

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

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Chapter 531 Want to Go to a Spa?

“Kisa,” Mia suddenly called out to Kisa.

Kisa subconsciously looked up at her. “What is it?”

“There really are so many coincidences in this world,” Mia said. Kisa looked at her, not knowing what she meant by that. Mia continued. “Look, I broke my leg in a car accident, and then you sprained your ankle. Who do you think Jensen should take care of?”

‘She seems to have misunderstood me, thinking I sprained my ankle on purpose so that Jensen could take care of me.’ Kisa looked at Mia with a serious face and tried to explain. I didn’t sprain my ankle on purpose. I was drunk last night and accidentally fell off a boulder.”

Jensen finally could no longer stand it and looked at Mia. “That is enough.”

Mia smiled and leaned back, her face still gorgeous even in the hospital ward. She smiled gently, with a hint of sadness in her eyes. “I almost died yesterday. You have never been gentle with me like you have been with her.” I can’t stand it anymore. I had thought that I would feel content if I could stay by his side. I tried hard not to fight, to be jealous, and to play tricks. But when I saw Jensen always treating Kisa with care and attention, I could not help but be jealous. I’m an ordinary woman. How can I not have felt jealous?’

Jensen did not want to say anything more to her. He said to Kisa, “It is late. I will drive you home.”

Kisa nodded and looked at Mia. “You get some rest.”

Mia did not respond but just looked at her with a faint smile. The way Mia looked at her was no longer as friendly as it used to be. Not long after she left the room, Kisa suddenly gripped the wheelchair’s handrails and forced the wheelchair to stop.

Jensen came around to crouch in front of her and looked at her with puzzlement. "What is wrong?"

"You go stay with Miss Fallon." Kisa looked up at him with a sad expression. "I know I'm not in a position to ask anything of you, but Miss Fallon grew up in Raworth and had no family here in Calthon. You are the only friend she knows. How sad would she be if you were not with her at her most difficult time?"

With this in mind, Jensen had spent the night in the hospital with Mia yesterday. He swallowed and said, "Let me take you home."

As Jensen was about to get up, Kisa moved the wheelchair backward. "No, I can go home by myself. This wheelchair is very light and flexible. I can take a taxi after I leave the hospital, and there is an elevator."

Seeing her insistence, Jensen forced a smile. "Okay, you take care." Not wanting to make things difficult for her, he turned around and headed for Mia's ward.

Kisa watched him enter Mia's ward before she turned back and toward the elevator. It was not until she disappeared into the elevator that Jensen, at the doorway, pulled back his gaze and glared at Mia. "You should know that she and I are not possible; you should also know that I'm doing something that hurts her."

"So what if you know?" A touch of sadness appeared on Mia's face for the first time. "What you said can't hide the fact that you love her."

Jensen said nothing. He just went to the couch and lay down. Mia wanted to say

something more, but he suddenly said, "I'm tired. I will take a nap."

Mia swallowed and did not dare to continue what she wanted to say.

Davian was driving. "Mr. Kooper, it is getting colder by the day, and Mr. Tanner asked us to go to the spa." When he was waiting for a response, he added. "The two people from the J & K Film Group also seem to be invited."

Gilbert sat in the front passenger seat, lazily flipping through the newspaper. He did not even look up when he said, "Do you want to go for it?"

"Me?"

SCREECH!

Suddenly, the car screeched to a stop, and Davian looked in shock at the wheelchair, which was only two meters away from the front of the car and then at the person in it.

Chapter 532 You Suspect I Broke Her Leg?

Just as Davian wanted to curse, it shocked him to see the person in the wheelchair. 'M- Mrs. Kooper?' He looked at the person in the wheelchair for a long time, and after he was sure that it was indeed Kisa, he hurriedly said to Gilbert, "Mr. Kooper, look. I can't believe that it is Mrs. Kooper. Why is she in a wheelchair?"

The sudden stop of the car did not make Gilbert look up. Only after hearing Davian finish speaking did he raise his eyes and glance at the front of the vehicle. He was expressionless as he saw the woman in the wheelchair as if she were a stranger.

Davian took a cautious look at Gilbert and could not help but ask, "Mr. Kooper, wasn't Ms. Becker with you last night? What is going on here? Why is she in a wheelchair?"

"What? You suspect I broke her leg?" Gilbert grunted coldly.

