

# Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

## Chapter 381-390

### Chapter 381 He Sneaked Into Her Room

Kisa's angry roar sounded from the kitchen. Andrew and Ada looked at each other and then at Gilbert, who was walking toward them. "Daddy, Ma'am seems to be calling for you."

Gilbert sat on the sofa in silence. Ada glanced at the

kitchen and frowned. "Daddy, aren't you supposed to be in the kitchen helping Ma'am make the cookies? Why are you out here?"

"The cookies are almost ready. There's nothing for daddy to do anymore.

"I

"Then why does Ma'am sound angry? Did you do something wrong, daddy?"

"No," Gilbert shook his head expressionlessly and replied.

"Then why does Ma'am sound angry?" Ada puffed her cheeks and looked at the kitchen.

"She likes getting angry," Gilbert turned on the TV and said casually.

Jensen lowered his gaze and smiled without making a sound.

After some time, Kisa finally came out of the kitchen with two plates of delicious cookies. She glanced at Gilbert in disgust and said, "If someone hadn't gotten in my way

just now, I would have been done with these cookies earlier."

“Are you talking about daddy, Ma’am? What did he do?” Andrew laughed. “But daddy said he didn’t do anything wrong,” Ada hurriedly defended her father before Kisa could speak.

“Oh, did he now?” Kisa sneered. But Gilbert did not react. ‘Ugh. As if I didn’t know his ways,’ she thought.

Andrew hurriedly changed the subject when he saw Kisa staring at Gilbert. “Wow, Ma’am. These cookies you made smell delicious.”

Anyone likes to be praised. Kisa’s anger dissipated after hearing Andrew’s words. “Really?” She immediately laughed. “Then you and Ada should eat up.” As she

spoke, she put one of the plates in front of the two kids, and the other in front of Jensen.

Ada looked at Gilbert and whispered, “Ma’am, why doesn’t my daddy have one?”

“He thinks my food is unpalatable, so it’s a waste if I give it to him,” Kisa replied. Gilbert chuckled with a cold expression. Kisa ignored him and went to give Jensen a box of cookies that had been packed separately. “You can take this box of cookies back to eat later,” she said.

Gilbert stared at the exquisitely packaged box of cookies, and a jealous expression appeared in his eyes.

Ada felt sorry for her father, who did not have any

cookies, so she took two cookies from the plate and gave them to him. “Here, daddy. These are for you.” Jensen quickly handed the plate of cookies in his hand to Gilbert and said, “Here. I have a box full of them. Let the children finish their plate.”

Gilbert stared at the cookies with hatred in his eyes.

When did I, Gilbert Kooper, need charity from others just to eat some cookies?’

Kisa saw how gloomy Gilbert’s face was. She then handed the plate of cookies back to Jensen and said, “I made them for you. What are you doing, giving them to him? You haven’t had dinner yet, right? Eat up.”

Ada pouted and said, “But Ma’am, daddy hasn’t had dinner yet either.”

Kisa frowned. ‘What does he not having dinner yet have to do with me?’ She ignored Gilbert’s gloominess and smiled at Ada. “Don’t worry. There’s still a lot of food in the fridge. If your dad is hungry, he can go into the kitchen and whip something up himself.”

Ada glanced over toward her father sympathetically. She could feel that Kisa liked her uncle but not her father. ‘What should I do? I really want Ma’am to be my mommy,’ she thought. She then looked at Andrew, who sighed helplessly.

At night, Kisa put Andrew and Ada to sleep as Gilbert sneaked into her room.

### Chapter 382 You Were Born Amorous

Kisa stared coldly at the figure standing at the door. “Get out!” she said in a low voice, but Gilbert did not budge. Her voice grew colder, “I said get out!” The man still did not move an inch. Kisa gritted her teeth angrily and got under the covers, ignoring the man who sneaked into her room.

Kisa was uncomfortable when she felt the man’s cold gaze penetrating the blanket, but it was not a surprise. No sane person could fall asleep under the silent observation of a weird man standing in the room. ” What’s the meaning of this?!” She turned over, got out of bed irritably, and asked.

The man did not make a peep. Instead, he moved aside from the entrance, gesturing for her to follow him. Kisa gritted her teeth, opened the door, and

walked out of her room. The man followed right behind. "It's the middle of the night. What in god's name are you doing? Mmm..." Before she could finish her words, Gilbert pushed Kisa against the wall and started kissing her. His kiss was domineering and overbearing. It was fierce and uncalled for. He did not even give her a chance to breathe.

