

Reborn Through Fire By Kazuya Higan

Chapter 661 – 670

Chapter 661 I Will Be Waiting

Andrew quickly handed him the phone.

Gilbert took a look. His tightly furrowed brow slowly eased up. Even the gloom on his face slowly dissipated.

[On Christmas Eve, bring Andrew and Ada over after your great-grandma falls asleep. I'll be waiting for you all.]

'Was she hesitating because she was wary about Grandma and not because she disliked us disturbing her and Jensen?' With this thinking in mind, he no longer felt upset. He handed the phone back to Andrew with a smile on his face. "Come on, let's go over for dinner. I will take you to ma'am's place on Christmas Eve."

Andrew and Ada looked at each other, both having puzzled looks on their faces.

On Christmas Eve, it's customary for all the families to have a family gathering, yet Davian was alone in his apartment playing online games. What killed the buzz was that the other players were all couples. He quit after just one round, then put down his phone, feeling depressed. As he looked out the window at the brightly lit city, he suddenly felt a sense of loneliness.

He had worked for Gilbert for years and even forgotten about getting a girlfriend. As his parents' home was too far away, he could not find someone to drink with on occasions like this. His phone suddenly rang, jolting him out of his thoughts, and he quickly picked it up. Usually, whenever he saw Gilbert calling, he would behave cautiously. But today, the caller ID of Mr. Kooper on the screen looked extraordinarily kind. As he answered the phone, a giggle accompanied his softened tone of voice.

Gilbert glanced at his phone in puzzlement. "Davian?" He thought he had the wrong number.

"Yes, Mr. Kooper. It is me."

"Talk nicely, and don't giggle."

"Okay." Davian put away his smile and asked in a serious tone, "What can I do for you, Mr. Kooper?"

"Didn't I ask you to find out the whereabouts of the women's prison personnel a few days ago? Any news?"

Davian pouted. He thought that Gilbert was calling to ask him for a drink. After all, Gilbert was also single.

"Hello?" Gilbert impatiently frowned when he did not get a response from Davian.

"There is no definite news yet, but there are clues. So far, there are leads to two female jailers," Davian quickly said.

"Can you find out exactly where they are before Christmas?"

"After Christmas, maybe?" Davian was going to cry, as it was only five days before Christmas. There was not enough time.

"Try your best," Gilbert said.

"I will, Mr. Kooper."

"Are you going back home this Christmas? You may take a break after this is over."

“No, no, no... I don't need a break. My parents will pressure me to get married if I go home. I don't want to go back.”

Gilbert smiled. “All right. I will introduce you to the right girl when I see one.”

Davian was all smiles. “Thank you, Mr. Kooper. Thank you, Mr. Kooper. You are the best boss in the world.”

‘Brown noser.’ Gilbert smiled and hung up the phone. He got up and went to the window, looking out at the lights, his mind drifting back to the time when he and Kisa were stuck in the cave.

It was a horrible place, and he almost died in the cave. But he missed those days immensely. Every time he recalled Kisa's persistence in saving him, her laying on him, murmuring that she would not leave him behind no matter what, her saying she believed in him, his heart felt warm. These days, he missed her terribly. But he was afraid that if he saw her, she would become as cold and hateful to him as before. He realized that, in the end, he was also a coward. Still looking out at the city lights of Calthon, he wondered which one of the lights was hers and what she was doing now.

He took out his cell phone and swiped his fingers over the familiar string of numbers, wanting to dial them several times but dismissing the idea because of the concerns in his mind.

‘She should be having a happy Christmas dinner with Jensen. In that case, I shouldn't disturb her, spoiling their mood and pissing her off. Heh, when did I become so cautious with her?’

He sat in the recliner, staring at the stars in the sky with fascination. His mind was flooded with her face. He raised his hand, placed it on his forehead, and forced a smile,

thinking he would probably lose sleep again tonight.

On Christmas Eve, an upscale bistro was full to the brim.

When Jensen arrived, Adrien was already there. Adrien

was not the only one there; there was another person:

Peter.

Chapter 662 We're Not... Related

Jensen slightly frowned when he saw Peter. "You're here too."

Peter smiled inexplicably and said naturally, "I'll have a meal with Uncle Adrien every Christmas Eve. Why? Don't you know it?" He slightly curled his lips, showing a little

of his devilish side.