Davian quickly shook his head and kept his mouth shut, not daring to ask any more questions.

In front of the car, Kisa was also startled. She had just crossed the street with her wheelchair when the light turned green. But the light turned red again, as she was only halfway across. Luckily, the car stopped in time. The silver-gray car looked familiar to her, especially the car model and license plate number. Kisa did not dare to think about it as the pedestrian crossing light was still red. She hastened to move her wheelchair backward. The good thing

g was that the car's owner did not come out to scold her. Otherwise, it would be embarrassing. It took her a long while before she finally moved back to the curb.

Davian saw through the car window Kisa was struggling with the wheelchair, so he could not help but say to Gilbert, "Ms. Becker has difficulty moving around with her injured leg. Why don't we give her a ride?"

"She sprained her ankle and wants to sit in a wheelchair? How pretentious."

Davian was stunned. 'Just a sprained ankle?' He glanced at Kisa again and saw her sitting in a wheelchair, quietly waiting for the traffic light. One of her ankles was wrapped up. He thought otherwise because that looked serious, unlike Mr. Kooper's claim that it was a simple sprain.

Seeing Gilbert's not-so-friendly face, he did not dare to say or ask anything. The cars behind them were blaring their horns, but Davian still had no intention of starting the car. Gilbert looked at him with a frown. "Are you going to block the entire street before you move?" Davian came back to his senses and hurriedly started the car.

Kisa was relieved to see the silver-gray car drive away. It stopped there for a long while, and she thought the driver would come out to scold her.

Gilbert casually glanced in the rearview mirror and saw the woman barging in her

wheelchair, crossing the street slowly. He snickered, 'How pretentious!'

Kisa

heaved a sigh of relief when she finally crossed to the other side of the street. It was winter, yet a thin layer of sweat had popped up on her forehead. At first, she planned to take a taxi in front of the hospital, but there were too many people taking taxis, and she had little chance of competing for a cab with others because she was in a wheelchair. She thought of asking Lea

to come and pick her up, but knowing Lea was busy with other things, she had thought better of it. She recalled that there was a park near the hospital. Since she could not get a taxi and was not in a hurry to go home, she thought she would go to the park and sit there. The good thing was that the park was not too far ahead, and it was better to get a taxi there. She breathed a sigh of relief, wheeled around, and continued on her way.

In the car, Davian's conversation returned to the spa.
"Mr. Kooper, about the spa? Are you going?"

Chapter 533 He Has Also Invited Grandma?

Gilbert had the entertainment paper spread out in front of him. Since he saw Kisa just now, the pages stopped turning and he might not have gone through the news in front of him. Davian really wanted to go to the spa. If Gilbert was not going, he, as an assistant, would be awkward to go alone. Having not gotten an answer from Gilbert for a long time, Davian shrugged and said, "It is only getting colder and colder from now on. Going to a spa is good for your health."

Gilbert leaned back in the chair, looking out the window in a daze. "You may go if you want to."

"What is he talking about? Mr. Tanner is inviting him. How can I, a mere assistant, go alone?" Davian said, "By the way, Mr. Tanner has also invited Mrs. Kooper Sr."

Gilbert looked at him with a frown. "He has also invited Grandma?"

"Yeah. Mrs. Kooper Sr. told me about it this morning, and she is planning to bring Emma, your last blind date, with her."

Gilbert pursed his lips, not looking the least bit happy.

Davian glanced at him and said warily, "Maybe Mrs. Kooper loves crowds. In fact, at her age-

Gilbert's cell phone rang before Davian could finish his sentence. It was Mrs. Kooper Sr. calling.

“Come back early for dinner tonight.”

“I’m working late tonight. Enjoy your dinner.”

“Humph! I have asked Davian, there is rarely anything left to do in the company recently, so don’t use working late as an excuse.”

The telephone conversation had been put on the phone speaker, so when Davian heard what Mrs. Kooper Sr. said, his hands on the steering wheel slipped, causing the car to jerk to one side.

Gilbert shot a glance at Davian while saying into the phone, “Alright,” before hanging up. Davian quickly explained, “I didn’t betray you. Mrs. Kooper Sr. asked me if there are many things to do at the office lately, so I had to tell her the truth. Besides, when Miss Thompson came to the Kooper residence, you were at the office. When she went to the office, you were hanging out. Your actions are too obvious, and Mrs. Kooper Sr. knows you are avoiding Miss Thompson and is angry with you. If you are not interested in Miss Thompson, you should make it clear to her.”