Kisa tried to get away by hitting him, but the man grabbed her hand as soon as she raised it. She was ruthlessly imprisoned in the arms of that man. His breath filled her mouth, and she felt like she was about to

collapse, but she struggled to no avail.

After an unknown amount of time, Kisa felt like she was about to die. Her lips felt like it was burning. She whimpered in protest, and the man finally let go of her. She leaned against the wall, gasping for air. Her breath gradually calmed down after some time. "Are you crazy? Didn't you say I'm disgusting? Why do you keep kissing me again and again if you think I'm so disgusting?" Kisa stared at the man in front of her in contempt and asked.

Gilbert's eyes darkened as he stood in front of her. His tense expression indicated that he was suppressing something inside. His chest heaved violently, and his hands were clenched in tight fists. His gloomy appearance was somewhat terrifying.

Kisa frowned and moved to the side, trying to distance herself from him. However, the man stretched out his arms and stopped her in an instant. Kisa broke down." What the hell are you trying to do? I get that you hate me and want to take revenge on me, but we can do this the civilized way since I'm not fond of you either. But what in the world are you doing right now?" She growled.

"Do you really love Jensen that much?" The man finally spoke up.

"Yes, I love him. Don't you love Sharon as much? Look at you at the press conference today. You didn't

't even care about GK Pictures' reputation when you stood up for that woman," Kisa sneered even though she felt unsettled. "I didn't know you were that amorous, Gilbert Kooper. First, it was Sara. Then, Sharon. Then in between those two, there's also the mother of your children. I really want to know which of them you truly love. Or do you love them all? You were born amorous."

It seemed like Gilbert had feelings for those three

women. He took great care of Sara and Sharon. And even though the mother of Andrew and Ada remained a

mystery, judging by how much he loves them both, it was clear that he loved their mother too.

'The only person he does not have feelings for is me. That is why he was so heartless when it came to my child.'

Gilbert put one of his hands on the wall while he wanted to stroke Kisa's hair off her forehead with the other. However, when he saw the hate in her eyes, he stopped. He looked down at her solemnly and said, "You will probably never believe it if I tell you that I have only loved one woman all my life."

## Chapter 383 I Only Want You

Kisa sneered. He was right, she did not believe him. And even if what Gilbert said was true, the only woman he loved would not be her.

Gilbert looked at Kisa with a deep and complex gaze. There was an indescribable emotion behind his eyes. "Do you really love Jensen? Did you fall for him when we were young?"

"...Yes.

I've loved Jensen since we were young, and I never loved you." Kisa used to love this man with her life,

but

all she got back was hurt and humiliation. Therefore, she would never admit that she had loved this man before.

“Then why did you pursue me back then? Why did you have to set me up?” Gilbert clenched his fists and asked. Although Kisa had answered this question multiple times before, Gilbert did not believe her. So, she looked at him and laughed nonchalantly. “Didn’t I tell you last time you asked? Jensen was gone, and you became the CEO of GK Pictures. I married you just so I could become the wife of the CEO. At the same time, you acted as Jensen’s stand-in. I was killing two birds with one stone.”

Kisa knew that Gilbert thought of it as a setup, so she did not bother to explain herself any further. She simply gave an answer that she knew would anger Gilbert. The man’s face turned gloomy instantly, and a frightening look

appeared in his eyes.

Kisa met his ruthless gaze and chuckled. “I mean, you hate me, right? So is it wrong for me to say that who I love or don’t love has nothing to do with you?”

Gilbert stared at Kisa and did not say a word. Kisa was tired of arguing with him. She pushed his chest away and impatiently said, “It’s late. I’m going to bed. If you want to act crazy, just do it by yourself.” When she was about to withdraw her hand, Gilbert grabbed her wrist. He stared at her immensely. The emotion behind his eyes was so shocking that Kisa’s heart skipped a beat.

“Let go of me!” She looked away and said coldly. “I’m willing to give up the hatred I have for you. I’m even willing to forgive you for setting me up. I could forget all of it. If I do all that, can you leave Jensen and come back to be with me?” Gilbert was on the verge of breaking down. Every time he saw how well she treated Jensen, he would be crazy with jealousy. He did

not want to be in so much pain. He did not want to care about the past. All he wanted was to spend the rest of his life with Kisa.

