

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

Backup Girl No More

Backup Girl No More Chapter 91

Chapter 1.

Chapter 1

For ten years, Ken had been my everything. He guided me through life's moments, both big and small, like any devoted partner would. Everyone assumed our future was set in stone: marriage, children, a lifetime together. Then came the day he brought her home.

“Calista, meet my fiancée,” he announced.

I didn't make a scene. I simply offered my congratulations and wished them well. What Ken didn't know was that I had already set my escape in motion. I had applied to join a remote satellite research facility—a place completely isolated from the outside world. I never wanted to see him

again.

Three years later, Ken moved heaven and earth to find me at the base. But he was too late. I was already married—to his best friend. His face crumpled, eyes rimmed with red as he confronted me.

“Calista, why did you leave me behind...?”

“Are you really going through with the satellite launch research program?” Uncle Johnson's worry was evident in his voice. “The experimental base means complete isolation—ten years minimum, possibly a lifetime.”

Outside, snow fell softly as the charcoal fire crackled in the hearth. It should have been the perfect setting for a reunion with Ken, but seeing the concern etched on my adoptive father's face melted my resolve slightly.

“Uncle Johnson, my parents gave their lives to satellite research,” I said quietly. “As their daughter, it's only fitting that I dedicate my youth to the same cause.”

After a long pause, Uncle Johnson exhaled heavily. "I'll submit your application in a few days. But Ken... he cherishes you deeply. Will he let you go so easily?"

I lowered my eyes, lost in thought. After losing my parents in a car accident, Uncle Johnson had taken me in, and Ken, my adoptive brother, had become my protector. I had always gravitated toward him, prompting our neighbors' good-natured teasing.

"You two are inseparable! More like a couple than siblings!"

Back then, their comments would make me blush furiously, while my heart silently ached as I watched Ken's reaction. He would always respond with that indulgent smile of his, ruffling my hair. "What is love, anyway? All I know is that Calista means the world to me."

Those words wove an invisible thread around my heart, winding, we to Aux for pare

On my nineteenth birthday, Ken presented me with a gold ring—his late mother's most gene possession. He had always said he would give it to the person who meet and to m Overwhelmed, I responded by giving him my mother's cherished buck charm to me. I spabolized our future together. In that moment of exchanged gifts and shared way, romping late start

Then came that rainy night when i finally confessed my feelings. Ken's by thered my moth

"Have you lost your mind?" he snapped, "You're my sister—that's all you're ser BA

The revulsion in his eyes that night would haunt me forever.

The gentle ticking of the grandfather dock filled the study as I broke the silence. "Don't tell Ken dom this yet, Uncle Johnson. Let's keep it between us."

He studied me intently before sighing in resignation. "Very well. But at least spend New Years at home before you leave."

As I left the study, I encountered Ken and Viola, She clung to his arm, chattering excitedly about the movie they'd just seen.

"It was incredible! I hope we get our happy ending too!"

Ken gazed at her with a tenderness I'd never seen him direct at anyone else. "Of course we will sweetheart."

Viola blushed at his words, then noticed me. "Calista!" she called out cheerfully, tugging at Ken's sleeve. "Look at this beautiful dress your brother bought me! Isn't it gorgeous?"

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Chapter 2

“This dress is Bragi’s latest design—perfect for a wedding, don’t you think? Viola’s words dripped with smugness as she watched me, searching for any hint of a reaction.

“It’s lovely, it suits you,” I replied simply,

My composure seemed to unsettle Ken, whose brow furrowed. “Why were you meeting with my father?” he demanded. Without waiting for an answer, he pressed on, “I’ve already announced my engagement to Viola online. Even if you went crying to him, it wouldn’t change anything.”

Ken had always carried himself with refinement and grace, but now his tone was harsh, almost* oppressive. I met his gaze steadily. “I was just discussing New Year’s arrangements with Uncle Johnson.*

I turned to leave, but before I could reach my room, familiar footsteps followed.

“Calista, I apologize. I shouldn’t have been so harsh.” Ken’s voice had softened as he pulled something from his pocket—a red headband. “Look what I brought you.”