“And you know I didn’t make it clear to her?” Gilbert sneered.

“Then why is Miss Thompson still...” Davian’s voice was getting softer and softer.

“Turn around and go back to the Kooper residence.”

At the Kooper residence, the car braking sound outside made Mrs. Kooper Sr. come out to meet Gilbert. Emma was standing coyly beside her and stared cautiously at Gilbert.

“Grandma.” Gilbert greeted as he walked over to Mrs. Kooper Sr.

Mrs. Kooper Sr. nodded with an avuncular look on her face. “Are you done with your business?”

“It has been free lately, nothing much to do.”

“Then you...” Realizing that Emma was beside her, Mrs. Kooper Sr. pursed her lips and asked no more questions.

But Gilbert had no intention of stopping. He uttered in a tone like he usually did, “I have to stay in the office because I am avoiding someone.”

Anyone with a good sense could tell what this meant. Emma’s face changed slightly, and she looked at Gilbert, wrung her fingers, and asked him in a whisper, “You don’t want to see me, do you?”

Gilbert smiled at her casually. “I thought I had made it very clear to you after dinner that day.”

Emma bit her lip, a little embarrassed.

Mrs. Kooper Sr. hurriedly smacked Gilbert on the arm. “What are you talking about? Let’s get inside.” She took Emma’s arm affectionately. “Don’t take Gilbert’s words to heart. He always says things off the top of his head. But when he finds out how good you are, he will like you.”

Gilbert snorted and strode into the house. When he saw who was in the house, his already not-so-good mood immediately took a sharp nosedive.

Chapter 534 I’m a Divorced Man

There was an elderly woman about the age of his grandmother and a middle-aged couple sitting in the living room. Sharon was coming out of the kitchen with some dishes. They were those people whom Gilbert least wanted to meet.

As he turned around to leave, Madalyn stepped in front of him. “Since you are back, sit down, and have a good meal with the elders.”

“Hi, Gilbert. I cooked this meal myself,” Sharon said as she walked up to him.

Gilbert did not even glance at her but sat down silently on the couch.

Standing outside, Davian glanced at the scene inside the house and thought, 'This is a freaking trap. Just as he was deep in thought, George came out and said, "Davian, your boss asked you to stay for dinner."

Davian quickly shook his head. "No, no, no, no. I have something to do. I'm leaving. Please tell Mr. Kooper for me," Davian said and got into the car in a flash.

George looked at the car speed away and shook his head in amusement. 'Why are they all

afraid to have dinner with the elders?'

"Gilbert, Emma talks about you a lot at home." A middle-aged woman smiled at Gilbert as a middle-aged man sat next to her. Gilbert looked at them and knew they must be Emma's parents, while the elderly woman sitting with Gilbert's grandmother should be Emma's grandmother.

Gilbert leaned back, looking apathetic. "I'm a divorced man. What is there to talk about?"

The middle-aged man could not help but frown, but he said nothing. The middle-aged woman chortled. "Gilbert, no need to be so humble. You are divorced but still excellent."

Gilbert sneered, his attitude making them uncomfortable, and Emma looked embarrassed and awkward.

Mrs. Thompson Sr. looked at Madalyn with exasperation. "Look at him..."

Madalyn patted her on the shoulder. "Young people are like that. Don't worry about him. Let's have dinner, shall we?"

By *now*, Sharon had already brought all the food to the table. Even though she had done so many things, Madalyn did *not* look pleased with her. She ignored Sharon and invited the Thompson family to take their seats. Sharon narrow

ed her eyes quietly, and after everyone had taken their seats, she found a seat to sit down.

Mr. Thompson glanced at Sharon and said sarcastically, “No wonder Mr. Kooper doesn’t like Emma. Look, isn’t there an international superstar here?”

Madalyn’s face darkened slightly. ‘International superstar? I have allowed her to come here often because she is Gilbert’s childhood friend. Don’t get me wrong.’

Sharon’s hands under the table clenched into fists.
‘Damn you, old woman, sooner or later,

I will fix you.’ Despite the vicious thought in her mind, Sharon still smiled like a Cheshire cat. “I heard that you all were coming to visit us today. So I have personally made all these for you all. Please give it a try.”