‘But what about her? Is she willing to let go of all this hatred?’ Gilbert stared at Kisa for a moment. His eyes were filled with a glimmer of hope and a hint of anxiety. Kisa was surprised by his words. She could not believe that Gilbert, who hated her that much, would just simply forgive her.

“What kind of game are you playing, Gilbert?” Kisa

asked. Gilbert was going crazy facing the suspicion of the woman in front of him. He grabbed her shoulders and hastily said, “There’s no game. I’m serious. I don’t care about the past, as long as you come back to me.”

“Really?” Kisa asked sarcastically. “What about Sara Mitchell? Don’t you want to meet her anymore?” Gilbert shook

his head. “What about avenging grandma?” Gilbert shook his head again.

Kisa wanted

to say something else, but Gilbert suddenly pulled her into his arms and said in a desperate voice, “I don’t want to care about those people or those incidents anymore. I only want you!”

#### Chapter 384 We Will Never Be Together In This Lifetime

This was

the first time he had truly opened his heart. It was also the first time he fought for what he wanted

regardless of the circumstances. ‘If

she still chooses Jensen after all this, I’ll have to bury this feeling I have for her deep inside my heart, and I’ll never reveal it to anyone ever again.”

Kisa leaned stiffly in his arms. She

could not believe a word he was saying. The scene in which he ruthlessly sent her to prison was still vivid

in her mind. The pain and despair from the fire felt like it had just happened the day before. With such deep hurt and grief in her heart, she could not believe him.

Seeing the woman hesitate, Gilbert spoke again in a firm voice, “Kisa, I can really let go of everything. I can even let

go

of GK Pictures if you want me to. All I ask is for you to come back to my side.” His tone was full of sincerity and affection. Even though Kisa did not dare fall for those words, it was undeniable that she was touched to hear him say them.

She subconsciously lifted her arms, wanting to hug him back, but when the image of her breathless baby flashed through her head, she froze. ‘This man had done so many cruel and heartless things to me. He even killed my child. I cannot be moved by his words. Even if we let go of all

the hatred between us,

I could never get over the fact that he killed my child. Never. I would never get together with him again in this lifetime.’

Kisa clenched her fists tightly and pushed Gilbert away. Gilbert...” She chuckled. “I don’t care what kind of tricks you have up your sleeves, but we will never be together in this lifetime.”

Frustration and powerlessness flashed across the man’s eyes. He smiled grimly, but his heart was aching. He knew that no matter what he said, Kisa would never go back to him. ‘Well, of course. She likes someone else, and she hates me. How could she ever come back to me?’ he thought. ‘I was naive to think that I had a place in her heart when I never did.’

Gilbert took two steps back, pulling himself away from her. “You’ve become so smart, Kisa. I was giving the

performance of my life, yet you were not fooled,” he mocked in a cold voice.

After he finished speaking, he leaned against the wall with his arms around his chest and said, “I thought that you would be swayed by my words. Maybe you would fall in love with me so that I could humiliate you even more. Maybe even ruin the reputation of J & K Film Group. Alas, you did not fall for it. What a waste of my time.”



Kisa felt a sick feeling in her heart. 'I knew it was just an act. He just wanted me to get off track,' she laughed to herself. 'Thank god I didn't fall for it.' But Kisa did not

understand the pain she was feeling in her heart.

She stared at the man's thin eyebrows and sneered, "Is that so? I must say, your acting skills are quite good, but unfortunately for you, I don't have an ounce of love for you. Your words did not move me one bit."

"I know, I know. You love Jensen."

Gilbert's voice was cold and full of hatred. "But don't forget, you're my wife. So, there's no way for you to be with him without it being cheating in the public eye."

#### Chapter 385 He Won't Let Them Have Their Way

Even though she and Jensen were in love, Gilbert would not let them have their way. He was not happy with her machinating against him previously, so he would not let them have their way even if he died.

Kisa shrugged it off. "Whatever." With that, she turned around and went into the room.

Gilbert stared at the closed door with cold eyes. He suddenly punched the wall next to him with force. The impact was so great that his fist bled. Blood was trickling down his hand, but he did not feel the pain. He smiled morosely, telling himself that he should not have hope for Kisa, that they could only be enemies and hate each other in this life.

