

BACKUP GIRL NO MORE: ADIOS TO MY V-CARD AND MY FIRST LOVE

Backup Girl No More

Backup Girl No More Chapter 101

Released on February 6, 2025

Chapter 11

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Ken's tears fell freely as he opened his trembling hand. There lay the gold ring.

"This was my mother's. It means everything to me. And you're the most important person in my life, so I want you to have it."

He could still see Calista's shy smile at those words.

But now she was gone.

Ken slammed his fists into the mud, his anguished roar echoing across the empty landscape. But Calista would never return.

The next day, he drove back home in a daze. One look at his son's face told Uncle Johnson everything he needed to know. They stared at each other for a long moment before Uncle Johnson spoke. "Remember to complete the transfer paperwork."

As his father turned to leave, Ken's hoarse voice stopped him. "Dad-" His chest tightened painfully. "You knew Calista was joining the satellite research base."

"Of course," Uncle Johnson said firmly. "She wants to continue her parents' work. I support that."

"Why did you hide it from me?"

Uncle Johnson sighed in exasperation. "Hide what? I gave you the personnel list myself."

"But you didn't-" Ken staggered backward. The list had been in his hands. He just hadn't believed

Calista would actually leave.

He rushed to the study and grabbed the list, his heart stopping when he saw Calista's name on the

first page. If he'd only looked sooner...

"Let it go, Ken," Uncle Johnson said quietly. "Perhaps you two weren't meant to be."

All the signs he'd missed came flooding back: the satellite research books, the discarded letters, her

growing indifference, the returned ring. Everything pointed to Calista's preparation to leave.

But Ken had been too confident. He'd believed eight years of memory meant she would never truly leave, no matter how much he hurt her.

The realization tore at his heart.

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That evening, he heard movement in Calista's room. His heart leaped—could she have returned?

He rushed to her door, only to hear Viola's voice inside. "Get rid of all this stuff. I don't want to see it!"

Mrs. Brown, hesitated. "But these are Calista's things..."

"Who cares? She's never coming back anyway." Viola's laugh was cold. "Listen! I'm the hostess of this house now. Calista is nothing."

An older woman's voice cut in—Viola's mother. "Be careful, Viola. Everyone knows how much Ken loves his sister. Don't push too far, or you might regret it."

"What are you afraid of, Mother? Ken's completely devoted to me now." Viola's voice dripped with satisfaction. "When I accused Calista of pushing me and ruining my dress, he believed every word."

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“When I threw her luck charm in the pool,” Viola continued smugly, “she jumped right in after it. I told Ken it was just another plea for attention, and he believed every word.” Her voice turned cold. “Too bad she didn’t drown that day.”

“Who exactly did you want to drown, Viola?” Ken’s icy voice froze the room. Viola spun around, her

face draining of color.

“I... I didn’t... You must have misheard...”

Her mother forced a smile. “Ken, you’re already home! We were just discussing that drowning incident in the news...”

Ken ignored her, striding straight to Viola and grabbing her collar. “Who gave you permission to touch her things?”

Viola’s tears started falling. “She’s moving out... The room was empty... I was just cleaning...”

Ken threw her to the ground before turning to the housekeeper. “Put everything back exactly as it was. If a single item is missing, you’re fired.”

The housekeeper scurried to comply.

Viola’s mother drew herself up in outrage. “How dare you treat my daughter this way over some shameless girl? Are you trying to advertise your affair with Calista?”

Her words died in her throat as she met Ken’s murderous gaze. “You may be rich, but you can’t abuse my daughter like this!”

Viola quickly intervened. “Mother, please go. Let me handle this.” She caught her mother’s eye with a meaningful gaze, and the older woman reluctantly left.

“Ken, I’m sorry,” Viola’s voice turned sweet. “I wasn’t thinking. Calista’s like your sister—as your wife, I should be more understanding. We’ll return everything and keep her room just as it is.”

Ken’s face darkened. “You disgust me, Viola.”

Tears welled in her eyes. “How could you say that?”

“I heard everything.” His hand shot out, gripping her throat. “You deliberately slandered her, targeted her, poisoned my mind against her—all to drive her away!”

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Viola trembled, never having seen him so terrifying. “No... you don’t understand...”

But Ken was beyond reason, pouring all his grief and rage into his grip. “If it weren’t for you, Calista would never have joined the satellite base! If it weren’t for you, she wouldn’t have given up on me!” His voice cracked. “That day at the pool—you stopped me from reaching her. You nearly let her die!”