“You are related to the Kooper family and not a maid, yet come to the Kooper family to entertain guests. Are you implying that you will be Mrs. Kooper in the future?” Mrs. Thompson Sr. grunted, her eyes more scathing than the youngsters nowadays.

Sharon was furious inside but still shook her head, trying to please. “Don’t get me wrong. often come over to cook for Gilbert and never thought of it that way.”

“Just shut up, would you?” Madalyn couldn’t help but growl at her. Seeing this, the Thompson family sneered. It had spoiled Madalyn’s good mood, and her face darkened.

Gilbert, however, was making nothing of it, silently having his meal. He was the only one who ate with gusto, and no one else had started.

Meanwhile, on his way back, Davian drove past a park when he spotted a slightly familiar- looking wheelchair.

Chapter 535 No Wonder He Said You Were Pretentious

Davian’s heart skipped a beat.

‘Could it be...Ms. Becker?’ The car had passed the person in the wheelchai

r when he thought of that. He then looked back hastily and said to himself, Oh my, it really is Ms. Becker.

Davian quickly parked the car on the side of the road, got out of the car, and walked toward the person in the wheelchair. “Ms. Becker..”

Kisa turned her head subconsciously when she heard the familiar voice. Not only did she see Davian running toward her, she also saw the silver–gray car behind him. She frowned.” That’s Davian’s car. I’ve seen him drive it before. No wonder it looked so familiar. If that is

Davian’s car, does that mean Gilbert was also in the vehicle when he almost ran into me just now?’

‘It would not be that coincidental, would it?’ Kisa pursed her lips and tried to comfort herself secretly.

‘There’s no way I’d run into that man every time I’m in a terrible state.’ Just as she was thinking about it, Davian had stood before her. “Ms. Becker, why aren’t you home yet? What are you doing out here?” Davian asked while he looked around.

“Nothing. I’m just strolling around.”

Davian laughed in surprise. He was not convinced. “I don’t think there’s much to look at here. Plus, you’re in a wheelchair.” He then looked at the cast on her leg and asked, “Mr. Kooper told me you had a fall. Is it true?”

Kisa’s back stiffened. ‘Why in the world did he tell Davian about the fall?’ She nodded slightly, and Davian frowned. “Not to be rude, Ms. Becker, but it was just a fall. Why are you in a wheelchair? No wonder Mr. Kooper keeps saying that you’re pretentious. Being in a wheelchair is so inconvenient.”

Kisa knew that Gilbert must have been in the car when it was about to hit her upon hearing these words. After all, if Davian were the only person in the car, he would have gotten out and talked to her.

‘Only Gilbert would call me pretentious no matter how badly I was injured.

“He’s right. I am pretentious. I just wanted everyone to know that I hurt my leg,” Kisa chuckled lightly and said. Davian was taken aback. He did not know what to say.

‘Although she’s saying it with a smile, I can still hear the self-mockery and anger behind those words.’

Davian then pursed his lips and smiled at Kisa, “Ms. Becker, it’s getting late. Let me drive you home. It’ll be hard to find a ride at this time of day.” After finishing speaking, Davian pushed Kisa’s wheelchair toward the car. Seeing his enthusiasm, Kisa did not go against it.

‘He’s right. It’s hard to catch a ride at this time. I’ve waited half an hour for a ride,’ she thought. ‘I swear there used to be tons of cabs passing by here. But there were only a few today, and all of them already had passengers.’

Maybe it was a psychological effect, but when Kisa sat in the front passenger seat, she could vaguely smell the faint scent of tobacco that only Gilbert had. “Can I sit in the back?” She asked Davian as she wiggled around uncomfortably.

“Oh, but you’re already here. It’s inconvenient for you to move around, so it’ll be better if you just sit where you are,” Davian said as he started the car.

Kisa lowered her head and sighed, “Forget it. This is fine.” The smell of tobacco lingered on the tip of Kisa’s nose as they drove around. All she could think about was Gilbert, and that made her upset. She rolled down the window, and a gust of cold wind rushed toward her face, blowing the stench away.

“Ms. Becker, it’s winter, you know? Why did you roll down the window? I’m freezing” Davian shivered. Kisa ignored his whine but still rolled the window up a bit. She leaned out the window and asked, “You’re the one who almost hit me with a car this afternoon, right?”