Mia did not expect Jensen to come. She did not even put on her shoes when she went out to greet him. "What brought you here?" Mia always seemed to have a light in her eyes when she saw Jensen.

"I came to see Blake," Jensen said, looking away. "Is he asleep?"

Mia did not mind who he was visiting; she was happy that he had come. She pulled him inside. "Not yet. He is reading the storybook you brought him last time."

"I brought him something to eat," Jensen said, holding out the box of cookies Kisa had given him.

"What is that?" Mia curiously wanted to take the box from him.

Jensen subconsciously avoided her hand.

Mia frowned in amusement.

"What is so precious that you can't even let anyone touch it?"

"It is rose shortbread cookies that Kisa made. They are yummy. You may try them later," He said.

Mia got the picture. 'So it is handmade cookies by that woman. No wonder they were so precious to him.'

The house was brightly lit. As soon as he entered, he saw Blake sitting on the sofa. He smiled and walked over, and handed him the box of cookies. "I brought you something to eat. Try it."

Blake did not take it. He did not even look up. "Dad, you and Mom enjoy it together. I do not want to eat."

Jensen pursed his lips, put the cookies on the coffee table, and smiled gently at Blake. "Did something bad happen at school?"

Blake shook his head sullenly. Jensen looked at Mia, and she sighed and said, "He hasn't been very happy all day, and he hasn't eaten much of his dinner. I don't know what bothers him, and he won't talk about it."

Jensen stroked Blake's head dotingly. "Something is already bothering you at this age, eh? I wonder how

many things you would have to face when you grow up,” He said as he opened the box of rose shortbread cookies. ” These cookies are delicious. Andrew and Ada ate many pieces. Quickly try them.” As he spoke, he had taken a piece of them and handed it to him.

Blake furrowed his brows and replied with a stony face, Dad, I really don't want to eat. You can have it to yourself.

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Jensen was a bit disappointed when Blake refused, as he had specially brought him the handmade cookies by Blake's mother. While thinking so, Mia suddenly snatched the cookie from his hand.

“It is just cookies handmade by Kisa. You make it sound like it tastes better than those in the shops. I don't

believe they are really that good.” Mia said with disdain, then took a bite of it.

But no one noticed Blake's sullen eyes suddenly lit up. He climbed down from the couch, leaned against the coffee table, and carefully studied the cookies, which were not aesthetically pleasing and not uniform in size. As he picked up one cookie, Mia suddenly spoke.

Chapter 386 He Ate What His Mother Made

“Don't eat that. It is not good at all,” Mia said, frowning with disgust.

“It is too sweet. Don't eat it.”

Jensen shot her a look. “You are the one who doesn't like sweet things, right?” Mia bristled and feigned a move to throw the cookie, which she had just taken a bite, into the trash. Jensen quickly snatched the cookie from her.

Don't waste it if you don't eat it. Kisa put a lot of effort into making it." With that, he gingerly put the cookie in his mouth and ate it, not minding that Mia had taken a

bite. He did not waste even a bit.

Mia looked at him and felt bitter inside.

Blake picked up a piece of the cookie, took a bite, and knitted his brows together.

Knowing

that he did not like sweets too much, Mia said, "If you don't like that, don't eat. If you are hungry, I will make you something delicious."

But Blake quickly shook his head and took the entire box of cookies in his arms. "I think they are delicious. I like it."

"I

Mia looked at him suspiciously. "Delicious?"

Blake nodded repeatedly. "Yes. I'm going to eat all of them."

Mia stared at him in puzzlement. As far as she could remember, Blake rarely ate sweets. These cookies were so sweet, so she could not believe Blake liked them.

But Jensen did not think it was a big deal. He just patted Blake on the head and smiled. "If you like it, I will have Aunt Kisa make you some more next time."

Blake nodded vigorously. "Okay." Back in his room, he carefully hid the box of cookies inside the drawer. He wanted to keep it safe because it was his mother's handmade cookies. Resting his chin on his hands, he looked out the window at the moon and giggled, happy that he had eaten something his mother had made.

In the Case residence, the TV was replaying the press conference. Carolyn was staring at the TV with her legs crossed while drinking soup from a bowl. As Gilbert spoke for Sharon on TV, she broke

out in a triumphant smile. "Look, look. Mr. Kooper of GK is still on Sharon's side."

"Yes, yes, yes, Mrs. Case. Mr. Kooper likes Miss Case the most."