My heart clenched. Months ago, I’d mentioned liking this style of headband. Ken had bought one then too, but he’d given it to Viola, who’d dismissed it as outdated and tossed it aside. Now here he was, presenting it to me as if it were new.

“Keep it. I don’t want it.”

Ken’s patience wore thin. “Why are you being so difficult?”

Viola stepped in, placing a delicate hand on Ken’s arm. “Don’t be too hard on her, Ken. She’s still young,” she cooed. Then she turned to me with practiced sympathy. “Are you upset because we didn’t invite you to the movies? We’ll all go together next time.”

Her words were honey—sweet, but her actions told a different story. As she touched my arm in an apparent gesture of comfort, she dug her nails into my skin when Ken wasn’t looking.

“After all,” she added with a sugary smile, “everyone knows you’re Ken’s favorite. There’s no need to be jealous.”

Pain shot through my arm, and I jerked away instinctively. “What are you doing?”

Viola’s response was theatrical—she collapsed to the ground, tears streaming down her face. “Calista,. what did I do wrong?”

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Ken rushed to her side, helping her up with tender concern. “Are you hurt?”

“I’m fine,” Viola sniffled. “It must have been my own clumsiness. Calista didn’t do anything wrong”

My fists clenched. “She pinched me. I just pulled away—I never pushed her.”

Ken’s expression hardened. “Enough! Viola would never hurt anyone. Why are you saying these things?” The ice in his voice cut deep.

Viola whimpered, clutching her ankle. “Ken, my ankle...”

Without another glance in my direction, Ken lifted her into his arms. As he carried her toward the house, I heard him mutter, “I’ve spoiled her too much.”

“Don’t blame her, Ken,” Viola’s voice drifted back. “She probably feels like I’m taking you away.”

I stood rooted to the spot, watching them disappear. Over Ken’s shoulder, Viola’s eyes met mine, glinting with victory. For the first time, I truly felt defeated.

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Chapter 3

When Calista first arrived at her new home, she was a timid child, an easy target for bullies.

Ken had recognized her vulnerability immediately. He became her protector, always ready to defend her against neighborhood troublemakers. His devotion ran so deep that even a small scratch on her hand would fill him with concern.

Uncle Johnson would often tease that Ken, once known as quite the handful, had transformed into an overprotective guardian the moment he had a sister to cherish.

Now, back in her room, Calista applied Hydrogen Peroxide to her bruised wrists, whispering reassurances to herself. “Just a few more days until we leave.” Soon, she told herself, Ken and Viola’s opinions wouldn’t matter anymore.

In another room, Viola watched as Ken tenderly dabbed Neosporin on her supposedly injured ankle.

Her heart swelled with satisfaction.

“Ken, there’s a new movie coming out. We should go see it together!” But Ken’s thoughts were

elsewhere, haunted by the image of Calista fighting back tears. His expression softened.

“Could we get an extra ticket? For Calista?”

Viola’s smile flickered, but she maintained her composure. “Of course.” She produced a ticket from

her pocket, but her expression quickly turned somber. “Ken, maybe we should delay the wedding a bit. I’m worried Calista won’t accept it. Your devoted brother is getting married—she must feel like

I’m taking you away from her.”

Ken’s jaw clenched, his fingers curling into fists. After a frigid silence, he spoke. “I’ll make her understand where she stands.”

The next morning, Calista went to work, transfer papers in hand. She had grown fond of her colleagues at the communications company and wanted to bid them farewell properly.

Hardy, her supervisor, seemed both surprised and impressed by news of her transfer. “Your dedication to your career is admirable, Calista. But a satellite research base means complete isolation. Is your brother really okay with this?”

She remembered how Ken had insisted on escorting her to work daily after a local troublemaker had harassed her when she first started. Everyone knew about her doting brother. What they didn’t know was that he was about to marry someone else.

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Calista forced a smile and kept quiet. After briefing her boss, she distributed candies she’d bought to her colleagues. Someone joked, “What’s the occasion, Calista? Wedding sweets?” She could only manage a weak smile in response.