Chapter 536 That’s So Exasperating and Shameful

Davian froze. “But I missed you, didn’t I? Now I’m driving you home, so we’re even,” he said with a smile.

“Gilbert was in the car, right?” Kisa asked again.

Davian nodded subconsciously.

“Yeah. If he didn’t stop me, I would have gotten out of the car to talk to you and give you a ride.

‘He stopped him from coming to talk to me?’ Kisa laughed at herself. She looked outside the window and did not say a word.

“Mr. Kooper said that you’re pretentious for sitting in a wheelchair after such a minor fall, but I don’t believe that, Ms. Becker. Tell me, it was a bad fall, huh? Have you visited the doctor’s yet?”

“I did. The doctor said it wasn’t too serious and should be fine in two days,” Kisa leaned back and replied. “Like I said, the wheelchair is just so everyone can see how weak I am and pity me.”

Davian was speechless at Kisa’s thought process because it was something that normal people would not understand. “Ms. Becker, you should stop using this method to solicit sympathy in the future. Mr. Kooper is really disgusted by it,” he said in a serious tone.

“As if I care what he thinks,” Kisa sneered. Davian shook his head helplessly. ‘It seems that Ms. Becker is different now.’

The car ride was smooth. “Didn’t Gilbert ask you not to drive me around anymore? Aren’t you scared that he’d find out about this ride and cause you trouble?”

“Oh, he doesn’t have the time for that. He’s struggling with the elders of the Thompson family.”

“The Thompson family?” Kisa frowned.

“Yeah, Mr. Kooper’s blind date.”

Kisa then realized that the surname of Gilbert’s blind date was Thompson. ‘Wow. That’s fast. They’re already meeting the family.’

“To be honest, Ms. Thompson is really persistent toward Mr. Kooper. However, Mr. Kooper...”

“We’re here,” Kisa reminded Davian about her stop before he could finish his words.

Davian was taken aback for a moment. He tilted his head and had a look outside. “Oh, we’re actually here. It’s so dark that I didn’t even notice the gate to this place.”

“You can just drop me off here. No need to drive in.”

“It’s fine. I can drive-”

“Kisa!” A familiar voice sounded. Kisa looked over subconsciously and saw Jensen walking toward her. Davian was stunned.

“I see there’s no need for me to drive in now,” he laughed.

Jensen opened the car door and carefully carried Kisa out. At first, she wanted to get out of the car herself, but when Jensen was adamant about something, he was even more stubborn than Gilbert.

Davian quickly pulled the wheelchair out of the trunk. When he saw how Jensen was carrying Kisa, he wanted to say something, but in the end, he did not. “Thanks for the ride,” Kisa said. Davian looked at her and then at Jensen. The distance between the two of them was so close that it was hard not to notice it. “You’re welcome,” he said with a straight face and drove away.

Davian had always felt that Gilbert still cared about Kisa, but she was now with Jensen, which made Davian feel bad for Gilbert. ‘I guess I can’t really match them up now. Otherwise, Mr. Kooper will definitely be the one who gets hurt. Ms. Becker has really become a whole different person. She’s become more heartless and manipulative. Her injury is clearly not that serious, yet she’s in a wheelchair just to gain a man’s sympathy! That’s so exasperating and shameful of her.’ As Davian thought about that, the image of the Kisa he once knew plummeted instantly.

Meanwhile, Jensen pushed Kisa under the streetlamp and stopped.

Chapter 537 A National Treasure

“Where did you go this afternoon? Why was your phone off? Do you have any idea how worried I was?” This was the first time Jensen had ever been mad at Kisa.

Jensen’s dark eyes looked like a dark vortex as he stood in front of Kisa with his back to the light that was not so bright to begin with. It made her feel nervous and pressured. It turns out that people can have many emotions. Even someone as gentlemanly and caring as Jensen can have a dark and ominous side.

Kisa clenched the armrest of the wheelchair, and said, “I didn’t really go anywhere. I just went to the park near the hospital for a walk. Davian happened to pass by the park and saw me, so he decided to drive me home. As for the phone...” She quickly took out her phone from her purse and saw that it was off. “I didn’t realize when the battery died,” Kisa chuckled.