"I think it won't be long before Miss Case becomes GK's CEO's wife."

"Absolutely. Mr. Kooper has defended no one like that before. Miss Case seems to be special to him."

Carolyn became more and more proud of herself as she listened to the flattery of the servants. She looked over at

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Sharon, who was silent, and said with merriment, Sharon, do I need to prepare your dowry? What if Mr. Kooper suddenly comes to propose to you?"

Sharon looked sullen as if she was suppressing her anger. When she heard what Carolyn said, she could not hold it any longer and kicked over the coffee table and yelled at Carolyn and the maids, "What do you all know? He is only doing all this for that woman."

"Sharon, why are you so mad? Mr. Kooper is clearly

defending you. Even a blind man can see that," Carolyn said, holding Sharon's arm and smiled, "Are you being shy? Hey, don't be in front of me. You can sound Mr.

Kooper out when he plans to marry you so I can prepare in advance."

"That is enough. What is going on in your head all day long?" Sharon yelled at Carolyn, her eyes reddening.

Carolyn was confused. "Why are you throwing such a tantrum? I know you are upset that you couldn't bring that b\*tch down this time, but you should be happy that Mr. Kooper is defending you. Look, has Mr. Kooper ever defended anyone like this?"

Chapter 387 Please Don't Hurt Her

Sharon's eyes reddened with anger as she stared at the TV. She suddenly grabbed a cup and smashed it against

the TV screen.

It startled everyone. Carolyn looked at her in horror, thinking Sharon was suffering from a mental breakdown.

"He is defending me?" Sharon laughed maniacally. "You will never know; I'm just a tool— just a tool in his eyes," Sharon said and stormed out, leaving everyone wide-eyed.

Anthony was insatiable as he lay on top of the woman. Before he could catch his breath, the phone at the bedside rang. He frowned in disgust and ignored it. The phone kept ringing like mad.

So Lea cautiously said to him, "Anthony, why don't you answer the phone?"

"You shut up."

When Anthony bellowed, Lea pursed her lips, not daring to make a sound. The phone still did not stop ringing. He cursed and only then did he lazily get up from Lea. He picked up the mobile phone. When he saw it was Sharon who called, a look of disgust flashed across his face.

"What a useless piece of sh\*t."

He cursed, got up, and walked toward the window while he answered the call. Lea quickly sat up, wrapped her body in a blanket, and stared at Anthony cautiously.

"I know you want that woman dead. What's the point of panicking? There are plenty of opportunities... This was an excellent opportunity, but unfortunately, you didn't manage to bring her down. So who can blame you? Don't say I didn't help you... Don't give the excuse that she has Jensen's help; don't you have Gilbert to defend you?"

Hearing Anthony mention Jensen and Gilbert, Lea clutched the bedding involuntarily. She was almost certain that the person Anthony was talking to on the phone was Sharon, and the woman he mentioned was

Kisa.

“Heh. As long as she is still in the entertainment

industry, there are plenty of opportunities. Don’t worry. I will always help you... Okay, okay. I will definitely help you fix her.”

At last, Anthony hung up the phone. He did not look at Lea, who was on the bed. Instead, he put away the phone and went to the bathroom to take a shower.

Lea hurriedly called out to him, “A—Anthony.”

“Hmm?” Only

did Anthony remember her presence and glanced back toward her. “What?”

Lea got out of bed with difficulty, with the blanket still wrapping around her body. “C— Could you please don’t hurt Kisa? She has gone through a lot. Besides, there is no beef between you and her. I beg you. Please don’t hurt her.

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She begged him with a fearful face.

“No beef?” Anthony let out a sardonic laughter as his mind wandered back to the scene in Athadale where Kisa had played up to him, then held him hostage with a knife to help Gilbert escape, causing him to lose face. He was a vindictive person. So there was no other way to quench his anger other than taking revenge.

Seeing his hostile and vicious eyes, Lea urgently pleaded, “Please have mercy on her! I beg you not to take it personally with her. She has gone throu

gh a lot to survive until this day. I beg you, don't help Sharon harm her again... Aaaaah..."

Before she finished speaking, Anthony grabbed her neck and strangled her. He laughed sarcastically and said, "Who do you think you are to beg me? Speaking of which, you ruined my and Sharon's plans at the party last time. I haven't even had my revenge on you. I advise you to know your place; you are just a tool for my needs. So get wise; you should know when to shut up."