Jensen stayed quiet and just sat down at the dining table. His face did not look well. He said to Adrien, "Why did you call me here?"

Adrien straightened up and said, "Dinner first. Today is the Advent. Let's have a good meal together."

Jensen sneered. Adrien's words somehow seemed

ridiculous and ironic to him. He stood up and said, "I've eaten. I'm going back if there's nothing else."

"Stop!" Adrien's face darkened. He tugged on his tie irritably and said coldly to Jensen, "I just want you to have a meal with me. Is it that difficult?"

"Someone is here eating with you," Jensen snickered and glanced at Peter.

Peter was puzzled. "Isn't it just a meal? Why do you need to make it so complicated?"

Suddenly, all the good mood for the meal was gone.

The vibe in their private room was depressed and tight, while others were having a joyful Advent.

Peter could no longer tolerate it as he flicked the ashes between his fingers, stood up, and said to Jensen, "I know I'm displeasing to your eyes. Well, I'll leave. You

can have a good dinner with Uncle Adrien."

Peter was not hungry at all. He would rather go to find

Jolina instead of having dinner here if he had the time to

spare.

"Come back!"

Unexpectedly, Adrien stopped Peter suddenly when he had just taken two steps toward the door. Adrien watched him grow up, often teaching him to read and write when he was younger. So, he still respected Adrien and stopped walking when Adrien called him.

"Sit down and have dinner with me." Adrien waved at

him. He was not saying it in a commanding tone but with

a touch of kindness.

Jensen sneered again, "I won't be bothering you anymore. Enjoy your dinner."

Peter was speechless.

'Is Jensen crazy? Isn't it just a meal? Why does he have to be jealous?'

Suddenly, Jensen remembered what happened in Kerrona Hill when he was about to leave. After hesitating for a few seconds, he still asked Adrien, "How do you plan to deal with Gilbert next?"

"Get out of here if you're not eating. Stop asking around."

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Adrien was holding back his anger. He could not help but yell at him immediately when hearing Jensen's question.

Jensen did not bother to ask. He turned around and left without giving a single goodbye.

Adrien was furious. He threw the napkin on the table irritably and lost all his appetite.

With doubt in his heart, Peter glanced at Adrien and asked, "Uncle Adrien, what is your relationship with Jensen?"

'I only know Jensen used to work under Uncle Adrien. But

I discovered at Kerrona Hill that their relationship wasn't simply superior-subordinate.'

Adrien lit a cigarette and leaned back on the chair. The anger on his face had subsided a lot. He stared at the

slammed private room door and said casually, "We are not... related."

Anthony hurried over as soon as Jensen left.

"Mr. Tanner, the people under Gilbert are investigating the whereabouts of the jailer back then. Aren't you planning to deal with them?"

Peter looked at both of them inexplicably. He could not understand what they were talking about.

Adrien was smoking a cigarette casually with an expression that he was in control of everything. "Let him

investigate. The sooner he gets the result, the better.”

Anthony raised his eyebrows. “Why? Mr. Tanner, do you have a plan?”

Adrien remained silent for a while before smiling unfathomably.

Chapter 663 Give Him Anything Except for Women

The streets were full of people, and many were engaged in entertainment activities in large squares, livening the atmosphere.

Jensen walked on the street alone quietly, as if he was out of tune with the hustle and bustle around him.

Unconsciously, he walked to the gate of the Kooper residence.

In his memory, he only felt the Christmas spirit in this villa.

‘Gilbert, Grandma, and I will always have Christmas

dinner together at that time. Although only three of us were there, we didn’t feel lonely. Grandma will prepare a

gift for each of us on Advent. I was always so excited when I received her gift, and I stayed up for the whole night.’

Flashes of childhood memory entered his mind as he arrived in front of the gate to the courtyard. The gate was half-opened, with someone already in the yard.

Jensen

saw Madalyn when he raised his head. Subconsciously turning back to the direction he came

from, Madalyn’s call stopped Jensen. Madalyn and George were chatting in the yard, but Madalyn’s face

darkened when she saw Jensen's arrival.

She walked over with a cane. The kindness on her face had long since disappeared. Madalyn's tone still

concealed her disappointment with him, "What else are you here for, checking if you killed Gilbert?"

Jensen kept his back toward Madalyn and remained silent, but his hands on the side slightly tightened.

"I'll make Gilbert know your true colors. Forget about ever hurting him again."