Jensen lost his temper only because he was worried about Kisa. He had always been good at keeping his emotions to himself, but it was different today. He was worried about how Kisa’s leg was doing, and whether she got into an accident or something. It was when he saw her sitting in the car intact, that his worried turned into anger. But no matter how angry he was, his heart softened when he saw the innocent look on Kisa’s face. He then kept quiet, walked around behind her, and continued to push her into the apartment lobby.

The atmosphere was dull and depressing.

“Have you... had your dinner yet?” Kisa licked her chapped lips and asked.

“...No, not yet.”

“Me neither. Let’s have dinner when we get back upstairs?” Kisa smiled.

“Mhm,” Jensen replied.

Kisa could not help but let out a sigh of relief when she noticed there was no trace of anger left in his tone. What’s strange is that I always fought back when it was Gilbert who lost his temper, but it feels like I’m in the wrong when Jensen gets mad at me, and I never dare to say a word.’ Kisa had a sense of respect for Jensen like she was one of his students. She did not li

ke the dull atmosphere, so when she got on the lift, she said, "Is Ms. Fallon's leg doing well?"

"Yes. She can get out of the hospital in a few days and rest up at home."

Kisa nodded. "Have the kids eaten yet?"

"No."

Soon, they've reached their floor. As soon as they entered the door, the children ran over to them. "Ma'am, you're back!" Ada threw herself into Kisa's arms. Andrew frowned and stared at her legs, "Ma'am, what's wrong with your legs? Why are you in a wheelchair?" Blake on *the* other hand, did not say anything. He just stared at her legs.

Kisa gently patted their heads and said, "Don't worry. I'm fine. I just sprained my ankle. I'll be up and about after a few days of rest."

At that time, Lea came out of the kitchen and joked to her, "Kisa, you're about to become a national treasure. Look at how everyone in this room treasures you."

Kisa laughed, "Yeah. I'm so lucky. If these three kids were mine, then I'll be even luckier." Although it was a joke, Jensen's expression changed imperceptibly. Blake glanced at Jensen but stayed silent, while Andrew and Ada stood around Kisa; one on the right, and one on the left. Andrew curled his lips and said, "You can be our mommy right now, but you're the one who doesn't want to."

"Exactly!" Ada pouted, still brooding over Kisa's reluctance to be their mother. "Don't forget our three-year agreement, Ma'am," she added.

'Oh, I almost forgot all about that,' Kisa thought. However, considering the situation between her and Gilbert, the three-year agreement was just a dream.

Jensen then pushed Kisa into the house while Andrew and Ada followed by her side. When Kisa looked at them, she remembered that Gilbert had said that he would bring them back to the Kooper family residence in two days. 'It would be difficult

to meet them in the future if they return to the Kooper family residence,' she thought.

Kisa clenched her fists when the thought of how unlikely it was popped into her mind.

'Should I verify this before they go back to the Kooper family residence?'

Chapter 538 The Maternity Test, Part 1

When Kisa thought about it, her eyes darkened as she looked at Andrew and

Ada. She did not dare to think that these two children were hers. But she could

always hope, especially after she knew that the two of them were born on New

Year's Eve of that particular year. 'I have to verify this before I give up.'

"What are you doing looking at Andrew and Ada like that?" Jensen asked suddenly, pulling Kisa back from her thoughts. She was startled, but she smiled

and said, "N-nothing..."

Jensen patted her head gently and said, "You talk to the kids first. I'll cook."

"Okay," Kisa nodded and rolled the wheelchair to the sofa. She was a little absent-minded because she thought of taking a maternity test with Andrew and

Ada.

Jensen looked at her with a complex emotion behind his eyes and walked toward the kitchen. Lea had prepared the ingredients, so all that was left for Jensen to do was to cook, which saved a lot of time. After half an hour, Jensen

had finished cooking five types of dishes. He put out the dishes one by one and

called Kisa and the children to the table. The children were already hungry.

They rushed to the dining table immediately when they smelled the aroma of the

delicious food in the air.

Jensen carefully filled the kid's plates with food and could not help but call out to

Kisa when he saw that she had not come yet.

Kisa was startled when she heard him call her name. Then, she hurriedly

rolled

over to the table in the wheelchair. Lea looked at her worriedly and asked, "What's wrong, Kisa? Why are you so distracted?" Kisa shook her head and

smiled without saying anything.

"Maybe you're tired. You should eat up and go to bed earlier," Jensen said as he

served her a good plate.

"Yeah." Kisa nodded.