### Chapter 388 Could Something Have Happened?

With that, Anthony raised his hand and flipped Lea to the floor. The blanket that covered her fell, and her naked body was in full view of Anthony. He was instantly turned on and climbed on her again.

Sharon had been staying low profile since her scheme was exposed. The last time at the press conference, Gilbert asked the reporters and netizens to give Sharon a chance. So there were still a lot of netizens who, for Gilbert's sake, supported Sharon.

But despite this, Kisa could not be careless. After this incident, she gained a lot of fans. She found that many of the haters who had cursed her because of this incident

turned into her fans because of guilt after the truth came out. Now the news about her was all unanimously positive. Nowadays, whenever she was on her way to the set, she would encounter fans who sent her flowers, instead of haters who pelted her with eggs. For many days in a row, Sharon had not created trouble for her. She could finally concentrate on filming without having to deal with the traps that Sharon laid for her.

Today, after she finished work, she hurried to school. Strangely enough, since she and Gilbert argued that night, he did not stay in her house anymore. But he still

left the two children with her. So much so that she now had to pick up the two children from school every day after



she finished work. Sometimes she had to ask Jensen to pick them up when she was shooting too late.

Kisa really wondered why she had to do this since these two children were not hers but the Kooper family's. If Gilbert did not have time to pick up the children, the Kooper family had plenty of people to do that on his behalf. Besides, Madalyn loved the children so much. So She could not understand why Gilbert had to leave the children with her.

When Kisa arrived at the school, it had been about twenty minutes since school had ended. All the children in the school had been picked up by their parents. As soon as she got out of the car, she saw Andrew and Ada standing in front of the school, with the security guard at the gate looking after them. Only when she walked over she noticed Blake was also there. She looked around again but did not see Mia.

Kisa bent down and asked Blake with puzzlement, "Where is your godmother?"

Blake shook his head.

Ada took her hand and said, "Ma'am, Blake said his godmother didn't come to pick him up today, and he wanted to go to his godfather's place. He said his godfather is our uncle."

Kisa frowned, baffled why Mia did not come to pick up Blake. "This is impossible.

No matter how I look at it, Mia apparently loves this child very much. How could she

forget to pick him up? Could something have happened to her?" Panicked, she wanted to call Mia, but she did not know Mia's phone number. She asked Blake, and he just shook his head. She called Jensen's phone. But twice in a row, no one answered. Seeing all three children looking at her with their dark, innocent eyes, Kisa had no choice but to take them all home.

Mia leaned against the wall, watching Kisa's car

disappear into the distance, a touch of sadness flashing across her beautiful face. Jensen, who was smoking with his body leaning against the wall, flicked the ashes off his cigarette and asked in a deep voice, "Did you say anything to Blake?"

## Chapter 389 2015 New Year's Eve

Mia shook her head. "He suddenly told me today that he didn't want to go home but wanted to spend more time with Andrew and Ada and asked me not to pick him up from school."

A ring of smoke puffed out from his mouth, and Jensen said faintly, "I have a feeling that his real purpose is to get close to Kisa, to get Kisa to take him home."

Mia was stunned. "Do you think he could already know that Kisa is his mother?"

"Who knows? The boy has always been keeping things to himself," Jensen said.

Kisa opened the door and let the three children in. They were well-behaved, and upon entering, they all

spontaneously sat at the table and did their homework. Kisa left her handbag in the foyer, changed into slippers, and came over. She got a big headache as she looked at the three of them. It was tiring enough taking care of one child, but now she was taking care of three. Thinking about Mia, she took out her phone to call Jensen again, but she received a text message from him instead.

[I have just been in a meeting.

I know about Blake. I'm going to be out of town on business for the next few days, and Mia has some things going on, so Blake may have to be in your care for a few days.]

Looking at the text message, Kisa did not know whether to cry or laugh. It looked like she really had to take care of the three children by herself. She replied with a message.

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[Go get busy. I will take care of Blake for you. Don't worry.

After putting away her phone, she took a deep breath and looked at the three children. Blake was teaching Ada to tackle a question while Andrew was quietly doing his

homework. At a glance, it was hard to tell who was older and who was younger among them.

Kisa asked curiously, "Do you all know your birthdays?"

Andrew said, "Ada and I are twins, but I came out before Ada."

Kisa nodded with a smile. "And do you know what day you were born?"