As she prepared to leave work, a colleague called out, “Calista, your brother’s waiting at the entrance!” Ken had always turned heads with his striking appearance. There he was, sitting in his car, one hand resting casually on the steering wheel. The back seat was laden with designer bags—Louis Vuitton, Gucci, and more.

In the past, Ken had regularly picked her up bearing gifts, but since Viola’s arrival, these gestures had become distant memories.

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Chapter 4

“Get in the car.”

Calista stared at Ken, bewildered. “Why are you here?”

His brows furrowed in irritation. “You pushed Viola down yesterday and ruined her dress today. Don’t you think you owe her an apology?”

“I never pushed her, and I didn’t ruin any dress. Stop accusing me!” She turned to leave, but Ken caught her arm roughly. He froze when he noticed the bruises marking her delicate skin.

“What happened to your arm?”

Calista felt tears threatening to spill. “Don’t you already know?” she asked softly.

Discomfort flickered across Ken’s face before his expression hardened. “You’ve become quite manipulative,” he said coldly. “Would you really hurt yourself just to frame Viola?”

His words cut deep. “After all these years, Ken, is that really who you think I am?”

He pinched the bridge of his nose, attempting to soften his tone. “It’s just an apology, Calista. Why is

that so difficult?”

She turned away, but not before a tear escaped.

Back home, Ken was waiting. He threw a paint–stained dress at her feet.

“What is this?”

“You ruined Viola’s dress. She can’t attend the party now,” he said icily. “Clean it, and I’ll leave you

alone.”

The white fabric was

splattered with bright paint—clearly intentional, but not her doing.

“I didn’t do this, and I won’t clean it.”

Ken’s frustration boiled over. “This is my fault! You’ve completely lost your moral compass!” His fists clenched as disappointment flickered in his eyes. “If you don’t clean this dress, I’ll throw your luck charm in the pool!”

Calista felt as if she'd been struck by lightning. She stared at him, stunned.

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Cures 4

“Ken, that luck charm was my mother’s...” Her voice quivered. “How could you...”

her tears, Ken instinctively reached out to wipe them away, but Calista flinched back. His hand hung awkwardly in the air before dropping

“Don’t make this harder than it needs to be,” he said. “Clean the dress, and you’ll get your luck charm back. This dress means everything to Viola. Try to understand her position.”

“Do you really need to humiliate me like this?”

Ken couldn’t grasp her anguish. He was just trying to teach her a lesson, but her tears troubled him.

“Don’t think about running to my father. He’s away on business.”

Calista took a deep breath. “Fine. I’ll clean it...”

After Ken left, Viola appeared in the doorway.

“Oh, Calista, I’m so sorry,” she said with mock sympathy. “I just used up all the hot water. You’ll have to wash it in cold water instead.”

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Chapter 5

Chapter 5

In the bitter winter cold, Calista plunged her hands into the freezing water. Her body shivered, but the physical chill couldn’t compare to the ice in her heart.

“They say Ken dotes on you, but I don’t see it.”

Calista didn’t need to turn around to recognize Viola’s lilting voice. She continued scrubbing the dress in silence.

Viola, clearly enjoying herself, took a leisurely sip of her coffee. “Your fingers are turning red. Must be painful, isn’t it?” She smiled sweetly. “Ken just brought me this coffee to comfort me. It’s so warm and fragrant.”

When Calista remained focused on her task, Viola’s tone turned sharp. “You’re just an adopted daughter—no better than a stray dog.”

“Look at this.”

Calista turned to see Viola fingering a familiar necklace—her mother’s luck charm, the one she’d given to Ken.

Her heart stopped. She lunged forward. “That’s mine! You have no right to it!”

Anger flashed in Viola’s eyes. “This worthless thing? No one wants it!” With that, she yanked the necklace from her neck and hurled it into the swimming pool.

The luck charm broke the water’s surface with a soft splash, ripples spreading across the dark water.

Viola’s lips curved into a triumphant smile. “Now that your precious luck charm is gone, what are you going to do about it?”

Calista’s heart shattered. Yes, Ken could give his fiancée whatever he wanted, but this luck charm

meant more to her than life itself.

Without hesitation, she dove into the pool.

Viola froze. The winter water was near freezing, and the pool—built deep for Ken’s underwater training—was treacherous. Calista could easily die.

