't say for only one night," Gilbert corrected her without skipping a beat.

Kisa saw him take out his laptop, making her so angry

she lost all disposition. She sarcastically exclaimed, "You don't loathe or feel disgusted by me? Why do you insist on staying under the same roof as I am? Don't you think it's revolting?"

Gilbert lifted his gaze and glanced at her. He spoke

indifferently, " If I don't keep my eye on you, how will I be able to supervise your progress for atonement? Don't tell me I should indulge you by letting you spend your days carefree and happy?"

After saying it, he looked at the three rooms available in the house, " Which room do I stay in?"

Kisa could not speak from her clenched teeth but suddenly thought of an important question.