Madalyn still held a grudge for Jensen's refusal to pick

the fruit. She felt particularly resentful toward the man in front of her when she thought her grandson had almost

died.

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Jensen lowered his eyes and smiled, calmly saying, "Sorry, I came to the wrong place." He left without looking

back after he finished.

Madalyn opened her mouth, but no words could be spoken.

When Gilbert ran down in a hurry, Jensen's figure had long been out of sight. He turned around and looked at

Madalyn, "What's going on? Why did Jensen leave?"

"Why do you still care about a brother who wants you dead?"

‘George had told me about the incident of picking fruit,
but I don’t trust it.’

Gilbert followed Madalyn into the yard and said in a firm tone, “He definitely will pick the fruit for me if he knows

I urgently need the fruit. If the situation were reversed, I’d definitely pick the fruit for him, even if I have to go through heaven and earth.”

Madalyn almost fainted from anger after she heard Gilbert. “You fool! Treating him with sincerity doesn’t mean he would reciprocate. From his point of view, you’re the enemy who robbed him of his woman and property.”

Gilbert lowered his eyes and said casually, “I’m willing to give him anything he wants except for women.”

Madalyn was furious with him. “Just wait and see. He’s the same as his father. He’ll never be content with the status quo.”

Suddenly, Gilbert looked at Madalyn with sadness. “I remember you liked him a lot when I was younger. But why are you always doubtful of him nowadays? Have you ever thought he just came to see you, and what you said may have hurt him?”

“I...” Madalyn was at a loss for words.

Gilbert whispered, “There were many opportunities if he wanted to kill me. He doesn’t have to send you such a message.” Gilbert entered the villa after he finished.

Madalyn stood in the yard and felt a little lost.

The surface of the river shimmered. Jensen held a bottle of wine and leaned against the fence on the riverbank. He took a sip of the wine and laughed grimly.

‘Everyone thinks I’m a bad guy. So, I’ll be the bad guy, okay?’

Time flew by, and Christmas Eve came as soon as Advent was over. Kisa got up early in the morning, cleaned up the house, then began to list the things she was going to buy today.

‘I made an appointment with Jensen and Mia to make dumplings on Christmas Eve. I must buy the wrappers and fillings. Besides, the couplets and decorations must be bought so we can decorate,’ thought Kisa as she took a pen and listed it on the paper, only finalizing the long to-buy list after a while.

Kisa then changed into a thick sweater and ran into Blake when she was about to go out. Blake came out of the house alone, face full of sadness.

Chapter 664 Do You Want to Kill Me?

Kisa’s heart sank. She squatted in front of Blake hurriedly and asked, “Blake, what’s wrong?”

Blake pursed his lips and showed a note to Kisa. “Ma’am, dad and mom are gone.”

‘Gone?’

Kisa frowned fiercely and looked at the note hastily.

[Kisa, I’m sorry. Please help me to take care of Blake again. I have to go back to Raworth to deal with something. See you next year – Jensen.]

‘It’s strange. Is there something happening in Raworth during Christmas?’

Kisa led Blake into the house without thinking much of it. "Don't be sad. I'll stay with you to celebrate Christmas this year."

Blake sniffled and sat on the couch, bravely withholding his tears. Kisa took out her phone and sent Jensen a message after settling him down.

[Leave taking care of Blake to me while you focus on resolving your affairs. Merry Christmas, Jensen.]

Mia snickered and looked at the line of words lit up on the screen of Jensen's phone in the darkened room. "It seems she really trusts you. She would believe whatever you say."

Jensen turned off his phone and leaned against the window to smoke.

Mia curled her lip and snorted, "Don't be cheated by her innocent face. She's actually scheming. She only wished you a Merry Christmas, yet I received nothing. No wonder she can have a close relationship with men. After all, she only cares about guys." Suddenly, her phone rang just as

she was talking. She lowered her eyes subconsciously and smiled at Jensen in embarrassment after a while, "Let's pretend I said nothing."

Jensen totally ignored her and just stared out the window blankly.

Mia glanced at his lonely side face and said in disgust, "I really can't understand you. You obviously wanted to

spend this Christmas Eve with her, so why are you hiding out here?"

"Just go back if you want. I didn't ask you to follow."

“You!” Mia glared at him resentfully.

‘This man is ungrateful. I was just afraid he would be lonely. So, I ran out to hide in this dark room with him on Christmas Eve. In the end, all I received were those sarcastic words.’