Viola clawed at his hands, desperate for air but unable to speak.

Just as her vision began to darken, a shout rang out from the doorway.

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“Ken, stop!”

Uncle Johnson yanked Ken away from Viola, then slapped him hard across the face. Blood trickled

from Ken’s mouth.

“Have you lost your mind?” Uncle Johnson’s temples throbbed. He’d only come home to retrieve some documents, only to find Ken strangling Viola. “Do you realize you could have killed her?”

Ken just glared at Viola, silent and seething.

Seeing Uncle Johnson, Viola burst into tears. “Dad, he tried to kill me just because I touched some things in Calista’s room...”

She’d expected Uncle Johnson to take her side at the mention of Calista. Instead, he turned to her with clear disapproval.

“Who gave you permission to touch Calista’s belongings? She will always be part of this family.”

Viola choked back her rage. Why did everyone care so much about Calista? She was Ken’s future

wife!

Uncle Johnson turned to his son with a heavy sigh. “If you have complaints, spell them out. Don’t drown to violence. She’s your fiancée.”

The word ‘fiancée’ made Ken’s chest tighten. “Dad, I want to call off the engagement.”

Viola gasped.

“Absolutely not!” Uncle Johnson exploded. “I warned you not to rush into marriage. It’s not a game, Ken. The announcement’s already public—I won’t lose face over this!”

“Viola’s shown her true purpose. I won’t marry her.”

Tears glinted in Viola’s eyes as she fixed Ken with a maniacal smile. “My true purpose? Don’t forget, Ken—when I confessed my feelings, you didn’t refuse! You couldn’t face your feelings for Calista, so you used me as an excuse. If you hadn’t encouraged me, how could I have dared target her? You never believed her, never listened to her explanations.” Her voice rose to a shout. “You’re the one who made Calista give up!”

“Shut up!” Ken roared, lunging forward until Uncle Johnson’s men restrained him.

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Viola collapsed, sobbing. “Everyone knew we were dating. Now you want to break the engagement? Do you want to destroy my life? Would killing me make you happy?”

Finally, Uncle Johnson made his decision. “Ken, Viola’s father and I go way back. I won’t let you disappoint his daughter. You chose to date her, you asked a proposal for her.” His tone brooked no argument. “That’s final. You’ll marry after New Year’s.”

Viola wiped away her tears, a slow smile spreading across her face. “Thank you, Uncle Johnson. I feel so much better knowing you’re in charge.”

After she left, Ken’s fury filled the room like a gathering storm.

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“Dad, why won’t you let me break it off? Are you forcing me to marry someone I don’t love?”

Uncle Johnson glared at his son. “Have you lost your mind? You brought Viola home yourself, declaring she was the woman you wanted to spend your life with. You told Calista, to her face,

that you were marrying Viola and she should abandon any illusions about you. Everything's arranged—everyone knows about the wedding. Would you have me lose face? Where's my reputation in all this?"

Ken stood like a statue, his heart as bitter as ash. Finally, he spoke softly. "Dad, can you find out exactly where Calista is?"

Uncle Johnson lit a cigarette in frustration. "The research bases are classified, Ken. Even if I knew, I

couldn't tell you." He exhaled heavily. "Let it go. She's made her choice—why keep tormenting her?"

After his father left, Ken stood alone in Calista's old room, memories washing over him.

Through his tears, he saw her face clearly in his mind:

"Ken, it's thundering—I'm scared. Will you stay with me?"

"Ken, my birthday wish is to be with you forever."

"Ken, I like you..."

A thunderclap jolted him back to reality. He stood in the empty room, the truth finally sinking in.

She didn't want him anymore.

The untouched medicine spray still sat on her table. His heart ached thinking of how his harsh words must have hurt her.

"Calista... I'm sorry."

But apologies came too late.

Uncle Johnson had set the wedding for the sixth of next month. But Ken refused to meekly marry the woman who'd driven Calista away. He'd delay it as long as possible. Let his father make the arrangements—once Ken found Calista, she would be his bride instead.

He had to get her back.

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With renewed purpose, Ken picked up the landline and dialed.

“Ian, I need a favor. Can you find the approximate location of the satellite research base?” He paused. “I know it’s against protocol. I just need to know which city... His voice cracked. “Please. I’m begging you...”

Meanwhile, Calista’s journey continued through the next evening. When they finally reached the base, she stepped out into dazzling sunlight.