Everyone was quietly eating when Jensen suddenly said, "Kisa, Mr. Tanner had

invited us to the hot spring in a few days. Do you want to go?"

"The hot spring?" Kisa had never soaked in a hot spring before. The weather

was cold, and she wanted to go. "But my ankle hasn't healed yet. Can I still go?"

"Sure."

"Well, okay then. When exactly did he say we could go?"

"Next weekend."

"Can I come?" Lea said excitedly.

"Of course. You're my assistant, of course you can come," Kisa replied.

Suddenly, the three kids put down their chopsticks at the same time. Their actions were so in sync that it looked like someone was controlling their movements with a controller.

Kisa looked at them and found them funny. "What's the matter? Are you guys

full?" The three children shook their heads at the same time, making Kisa amused.

"We want to go to the hot spring too!" Andrew exclaimed.

Hearing that, Kisa subconsciously turned to look at Jensen. Jensen glanced at

the children and said, "Blake can come." Blake immediately clapped his hands

happily while Andrew and Ada pouted unhappily.

"Uncle Jensen, why can't my brother and I go too?" Ada asked in dissatisfaction.

Jensen smiled and put some meat onto her plate. "They've invited your daddy

too. You can ask your daddy to see if he'll go. If he goes, then you go with him.

If he isn't going, then try and ask him to let you come with us.” Kisa was stunned that Adrien had invited Gilbert. If she had known that earlier, she wouldn't have said that she would go. She would rather stay at home than see Gilbert at the hot spring. But it's too late to go back now. 'Ah, whatever. Gilbert never really liked these types of activities anyway. I don't even know if he'd go.”

At night, Kisa tossed and turned as she thought about the maternity test. She could not fall asleep with all her thoughts, so she decided not to sleep. She turned on the wall lamp by the bed and hopped to the drawer by the bed with one foot. When she opened the drawer, there was a small wooden box inside

Chapter 539 The Maternity Test, Part 2

Kisa took the wooden box and sat on the edge of the bed. She opened it up, and there was a ball of toilet paper inside. There were several strands of hair in the toilet paper—the short ones were Andrew's, while the longer ones were Ada's. Kisa had done her research about maternity tests and found that the results from hair DNA were highly accurate. Moreover, she just pulled out these hairs when Andrew and Ada were taking their bath.

Kisa felt an unspeakable trace of anxiousness and anticipation when she held the wooden box in the palm of her hands. She also felt a hint of fear. 'If the maternity test proves that the two children aren't mine, I'll stop imagining myself as their mother. But if they really are my children, then how should I deal with the blood feud between Gilbert and I?' Kisa was in turmoil all night. 'Honestly, I'd be willing to let go of the past and the fire that happened five years ago if they really are my kids. I'd even be willing to forgive that man,' she thought. Kisa thought about what would happen all night, so she did get even an

ounce of sleep.

The next morning, she heard noises coming from the kitchen, the voices of the children talking and laughing. For a moment, she thought it was Gilbert who was making breakfast. It was not until she heard Jensen's voice that she remembered Jensen had asked for the key to her place last night to take care of things for her.

'He must be here to make breakfast for the kids and send them to school later.'

Although Kisa was awake, she did not move. She felt extremely tired, but she could not fall asleep, so she listened to the noise outside trying to figure out what they were doing.

After an unknown amount of time, she heard the front door opening. Then, there was the sound of the door closing. The apartment slowly became quiet once again.

Kisa stared blankly at the ceiling and decided to get out of bed. She was not feeling great due to not sleeping the whole night.

But since she was set about the maternity test, she had to do it as soon as possible to calm her restless heart.

When she left the room, she saw the note on the clean dining table, "I'm off to send the kids to school. There's warm breakfast in the pot. Remember to eat it.

Don't go anywhere. I'll take you to the hospital for a check-up when I return."

Jensen's handwriting was somewhat similar to Gilbert's, but the former's handwriting was much smoother compared to the latter, whose handwriting showed persistence.