Mia stared at the distress between Jensen’s eyebrows for a while. She whispered, “Are you afraid?”

Jensen frowned and looked at her coldly.

His look confirmed her suspicion even more.

“We never had a good Christmas Eve for so many years. You’re afraid this Christmas Eve will be too warm and

wonderful, making you overindulge in this kind of warmth and pleasure that does not belong to you. That’s why you choose to avoid it, right?”

Jensen smoked more intensely, aggressively exhaling as

if trying to expel his suppressed anger together with the smoke. “Sometime s, it’s bad to know too many things.”

Mia sneered, “So what? Do you want to kill me?”

Jensen withdrew his gaze and continued looking out the window with his in different eyes.

Mia stared at his cold side face and felt uncomfortable.

‘I knew this man always longed for warmth. I could give it to him, but it was a pity that what he wants isn’t this.’

Kisa’s Christmas Eve dinner seemed a little lonely

without Jensen and Mia. Blake was unhappy and in a bad mood as. He did not even eat the dishes that Kisa gave him.

Kisa thought for a moment and said to Blake, "Why don't we have a video call with Andrew and Ada and ask when they will come?"

Kisa's phone rang as soon as she said this.

Chapter 665 He Can't Understand

It was a video call request sent by Andrew.

Kisa answered quickly and handed the phone to Blake.

"Blake!" It was Ada's sweet and soft voice which was pleasant to hear.

Kisa dragged a chair, sat beside Blake, and looked at the cute face in the video. "Ada, have you taken your

Christmas Eve dinner?"

"Yeah, I've eaten. The servants are on vacation today. So, Daddy cooked us delicious food."

"Ma'am!" Andrew came over too. "Have you two eaten?"

"We're eating now." Kisa took another dish for Blake and asked him to eat.

Blake's mood lightened after the video call with Andrew

started. He was finally willing to enjoy the meal,

swallowing the food and asking Andrew, "When are you coming over?"

Andrew thought for a while, then shook his head. "Great-grandma hasn't slept yet. So, we don't know when we will be able to go there."

"Where's daddy?"

Kisa was eating. Suddenly, she was startled when she

heard Blake's question. Then, she thought it might be the easier way for kids to communicate.

Indeed, Andrew did not notice anything wrong and replied directly, "Daddy is accompanying great-grandma. He said he would bring us there when great-grandma fell asleep."

"Okay. Ma'am and I will wait for you."

In Madalyn's room of the Kooper's residence.

Gilbert sat by the bed and chatted with Madalyn patiently.

Madalyn leaned on the bed's headboard while holding onto Gilbert's hand. Her face was full of kindness. "I remember you and Jensen liked Christmas the most when the both of you were young."

"I was naive and easily contented when I was younger," Gilbert responded softly to Madalyn.

Madalyn smiled and nodded, "Yeah. The both of you were easily content when you were younger. At that time, a gift from me could make Jensen happy for many days."

"I think he's happy because you gave him the gift but not the gift itself."

Madalyn stopped talking immediately. She looked at the bright lights outside the window, and her eyes were full of tears.

'There'll always be some mixed emotions in the hearts when people get older.'

Gilbert patted her hand. "Grandma, do you want to sleep? I'll stay with you here."

Madalyn nodded and lay down under the blanket with his

support. She did not sleep but stared at Gilbert without blinking. It seemed her grandson would disappear as soon as she closed her eyes.

Gilbert sat back on the chair and held her hand.

Grandma, go to sleep. I'll go out when you fall asleep."

Madalyn still did not sleep and just looked at him silently. After a long time, she suddenly said, "Do you know why I don't agree with you being with Kisa?"

Gilbert's back stiffened and he waited for her to continue.

"Because she has caused you to lose many things. Her existence will only hurt you. I don't allow you to be with

her for your own good and to prevent you from being hurt in the future."

Gilbert pursed his lips and remained silent.

Madalyn said urgently, "I won't harm you. Listen to me and break up with her. Otherwise, you'll have a meltdown

when you know the truth."

"What truth?" Gilbert asked her.

Madalyn did not clearly spell it out but only continued in a worrying tone, "I won't force you to do anything if you don't know the truth for your whole life. I'm just afraid you will know it one day. Do you understand?"

Gilbert shook his head. He really cannot understand. He wanted for more details, but Madalyn was unwilling to say anything.

The room was silent, only the sound of the clock ticking.