Fear crossed Viola’s face, but it was tinged with hope. Silently, she backed away from the pool.

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“If I don’t say anything, who would know I was here? This is your own bad luck, Calista!”

But after a few steps, she nearly collided with Ken.

“Was that Calista’s voice? Is she over there?”

Viola's heart raced. "No! She's not there!" She grabbed his arm. "She's probably just trying to get your attention again. Let's look somewhere else."

She steered him in the opposite direction, praying he wouldn't discover what lay in the depths of the

pool.

Meanwhile, Calista searched desperately in the frigid water. Her limbs grew numb, her body increasingly heavy. The urge to give up was strong, but this was her mother's last gift—she couldn't let it go.

Just as her strength was failing, she spotted the necklace resting at the bottom. Her fingers closed around it triumphantly, and she kicked toward the surface.

But as her head broke through the water, something wrapped around her ankle, pulling her back down.

"Help-"

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Chapter 6

"Help!"

"Ken... Please, save me!"

Her desperate cries echoed across the water. Through her fading vision, Calista saw someone swimming toward her. A strong arm wrapped around her waist, pulling her swiftly through the water. Before consciousness slipped away, all she glimpsed was a blurred man's face...

Meanwhile, Ken's face darkened with anger as he searched for Calista. "I just asked her to wash a dress, and she runs away?"

Viola hurriedly patted his back. "Let it go. I'm sure she didn't mean anything by it. She'll come back

when she calms down-"

Better yet, never come back at all.

But her smug smile froze as she spotted a tall figure running toward them, carrying Calista's limp form.

“Ken! Your sister fell into the pool!”

Ken spun around to see Calista’s face, ghostly pale. He rushed to take her from the man’s arms, his blood running cold at the touch of her frozen skin.

“How... Calista, hold on!”

He carried her inside, calling frantically for the housekeeper to help change her wet clothes. Then he turned to Henry. “What happened?”

Henry, Ken’s closest friend and confidant, explained, “I was passing by when I heard her screaming for help. I found a dress by the pool—maybe she was washing it and fell in?”

Ken’s brows furrowed. “We have hot water in the kitchen. Why would she wash clothes at the pool

in this weather?”

Henry sighed heavily. “Ken, this isn’t like you. You have housekeepers—why make Calista do laundry at all? You’ve been too harsh with her lately.”

“You don’t understand,” Ken defended. “She’s too spoiled. It’s not good for her.”

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Henry glanced meaningfully at Viola before turning back to Ken. “When she was unconscious, she kept calling your name.”

Ken’s jaw tightened. “She probably fell in on purpose to get my attention. I don’t know where she learned such manipulation.”

Henry’s expression darkened. Without warning, his fist connected with Ken’s jaw, sending him stumbling into the wall.

“What the hell?”

Ken’s eyes blazed with fury as he prepared to retaliate, but Henry pinned him against the wall, unmovable.

Viola’s scream pierced the air. “Stop it!”

Henry’s voice was ice-cold as he ground out each word. “Ken, Calista is your beloved sister. How dare you say such cruel things about her?”

Ken shoved Henry's hands away. "She's my sister—this is none of your business. Stay out of it."

After Henry left, Ken stood in Calista's doorway, watching her unconscious form with conflicted eyes.

Outside, Viola collapsed, trembling. Thank God Henry hadn't witnessed her forcing Calista to wash the dress in cold water.

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Chapter 7

When Calista finally regained consciousness, she saw Ken's silhouette framed in the doorway, a cigarette flickering between his fingers like a dying star. Relief washed over her as she felt the luck charm safely clutched in her palm.

Through tear-blurred eyes, she watched Ken step into the room, his voice taut with anger. "How did you end up falling in the pool? Do you know how dangerous that was? You've been unconscious for two days!"

Calista's voice trembled. "Why did you give my necklace to Viola?"

Ken's expression hardened. "It's just a trinket. Why does it matter who has it?"

"Of course it matters," she replied, bitter laughter escaping her face. "She's the one you love. Yup, you'd give it to her."

His gaze darkened. "Is that why you threw yourself into the pool? To get my attention?"