Kisa wheeled to the kitchen and took her breakfast out of the pot. There was a glass of soy milk, a sandwich, and a hardboiled egg. Kisa returned to the dining table and started eating. As she was gobbling down the food, she thought of

how she was going to go to the hospital later. She did not want to go to the hospital with Jensen because of the maternity test. She did not want to let anyone know about it. Kisa then lowered her gaze and looked at her ankle. Although the swelling had subsided a little, it still looked quite swollen. I might as well just catch a cab in this wheelchair later,' she sighed helplessly, knowing that she might not be able to drive a car in her condition. To prevent Jensen from coming along, she finished her breakfast in a few bites and put the wooden box—which also contained her own hair—into her bag. She had put it in when she got out of bed. She put the bag on her lap and rolled the wheelchair toward the door. As soon as she reached the door, she heard a knock coming from the other side.

Chapter 540 Waiting

She slightly furrowed her brows and thought, 'Jensen wouldn't return so quickly. On second thought, Jensen has the keys to this house. If he came home, he also wouldn't need to knock on the door.' She held onto her wheelchair and stood up on a single foot to go open the door. Following the opening of the door, Lea appeared by the entrance of the door with a full smile on her face, "Kisa, I'm here. Is your leg getting better?" Lea even brought some fruits and snacks over. Kisa sat back into the wheelchair, looking at her incredulously, "why'd you come?" The Legend of Luna was done with filming, so Lea had the equivalent of a long holiday, she usually had nothing to do, so she would not come over. Besides, she also had rented another house elsewhere and no longer lived with her. Lea carried the snacks and fruits back in, "I was worried about you. I know Mr. Kooper has to send the kids to school and be busy with the affairs at the

company. | was afraid he would not have the time to take care of you, so | came over.

Besides, your legs are disabled. It'd be inconvenient for you to go anywhere by yourself. | came over to accompany you and cure your boredom. If you have anything to do, tell me and I'll do it instead."

Kisa, upon hearing this, felt warmth in her heart. That way, she would only need

to hail a cab by the roadside with difficulty. She would be okay with Lea sending her to the hospital.

She spoke to Lea, " My leg needs a follow-up check today. Could you send me

to the hospital?" Lea repeatedly nodded her head, " Alright."

Arriving at the hospital, Kisa did not go to the orthopedic department.

Instead,

she went to the forensics department. Lea followed behind her all the way while

pushing her wheelchair, her face filled with puzzlement.

"Kisa, isn't this the wrong department?" Kisa shook her head, she then pressed

on the wheels of the wheelchair, forcing it to a stop. She gave it a thought, but

she still decided to tell Lea the truth, since they have already arrived at the hospital. Kisa was even going to give the doctor that strand of her hair for the

paternity test and Lea would be by her side the entire time, so it would be almost impossible to hide the truth from her.

"Lea, actually... | came here for the main purpose of wanting to do a forensic verification."

Lea stared at Kisa, confused, " What kind of verification?"

"| suspect... Andrew and Ada are my children," Kisa said.

"What?" Lea shouted wide-eyed, she gulped, as if trying to digest the information.

Kisa looked at her shocked look and couldn't help but find it funny, " You don't

have to be so dramatic. As | said, | only suspect."

Lea gulped down her saliva, " Based on what you said, are you thinking of doing

a maternity test for Ada and Andrew?"

Kisa nodded her head, "Regardless of the result, having my doubts answered

will stop me from obsessing over it. It'll be a weight off my mind.

Lea pursed her lips, and her silent expression signaled she had something to

say, but she kept silent.

Kisa looked at the time with a slight delay, and it had reached half past nine.

She pulled at Lea's arm, " Quickly, give the doctor this hair first, then we will

talk."

"Mhm..." Lea nodded her head and hastily pushed her toward the forensics

department.

Reaching the forensics department, Lea said, " Kisa, I'll go to the washroom

first. You can go in and talk with the doctor about the situation yourself."

"Mhm, go quickly then." Watching Lea walk toward the toilet, Kisa pushed her

wheelchair toward the forensics department's offices.

Entering the forensics office, Kisa first spoke to the doctor about her situation

and gave the wooden box to the doctor. The doctor took out some forms for her

to fill in. she needed to fill in all the essential information for the person being

evaluated. After waiting for her to fill in the data, the doctor informed her to come back at two in the afternoon to take the results.

'Wait again!' Kisa thought, and her mood couldn't help but feel slightly restless.

Walking out from the forensics office, Lea had yet to come back. Kisa waited for

a while longer, but still had yet to see her. She pushed her wheelchair and rushed toward the washroom.

Suddenly, she heard someone yell her name.

"Kisa!"