Madalyn's smooth breathing soon arose after a while. Gilbert stared at her old appearance for a long time, tucked her quilt, got up, and left. Madalyn's sudden

rambling came from behind him when he walked out of

the door.

Chapter 666 Don't Be With Her

“Listen to me. Don’t be with her. Never be with her.”

Gilbert put his hand on the doorknob. He turned his head to look at Madalyn and then walked out quietly.

He pressed against the cold door and remained silent for a long time after closing the door. He felt bitter, unable to understand why Madalyn rejected his relationship with Kisa.

‘Grandma was the one who supported us most for being together at the beginning. What happened? What is the truth that she kept saying?’

Gilbert turned around and leaned against the door in annoyance.

Madalyn’s rambling haunted his ears.

‘I don’t want to make grandma sad, but I couldn’t lose Kisa either.’

Blake kept staring at the clock on the wall. Finally, he

could not

wait any longer when the hour hand pointed to ten o’clock. He said to Kisa, “Ma’am, why don’t we go to them?”

Kisa resigned.

‘Kids act based on impulse.’

They needed to go to Kooper’s residence if they wanted to

find Gilbert, yet Madalyn would kick them out if they were found out.

Kisa had prepared all kinds of fillings and coins of different sizes, cleaning up the dining table and placing the ravioli wrappers and fillings on it.

She just realized it was already ten o’clock, sitting on a chair swiping her phone while waiting for Gilbert when Blake suddenly said.

Christmas Eve would end in two hours.

'Could it be Mrs. Kooper Sr didn't want to go to sleep and was waiting for the countdown?'

Kisa asked Blake, "Are you hungry? Should I make some ravioli for you?"

Blake

shook his head. His face was full of disappointment and sadness. The more he thought of Jensen and Mia's sudden departure and Gilbert and Andrew's absence, the sadder he felt.

Finally, Blake could not hold back any longer and cried to Kisa, "It's clearly agreed that we would play games

together on Christmas Eve. Mom, dad, and even Uncle Gilbert broke the promise. Andrew and Ada also lied as well. Boo hoo! Didn't we already agree?" His voice was full of grievance and sadness.

Kisa's heart was about to break when she heard this. It

was the first time she saw Blake cry. He has always seemed mature, but deep down, he was just a child. He would loudly cry when he was sad and wronged.

Kisa hurried over to hug him. "Blake, it's okay. I'm here. I'll play games with you if they don't come. I'll

accompany you on Christmas Eve and the countdown. I'll always stay with you."

"I just... want us to be together," Blake cried as his

shoulders twitched.

Kisa felt sad and hugged him even tighter.

Just then, the doorbell rang.

Kisa was overjoyed. She said to Blake hurriedly, "It must be Andrew and the others." Blake rushed over to open the door as soon as she finished. He did not even wipe the

tears off his face.

Gilbert was standing outside the door holding two kids as the door opened.

He was stunned for a moment while seeing Blake's red eyes. "What's wrong?"

Blake stayed quiet and just stared at him closely.

Gilbert smiled at him, "Tell me. Who bullied you? I'll avenge you." However, Blake pouted as he leaped into Gilbert's arms and hugged his waist tightly.

Gilbert was stunned and was a little for words.

Blake let go after a long time. He sobbed, "I thought you wouldn't come over."

Gilbert smiled and pinched his face, "I'll definitely come since I promised." He led the children into the house after he finished.

Suddenly, an unpleasant and piercing sound came from the room after they passed through the entrance.

Chapter 667 You Taught That Thing To Curse Me?

"Pig-brained! Pig-brained!"

'Pig-brained?'

Gilbert's expression immediately darkened as he narrowed his eyes, his gaze instantly cast at the direction of the voice.

He then saw a woman trying to stuff a rag into a parrot's mouth. The parrot screamed and shouted happily as it dodged about.

Gilbert snorted, "And here I was wondering why were you so kind as to invite me to pass Christmas Eve with me. It turned out you taught that thing to curse me, huh?"

"No, I didn't teach it that!" Kisa tried to explain. Oh, how she wished she had turned that parrot into a roasted fowl.

Gilbert clearly did not buy that and said mockingly, "Bah, you dared to teach it how to curse at someone, but you dare not admit the deed."

Kisa was speechless.

She gave up trying to explain. The parrot was right. Gilbert was pig-brained.