Disgust flashed across his face. "You've lost your mind, Calista. We're siblings! Everything I've done was as a brother—nothing more."

"Don't harbor these inappropriate feelings for me!" he shot back, but immediately felt regret as her soft response cut deep.

"Okay."

Her acceptance stunned him into silence.

"Ken, I'm leaving."

His heart clenched. "This is your home. Where would you even go?"

Calista's laugh was hollow. "Home? I've been falsely accused, targeted, and you never believed in me. Here's not my home"

His discomfort was palpable. “If you behave, I’ll always treat you like a sister.”

He handed her a spray for her bruises, contradictions clear—pushing her away yet still wanting to care.

Ken’s brow furrowed at the satellite research books beside her bed. “Since when are you interested

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in satellites?”

“I want to follow my parents’ footsteps,” she replied, fingers tracing the book’s spine.

“Satellite research is demanding,” he warned, his tone softening. “If you’re serious, I can arrange for

Father to help you.”

Calista nodded slowly, an odd calmness enveloping her. “Alright.”

“When you’re better, apologize to Viola,” he urged, searching her eyes.

Calista turned away, feeling the piercing ache in her heart, echoing the distance growing between them.

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Chapter 8

“Ken...”

“Don’t start,” he cut her off impatiently.

“Don’t worry, I won’t interfere with your relationship with Viola anymore. I hope you both have a happy life together.”

After all, she thought, in two days, I’ll be gone. We’ll never see each other again

The next morning, Calista cleared out her room. She gathered all of Ken’s love letters and gifts—every precious memento she’d cherished—and thrown them to the nearby dump, despite her weakened state.

When she returned, Uncle Johnson called her to his study. “Calista, what happened? I heard you fell into the pool?”

She knew Uncle Johnson was fair-minded. If she told him the truth, he would investigate thoroughly. But she was exhausted—too tired to fight anymore. “It was nothing just slipped.”

He frowned. “That’s dangerous. Stay away from the pool from now on.”

Calista nodded obediently as he pulled out a list.

“I’ve submitted your name. A transport will pick you up in two days.”

“Thank you, Uncle Johnson.”

He studied her face with concern. “Have you packed everything? The base is in an arid region—it might take some getting used to.”

Ken walked in just then, catching the last words. “Packed? Where is Calista going?”

Uncle Johnson glanced at Calista but remained silent.

“I’m renting my own place,” she said quietly. “Moving out.”

Uncle Johnson nodded. “Yes, Calista wants her own space.”

Ken’s brow furrowed. “She’s fine here. Why move?”

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Chapter 8.

Uncle Johnson gave him a long look and shook his head. “You’re getting married, Ken. Someday Calista will marry and have children too. She’ll need her own home.”

The color drained from Ken’s face. The thought of Calista marrying and having children had never come up to his mind.

In his distraction, his hand knocked the list off the desk.

“What’s this? A roster for the satellite research base?”

Calista’s heart raced. If he found her name on that list, he might try to stop her. She just wanted to leave quietly,

Uncle Johnson, unable to bear watching the two of them miss their chance, prompted Ken. “Yes,” these are the candidates. Aren’t you curious who made the list?”

Ken reached for the papers, suspicion clouding his features.

Calista stepped forward to intervene, but suddenly a cry of pain rang out from the hallway.

Ken dropped the list immediately. “Viola? What’s wrong?” He rushed from the room.

Uncle Johnson shook his head in resignation, but Calista’s expression remained carefully blank. “Let it go, Uncle Johnson.”

“I just don’t want you two to live with regrets!”

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Chapter 9.

Chapter 9

The decision was made. Whether they’d regret it or not couldn’t change her mind to leave.

“I’ve arranged for Ken to take you to the pick-up point the day after tomorrow,” Uncle Johnson finally said.

Calista nodded, knowing there was meaningless in arguing.

As she left the study, she found Ken waiting by the door, his face troubled. “Why did you throw away everything I ever gave you?”

Calista’s heart skipped a beat. He’d found the letters and gifts at the dump.

Once, she’d treasured every moment of their relationship. Whether it was a doodled note or an expensive watch, she’d preserved them all carefully.