“Look—the snow—capped mountains!”

Calista looked up and lost her breath. Though she’d grown up with snow, she’d never seen anything like this. The peaks wore their snow like ethereal mist, breathtakingly beautiful

Lost in wonder, she didn’t watch her step and twisted her ankle.

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Just as Calista stumbled, a strong arm reached out to steady her. “Watch out

“Thanks-” She stopped mid-sentence, her eyes widening “Henry? What are you doing here?

Seeing a familiar people in such an unexpected place sent a wave of comfort through her. Henry’s expression remained unreadable as he replied, “I saw you earlier, in the car Mever thought yord

devote to the research.”

As Ken’s best friend, Henry was well aware of the complicated history between them.

“It’s good to see you,” Calista said, forcing a small smile before jogging to catch up with her group. Henry watched her fade into the crowd, a faint smile playing on his face. “Good to see you too,” he

murmured.

That evening, the base leaders hosted a welcome party. Laughter and music filled the air, driving away the winter’s chill. Calista joined in, clapping and singing, momentarily forgetting that this was her first New Year’s Eve away from home—and away from Ken, who was probably celebrating with

Viola.

She slipped outside for some fresh air. Wandering toward the back mountain, she caught the sound

of a hushed voice.

“Henry, I really like you. I’m decent-looking and a good person. We’ll be here for the next ten years—why not give us a chance?”

Calista froze, instinctively holding her breath. Henry had always drawn attention with his striking looks: tall, with sharp features that contrasted with Ken’s softer charm.

She turned to leave, not wanting to intrude, but Henry’s response stopped her in her tracks.

“I appreciate it, but I’m sorry. My heart already belongs to someone.”

Curiosity flared within her. Growing up, she had never seen Henry show interest in anyone.

The woman’s voice wavered with disbelief. “You don’t have to make up stories if you’re not interested. Even if there is someone, we’re all stuck here…”

“She’s here,” Henry cut in.

“What?”

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“The woman I love is at this base,” he said, his voice softening. “I lost my chance before, but this time,

I won’t let her go.”

Confusion knitted Calista’s brow. Was Henry really in love with someone here? She made a mental

note to ask him later.

As she stepped back quietly, a twig snapped under her foot. She winced, but the pair seemed too absorbed in their conversation to notice. The woman’s voice grew tearful, though the words faded

into the night as Calista retreated, her thoughts swirling.

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Calista found herself by a river, the stillness broken only by flowing water. She breathed out, watching her breath mist in the cold air. The harsh wind and sand somehow made her feel unexpectedly free.

Footsteps crunched behind her. Before she could turn, she collided with a solid chest.

“What are you doing by the river at night?” Henry’s voice was tight with worry. “The wind’s brutal, and it’s starting to snow. You haven’t fully recovered from falling in the pool—don’t risk getting sick again!” He shrugged off his coat and draped it over her shoulders.

His unexpected concern startled her. Then a detail in his words caught her attention. “The pool... were you the one who saved me?”

Henry nodded, frowning. “Do you know how dangerous that was?”

The genuine concern in his voice touched something in her, making her throat tight. “Henry, thank you. I had no idea it was you. I should have thanked you sooner.”

He ruffled her hair affectionately. “Don’t be so formal with me.”

Calista’s heart skipped at his sudden smile.

“It’s late. Let’s get back before you catch cold.”

As they reached the dormitory, Henry pressed a small box into her hand. “Happy New Year, Calista.”

He turned and walked away without looking back.

Back in her room, she opened her palm to find a lipstick. She burst out laughing—who would have thought the stoic Henry would give her something so thoughtful?

Life at the base fell into a busy rhythm. Their days filled with machine calibrations and data analysis—monotonous but fulfilling work.

As the days passed, Calista and Henry developed an easy rapport. He’d surprise her with hard-to-find supplies, chat with her during breaks, make her laugh when the work grew tedious.

They could discuss their research for hours.

After a month of dedicated work, when their first satellite launched successfully, Calista hugged Henry in tearful excitement.

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Soon, rumors spread through the base about them dating

“Are you and Henry together?”

“You’ll have to invite us to the wedding!”

The gossip alarmed Calista. She didn’t mind being misunderstood, but Henry had feelings for someone—if that woman got the wrong idea, it could cause problems.

The situation felt too familiar. People had made the same assumptions about her and Ken, and she’d ended up heartbroken. She couldn’t let history repeat itself.