The three kids had already started playing the moment they stepped into the house.

When Gilbert got into the house, he realized that the place was a little deserted.

He looked around the house and somewhat awkwardly asked, "It's just you at home?"

"What? Is Blake not a person now?!" Kisa retorted as she went to the dining table and away from him.

For some reason, seeing this man after so long made her feel a little awkward.

Particularly, the scene of them both being trapped in the cave was still fresh in her mind, and the more she thought about it, the more embarrassed she felt.

Gilbert circled around the house and confirmed that Jensen was not around.

He could not help but ask her, "Where's he?"

'Didn't she say she would spend Christmas Eve with Jensen and Mia?' 'Why are she and Blake the only ones in the house then?'

'Could it be that she wants to spend Christmas Eve alone with me? So that's why she sent Jensen and Mia away first?'

Just as he was thinking about that, he heard the woman say flatly, "Jensen went back to Raworth. He said

something about some work to be done. He'll be back after the New Year."

"...Oh."

Gilbert gave a sullen response.

'No wonder Jensen wasn't around. I was the one who was overthinking things.'

"Uh..." Kisa still felt a little awkward. She then arranged the ravioli wrappers and asked, without even looking up, "Have Andrew and Ada eaten?"

"They have."

"Oh, I see."

"But they had their dinner early, so they should be

hungry soon enough.”

Kisa was taken aback a little. “Then let’s make some ravioli and boil them up later?”

“Okay.”

She did not expect Gilbert to agree so readily, and Kisa was again taken aback.

When the three children heard they would make ravioli, they quickly ran over.

“Daddy, do you know how to make ravioli?” Ada leaned on the dining table and gave Gilbert a suspicious look.

Gilbert snorted. “Are you doubting your Daddy?”

Ada covered her mouth and sniggered. “Daddy, I can tell you don’t know how to make ravioli.”

Gilbert did not want to take that lying down, so he rolled up his sleeves and wanted to start straight away.

Kisa quickly stopped him. “Wash your hands. The three of you, too, wash your hands.”

The children followed obediently as they went to wash their hands with Gilbert.

Taking advantage of the time, Kisa tried to make a ravioli herself.

Just as she stuffed the coin into the ravioli, to her dismay, she found that the wrappers had shrunk and could not

wrap the coin filling at all.

She smacked herself for forgetting that she needed a larger wrapper for the coin ravioli she wanted to make.

Fortunately, there was still flour in the cabinet.

She quickly rushed into the kitchen and looked for a large stainless-steel bowl. She then poured a packet of flour into it before adding water and started kneading.

Gilbert looked at what she was doing in confusion, "What are you doing?"

"Kneading the dough, of course." Kisa walked over and stuffed the bowl into his arms. "You have the strength. You do it."

Chapter 668 You Threw Yourself Into Me On Purpose

Gilbert was speechless.

"Hurry up. I want to make the ravioli wrappers," Seeing that Gilbert just standing there, Kisa could not help but to urge him again.

The children could not wait to make ravioli already.

Kisa then got them to test it with the store-bought ravioli wrappers instead.

Sure enough, aside from Blake's pretty decent work, both

Andrew and Ada had no idea how to make one.

Soon, Gilbert was done kneading the dough.

He hid one hand behind him as he handed the bowl to her with another.

Looking at the glistening dough, she could not help but

praise him. "Not bad, but..." She looked at the white soup bowl with the dough and asked, "Why did you change the bowl?"

"Dough doesn't stick to porcelain, so it's good for kneading."

Gilbert said with a straight face.

Kisa did not doubt him and continued to ask, "What are you hiding behind you?"

"Nothing."

Gilbert turned around and walked to the living room.

In the end, Kisa did not manage to catch sight of what he was hiding behind him.

She frowned and thought that something was up.

She placed the dough on the table and then quietly followed Gilbert.

She then saw Gilbert squatting by the door, tossing the dough from the earlier stainless-steel bowl into the garbage bag.

The dough no longer looked like a dough, rather they looked more like flour slush.

Kisa was speechless.

When Gilbert tossed away the wasted flour dough into the garbage bag, he caught sight of Kisa.

With a straight face, he told her, "That dough is ruined,

so I took another bag and made you a new one.”

Kisa then said with a half-smile, “Why didn’t you tell me you didn’t know how to knead?”

Fortunately for them, she had an extra bag of flour in the cabinet, but what if she did not have extras?