"Yes," Ada said softly. "Daddy said that Andrew and I were born on New Year's Eve 2015."

'New Year's Eve 2015...' Kisa felt a pang of pain in her heart as New Year's Eve of that year reminded her of the burning pain of the fire and the unspeakable despair that she had suffered.

It was also that New Year's Eve that her baby died. But on that night, Gilbert was blessed with a pair of twins, and she found that to be an ironic contrast.

None of the children noticed the change in her mood. Ada asked Blake, "What day were you born?"

Blake said, "Dad said I was also born on New Year's Eve 2015."

"Huh? What a coincidence!" Ada exclaimed in surprise and ran over to shake Kisa's arm.

"Ma'am, Blake was born on that day, too. It is amazing. So are we all the same age?"

Kisa smiled at Ada as she tried to shake away her bad mood. "Yes, it is amazing. I don't know if he is the older brother or you are the older sister."

"I will be the older brother. I can protect my sister," Blake said at once, like a little adult.

Their kiddish words completely healed Kisa's sad mood. She smiled at the three of them and asked, "What do you want to eat tonight? I will make it for you all."

Blake said nothing but just looked at Andrew and Ada inquiringly. Ada said, "We will eat whatever Ma'am makes. Everything Ma'am makes is delicious."

Kisa's heart melted as she heard her sweet talk. At night, she slept with Ada, while Blake and Andrew slept in the room where Gilbert had stayed before. She could have a good night's sleep as long as Gilbert was not there.

In the morning, she woke up to a sound coming from the kitchen.

#### Chapter 390 He Had a Point

Kisa frowned. 'It is just the three children in the house. and me with Ada still sleeping soundly in my arms, and the other two probably still sleeping, too. So who could be in the kitchen? Could Gilbert have come over again

without telling me?' With that in mind, she carefully removed Ada's arm from across her stomach and quietly got out of bed.

The bright morning sun shone into the house. When she stepped out of the room, the sound from the kitchen

became more and more audible. She walked over in puzzlement and found that it was Blake. He was busy in

the kitchen.

Blake saw her and greeted her. "Good morning, Ma'am."

Kisa was startled to see the fire on the stove and hurriedly turned it off. "What are you doing? Are you hungry? Come on out. Whatever you like to eat, I will make it for you."

Blake shook his head and then deftly turned the fire on again. Kisa saw him stepping on the chair and stirring the pasta in the pot with a spatula, and her eyes widened in

shock.

"Blake, y-you know how to cook pasta?"

Blake smiled thoughtfully at her. "Ma'am, you go out and rest for a while. Breakfast will be ready soon."

Kisa was still worried about the boy getting burned and hurriedly said, "Let me do it."

Blake shook his head again. "I can do it. I always make breakfast for Mom at home, and sometimes I cook for Dad."

If she had not seen how much Jensen and Mia loved the boy, she would have wondered if the boy was being abused at their place.

While Kisa thought, Blake said to her, "Don't worry, Ma'am. My cooking is delicious."

Seeing how persistent the boy was, Kisa relented. She reminded him, "Be careful. If you can't handle it, call me over, okay?"

Blake nodded vigorously.

It completely amazed Kisa. After all, Blake was only five years old, still a child. So she was still worried.

After washing up, she leaned against the kitchen door and watched for a long time. Even though Blake was still small, he was very skilled at cooking. He not

only cooked pasta but also made sandwiches. Watching the way he put in the greens and squeezed the salad sauce, even heating a jug of milk like a pro, Kisa was in awe, feeling that she was not as good as a five-year-old.

Blake made the breakfast and brought it to the table.

Kisa looked at him and asked, "Who taught you how to cook?"

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"Dad," Blake said matter-of-factly. "He said, if I can cook, I won't die of hunger."

Kisa was amused but could not deny that he had a point. She went into the kitchen to help him bring out the pasta. "Do you enjoy cooking? If you don't like it, I will talk to your godfather and godmother later."

"Err..." Blake seemed to ponder about it for a moment and then said, "Whether I like to cook or not depends on who I'm cooking for. If it's for someone I like, then I like to cook."

Kisa frowned, amazed by how mature the way he spoke. Then you-

"I like Dad and Mom a lot, so I like to cook for them."

"Oh!"

Kisa stroked his head and praised him. "You are such a filial child. Whoever can be your mom an