On their next day off, she gathered her courage and knocked on Henry’s door. He answered fropa from the shower, hair still dripping, and quickly pulled on a shirt when he saw her.

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“Calista, what brings you here today?”

While she hesitated, Henry pulled her inside. “It’s freezing out here—let’s talk inside.”

He poured her a cup of hot tea as she sat down.

“Henry... I think we should keep our distance from now on.”

Henry froze mid-motion. Without looking up, he asked quietly, “Why?”

Something in his tone made Calista’s heart clench.

“There are rumors,” she took a deep breath, “about us dating.”

Henry’s head snapped up, his expression wounded. “You don’t want to date me?”

Caught off guard by his response, Calista rushed to explain. “No, it’s not that. I... I overheard you saying you have feelings for someone. I don’t want these rumors causing problems for you.”

“After all-” she gave a bitter laugh, “back home, the rumors about Ken and me went on so long they made me believe impossible things. It gets messy.”

Pain flickered in Henry’s eyes at Ken’s name, but he understood her concerns.

“Calista,” he cut in, “my feelings for you have nothing to do with Ken.”

She stared at him, startled. “What?”

Still dripping from his shower, Henry gripped her hands tightly. “Calista, you’re the one I’ve always loved. Marry me.”

Her heart thundered in her chest. Never had she imagined Henry harbored feelings for her.

His family rivaled Uncle Johnson’s in influence. Since childhood, he’d been exceptional—the dream of countless women in their city. Yet here he sat, carefully sharing years of hidden feelings.

“I’ve loved you since we were kids,” he said, his voice tinged with a quiet sadness. “But Ken was always there to protect you, and you can only notice him. No matter how hard I tried, I knew I’d never reach your heart.”

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Calista remembered suddenly—the bruise on Ken’s face when she first woke up.

Henry laughed sadly. “I told myself if you two loved each other, I had to step aside, regardless my feelings. That’s why I agreed to join the research base.”

His eyes met hers. “Then fate played its cruel joke. Ken chose Viola, and somehow I found you here again.” He took her hand. “This time, I won’t let go. Please, marry me?”

Calista sat stunned. Henry’s confession left her reeling.

As she tried to process his words, he produced a gold ring adorned with roses.

The gesture touched something deep within her.

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Chapter 18

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These past days with Henry had brought her unexpected happiness. He was truly dependable, and working together at the base meant they could support each other.

Finally, through tears, Calista nodded. “Yes, Henry. I will.”

Meanwhile, in H City, wedding preparations bustled through the Johnson household. Only Ken remained miserable.

His father’s friends tried to tease him out of his mood. “Ken, you’re getting married! Why the long

face?”

To outsiders, he had it all—a beautiful, talented doctor for a bride, a perfect match. But only Ken knew that the woman he truly wanted to marry was somewhere beyond his reach.

In previous years, Calista would prepare special New Year’s gifts just for him. This year brought only emptiness.

Finally, he approached his father’s study. “Dad, haven’t you heard anything from Calista? You’re so

close—surely she’s written, even from the base?”

Uncle Johnson set down his pen and regarded his son wearily. “You’re about to be married, Ken. It’s inappropriate to obsess over Calista like this.”

Ken’s fists clenched, his face pale. “I was wrong before. I figure out my heart clearly now. I don’t love Viola—I love Calista. I have to find her. I need to know she’s okay, that she’s not suffering at that

base.”

Uncle Johnson took a long drag from his cigarette. “Don’t worry. Henry’s at the base too, looking after

her.”

Ken frowned. True, Henry was like a brother to him, but how could he feel comfortable with any man near Calista? “Henry’s too young. What does he know about caring for Calista?”

Uncle Johnson's expression grew complicated as he ushered Ken out. He had received a letter from Calista—one that announced not just her well-being, but her upcoming marriage. If Ken knew...

That afternoon, Viola modeled her wedding dress for Ken. His expression froze when he saw her.

Mistaking his look for admiration, she smiled shyly, tucking her hair behind her ear. "Why are you staring? Don't I look beautiful?"

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"Calista would be the most beautiful bride in the world in that dress."

Viola's face hardened. "What are you saying? I'm the one marrying you—I'm the one who loves you! Why do you keep bringing up Calista?"

Ken's smile faded to blankness.

"Ken," Viola pressed, relentless, "we've set the date. When are you going to commit to this marriage?"