Gilbert responded succinctly, “Did you even give me a chance to speak? Didn’t you leave straight after handing the bowl to me?”

The cat caught Kisa’s tongue once again.

‘Ah, forget it. This man will always have an excuse to deflect blame whenever he does something wrong.’

However, seeing that his second attempt at kneading went so well, she did not want to be calculative with him anymore.

“Let’s go make some ravioli.”

Gilbert was following behind Kisa, and she suddenly stopped and turned around.

Sure enough, she bumped straight into his arms. Gilbert looked at Kisa with his deep gaze.

It was as if to tell her you ran into my arms on purpose.

Kisa straightened herself and stepped back from Gilbert’s arms as she looked at him embarrassedly. “You.. you have flour on your face.”

Hearing that, Gilbert reflexively used his hand to wipe his face. As he already had flour on his hands, that wiping motion caused spots that were originally clean to have flour all over them.

Kisa looked at him in exasperation. "Wipe your hand first before you wipe your face."

So, Gilbert patted his hands together and dusted the flour off his hands before wiping the flour off his face. His action did not get the right spots and instead blanketed his face full of flour.

Kisa was left totally speechless.

"Ah, forget it. Let me help you."

As Kisa said that, she put one hand on his shoulder and tiptoed as she used another hand to slowly wipe the flour off his face little by little. When she got close, Gilbert caught the whiff of fragrance from her faint yet nice-smelling bath wash.

Gilbert's gaze deepened, and his eyes subconsciously trained on her neckline.

Her neck was very thin, and the slightly exposed clavicle looked small and delicate.

He was so entranced that he suddenly realized that he had never looked at her properly.

Even if they had had such intimate contact before, he had never been familiar with her body.

"Gilbert Kooper!"

Chapter 669 So You're Still A Perv

Just as he was engrossed in staring at her neckline, Kisa's angry voice rang out.

He quickly snapped back to reality and looked away with a straight face.

Kisa was both embarrassed and angry. She did not realize that this man was still a pervert.

The three children made quite a number of ravioli using the store-bought wrappers, but they were so strange looking that no one could recognize that they were ravioli without being told.

Kisa then brought the rolling pin and a rolling board over.

She put the store-bought wrappers aside and said to the children, "I'll be making the wrappers now, so all of you will be using the wrappers I made to make the ravioli, okay?"

The three kids nodded at the same time.

As Kisa said that, she took a coin from a small bowl and placed them together with the original filling.

Gilbert said in disdain, "Those coins are so filthy. Can you even eat it?"

"I've already washed them." Kisa rolled her eyes at him. She then mixed the coins into the filling and added, "Thoroughly."

This was the first time the children saw a coin-filling ravioli and their eyes glistened with anticipation as they watched Kisa make one.

Gilbert smiled as he shook his head. It won't be fun when they bite into the coin later on.

Kisa soon mixed the two and started rolling out the ravioli wrappers.

Seeing that Gilbert was laying lazily on the sofa playing on his phone, she shouted at him, "Weren't you interested in making them? Get over here!"

"You guys go ahead first. I'll come over later." Gilbert was looking at the ravioli wrappers guide on the phone and responded without even looking up.

Ada immediately grinned at Kisa, "Auntie, Daddy

definitely doesn't know how to make ravioli. Let's not let him make a fool of himself."

"...Oh." Kisa nodded and patted Ada's little bun. "And still, Ada's good. Look. Her ravioli may not look right, but

it is well sealed."

Ada was embarrassed as she looked at Blake and

Andrew's handiwork.

Although one could tell Andrew's ravioli were one, it looked more like seashells as they lay on the table.

Only Blake's ravioli looked the part as they were arranged neatly on the tray.

Kisa quickly rolled out a few more big ravioli wrapper sheets.

She then told the three, "These wrappers are larger and much bouncier. Just make whatever shape you want."

"Can I make a bunny?" Ada immediately asked.

Kisa nodded. "Of course, as long as you can make one."

So, the three took a sheet each and started to make ravioli of their favorite shapes.

At this moment, Gilbert walked over.

He sat beside Kisa, took two sheets, and placed them in front of him.

Seeing that, Kisa immediately said, "You might as well go back to the sofa. Don't you dare ruin my wrappers."

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Gilbert snorted and then started to make the ravioli without saying a word.

His fingers were long and his palms wide, and the ravioli looked relatively small in his hands.