She remembered when their housekeeper had thrown away her collection of letters without asking. That night, she’d rushed out in tears, searching frantically until she’d recovered every discarded

piece. Ken had been so angry he’d fired the housekeeper on the spot.

Now, Calista’s voice was empty. “They were taking up space. I needed to clear them out.” She paused. “They’re useless now anyway.”

Ken searched her face intently, desperate to catch any flicker of emotion. But her expression remained perfectly blank. What she’d once treated as precious treasures, she now dismissed as

worthless.

The realization made his chest tighten inexplicably. He wanted to say something—anything—but the

words wouldn't come.

Then Viola appeared. "Ken, don't be so harsh with her. She's just trying to get your attention again."

Ken's tension eased at Viola's words, his expression hardening into disapproval. "Calista, you're only making me more disgusted with this behavior."

"You misunderstand," Calista replied calmly. She walked to the kitchen, retrieved a match, and set

the box of memories ablaze.

Eight years of shared memory turned to ash in an instant.

"Calista, what are you doing?" Ken instinctively moved to extinguish the flames, but Viola held him

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Chapter 9.

back.

Calista met his panicked gaze with her cold ones. "What you don't want to sea-bra, and 's done."

As the box crumbled to ashes in the yard, Ken felt as if something was being torn from his heart

Perhaps out of spite, Ken spent the next few days flaunting his affection for Viola in front of Calisa

But she remained silent, barely gave them any expression.

When Viola asked for her opinion on their new house's design, she offered practical anggestions without hesitation.

Her indifference frustrated Ken more than any reaction could have. He could feel she was leaving his world, becoming a stranger.

The night before the satellite base transfer, Ken knocked on her door—something he'd never done before. "I'm driving the new researchers to the base tomorrow. I'll bring you back something interesting."

Calista smiled faintly. "Okay."

Early the next morning, she loaded her bags into the car, ready to leave everything behind.

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Chapter 10

Chapter 10

Security protocols meant switching cars and drivers at each transfer point. The vehicles were draped in heavy fabric—even the drivers couldn't see who rode inside.

After Calista settled into the car, Ken emerged from the house. "Don't worry, Dad. I'll get these researchers safely to the handover site."

He slid into the driver's seat and eased the car forward.

Calista sat in silence, her thoughts a tangled mess. What a strange way to say goodbye. At the transfer point, Ken opened the compartment, letting the passengers file out. Calista kept her head down, hat pulled low, as she passed him.

Ken's heart clenched. He found himself staring at one particular figure before quickly looking away. His mind must be playing tricks—it couldn't be Calista.

Then a gust of wind snatched the hat from her head.

"Your hat!"

Ken turned at the shout, and his world stopped. It really was Calista. Their eyes met, and the color

drained from his face.

"Calista, why are you—"

“She’s a satellite researcher,” someone laughed. “Where else would she be?”

Understanding crashed over Ken. He sprinted toward her, wild with desperation.

“Calista, don’t go!” He reached for her, fingers grasping at empty air. “We grew up together! We promised we’d never be apart. How can you leave me?”

The engine rumbled to life.

Calista sighed softly. “Ken, you left me first. Let go—the car’s leaving.”

Ken’s eyes burned red. Only now, too late, did he see his heart clearly. He had never truly seen her as just a sister.

He loved Calista! It is unimaginable to live in a world without her.

V Card and My Birst Love

Chapter 10

“Come home with me,” he pleaded, his voice raw. “If you come back, I won’t marry Viola.”

He held out his hand, certain she would stay. After all, she’d never left his side since childhood. “Come on. Get out of the car. I’ll take you home.”

Calista stared at his outstretched hand, lost in memory. Those hands had rescued her countless times—from mountain paths, from rainstorms, from schoolyard bullies.

They had always been there, reaching for her. “Let’s go home.”

Once, she’d believed home was wherever Ken was. But not anymore.

“Stay with Viola, Ken.”

Ken’s certainty crumbled. In his moment of shock, Calista pulled her foot into the car, and it lurched forward.

“Calista! Calista! Don’t go!” He ran after the car with everything he had, until his strength gave out and he collapsed to the ground.