She saw him take a spoonful of filling and place them on the wrapper. A few deft presses later, a full and beautiful

ravioli was made.

Kisa's eyes widened as she asked Ada with her eyes. 'Didn't you say your Daddy don't know how to make ravioli?'

Ada, too was surprised. "Daddy, since when did you know how to make ravioli?"

"There isn't anything that Daddy doesn't know!"

The man's nose was up in the heavens, and he even deliberately placed that plump ravioli in front of Kisa.

Kisa rolled her eyes and mumbled, "What's so great about that? How about you try and make a tortelloni

then?"

Chapter 670 Fireworks

She muttered in a low voice, yet Gilbert still heard everything clearly.

The man smiled, his eyebrow raised as he grabbed another sheet.

He took another spoonful of filling and put them onto the wrapper. A few deft finger movements later, a filled, very nice-looking tortelloni appeared before everyone.

Kisa was totally stunned. “You learned how to make that before?”

“Do you even need to learn this? Just stuff that you can pick up with a glance. The man said so proudly and gleefully.

Kisa snorted, “Well, well, aren’t you capable.”

“Daddy, teach me how to make a bunny.”

“I want to make a tortoise.”

Blake hesitated for a few seconds before chiming in, “Uncle Gilbert, teach me how to make a cat, please.”

The three children immediately surrounded Gilbert.

Gilbert frowned and was speechless. “A bunny? Tortoise? A... cat?”

Seeing the man’s confused look, Kisa could not help but add salt to the wound, “Didn’t you just claim to be omnipotent? Aren’t those things you’ll know with just a glance?”

“How are these animals the same as ravioli?”

“What’s the difference? You can make them with dough.” Kisa smiled back at him. ‘Just see how you are still gleeful

after this.’

Ada was excited. “Daddy, I want to make a bunny!”

Blake wanted a cat, and Andrew wanted a tortoise.

Kisa smiled teasingly, "The children have high expectations of you. You are the person that knows anything and everything in their eyes. So, don't you disappoint them."

She wanted to see this man embarrass himself.

Gilbert could tell what she was thinking and immediately took out his phone. "Just you wait. I'll teach them how to make small animals soon enough."

With a few presses, some videos of making small animals with dough appeared.

Kisa smiled and helpfully divided the large piece of dough into smaller ones for the children.

The children were engrossed in making small animals.

After they were done with making the tortoise, rabbit, and cat, they wanted to make other animals as well.

Gilbert then found a few other tutorials on his phone and made all sorts of animals.

She had to admit Gilbert was indeed smart. He could

make those animals just by looking at the tutorial, and they really look the part too.

Blake's handiwork was good too, and his cat was pretty cute.

Ada's work was average.

Andrew's was a total disaster.

With the children all making animals instead of ravioli,

Kisa could only roll out the dough and make them herself.

She was worried they were hungry.

She made about twenty pieces and went to cook them. Along the way, she also took the animal-shaped pasta

sheets and steamed them as well.

Time passed very quickly, and by the time the ravioli were ready to serve, the bell rang 12 o'clock midnight.

A burst of fireworks suddenly rang out outside the window.

The brilliant light illuminated the entire place.

For a moment, the children put down the dough and ran to the window to watch the fireworks.

Kisa too quickly turned off the stove and ran to the window.

Her place was in the middle of the city, and the fireworks were set off at the center of the largest square there.

From her location, one could clearly see the fireworks.

The children were engrossed.

The dazzling fireworks looked extremely beautiful as they reflected off their faces.

Kisa looked at them; for some reason, her eyes inexplicably felt teary.

This was the happiest Christmas Eve in her life.

Even when she was young, even when she had her mother with her making ravioli, her mother's depression would often make the atmosphere dour, and it was never

warm nor beautiful as it was at this moment.

The light of the fireworks reflected on her face, and the trail of tears in the corner of her eyes was visible.

Gilbert slowly walked behind her and looked up as he watched the brilliant fireworks as she did. Amidst the sound of the fireworks exploding, his low voice rumbled above her head.

“We’ll spend the coming Christmas Eves together.”

The sentence was like a gentle whisper and also a resolute promise.

Kisa lowered her gaze and did not respond.

They had too many entanglements between them, and there were far too many variables in the future. Kisa could not give him a proper response.

On the third day after the New Year, Davian sent word that he had found the whereabouts of the two female jailers.